





821.082
L144e
v. 2

BOOK 821.082.L144E v.2 c.1
LAING # EARLY POPULAR POETRY OF
SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN BORDER ED



3 9153 00160583 3







Library of Old Authors.



We redeth oft and findeth y write'
and this clerkes wele it wite'
Layes that ben in harping'
ben y founde of ferlying'
sum bethe of wer and sum of wo'
and sum of ioie and merthe al so'
and sum of trecherie and of gile'
of old auentours that fel while'
and sum of bourdes and ribaudry'
and mani ther beth of fairy'
of all thinges that men seth'
mest o loue for southe thai beth'

Auch. MS., fol. 261.



arly Popular Poetry of Scotland and
the Northern Border Edited by David
Laing LL.D. in 1822 and 1826
Re-arranged and Revised with
Additions and a Glossary
By W. Carew
Hazlitt

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON
REEVES AND TURNER
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND
1895

[All Rights reserved]

PR
8656
.L5
189
V.2

821. 082

L 144e

v. 2



CONTENTS

OF VOL. II

	PAGE
LICHTOUN'S DREME	I
SYMMIE AND HIS BRUTHER	5
THE MANER OF THE CRYING OF ANE PLAYE	11
THE GYRE-CARLING	18
KING BERDOK	21
THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY	24
A BALLET SHEWING HOW A DUMB WYFF WAS MAID TO SPEIK	28
THE MURNING MAIDIN	34
WELCUM TO MAY	44
THE WYF OF AUCHTERMUCHTY	47
ANE BALLAT OF ALLANE-A'-MAUT	60
SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN	64
ANE DESCRIPTIOUN OF PEDDER COFFEIS	67
ANE BALLAT OF MATRYMONIE	74
KING ESTMERE	80
ADAM BEL, CLYM OF THE CLEUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOWDESLÈ	90
THE HISTORY OF SIR EGER, SIR GRYME, AND SIR GRAY STEILL	119

	PAGE
THE HISTORY OF A LORD AND HIS THREE SONS	211
ROSWALL AND LILLIAN	239
THE PROMINE TO KING JAMES THE SEXT . . .	268
ANE GODLIE DREAME, COMPYLIT IN SCOTISH METER	279
THE LOVERS QUARREL; OR ROSAMOND OF SCOT- LAND	302
—————	
INDEX OF PRINCIPAL MATTERS AND GLOSSARY .	321



Lichtoun's Dreame.

THIS very whimsical production, which contains some curious allusions, is contained in Bannatyne's MS., 1568, and is also preserved in Sir R. Maitland's MS., where it is anonymous. Of the author nothing is known, except that from the signature attached to it he appears to have been of the priesthood. The only other poem attributed to him is a religious poem, of six eight-line stanzas, beginning,

"O mortall man remembir nycht and day,"

the burden of each,—*Memento homo quod cinis es.*

In an old English poem,¹ full "of mervells," like this Dreame, at an entertainment which is described, we are told—

"The sowe sat on hye benke, and harpyd Robyn Howd,
The fox fydylid, the raton rybybyd, the larke noty
with all,
The hombull bee hendyld the horne pype, for ham fyngers
wer small."

Lichtoun's Dreame.



UHA douttis Dremis ar bot phan-
tasye?—

My spreit was reft, and had in extasye,
My heid lay laich into this Dreame but
dout;

At my foirtop my five wittis flew out,

¹ MS. Advocates' Library, Jac. V. 7. 27.

I murnit, and I maid a felloun mane : 5
 Me thocht the King of Farye had me tane,
 And band me in ane presoun, fute and hand,
 Withoutin rewth, in ane lang raip of sand :
 To perss the presoun wall it wes nocht eith,
 For it was mingit, and maid with mussill teith ; 10
 And in the middis of it ane myne of flynt ;
 I sank thairin, quhill I was neir hand tynt,
 And quhen I saw thair was none uthair remeid,
 I flychterit up with ane feddrem of leid ;
 For that I thocht me ferys of my youth, 15
 I tuke my lytill tae into my mouth,
 And kest my self rycht with ane mychtie bend
 Out thruch the volt, and percit nocht the pend ;
 And thus, I thocht into my dullie Dreime,
 I brak my heid upoun ane know of reme ; 20
 That I suld hurt my self, I had dispyte,
 And in all tene I turnit up full ty:e,
 Drank of ane well that wes gane drye sevin yeir,
 Syne lap thre lowpis, and I was hail and feir.—
 Syne eftir that I had eschapit this cace, 25
 Me thocht I wes in monye divers place,
 Quhill wer to lang to have in perfyte mynd ;
 In Egipt, Ireland, Arragone, and Ynd ;
 In Burgonye, Burdeaux, and in Bethleem,
 In Jurye land, and in Jerusalem ; 30
 In France, in Freisland, and in Cowpland fellis,
 Quhair clokkis clekkis crawburdis in cokill schellis ;
 In Poill, Pertik, Peblis, and Portjafe,
 And thair I schippit into ane barge of drafe ;
 We pullit up sailis, and culd our ankeris wey ; 35
 And suddanelye out thruch the throsin sey
 We sailit in storme but steir, gyde, or glass
 To Paradice, the place quhair Adame was.
 Be we approachit into that port, in hye
 We ware weill ware of Enoch and Elye, 40

Sittand, on Yule evin, in ane fresch grene schaw,
 Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw ;
 I thocht I wald nocht skar them in that place,
 Quhill thai had drawin the burd, and said the grace :
 Than suddanelie I wolk, out throw the plane 45
 To see mae farleis, that I mycht tell agane.

Me thocht I happinnit on ane montane sone,
 I wanderit up, and was wer of the Mone,
 And had nocht bene I lowtit in the steid,
 I had strukkin ane lump out of my heid. 50
 Quhen I was weill, me thocht I culd nocht lief,
 Bot than I tuke the Sone beme in my neif,
 And wald haif clumin, bot at was in ane clipss ;
 Schortlie I slaid, and fell upon my hipss
 Doun in ane medow, besyde ane busk of mynt ; 55
 I socht my self, and I was sevin yeir tynt,
 Yit in ane mist I fand me on the morne.
 I hard ane Pundler blaw ane elrich horne ;
 And syne besyde me, in ane medow grene,
 I saw thré quhyte quhailis, semelie to be sene ; 60
 Thair tedderis wes of grene greshopperis hair,
 Off mige schankis baith clene, quhyte, and fair ;
 Thair tedderis wer maid weill grit to graip
 With silkin schakillis, and sowlis of quhyte saip.
 This Pundler ran fast, faynand for to find 65
 Thir quhailis thré upoun his gerss to pind ;
 He had ane cloik weill maid, and wounder meit,
 Off ganand graith, of gude gray girdill feit ;
 Ane cleirly coit maid, in courtly wyiss
 Of emmot skynis, with mony sketh and plyiss. 70
 Ane pair of hoiss meid of ane auld myll hopper,
 Ane pair of courtly schone of gude reid copper,
 Ane heklit hud maid of the wyld wode sege :
 Trest weill this Pundlar thocht him no manis pege ;
 He bure ane clube, made mony ane carle coy, 75
 Maid of ane auld burd of the ark of Noy ;

He draif thir thré quhailis unto ane lie,
 Ane him swelleit, and bare him to the sie,
 And thair he levit on lempettis in her wame,
 Quhill harvist tyme, that hirdis draif thame hame. 80
 Be this wes done, the tuder twa returnit
 To suallow me : grit dule I maid, and murnit :
 Me thocht I fled, and throcht a park cowd pass
 And walknit syne, quhair trow ye that I was ?
 Doun in ane henslaik, and gate ane fellon fall, 85
 And lay betuix ane picher and the wall !

As wyffis commandis, this DREME I will conclude,

God and the Rude mot turn it all to gud !
 Gar fill the cop, for thir auld Carlingis clames
 That gentill Aill is oft the causs of Dremes. 90

Explicit quod Lichtoun Monicus.



Symmie and his Bruther.

IN a satirical poem¹ included in the present collection, the "fwingeour coife" (a character in which the lewd and inordinate lives of the secular clergy is drawn from existing manners) at times is spoken of as

"Peipand pearly with petous granis
Like fengeit Symmie and his bruder."

These persons are no doubt the heroes of the following poem, which, as Lord Hailes has observed, seems to intimate that they were what is termed in the Canons of the Scottish Church, A.D. 1242 and 1296, quæstionarii, or persons sent out by the Church upon a begging mission. Kennedy, in order to throw ridicule upon Dunbar, represents him as one of these quæstionarii, or begging friars, and says to him, with "cloutit cloke, skyrp, burdoun, and clam-schellis,"

"Fra Etrick forest furthward to Dumfrese,
Thow beggit with a pardon in all kirkis,
Collapis, cruddis, meil, grotis, gryce, and geis,
And undernicht quhyle stall thow staigs and stirkis." ²

The poem itself is certainly obscure, and perhaps not quite entire, but possesses a considerable share of humour in its descriptions, even although it falls very far short of "Peblis to the Play" or "Christis Kirk on the Grene," of one or other of which it may be considered as an imitation. The stanza in which it is written, however, was popular during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and amidst the

¹ Ane Descriptioun of Pedder Coffeis.

² Flyting. ,

Syne clāpit vp sanct Peter ϵ keiss, 25
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane :
 Sanct James schell ϵ on þe toþ^r syd sleuis
 As pretty as ony pertane

ta,
 On Sym and his bruder. 30

Thus quhē thai had reddit þ^r ragis,
 To rome they war inspyrit ;
 Tuk vp thair joupis and all thair jaggis,
 Fure fur^t as thay war hyrit ;
 And ay þe eldest bure þe baggis 35
 Qⁿ that þe gungest tyrit ;
 Tuk counfall at Kiukell ϵ craggis,
 Come hame as thay war hyrit

agane,
 Baith Sym and his bruþer. 40

Than held thay houfs, as men me tell ϵ ,
 And spendit of thair feis ;
 Quhen meit wes went, thay flew our fell ϵ
 Als bissy as ony beis ;
 Syne clengit sanct Jameis schell ϵ 45
 And pecis of palme treis ;
 To sé quha best the pardone spell ϵ ,
 I schrew þame þat ay leiss

but lauchter,
 q̄ Sym to his bruder. 50

Quhen thay wer wel^tfull in þair wȳning,
 Thay puft thame vp in pryð ;
 Bot quhair that Symy levit in sȳnyng,
 His bruder wald haif ane bryd ;
 Hir wedoheid fra the begȳning 55
 Wes neir ane moneth tyd ;

He hoppit sa mycht na mā hald him,
 Said blame me bot I bind him ;
 I sall ourtak him, and þat I tald him,
 In gone feild gife I fynd him,
 On his gray meir fast fur^t they cald him 95
 The floke flew fur^t behind him,
 Thay daschit him doun, þe dirt ourhaild him,
 Thā start thay to and tind him

ty^t,
 Baith Sym and his bruder. 100

Thā brak he lowss, the horss þat bair him
 Ran startling to Stratyrum,
 And he gat vp, and Sȳme swair him
 ȝe meit no^t bot ȝe myr him ;
 Off þat fowll cours for to declair him 105
 The cairlis come to requyr him,
 Than all þe laddē cryd w^t a lairrū
 To flud him & to flyr him

bayth,
 q̄ Syme and his bruder. 110

This was no bourdone to brown hill
 That gatt betwene þe browis,
 And had no thing ado þ^r till
 As mony vder trewis
 Bot come fur^t on his awin gud will 115
 To Squyar Johne of Mowis,
 He gratt and sit up in þe schill,
 And þ^t the laddē allowis

ilk ane,
 To Sym and his bruder, 120

ȝob Sȳmer was the stirrepman,
 Was nolt hird of þe toun,
 He said : I will just as I can,
 Sen he is strickin doun ;



The Manner of the Crying of ane Playe.

IN the following curious Interlude, the Genius of Wealth is represented under the character of a blind pigmy, or one of a distinct race of lesser divinities, peculiar to the mythology of the Northern nations. They were supposed to inhabit the rocks in the wildest recesses, and to be possessed of immense riches in gold and precious stones. As expressive of their dwarfish size, they were called Duerghar, or Droichs. Accordingly, in Bannatyne's manuscript it is entitled "Ane little interlude of the Droichis part of the play,"—although we are unable to say whether it actually formed a part of any dramatic poem, as assuredly no composition of the same period now exists that can be dignified with the title of the Play. The earliest drama that belongs exclusively to our country is "The Satire of the thrie Estaits," which it is certain was not written before the year 1535, and therefore, to connect this Interlude with that most singular production, or assign them both to the same author, as have repeatedly been done, is very erroneous. The present poem evidently belongs to the reign of James IV., and not of his successor; and instead of being the work of Sir David Lyndsay, it seems to bear sufficient evidence of the hand of his contemporary Blind Harry, author of the "Wallace."

The volume that has furnished the present copy (written by John Asloan, apparently in or before the year 1515) was formerly in the possession of Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Bart. Besides presenting the text in a more genuine state, it contains several stanzas of a local nature, and of no inconsiderable interest, that do not occur in Bannatyne's later manuscript, from which it has hitherto been printed.

Their followis the maner of the crying of ane Play.



HARRY, harry, hobillschowe!
 Se quha is cummyn nowe,
 Bot I wait nevir howe,
 With the quhorle wynd?
 A Soldane owt of Seriland,¹ 5
 A gyand strang for to stand,
 That with the strength of my hand
 Beres may bynd.

git I trowe that I wary,
 I am the nakit blynd Harry, 10
 That lang has bene in the fary,
 Farleis to fynd;
 And git gif this be nocht I,
 I wait I am the spreit of Gy,
 Or ellis go by the sky, 15
 Licht as the lynd.

The God of most magnificence,
 Conserf this fair presens,
 And saif this amyable audiens,
 Grete of renovne; 20
 Prowest, baillies, officeris,
 And honerable induellaris,
 Marchandis, and familiaris,
 Of all this fair towne.

Quha is cummyn heir, bot I, 25
 A bauld bustuoss bellamy,
 At your corss to mak a cry,
 With a hie sowne?

¹ In Bann. MS. reads 'A sargeand out of Sowdoun land.'

Quhilk generit am of gyandis kynd,
 Fra strang Hercules be strynd, 30
 Off all the occident of Ynd
 My eldaris bair the crowne.

My fore grantschir hecht Fyn M^eKowle,
 That dang the devill, and gart him zowle,
 The skyis ranyd quhen he wald scowle, 35
 And trublit all the air :

He gat my grantschir Gog Magog ;
 Ay quhen he dansit, the world wald schog ;
 Five thousand ellis zeid in his frog,
 Of Hieland pladdis of hair. 40

git he was bot of tendir zouth ;
 Bot eftir he grewe mekle at fouth,
 Ellevyne ell¹ wyde met was his mouth,
 His teith was ten myle sqwair.

He wald apou his tais stand, 45
 And tak the sternis dovne with his hand,
 And set tham in a gold garland
 Aboue his wyfis hair.

He had a wyf was lang of clift ;
 Hir hed was hiear than the lift ; 50
 The hevayne rerdit quhen scho wald rift ;
 The lass was no thing sklender :

Scho spittit Loch-Lomond with hir lippis ;
 Thunner and fyre-flaucht flewe fra hir hippis ;
 Quhen scho was crabit, the son tholit clippis ;
 The fende durst nocht offend hir. 56

For cald scho tuke the fevir cartane ;
 For all the claith of Fraunce and Bertane,
 Wald nocht be till hir leg a gartane,
 Thocht scho was zung and tendir ; 60

¹ 'Ellevyne mylle' in Bann. MS.

Apon a nycht heir in the North,
 Scho tuke the grawell, and stalit Cragorth,
 Scho pischit the mekle watter of Forth ;
 Sic tyde ran efter hendir.

A thing writtin of hir I fynd 65
 In Irland quhen scho blewe behynd,
 At Noroway costis scho rasis the wynd,
 And gret schippis drownit thar.
 Scho fischit all the Spange seis,
 With hir sark lape befor hir theis ; 70
 Sevyne dayis saling¹ betuix hir kneis
 Was estymit and mair.

The hyngand brayis on aithir syde,
 Scho poltit with hir lymmis wide
 Lassis mycht leir at hir to stryd, 75
 Wald ga to lufis lair.
 Scho merkit syne to land with myrth ;
 And pischit fyf quhalis in the Firth,
 That cropyn war in hir geig for girth,²
 Welterand among the wair. 80

My fader, mekle Gow Makmorne,
 Out of that wyfis wame was schorne ;
 For litilness scho was forlorne,
 Sic a kempe to beir :
 Or he of eld was geris thre, 85
 He wald stepe ovr the Occeane se ;
 The mone sprang neuer aboue his kne ;
 The hevyn had of him feir.

¹ 'Thre dayis sailing.' Bann. MS.

² A word or two in this line has been supplied from Bann. MS.

Ane thousand ȝer is past fra mynd,
 Sen I was generit of his kynd, 90
 Full far amang the desertis of Ynde,
 Amang lyoun and beir :
 Baith the King Arthour and Gawane,
 And mony bald berne in Brettane,
 Ar deid, and in the weris slane, 95
 Sen I couth weild a speir.

I haue bone forthwart euer in feild,
 And now so lang I haf borne scheld,
 That I am all crynd in for eld
 This litill, as ȝe may se. 100
 I haue bene bannist wnder the lynd
 Full lang, that no man couth me fynd,
 And now with this last southin wynd,
 I am cummyn heir pardè.

My name is WELTH, thairfor be blyth, 105
 I am come heir comfort ȝow to kyth ;
 Supposs that wretchis wryng and wryth,
 All darth I sall gar de ;
 For sekerly, the trueth to tell,
 I come amang ȝow heir to duell, 110
 Fra sound of sanct Gelis bell,
 Nevir think I to fle.

Sophea and the Soldane strang,
 With weris that has lestit lang,
 Furth of thar boundis maid me to gang, 115
 And turn to Turkey tyte.
 The King of Frauncis gret army,
 Has brocht in darth in Lombardy ;
 And in ane cuntre he and I
 May nocht baith stand perfyte. 120

In Denmark, Swetherik, and Noroway,
 Na in the Steidis I dar nocht ga ;
 Amang thaim is bot tak and sla,
 Cut thropillis, and mak quyte.
 Irland for evir I haue refusit, 125
 All wichtis suld hald me excusit,
 For neuer in land quhar Erische was vsit
 To duell had I delyte.

Quharfor in Scotland come I heir,
 With ζ ow to byde and preseveir, 130
 In Edinburgh, quhar is meriast cheir,
 Plesans, disport and play ;
 Quhilk is the lampe, and A per se,
 Of this regioun, in all degre,
 Of welefair, and of honeste, 135
 Renovne, and riche aray.

Sen I am Welth, cummyn to this wane,
 ζ e noble merchandis euerilkane,
 Address ζ ow furth with bow and flane,
 In lusty grene lufraye ; 140
 And follow furth on Robyn Hude,
 With hartis coragiouss and gud,
 And thocht that wretchis wald ga wod,
 Of worschipe hald the way.

For I, and my thre feres aye, 145
 WEILFAIR, WANTONNESS, and PLAY,
 Sall byde with ζ ow, in all affray,
 And cair put clene to flicht :
 And we sall dredless ws address,
 To banniss derth, and all distress ; 150
 And with all sportis, and meryness,
 ζ our hartis hald eucr on hicht.

Sen¹ I am of mekle quantite,
 Of gyand kynd, as ge may se,
 Quhar sall be gotten a wyf to me 155

Sicklyke of breid and hicht?
 I dreid that thair be nocht a bryde,
 In all this towne may me abyd,
 Quha wait gif ony heir besyde,
 Micht suffer me all nycht. 160

With gow sen I mon leid my lyf,
 Gar serss baith Louthiane and Fyf,
 And vale to me a mekle wyf,
 A gret vngraciouss gan ;
 Sen scho is gane, the Gret FORLORE 165
 [Of BABYLON, that I full yore
 Espousit, quhan we tochir store
 Fra gud sanct Dawy wan.]²

Adew ! fairweill ; for now I go,
 Bot I will nocht lang byd gow fro ; 170
 Chryst gow conserve fra every wo,
 Baith madin, wyf, and man.
 God bliss thame, and the haly rude,
 Givis me a drink, sa it be gude ;
 And quha trowis best that I do lude, 175
 Skynk first to me the kan.

Finis off the draichis part of the play.

¹ 'Sen' in l. 153, and 'bryde' in l. 157, are supplied from Bann. MS.

² This Interlude in Asloane's MS. is incomplete, the leaf which had the conclusion being lost. As Bannatyne's MS., from which the subsequent stanza is given, does not contain the former, these three lines were kindly supplied by a friend, who has given the public more ample specimens of the success with which he has cultivated the ancient ballad-style of our poetry.



The Gyre-Carling.

GYRE-CARLING is the name of the Hecate, or Mother Witch, of the Scottish peasantry, who is sometimes identified with the Queen of the Fairies. Carling, Dr. Leyden explains as being the feminine of carl, and as used "to denote an old hag or witch; hence compounded with the Isl. *gier*; R. *gier*; Al. *geyr*; the Gyre-Carling, the Queen of Fairies, the Great Hag, Hecate, or Mother Witch of the peasants, concerning whom many popular stories were formerly current, and rude burlesque verses are still repeated." ¹ Frequent allusions in our early writers occur respecting these superstitions. Sir David Lyndsay, "who feinzeit many fabillis" for the amusement of his royal pupil, James V., reminds him how, in his tender years, he was accustomed with

— "mony plesand storye,
Of the Reid Etin, and the Gyer Carling,
Confortand thé, quhen that I saw thé sorye." ²

And Montgomery, with great minuteness, in the "Flyting," describes the array of Nínevin (another of her popular appellations), and her "clích" company in their procession on All-hallow-evin. ³

After the Editor had transcribed the following burlesque fragment from Bannatyne's manuscript, ⁴ he found that it

¹ Glossary to Complaynt of Scotland, 8vo, 1801, p. 318. See also Dr. Jamieson's Dict, sub v.; and Mr. Chalmers' Glossary in his edition of Lyndsay.

² Lyndsay's Works, vol. i. p. 189.

³ Montgomery's Poetical Works, edit. 8vo, 1821, p. 113.

⁴ Fol. 136 b.

had been introduced into the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"¹ in the interesting and valuable dissertation "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition." Leyden had previously remarked the peculiarity of its commencing in the same manner as "The Warris of the Jewis," an alliterative poem preserved in the British Museum,² which is cited by Warton.³

'The Gyre-Carling.'



IN Tiberius tyme, the trew Imperiour,
 Quhen Tinto hillis fra skraiping of
 toun-henis was keipit,
 Thair dwelt ane grit Gyre-Carling in
 awld Betok ϵ bour,
 That levit vpoun Christiane menis flesche, and
 rew^theid ϵ vnleipit ;
 Thair w \bar{y} nit ane her by, on the west syd, callit
 Blasour, 5
 For luv ϵ of hir lawchane lippis, he walit and he
 weipit ;
 He gadderit ane mengie of modwart ϵ to warp
 down the tour ;
 The carling w^t ane yrne club, quhen þat Blasour
 sleipit,
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw,
 Quhill Blasour bled ane quart 10
 Of milk pottage inwart,
 The Carling luche, and lut fart
 North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come, w^t elffis mony ane,
 And sett ane sege, and ane salt, w^t grit pensall ϵ
 of pryde ; 15

¹ Vol. ii. p. 174, edit. 1803.

² MSS. Cotton, Calig. A II. 109.

³ Warton's Hist. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 311.

And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to
Dumblane,

W^t all the tykis of Tervey, come to thame that
tyd ;

Thay gnew down w^t thair gomes mony grit stane,
The Carling schup hir in ane sow, and is hir
gaitis gane,

Gruntlyng our the Greik sie and durst na langer
byd, 20

For bruklyng of bargane, & breking of browis :
The Carling now for dispyte
Is mareit w^t Mahomyte,
And will the doggis interdyte,
For scho is queene of Jowis. 25

Sensyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a
day,

For dule of þat devillisch deme was w^t Mahoun
mareit,

And the henis of Haddingtoun sensyne wald no^t
lay,

For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit sa &
wareit ;

And þe same North Berwick Law, as I heir wyvis
say, 30

This Carling, w^t a fals cast, wald away carreit :

For to luk on quaha sa lykis, na langer scho tareit.

All this lango^r for luv befoir tymes fell,

Lang or Betok was born,

Scho bred of ane accorne ; 35

The laif of the story to morne

To ðow I sall tell.

Explicit.



King Berdok.

THIS singular fragment, preserved in George Bannatyne's Manuscript,¹ was overlooked by the earlier editors of Scottish Poetry, except by John Leyden, who alludes to it in his interesting and learned introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland."² Although it may now be impossible to ascertain the individual work, the ludicrous nature of this fairy tale plainly intimates that it was intended as a burlesque of some "geste" or romantic story, which may have been popular at the time of its composition.

King Berdok.

SYM of Lyntoun be þe ramis horn,
Quhē Phebus rang in signe³ of Capri-
corn
And the mvne wes past the gusß cro,
Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,
Be þe grit king of Babilon, Berdok, 5
That dwelt in sȳmer in till ane bowkaill stok ;
And into winter, quhē þe frostis ar fell,
He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil schell :
Kingis vsit no^t to weir clathis in tha dayis,
Bot ȝeid naikit, as myne auctor sayis ; 10

¹ Fol. 142 b.

² P. 152.

³ The manuscript reads in l. 2, 'sing,' and in l. 5, 'kin.'

Weill coud he play in clarschot and on lute,
 And bend ane aiprin bow, and nipschot schute ;
 He wes ane stalwart mā of hairt and hand ;
 He wowitz the golk seven ȝeir of Maryland,
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot ȝeiris thré, 15
 Ane bony bird, and had bot ane é ;
 Neuirtheless king Berdok luvit hir weill,
 For hir foirfute wes langar thā hir heill.
 The king Berdok he fure our sé and land,
 To reveiss Mayok the golk of Maryland, 20
 And nane w^t him bot ane bow and ane bowlt ;
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang þe nowlt,
 And as this Berdok about him coud espy
 He saw Mayola milkand hir mvder[℄] ky,
 And in ane creill vpoun his bak hir kest : 25
 Quhē he come hame it wes ane howlat nest,
 Full of skait bird[℄], and thā this Berdok grett,
 And ran agane Meyola for to gett.
 The king of Fary hir fadir than blew out,
 And socht Berdok all the land abowt, 30
 And Berdok fled in till a killogy ;
 Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ell[℄] die ;
 Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingail,
 The king of Naippillis and Navern alhail,
 W^t bowis & brandis w^t segis thay vmbeset
 him, 35
 Sum bad tak, sum slay, sum bad byd quhill thay
 get him ;
 Thay stellit gunis to the killogy laith,
 And proppit gunnis w^t bulettis of rawdaich :
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,
 In liknes of ane tod he wald him turn ; 40
 Bot sone þe graciouß god Mercurius
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane buß ;
 And quhen thay saw the buß wag to æ fra,
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaist, and thay to ga :

Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif slane. 45
All this for lufe : luveris sufferis pane,
Boece said, of poyettis þ^t wes flour,
Tho^t lufe be sweit, oft syiß it is full sour.

Explicit.



The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.

THE "Wowing of Jok and Jynny" is the most ancient, and not the least humorous, of many similar songs and ballads which still retain their popularity in this country. Lord Hailes observed—and his words are quite applicable at the present time—that "this well-known poem, by frequent publication, has been much corrupted. Every publisher took the liberty of adding or altering just as his fancy led him. It is now given faithfully from the manuscript,¹ and exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta supellex* of the Scottish commons in the sixteenth century."²

Even since the time that Lord Hailes presented the text in a genuine state, the interpolated copies have been generally adopted by its different editors. But the original poem has too much merit, and possesses too close a resemblance to the nature of the present collection, to justify its exclusion, merely because it has been already published.

We possess no information with respect to the author, unless it be worth observing that the signature "q Clerk," attached to this poem in the manuscript, has, at an early period, been intentionally obliterated. The name, apparently, is written in the same hand (not that of the transcriber) which attributes "The Brash of Wowing," and two other poems in the same collection, to a writer of this name,—supposed to have been Maister Johne Clerk, the poet mentioned by Dunbar as having been taken by Death

'Fra balat making and trigidé.'³

¹ Bann. MS. fol. 137.

² Ancient Scottish Poems, Edin. 1770, 12°, p. 292.

³ Lament for the deth of the Makars, Edin. 1508.

'The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.'



ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
 On our feist-evin when we were fow ;
 Scho brankit fast, and maid hir bony,
 And said, Jok, come ge for to wow ?
 Scho birneist hir baith briest and brow,
 And maid hir cleir as ony klok ; 6
 Than spake her dime, and said, I trow,
 ge come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok said, forsuth I gern full fane,
 To luk my heid, and sit down by gow. 10
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,
 My bairne hes tocher-gud annwch.¹
 Te he ! quoth Jynny, keik, keik ! I se gow,
 Muder, gone man makis gow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar ! full leis me gow, 15
 I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,
 Ane kirk, ane pin, and ge weill ken, 20
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten :
 Come ge to wow our Jynny, Jok ?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also, 25
 Ane schule, ane scheid, ane lang flail,²
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk-syth, with ane swine-tail,

¹ 'annwch' is inserted after 'tocher-gud,' but has been scored through in the MS. by the transcriber, who has added 'to ge gow.'

² Originally 'four lang flailis.'

Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kail,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok, 30
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane nail ;
 Come ge 'to wow our Jynny, Jok ?'

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pot, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek, 35
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd, Ane feist ; and slew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland ;
 Now haif I gottin gour Jynny, quoth Jok, 40

Now, deme, I haif gour bairne mareit ;
 Suppoiss ge mak it nevir sa twche,
 I lat gow wit schoß nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwch ;
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch, 45
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, ane eik, ane hek,
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als ane cradill, 50
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper-polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill, 55
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne
 Weill buklit with a brydill renge,
 Ane sark maid of the linkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenge ;

And git for mister I will nocht fenge, 61
 Fyive hundreth fleis now in a flok,
 Call ge nocht that ane joly menze,
 To go to giddir, Jynny and Jok?

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone, 65
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane sywne bledder,
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok, 70
 Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder,
 To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist ;
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin ;
 ge may nocht say my parte is leist. 75
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill ar soddin,
 And als the laverok is fust and loddin ;
 Quhen ge haif done tak hame the brok.
 The rost wes twche, sa wer thay bodin ;
 Syne gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok. 80

Explicit.



‘A Ballet shewing how a Dumb Wyff was maid to speik.’

THE Maitland MS. contains a fragment of the following humorous tale, and a less imperfect copy occurs in one of Bishop More's MSS. in the University Library, Cambridge. The stanzas in the latter MS. having been awkwardly transposed by the writer, both copies are made use of in order that this ballad might be given in its most perfect state. The only deficiency which we are left to regret is that of the first four lines.

The incident on which this story is founded might be traced back through a long series of writers of various nations, both in prose and verse. The original of the present tale may perhaps be found in one of the numerous French fabliaux, which doubtless were well known at an early period in Scotland, owing to the great intercourse which subsisted between the two nations; but the earliest form in which it appears in print is in one of the "Hundred Merry Tales," folio, 1526, or the undated edition, where it is No. 60, and is entitled "Of the man that had the dome wyfe." The idea is copied in the "Scholehouse of Women," 1541, and by Rabelais, who substitutes a physician for the Devil.

Part of a vulgar Scotch ballad of a similar kind, which never seems to have been printed, is still remembered. The husband takes his wife to a surgeon "to cure her of the dumb, dumb, dumb," who, by cutting the strings of her tongue, brings her faculties of speech to "a pretty tolerable consistency;" or rather, enables her "to rattle with her tongue, tongue, tongue," at such a rate, that the poor man is fain to apply a second time for assistance, and beg of the

doctor to make her dumb again. Instead of pointing out some remedy, or even answering him as we might suppose him to do, like Sganarelle, in the admirable comedy of the "Le Medecin malgré lui," on a similar application,

"That's impossible; Sir: all that I can do to serve you, is, I can make you deaf, if you please,"—

he is so malicious as to say, like the Devil in the following tale, that though it is an easy matter to make a woman speak, it is beyond the skill of all the doctors in the land afterwards to silence her.

The opening passage of the prose narrative cited above may be given, to enable the reader to judge how the present one probably commenced. "There was a man that maryed a woman whiche hath [*sic*] grete ryches & bewte, how be it she had suche an impedymment of nature that she was dome and coude not speke, whiche thyng made hym full ofte to be ryght pēsifye & sad. . . ."

The Dumb Wyff.

- - - - -
 - - - - -
 - - - - -
 - - - - -



QUHAN wthair wyfes war glaid
 To mak thair husbandis blyth,
 Scho satt, and nothing said;
 And comfourt none culd kyth.
 Than, to be brief, He tuik sic grieff,

That deiplie he did sweir, 10
 That he for thought, That he had brocht
 Ane dum wyff hame for geir.

And so wppone ane day,
 He went alone to pance;
 So mett he in his way 15
 Ane grit grim man be chance:

Quhilk fast at him did fraine
 Quhy he sadlie went?
 Quhat angwische, greiff, or paine,
 Perturbit his intent 20
 He bad him schaw, And latt him knaw
 Off all his grieff the ground—
 He sould remeid, Haue he na dreid,
 Gif remeid nicht be found.

Than he declairis cleir 25
 The mater all and fum;
 How he had tane for geir
 Ane woman deiff and dum.
 For hir riches and rentes
 He weddit hir to his wyff; 30
 Bot now he fair repentes,
 And irkis sair of his lyff.
 His earthlie joy Is turnit to noy;
 He wist him selff war deid.
 Quoth he agane, Tak no disdane, 35
 And I sall find remeid.

Gif thow will counsell keip,
 And learne weil quhat I say,
 This nicht in hir first sleip
 Vndir hir towng thow lay 40
 Off quaiken aspein leiff,
 The quhilk betaiknis wound;
 And scho sall haif releiff
 Of speiking thow sall find;
 Quhat kind of taill, With outtin fail 45
 That thow of hir requyreis,
 Scho sall speik out, Haif thow na doutt,
 And mair than thow desyreis.

Than was he glaid of this,
 And thocht him self weill chewin : 60
 And hame he com with bliss ;
 Thocht lang quhill it was ewin.
 Quhill scho was fallin on sleip
 Ay warrlie watchit he ;
 And than he tuik guid keip, 65
 And laid in leifes thrie ;
 Thinkand his cuir To wirk moist suir.—
 He lay waikand quhill day ;
 Quhill scho awoik Guid tent he tuik,
 To heir quhat scho suld say. 60

Na rest than cauld he tak
 Bot tumbillis heir and thair :
 The first word that scho spak,
 Scho said, Ill mot ge fair !
 That wald nocht latt me rest, 65
 And I lay seik this nycht !—
 —For joy he hir imbraift,
 His hairt was hie on hicht.
 Than furth scho schew, All that scho knew,
 Quhen that scho could nocht speik. 70
 Fra scho began, Scho spairit nocht than,
 And litill till ane seik.—

And quhan I did hir pray
 In silence for to sitt,
 That is the neirest way 75
 To putt hir by hir witt :
 God knawis the drierie lyff
 I had sen scho was dum ;
 Off ane gud quyet wyff
 Is now ane fiend becum ;¹ 80

¹ ' begun,' MS.

Hir speiche but sessioun, But ryme or ressoun,
 Now deiffis vp all the hous ;
 Allace ! this day, That, I may say,
 That euer scho spak sa crous.

Blame thy self, quod he, 85
 That gaif hir superflew ;
 Thow laid in leifis thrie,
 Quhair ane mycht bene enew ;
 Had thow don as I bad,
 Or now thow sould haue seine, 90

1 - - - - -
 Weill temperet toung betwene ;
 Bot quha may latt² Ane wyfe to clatter,
 Syne no man can conuert hir ;
 The mimest wyff That euer tuik lyff, 95
 Will warie sum wordis, and start hir.

Quod he, tak quhat I haiff,
 And leif hir as ge fand hir. —
 Allace ! quod he, ge raiff,
 I dar nocht cum neir hand hir ; 100
 I am [a] Devill but doutt ;
 First langage learnit hir till,
 I dar nocht be so stoutt,
 To bid hir hald hir still ;
 Fra scho delyte To fecht and flytt, 105
 I dar nocht with hir mell ;
 Scho will speik out, Haue ge na doutt,
 Off all the deuillis in hell.

The leist deuill that is in hell
 Can gif ane wyff hir toung ; 110
 The gritest, I gow tell,
 Cannot do mak hir dum.

¹ l. 91 omitted in MS.

² 'latter,' MS.

Fra scho begin to clatter,
 Scho will claver quhair scho pleis
 We deuillis can na wayis latt hir ; 115
 Giue man tak ζ ow the waneis :
 Thocht nighbouris aboutt wis hir toung outt,
 It dois thame nocht availl,
 I say for me Scho will chyde till ¹ scho die,
 Scho is best with littill dail. 120

Quod he, than tell me plane,
 Quhat counsall best ζ e call?—
 Quod he, gang hame agane,
 For it is ill over all :
 Latt thy wyff speik hir fill, 125
 Sen scho thairto was borne ;
 For wyffis will haue thair will
 Thocht ζ e and I had sworne.
 Quhat euer hir happin, Hir toung is hir wapin,
 To speik than quha may latt hir, 130
 Quha may ganestand Or contramand }
 Ane crabit wyff to clatter ?

Thus thai depairtit plane :
 The feind flew ouir ane hill ;
 The guidman hame agane, 135
 And with his wyff baid still :
 Quod he, now I perseae
 Thair is na leid in land
 That has, as I wald haiff,
 His wyff at his command. 140
 Fra thine furth ay, He leit hir say,
 And neuer was offendit,
 But at hir wourdis Maid quyet bourdis,
 Quhill daith thair dayis endit.

Finis hujus.

¹ ' will,' MS.



The Murning Maidin.

THE first verse of this beautiful poem, "Still under the leyvis grene," is cited in the "Complaynt of Scotland" (1549), and was first printed from Sir R. Maitland's MS. by Mr. Pinkerton. He speaks of it "as a capital piece, being a kind of rival of the Ephesian Matron, narrated with exquisite simplicity and beauty;" and elsewhere he says that "this piece, for the age [in which] it was written, is almost miraculous. The tender pathos is finely recommended by an excellent cadence. An age that produced this might produce almost any perfection in poetry." It was indeed written in the Augustan age of Scottish Poetry; and after such a high encomium, there needs no apology for its re-publication. Dr. Irving is equally enthusiastic in its praise.¹

There are several other poems still extant of a similar kind, but for various reasons are less fit for publication. From one of these, which was lately discovered in a mutilated state (with various other fragments in verse and prose, pasted together in the boards of an old book of little value), a few stanzas may be here introduced. Some portions of this Lament are very pathetick, but unfortunately, from parts of the lines being cut away, it is not easy to guess at the exact words to supply all the deficiencies; although much has been done for it by a gentleman to whom the Editor has already made his acknowledgments. The

¹ History of Scottish Poetry, 1861, p. 207. He adds: "The plan of the poem is, however, superior to its execution."

orthography of the original fragment being very uncouth,
is, in part, corrected :—

' Fareweill, fare' weill, my yellow hair,
' That curlit cleir' into my neck !
' Allace !' that ever it grew sae fair,
' Or yet in' to ane snood was knet.

• • • • •

' Qu' har I was wont to dance and sing ;
' A' mang my marrows mak repair—
Now am I put furth of the ring,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

My kirtill wes of lincu'm green,'
Weill lacit with silk'en passments rair ;'
God gif I had never pridefull ' been,'
For fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif my hair had been als b'lak'
As ever wes my hart full of cair,
It wald not put me to sic lak,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

Quhen I was young I had great sta'it,'
Weill cherishit baith with less and ma'ir,'
For shame now steill I off the gait,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

I wes our wanton of intent
' Of wardlie joys I tuke my share ;
But sin hes nocht but sorrow sent,'
And fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif the dait of luf were gane,
That I nicht die, and luf na mair !
To Jesu Christ I mak my mane,
And fadit is my yellow hair.

Sen all this folly is by-went,
Out of this warld I maun repair ;
I pray to God Omnipotent,
To tak me, sinner, full of cair !

Finis.—Amen.

The admiration of yellow hair was not peculiar to the old Scottish poets, one of whom compares the tresses of their ladies "to the wire of gold that has been fined." According to the ingenious author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," "a flexen haire, golden haire was ever in great account;" and after naming those in ancient times ("gods and goddesses," as well as heroes) whom the poets have commended for their "yellow hair,"¹ he, adds, "Which belike makes our Venetian ladies at this day to counterfeit yellow hair so much, great women to calamistrate and curl it up, to adorne their heads with spangles, pearles, and made flowres, and all courtiers to affect a pleasing grace in this kinde."² In reference to this custom of the Venetian ladies,³ a quaint English writer⁴ exclaims:—"What a curious accommodation to those people had some fountain been that had a harmelesse property to colour their haire according to their mindes,—such a one as the River Crathis, mentioned by Plinie, whose nature was to make Haire yellow, which efficacy Ovid attributes to another."

"Crathis, et hinc Sybaris nostris conterminus oris,
Electro similes faciunt Auróque Capillos."

Among the other fragments were two or three love poems in the style of Alexander Scott, or of his contemporary, Montgomery. The one least mutilated is here inserted; the words within the inverted commas being supplied, as in the former instance, by Charles Sharpe, Esq.

¹ Jeremy Taylor takes notice that "Menander in the Comedy brings in a man turning his wife from his house because she stain'd her hair yellow, which was then the beauty."—*Sermons*, 1653, p. 242. But the words imply that this practice was not adopted by any modest woman.

Νῦν δ' ἔρπ' ἀπ' οἴκων τῶνδε. τὴν γυναῖκα γὰρ
Τὴν σωφρον' οὐ δεῖ τὰς τριχὰς ξανθὰς ποιεῖν.

Menandri Fragmenta 199, edit. 1709, p. 295.

² Burton's *Anat. of Melanch.*, edit. 1632, fol. p. 469.

³ See Coryate's *Crudities, &c.*, 1611, fol. 260-1. Lassel's *Italy, &c.*

⁴ Bulwer's *Artificiall Changeling*, 1652, 4to, p. 65.

“QUHEN we to Ladies lufe inclyne,
 Our guerdon still growis less and less,”
 Bot quha sould press to suffer pync,
 Or for thair plessour thoil distres?
 Sen thair regard to treuth hes none ;
 Nor yit reward for lufe allone,
 Bot pane expres !

Bot pane expres ! I sé rycht nocht ;
 The moir I serve the less sett by !
 The moir I luff the les in thocht !
 The moir I weip the war am I !
 My hart is sett, but variance
 Quhair I can get no recompan,
 This is the quhy !

This is the quhy ! I plaingie foir
 My Lady, on your excellence ;
 Ye sould support my panis soir,
 ‘ That ’ woundis me, without offence ;
 ‘ Quhen ’ every day I am bot deid,
 ‘ Allace ! nor can I find remeid ’
 ‘ Bot patience.’

But patience ! remeid is none,
 This langsum liff I leid, allace !
 Subject I am to you allone,
 As bond and thral to byid your grace :
 This gret annoye quha may resist?
 Cupide convoy me as thow list,—
 Hard is my case.

Hard is my case ! without confort,
 Bot gif ye help, my Lady free,
 Quha sould me succour, or support,
 Quha sould me saiff, or yit supplee,
 But ye sueit hart and soverane?
 Thairfor reward my liff agane,
 Yit or I dee !

The Murning Maidin.

I.



TILL undir the levis grene,
 This hindir day, I went alone ;
 I hard ane May sair mwrne and meyne,
 To the King of Luif scho maid hir
 mone.

Scho sychit sely soir ; 5
 Said, " Lord, I luif thi lore ;
 Mair wo dreit nevir woman one !
 O langsum lyfe, and thow war gone,
 Than suld I mwrne no moir ! "

II.

As rid gold-wyir schynit hir hair ; 10
 And all in grene the May scho glaid.
 Ane bent bow in hir hand scho bair ;
 Undir hir belt war arrowis braid.
 I followit on that fre,
 That semelie wes to se : 15
 With still mwrning hir mone scho maid.
 That bird undir a bank scho baid,
 And lenit to ane tre.

III.

" Wanweird, " scho said, " Quhat have I wroch,
 That on me kytht hes all this cair ? 20
 Trew luif so deir I have thé bocht !
 Certis so sall I do na mair :
 Sen that I go begyld
 With ane that faythe has syld :
 That gars me oftsyis sich full sair ; 25
 And walk amang the holtis hair
 Within the woddis wyld.

IV.

" This grit disese for luif I dre—
 Thair is no toung can tell the wo !—
 I lufe the luif, that lufes not me ; 39
 I may not mend—but murning mo.
 Quhill God send sum remeid,
 Throw destany, or deid :
 I am his freind—and he my fo.
 My sueit, alace ! quhy dois he so ? 35
 I wrocht him nevir na feid !

V.

" Withoutin feyn I wes his freynd,
 In word and wark, grit God it wait !
 Quhair he wes placit, thair list I leynd,
 Doand him service ayr and late. 40
 He keptand eftir syne
 Till his honour and myne :
 Bot now he gais ane uther gait ;
 And hes no é to my estait ;
 Quhilk dois me all this pyne. 45

VI.

" It dois me pyne that I may prufe,
 That makis me thus murning mo :
 My luif he lufes ane uther lufe—
 Alas, sweithart ! Quhy does he so ?
 Quhy sould he me forsaik ? 50
 Have mercie on his maik !—
 Thairfoir my hart will birst in two.
 And thus, walking with da and ro,
 My leif now heir I taik."

VII.

Than wepit scho, lustie in weyd, 55
 And on hir wayis can scho went,
 In hy eftir that heynd I zeyd,
 And in my armis culd hir hent ;
 And said, " Fayr lady, at this tyde,
 With leif ye man abyde ; 60
 And tell me quho yow hidder sent ?
 Or quhy ye beir your bow so bent
 To sla our deir of pryde ?

VIII.

" In waithman weid sen I yow find
 In this wod, walkand you alone, 65
 Your mylk-quhyte handis we sall bind
 Quhill that the blude birst fra the bone.
 Chairgeand yow to preisoun,
 To the king's deip dungeoun.
 Thai may ken be your fedderit flane 70
 Ye have bene mony beistis bane,
 Upon thir bentis broun."

IX.

That fré answerd with fayr afeir,
 And said, " Schir, mercie for your mycht !
 Thus man I bow and arrowis beir, 75
 Becaus I am ane baneist wycht :
 So will I be full lang.
 For God's luif lat me gang ;
 And heir to yow my treuth I plycht,
 That I sall, nowdir day nor nycht, 80
 No wyld beist wait with wrang !

X.

“Thoch I walk in this forest fré,
With bow and eik with fedderit flane,
It is weill mair than dayis thre,
And meit or drink yit saw I nane. 85
 Thoch I had nevir sic neid
 My selfe to wyn my breid,
Your deir may walk, schir, thair alane.
Yit wes I nevir na beistis bane.
 I may not sé thame bleid. 90

XI.

“Sen that I nevir did yow ill,
It wer no skill ye did me skayth.
Your deir may walk quhairevir thai will :
I wyn my meit with na sic waithe.
 I do bot litil wrang, 85
 Bot gif I flouris fang.
Gif that ye trow not in my aythe,
Tak heir my bow and arrowis baythe
 And lat my awin selfe gang.”

XII.

“I say your bow and arrowis bricht ! 100
I bid not have thame, be Sanct Bryd.
Bot ye man rest with me all nycht,
All nakit sleipand be my syd.”
 “I will not do that syn !
 Leif yow this warld to wyn !” 105
“Ye ar so haill of hew and hyd,
Luif hes me fangit in this tyd :
 I may not fra yow twyn.”

XIII.

Than lukit scho to me, and leuch ;
 And said, " Sic luf I rid yow layne ; 110
 Albeid ye makit nevir sa teuch,
 To me your labour is in vane :
 Wer I out of your sycht,
 The space of halfe a nycht,
 Suppois ye saw me nevir agane— 115
 Luif hes yow streinyeit with little paine
 Thairto my treuth I plycht."

XIV.

I said, " My sueit, forsuythe I sall
 For ever luif yow, and no mo ;
 Thoch uthers luif, and leif, with all : 120
 Maist certanlie I do not so.
 I do yow trew luif hecht,
 Be all thi bewis bricht !
 Ye ar so fair, be not my fo !
 Ye sall have syn and ye me slo 125
 Thus throw ane suddan sycht."

XV.

" That I yow sla, that God forscheild !
 Quhat have I done or said yow till ?
 I wes not wont wapyns to weild ;
 Bot am ane woman—gif ye will, 130
 That suirlie feiris yow,
 And ye not me, I trow.
 Thairfoir, gude schir, tak in none ill :
 Sall never berne gar breif the bill
 At bidding me to bow. 135

XVI.

" Into this wode ay walk I sall,
 Ledand my lyf as woful wycht ;—
 Heir I forsaik bayth bour and hall,
 And all thir bygings that are brycht !
 My bed is maid full cauld, 140
 With beistis bryme and bauld.—
 That gars me say, bayth day and nycht,
 Alace that ever the toung sould hecht
 That hart thoct not to hauld ! "

XVII.

Thir words out throw my hart so went 145
 That neir I wepit for hir wo.
 But thairto wald I not consent ;
 And said that it sould not be so ;
 Into my armis swythe
 Embrasit I that blythe. 150
 Sayand, " Sweit hart, of harmis ho !
 Found sall I never this forest fro,
 Quhill ye me comfort kyth.

XVIII.

Than knelit I befoir that cleir ;
 And meiklie could hir mercie craif ; 155
 That semelie than, with sobir cheir,
 Me of hir gudlines forgaif.
 It wes no neid, I wys,
 To bid us uther kys ;
 Thair mycht no hairts mair joy resaif, 160
 Nor ather culd of uther haif :
 Thus brocht wer we to blys.

Finis.



Welcum to May.

THE finest poetical descriptions of external nature not unusually are found referable to the month of May—“fair May” (in the words of the gentle Spenser¹)—

“the fairest maid on ground,
who comes

“Deckt all with dainties of her Season's pride,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap around.”

The present poem, which has something of a lyrical character, is a pleasing specimen, to show how attentive our ancient poetical writers were in celebrating the praises

“Of lusty May, that mudder is of flouris.”

It is given from Bannatyne's Manuscript,² which likewise contains the earliest copy of the well-known song “O lusty Maye, of Flora Quene,” mentioned in the “Complaynt of Scotland,” and supposed to have been written by Alexander Scott.

It is rather singular that in the following poem no allusions should be found to the games and pastimes peculiar

——“to the mery moneth of May
Whan loue lads masken in fresh aray.”

This circumstance might warrant us in fixing the date of its composition between the year 1555, when all such recreations were forbidden by an Act of Parliament³ (which

¹ Faerie Quene, B. vii., vii. 34.

² MS. fol. 229b.

³ Acts of Parl. vol. ii. p. 500.

enjoined, that " gif ony wemen or vthers about simmer treis singand makis perturbatioun to the Quenis liegis in the passage throw Burrowis and vtheris landwart townis the wemen perturbatouris for skafrie of money or vtherwise salbe takin handellit and put vpon the Cukstulis of euerie Burgh or towne,")—and the year 1568, when the manuscript from which the poem is given was compiled.

'Welcum to May.'

BE glaid all ge that luvaris bene,
 For now hes May depaynt with grene
 The hillis, valis, and the medis
 And flouris lustely vpspreidis.
 Awalk out of your sluggairdy, 5
 To heir the birdis melody ;
 Quhois suggourit nottis loud & cleir
 Is now ane parradice to heir.
 Go walk vpoun sum rever fair ;
 Go tak the fresch and holsum air ; 10
 Go luke vpoun the flurist fell ;
 Go feill the herbis plesand smell ;
 Quhilk will your comfort gar increse,
 And all avoyd your havines.
 The new cled purpo^r hevin espy, 15
 Behald the lark now in the sky,
 With besy wyng scho clymis on hicht,
 For grit joy of the dayis licht.
 Behald the verdo^r fresch of hew,
 Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew, 20
 Quhairwith dame Flora, in this May,
 Dois richely all the field array ;
 And how Aurora, with visage pale,
 Inbalmes with hir cristal hale,
 The grene and tendir pylis ging, 25
 Of every gress that dois vpspryng ;

And with hir beriall droppis bricht,
 Makis the gresys gleme of licht.
 Luke on the ausir firmament,
 And on the anammellit orient ; 30
 Luke or Phebus put vp his heid,
 As he dois raiss his baneris reid,
 He dois the eist so bricht attyre,
 That all semis birnyng in a fyre ;
 Quhilk comfort dois to every thing, 35
 Man, bird, beist, and flurissing.
 Quhairfoir luvaris be glaid and lycht,
 For schort [it] is gour havy nycht,
 And lenthit is gour myrry day,
 Thairfoir ge velcum now this May : 40
 And birdis do gour haill plesance
 With mirry song and observance,
 This May to velcum at gour mycht,
 At fresch Phebus vprysing bricht :
 And all the flouris that dois spreid, 45
 Lay fur^t gour levis vpoun breid,
 And welcum May with benyng cheir,
 The quene of euery moneth cleir.
 And euery man thank in his mynd
 The God of natur and of kynd, 50
 Quhilk ordanit all for our behufe,
 The erd vndir, the air abufe,
 Bird, beist, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
 The planeitis haill to gif ws licht.

Finis.



The Wyf of Auchtermuchty.

THE "Wyf of Auchtermuchty" has long continued to be a favourite among all classes of the people of Scotland; and few poems of the same nature have oftener been printed, though seldom, it must be added, with a due regard to accuracy. Having been preserved by tradition, as well as by writing, there is no cause for surprise at finding the different copies vary considerably from each other. Of these, the one contained in Bannatyne's manuscript "Ballat Buik," is the most ancient. Lord Hailes indeed was inclined to think that it "had been transcribed at some later period than 1568, when most of the MS. was written." But there is no reason for entertaining such an opinion, since it occurs in the middle of the volume, and, as appears from the original series of paging, could not possibly have been inserted at a later period than the rest of the collection. From this copy the text is carefully given, and the most important variations of other editions are pointed out at the foot of the page. The only one, however, which requires particular notice is written in a hand not much later than the year 1600, and is distinguished as MS. A.

For genuine humour, and as a faithful picture of rustic manners, "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" has seldom or ever been equalled. Ritson, who republished it in his "Caledonian Muse," 1821, says, in a note, "The subject of this poem seems to be borrowed from the first part of a story in the 'Silva Sermonum jucundissimorum,' 1568," of which the scene is laid at some village near Widdersdorf, in Prussia. It has been very popular (he adds), and given rise to several imitations. The story referred to is quoted at full length

below¹ (the volume from which it is taken being of rare occurrence), so that the reader may be enabled to draw his own conclusion respecting its originality. There is indeed

¹ *Conueniunt uir et uxor, ut quisque eorum exerceret officium alterius, quo posset alter eorum in posterum exercere utrumque.*

Rvsticus quidam non potuit conuenire cū sua coniuge, sed semper improbabant sibi mutuo officia sua. Vno dierū Laurentius (sic enim uocabatur ille, & illa Adelheidis) cogitabat penes se, quid agendum esset, quo possent tot inimicitiae, rixae ac tumultus sedari inter eos: dicit uxori, in posterum se oportere agere partes suas, ipse uero uxoris acturus est. Oportere eam arare, triturare, serere, ac similia opera uirilia facere: ipse domi uellet exercere quæ muliebria sunt: utpote curare prolem, nutrire ac prouidere gallinis, anseribus, anatibus, porcis, pullo equino, coquere & uerrere panimentū, &c. per qd. quisq; posset alterius munus ac officiū scire. Arrisit consiliū mulieri, quæ alioqui cupiētes sunt freni ac dominij. Accessit stabulū, parat equos ac aratrum, adit campū, iubet marito (qui iam uxor erat) mittat sibi prandiū in campū, curet prolem, & uideat ne excidat ex cunis, aut inuertatur cunæ, ac coquat diligēter. Curabo omnia diligēter, ait uir, simulq; satagit in domo, cātillat argute, ut uideatur mulier in domo esse satagendo inuerit magnā ollam lactis, quo butyrum debuit cōtudisse & coxisse pultem pro puero. Hæc erant primordia eius œconomiae, quibus tantum horruit, meminitq; eius quod dixerat dominus: curam gereret pueri ac cunarum, ne inuertantur, quare capit magnū ac latum lapidem, superponit puero atq; ita sistit cunas. Subit etiam Laurentio se debere coquere, iam instabat tēpus prādiij, quare capit duodenam ouorum, diffringit ea in sartagine cum butyro, ad coquendum aut frixendum: abit interim in penum, ad promendū uinum, & ibidē meminit ouorum, recurrit cito superius, detinens spinam epistomij in manu. Quū uenit in coquinam, decidit coctura in ignem, cui assidet felis ac deuorat oua. Meminit & prolis, uisit num dormiat, & amoto lapide, reperit eam mortuam. Bone Deus! quam tristatur, ac cogitat quid inceperit? concutit ac cōstringit manus: quod faciēdo, excidit ex eius manibus spina epistomij, quam oblitus erat in manu: quare

a striking similarity in many of the incidents; but the poem has too much of a natural character and propriety to make us think of depriving the old Scottish author of the merit of its invention.

currit actutū in penum, & reperit uinum penitus effluxum esse. Volens rapide amouere poculum, in quo prompserat uinum, collidens illud uasi, excidit ex manibus eius, atq; ita uniuersum uinū perditū est. Quis bono hoc Laurentio magis perplexus? uoluit subinde apud se: Tu uis esse hera, & effudisti lac, nō potes iam contūdere butyrum, proles extincta est, oua ac butyrum arserūt, ac comesta sunt à felibus, uinum natat in penu, poculū uini effusum est. Quid fiet cum redierit uir famelicus & sitibūdus, uideritq; hanc bellam œconomiam? Ex quo ego me interposui rebus domesticis, & illa uirilibus, ob hoc baculo mea latera cōtunderet, & me oneraret ictibus, mihi æquum fieret, ita uolui, cur non mansi uir? Interim cogitat bonus Laurentius quomodo agat. Venit illi in mentē equulus oblitus in stabulo, capit seculam, & exit. Veniens secundum uiuarium, uidet lupum in margine, lætatur, projicit seculam post lupum, putans se nacturum eundem, natando aufugit ille, & falcula manet in limo. Exiit se Laurentius, & intrat aquam, quærit seculā, uerrens diu in limo: interim uenit quidā qui furatus est eius uestes. Post diutinā quæsitōnē in uanum, erigit se, & quærens indusium in ripa, uidet uniuersas uestes ablatas. Exit aquas nudus, & digitis uellit tot herbas, ut fasciculū collegerit: simul uellēs pugillū graminis, quo contegat ea, quæ natura tegenda suadet. Deinde currit celeriter domum, retro per hortū (ne quis eum posset ita animaduertere nudū) ad stabulū, uolens equulo dare gramē seu herbas. Ille ualde esuriens inuadit herbas ac gramina, simul & quod natura tegendum suadet, & amordet omnia simul. Quis posset esse in maiori anxietate, quā hic pauper Laurentius? Nesciuit introitum nec exitū, nec quò posset confugere, nisi in furno, ubi se retro locat, expectans misericordiam. Interim uenit uxor, uel tunc temporis arator ex agro, putans coniugem bene obijisse sua munia. Videns autē quid actum esset de puero, in penu, coquina ac lacte, attonita erat, & uocat circumquaque, Lentzo, Lentzo. Is absconditus in furno nolebat primo respondere, timebat enim sibi. Post paululum uocat iterum, Lentzo. Respondet ille in furno: Heho.

Allan Ramsay, who, so far as we learn, was its earliest publisher, has, as Lord Hailes observed, altered six lines, and added no fewer than twenty. "It must be admitted

Vocat iterum arator; Vbi es? Respondet Laurentius: Hic in furno. Quid agis ibi, procede. Nequaquam, here, ait alter, malè exercui rem domesticam. Quid actum est, ait illa? Prolem ego necavi, uolens sistere cunas. Eia bone Laurenti, nil refert (inquit illa) nos satagemus alias proles progignere, exi saltem ex furno, nihil fiet tibi. Sed plus feci, bone here. Quid fecisti præterea? Laurentius dixit: Vinum siui effluere ex uase in penu, & poculum uini effudi etiam. Nil nocet, mi Laurenti (inquit illa): exi, bibemus aquam. Sed plura feci, ô here. Quid sit, rogat illa? Dispersi butyrum & oua, & feles comederunt illa. Non adeo magnum est hoc damnum, prodi satiabimur pane ac caseo. Plus adhuc perpetraui. Quid est illud rogat illa? Volebam præbere equulo nostro gramen, & seculam amisi in limo uiuarij: interim quod quæro eam, ablatae sunt mihi uestes. Nil refert nec hoc, gramen demetemus cultro, & uestes alias curabimus resarciri Widersdorfij, prodi saltem. Sed aliud adhuc perpetraui quod omnium est maximum & pessimum. Quærit illa: Quidnam est hoc mali? Volui ait iniicere gramen nostro equulo, ille importunus ac famelicus, ex quo eram nudus uolens rapere gramen, quo supellectilem meâ conabar tegere, abmordit unâ cum gramine meu compositorê discordiarû, uentre tenus, Hæc est causa cur non audeo prodire. Audiēs hoc Adelheidis, capit ilico furcam furnariam, ac ait: Videbatur mihi aliud in hoc negotio quàm oua, lac, uinum, uestes & proles. Vis tu curare rem domesticam, & destruere omnia, perdere ac deuastare: quin & sinis auferri tibi (quod omniû maximû est) nostrum compositorem discordiarû? Siste, pro tua hac œconomia te remunerabo. Cōtrudit eum furca furnaria ita, ut necessariò cōfregerit furnû supernè, & effugeret nudus in domû: & ita nudus ac sanguinolentus exiliuit per fenestrâ. Illa insequitur furca illa furnaria, clamat ille, imprecatur illa. Vicina audiēs hunc tumultû, miratur, prospicit, uidet uicinum suum Laurentium currentem, uxorem insequentem, ac malè se habentem. Mota autem uicinali misericordia, dixit: Eia commater Adelheidis, quid ita cōmota es erga compatrem Laurentium, qui semper bonus ac probus extitit? desine parum-

(Lord Hailes adds) that his alterations and additions are in the style of the original. They prove him to have been a better poet than a publisher of other men's works." After such an encomium by one every way so well qualified to estimate their merit, it would have been improper to have withheld these additions.

Respecting the author of this poem, it may be observed that in Bannatyne's manuscript¹ "q MOFAT" is subjoined, in a different, if not in a more modern hand. Accordingly it has been attributed to a Sir John Moffat ("one of the Pope's knights"), the only Scottish poet of the name, who is conjectured to have lived in the earlier part of the 16th century. All we know concerning him is, that he was author of the fine moral poem beginning

"Bruthir be wyif I reid ȝow now,"

that has been printed in Lord Hailes's collection. "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" may therefore be supposed to have

per ab ira hac, & da ei saltem indusium. Ego dedero illi fel potius (ait illa) omnia deuastauit in domo, prolem oppressit magno lapide. Omnia condonanda forent, sed unum & præcipuum designauit, quod celandum esset; à nostro equulo in stabulo, siuit amorderi præcipuam suppellectilem nostram, uentre tenus. Cætera condonanda forent, sed hoc unum nullo modo potest expiari nec condonari. Audiens hoc uicina, quòd deprædatus esset eo, quod præcipuè expetitur, fit and ipsa infesta suo compatri, ac cõnitat caniculum quē habuit complosis manib. in eum, dicens: Hurss, hurss, cape eum, ad nihil enim utilis est. Miser hic Laurentius penitus abdicatur, nullus restat ei locus ulterius, sed aufugit nudus quaqua uersum. Vicina aut dixit: Age cõmater Adelheidis, cõpone mentē tuā, habeo ego seruū bonū, fortē ac uigilē, qui erit in rem tuā. scio enim ualere: nam ego sum usa eo his sex aut septem annis. Hoc pacto perdidit Laurentius optimū suū pugionē, & cogebatur deleri omnino ex libro uiuentiū. Suadeo ergo uiris obire sua munia, mulierib. similiter sua: sic poterit neuter imprope rare alteri. Ita fiet, ut uiro maneat sua uigil ales salua ac uegeta, & uxor reddetur pacatior, nec cogatur diffringere furnū, & tandem aufugere nudus & mutilatus.

¹ Fol. 120 b.

been written about the year 1520. Should the solitary evidence, just referred to, respecting its author, be relied on, there is but too much cause to justify our regret in not possessing more considerable remains of a poet whose claims to original genius, it is presumed, will not be disputed.

The Wyf of Awchtirmwchty.

TN Awchtirmwchty thair dwelt ane man,¹
 An husband,² as I hard it tawld
 Quha weill cowld tippill owt a can,³
 And⁴ naipir luvit hungir nor cawld
 Quhill anis it fell vpoun a day, 5
 He gokkit his plwch vpoun the plane ;
 Gif it be trew, as I hard say,
 The day was fowll⁵ for wind and rane.

He lowsit the pluche at the landis end,
 And draif his oxin hame at e'in ; 10
 Quhen he come in he lukit bend,
 And saw the wyf baith dry and clene,
 And sittand at ane fyre, beik and bawld,
 W^t ane fat sowp, as I hard say :
 The man being verry weit and cawld, 15
 Betwene thay twa it was na play.⁶

¹ ' thair wind an honest man.'

² ' a rach husband.'

³ ' Sa weill can tippel vpon a good can.'

⁴ ' this man.'

⁵ ' It came on a foull day.'

⁶ L. 9-16. This stanza in MS. A. has only four lines :

' He loosed the pleuch hame as he came,
 He saw the goodwife sitting baith fair and clene,
 Sitting before a good beikman bald,
 A good fat sowp his hande betuene.'

Quoth he,¹ quhair is my horsis corne?
 My ox² hes naiþir hay nor stray;
 Dame, ge mon to the pluch to morne,³
 I salbe hussy, gif I may.⁴ 20
 Husband,⁵ quoth scho, content am I
 To tak þe pluche⁶ by day abowt,
 Sa ge will rewill baith knavis ꝛ ky,
 And all the hous⁷ baith in and owt.

But sen that ge will husyskep ken,⁸ 25
 First ge sall sift, ꝛ syne sall kned;
 And ay as ge gang but ꝛ ben,
 Luk that the bairnis dryt not the bed.⁹
 geis lay ane soft wisp to þe kill,
 We haif ane deir ferme on or heid; 30
 And ay as ge gang furth and in,
 Keip weill the gaislingis fra the gled.¹⁰

The wyf was vp richt late at e'in,
 I pray God gif hir evill to fair,
 Scho kyrnd the kyrne, and skwmd it clene, 35
 And left the gudemā bot the bledoch bair;

1 'Quho^t.' MS. Bannat.

2 'My cattell.'

3 'Ye shall go to the pluch the morne.'

4 'Iß gyde the hous als well as I may.'

5 'Goodman.'

6 'To gang to the pleuch.'

7 'Gyde my hous well.'

8 'A gude husband if ye will be.'

9 'Misvse not the bed.'

10 L. 29-31, 'And a good husband as ye wold be,

Some spott ꝛ in the hous ye man outspy;
 We have a deare ken [q. kane] to the ladie,
 See that the calves swk not the ky.'

Than in the mornyng vp scho gatt
 And on hir hairt laid hir disjwne.
 Scho put als mekle in hir lap,
 As nicht haif serd them baith at nwe.¹ 40

Sayis, Jok, will thow be maister of wark,²
 And thow sall had, and I sall kall :
 Ifs promiß thé ane gude new sark,
 Athir of round claith or of small.
 Scho lowsit oxin aucht or nyne, 45
 And hynt ane gad-staff in hir hand ;
 And the gudman raiss efter syne,
 And saw the wyf had done cōmand.

And cawd the gaislingis fwrth to feid,
 Thair wes bot sevensum of thame all ; 50
 And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
 And likkit vp five, left him bot twa :
 Then owt he ran in all his mane,³
 How svne he ⁴ hard the gaislingis cry ;
 Bot than or he come in agane,⁵ 55
 The calfis brak lowss and sowkit the ky.

The calvis and ky being met in the lone,
 The man ran w^t ane rung to red ;
 Than by thair cūis ane ill-willy cow,
 And brodit his buttock quhill þat it bled.⁶ 60

¹ L. 37-40. These lines in MS. A. read thus :

'The goodwife gat up soone in the morning,
 Vpon hir heart laid a fine disjune,
 Scho preind mair to Jock in hir lap
 Nor wold have serued three honest men at noone.'

² This address to Jock, the servant, is not in MS. A.; nor indeed are several other lines.

³ 'The gudman ran forth in a great anger.'

⁴ 'Soon as ever he.'

⁵ L. 59, 60. 'Ere he came in what thought ye of yt.'

⁶ 'And wold he haue jumblit while the dumsday,
 Sorrow a bit butter þat ever he gat.'

Than hame he ran to an rok of tow,¹
 Ane he satt doun to say the sp̄ning ;
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
 Quoth he, this wark hes ill beḡning.

Than to þe kyrn that he did stoure, 65
 And jwmlit at it quhill he swatt :
 Quhen he had jwmlit a full lang houre,
 The sorrow crap of butter he gatt.
 Albeit na butter he cowl'd gett,
 ġit he wes cūmerit w^b the kyrne, 70
 And syne he het the milk o^r hett,
 And sorrow a spark of it wald ġyrne.

Than ben thair come ² ane gredy sow,
 I trow he cund hir littil thank ;
 For in scho schot hir mekle mow,³ 75
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.
 He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
 And thocht to hitt the sow ane rowt,
 The twa gaislingis the gled ⁴ had left,
 That straik dang ⁵ baith thair harnis out. 80

He gat his foot vpon the spyre,⁶
 To haue gotten the flesch doune to the pat,
 He fell backward into the fyre,
 And brack his head on the keming stack :

¹ L. 61. ' He gat the rock soone in his bosome,
 He thought well to have begun his spinning ;
 But alace ! he leand our neir the low ;
 Alace ! (quo) this work hes a hard beginning.'

² ' And in there came.'

³ ' Hir ill fard mow.'

⁴ ' The glaidē had chaped.'

⁵ ' He chanced to ding.'

⁶ L. 81-88. This stanza, which does not occur in MS. Bann.,
 nor in the ordinary printed copies, is given from MS. A.

Yit he gat the mekle pat vpon the fyre, 85
 And gat twa cannes and ran to the spout,
 Er he came it, q^t thought ge of y^t?
 The fyre burnt aw the pat aris out.

Than he beur kendling to the kil,
 But scho start all vp in ane low, 90
 Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he saw,
 That day he had na will to mow.
 Than he geid to tak vp the bairnis,
 Thocht to haif fund thame fair & clene ;
 The first þat he gat in his armis 95
 Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The first that he gat in his armis,
 It was all dirt vp to the eine ;
 The deuill cut of thair hande, q^h he,
 That fild geow all sa fow this strene. 100
 He trailit fowll scheitis down the gait,
 Tho^t to haif wescht thame on ane stane ;
 The burne wes rissin grit of spait,
 Away fra him the scheitis hes tane.

Then vp he gat on ane know heid, 105
 On hir to cry,¹ on hir to schowt,²
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 But stowtly steird the stottis abowt.
 Scho draif the day vnto þe night,
 Scho lowisit the plwch and syne come hame ;
 Scho fand all wrang that sowld bene richt, 111
 I trow the man tho^t richt grit schame.

¹ 'Cray,' MS. Bann.

² 'Vpon the goodwife he cryed mony good shout.'

Quoth he, my office I forsaik,¹
 For all the dayis of my lyf,²
 For I wald put ane howfs to wraik, 115
 Had I bene twēty dayis gudwyf.
 Quoth scho, weill mot ge bruke go^r place,
 For trewlie I will never accep' it ;
 Quoth he, feind fall the lyaris face,
 Bot git ge may be blyth to get it. 120

Than vp scho gat ane mekle rung,³
 And the gudman maid to the doir ;⁴
 Quoth he, Deme, I sail hald my tung,
 For and we fecht I'll gett the woir.
 Quoth he, quhen I forsuk my plwche, 125
 I trow I bot forsuk my seill,
 And I will to my plwch agane,
 For I and this howfs will nevir do weill.⁵

¹ ' Dame I'le ge ouer my hussies skip.'

² ' Forsooth of my life.'

² ' Dur.' MS. Bann.

⁴ L. 121-124 are not in the MS. A.

⁵ ' Goodwife your houfs and I will nere doe well,' MS. A.

Finis.

*ADDITIONAL VERSES AND EMENDATIONS
BY ALLAN RAMSAY IN HIS "EVER-
GREEN," 1724.*

L. 7, 8. But schort the storm wald let him stay,
Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

L. 12. He blinkit ben.

L. 13. Set beikand by a fire full bauld.

L. 14. Suppand fat sowp.

L. 15. Being weary.

L. 18. My owsen has nae.

L. 20. After this line are added :

This seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ge sit warm, nae troubles se ;
The morn ge sall gae with the lad,
And syne geil ken what drinkers drie.

L. 21. Gudeman, quod scho.

L. 24. After this line are added :

And now sen ge haif made the Law,
Than gyde all richt and do not break ;
They sicker raid that neir did faw,
Therefore let naithing be neglect.

L. 49. He draif the gaislingis.

L. 59. Than by come an ill-willy roan.

L. 61. Syne up he tuk an rok of tow.

L. 63. He loutit doun.

L. 65. Before this line the following stanza is inserted :

The leam up throw the lum did flow,
The sute tuke fyre it flyed him than,
Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow ;
I wat he was a dirty man :
git he gat water in a pan,
Quherwith he slokend out the fyre :
To soup the House he syne began ;
To had all richt was his desyre.

L. 77. He tuke the kirnstaff be the shank.

- L. 79. The two left gaislings got a clank.
L. 97-100. These lines Ramsay has altered thus :

The first it smelt sae sappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grein :
The Deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
That cramd gour kytes sae strute gestrein.



Ane Ballat of Allane-a'-Maut.

THIS ballad, transcribed from Bannatyne's Manuscript, 1568, is doubtless the most ancient which we now have of a numerous class of compositions that still preserve no ordinary share of popularity among the peasantry both of Scotland and England, respecting this celebrated personage, "Allane-a'-Maut," or, as he is more frequently styled, Sir John Barleycorn. It has never been printed, except by Mr. Jamieson, in his valuable collection of "Popular Ballads and Songs,"¹ where it is accompanied with five or six other curious pieces of a similar kind, taken from tradition, or English copies of a more recent period. Among the later productions of the same class, the Editor cannot help alluding to a wild and romantic story by his friend Mr. Allan Cunningham, lately published in his two volumes of "Traditional Tales."²

A curious mistake has arisen from the jocular signature affixed to the poem in the Manuscript, as, instead of reading "quoth Allane Matsonis suddartis,"³ or soldiers, the name of Allan Watson has found a place in the different lists and lives of the early Scottish Poets as its author. In the same manner has the name of John Blyth been registered among the Scottish Poets as author of a "Ballat of Gude Fallowis." Surely it requires very little discernment to ascertain that such names were assumed for the "nones," and suggested by the nature of the verses. The only poet to whom the following ballad can with any degree of likeli-

¹ Edin. 1806, vol. ii. p. 231-260.

² Lond. 1822, 12mo, vol. i.

³ The signature is not affixed to the copy in Mr. Jamieson's collection.

hood be attributed is Dunbar, among whose works will be found a few unpublished pieces of a like kind, and who, perhaps, assumed no feigned character when he so christened himself.

The following stanzas, copied from the same MS., may here be added as a further illustration of the subject. They are by an anonymous writer, who likewise designates himself one of "Allan's soldiers":—

Quha hes gud malt, and makis ill drynk,
 Wa mot be hir werd!—
 I pray to God scho rott and stynk
 Sevin yheir aboue thé erd;
 About hir beir na bell to clynk,
 Nor clerk sing, lewid nor lerd;
 Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink
 The tap-tré quhill scho steird;
 This beis my prayer
 Fro that man slayar
 Quhill Christ in Hevin sall heird!

Quha brewis, and giwis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and stail,
 [Baith] quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,
 In Hevin mcit hir that Aill!
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho lest,
 In lyking, and gude sail;
 In hevin or erd that wyfe be blest
 With out barrett or baill:
 Quhen scho is deid
 With outtin pleid,
 Scho pass to Hevin all hail.

QUOD ALLANIS SUBDERT.

Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be.



WHEN he was zung, and cled in grene,
 Haifand his air abowt his ene,
 Baith men and wemen did him mene,
 Quhen he grew on zon hillis he;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 5

His foster faider fure of the toun,
 To vissy Allane he maid him boun ;
 He saw him lyane, allace ! in swoun,
 For falt of help, and lyk to de ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 19

Thay saw his heid begin to ryse ;
 Syne for ane nureiss thay send belyfe,
 Quha brocht with hir fyfty-and fyve
 Of men of war full prevely ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 15

Thay ruschit furth lyk hellis rukis
 And euery ane of thame had hukis ;
 Thay cawcht him schortly in thair clukis
 Syne band him in ane creddill of tre ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 29

Thay brocht him inuart in the land,
 Syne euery freynd maid him his band,
 Quhill they nicht owdir gang or stand,
 Neuer ane fute fra him to fle ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 25

The grittest cowart in this land,
 Fra he with Allane entir in band,
 Thocht he may nowdir gang nor stand,
 git fourty sall nocht gar him fle ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 31

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
 With ane sege feddir in his top :
 Fra hand to hand so dois he hop,
 Quhill sum may nowdir speik nor se ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be ? 35

In gule, quhen ilk man singis his carrell
 Gude Allane lysis in to ane barrell
 Quhen he is thair, he dows no parrell
 To cum on him be land or se,—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 40

git was thair neuir sa gay gallane,
 Fra he meit with our maistir Sir Allane,
 Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,
 Bak wart on the flure fallis he ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 45

My maistir Allane grew so stark,
 Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk,
 Vpoun thair faiss he settis his mark,
 A blud reid noiss besyd thair E ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 50

My maistir Allane I may fair curß,
 He levis no mony in my purß,
 At his command I mon disburß
 Moir nor the twa pert of my fe ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 55

And last, of Allane to conclude ;
 He is bening, courtaß and gude,
 And servis ws of our daly fude,
 And that with liberalitie ;—
 Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be? 60

Finis q ; Allane Watsonis suddartis.



Sir John Barleycorn.

THIS more modern version of a very popular ballad, on the same topic as the last, is given from a common stall-copy, printed in the year 1781, with a few corrections, on the authority of two others of later date. One of these occurs in the "Collection of Popular Ballads" by Mr. Jamieson, who is inclined to think it is derived from an English ballad on the same subject, which he has printed from a black-letter copy preserved in Pepys' Library.

Burns has given us an altered version of "Sir John Barleycorn," founded on the present ballad; and although his good taste led him to preserve all that freshness of description which constitutes its principal charm, he cannot be said to have greatly improved it. But the more ancient appellation of our hero was (as we see) Allan-a-Maut; and various songs or ballads in his praise are still in circulation.

Sir John Barleycorn.



HERE came three merry men from the
east,
and three merry men were they,
And they did swear a solemn oath,
that Sir John Barleycorn they would
slay.

They took a plough and plough'd him down, 5
and laid clods upon his head;
And then they swore a solemn oath,
that Sir John Barleycorn was dead;

But the Spring-time it came on amain,
and rain towards the earth did fall : 10
John Barleycorn sprung up again,
and so surpriz'd them all,

The Summer heat on him did beat,
and John grew pale and wan ;
John Barleycorn he got a beard, 15
and so became a man.

They took a scythe that was full sharp,
and cut him down at the knee ;
And then they tied him in a cart,
like a rogue for perjury. 20

They took two sticks that were full hard
and sore they thresh'd his bones ;
The Miller serv'd him worst of all,
for he crushed him 'twixt two stones.

The Brewster-wife we'll not forget, 25
she well her tale can tell,
She has ta'en the sap out of his bodie,
and made of it good Ale.

And they have filled it in a cup,
and drank it round and round ; 30
And aye the more they drank of it
the more did joy abound.

Sir John Barleycorn is the wichest man
that ever throve in the land,
He will do more than many merry men 35
by the turning of his hand.

Put Brandy in a brimming glass
Put Rum into a can,
Put Sir John Barleycorn in a stout brown mug,
He'll prove the stoutest man. 40

He'll change a boy into a man,
 a man into an ass ;
 He'll change your gold into silver,
 and your silver into brass.

He'll make the huntsman shoot his dog, ⁴⁵
 and never blow his horn ;
 He'll make a maid stark naked dance,
 my pretty little Barleycorn.

And if you'll to yon village go
 ye need not fear no scorn, ⁵⁰
 I swear he will make you twice as strong,
 before this time the morn.¹

¹ The following etching was from the hand of the well-known Edinburgh artist, W. Geikie.





Ane Descriptioun of Pedder Coffeis.

THIS satirical poem was originally published by Lord Hailes among his selections from the MS. "Ballat Buik" of George Bannatyne.¹ "What the author meant by Coffeis," says Lord Hailes (and we cannot use better words than his own to describe the poem), "he explains in l. 3, where he speaks of 'Pedder Knavis.' Coffe, in the modern Scottish language, means rustic. The sense here is peddling merchants. The seven sorts are, 1. An higgler and forestaller; 2. A lewd parish priest; 3. A merchant who traffics in company upon too small a stock; 4. Though obscurely expressed, is a low-born fellow, who intrudes himself into the magistracy of a royal burgh; 5. A fraudulent bankrupt; 6. A miser; 7. A dignified churchman: the character of each is drawn from the living manners of that age."

The Notes² subjoined by Lord Hailes, in explanation of this satirical description, and which Sibbald,³ with a few slight alterations, adopted without acknowledgment, are too valuable to be withheld. They are therefore annexed without either mixture or alteration.

There is one thing, however, that, in this place, ought to be remarked, since the poem has hitherto been published as an anonymous composition. In the same manner that other pieces are attributed to their respective authors, the signature "q. Lindsay" appears in the manuscript. Although the name be written in a different coloured ink, the hand is apparently of the same age with that of the poem

¹ 12mo, Edinburgh, 1770, p. 170.

² Id. p. 298.

³ Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. i. p. 368.

to which it is affixed. Nor does internal evidence, in any degree, invalidate the propriety of its being so attributed. This circumstance having been unnoticed, was perhaps the cause why it did not find a place in the elaborate edition by Mr. George Chalmers of the poetical works of Lyon King at Arms.

Ane Descriptioun of Pedder Coffeis having na
Regaird till Honestie in thair Vocatioun.

IT is my purpois to discryve
This holy perfyte genologie
Of pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie, 5
ge burges sonis prevene their lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all borrow townis.

- They ar declarit in SEVEN PAIRTIS ;
1. Ane (scroppit cofe) quhen he begynis, 10
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
Fo to by hēnis reid-wod he r̄ynis ;
He lokis thame vp in to his innis
Vnto ane derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he w̄ynis, 15
And secondly his meit he beggis.
 2. Ane swyngeor coife, amangis the wyvis,
In land-wart dwellis w^t subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And sanis thame w^t deid mēnis banis ; 20
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder ;
Peipand peurly with peteouss granis,
Lyk fenzeit *Symmie* and his bruder.

3. Thir cur coffeis that sailis oure sone, 25
 And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
 W^t bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak ;
 They schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30
 Steilis down, and lysis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.
4. Knaifatica coff misknawis him fell,
 Quhen he gettis in a furrit gown ;
 Grit Lucifer, maister of hell, 35
 Is nocht sa helie as that loun ;
 As he cūmis brankand throw the toun,
 W^t his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burgess bairne. 40
5. Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
 Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
 Takis gudis to frist fra frēmit men,
 And brekis than his obligatioun ;
 Quhilk dois the marchand^e defamatioun ; 45
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour.
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that cōmon tratour.
6. Ane curloreouss coffe, that hege-kraiper,
 He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50
 That pedder brybour, that schein-keipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik ;
 Syne lokkis thame vp, and takis a faik,
 Betwix his dowblett and his jackett,
 And eitis thame in the buith that smaik ; 55
 God that he mort into ane rakkett.

7. Ane cathedrall coffe, he is our riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wretche,
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end ; 60
 W^t falsheid evir dois him defend,
 Proceeding still in averice,
 And levis his saule na gude cōmend,
 Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wiss.

I ȝow exhort all that is heir, 65
 That reidis this bill, ȝe wald it schaw
 Vnto the provest, and him requeir,
 That he will geif thir coffis the law,
 And baneis thame the burgess raw,
 And to the scho streit ȝe thame ken ; 70
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ȝe may knaw,
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

Finis.

NOTES ON THE PRECEDING POEM
BY LORD HAILES, 1770.

St. 2. l. 11. "*Sornand* all and sindry *airts*." This *scroppit* or *contemptible* dealer is represented as going about in every quarter *sornand*; a contraction from *sojournand*. Hence *sorners*, or *sojourners*, which so often occurs in our more ancient statutes. He is here described as solicitous in purchasing fowls, profiting by the sale of their eggs, forestalling the market, and drawing advantage from a dearth. These are topics of popular discontent, which the Legislature has sometimes sanctified by inextricable statutes.

My reason for imagining that *scroppit* means contemptible is founded on the following passage in Knox, p. 93: "Thair was presentit to the Quein Regent a calfe having two heidis; whairat she *scorppit*, and said it was bot a common thing."

St. 3. A rascally wench among the married women, resides in the country, versant in the arts of subtilty; he interprets to them the legends of the saints, and sanctifies them with dead men's bones or relics. Such persons seem to have raked the streets of Rome for every superstitious foolery. Sometimes they growl like dogs, in the offices of religion; sometimes they pitifully whine like the hypocritical *Symmye and his brother*.

The first part of this description alludes to the lewd and inordinate lives of the secular clergy. The description of their employment in the country resembles that which the younger Vossius profanely gave of a friend of his: "Est sacrificulus in pago quodam, et decipit rusticos." In Lord Hyndford's MS. [the "Ballat Buik of Geo. Bannatyne"] there is a poem relative to *Symmye and his bruder*; it is obscure, but seems to import that they were what is termed *questionarii* in the ancient Scottish canons, c. 48, that is, persons sent out by the Church upon a begging mission.

St. 4. l. 25. "Thir cur coffeis that sailis oure sone,
And thretty-sum about ane pak."

These lines are unintelligible without the aid of the

statute-book. By Act 24. Parl. 4. James V. it is provided, "That na merchand sail, *without he have ane halfe last of gudes of his awin*, or else in governance, as factour to uthir merchandes." And by Act 25. "That na schip be frauchted out of the realme, with ony staple gudes, fra the feast of Simon's day and Judes [28 Oct.] unto the feast of the purification of our lady, called Candlemas." The reader will now perceive what it was to sail too early, and wherein they offended, who, to the number of thirty, were joint adventurers in one pack of goods.

St. 5. l. 33. "*Knaifatica* coff misknawis himself." The word *knaifatica* has been invented to describe a pedlar of mean servile original. Every one knows that *knave* formerly meant a servant. It is probable that this stanza was aimed at some living character, remarkable for the insolence of office.¹

——— l. 38. "With his keis clynkand on his arme." The keys of a city are considered as the symbols of trust and power, and therefore they may have been borne by magistrates. It is an ancient custom for the chief magistrate of a city to deliver the keys to the sovereign upon his first entry.

St. 6. l. 41. "Ane dyvour coffe." This stanza describes, in very emphatical terms, the offence of one who, while unable or unwilling to pay, deals upon credit with foreign merchants.

St. 7. l. 55. "And eitis thame in the buith that *smaik*." The word *smaik* means a pitiful ignominious fellow. It occurs in a curious poem by the Earl of Glencairn, preserved in Knox, p. 25.

"They *smaikis* dois set their hail intent,
To reid the Ingliche New Testament."

The churl here described, after having carefully numbered his cakes, conveys one of them under his clothes, and eats it in his booth or shop.

¹ Those who most frequently held the office of Provost of Edinburgh during the latter part of this reign [Queen Mary's] were Lord Seaton, Douglas of Kilspindie, and Symon Prestoun of Prestoun.—SIBBALD.

St. 9. l. 70. " And to the *scho-streit* ye thame ken,
Syne cut thair luggis," &c.

Shoes are still sold at Edinburgh in the upper part of the *Grassmarket*, which [formerly was] also the place of execution. It is probable that lesser punishments, such as that of cutting off the ears of delinquents, were anciently inflicted in the same place. It has been suggested to the editor, that by *Scho-streit*, a street in Perth, still termed the *Shoe-gate*, is understood : But there seems no reason for supposing that this poem was composed at Perth, or that the *Shoe-gate* in Perth was a place of punishment.



Ane Ballat of Matrymonie.

THIS humorous poem may serve as a counterpart to "The Wife lapped in Morels skin," and some other well-known pieces of English poetry, which were coeval with it. The original is preserved in a very curious volume¹ of miscellaneous poetry in Cotton MS. Vesp. A. 25, described as having once been the property of Sir Henry Savile.

The text is given on the authority of Ritson,² whose scrupulous fidelity and correctness have never been called in question, nor were his antiquarian pursuits, with the prejudices entertained for a length of time by his countrymen, bounded by "the cold river of Tweid." In Ritson's volume this poem is entitled "*The Honey Moon*," which has here been altered, as there seems to be no authority to show that the period, usually regarded as at least the positive term of matrimonial happiness (but in which the following ludicrous adventure is said to have occurred), had, so early as the latter part of the 16th century, received such an appropriate denomination.³

¹ MSS. Cotton, Vesp. A. 25.

² From the Caledonian Muse, 1785, and first published 1821, 8vo, p. 172.

³ Dr. Laing adds: "This ballad has since been compared with the manuscript in the British Museum, but unnecessarily, unless in having afforded an instance of the reliance that may be placed on Ritson's accuracy."

Ane Ballat.

BY west of late as I dyd walke,
 In the pryme tyme of the day,
 Yt was my chaunce to here the talke
 Of two yonge folks in fay;
 They had not bene married at the
 kyrke 5

Thré dayes then fully past,
 The good man bad his wyffe to worke,
 Nay soft, quod she, no hesste,
 For now
 I wyll, quod she, Not worke for thé, 10
 I make to God a vowe.

And yf thow wylt not worke, quod he,
 Thou drab I shall the dryve.
 I would to God, thow knave, quod she
 Thow durst that matter pryve. 15
 The goodman for to beate his wyffe
 In hande a pase he went,—
 He caught two blowes vpon his head
 For every one he lent,
 In dede; 20
 He never blan Beating her than—
 Tyll both hys eares dyd blede.

He was so stowte and sterne that stoure,
 And fearsse with her in fyght,
 That even vpon the stony flowre— 25
 She knokt his head full ryght.
 The good wyffe was wonderous wake in hande,
 Fearefull and nothing bold,

And not hys wrath vpon her 'wreache,'¹ 60
 They dyd hym all exorte ;
 Nay, nay, quod he, I shall her teache
 How she shall be so shorte

With me ;—

Yet on his face She layd apace, 65
 And cryed him styll mersè.

Whiche thing to here the neyboures all
 Dyd pytty her so sore,
 That to the good man they dyd call,
 And sayd, for shame, no more : 70
 He bad them then go pyke them home,
 And there go medle them now ;
 I am, quod he, not such a one,
 To leave fighting for yowe,

I trow :

Yet for all this, They sayd, I wys, 75
 Small neybourehede he dyd showe.

Some prayed hym, in avoyding cryme,
 That he hys hande would hold ;
 Let her, quod he, another tyme, 80
 Not be with me so bolde ;
 For suredly, and owght I were
 To bede her taunt or cheke,—
 But he could scante the same declare
 She held so fast hys neke, 85

In a bande ;

Alas, quod she, Wyll ye kyll me ?
 Swete husband, hold youre hande.

¹ 'wyrke.'

His neyboures then were sore afrayed,
 That he would her devoure, 90
 The dorres then being fast sparrèd
 They threw them on the floure ;¹
 The gude wyffe lepte away apace,
 When shame had put to flyght,
 And he, well blowen about the face, 95
 Began to stand upright,

Nere made ;
 No wyght of skill, I think, judge wyll
 But he thereof was glade.

All thoughe his bake was somewhat duste 100
 After a folyshe guysse,
 Yet was the man hym selffe to lust,—
 That scarcely he could rysse.
 The good wyffe dyd her chamber take,
 Shewing her selff in drede ; 105
 To neyboures the goodman myrth dyd make,
 To them that sawe that dede,

All and some ;
 To whom he sware, That he had thare,
 Slane her had thay not come. 110

'Wish'² all yong marryed wyves I wyll
 No such masters to preve,
 But even obey you husbandes styll,
 Lesse they do worke yowe greve ;³
 And seeing that yt ys not the best 115
 To leve in debate and stryffe,

¹ 'In the floure.'

² 'With.' MS.

³ 'Dryve' in MS.

God send all 'then' ¹ that quiet rest
May be with man and wyffe,

To the end :

Grant vs all pray Both night and day, 120
That God suche grace may sende.

¹ 'them,' MS.

Finis.



King Estmere.

THIS tale,¹ Doctor Leyden suggested,² might probably be the same with the "Tale of the King of Estmureland's marriage to the King's daughter of Westmureland," mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1549. But Mr. Ritson³ was inclined to identify that tale with the very ancient "Romance of Kyng Horn," which he has published. However this may be, it would have been desirable to have met with a copy of this interesting legend in its original state. Bishop Percy, from the first edition of whose volumes the present text is printed, tells us that he has given it "from two copies, one of them in his folio MS., which contained great variations."⁴ The other copy, it is more than probable, was one of his own making, as the Editor, after many fruitless inquiries, cannot hear of the existence of any such, either printed or written.⁵

This romantic tale is certainly of some antiquity. Bishop Percy says, "As in one of the copies, the King of Spain is represented as a Pagan, this ballad should seem to have been originally written while a part of that kingdom was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491." There is no occasion to copy out the interesting illustrations

¹ Percy's Reliques, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 62.

² Complaynt of Scotland, Introd. p. 226.

³ Ancient English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 266.

⁴ It is impossible to say what sort of text the folio MS. offered, as the owner seems to have torn out the leaves on which "King Estmere" was once to be found.

⁵ Compare Percy Folio MS., 1867, ii. 200, note.

of this tale from so popular a work as the "Reliques," which prove that several of the circumstances described are strictly "conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages."

King Estmere.



HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
 Come and you shall heare ;
 Ile tell you of two of the boldest
 brethèr,
 That ever born y-were.
 The tone of them was Adler yonge, 5
 The tother was Kyng Estmere ;
 Thè were as bolde men in their deedes,
 As any were farr and neare,
 As they were drinking ale and wine
 Within King Estmere's halle : 10
 When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
 A wyfe to gladd us all ?
 Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
 And answered him hastilye :
 I knowe not that ladye in any lande, 15
 That is able to marrye with mee.
 Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
 Men call her bright and sheene ;
 If I were kyng here in your stead,
 That ladye sholde be queene. 20
 Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
 Throughout merye Englànd,
 Where we might find a messenger
 Betweene us two to sende.
 Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr, 25
 I'le beare you companye ;
 Many a man throughe fals messengers is deceived,
 And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus thè furnisht them to ryde
 Of twoe good Renish steedes, 30
 And when they came to King Adlands halle,
 Of red golde shone their weedes.
 And whan thè came to Kyng Adlànðs halle
 Before the goodlye yate,
 Ther they found good King Adlànð ; 35
 Rearing himselfe theratt.
 Nowe Christ thee save, good Kyng Adlànð ;
 Nowe Christ thee save and see !
 Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere,
 Right hartilye unto mee. 40
 You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
 Men call her bright and sheene,
 My brother wold marrye her to his wyffe,
 Of Englande to be queene.
 Yesterday was at my deare daughtèr 45
 Sir Bremor the King of Spayne ;
 And then she nicked him of naye,
 And I doubt shee'le do you the same.
 The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
 And 'leeveth on Mahound ; 50
 And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
 Shold marrye a heathen hound.
 But grant to me, sayes Kyng Estmere,
 For my love I you praye ;
 That I may see your daughter deare 55
 Before I goe hence awaye.
 Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more,
 Syth my daughter was in halle,
 She shall come once downe for your sake
 To glad my guestès alle. 60
 Downe then came that mayden fayre,
 With ladyes lacede in pall,
 And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
 To bring her from bowre to hall ;

And as manye gentle squieres, 65
 To waite upon them all.
 The talents of golde, were on her head sette,
 Hanged lowe downe to her knee ;
 And everye rynge on her smalle fingèr,
 Shone of the chrystall free. 70
 Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madàme ;
 Sayes, Christ you save and see !
 Sayes, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
 Right welcome unto mee.
 And iff you love me, as you saye, 75
 So well and hartilee,
 All that ever you are comen about
 Soon sped now itt may bee.
 Then bespake her father deare :
 My daughter, I saye naye ; 80
 Remember well the King of Spayne,
 What he sayd yesterdaye.
 He wolde pull downe my halles and castles,
 And reave me of my lyfe.
 And ever I feare that paynim kyng, 85
 Iff I reave him of his wyfe.
 Your castles and your towres, father,
 Are stronglye built aboute ;
 And therefore of that foule paynim
 Wee neede not stande in doubt. 90
 Plyght me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmère,
 By heaven and your righte hand,
 That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
 And make me queene of your land.
 Then Kyng Estmere he plight his troth 95
 By heaven and his righte hand,
 That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
 And make her queene of his land.
 And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
 To goe to his owne countree. 100

To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,
 That marryed thè might bee.
 They had not ridden scant a myle,
 A myle forthe of the towne,
 But in did come the Kyng of Spayne, 105
 With kempès many a one.
 But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
 With manye a grimme baròne,
 Tone daye to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
 Tother daye to carrye her home. 110
 Then shee sent after Kyng Estmère
 In all the spede might bee,
 That he must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and lose his ladye.
 One whyle then the page he went, 115
 Another whyle he ranne ;
 Till he had oretaken Kyng Estmere,
 I wis, he never blanne.
 Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere !
 What tydings nowe, my boye ? 120
 O, tydings I can tell you,
 That will you sore annoye.
 You had not ridden scant a myle,
 A myle out of the towne,
 But in did come the Kyng of Spayne 125
 With kempès many a one :
 But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
 With manye a grimme baròne,
 Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
 Tother daye to carrye her home. 130
 That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
 And ever-more well by mee :
 You must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or go home and lose your ladye,
 Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother, 135
 My reade shall ryse at thee,

Whether it is better to turne and fighte.
 Or goe home and lose my ladye.
 Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise at me, 140
 I quicklye will devise a waye
 To sette thy ladye free.
 My mother was a westerne woman,
 And learned in gramarye,
 And when I learned at the schole, 145
 Something shee taught itt mee.
 There grows an hearbe within this felde,
 And iff it were but knowne,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 It will make blacke and browne : 150
 His color, which is browne and blacke,
 Itt will make redd and whyte ;¹
 That sworde is not in all Englande,
 Upon his coate will byte.
 And you shal be a harper, brothèr, 155
 Out of the North countrye :
 And I'le be your boye, so faine of fighte,
 To beare your harpe by your knee.
 And you shall be the best harpèr,
 That ever tooke harpe in hand ; 160
 And I will be the best singèr,
 That ever sung in this land.
 Itt shal be written on our foreheads
 All and in grammarye,
 That we twoe are the boldest men, 165
 That are in all Christentye.
 And thus they furnisht them to ryde,
 Of towè good Renish steedes ;

¹ This idea occurs in the story of Fulke Fitzwarin (Hazlitt's "National Tales and Legends," 1892, p. 210-211).

And whan thè came to King Adlands hall,
 Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170
 And whan thè came to Kyng Aldlands hall
 Untill the fayre hall yate,
 There thè found a proud portèr
 Rearing himselfe theratt.
 Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ! 175
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see !
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
 Of what land soever ye bee,
 We been harpers, said Adler yonge,
 Come out of the Northe countrèe ; 180
 We bene come hither untill this place,
 This proud weddinge for to see.
 Sayd, and your color were whyte and redd,
 As it is blacke and browne,
 I would saye King Estmere and his brothèr 185
 Were comen untill this towne.
 Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
 Layd itt on the porters arme :
 And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
 Thou wilt saye [of] us no harme. 190
 Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère,
 And sore he handled the ryng,
 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
 He lett for no kind of thyng.
 Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede 195
 Soe fayre att the halle board ;
 The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
 Light on Kyng Bremors sword.
 Sayes, Stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,
 Sayes, Stable him in the stalle ; 200
 Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
 To stable him in a kyngs halle.
 My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,
 He will do nought that's meete ;

And aye that I cold but find the man, 205
Were able him to beate.
Thou speakst proud words, sayes the Kyng of Spayne,
Thou harper, here to mee ;
There is a man within this halle,
Will beate thy ladd and thee. 210
O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
A sight of him wold I see ;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate mee.
Downe then came the kemperye man, 215
And looked him in the eare ;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.
And how nowe, kempe, sayd the Kyng of Spayne,
And how what aileth thee ? 220
He sayes, Itt is written in his forehead
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.
Then Kyng Estmere pulled forth his harpe, 225
And played a pretty thinge :
The ladye upsterte from the boarde,
And wold have gone from the King.
Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For God's love I pray thee ; 230
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till my bryde from mee.
He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge ;
The ladye lough a loud laughter, 235
As shee sate by the king.
Saies, sell me thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
And thy stringès all,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As heere be ringes in the hall. 240

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,'
 If I did sell itt yee?
 To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
 When abed together wee bee.
 Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay 245
 As shee sitts by thy knee,
 And as many gold nobles I will give,
 As leaves been on a tree.
 And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
 Iff I did sell her thee? 250
 More semelye it is for her fayre bodye
 To lye by mee than thee.
 Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
 And Adler he did syng :
 " O ladye, this is thy owne true love ; 255
 Noe harper, but a kyng.
 O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;
 As playnlye thou mayest see ;
 And I'le rid thee of that foule paynim,
 Who partes thy love and thee." 260
 The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath the Sowdan slayne.
 Up then rose the kemperye men, 265
 And loud they gan to crye :
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.
 Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand ; 270
 And Estmère and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.
 And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
 Through help of gramarye,
 That soone they have slayne the kempery men, 275
 Or forst them forth to flee.

King Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England
With her to leade his life.

280

Finis.



Adam Bel, Clyn of the Cleugh, and William of Clowdeslè.

ALTHOUGH this charming Border tale, which is connected with the same district as the "Awntyrs of Arthur," printed above, is already printed in the "Early Popular Poetry of England," 1864-6, in the present series, it seemed almost desirable to let it form part of the volumes; but in doing so we have not reproduced the whole of the long and elaborate introduction, contenting ourselves with rendering the text from a collation of all the known early copies or fragments of copies, including the two mutilated leaves, C 1 and C 4, of the impression by John Byddell, 4to, 1536, discovered some years ago in the binding of a volume sent from the Continent. The variations from Copland's edition are chiefly literal, but here and there an important emendation or notable change is observable, more especially in such a passage as that where, in the 4to of 1536, we find the outlaws preparing to go to Rome to be absolved, whereas in Copland's undated and post-Reformation one they are sent to a bishop. The dropped words and other inaccuracies in the latter show how soon our popular and fugitive literature began to suffer in passing from one printer to another.

This charming story, which owed its rise perhaps to the Cook's Tale of Gamelyn in Chaucer, and which, in one of its leading features, bears a close resemblance to the traditional account of an adventure which befell the Swiss patriot William Tell about the commencement of the fourteenth century, was printed, not at all accurately, by Ritson in his "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry," 1791, from the only

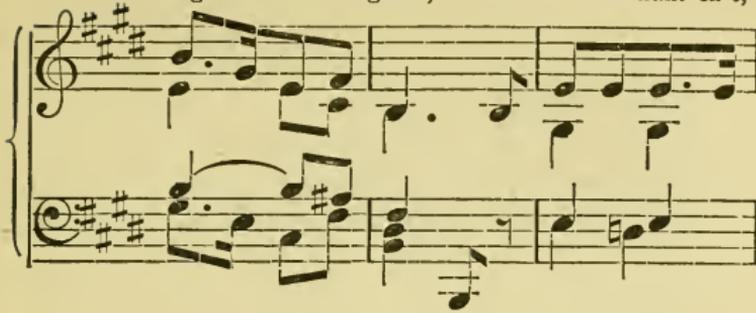
known copy of Copland's edition, preserved among Garrick's books in the National Library. The present republication has been formed from a careful collation of the original edition from Copland's press, with a few readings, as has been already observed, taken from an imperfect exemplar of a possibly still older impression formerly in the library of Mr. Collier. It is proper to apprise the reader that, in Copland's edition, there is no punctuation.

The late Mr. Hunter, in his "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," i. 245,¹ has shown that an annuity of £4, 10s., issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in Sherwood, Notts, was granted to one Adam Bel, temp. Henry IV. The great Scottish poet Dunbar (Poems, i. 126), who probably died about

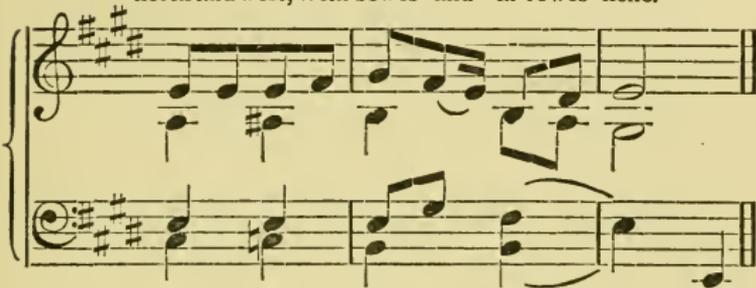
¹ Mr. Hunter's own words are as follow :—" King Henry the Fourth, by letters enrolled in the Exchequer in Trinity term, in the seventh year of his reign, and bearing date, the 14th day of April, granted to one *Adam Bell* an annuity of £4, 10s., issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in the forest of Sherwood, together with the profits and advantages of the vesture and herbage of the garden called the Halgarth, in which the manor house of Clipston is situated.

"Now, as Sherwood is noted for its connection with archery, and may be regarded also as the *patria* of much of the ballad poetry of England, and the name Adam Bell is a peculiar one, this might be almost of itself sufficient to show that the ballad had a foundation in veritable history. But we further find that this Adam Bell violated his allegiance by adhering to the Scots, the King's enemies; whereupon this grant was virtually resumed, and the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire accounted for the rents which would have been his. In the third year of King Henry the Fifth the account was rendered by Thomas Hercy, and in the fourth year by Simon Leak. The mention of his adhesion to the Scots leads us to the Scottish border, and will not leave a doubt in the mind of the most sceptical that we have here one of the persons some of whose deeds (with some poetical license, perhaps) are come down to us in the words of one of our popular ballads."—*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 245-6. Compare Gutch's "Lytell Geste," &c., i. 318.

monge the le - vès grene, Where - as men hunt east,



north and west, With bowes and ar - rowes kene.



ERY it was in grene forest,¹
 Amonge the leues grene,
 Where that men walke both east and
 west,
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

¹ The ballad of "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne" opens somewhat similarly:—

"Whan shaws been sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 Itts merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
 To heare the small birdes songe ;"

if at least this piece is genuine, which I doubt—that is to say, as a whole. The story is ancient unquestionably, for Guy of Gisborne is cited by Dunbar, who died about 1515, an old man. The corruptions in the Robin Hood ballads, as they are printed by Ritson and others, are innumerable.

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne, 6
 Such sightes as hath ofte bene sene ;
 As by th[r]e yemen of the north countrey ;
 By them is as I meane.
 The one of them hight Adam bel,
 The other Clym of the Clogh,¹ 10
 The thryd was william of Cloudesly,
 An archer good ynough.
 They were outlawed for Venyson,
 These thre yemen evere chone ;
 They swore them breth[r]en upon a day, 15
 To Englysshe wood² for to gone.
 Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,
 And that of myrthes loveth to here :
 Two of them were singele men,
 The third had a wedded fere. 20
 Wyllyam was the wedded man,
 Muche more then was hys care ;
 He sayde to his breth[r]en upon a day,
 To Carelel he would fare,
 For to speke with fayre Else hys wife, 25
 And with hys chyldren thre.
 By my trowth, sayde Adam bel,
 Not by the counsell of me :
 For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,
 And from thys wylde wode wende, 30

¹ *i.e.*, Clement of the valley or ravine. Cloughe is no doubt cleugh, from *cleave*, *cleft*. *To clewe* is given in Halliwell's "Archaic Dictionary" as an old form of *to cleave*.

² The "Englysshe wood" mentioned in v. 16, &c., is Englewood or Inglewood, an extensive forest in Cumberland, which was sixteen miles in length, and reached from Carlisle to Penrith.—*Ritson*. Perhaps Engwood, Co. Durham, is a corruption of *Engle-wood*, which may have anciently extended thus far. Compare the tale of the "Awntyrs of Arthur," *suprà*.

If the justice mai you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.
 If that I come not to morowe, brother,
 By pryme¹ to you agayne,
 Trust not els but that I am take, 35
 Or else that I am slayne.
 He toke hys leaue of hys breth[r]en two,
 And to Carlel he is gon,
 There he knocked at hys owne windowe,
 Shortlye and a none. 40
 Where be you,² fayre Alyce my wyfe?
 And my chyldren three?
 Lyghtly let in thyne husbande,
 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
 Alas, then sayde fayre Alyce, 45
 And syghed wonderous sore,
 Thys place hath ben besette for you,
 Thys halfe yere and more.
 Now am I here, sayde Cloudesle,
 I³ woulde that I in were ;— 50
 Now feche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
 And let us make good chere.
 She feched hym meat and drynke plenty,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
 And pleased hym wyth that she had, 55
 Whome she loued as her lyfe.
 There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wyllyam had found of cherytye
 More then seuen yere ; 60

¹ *i.e.*, noon. It is commonly used by early writers in this sense. In the "Four P.P.," by John Heywood, circa 1540, the apothecary says :—

"If he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,
 By the masse, he is in heven or even songe tyme."

² Old ed. has *your*.

³ Old ed. has *In*.

Up she rose, and walked full styll,
 Euel mote she sped¹ therefoore :
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seuen yere before.
 She went vnto the justice hall, 65
 As fast as she could hye :
 Thys nyght is come vnto this town
 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
 Thereof the Iustice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also ; 70
 Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame, for nought,
 Thy meed thou shalt haue, or thou go.
 They gaue to her a rycht good goune,
 Of scarlet it was as I herde say[n]e,
 She toke the gyft and home she wente, 75
 And couched her downe agayne.
 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,
 In all the hast that they can,
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
 As fast [as] they myght gone. 80
 Theyr they besette that good yeman,
 Round a bout on euery syde,
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That heyther ward [they] hyed.
 Alyce opened a shot² wyndow, 85
 And loked all a bout,
 She was ware of the Justice and the Shrife,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas, treason, cryd Alyce,
 Euer wo may thow be ! 90
 Gy into my chambre, my husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
 He toke hys sweward and hys bucler, †
 Hys bow and hy[s] chyl dren thre,

¹ Old ed. has *spende*.

² Old ed. has *shop*.

And wente into hys strongest chamber, 95
 Where he thought surest to be,
 Fayre Alice folowed him ¹ as a lover true,
 With a pollaxe in her hande :
 He shal be dead that here cometh in
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand. 100
 Cloudesle bent a welgood bowe,
 That was of trusty tre,
 He smot the Justise on the brest,
 That hys arrowe brest in thre.
 Gods curse on hys hartt, saide William, 105
 Thys day thy cote dyd on,
 If it had ben no better then myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.
 Yelde the, Cloudesle, sayd the Justise,
 And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110
 Gods curse on hys hart, sayde fair Alce,
 That my husband councelleth so.
 Set fyre on the house, saide y^e Sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William, he saide, 115
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.
 They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew vp on ² hye ;
 Alas, than cryed fayr Alece,
 I se we shall here dy. 120
 William openyd hys backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chambre on hye,
 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,
 And hys chyldren thre.
 Have here my treasure, sayde William, 125
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre ;
 For Christes loue do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.

¹ Old ed. has *he*.
VOL. II,

² Old ed. has *vpē*.
G

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all gon, 130
 And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,
 That hys bo stryng brent in two.
 The spercles brent, and fell hym on,
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle !
 But than was he a wofull man, 135
 And sayde, thys is a cowardes death to me,
 Leuer I had, sayde Wyllyam,
 With my sworde in the route to renne,
 Then here among myne enemyes wode,
 Thus cruelly to bren. 140
 He toke hys sward and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran,
 Where the people were most in prece,
 He smot downe many a man.
 There myght no man stand hys stroke, 145
 So fersly on them he ran ;
 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
 And so toke that good yeman.
 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
 And in depe dongeon hym cast : 150
 Now, Cloudesle, sayd the hye Justice,
 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.
 One vow shal I make, sayde the sherife,
 A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,
 And the gates of Caerlel shalbe shutte, 155
 There shall no man come in therat.
 Then shall not helpe [thee] Clim of the cloughe,
 Nor yet [shall] Adam bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the deuels in hell. 160
 Early in the mornyng the Justice vprose,
 To the gates fast gan he gon,
 And commaunded to be shut full cloce
 Lightile everychone,

Then went he to the market place, 165
 As fast as he coulde hye,
 A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp set,
 Besyde the pyllory.
 A lytle boy stod them amonge,
 And asked what meaned that gallow tre ; 170
 They sayde : to hange a good yeaman,
 Called Wylyyam of cloudesle.
 That lytle boye was the towne swyne heard,
 And kept there Alyce swyne,
 Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the wodde, 175
 [Who] had geuen hym there to dyne.
 He went out att a creues in the wall,
 And lightly to the wood dyd gone,
 There met he with these wight yonge men,
 Shortly and a none. 180
 Alas, then sayde that lytle boye,
 Ye tary here all to longe ;
 Cloudesle is taken and dampned to death,
 Allreadye for to honge.
 Alas, then sayde good Adam bell, 185
 That ever we see thys daye ;
 He myght her with vs have dwelled,
 So ofte as we dyd him praye.
 He myght have taryed in grene foreste,
 Under the shadowes sheene, 190
 And have kepte both hym and vs in reaste,
 Out of trouble and teene.
 Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart sone had he slayne :
 Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner, 195
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.
 Now go we hence, sayed these wight yong
 men,
 Tary we no lenger here ;

We shall hym borowe,¹ by gods grace,
 Though we bye it full dere. 200
 To Caerlel went these good yemen
 On a mery mornyng of Maye.
 Here is a fyt of Cloudesli,
 And another is for to saye.



AND when they came to mery Carelell, 205
 In a fayre mornyng tyde,
 They founde the gates shut them vntyll,
 Round about on euery syde.
 Alas, than sayd good Adam bell,
 That euer we were made men : 210
 These gates be shyt so wonderly² well,
 That we may not come here in.
 Than spake³ Clym of the Clough :
 Wyth a wyle we wyl vs in bryng ;

¹ *To borrow*, in the sense of *to take*, and *to guard* or *to protect*, is so common in early English, that it is unnecessary to bring forward any illustration of its use in this way. So the word *lend* formerly stood for *give*, and was very rarely employed in its modern acceptation. Udall, in his play of "Ralph Roister Doister," not unfrequently uses *to borrow* as a synonym for *to guard*, or *shield*. Thus in act iiij. sc. 7 :

"*M. Mery*. Now, saint George to borow. Drum dubbe a dubbe afore."

And in the next scene, Merygreek again exclaims :

"What then? saint George to borow, our Ladies knight."

² Copland's ed. reads *wonderō*. I have followed Mr. Collier's fragment of four leaves, which commences at this line; but it may be observed that *wonderous*, *wonderly*, *wonderful*, and *wonder* (as adjectives) are used almost indiscriminately in early texts.

³ *Spake him*, Copland's ed.

Let vs saye we be messengers, 215
 Streight comen¹ from oure kyng.
 Adam said : I haue a lettre writtē wel,
 Now let us wysely werke,
 We wyl saye we haue the kīges seales,
 I holde the portter no clerke.² 220
 Than Adam bell bete on the gate,
 With strokes greate and stronge,
 The porter herde suche noyse therate,
 And to the gate faste³ he throng.
 Who is there nowe, sayde the porter, 225
 That maketh all thys knockyng?
 We betwo messengers, sayde clymme of y^e clough,
 Be comen streight frome our kyng.
 We haue a letter, sayd adam bel,
 To the Justyce we must it bryng ; 230

¹ So Mr. Collier's copy ; Copland's ed. has *come nowe*.

² Porters do not seem to have enjoyed, at any period, a character for the possession of superfluous intelligence. Chaucer alludes to their stupidity in "Troilus and Cresseide :"—

" Come forth, I wol unto the yate go ;
 These portours ben unkonnyng everemo."

³ Not in Copland's ed. It is here inserted from Mr. Collier's ed. *Throng* is the preterite of the obsolete word *thring*, which was formerly in use both as a verb and a noun. It is here put for *pressed* or *hastened forward* ; but, like many old words, its signification is elastic. We still describe a number of persons as *a throng*, and where they are concentrating themselves on any given point, they are said *to throng*. But *thring* is no longer found. Lyndsay, in his "Complaynt of the Papingo" (Works, by Chalmers, i. 305) introduces *thringis* [thringis] as a synonym for *thrusts* :—

" Bot maist redoutit daylie scho *doun thringis*
 Not sparing paipis conquerouris nor kingis."

But Lyndsay also has *throng* in its modern acceptation.

Let vs in our message to do,
 That we were agayne to our kyng.
 Here commeth no man¹ in, sayd y^e porter,
 By him that dyed on a tre,
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged, 235
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
 Then spake y^e good yeman Clym of y^e clough,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 If that we stande longe wythout,
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be. 240
 Lo here we haue the kynges seale ;
 What, lordeyne, art thou wode ?
 The porter had wende it had ben so,
 And lyghtly dyd of hys hode.
 Welcome be my lordes seale, sayd he,² 245
 For that shall ye³ come in.
 He opened the gate ryght⁴ shortlye,
 An euyl openyng for hym.
 Now are we in, sayde adam bell,
 Thereof we are full faine, 250
 But Christ knoweth, that herowed hell,
 How we shall come oute agayne.
 Had we y^e keys, sayd clym of y^e clough,
 Ryght wel then sholde we spede ;
 Then might we cōe out wel ynough, 255
 When we se tyme and nede.

¹ Copland's ed. has *none*. I follow Mr. Collier's text.

² So in Mr. Collier's ed. Copland's ed. has *he saide*. Fox, in his "Book of Martyrs," gives the scene where Cranmer before the Council, seeing that they will not listen to him, shews them the signet which Henry had given him, and they at once rise to go to the King, understanding the token. In the "Blind Beggar of Bednal Green," 1659, Old Strowd desires £1000 to be sent him, and forwards his seal-ring to the holder of the money as a guarantee.

³ So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *ye shall*.

⁴ So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *full*.

They called the porter to a councell,
 And wronge hys necke in two,
 And keste him in a depe dongeon,
 And toke the keys hym fro. 260
 Now am I porter, sayde adam bel,
 Se, broder, the keys haue we here,
 The worste porter to mery Carlell,
 That they had thys hondreth yere :
 And now ¹ wyll we our bowes bend, 265
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyuer our dere broder,
 Where he lyueth in care and wo.
 They bent theyr bowes [then full wel,]
 And loked theyr striges were round, 270
 The market place of mery Carlyll
 They beset in that stound ;
 And as they loked them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes there they se,
 And the ² Justice with a quest of swerers,³ 275
 That had juged Cloudesle there haged to be.
 And Cloudesle himselve lay redy in a carte,
 Fast bounde ⁴ both fote and hand,
 And a stronge rope aboute hys necke,
 All redy for to be hangde.⁵ 280
 The Justice called to hym a ladde,
 Cloudesles clothes should he haue,
 To take the mesure of that yeman,
 And therafter to make hys graue.
 I have sene as great a merveyll, said Cloudesli, 285

¹ So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *Now*, &c.

² Old ed. has *they*.

³ So in Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *squyers*.
 A *swerer* is a juryman. This is only one of the important
 readings of the Collier text. In line 272, Copland's ed.
 omits the word *in*. ⁴ Copland's ed. omits this word.

⁵ Copland's ed. has *to hange*.

As betwyene thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys graue for me,
 Hymselfe may lye therin.
 Thou spekest proukli, sayd y^e Justyce,
 I shall hange the with my hande. 290
 Full wel that herde hys bretheren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.
 Than Cloudesle cast hys eyen asyde,
 And saw hys two breth[r]en stande¹
 At a corner of the market² place, 295
 With theyr good bowes bente in ther hand,
 Redy the Justice for to chace.³
 I se good⁴ comforte, sayd Cloudesle,
 Yet hope I well⁵ to fare ;
 If I might haue my handes at wyll,
 Ryght lytle wolde I care. 300
 Then spake good adam bell
 To clyme of the clough so fre :⁶
 Brother, se ye marke the Justyce wel,
 Lo yonder ye may him see ;
 And at the sheryf shote I wyll 305
 Strongly with arowe kene,
 A better shotte in mery Carlyll
 Thys seuen yere was not sene.

¹ This word, which is necessary to complete the sense and metre, is supplied from Mr. Collier's copy. It has dropped out of Copland's edition.

² Old eds. have *marked*. ³ Copland's ed. has *chance*.

⁴ This word seems to have dropped out of Copland's ed. It is here given from Mr. Collier's copy.

⁵ Old ed. has *will*.

⁶ *Free* is here used in a not uncommon signification. It means to say *good* or *brave*. In "Ludus Coventriæ" the Saviour is, rather oddly, made to speak of Lazarus as "my frende so fre ;" and in the "Chester Plays" (ed. Wright, i. 17), Lucifer addresses Lightborne as "my frinde fayer and frey."

They loused¹ they² arowes bothe at ones,
 Of no man had they drede, 310
 The one hyt the Justice, the other the sheryf,
 That both they sydes gan blede.
 All men voyded, that them stode nye,
 When the Justece fell to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell nyghe hym by, 315
 Eyther had his dethes wounde.
 All the Citezeyns fast gan fle,
 They durst no lenger abyde,
 Than lyghtly they loused Cloudesle,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde. 320
 Wylyyam sterte to an offycer of y^e towne,
 Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed to long.³
 Wylyyam sayd to hys bretheren two : 325
 Let us togyder lyue and deye,⁴
 If euer you have nede, as I haue now,
 The same shall ye fynde by me.
 They shot so well in that tyde,
 For theyr strynges were of sylke ful sure, 330
 That they kepte y^e stretes on euery syde,⁵
 That batayll dyd longe endure.
 They⁶ fought togyder as bretheren true,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the grounde they threwe, 335
 And made many an herte colde.
 But whan theyr arowes were all gon,

¹ Discharged.

² Copland's ed. has *the*. I follow Mr. Collier's valuable text.

³ Copland's ed. has *all to long*.

⁴ Copland's ed. has :—

“Thys daye let us lyue and dye.”

I follow Mr. Collier's ed.

⁵ Copland's ed. has *sede*.

⁶ Copland's ed. has *the*.

Men presyd to them full fast,
 They drewe theyr swerdes than anone,
 And theyr bowes from them caste. 340
 They wente lyghtlye on theyr waye,
 Wyth swerdes and buckelers rounde,
 By that it was the myddes¹ of the daye,
 They had made mani a wound. 344
 There was many an oute horne in Carlyll blowen,
 And the belles bacewarde did they rynge,²
 Many a woman sayd, alas,
 And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.
 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,
 And with hym a full grete route, 350
 These thre yomen dradde hym full sore,
 For theyr lyues stode in doubte.³
 The mayre came armed a full greate pace,

Copland's ed. has *mas*, and Ritson altered it to *myd*. I follow the Collier text.

² " Ringing the bells backward " was anciently a practice to which the authorities of towns, &c., resorted as a sign of distress, or as an alarm to the people. In Burton's " Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, p. 371, there is a odd anecdote illustrating the phrase and custom. Cleveland (Poems, ed. 1669, p. 50) employs the term metaphorically. It was also the practice in some parts of Italy, and in other Continental countries, to ring the church bells backward when a fire broke out, in order to summon assistance, as every one on such an occasion was formerly, and is still in the majority of foreign towns, bound to lend his aid. In the English " Gesta Romanorum " there is a story (No. 18 of Madden's edit.), shewing how " Antonius was a wise Emperoure regnyng in the citè of Rome, the which ordeynede for a law, that what tyme there was any fyre in that citè, there shulde be a bidelle y-ordeined for to avaiite hit, and to make an highe proclamacione in the citè, seying, ' O ! there is fire in suche a place in the citè ; hy thou to ryng your bellis, ' &c."

³ So Mr. Collier's ed. Copland's ed. has :—

" For of theyr lyues *they* stode in *great* doute."

With a polaxe in hys hande,
 Many a stronge man wyth hym was, 355
 There in that stowre to stande.
 Ye mayre smote at cloudesle w̃ his byll,
 Hys buckeler he brast in two,
 Full many a yoman w[an] grete yll,
 Alas, treason! they cryed for wo. 360
 Kepe ye the gates fast they bad,
 Y^t these traytours thereoute not go.
 But all for nought was that they wrought,
 For so fast they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre that so manfulli fought, 365
 Were goten without at a brayde.
 Haue here your keys, sayd adam bel,
 Myne¹ offyce I here forsake,
 Yf you do by my counsell,
 A newe porter ye² make. 370
 He threwe the keys there at theyr heads,
 And bad them euyll to thryue,
 And all that letteth³ ony good yoman
 To come and comferte hys wyue.
 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode, 375
 As lyght as lefe⁴ on lynde,
 They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,⁵
 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.
 Whan they came to Inglys wode,
 Under theyr trysty tre, 380
 There they founde bowes fulle gode,

¹ In Copland's ed., as pointed out by Ritson, this line and the following are transposed; but in Mr. Collier's fragment, the text stands as above. In line 366, Copland's ed. omits *at*.

² Copland's ed. has *do we*. ³ *i.e.* prevents, forbids.

⁴ Copland's ed. has:—

“*And lyghtly as left on lynde.*”

⁵ Copland's ed. reads:—

“*The lough an,*” &c.

And arrowes greate plentè.
 So helpe me god, sayd adam bell,
 And clymme of the clough so fre,
 I would we were nowe in mery Carlell, 335
 Before that fayre meyne.
 They sat them downe and made good chere,
 And eate and drynke full well.
 Here is a fytt¹ of these wyght yong men,
 And another I shall you tell. 390



AS they sat in Inglyswode
 Under theyr trysty tre,
 They thought they herd a womā wepe,
 But her they myght not se.
 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce, 395
 And sayde, alas that euer I se thys daye :
 For now is my dere husbonde slayne :
 Alas and wel awaye !²
 Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere breth[r]en,
 Wyth eyther of them twayne, 400
 [To lerne a none what of hym hath become]³
 My hart were out of payne,
 Cloudesle walked a lytell besyde,
 And loked vnder the grenwolde lynde,
 He was ware of hys wife and his chyldren thre, 405
 Full wo in hart and mynde.

¹ Copland's ed. has *set*.

² A common form of lamentation. In the "Chester Plays," i. 70, the expression is *wayle-a-waye*, which was probably the original phrase, and affords no clue to its etymology.

³ A line appears to have dropped out of the old eds.; and in "Anc. Pop. Poetry" it was supplied by Ritson from a modern edition to complete the metre. But unluckily this interpolation was made without any regard to the sense or context.

Welcome, wife, than sayd wylliam,
 Under this¹ trysty tre ;
 I had wende yester daye, by swete saynt John,
 Thou sholde me never have² se. 410
 Now wele is me, she sayde, that ye be here,
 My herte is out of wo.
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
 And thanke my bretheren two.
 Hereof to speke, sayd adam bell, 415
 I wis it is no bote ;
 The meat that we must sup withall
 It runneth yet fast on fote.
 Then went they down into a launde,³
 These noble archares all thre, 420
 Eche of them slew a harte of grece,⁴
 The best they could there se.
 Haue here the best, Alyce my wife,
 Sayde wylliam of cloudesle,
 By cause ye so bouldly stode me by 425
 When I was slayne full nye.
 Then whent they to theyr souper
 Wyth suche mete as they had,
 And thanked god of theyr fortune ;
 They were bothe mery and glad. 430
 And when they had souped well,
 Certayne withouten leace,⁵
 Cloudesle said : we will to our kynge,⁶
 To get vs a chartre of peace ;

¹ Copland's ed. has *thus*. Mr. Collier's fragment has *this*.

² Copland's ed. has *had*. ³ Lawn.

⁴ *i.e.* a fat hart. The fat of a buck or doe was usually called its *grease* or *grese*.

"I bequeth my grece to the fermetè potte ;
 Also the remanent, that is past abele."

Wyl Bucke his Testament.

⁵ *i.e.* without any falsehood.

⁶ ? Henry IV.

Alyce shal be at soiournynge 435
 In a nunry here besyde,
 My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
 And ther they shall abyde.
 Myne eldest sonne shall go with me,
 For hym haue I no care, 440
 And he shall you breng worde agayne
 How that we do fare.
 Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they maye hye,
 Tyll they came to the kynges palays,¹ 445
 There they woulde nedes be.
 And whan they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the palays gate,²
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,
 But boldly went in therat. 450
 They preced prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they dreade,
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And³ with them began to chyde.
 The vssher sayd : yemen, what wold ye haue ?
 I pray you tell me ; 456
 Ye myght thus make offycers shent,
 Good syrs, of whens be ye ?
 Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
 Certayne withouten lease, 460
 And hyther we be come to our kyngge,

¹ Copland's ed. has *palluce*. I have adopted the orthography of Mr. Collier's older copy.

² Here I am sorry to say that Mr. Collier's fragment breaks off. It has been of very essential service to me in amending the faulty text of Copland's ed. Fortunately the 1536 fragment now comes to our aid.

³ The first of the two odd leaves of Byddell's ed., 1536, begins at this line, and has been used to correct Copland's text.

To get vs a charter of peace.
 And whan they came before our kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 They kneled down without lettynge, 465
 And eche helde vp his hande.¹
 They sayd : lorde, we beseche you here,
 That ye wyll graunte vs grace :
 For we haue slayne your fatte falowe dere
 In mony a sondry place. 470
 What be your names? than sayd our kinge,
 Anone that you tell me.
 They sayd : Adam bel, Clym of the clough,
 And Wylliam of Clowdesle.
 Be ye those theues, than sayd our kyng, 475
 That men haue tolde of to me?
 Here to god I make a vowe,

¹ This is an incident in "John the Reeve," *suprà*. *To hold up the hand* was formerly a sign of respect or concurrence, or a mode of taking an oath; and thirdly, as a signal for mercy. In all these senses it has been employed from the most ancient times; nor is it yet out of practice, as many savage nations still testify their respect to a superior by holding their hand over their head. *Touching the hat* appears to be a vestige of the same custom. In the present passage the three outlaws may be understood to kneel on approaching the throne, and to hold up each a hand, as a token that they desire to ask the royal clemency or favour. In the lines which are subjoined it implies a solemn assent to an oath:—

"This swore the duke and all his men,
 And al the lordes that with him lend,
 And tharto to held thai up thaire hend."

Minot's Poems, ed. 1825, p. 9.

In the Anglo-Saxon and Bohemian mediæval coinages there is the well-known hand type, symbolical of the Deity. In the Scottish courts of law the usage is still maintained of swearing witnesses by this method, the judge and the person to be sworn both standing, and each holding up his hand.

Ye shall be hanged al three ;
 Ye shall be deed withoute mercy,
 As I am kyng of this lande. 430
 He¹ commanded his officers everichone
 Fast on them to lay hand.
 There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them all thre.
 So may I thryue, sayd Adam bell, 435
 Thys game lyketh not me.
 But, good lorde, we beseche you nowe,
 That ye wyll graunte vs grace,
 In so moche as we be to you comen ;
 Or elles that we may fro you passe 440
 With suche weapons as we haue here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lyue this hondred yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.
 Ye speke proudly, sayd the kyng, 445
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pity, sayd the Quene,²
 If any grace myght be.
 My lord, whan I came fyrst in to this lande,
 To be your wedded wyfe, 450
 The fyrst bone that I wolde aske,
 Ye wolde graunte it me belyfe ;
 And I asked you neuer none tyll nowe :
 Therefore, good lorde, graunte it me.
 Nowe aske it, madame, said the kyng, 455
 And graunted shall it be.

¹ This and the five following lines have been cut off in the fragment.

² Joanna of Navarre we are to presume, if Mr. Hunter's discovery really refers to the Adam Bell of the ballad; she became Henry's second wife in 1403. See "The Noble Birth, &c. of Robin Hood," p. 23 (Thoms' E. P. R., 1828, ii.). It is popularly known as the episode of "Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow."

Than, good lorde, I you beseche,
 The yemen graunte you me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a bone,
 That shold have ben worth them thre : 510
 Ye myght have asked towre¹ and towne,
 Parkes and forestes plentie.
 None soe pleasaunt to mi pay,² she said,³
 Nor none so lefe to me.
 Madame, sith it is your desyre, 515
 Your askyng graunted shalbe ;
 But I had leuer have geuen you
 Good market townes thre.
 The Quene was a glad woman,
 And sayd : lord, gramarcy, 520
 I dare undertake for them
 That true men shal they be.
 But, good lord, speke som mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt you grace, then said our kīg, 525
 Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.
 They had not setten but a whyle,
 Certayne, without lesyng,
 There came messēgers out of the north,
 With letters to our kyng. 530
 And whan the[y] came before the kyng,
 The[y] kneled down vpon theyr kne,
 And sayd : lord, your offycers grete you wel

¹ Old copies *towres*.

² I have had occasion elsewhere to explain this phrase, which is by no means uncommon in early English poetry. So Gower :—

“ And thus what thing unto his pay
 Was most plesant, he lefte none.”

Confessio Amantis, lib. 6.

³ The leaf C i. of ed. 1536 ends here : C 4 recommences at line 643, and proceeds to the end.

Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.
 How fare[s] my Justice, sayd the kyng, 535
 And my Sherife also?
 Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,
 And many an officer mo.
 Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng,
 Anone thou tell me. 540
 Adam bel, and Clime of the clough,
 And wylyyam of Cloudesle.
 Alas, for rewth, then sayd our kyng,
 My hart is wonderous sore,
 I had leuer [th]an a thousand pounde, 545
 I had knowne of thys before;
 For I have y-graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me;
 But [and] I had knowne all thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre. 550
 The kyng opened the letter anone,
 Hymselfe he red it tho,
 And founde how these thre outlawes had slane
 Thre hundred men and mo;
 Fyrst the Justice and the Sheryfe, 555
 And the mayre of Caerlel towne,
 Of all the Cōstables and catchipolles
 Alyue were left not one;
 The baylyes and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeauntes of the law, 560
 And forty fosters¹ of the fe,
 These outlawes had y-slaw;
 And brokē his parks, & slaine his dere;
 Ouer all they chose the best,
 So perelous outlawes, as they were, 565
 Walked not by easte nor west.
 When the kyng this letter had red,

¹ Foresters.

In hys harte he syghed sore :
 Take vp the table, anone he bad :
 For I may eate no more. 570
 The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes wyth hym to go ;
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
 That in the North haue wrought this wo.
 The kynges bowmen buske¹ them blyue, 575
 And the Quenes archers also,
 So dyd these thre wyght yemen ;
 With them they thought to go.
 There twyse or thryse they shote about,
 For to assay theyr hande, 580
 There was no shote these yemen shot,
 That any prycke myght them stand.
 Then spake wyllyam of Cloudesle :
 By god that for me dyed,
 I hold hym neuer no good archar, 585
 That shuteth at buttes so wyde.
 Wher at ? then sayd our kyng,
 I pray thee tell me.
 At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men vse in my countree. 590
 Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
 And his to brothren with him,
 There they set vp to hasell roddes,
 Twenty score paces betwene.
 I hold him an archar, said Cloudesle, 595
 That yonder wande cleueth in two.
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,

¹ *To busk* is a very old word for *to hie* or *to betake oneself*. It occurs in Minot :—

“ Fals wretche and forsworn, whider wiltou fare,
 Busk the unto brig, and abide there.”

Poems (ed. 1825), p. 7.

Nor none that can so do.¹
 I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudesle,
 Or that I farther go. 600
 Cloudesly with a bearyng arow²
 Claue the wand in to.
 Thou art y^e best archer thē said y^e kīg,
 Forsothe that euer I se.
 And yet for your loue, sayd wylliam, 605
 I wyll do more maystry.
 I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde ;
 He is to me full deare ;
 I wyll hym tye to a stake,
 All shall se, that be here, 610
 And lay an apele vpon hys head,
 And go syxe score paces hym fro,
 And I my selfe with a brode arow
 Shall cleue the apple in two.
 Now haste the, then sayd the kyng, 615
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 But yf thou do not as yⁿ hest sayde,
 Hanged shalt thou be.
 And thou touche his head or gowne.
 In syght that men may se, 620
 By al the sayntes that be in heavē,
 I shall hange you all thre.
 That I haue promised, said william,
 I wyl it neuer forsake ;
 And there euen, before the kyng, 625

¹ This passage reads like an imitation of a passage in the "Kyng & the Hermyt" (vol. i. p. 31). Of the latter, however, no early *printed* edition is known.

² So in "Robin Hood and Queen Katherine":—

" Robin Hood hee led about ;
 Hee shot it underhand ;
 And Clifton *with a bearing arrow*
 Hee claue the willow wand."

In the earth he droue a stake,
 And bound therto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stande still therat,
 And turned the childes face fro him,
 Because he shuld not sterte. 630
 An apple vpon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent,
 Syxe score paces they were out met,
 And thether Clowdesle went ;
 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe ; 635
 Hys bowe was great and longe ;
 He set the arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge ;
 He prayed the people that was there,
 That they would styll stande : 640
 For he that shooteth for such a wager,
 Behoueth a stedfast hand.
 Muche ¹ people prayed for Clowdesle,
 That his lyfe saued myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote, 645
 There was many a wepyng eye.
 Than ² Clowdesle cleft the apple in two,
 That many a man it see ; ³
 Ouer goddes forbode, sayd the kinge,
 That thou sholdest shote at me ; 650
 I gyue the xviii. pens a daye,
 And my bowe shalte thou bere,
 And ouer all the north countree
 I make the chefe rydere. 654
 And I gyue the xii. pens a day, said y^e quene,

¹ The second remaining leaf (C. 4) of ed. 1536 begins here, and helps us down to the conclusion.

² Old copies read *Thus*.

³ This portion of the story follows very closely the romantic legend of William Tell ; but the incident of the child and the apple is older even than Tell's time.

By god and by my faye,
 Come fetche thy payment, whan thou wylt,
 No man shall say the naye.
 Wylliam, I make the gentylman
 Of clothyng and of fee, 660
 And thi two brethren yemen of my chambre :
 For they are so semely to see ;
 Your soñe, for he is tendre of age,
 Of my wyne seller shal he be,
 And whan he cometh to mannes state, 665
 Better auaunced shall he be.
 And, Wylliam, brynge me your wyfe, sayd y^e quene,
 Me longeth sore her to se,
 She shall be my chefe gentylwoman,
 And gouern my nursery. 670
 The yemen thanketh them full curtylsly,
 And sayd : to Rome¹ streyght wyll we wende,
 Of all the synnes that we have done
 To be assoyld at his hand.
 So forth be gone these good yemen, 675
 As fast as they myght hye,
 And after came and dwelled wyth the kyng,²
 And dyed good men all thre.
 Thus endeth the liues of these good yemen,
 God sende them eternall blysse. 680
 And all that with hande bowe shoteth,
 That of heauen they may neuer mysse.

Amen.³

¹ Copland's ed. *some bysshop*. In line 674 *his* ought, perhaps, to be *the bishop's*.

² The extension of the royal pardon to the offending outlaw, or outlaws, is a customary feature in this class of piece. It occurs in "King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield," in the "Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode," "Robin Hood and Quene Catherine," &c.

³ Copland's ed. *Finis*.



The History of Sir Eger, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Steill.

THIS is the Romance of "Eger and Grime," which Bishop Percy says "is a well invented tale of Chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's;"¹ and of which Mr. George Ellis has given an extended analysis.² The *fabliau* constitutes one of the principal features of interest in the Percy Folio MS., an ignorant and uncouth transcript in the reign of Charles II., from the popular English and Scotch literature then in print, in the court hand of the period. This romance would seem, along with the poems of Sir David Lyndsay, and the histories of Robert the Bruce and of Sir William Wallace, to have formed the standard productions of the vernacular literature of the country. The author of "The Scots Hudibras," originally printed at London, 1681, under the title of a "Mock Poem, or the Whigg's Supplication," in describing Ralph's library, says:—

"And there lyes books, and here lyes ballads,
As Davie Lindsay, and GRAY-STEEL,
Squire Meldrum, Bevis, and Adam Bell;
There Bruce and Wallace."—

To this effect, John Taylor, "the Water Poet," a noted character in the reign of Charles I., speaks of Sir Degre,

¹ Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 4th edit., vol. iii. p. xxxviii. Bishop Percy's Folio MS., edited by Furnivall and Hales, 1867, i. 341 *et seqq.* All that was really worth preserving and printing in these four volumes might have been contained in one.

² Specimens of English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 308-357.

Sir Grime, and Sir Gray Steele, as having the same popularity in Scotland that the heroes of other romances enjoyed in their respective countries—"filling (as he quaintly says) whole volumes with the ayrie imaginations of their unknowne and unmatched worths."¹ We might readily believe, therefore, that this Romance had been often printed, if we were otherwise ignorant of the fact—and yet it is remarkable enough that every ancient copy should have hitherto eluded the most active and unremitting research.

The earliest printed edition of which we can find any special notice is one presumed to be from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, who is celebrated in our typographical annals as the first printer of the Sacred Scriptures in Scotland. In an Inventory of his goods and stock in trade, inserted in his "Testament Testamentar," which is dated 18th October 1577, amongst a variety of other works, the following item occurs:—"III^C GRAY STEILLIS," valued at the "pece VI^d.—Summa £VII. x. o." It is not the sum total of these three hundred copies which should deprive the writer of this notice from *one* of the said "Gray-Steillis," were he so fortunate as to meet with it. But alas! what has become of them?

This edition is evidently the one referred to in a poetical tract of that age, which says—

"Even of GRAY STEILL, quha list to luke,
Thair is set fwrth A MEIKLE BUKE."²

It may be inferred that there were many subsequent editions, as we find "Gray Steill" enumerated amongst the books for which Robert Smyth, Printer in Edinburgh, obtained in 1595 a grant, under the Privy Seal, of the privilege and license of printing; which grant was successively confirmed

¹ Argument to the verses in Praise of the Great O'Toole, originally printed 1623, 8vo, and included in Taylor's Works, 1630, folio, sign. Bb. 2.

² John Davidson's "Memorial of the life and death of Robert Campbel of the Kinyeancleugh, and his Wife Elizabeth Campbel. In English Meter. Edinbvrgh, 1595," sm. 8vo. The author, who was then a preacher in Edinburgh, and afterwards one of the ministers at Salt Preston, says in the dedication, that it was written twenty-one years

to the sons and heirs of Smyth in 1602; to Thomas Finlayson in 1606; and to his son and successor, Walter Finlayson, in 1628.

But the only printed copies which the Editor has yet been able to meet with are very corrupt reprints, dated 1687 and 1711, of which the latter is entitled :—

THE
 HISTORY
 OF
 Sir EGER,
 Sir GRAHAME,
 AND
 Sir GRAY-STEEL.

Newly Corrected and amended.

Printed in the Year 1711.

before, that is, in 1574. The following lines form the commencement of the poem :—

“ Sen Poets in all times before,
 Set all their care, and endéuore
 Of worthie persons for to write ;
 Whan euer thay saw them delite,
 In wisdom, justice, or manheid,
 Or any other vertuous deid : . . .
 As of those Champions most strong
 The Trojanes, and the Greeks among
 Did Homer write, and Seneca,
 Virgil, Ouid and many ma :
 Renowmed Romances to rehearse
 Wants not their worthies put in verse :
 So, we finde deeds of vassalage
 Set foorth by Poets in all age,

This edition¹ was printed at Aberdeen, by James Nicol, Printer to the Town and University.² The original is in the Douce Collection, being the identical copy made use of by Mr. Ellis, whose transcripts of this and other old Metrical Romances are now in the Library at Abbotsford, having been presented by Mr. Ellis's relations to Sir Walter Scott. The Editor's best acknowledgments are due to his friend Mr. Douce for the kind manner in which he favoured him with the loan of the volume for the purpose of republication; and it is gratifying thus to bear testimony to the kindness and liberality which this gentleman displays in facilitating literary inquiries, and contributing to the revival and preservation of (what Master Spenser has denominated) *things foregone*.³

We know, however, that the Romance of "Gray Steill" was popular in Scotland long previous to the date of any of the editions which have been alluded to. The following

Euen of Gray-Steill, wha list to luke,
 Their is set foorth a meikle buke,
 Yea, for to make it did them gude,
 Of that rank Rouer Robene Hude:
 Of Robene Hude and little Johne,
 With sik like Outlaws many one
 As Clim of the Clewgh and Cliddislie,
 Because of their fine archerie:
 Sen men I say than," &c.

¹ That of 1687, unknown to Laing in 1826, closely follows the later impression. The copy was a legacy to him from his old friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

² The place of printing and the printer's name do not appear on the original title-page; but bound in the same volume is an edition of "Squire Meldrum" and of "Bevis of Southampton," which mention these particulars, and all the three are most unquestionably from the same press.

³ It may be added, that at least one edition of "Gray Steill" was printed in Ireland. In a "Catalogue of Books lately printed by and for Sam. Wilson and Ja. Magee in Belfast," at the end of an edition of Colvill's "Scots Hudibras," printed at Belfast by and for the said Samuel Wilson and James Magee, M.DCC.XLI. 18mo, is "The History of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel."

entries will be found in the Treasurer's Accounts for the year 1497, at the time when our gallant Monarch, James IV., was resident at Stirling :—

“ ITEM, the xvij day of Aprile giffyn to the King that he tynt [lost, in shooting] at the buttis in Strivelin, vij^s.”

“ ITEM, that samyn day to twa fithelaris that SANG GRAY STEIL to the King, ix^s.”

“ Sir Egeir and Sir Gryme ” is mentioned in the “ Complaynt of Scotland,” 1549, in the number of such “ stories ” and “ tayles ” as were common to the people. Sir David Lyndsay, in his “ History of Squire Meldrum,” written about the same time, says of his hero :—

“ I wate he faucht that day als weil
As did Schir Gryme aganis Gray Steill.¹”

And again, in the Interlude of “ The Auld Man and his Wife,” Lyndsay introduces one of the characters, as a brag-gart, saying :—

“ Now, is nocht this ane grit dispyte,
That nane with me will fecht, nor flyte !
War Goliath into this steid,
I dowt nocht to stryk off his head !—
This is the sword that slew GRAY STEILL
Nocht half a myle beyond Kinneill.”²

From the extract above given under the date of 1497, it would appear that this Romance had been set to some particular tune, to which it may have been chaunted. In a curious manuscript volume, formerly in the possession of Dr. Burney, entitled “ An Playing Booke for the Lute ”—“ Noted and Collected ” at Aberdeen, by Robert Gordon, in the year 1627, is the air of “ GRAY STEEL ; ” and there is a satirical poem on the Marquis of Argyle, printed in 1686, which is said “ to be composed in Scottish rhyme,” and is “ appointed to be sung according to the tune of OLD GRAY STEEL.”

Besides these allusions, other evidence of the popularity

¹ Lyndsay's Works, by Chalmers, vol. ii. p. 296.

² Bannatyne's Manuscript, fol. 167.

of this Romance might have been adduced from common sayings and proverbial expressions which are current to this day in various parts of the country, although the hero and his exploits have long since ceased to be remembered.

In the present copy of the Romance, as Mr. Ellis¹ remarks, "the Printer has evidently followed a very imperfect Manuscript, with which also he seems to have taken great liberties, and the story, as it now stands, is so obscurely told, that the catastrophe is quite unintelligible,"² and in Mr. Ellis's abstract is supplied by conjecture. The reader indeed cannot fail to perceive that in many places the sense is very obscure and the transitions abrupt, all of which are to be attributed to the corruptions it has undergone. As an instance of this, it is observable that the name of the *actual* hero, Sir Gryme, is converted to Sir Grahame. The copy which is contained in the Percy Manuscript, where it is headed "Eger and Grine," is less dilated and prolix than that here used; but, on the other hand, it has been, in common with the other compositions of Northern origin, reduced to Southern diction; and, after careful consideration, it seemed better to allow the Scottish Chapbook version to rest on its own merits, as, on the whole, it is probably nearer to the more ancient copies than the Bishop's Anglicised transcript, and represents more faithfully the state of the narrative in circulation among the Scottish folk in "auld lang syne." Both of them, it is more than probable, would be found to differ essentially from the original text, if by any chance some of the more ancient copies should ever be brought to light. Of the Percy copy, which is divided into fyfts or cantos, and contains only 1473 lines, the Editor is enabled to give the following detailed notice, in the words of the learned and worthy Prelate to whom the MS. belonged:³—

¹ Specimens of Early English Romances, iii. 308-347, where an analysis is given from the copy of 1711, then belonging to Douce.

² Ellis's Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 308.

³ The substance of this notice is already before the public in Dr. Leyden's introduction to "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1801, p. 231.

Account of the Romance "EGER and GRIME," communicated to DR. ROBERT ANDERSON by BISHOP PERCY, Sept. 20th, 1800, for the information of WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

"The old Metrical Romance, entitled 'Eger and Grime,' occurs in page 124 of the old folio MS. referred to in the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' in 3 vols., but was by oversight omitted in some copies of the list of Metrical Romances prefixed to vol. iii. page xxxviii., where it should be No. 12; yet is it one of the best of these ancient epic tales, and little inferior to any in Ariosto, &c. It is in six parts (or cantos) whereof,

Part I. contains 346 lines

II. - - 190

III. - - 185

IV. - - 196

V. - - 364

VI. - - 192

—————
Total 1472

N.B.—The unequal extent of the different books is remarkable.

"The copy in this old MS. is tolerably correct, yet somewhat modernized in the rhimes, as where it should be *hond* it is written *hand*; for the copyist grew so careless, that it is in this piece occurs the blunder mentioned in the Advertisement to the 4th edition of the 'Reliques,' p. xii. viz. *want and will* for *wanton will*.

"It thus begins, and is all in distichs :

' It ffell sometimes in the land of Beame ¹
there dwelled a Lord within y^t realme
The greatest he was of renowne
except the K y^t ware the crowne
the called him to name Erle Bragas
he marryed a ladye was fayre of face
they had noe child but a daughter younge
in the world was none soe fayre thing

¹ "This is a fac-simile transcript as far as it goes."

They called y^t Ladye Winglanye
 husband wold she never have none
 Neither for gold nor yett for good
 Nor ffor no highnesse of his blood
 W^tout he wold with swords dent
 Win every battle where he went

[*I omit a few lines.*]

There was in that same time
 a courtoous K^t called S^r Grime
 & of Garwicke Lo. was hee
 he was a wise man & a wittye
 Soe there was in the same place
 a young K^t men called Egace
 But his name was S^r Eger
 ffor he was but a poore bachlour.'—

“ These two knights are represented as sworn friends, and perform many acts of chivalry for each other ; and after many curious adventures, Sir Eger marries Winglayne, the rich heiress of Earl Bragas.”

THE notices which have been detailed may, perhaps, suggest the inquiry whether or not the present tale be the one actually alluded to. It appears that the name of Gray-Steill has been applied at various times to distinguished persons, between whom and the nominal hero of the romance it is not easy to discover any marked peculiarity of resemblance. Thus, Hume of Godscroft, in his history of the family of Douglas,¹ relates of Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, that James the Fifth of Scotland, “ when he was young, loved him singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray-Steill.” William, first Earl of Gowrie, is so denominated in one of Logan's letters,² produced as a proof of that alleged and

¹ Hume's " Douglas and Angus," fol. edit. 1614, p. 262.

² The evident purport of these words was to confirm the notion that John, Earl of Gowrie, was actuated in that conspiracy with the desire to revenge his father's death, who was executed when his son was a child of about six years of age. But these letters have all the appearance of being gross fabrications.

mysterious conspiracy, which, in all probability, shall remain a question of doubtful interpretation. Alexander, Earl of Eglintoune, was a third person who obtained the name of Gray-Steill. Of this nobleman, the only Gray-Steill preserved in picture, it has been deemed not superfluous in this publication to give a portrait, taken from a curiously illuminated parchment in the possession of the Earl of Eglintoun. This Indenture is adorned with portraits of Lords Eglintoune and Airds, armorial bearings, cyphers, flowers, birds, &c., all extremely well executed; and, as it is rather of an extraordinary nature, being what our Shakespearian readers would term "Much Ado About Nothing," it is here subjoined for the satisfaction of the curious:—

"THIS Indenture made the seven and twentieth day of Februarie, in the yeire of our Lord one thousand six hundred and thirty, betwene the right honourable Sir Hugh Montgomery Knight, Lord Viscount Montgomery of the great Ardes on the one parte, and the right honourable Alexander Earle of Eglinton in the kingdom of Scotland on the other part, witnesseth that whereas the said Lord Viscount Montgomery being discended of the honourable howse of the Earles of Egleinton within the said kingdom of Scotland, is most willing that hee and his heires should at all tymes forever hereafter acknowledg the respect and duty which they owe to the honour of the said howse, in consideration whereof, and for the naturall love and affection which hee the said Lord Viscount Montgomery hath to the said Alexander now Earle of Eglinton and his heires, the said Lord Viscount Montgomery for him and his heires doeth grant, covenant, and agree to and with the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton and his heires Earles of Eglinton, which shal be of the name and surname of Montgomery, that the heire and heires of the said Lord Viscount Montgomery shall, in perpetuall remembrance of that love and dutie, freely give and deliver one faire horse of the value of thirty pounds of lawfull money of and in England, or thereabouts, to the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton and his heires being of the surname of Montgomery, within the space of one year after the heire and heires of the said Lord Viscount Montgomery shall have sued



forth his or there livery, and entered into their manners, lordships, lands and hereditaments within the Kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland; and the said Lord Viscount Montgomery for himselfe, his heires and assignes doeth covenant promise and agree to and with the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton and his heires Earles of Eglinton, by theis presents, that upon default of the delivery of the said horse of the said price of thirtie pounds by the heire or heires of the said Lord Viscount Montgomery made at the same tyme, contrary to the true intent and meaning of theis presents, that then it shall and may bee lawfull unto the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton and his heires Earles of Eglinton, being the surname of Montgomery, to fine for the same, together with the sune of fiftene poundes ster : of like money, nomine pene, for every such default to bee made by the heires of the said Lord Viscount Montgomery, having first given due advertisement and notice of theis presents unto the heire by whom the default shall happen to be committed as aforesaid : and the said Hugh Lord Viscount Montgomery doeth by theis presents covenant, promise and agree to and with the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton, that hee the said Lord Viscount Montgomery shall and will doe, make, acknowldge, finish, and execute all and every such other reasonable act or acts, thing and things, conveyance or assurance in the lawe, for the good and perfet assurance and surety for the delivery of the said horse of the price aforesaid according to the true meaning of theis presents, as by the said Alexander Earle of Eglinton shal be reasonably devised or required, soe that the said Lord Viscount Montgomery bee not desired to travaile for the making or acknowledging of such assurance from his dwelling house. In witnes wherof the said partyes have hereunto interchangeable putt their hands and seals the day and yeire first above written.

MONTGOMERIE.

Signed, sealed and delivered in pres.
of Montgomerie. G. Montgomerie.
Montgomerie senior. R. Mont-
gomerie Minister of Newtowne."

For the above information, and the accompanying etching of the said portrait, as well as for the elegant design

which serves as the frontispiece to the first volume, the Editor gratefully acknowledges his obligations to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., whose ingenuity and skill have been so often and so successfully exerted in behoof of his friends. This gentleman, in reference to the present Romance of "Gray-Steill," says, "If this be all that ever was sung of him, it was no great compliment to bestow his name on subsequent worthies. There might be some reason as to Lord Gowrie's nick-name, for it is plain that Gray-Steill was a sort of magician; and Spottiswood says that Gowrie 'was too curious, and said to have consulted with wizards, &c.'¹—but for Lord Eglintoune, it is only known that he fought stoutly for the Solemn League and Covenant, was never vanquished by Sir Grime, and had no deeper dealings with the Devil than the rest of his fellow Puritans."—"It is a curious trait of Gray-Steill (Mr. Sharpe continues) that he cut off the little fingers of the Knights whom he conquered—probably for some magical operation—as he resided in 'the land of Doubt,'—perhaps he is a personification of Impiety:—the anger of the Lady when her Knight went home without his little finger is very amusing—considering into what hands he fell, she might have been thankful that he made not greater losses."

There is no occasion to lengthen out these notices of this Romance, except to observe, that it contains too many indications of belonging to an early period to leave us to imagine it to be only a recent composition. The allusions throughout to the spirit and usages of chivalrous times would certainly have been less observable had it been written at a time when these had gone by. Judging, then, from peculiarities in the style, and from the structure of the verse, we might not greatly err were we to assign it to the period which produced the "Life and Acts of Robert the Bruce," that is, to the reign of Robert II. or the close of the fourteenth century.

The name of Gray-Steill, bestowed on one of the heroes of the tale, refers of course to the colours of the armour

¹ How very absurd and unfounded was such a report, appears from the contemporary account of the Earl of Gowrie's Trial, May, 1584. Bannatyne Miscellany, part 1st.

worn by him, and is in consonance with the practice followed in other romances ("Sir Gawayne," "Roswall and Lillian," &c.) of distinguishing in this manner the various characters.

The History of Sir Eger, Sir Gryme, and
Sir Gray-Steel.



INTO the kinrick of Bealm,
There winn'd a lord of that realm ;
He was the greatest of renown,
Except the king that wore the crown ;
His name was earle Diges, 6

And his lady dame Biges ;
And his daughter Winliane,
Husband would she never have nane,
Neither for gold, nor yet for good,
Nor yet for highness of his blood, 10
But only he, that through swords dint
Ever wan, and never tint.

Als there was men in that kinrick,
Many one, but very few sik,
They fought far off her for to fang, 15
And she was maiden wonder lang.

Her father had a noble rout
Of bold knights, strong and stout ;
But in that court there was a knight
An hardy man, both good and wight, 20
They called him Sir Eger,
And he was but a batcheler :
His eldest brother was livand,
And brooked all his father's land ;
Yet he was courteously taught, 25
And he sought battells far, and fought
And conquered the honour
With weapons and armour,

Both in battels and in fight ;
 While on a time that she him heght, 30
 And she granted him her good will ;
 Her father assented soon theretill ;
 Her friends were fain that she would
 Once in her heart it for to hold,
 That she would have to her a pier, 35
 A barron, or a batchelier.

There was into that earles train,
 A young knight that heght Sir Gryme ;
 Sir Eger and he,
 They were of one companie : 40
 They were not brethren born,
 But they were brethren sworn ;
 They were not of one blood,
 But they were fellows very good ;
 They had a chamber them alone, 45
 Better loved never none.

While that upon a time Sir Eger,
 For to win honour mare,
 And he went forth, him alone,
 And, all vanquished, came he home, 50
 In his chamber, upon a night,
 Wounded sore and evil dight ;
 His knife was tint, his sheath was tane,
 His scabert by his thigh was gane :
 He had mo wounds with sword and knife, 55
 Than ever man that had his life ;
 A truncheon of his spear he bare
 To lean him on ; he had no mare :
 On his bed side he sate him down,
 He groaned sore, and fell in sown. 60

Sir Gryme agast, and wightly rase,
 And goes to him, and said, " Alace !
 I for thy sorrow am full wo,
 That I was then so far thee fro,

When that thou stood in such distress, 65
 And I at home in merriness :
 When we departed at yond gate,
 Thou was full blyth, and light of late ;
 Very deliver of thy weed,
 To prove thy man-hood on a steed ; 70
 And thou art now both gool and green,
 Into thy walk where thou hast been :
 What ever he was that gave thee sailie,
 It was not little that made thee failie.”
 “I am wounded and hurt full sore, 75
 And tint my man-hood for evermore :
 Lost the lady, for she is gone !
 Other knights have stayed at home,
 Keeped their man-hood fair and clean,
 Will brook her now before mine een.” 80
 Then said Sir Gryme to Sir Eger,
 “Ye grieve you more than mister were,
 Is none seemly in his weed,
 To prove his man-hood on a steed ?
 In battel though he be destroyed, 85
 Why should his man-hood be reproved,
 Or yet his ladies love to tine ?”
 Sir Eger said, “Let be, Sir Gryme,
 I rode adventures for to see,
 Bodden as a man should be ; 90
 Likelier armour than I had
 Was no Christian man in clade :
 Weapons and steed thereto,
 A bodie like right well to do.
 I saw no man, so God me reed, 95
 But one knight upon a steed :
 Hand for hand together we ran
 But company of any man ;
 He forcibly pricked me again,
 Defouled my self, my steed hath slain : 100

I met a man into my fare,
 Forbade me that I should come there,
 But if I sicker were and traist,
 Of courage keen and might's maist,
 Neither of heart, nor yet of hand, 105
 Nothing feeble nor yet dreadand ;
 And armed well in sicker weed,
 Weapons, for they will stand in stead ;
 Of mine horse he held him payd,
 He bade me if I were affrayd : 110
 Counsell'd me I came not than
 Within repairing of that man,
 I should be ready, and not to light,
 To byde the coming of that knight,
 For then there should no leasure be 115
 But either to fight or else to flie.

" I took my leave, and forth I fure,
 Beside a mount upon a moor :
 Then I perceived by my sight,
 That he had teached me full right, 120
 And understood which was the land ;
 A forrest lay on every hand,
 A river that was deep and wide,
 I found no entress at a side,
 Unto a foord, and over I rode, 125
 Unto the other side, but bode ;
 And I had but a short while ridden
 Into the land that was forbidden :
 When I heard moving in the street,
 As it had been of horses feet : 130
 My steed before me had good sight,
 Cast up his head, and worthed light ;
 He crap together, and would have run,
 I hearkned where that din should come ;
 I looked a little me before, 135
 I saw a knight ride on a sore,

With red shield and red spear,
 And all of red shined his gear :
 He rode upon a sturdie steed,
 He let him come with all his speed : 140
 Our horse together rushed keen,
 Alace, that meeting I may mean !
 For through birnie and through blasoun,
 Through actoun and through habergeon,
 Out through my gear both less and mare, 145
 And through my body he me bare :
 Yet still upon my sadle I sate,
 And on his breast my spear I brake ;
 His spear again to him he drew,
 He mist myself, my steed he slew ; 150
 Then lighted I deliverlie,
 But not so soon, ready was he
 Ere ever I might my good sword weild,
 Again he strake me in the shield ;
 Through force of him, and of his steed, 155
 He bare me down, and over me yeed :
 And then on foot I started soon,
 And thought as I had lately done,
 For to revenge my steeds bane,
 The great defoul myself had tane ; 160
 And even as he by me out drew,
 I mist himself, his steed I slew :
 To counter on foot he was full thra,
 His good spear I stroke in twa :
 He drew a sword, a worthie weapon, 165
 The first dint on me could happen ;
 For through ventill and pensill he share,
 Into my shoulder five inch and mare.
 Then I hit him upon the crown,
 A cantill of his helm dang down ; 170
 And for that strake I would not let,
 Another upon him soon I set,

Upon his breast with a fell braid,
 At the ground I thought he had been laid :
 Also I thought well he had gotten, 175
 But at that strake my sword was broken.
 I drew a knife, I had none other,
 The which I got it from my brother :
 Another of steel soon hath he tane,
 In hands we are together gane. 180
 Upon his belt with all my pith
 I strake him, while he groaned with,
 While I got blood through all his gear ;
 And he me stroke in the visier,
 And wounded me into the face, 185
 Mine een was sav'd, such was my grace ;
 I stroke him upward in the head,
 And in the helmet my blade I leav'd,
 And with mine heft behind the hand,
 I strake him while that I might stand ; 190
 While there came blood through the steel,
 He wants some teeth I wote right weel.
 But what through blood, and proper stress,
 My mights waxed less and less.
 He had a knife of fine steel, 195
 He strake fast, it lasted right weel ;
 Mine habergeon of Millain wark
 Lasted me no more than my sark :
 Nor mine actoun of Millain fine,
 First was my fathers, and then mine ; 200
 Mine harness helped me not a resh,
 It stinted never but in my flesh.
 When I was blinded with the blood,
 And all was gone should do me good ;
 When blood me blinded, then in soun 205
 Betwixt his hands I fell down ;
 And there a while in sown I lay.
 " When I o'rcame he was away ;

My little finger I mist me fra :
And when I looked there I sa 210
A slain knight, beside me lay,
His little finger was away ;
And thereby might I right well see,
The knight met both with him and me.

“ Beside me ran a river strand, 215
And there I crap on feet and hand,
And from mine eyes I washt the blood,
And drank while that I thought it good :
When I had cooled me, up I raise,
And looked about in every place : 220
My steed lay sticked, a little me fro,
And his lay stricken the back in two.
My weapons still there they lay,
My knife, my sword, none was away ;
But all was broken and none was hail, 225
And with mine hands I could them wail.
A truncheon of mine own spear
Me thought it heavy for to bear :
Of a saddled horse I got a sight,
He was right lean, but he was wight ; 230
He had gone bridled days nine,
For fault of food was like to tine :
Heavily in the sadle I strade,
And all the day on him I rade.

“ When day was gone, and come was night,
Of a castle I got a sight : 236
A little from a noble town,
At an harber I lighted down,
The fairest bow'r I saw me by,
That ever I saw since born was I. 240
I lean'd me on my sadle to rest,
Bethinking me what was the best ;
For I had need some me to mend,
And I was loth for to be kend :

I had been but a short time there, 215
 When that a woman, sweet and fair,
 Came walking from the harbor green,
 And at the bour she would have been ;
 She stinted when she could me see,
 A lady seemed she to be ; 250
 And in scarlet she was clade,
 And all the weed that she on hade,
 In red gold could it birn,
 And rich pearles set therein.
 It seem'd to me by her parage, 255
 She was a lady of great linage :
 And though that I had bled my blood,
 Yet still upon my feet I stood ;
 And she descried me full right,
 And hailed me then as a knight. 260
 Right as a knight she hailed me,
 And I her in the same degree.

“ Sir, she said, by mine intent,
 Ye have need of better easement ;
 And here beside there is an hall. 265
 A little space under the wall :
 Therein is many cruel knight,
 And leeches that are true of plight,
 That ever man came in mister till ;
 Thereto the kindest lord at will ; 270
 Since I'm the first that with you met,
 I would you were the better bet.

“ Then said I to the lady fair,
 I would not be in such repair ;
 But I require you, if ye might, 275
 Of privie guesting for one night ;
 And a maiden me for to keep,
 While I were eased with a sleep ;
 And some ease for mine hackney.
 She said, I shall find if I may. 280

“ Then into her bow’r she me led,
 It was great joy to see her bed :
 She set me down, and I was fain ;
 And lustily turn’d she again
 To her maidens, she had but two, 235
 And both she caus’d from her to go ;
 The one, mine hackney to his stead,
 And at his liking could him feed ;
 The other went with counsel soon,
 As she her bade, so hath she done : 290
 Baked fowles she brought again,
 Spice and wine, bread of main ;
 A laver they have gotten soon ;
 Warm water into it was done,
 And in a silver basen 295
 Her own hands washed mine een :
 And when she saw mine hands bare,
 Then waxt mine anger far the mare,
 My glove was hail, my finger was tint,
 She might well know it was no dint. 300
 For Gray Steel he was of such pride,
 And his sword waxed ay so wide,
 Of what countrey that he was commin,
 She might wit well I was o’rcommin.
 “ She perceived that I thought shame : 305
 She asked not what was my name,
 Or of what countrey I was come,
 Into what place, or in what room,
 Or of what countrey that I were,
 But eased me in all manner. 310
 Such drink, then, as she gave me there,
 Saw I never in my fare !
 That so much could me so restore,
 For I was vanquisht all before ;
 More weak and weary might no man be, 315
 And dry’d for blood as any tree.

Her drinks they brought me soon in state
 That I might speak, and answer make.
 She and her maids, those ladys three,
 Of all my gear they spoiled me : 320
 Both of mine habrek and mine actoun,
 Washed me syn, and laid me down ;
 ‘ With’ her own hands, white as the milk,
 She stopped my wounds full of silk ;
 And syne laid me into a bed, 325
 That was with silken sheets spread.
 “ Then to the lady could I say,
 No longer than against the day,
 It is not my will for to lend,
 For I would that no man me kend ; 330
 But I may ever more conteen,
 Into such state as I have been,
 It were good time to me to boun
 Of the gentrice that ye have done.
 “ Sir, then she said, against your will, 335
 I cannot treat you to bide still,
 But if it likes you to tarry,
 Shall no man know your privity,
 Nor yet myself I shal not fraine,
 And though I wist, I could it lain. 340
 Ly still and sleep with God’s blessing,
 I shall you waken then in due time.
 “ Her self, nor yet her maidens two,
 That night into no bed would go ;
 A plastron on her knee she laid, 345
 And thereon love justly she plaid ;
 Thereto her maidens sweetly sang.
 This lady sighed oft amang,
 What countenance ever she made,
 Some heavy thing in heart she had. 350
 Spice they had, and noble wine,
 And ever took when they had time,

And sundry times at me they sought
If that I would, or yarned ought ;
And thus they put the night near by. 355
Then soon after great din heard I
Of bonny birds in a herbeir,
That of love sang with voice so clear
With diverse notes. Against the day,
She came to me without delay, 360
And brought me drink into an horn,
And since the day that I was born,
Such a good drink I never gat ;
When I had drunk, she could me hap,
Within a day she came again, 365
Of all my gear she made me plain.
The drink that she gave me was green,
Into my wounds it might be seen ;
The blood was fled when it was there,
And all was sound, before was sair. 370
The bloody tents away she drew,
And tented me again with new :
The tents that in my wounds yeed,
Trust ye well, they were no threed :
They were neither lake nor line ; 375
Of silk they were both good and fine :
The mistenting of my wounds,
Cost that lady twenty pounds.
Withoutten spice, salves or gries,
And other things that did me ease. 380
My linnen cloaths were washed clean,
The blood in them might not be seen ;
A sark of silk, that was full dear,
She put on me, which I have here ;
And syne put on mine own abone, 385
And all my cloathing she hath undone ;
And all my armour less and mare,
She would not let me leave ought there :

Of mine habreke I had great dreed,
 It should me hurt and cause me bleed. 330
 The sorest wound that grieved me,
 I wist not where that it might be,
 But it was as sicker and sound,
 As never weapon had wrought me wound.
 "Then to the lady fair said I, 335
 Either I am in fantasy,
 Or else ye are the fairest may,
 That ever I saw before this day ;
 All that ever hath wrought me wo.
 She said, would God that it were so ! 400
 But I know by your buskening,
 That ye have something in studying ;
 For your love, sir, I think it be :
 But trust ye well and certainly,
 As soon as love makes you agast, 405
 Your ointments will you nothing last ;
 Your wounds they will both glow and gell,
 Sow full sore, and be full ill ;
 But ye have mends, that ye may mean,
 Unto your love where ye have been ; 410
 And bid her do as I have done,
 And they will soft and sober soon.
 My ring, my beeds forth I dreugh,
 Of most fine gold and good enough ;
 She would not take them of me lang, 415
 But on her bed down them I flang :
 Her maidens brought me forth a scail,
 Of fine main bread and fowls hail,
 With bottles full of finest wine,
 And thereupon I lived syne. 420
 Oft have I slept in my fare,
 But short sleeps I think they were ;
 Evil reposed, weak and faint,
 But sickness made me never grant :

Nor soreness found I never a pyle, 425
 While I came here within a myle ;
 Then all my wounds did open once,
 As knife had gone threw flesh and bones ;
 I fell down dead as any stone :
 When I o'rcame, mine horse was gone, 430
 A bed then I would had rather,
 Than my weight of gold and silver.

“ Now have I told you less and mare
 Of all that hapned in my fare :
 How I did suffer all the pain, 435
 And how the lady sent me hame.”
 Sir Gryme, a sober man and meek,
 Whatever he thinks, little will speak :
 Then said he to Sir Eger :
 “ It forethinks me that ye were there : 440
 I bade you always hold you well,
 And namely from that man Gray-Steel,
 For he is called uncannand,
 And spoken of in many land :
 Many have proved him for to sla, 445
 And all failed, and did not sa :
 And now its best to make good chear,
 And I am glade to have you here.
 From the lady we will not lane,
 That ye are now come home again ; 450
 That ye were in a far countrie,
 And vexed with a fell minyie.”

Sir Eger wist not, nor yet Sir Gryme,
 Where the lady was all the time :
 The bour wherein the lady was, 455
 Was from the hall a little space :
 Upon her love she had great thought,
 She lay waking, and slept nought,
 And at the window had great sight ;
 When she perceived there was a light, 460

And longed sore to speak with him ;
 She trowed right well that he was come.
 A scarlet mantle hath she tane,
 And to the chamber is she gane ;
 She heard them with a privy din, 465
 She stood right still, and stood within,
 Under the wall she stood so still,
 Heard the manner that it was ill ;
 She had no more things for to frame,
 But to her chamber past again. 470
 So privily she is not gone,
 But they perceived that there was one ;
 They were rede and discovered :
 Sir Gryme about his bed reiked,
 And both the windows opened plain, 475
 And saw the lady pass again ;
 With the light he looked farre to,
 Perceived well that it was scho.
 Sir Eger says, " Who makes that din ? "
 He said, " My spaneyard would be in." 480
 Sir Gryme ceased not, nor would blin,
 While that he got a man therein,
 That right well with all wounds could deal,
 And was right happy for to heal :
 And yet, ere day, the word was gone, 485
 That Sir Eger was coming home,
 And had mo wounds with sword and knife,
 Than ever man that had his life ;
 Riches may make him no remead,
 There is no life for him, but dead, 490
 The Earle into his chamber went,
 The Countess, and her maidens gent,
 And they beheld him so deadly ;
 He spake not, whatever they say,
 Nor no language to them he had, 495
 But Sir Gryme all the answer made.

He said, "Yestreen when he came home,
His tongue was not all from him gone ;
He hath me told right all the case,
And how that matter happned was : 500
A swadrick in a wilderness,
Where that never is near a place,
He wist nothing into his fare,
That their lineage it was all there ;
And they wist all of his coming, 505
Thought to slay him, and take his thing ;
They rose, and have against him gone,
They were ten, and he was but one :
Not one, but his own steed and he,
And yet he thought not for to flee : 510
With stout heart, and hardie alswa,
The field he took against all tha :
This may ye wit that he was bold,
He slew seven ere he flee would.
On horse, as he out through them yeed, 515
He slew then two, and they his steed :
Ere his good spear was broken in two,
Of them he slew well six and mo :
And six into the field he slew ;
The rest they fled, and they withdrew : 520
And with that he was wounded so,
That scarcely he might ride or go.
An horse of theirs then by him stood,
Like to his own, but not so good ;
Syne on that he is coming home, 525
And it right seven days is gone ;
And though the deed he sought on him,
It is well sped to all his kin.
And for that worship he went there,
It will be told for evermare." 530

The Countess mourns for Sir Eger ;
Her maidens mourned, and made great care ;

Sir Pallias, his own brother,
 Made more sorrow than any other :
 Sir Gryme was nothing of his kin, 535
 But he was als right wo for him
 As any sister or as brother,
 Eme, or yet ant, or any other :
 But it was more than days three,
 Or his own love came him to see : 540
 And when she came, she was but drie :
 To him she made small courtesie.
 When she came to the chamber within,
 Little company made to him ;
 Sir Eger might not one word speak, 545
 Sir Gryme before the bed could sit ;
 And to Sir Gryme said she then :
 " Sir, how doth your sore wounded man,
 Or how hath he sped in his fare ?"
 Said, " Not so well as mister were : 550
 So is it hapned as you may see,
 Not one forethinks so much as ye."
 The lady said, " So have I feel,
 I might have thol'd he had done weel,
 And better sped in his journey." 555
 Sir Eger asked where he lay.
 Then meekly said the lady free
 To Sir Eger, " Now, how do ye ?
 I rede you be of counsel clean,
 Ye will not cose, Sir, as I ween. 560
 I think your love be in no weer,
 Therefore I rede you make good chear."
 Sir Eger said, " My chear well is,
 But even as I may with this,
 As before when better hath been, 565
 I will not mend, suppose I mene."
 Then said the Lady, " Certes, nay,
 It mends not though ye do swa ;

Fortune will not then from you wend,
 Nor yet from me, though I should send 570
 But for follie to set at wit,
 And so I must then do with it."

She no more tidings did refrain,
 But bouned to her chamber again.
 Then Sir Gryme stood before the door, 575

And held the Lady on the floor,
 A little while, right by the hand :
 Then by his fellow could he stand,
 And said to him right courteouslie,
 " Sir, this the Lady telleth me, 580

What makes her biding to delay,
 And why she goes so soon away :
 She was forbidden by the leech,
 And also by her father's speech ;
 And the first night that ye came hame, 585
 So great a sorrow hath she tane,
 That she hath been as sick as ye :"
 And thus his fellow comforts he.

Eleven weeks, as I heard say,
 Sir Eger there in leeching lay ; 590
 And seldom came the fair Lady ;
 But when she came, she was right dry.
 Of her drieness, als her strange fare,
 Sir Gryme then said to Sir Eger,
 That she durst not otherwise do, 595
 Nor yet in presence come him to :

And on this wise, as with Sir Gryme,
 So with the Lady on a time,
 On his foot with her would he gang,
 Then to his fellow would amang ; 600
 And then told him a fernyere's tale,
 And this, while thus he wrought all hale,
 And to her ladies warrand well ;
 For he was red he should him spill,

And her will had been to him kend, 605
 It should have letten him to mend,
 But all was fained each a dele,
 Yet, many said, he govern'd weel.
 Then after that, upon a day,
 He thought the lady to assay. 610
 Then after mass to her he yode,
 Into a chamber where she stood,
 And from her maidens hath her tane,
 And to a counsel are they gane.
 And first they spake of bourding, 615
 And then they spake of earnest thing :
 He said, " Lady, if you would cover
 And of a thing that ye do sover,
 Belonging both to you and me ? "
 She said, " Say on, whatever it be." 620
 " Yonder is your knight Sir Eger,
 And he hath been in travel sair ;
 And hath met with a ferlie thing,
 For fault of weapons and arming :
 Armour they may be fresh and new, 625
 And yet be false and right untrue,
 And that hath made him to beguile,
 Give[n] him were within a while,
 And great skaith therethrow hath he tane,
 But, certes, therein he hath no shame. 630
 He is a man, that is well kend,
 Hath doughtie hands him to defend,
 I cannot treat him for to bide,
 Fra time that he may gang or ride ;
 But he will pass his voyage right, 635
 To seek for battel on the knight :
 This hath he made me to you tell,
 But ye may treat him here to dwell,
 And comfort him in all manner
 With your presence and with chear. 640

Now sen it stands in such degree,
 It longeth more to you than me :
 Have ye not chosen him to your p[h]eer ?
 Your father it likes well but were !"—
 The Lady mused, and stood still, 645
 Then after made answer him till :
 " Sir Gryme, ye wot this many day
 For him better I put away ;
 For I was of such nourishing,
 I would have none for no kin' thing ; 650
 Neither for riches, nor renown,
 For lands' breadth, nor provision ;
 But he, that wan with his hands two :
 Sir Eger was call'd one of tho ;
 Called the best when he came hame, 655
 How ever he wrought, such was his name :
 In company such name he gat,
 How ever he did, such was his hap.
 I bade him let his journey be,
 Make not this travel all for me : 660
 I said, such field he may come in,
 Was as able to tyn or win.
 I strake the nail upon the head,
 All that he wan, ye may soon sead :
 For trust ye me right well, Sir Gryme, 665
 I wist the matter all sensyne :
 For the first night that he came home,
 I heard your words every each one ;
 Under your chamber window stood,
 And heard your carping, ill and good. 670
 I will not bid him for to bide,
 Nor yet him counsel for to ride ;
 Neither consent I will thereto :
 Of his wedding I have no do."
 Sir Gryme he said, " I trow he will 675
 But little seeking make you till :

And he tells in his coming hame,
 That he hath sped a better name,
 That is far better of degree :
 You love not him, will you love me ? ” 680
 This he did say into bourding,
 But he was sorry for that thing :
 Yet sadly in his heart he thought,
 To help his fellow, if he mought ;
 And down he sate into that place, 685
 And then his colour changed was :
 For his fellow he was right mov'd,
 Behind his back heard him reprov'd.
 The knight rase up, and went his way,
 Sir Eger to Sir Gryme can say : 690
 Then hath he said to Sir Eger :
 “ Me think that it then better were,
 To seek yon knight, and him expell,
 That destroy'd you in battel :
 But I trow well, and by your tale, 695
 That had your weapons holden hale,
 He had been either tane or slain ;
 But sen it is against you gane,
 For him we must go make some cast,
 For to cause fight him at the last. 700
 As with his hand, he had him led,
 Though ye be sleeping in your bed,
 And that is sooth, so shall you see ;
 We shall fight him where ever he be.
 You rise up in your bed full set, 705
 And put you on your robes full meet,
 And at your window stand or go ;
 Books of Romances shall ye read so,
 The whole court will be full fain,
 When they see you now up again : 710
 The Earle himself will be full blyth,
 For he thinks ye shall have to wife

Yon young lady, his daughter gent,
But I cannot tell her intent :
Of women I can never traist, 715
I found them fickle and never fast :
Thus shall ye govern days nine,
Then shall ye rise, when ye think time,
And put upon you all your gear,
As ye would ride, in land of wear : 720
And take your leave at the knights all,
And at each one, both great and small,
And at the ladies, white as lake,
To your love no countenance make ;
Be of few words, and stillarie, 725
Of countenance see ye be slee :
I force not though that ye so do,
And then turn you again me to.
My steed brought forth, and saddled well,
I bide no more, so have I feel, 730
Your coat armour then shall I take,
Your basnet and your gloves of plate,
Your knife, your sword, I bid no mare ;
And graith you right as you did aire,
Your brother's spear—your own was broken ; 735
Then this gear when I have gotten,
In faith, I shall no longer bide,
Nor yet shall spur my steeds side ;
And though the lady come and see,
Either me turn or else to flee, 740
If I be in great jeopardie,
Stand ye, and look there after me :
She shall say unto others than,
Sir Eger is no discomfite man :
Yet shall she say, and others ma, 745
A better journey will he ta.”
Sir Eger turned, and said “Nay !
These seven months though here I ly,

Shall no man take that deed on hand,
 While I myself may ride and stand. 750
 I thank you much, but not for that,
 Ye ween I am put far aback ;
 And ye trust no comfort in me ;
 I shall revenge me, or else die."
 Sir Gryme said to him that time : 755
 " It is not all as you do mean,
 And if ye ly seven months there,
 Or yet but one, or little mare,
 Some new tidings that ye will hear ;
 The Lady will get her a feer : 760
 For Sir Olyas, I understand,
 Will brook the lady and the land ;
 For since ye lay here, I have seen
 A privy message them between ;
 She hath heard all his whole intent, 765
 And hath given him her consent :
 For trust ye well," then said Sir Gryme,
 " She knows the matter all sensyne :
 Since the first night that ye came home,
 She heard your words every each one, 770
 And by your chamber window stood,
 And heard your carping, ill and good."
 Sir Eger says, " If it be so,
 Then wot I well I must forgo
 Love-liking and man-hood all clean." 775
 The water rushed out of his een :
 His head he shook, his hands he wrang,
 And each hand on another dang :
 Sir Gryme then said to him, " Let be,
 Ye shall be helped hastily, 780
 For here I vow to God of might,
 That I shall ride and seek the knight,
 Into what land that he in be,
 I shall him slay, or else he me ;

And if I chance to win the field, 785
 And get his helm, or yet his shield,
 Or any mark of him to see,
 The lady will think it be ye :
 She will say soon, and to your seel,
 That she was wood, and would you well." 790
 They called to him Sir Pallias,
 And told him all the very case,
 They shew to him both all and some,
 They kend full well that he would come ;
 The man that loves, and als is leel, 795
 Is worthiest to keep counsell.

Then after that, upon a day,
 Sir Gryme to Sir Eger can say,
 " If I should meet with yon Gray-Steel,
 I had need to be holden well ; 800
 And your emes sword, Sir Agam,
 These seven winters can it ly :
 The lady locks it in a chist,
 She thinks it should not come in thirst ;
 Nor yet be born into the field, 805
 While that her son be come to eeld :
 Had we it now in borrowing,
 It might make us some comforting :
 We must now have it, ere we gang,
 With other weapons good and strang." 810

Sir Gryme is to the lady gone,
 And said, " Sir Eger is at home,
 And hath a journey tane on hand,
 With a great knight of a strange land,
 And his own good sword hath he broken, 815
 And he hath not another gotten :
 And prays you for a noble brand,
 And take the charters of his land."
 " Now trust ye well withoutten weer,
 Sir Gryme," she said, " it is right here, 820

Though ye be charg'd, I you assure,
 It will not fail, but ay endure ;
 And shall stand you into good stead,
 While that ye have Gray-Steelis head :
 For the first time that it was wrought, 825
 To the king at Forres it was brought,
 And seven winters he it bare ;
 His life-time was but little mare.
 Then he betaught it to the queen,
 And to his son for to be gi'en. 830
 And with them dwelled then Sir Gryme,
 Was right instant at the making,
 While he had made that noble brand,
 For there may nothing it gainstand.
 He may be sure to give a strake, 835
 For it will never bow, nor break ;
 Teugh as the wax, when it was wrought,
 Hard like the flint, and faileth nought,
 It was never won by no strength,
 Nor yet put back by its own length : 840
 What flesh it ever hapneth in,
 Either in lyre, or yet in skin,
 Whether that were shank or arm,
 It shall him do wonder great harm :
 There is no fault in any thing, 845
 But it was in misgoverning ;
 For a man of evil guiding
 May tine a kinrick and a king :
 And I would not, for both our lands,
 That it came in other men's hands." 850
 Sir Gryme is from the lady gane,
 To Vaclaw, and his leave hath tane ;
 And, ill-disposed with fainted chear,
 Sir Eger hath put on his gear :
 Within seven days and seven nights, 855
 On this same wise dealt both the knights ;

While on the eight day at the prime,
 "Sir Eger," saith now Sir Gryme,
 "Wind up, Sir, and on your feet,
 And see your gear be good and meet ; 860
 Look that ye arm you, and als clean,
 As any time that ye have been,
 And as warlick as ever ye would,
 Ride this day a battel to hold :
 Into the hall make your repair, 865
 Of countenance see ye be fair,
 Then turn again, and hold you still,
 And let me do that which God will :
 As for my work, I have no dread,
 I trust in God right well to speed." 870
 Sir Eger sighed, and said, "Alace,"
 Right well payed Sir Gryme he was,
 And said, "I pray you, Sir, let be,
 If ye will any help of me :
 But with your tongue you may advise 875
 The nearest gate, and where it lyes."
 "I shall you tell wonder well,
 That ye shall not go wrong a deal :
 Ye know the way is for a while
 The valley more than thirty mile, 880
 Ye shall be four days, and than,
 That ye shall see no kind of man,
 Nor nothing but the fowles flyand,
 Wilderness and all wasted land :
 A river shal ye find at hand, 885
 That runneth straight as any strand ;
 Though ye never so fast you speed,
 Yet two days it shall you lead ;
 And then shall you see come runnand,
 An water on the other hand, 890
 For those two do both run in one ;
 A riding place there is not one.

Cross the water, the first foord strand,
 And hold them both on your left hand ;
 Then of your way you have no dread, 895
 The salt water it will you lead :
 And in the coast of that salt sand,
 A great forrest on your right hand ;
 But yet the wilderness will last,
 One day, ride ye never so fast : 900
 Then come ye in the plainest land,
 And an alley on every hand ;
 A fair castle then shall ye see,
 Halls and bowres great plenty :
 Orchards, harbers, and a fair green, 905
 In that other a lady sheen,
 That in fairness may be a flower,
 And clearest of all other colour ;
 She is courteous, and kind of speech,
 Ov'r all the rest she may be leech : 910
 Great God, if I had with her bidden,
 By this I might have gone or ridden :
 My counsel she would have covered,
 The which myself hath discovered.
 Take ye a small token from me, 915
 There may ye right well eased be ;
 Her own sark it is best to bear,
 And then somewhat else of your gear."
 Sir Gryme he said, " It may be ill
 Any token to take her till ; 920
 For I was loth, so God me sane,
 For to be known till I came hame."
 Sir Eger says, " It is no skaith,
 That she have 'quaintance with us baith,
 For she is full of all gentrice, 925
 Into her heart hath no fancies :
 Will ye behave you cunningly,
 Ye may make her trow it is I—

She served me with candle-light ;
 I came and yeed both in one night— 930
 And make her trow that both is ane.”

Sir Gryme the sark hath with him tane,
 And twenty pounds in it hath he,
 Beeds of gold and broches three ;
 “And this is over little ware, 935
 If we were purvey’d into mare ;
 But all without I may not be,
 Some part now ye must leave with me.”

Sir Gryme said, “How shall I know
 The woman that I never saw ?” 940

“I tell to you it wondrous well,
 Cannot go wrong, nor miss a deal :
 She is large of body and bone,
 A fairer saw I never none ;

With brows brent, and thereto small, 945
 A drawing voice she speaks withall :

Betwixt her een and eke her neise
 There is the greatness of a piесе,
 A spot of red, the lave is white ;
 There is none other that is her like : 950

And so her brows on a running,—
 There is a gay ready tokening !
 And the bower it stands east and west,
 Thereon a weather-cock is prest ;

It may be gold, it may be glass, 955
 I might not see whereof it was ;

It might be glass, it might be steel ;
 But it was bright, it shined weel.”

Sir Eger past into the hall,
 And took his leave at the knights all : 960

Syne to the Earle kneeled on his knee,
 He said, “Sir Eger, now where shape ye ?”

He said, “I have meekle ado,
 And little beeting gets thereto.”

The Countess said, "I red you bide, 935
 For neither have you hew nor hide ;
 I see your countenance is good,
 But ye are pale, and ye want blood ;
 For by your hue it may be seen,
 Into such state as ye have been, 970
 Ye will not be this many day ;
 Therefore, Sir knight, I will you pray,
 For any haste you have to fare,
 Bide still a while, let blod grow mare."
 "Mine hue," he said, "let that alane : 975
 But with yourself in faith, madam,
 I will not bide, so God me sane,
 Farewell, while that I come again."
 'He' louted, and could the Countess kiss :
 The Earle then took her hand in his, 980
 And at the lady, white as lake,
 Right reverently could his leave take :
 And his own love, she was therein,
 Spake not to her, nor she to him :
 For Sir Gryme had to him told, 985
 How he should to the lady hold,
 Yet he would not forget reprove.
 From all the rest he took his leave ;
 But that he had something to say,
 Ere than the time he went away ; 990
 But neither would he beck nor kneel,
 Nor lowt, nor yet his head down heel ;
 But said, "Lady, what will ye mare ?"—
 "God keep you better than he did aire !
 You have left a finger into yon land, 995
 Now I am red you leave an hand."—
 Displeas'd was many lady bright,
 She gave such answer to the knight :
 And so himself he thought great shame,
 But answer to her made he nane. 1000

Forth at the door he past her fro,
 And to his chamber could he go.
 Pallias was true as the steel,
 And kept bidding wonder well,
 And at the door receiv'd him in, 1005
 But none in after him might win.
 Few words then was there them among :
 His hand shook, said, "Tarry not long."
 Sir Gryme was ready to the rade ;
 A squyre upon the calsay bade, 1010
 And in his hand had holding
 A bold steed and well lasting,
 Tyed right well with his girths two,
 Pallias himself gave him mo ;
 About his breast he laid a band, 1015
 To make the sadle fast on stand :
 Great buckle of iron to make it last ;
 It had great mister to be fast,
 For he was red that young Sir Gryme
 In his travell he should them time. 1020
 His spurrs he kepted not so well,
 But his steed's sides he made them feel ;
 The steed rebounded from the spurrs,
 And rushed rudely through the furze.
 The Lady stood, and had good sight, 1025
 To see the passing of the knight ;
 She might see passing perfectly,
 Whether he past in chivalrie,
 Or there was any fainying,
 Or in his heart discomforting : 1030
 She perceived even, as it was,
 With stout heart, and great manliness,
 His spear, his shield, his helm of steel,
 His steed he governed right well,
 And was as fresh as any lyoun ; 1035
 He and his horse rode off the town.

The Lady marvell'd greatumly,
 That he past into such degree :
 Whatever she thought, nought she said,
 But on the knight small sturt she made ; 1040
 And to the chamber could she pass,
 Where both the knights their bidding was :
 The doors were closed, and put to,
 The lady chapped, and made undo :
 He received in that young lady, 1045
 And hailed her right courteously.
 Then Pallias a cod can fang,
 And in a chair he it down flang,
 And made the lady preserving,
 Of all easement, and down sitting : 1050
 And she said, " Nay," and walked by,
 To the bed where he wont to ly :
 She thought to have him lying there,
 But in the bed was not Sir Eger.
 The window closed to hide the light, 1055
 That she of him might get no sight ;
 The curtains they were all drawn in,
 That on no wise they might be seen.
 She drew the curtains and stood within,
 And all amazed spake to him : 1060
 Then meened to him [of] his distress,
 Heart or the head, whether it was ?
 And his sickness, less or mare ;
 And then talked of Sir Eger :
 And said to him, " Where have I been, 1065
 Where the knights passing I have seen !
 And I do think, by my knowledge,
 He was as like in his visage,
 For to do well, and thereto speed,
 As any journey that ever he yeed ; 1070
 But he hath made a fair showing,
 And in his heart great comforting."

So lovingly to him she spake ;
But soon after she fell a-back,
And said, " It was no mastery, 1075
Where three comes against a party :
But when there is a knight for knight,
They must do more to try a right ;
Knight for knight, and steed for steed,
Then to do well were all the need. 1080
There is no better company,
Nor one to meet allenerly.
This tale I tell by Sir Eger,
That he made in his travel aire,
Whereto should he seek adventures ? 1085
In armies he hath tint his armours !"—
" Not so, but he was overcome,
In bushment, lying waiting him ;
And all they brake at Sir Eger :
But them then he did not fear ; 1090
But right stoutly he did them byde ;
And all that hapned in that tide :
Ere any of them to him wan,
There he slew an hie-kinned man :
When he is felled on the ground, 1095
And through the shield hath got a wound,
A north-land knight full dughty
Rescued him with company :
There was but he and other ten,
And they were twenty hie-kinned men ; 1100
And then were twenty tane and slain,
Thus Sir Eger [was] rescued again.
They brought Sir Eger to the king
With meekle mirth and magnifying :
They proffered him for his voyage 1105
The King's sister in marriage :
And he sighed, and would not have,
And followed always on the lave :

I say not, Lady, your tale to peach ;
 But, if I could, I would you teach, 1110
 There should no man then it unlove,
 Say that it was his own reprove."
 Pallias said to that Lady
 But fair words, and right tenderlie.
 When he had said all that he would, 1115
 The knight said with steven full bold :
 " Sick that I am and wonder sore,
 And for my fellow moved more,
 That now is past in such degree,
 And I wite none, Lady, but ye : 1120
 While I hear word of him again,
 Whether he slayes or bee slain,
 No more of my collation hold."
 The lady went where that she would :
 But they bode in their chamber still, 1125
 At leasure and at their own will.
 ¶ Now we will let them all alone,
 Carp of Sir Gryme that forth is gone.
 He countered in the west-land,
 Beyond the fell, the water fand, 1130
 And followed [it] as he was bidden,
 And to the forrest he is ridden,
 And passed it in days three,
 That they said fifteen it should be ;
 And then he saw a tokening : 1135
 A reek did rise, and a gladning :
 He saw before him on the way
 A yeoman ride on an hacknay,
 Entring in at the forrest side ;
 He call'd on him, and bade him bide : 1140
 The yeoman hoved, and stood still,
 And said, " Sir, what is your will ?"
 He said, " Fellow, thou tell to me,
 Who is the Lord of this countric :

Whether that he is old or ying, 1145
 Or who hath it in governing? ”
 The yeoman said, “ I understand
 He is an Earle that owes this land :
 They do call him Earle Gorius,
 And hath none heir but Lillias.” 1150
 “ Is she a widow, then ? ” said he.
 “ She is a maiden certainlie.
 Sir Alistoun, that gentle knight,
 She and he else hath their troth plight :
 The Earle, that heght Sir Garrentine, 1155
 Was slain by Gray-Steel on a time ;
 And for Sir Garrentine his head
 Sir Alistoun had him at fead ;
 And so he thought him to have won,
 But sped as ill as others have done.” 1160
 The yeoman said, “ I understand
 That ye are unknown in this land ;
 The Earle is fair-calling and free,
 And there ye may well-eased be :
 There may ye have right good gaistning, 1165
 If that ye will make sojourning.”
 The knight he said all these words syne,
 “ How farre is’t to the castle hyne ? ”—
 “ But miles three, it is no mo,
 With you I shall ride of them two.” 1170
 The yeoman rode forth with the knight,
 While of the castle he got sight ;
 Syne took his leave, and from him rade,
 The knight to him great thanks he made.
 He waled an inne into the town, 1175
 Before the gate he lighted down ;
 And there they came to him on hie,
 Great gentle men and squyarie ;
 And from him they took his good steed,
 And to his stable could him lead, 1180

To hecks full of corn and hay,
 And other horse[s] were led away.
 The master [of] houshold was therein,
 And he betaught them unto him,
 Both his good horse and his armour, 1185
 And all that fell to his honour.
 And he from him took them on hand ;
 And said, that he should them warrand,
 And proffer'd him a squyarie,
 To go with him in company. 1190
 But he said, Nay, he needed none,
 But raiked forth, his way is gone ;
 And when he came the town without,
 He looked then him round about,
 Orchards, harbers, and alleys green : 1195
 The weather-cock stood fair and sheen,
 The bower in same, as he me told ;
 He was of all his tokens bold,
 He had gone right and nothing wrong,
 Joyfull in heart was he among. 1200
 He thought if he might get a sight
 Of the lady both fair and bright,
 He would think the better to speed,
 In any journey where he yeed.
 He stood a while, such hap he had, 1205
 He saw the lady, and was glad,
 Coming was with a damosell ;
 He perceived wonder well,
 It was the same lady he sought,
 By all the tokens, and failed nought : 1210
 He raiked to the fair lady,
 And hailed her right courteously,
 And in his visage could he mean
 As he had done before her seen.
 But she did know him in nothing, 1215
 Neither did he her, but faining,

And he seemed a courteous knight,
 Of any that came in her sight.
 Reverently she made him state,
 But quantance none other they wate : 1220
 Then hastilie he could out draw
 His sark of silk ; and could it shaw,
 And costlie jewels alswa but miss.
 " Sir," then she said, " so have you bliss !
 How fares the knight that did send this?" 1225
 He sayes, " Lady, I do not lane,
 He that it bure, brought it again."
 Then blythly on him could she look,
 Courteously to him could she mute,
 And swore by Jesus, Heaven's king, 1230
 " I am right glad of your coming !
 And certainly, by God's grace,
 Have ye gotten ought at this place,
 Or any thing that could you bet,
 I would think that it were right fit." 1235
 Then sayes he, " Here was a bet,
 Which I think never to forget !
 Wherefore to you I make livring,
 Of my life, and no other thing."
 Then courteously she spake to him, 1240
 And to his gaistning bade him come.
 He said, " Lady, my inne is tane,
 And squyers with me are mo than ane ;
 I bade the ostler certainlie
 To purvey both for them and me." 1245
 He would be glad, if that he might,
 Have been out of the lady's sight,
 For he was dreading for kenning ;
 He would have been out of feeling :
 He could not get away so soon, 1250
 As mister was for to have done :

His fellow's visage it was fair,
 But he was hurt under the hair ;
 A courcher over it was drawn,
 To let it for to be unknowen ;
 An oyntment over the skin he drew, 1255
 To make the hide another hew ;
 He did work wisely in that case,
 But in some things he was rackless.
 Talking as she then by him stood,
 For to see if his hands were good, 1260
 She took the glove as she could stand,
 And turned them down over his hand :
 Syne when she saw his hands bare,
 And all his fingers standing there,
 She perceived that it was not he, 1265
 And kindly carping she let be :
 And dryly to him could she speak,
 " Where is the knight that lay here seke ?"—
 He said, " Lady, as ye may see."
 Yet did she say, " That might well be ! 1270
 What farlie though he was long home !
 For here such leeching there was none !
 There is no leech in all the land,
 Can put a finger to an hand !
 The finger that he left in wed, 1275
 There is another in its stead,
 As fair, as whole and as clean,
 As ever it was or yet has been !—
 Ye should not, sir, in a strange land
 Mock, or yet be over-bourdand ; 1280
 But if ye will with bourding dale,
 Right cleanly then ye should them wale :
 Your bourding could I well consider,
 But scorn and heeding goes togider.
 Yet never allowed will ye be, 1285
 Not in no good company.

Sir, if that ye was hither sent,
 And to scorn me in your intent,
 Ye shall not be but scorn'd of me,
 And ere ye pass off this countrie." 1290

First she was both right mild and meek,
 Kind and courteous for to speak ;
 Then waxt she angry, and so hate,
 And all into another state :
 The jewels that the knight had brought 1295
 The lady set them all at nought ;
 Down at his feet she let them fall,
 And wrathfully turned her withall.
 And to her chamber bowned her to gang ;
 The knight his hands in her's could fang. 1300
 She shoot hir hands, and bade, " Let go,"
 But he to hold : she would not so :
 " I pray you, lady, of your grace,
 Your meekness and your soberness,
 Let not your will over-gang your wit, 1305
 While ye be advised with it,
 Whether there be cause or none ;
 And that there be cause, I am to blame,
 Hear me a point that I shall shaw,
 There God to borrowe I draw, 1310
 But I shall tell you all the ground,
 The which all sooth it shall be found."
 What through prayer, and als through thrate,
 She stood and heard what the knight spake,
 And then Sir Gryme his tale began, 1315
 And shew her forth the matter than :
 " The knight that was here is my brother,
 And I am elder than the other.
 A journey I must take for him,
 Whether that I must tine or win ; 1320
 He hath a lustie love at home,
 Love nor husband she would have none,

But he that ever in arms wan ;
 And the first time that he began,
 Is tint now, and that she wate, 1325
 And draws aback and makes debate ;
 And he loves her in such degree,
 Without her love he may not be.
 But he will wed her to his wife,
 Or tine his honour and his life. 1330
 And I would gladly, if I might,
 Be acquainted with the same knight,
 And see if he would be my brother,
 Send him on wed for another ;
 And will he not, by Heaven's king, 1335
 Then shall men carp of our parting.
 And so must I now honour win,
 In any land that I come in.
 Or ever in arms win the gree,
 I have told you the verity." 1340

¶ The lady stood and her bethought,
 For to reprove him would she nought ;
 " This is a seemly knight to see,
 And carps most courteously to me.
 Am I his tale for to impele ? 1345
 I wot not but it may be lele,
 Then it were great reproof to me ;
 I shall allow it, however it be."
 This was her thought into the time,
 As she told after to Sir Gryme. 1350
 " Sir, then," she said, " I can well trow,
 Your tale is good, and I allow,
 For such points ye would not shaw,
 Nor charge your manhood for to draw.
 And ye shall bide all night with me ; 1355
 Will ye have twa, or will ye three :
 I would ye had your pith right weel,
 Ere that ye met with Sir Gray-Steel."

She caused a boy full soon him speed,
 Where that the knight had left his steed ; 1360
 A piece of gold with him she send,
 The knight his cost for to amend ;
 A royall supper there was dight
 To the lady and to the knight :
 The meat and drink was not to spare, 1365
 All good easments then he had there.
 Then after supper could she say,
 To comfort him in his journey :
 " If that ye will go to Gray-Steel,
 I trow to God ye shall do weel : 1370
 And if that ye do win the gree,
 It is but fortune, and not ye ;
 And fra fortune against him rin,
 There is no more defence in him.
 And there is none other the whilk, 1375
 I trow to God ye be that ilk.
 If ye have hap the knight to slay,
 I trow to God ye shall do swa.
 There is nothing in all this land,
 That shall be holden from your hand ; 1380
 And, namely, that belongs to me,
 So that mine honour saved be.
 He slew my brother, my father's heir,
 Als mine own love, and that was mare !
 And sensyne I was never aye 1385
 Into good likeing half a day."
 And when she spake of her lemman,
 The water over her cheek soon ran.—
 Sir Gryme beheld the lady free,
 His heart wrought bold and held on hie, 1390
 And trow'd if he might slay the knight,
 Then might he win the lady bright.
 So spake the Lady and Sir Gryme,
 While that it was right good bed-time ;

And thus they talked, and they spake, 1395
 Syne spices and the wine they take ;
 And to a bed then they him brought,
 For to get sleep, if that he mought :
 But he thought never night so lang.
 While day come that the fowles sang, 1400
 He was riseing and soon on steer ;
 The lady heard where she was near,
 She caus'd two maidens bear him light,
 And courteously did serve the knight
 With baken meat and spices hate, 1405
 To strength the knight in his estate.
 Carved his meat, and to him share,
 While he was full, and would no mare.
 When he was ready for to pass,
 The lady said, that by him was, 1410
 " Sir Gryme ! ah, knight of aventure !
 In press think on your paramour :
 I will not bid you look on me,
 Think on your love, wherever she be,
 And on your friends that are at hame, 1415
 And on your gasting ye have tane ;
 And here your supper shall be dight,—
 I think ye shall be here all night.
 Think not Gray-Steel, albeit he would,
 Shall hinder you your trust to hold." 1420
 He said, " Lady, so God me reed,
 And if you would, he shall not speed !
 I have more dread he will not come,
 Than I have of his mother's son."—
 " Then certes," said the lady fair, 1425
 " Trust ye right well he will be there !
 Trust in the field he will be seen,
 By ye have ridden over the green."
 She caus'd a boy out with him gang,
 A wine bottle with him could fang, 1430

Unto the town then they both yeed,
 Where that the knight had left his steed.
 They found him in a good apply,
 Both hay and corn and bread him by ;
 The ostler he could thanking make, 1435
 And bade him more than he would take ;
 The ostler saw him bown to fare,
 Saddled his horse, and made him yare.
 A spear that was both great and lang,
 A squyer he brought it him to fang ; 1440
 Women weeped sore for the knight,
 When he passed out of their sight :
 They trow'd that he would be in that stead,
 Where many men had left their head.
 Ere it was mid-morn of the day, 1445
 He came where that the place did lay,
 Which was called the land of Doubt ;
 A forrest lying round about :
 In Roman stories who will read,
 Two miles of length and two of breadth ; 1450
 He saw nothing in that steed,
 But great felloun down deer and reed ;
 He saw beside him on an hight
 A fair castle with towers wight ;
 A deep river, both long and brade, 1455
 Was never one that over it rade,
 That had not Sir Gray-Steel his leave,
 That came again without reprevae :
 Sir Gryme he looked not to that,
 But sought a foord, and that he gat. 1460
 When he was on the other side,
 Then fair and hulie could he ride :
 He rode the two part of the land,
 And nothing found he there steerand.
 He lighted on his feet, and stood, 1465
 To ease his horse and do him good :

His spear he sticked, it was so lang,
 His shield upon his sadle hang :
 Syne drank of wine, and made good chear,
 Then thought he on the lady clear : 1470
 And then he would no longer bide,
 But near the castle can he ride :
 For he was so red that the knight
 Should not comen before the night ;
 But yet he needed not do so, 1475
 For Gray-Steel he had watches two :
 The one of them could to him ride,
 And said, " Upon your field doth bide
 A ventrous knight upon a steed,
 And he is biding you indeed ; 1480
 And hath over-ridden all the plain ;
 He hath now turned him again."
 Gray-Steel then said, " Let him alone !
 This half-a-year hath not gone one,
 But either he should fight or flee, 1485
 Or else a token leave with me."
 The yeoman that the tidings brought,
 Said privily, " That would be nought :
 Thereon now dare I lay my life,
 Ere that he flee there shall be strife." 1490
 They brought Gray-Steel then forth a steed,
 Dressed him syne, and thither yeed.

Sir Gryme was standing all alone,
 Counsel to take he had not one :
 He heard beside him at his hand, 1495
 As it were great horsemen ridand ;
 He wont there had been mo than one,
 Looked, and saw but him alone !
 A ventrous knight full hardilie,
 Came dressed soon and readily ; 1500
 His gear was red as any blood,
 His horse of that same hew he stood :

And fra Sir Gryme of him got sight,
 He trowed well it was the knight,
 Defoul'd his brother Sir Eger ; 1505
 Then waxt he brim as any bare ;
 His spear before him could he fang,
 Suppose it was both great and lang ;
 And called right fast at Sir Gray-Steel ;
 Behind of it left never a deal, 1510
 And Gray-Steel called at Sir Gryme.
 As wood lyouns they wrought that time !
 The horse together they have set ;
 They missed not, but ever met.
 Sir Gryme hath stricken his enemy 1515
 Through curch and shield right twenty ply,
 Through habergeoun and actoun under,
 And clave the sheild all in sunder ;
 And he got never such a strake,
 Nor yet there might be few the make. 1520
 But he that did the dint lay on,
 He left no vengeance to the son ;
 For through the sheild he did him bare,
 Through vental and through foreshare,
 And so again through the actoun, 1525
 Through birnie and through habergeoun.
 The tees of the sadle down yeed,
 Or else he had born down his steed ;
 And als in two he clave his sheild,
 And bure him quite out of the field. 1530
 Wide open he lay on his back,
 But soon upon his feet he gat,
 And drew his sword, and thought to stand,
 And then Gray-Steel came at his hand.
 He might perceve then well Gray-Steel, 1535
 So be Sir Gryme right wonder weel :
 By his body and by his red,
 And by the countenance he made,

And by his course that he did run,
 That lightly he might not be won. 1540
 On horse he would no more sailyit,
 On foot he thought not for to failyit ;
 He drew his sword, and to him ran,
 Sir Gryme bure him off like a man.
 In old stories, he heard say, 1545
 That both in earnest and in play
 It were better who might it hint,
 Get the first strake, nor the last dint.
 Into his youth he learned had,
 Most craftily to weild his blade : 1550
 Of acward strokes he was richt slee,
 Of counter-casts, both low and hie :
 Sir Gryme thought not for all the haste,
 The first strake in vain to waste ;
 An acward stroak with all his pith, 1555
 He strake him while he groaned with ;
 Such a great dint he hath him tane,
 It prest the birnie through the bane :
 The sword out through the mantle share,
 Gray-Steel was wounded very sare ; 1560
 And such two stroaks in all his time,
 Gat he never as gave Sir Gryme.
 To failie he had little thought,
 He sought revenge if that he mought ;
 And he hath quite him with another, 1565
 That might have been that straks brother :
 He then upon his shoulder bane
 Such a sore dint he hath him tane ;
 The strake was of so great renown,
 He failied force, and settled down : 1570
 On that side he had lost his brand,
 Had he not kept the other hand ;
 Might Gray-Steel have had in that time,
 And set another on Sir Gryme,

I trow he had not all that night 1575
Come again in the lady's sight.
They strake this wise an hour and mare,
But not so fast as they did aire :
An hour and mare this wise they dang,
But never a word was them amang ; 1580
But their stiff swords, both bein and stout ;
While harness dang the edges out ;
Bodies they made both black and bla,
Like wood lycouns so fought they twa !
What for fighting and blood he bled, 1585
Gray-Steel was never so hard be-sted ;
And that perceivéd well Sir Gryme !
He hasted him in full good time,
And said, " Now yield thee now, Gray-Steel,
Or thou shalt never do so weel." 1590
Then lightly said he, " Thou shalt lie,
For to-morn thou shalt never see."
Gray-Steel was grievéd at that word ;
With both his hands he hint his sword,
And all the strength that he had lee'd, 1595
He set upon Sir Grahame his head :
He came never in such a thrist,
At both his ears the blood out brist :
He staggered on his feet, and stood,
Grievéd he was, and full of mood. 1600
Sir Gryme then with a noble brand
He strake on him with both his hand ;
Under the gorget got a girth,
And followed fast thereon with pith,
Quite thorow the throat soon did slide, 1605
And made a wound both deep and wide :
So wight in world was never none !
But where two meet them alone,
And depart without company,
One must win the victorie. 1610

Gray-Steel unto his death thus thraves ;
 He walters, and the grass updrawes ;
 His armes about him could he cast,
 He pulled herbes and roots fast :
 A little while then lay he still, 1615
 Friends that him saw liked full ill,
 And blood into his armour bright,
 For so he had full many dight.

In world there is no bale nor bliss,
 Or whatsoever that it is, 1620
 But at the last it will overgang,
 Suppose that many think it lang :
 This tale I tell by Sir Gray-Steel,
 That fortune long had led him weel ;
 While that he sembled with a knight, 1625
 That for his fellow came to fight.
 Now hath Sir Gryme done this good deed ;
 He looked where he left his steed ;
 The steeds together have they run,
 Fighting as they had first begun. 1630
 Sir Gryme raik'd to them full right ;
 He took them by the bridles bright,
 Stabled them soon, and made them stand ;
 The wine bottle he took in hand,
 He set it to his head and drank, 1635
 And said, " The lady 'serveth thank,
 For there was neither aile nor wine,
 That came to me in so good time."
 And then he came right soon again,
 Where that the knight was lying slain ; 1640
 And then his right hand off he took,
 Syne in a glove of plate it shook :
 The helms he might not turse them baith,
 But to choose he thought no skaith ;
 And so they might have gain'd him weel : 1645
 The one was gold, the other steel,

The better helm then he it took ;
 The hand within the glove he shook ;
 The shields he knat together fast,
 And over the sadle could them cast ; 1650
 Syne lap upon his fair red steed,
 His own into his hand could lead,
 And thereon he rade fair and hulie ;
 And from the castle came a skry :
 Men did he see both gang and rin, 1655
 To horse and weapons that might win :
 Ladys weeped right wonder sair,
 Rave all their courches and their hair,
 (Who oft times had been blyth and glad.)
 Bloody steeds when he them made : 1660
 For it was Gray-Steel his arming,
 His death should be no challenging.
 As then to them they spake right nought,
 Few words they said, but many thought.

It was well far within the night, 1665
 And yet, for all the haste he might,
 Ere that he came into the steed,
 Many one said the knight was dead !
 A boy came ganging to the door,
 Syne turned in upon the floor, 1670
 And said, " This is the samine knight,
 That rode away when day was light,
 And the steed he rode on his red,
 I trow that Sir Gray-Steel be dead !
 For such tokens came never again, 1675
 But he was either tane or slain.
 And soon they came to him again,
 Great gentle men and squyarie."
 Then to the ostler said the host,
 " Dress well the steeds, spare not for cost,
 Bed ye them well, and lay them soft ; 1681

Give to them meat, that they want nought,
 And what costs that ye do to tha,
 I shall it double and mends ma."
 They set a chair then to the knight, 1685
 And off they took his helm so bright :
 The helm of gold it was so gay,
 For it had been in hard assay,
 And stalwart straiques on it was stricken ;
 With great knowledge it was written, 1690
 For doughtie hands made it to fail,
 Had fourty straiques in it by tale.
 An hundred straiques withoutten mo,
 Was stricken in hardness also ;
 And they were of so great degree, 1695
 That it was wonder for to see,
 How any man might strick so fast,
 On weapons dure, and ever last ;
 Or lives could save that was then under :
 Of that good knight they had great wonder !
 But other things he had in thought, 1701
 What'er he thought, he spake right nought ;
 His journey was not brought to end,
 And he was loath for to be kend.
 He had rather his fellow at hame, 1705
 Had the worship and als the name.
 Then to the burgess can he say,
 " Good sir, one thing I would you pray,
 That ye would speed one thing by you."
 The burgess said, " Will ye me trow, 1710
 What ever it be you show me till,
 It shall be done at your own will."
 He said, " I harbored this last night
 With a good lord, the gentlest knight ;
 This day at morn I from him yeed, 1715
 I heght, if fortune with me stood,
 That I should be this night again ;

And I would keep my tryst right fain !
 Als I wot not but yon knights keen,
 May stabled be where mine horse been ; 1720
 And they will have some watch or spy,
 Where that I bide, or where I ly :
 If I do ly into plain land,
 And there a castle at mine hand,
 Where that I may received be, 1725
 And ought but good should happen me,
 It were too great reprove and shame
 To be discovered by my name.
 And I would fain be at the knight,
 Or his daughter, the lady bright ; 1730
 Of leeching craft she is right slee,
 I have great need of one to me !
 Into great peril am I nought,
 But I am sore, and all forfought !
 I pray you ye will with me gang, 1735
 Yon helm and sheild ye with you fang.”
 The helm and sheild he took him till,
 And went the way before him still.

When they came to the bower and door,
 There was no light upon the floor : 1740
 A folding boord was covered,
 And with white cloths laid upon it :
 Their supper dight, and to them brought,
 The lady sat and ate right nought,
 And neither would she eat or drink, 1745
 But ever on the knight did think ;
 Nor to her maidens would she speak,
 But sat so sad as maiden meek.
 A long while she sat in study ;
 And then she said right suddenly : 1750
 “ He that supper for is dight,
 He lyes full cold I trow this night !
 Thestreen to chamber I him led,

This night Gray-Steel has made his bed !
 It is great loss that he was sent 1755
 Upon Gray-Steel for to be spent ;
 For he was large of lyre and bone,
 And nourishing he wanted none.
 And I know well by his own tale,
 That he hath wrought without counsel, 1760
 His friends they may be right unfain,
 When that the word is to them gane,
 That such a tinsel they should tine ;
 For so would I if he were mine !
 As of my brother or my kine, 1765
 Or any quaintance had of him ;
 Me sore forethinks that the good knight
 Persued ever in my sight."

This did she say, and sighed sare,
 And then sate still, and spake no mare : 1770
 The knight heard all where that he stood,
 And thought the lady meaned good.
 Then to the burgess can he rown,
 And bade him speak in fair fashioun :
 The burgess call'd and to them spake, 1775
 The maiden answered, " Who is that ? "
 Because he was no man of state,
 She says, " What do ye here so late ? "
 The burgess said, " I would be in."
 The maiden said, " Ye may not win. 1780
 We close the door before the night,
 And open not while day be light.
 The keys unto the boord are born,
 We see them not till the next morn ;
 If ye would ought, go gang about, 1785
 Or stand and shew your charge without :
 To gang about there is no gate ;
 But first in at the Castle yate,
 Syne through a wicket there withall,

Ere any come to the maids hall." 1790
 The burgess knew the gate full well,
 And said, "Faith now, ye damosel,
 Ere I should go so far about,
 I will you tell my charge without :
 If ye will not let me in, 1795
 Here is a token then from him,
 Which was given the samen night,
 The wine bottle she gave the knight ;
 I will that she should understand,
 I have it here into mine hand. 1800
 A thing that she then to him spake,
 But he and she none should have that ;
 She said, "Ye knight of aventure,
 In press think on your paramour !"
 The lady said, "So have I feel, 1805
 I know the token wonder well,
 And if he be at inn with thee,
 And likes better than come to me,
 Let him alone, with Christ's blissing,
 For he shall have no send of mine." 1810
 The knight was red he should her grieve,
 And then he forethought without leave ;
 That he should on such matter mean,
 That they had spoken them between.
 He thought, and the fairlie he said, 1815
 And of her gaisting thanking maid.
 He said, "Lady, it was so late,
 And I was not kend with[in] the gate ;
 And for doubt I should gang aside,
 This made me for to have a guide." 1820
 Fra time she heard that he was there,
 Better content she was nor aire :
 There was no keyes there him to let,
 The door unclosed, wide open set ;
 And he came in right blythlie, 1825

She him received right thankfullie ;
 With right blyth chear and mouth laughand,
 She took him in by the right hand,
 And asked at him how he had farn ?—
 “ Well,” did he say, “ and sped my yarn : 1830
 To the token I have been there,
 The helm and sheild that he did bear,
 And his red steed of great renown,
 His gilt sadle is in the town :
 Another thing to mend your cheer : 1835
 His right hand glove is sent you here :
 Lady, perceive now, as ye stand,
 That in the glove there is an hand.”
 Then took she it right courteously,
 Syne gave it to the maiden by : 1840
 The maiden hath perceived soon,
 The glove was heavie, and not toom ;
 And for to look she thought reason,
 Opened the glove, the hand fell down ;
 It dropped at the lady’s foot, 1845
 The lady could upon it look ;
 She was joyfull for the knight’s dead ;
 The hand was griesly for to sead :
 She knew that hand came from the glove,
 Had slain her brother and her love. 1850
 Such old malice made her to mean ;
 She waxed cold, and syne to teen ;
 Her hew it changed pale and wan.
 The knight he well perceived than,
 That the lady was in distress, 1855
 And he thought ferly what it was :
 He said, “ Lady, why do ye so ?
 I thought this had been one of tho,
 For ye desired for to see,
 And ye heght some reward to me ; 1860
 And I have brought them in your sight,

Through grace of God and of his might !
 And ever I had mind of you,
 The land of Doubt when I rode throw !
 All that I heght have ye not dread." 1865
 "But, Sir," she said, "ye shall come speed.
 It shall be holden, and well mare,
 Ere that ye pass off this country fare ;
 Ye might have letten such go by ;
 What needs you to be so hasty ?"— 1870
 Then to the burgess can she speak ;
 She bade him wash, and go to meat.
 The burgess said, "I will go home,
 My menyie are biding each one."
 They brought the burgess bread and wine ; 1875
 When he had drunk, took his leave syne ;
 They closed the door soon at his back,
 And off the knight his gear can take.
 The lady was leech, and had skill,
 And spared not, but laid him till, 1880
 Both for the stang and for the stound,
 And also for his bloody wound ;
 She handled him as tenderly,
 As she had been his own lady :
 With handling of the lady bright 1885
 Swat sore so then the noble knight,
 That she beloved to try his will :
 "Ye have my truth, now there intill ;
 And in the bower while I do bide,
 For any thing that may betide, 1890
 I shall be at your bidding hail,
 And govern me at your counsel ;
 While ye be come to your estate,
 Whereto will ye make now debate ?
 For I heght you this hinder night, 1895
 If ye had hap to slay the knight,
 And force of fortune with you stood,

Then neither gold, nor yet should good,
 Nor nobleness, nor yet treasures,
 Or ought was mine, but it was yours. 1900
 But a fair tale it may be shown,
 Another in the heart be known !
 Falset is ay a fained friend,
 And cometh ay at the last end !
 But I trust well to Heaven's King, 1905
 I loved you above all thing.
 Doubtless I may not be put back,
 And in lawtie there is no lack :
 And, since I know your doughty deed,
 How ye have put yourself in dreed, 1910
 Through hardiness of heart and hand,
 Ye hurt him so he might not stand.
 The worst that ever rade or yeed,
 Through your counsel may think to speed !
 Your lawtie is above all other, 1915
 That ye had rather give your brother
 All the worship, and als the name,
 That lyes into his bed at hame."
 The Lady said, " By Heaven's King,
 Me marvels of your governing ! 1920
 That ye should pass off this countrie,
 And make your 'quantance but with me.
 If ye do so into this land,
 My friends they would do on each hand,
 And fairly wonder greatsumly, 1925
 For what ferlie it were, and why,
 That ye should have my love so well,
 Because your brother slew Gray-Steel !—
 Yea, do my counsel ere ye go,
 You shall acquaint you with some mo ; 1930
 My father is a man of might,
 Gentle and free to every knight ;
 When that he was in his youth age,

He was a man of stout courage,
 Forthy and forward in the field ; 1935
 But he is now bouden with eild,
 That he may not in his own feer
 Busk, nor yet ride in land of weer :
 But he is wise, and gentle free,
 A kinder shall ye never see ! 1940
 Fast and sicker of his tongue
 Both to the old, and eke the young :
 Fra he hath known your worthy deed, —
 How ye have put yourself in dreed,
 How worthily that ye have won, 1945
 And ye but young, and new begun,
 He will reward you, ere ye pass,
 Of reason, what ye will him as' :
 Whether ye would have gold or land." —
 The Knight said, " Nothing but your hand." 1950
 " Yea, then," she says, " it may well be ;
 If it be so, so it likes me !
 For he that hath my marriage,
 Shall have my father's heritage ;
 An hundred pound he may well spend 1955
 Of pennie meal, each year to end ;
 Withoutten wards or relesies,
 Great lords hold of him all their chiefs ;
 Earles and bishops, and als barrouns,
 And many royal Borrow towns : 1960
 Yea, and I shall have such gentrice !
 And work all whole at my device,
 Ye put upon you all your gear,
 As ye should ride in fair of weer ;
 And in a chair ye set you down ; 1965
 And my maidens, in their fashioun,
 Shall stand, and make you comforting ;
 And serve you both with spice and wine :
 And be you blyth, and make good chear !

I will go bring my father here, 1970
 And my dear mother the Countess,
 And shew to them of all the case ;
 To me and my mother, us two,
 I shall not kyth you to no mo."

Be that the Earle into the hall 1975
 Had supped, and his knights all ;
 They went in royalty to sing :

The Earle bethought him on a thing,
 How this young lord, Sir Garrentine,
 In arms that was both fresh and fine, 1980
 Was brought to dead upon a bier !

Soon after that, within a half-year,
 Sir Alistoun, that gentle knight,
 Who should have had the lady bright ; 1985
 And fra the time he caus'd her dy,

That was both might and als manly :
 For great man-hood and als nurtour,
 He might have been an emperour !

He had an host in governing,
 But Gray-Steel had such chance given ; 1990
 In world was never none so good,
 Had strength that yet against him stood.—

When that came to the Earle's thought,
 He left his play, and held it nought,
 And in the chamber walkt a space.— 1995

In came the Lady, fair of face,
 With laughing mouth and lovesome chear :
 He said, "Welcome, my daughter dear !

The comforter of all my care,
 Sen he is dead that was my fare ! 2000
 Mine heart is bound, and also broken,
 I am full wo while I be wroken !"

The Lady said to him again,
 "Sir, he that slayes, he will be slain !
 Therefore be blyth, and make good chear, 2005

For I am come with tydings here,
 To comfort you, and make you glad,
 That ye would passing fain have had !
 A man may covet many a year
 That may right hastily appear, 2010
 And he may soon have all his will ;
 That felloun freek, that was so fell,
 He lyes low, and is right cold,
 That right redoubted was and bold ;
 And the right ablest in his gear, 2015
 That ever rade with shield and spear !
 His helm of gold, that was so bright,
 It stands at my bed-side this night ;
 And the hand liggs upon my bed,
 That hath tane many wrongous wed." 2020
 The Earl asked, " Who did the deed ? "—
 The Lady said, " So God me speed,
 It is a quarter of a year,
 Sen that time that a knight came here,
 Right sore wounded with sword and knife, 2025
 Scantly was left in him his life :
 Yet I perceived by his affeer,
 He was a ventrous knight of weer ;
 And he had met with Sir Gray-Steel,
 As many did, and he might feel : 2030
 When I had seen that of the Knight,
 I held him in my bower all night,
 Dispoyled him of all his gear,
 Then the most wound that did him dear,
 My stones of vertue stemmed the blood ; 2035
 I made him salves both fine and good,
 They softed him, and made him sleep,
 And laid him down, and could him keep ;
 And in the dawning of the day,
 He bowned him, and made his way. 2040
 Fra that he would no longer bide,

Another salve to him I made,
 That lasted him a day or two ;
 A sark of silk I gave him to :—
 It is a quarter of a year, 2045
 Sen that time that the knight came here ;
 I heard him say, that came him fro,
 That he might neither ride nor go.”
 The Earl said to the Lady bright,
 “ When heard ye tidings of the knight ? ”— 2050
 “ From him thestreen there came another,
 And he is the samine knight’s brother,
 Came raiking to me, where I stood,
 And brought me tidings fair and good :
 Then hastily he shew to me 2055
 Beads of gold and broches three,
 The sark that I gave to the knight,
 And twenty pounds of pennies bright :
 Then, he said gladly if I might,
 I would be quanted with the knight. 2060
 And courteously he asked tythance,
 If that of him I had quantance.
 And when I asked after the knight,
 He said to me, by Mary bright,
 He lyes at home into my bed, 2065
 Right as I were with sickness led,—
 Kept in secret, and quietlie ;
 And I am come in this countrie,
 To see if he will be my brother,
 Send him one wed for another : 2070
 And will he not, by Heaven’s King,
 There shall men carp of our meeting !
 And I have credance of the knight,
 And held him in my bower all night ;
 And in the dawning of the day 2075
 He bowed him to his journey ;
 And right now is he come again,

And brought me word the knight is slain !
 And that made me this time come here,
 To comfort you, and make good chear ! 2080
 Now make your quantance with the knight,
 For he will ride ere day be light."

The Earle he would no longer stand,
 But took the Countess by the hand ;
 The Lady was as white as swan, 2085
 Before them to the bowr is gane.

The Knight before the chimney stood
 With right blyth countenance and good ;
 He took his helm into his hand,
 Hailed the Earl right reverand : 2090

The Lady brought the shield to see,
 The Earle then kneeled on his knee,
 Thanking the God of Heaven's King,
 And to the Knight attour all thing,—
 "On you be worship and honour ! . 2095

Of Fortune you have won the flower,
 So doughtily as ye have sailed,
 And that many thereof have failyed ;
 Therefore to God a gift I give
 Everlasting ! that, while I live, 2100
 It shall be yours ought that is mine."

The Lady made the Knight a sygne ;
 The Knight kneeled full courteouslie,
 And said, "Then, Lord, this young lady
 I will now ask her for my wage, 2105
 And have her into marriage."

The Countess said, "Methinks it right
 To give the maiden to the Knight,
 For his worship and his bounty,
 Give him the maid for honestie." 110

The Earl said, "If her own consent
 Be to the knight with good intent,
 Then needs not any mo witness.

None but the Earl and the Countess,
 And two maidens, right mild of mood ! 2115
 Against their wills, but for their good.
 The Earle he would no longer stand,
 But took his helm in his right hand :
 Then he shewed it into the hall,
 Into the court among them all ; 2120
 And they did know it wonder weel
 To be the helm of Sir Gray-Steel ;—
 Keaped the forrest and the green,
 And many times did it maintain.
 A knight asked “ Who hath him slain ? ” 2125
 The Earle he said to him again,
 A courteous knight hath won the field,
 And brought the helm home and the shield ;
 Hath left them with my daughter dear,
 At her own fang, in her harber : 2130
 And he is past in his own land,
 And tane the glove and the right hand.”
 They prayed all to Saint Gregory
 To send the knight good harberie.
 Then seven days that gentle Knight 2135
 Was lodged with the Lady bright ;
 And all easements he had there,
 That might serve for his own welfare.
 He warn'd the burgess on the morn,
 Bid bring the two steeds him beforne, 2140
 And have them ready ere the day,
 He would make no longer delay :
 But he would pass in his own land,
 With helm and glove, shield, and the
 hand.
 He takes his leave with lovesome chear 2145
 Syne at the Lady fair and clear,—
 ‘ Farewell, my love and my liking !
 I leave mine heart in your keeping ! ’

The Lady said, "Ye shall not tine,
If I have yours, ye shall have mine !" 2150

The burges rade forth with the knight,
While he might see to ride full right,
Through all the countrey but a guide,
And left him at the forrest side.
He spur'd the steeds, and did not spare, 2155
And rade out fourty miles, and mare :
While that it drew toward the night,
The passage lay out over an hight ;
He would not take the fell so late,
So far he came another gate. 2160

A burges had been at the fare,
In merchandise selling his wair,
A yeoman riding at his back,
A little boy driving his pack ;
The knight stood still, went not away : 2165
The burges was on an hacknay,
He hails'd the knight right reverently !
Then to the burges thus spake he :

"Wish me, good friend, if that ye can,
Where that I may get any man, 2170
Where I may find both corn and hay,
And stables for my steeds till day ;
And lodging for myself this night,
That I may have my steeds well dight ;
For I have ridden fast and sare, 2175
I dread the steeds they are the ware,
But they get meat and noble stand."

The burges said, "Here is at hand,
Will ye ride west, a little down
Under the fell, a little town. 2180

And ye may get both wine and aile,
And all kind 'of' wealth that ye can wail ;
And service both of man and knave,
And all easements that ye would have.

It draws late, and near the night, 2185
 A stranger man may ride unright ;
 I will pass with you when ye ride,
 Good sir, myself shall be your guide !
 We shall not twin while it be late,
 Then shall I put you in the gate." 2190

The burges is a man of might,
 And he rade talking with the knight ;
 He perceived well by his feir,
 He was a ventrous knight of weir ;
 And by his helm and by his shield, 2195
 That he had fought and won the field ;
 He call'd the man that by him stood :
 "Go ! hy thee home with all thy mood,
 And see that there be ready dight
 A royal supper for the knight : 2200
 This is a knight of aventour,
 To me it were a great honour,
 In company sen we are met,
 That I had him in my reset ;
 For we must now wit, ere we pass, 2205
 Into what countrey that he was ;
 Where he was born, and what degree,
 Or in what land that he would be."

The yeoman sped him to the town,
 And swyth he caus'd lay the pokes down ; 2210
 Call'd the good-wife in privilie :
 "The good man pray'd you tenderlie,
 To see that there be ready dight
 A royal supper for the knight :
 His court is but inquietie, 2215
 A gentleman he seems to be."
 The good-wife says, "It shall be done,
 Go ! speed you to the kitchin soon."
 Of cookerie she was wonder slee,
 And maked all as it should be ; 2220

Good beef and mutton to be broo,
 Dight spits, and then laid rosts too,
 Both of wild fowles, and als of tame ;
 Of each good thing they wanted nane.
 The burgess said, " I have sons fair, 2225
 Two are great clerks, and great of lare ;
 The eldest is a young merchand,
 He is right fair, and weel farrand."
 They bade the hall soon should be dight,
 And a fair fire was burning bright, 2230
 And then belyve they set up light,
 To keep the coming of the knight.

As they were entered in the town,
 The burgess said in fair fashoun :
 " It shall not turn you to your skaith, 2235
 I have an inn may serve us baith,
 Will ye vouchsafe to pass with me,
 To take such a simple harberie !
 We shall not twin, sir, all this night."
 Greatsumly thanked him the knight : 2240
 The fairest inn in all the town,
 Before the yate they lighted down ;
 Two yeomen came out of the hall,
 When that they heard the burgess call.
 Each one of them hath tane a steed, 2245
 A boy syne to the hekney yeed ;
 Then to the burgess could he say,
 " Good sir, while it be near the day,
 Ye must these steeds both look and see,
 And for to govern them and me." 2250
 The burgess said, " It shall be done,
 And bad they should be stabled soon.
 Dight ye them well while it be day,
 And bed them soft where they do lay :
 Feed them right well with hay and corn, 2255
 Make them good chear untill the morn,

And ye shall have none other meed,
 But I shall quite you all your need."
 The clerks they came and bare in light,
 Past to the hall before the knight, 2260
 Took off his gear, and laid it by ;
 The eldest brother yeed on hy,
 And brought in soon a stowp of wine,
 With baken meat and spices fine,
 While that the supper it was dight. 2265
 The spice and wine then drank the knight,
 For he had been in travel long ;
 Then fell a talking them among :
 Then, at the burgess could he speer,
 " Whom off have ye your holding here ? 2270
 Whether of earle, lord, or barroun,
 Of bishop, or of king with crown ?"
 " He is an earle that ought this town,
 And holds it in possession."
 The knight, he says, " Where wins his hold ?"
 The burgess said, " As I have [bin] told, 2276
 Betwixt the forrest and the sea,
 In Galias, that great cuntrye."
 When he heard tell of Galias,
 Then thought he on of Lillas, 2280
 That was ay worthy, ware and wise,
 And joyned full of great gentrice.
 Be that the even supper was dight,
 Boords covered and set on light.
 Then the goodwife made thē good chear, 2285
 And said, " Ye are all welcome here :
 I pray you take it as your own,
 For of your quantance I am fain."
 When they had eaten, they drew the cleas ;
 The clerks they stood and said the grace ; 2290
 Then brought they water to the knight ;
 While it was bed time of the night,

They carped, and drank of the wine,
They had him to a chamber syne.
Then said the knight to the burgess, 2295
“ I pray you, Sir, of your gentrice,
That ye will rise before the day,
And put me forward in the way :
If ever ye come where that I dwell,
I shall quite you of your travel ! ” 2300
The burgess said, “ So mot I thrive,
Although your charge were greater five,
I should be further in that I might.”
Greatsumly thanked him the knight.
He bade the yeoman he should not sleep, 2305
For they had two steeds for to keep,
But to wake him before the day,
And put him forward in the way ;
And laid the sheild upon the soar,
And then he rode the knight before ; 2310
Himself lap on upon his own.
The worst of them might well have gone
For king, or bishop, or baron ;
For they were steeds of great renown.
The burgess rode on his hakney, 2315
And rade before to guide the way.
Thus rade they but two miles or three,
Before it was day light to see ;
And when the light of day was plain,
The burges said, “ I will again ; 2320
Now may ye ride where ever ye will,
I pray God keep you from all ill.”
The knight he said, “ Farewell, adieu !
Trust ye right well, I shall be true.”
Sir Gryme, when he saw the West-land,
And great mountains on his right hand, 2326
Both daes and raes down and red,
And harts, ay casting up their head ;

Bucks that brayes, and harts that bells,
 And hynds running into the fields ; 2330
 And he saw neither rich nor poor,
 But moss, and ling, and bare wild moor.
 So it was then four days and mare,
 Ere he could win to Sir Eger,
 Who lived into great distress, 2335
 Byding at home in longsomeness.

Then came he home within the night,
 And no man got of him a sight,
 Nor young, nor old, into that place,
 While that he came to the palace : 2340
 He past into the chamber than,
 Sir Eger was right wonder fain ;
 For nothing was into that time,
 Could be more welcome than Sir Gryme.
 Pallias then with little din, 2345
 He privily took the steeds in,
 Ere any day was dawning light.
 Then said Sir Gryme unto the knight,
 " Now arm you soon in right effeir : "—
 And he put on Sir Gryme his gear. 2350
 Sir Gryme into the bed down lay,
 Then to Pallias could he say,
 " Into the hall go ye right swyth,
 And see that if the Earle be blyth."
 Then he is at his bidding gane, 2355
 He went full soon, and came again ;—
 And said, " The Earle has gone to meat,
 With lords and ladies that are sweet ;
 The Earle served us of his bread : "—
 Sir Gryme says, " Now, it is my reid, 2360
 That ye shall pass into the hall,
 And show to them their tokens all,—
 And though that fair young lady
 Would come, and kiss you courteously,

Keep no kindness to her now, 2335
 And love her as she loveth you."
 The knight he went, and would not cease,—
 Laid down the jewels on the dease,
 Hailsit the Earle and the Countess,
 And barrons, that full worthy was, 2370
 And ladies, quyet as any faine :
 Then courteously rose fair Winliane—
 But he did hold his head on hight ;
 She kneel'd, and would have kist the knight ;
 She laid her hands about his hals.— 2375
 He said, " Lady, will I be false ?
 For I may no ladies' mouth kiss,
 Untill I come where my lady is :
 I am but a simple batcheler,
 And may not be to you a peer ; 2380
 We may then choose, and let all go,
 To win a friend, and tine a fo :—
 I will not say all that I think,
 As ye have brew'd, so shall ye drink."—
 And then she would no longer pine, 2385
 And to the chamber to Sir Gryme ;
 But she said, " My lord, Sir Eger,
 Is none in world to me so dear,
 At me he is grieved greatly,
 And I wot not wherefore nor why : 2390
 He was never christned with salt
 That could on me set any fault,
 In open or in privitie,
 But that I tarryed cruellie,
 And that I was not in grief nor spite ; 2395
 But lawfully I may that quite,
 Whether he would in church or queer."
 The Lady wept, and made ill chear.
 Sir Gryme he said, " Let be, Madam,
 For he tells in his coming hame, 2400

That he had spyed a lady gent,
 A brighter bride, with browes brent,
 That is as great of kin and blood ;
 And als for riches, by the Rood,
 She is of lordship and of land ; 2405
 For ought that I can understand,
 She is the best for his behove ;
 He sets but lightly of your love !
 Your foolish words have made him turn ;
 I think no marvel that ye murn ; 2410
 And [now] either come in reverence
 Before the court in his presence,
 While he forgive you heartfully,
 Or else leave off, and let him be,
 And take him as your fellow fo, 2415
 Syne love another, and let him go.”
 Sir Eger came into that time,
 And found the Lady with Sir Gryme :
 And he said forth right hastily,
 The words that griev'd him greatsumlie : 2420
 “ The swiftest hound that ever was made,
 May run so far into a stade,
 Will suffer, ere he come to lake,
 A simple hound the game to take :
 I say this by you now, Sir Gryme, 2425
 Ye were full wise to wite your time ;
 And I have, for the Lady's love,
 Suffered the shame and great reprove,
 And been in journeys her to please,
 And ye have bidden at home in ease, 2430
 Will brook her now, and her ladies two,
 Wherefore mine heart is wonder wo ;
 And, when your marriage is made,
 Then would ye go into that stade.
 I pray you, for your courtesie, 2435
 That ye would ride in towns with me ;

A lady I shall show you than,
Is gaining for a greater man."

The Lady waxed wo and pale,
When that she heard him tell that tale ; 2440
And that perceived wonder well,
Pallias and her damesell.

They took the Lady, led her away—
Sir Gryme to Sir Eger could say :
" Sir ! let be your light language, 2445
Yon lady is of high barnage,
And great of kin and heritage,
And all mastrie of her linage ;
And lowlie she makes you entreat,
And ye bear you again too great : 2450
Yet I do counsel you to bow,
And love the Lady that loveth you."

The Knight lay still, and spake no more :
The Lady sighed, and sowned sore
Into the bower upon her bed ; 2455

Pallias then he him forth sped,
And said to him, " Yon Lady clear
Is like to buy your love full dear :
She is in soun ay sen she went ;
Ye have great sin if she be spent : 2460
Go, comfort her for Christ his sake,
And mean that ye should be her make."

Sir Gryme he said, " Not all this night,
Come shall he in the Lady's sight ;
For, when he was most in disease, 2465
She would do nothing him to please.
Her words hath grieved him fare more
Nor hurt, nor harm, nor any sore."

¶ Soon after that, upon a day,
Sir Gryme to Sir Eger could say, 2470
" Pass on the morn as ye were wont,
Unto the forrest for to hunt ;

And if ye may get any bread,
 Pallias he shall your hounds lead :
 This hundred winter saw ye none 2475
 From hunting get such welcome home."
 And in the dawning of the day,
 He bowned him in right array,
 With twenty mo then I can tell,
 And caught a kid before the fell. 2480
 He sought the forrest far and near,
 Brake at an hart, and slew a deer,
 And a great hart with many [a] tynd,
 A dae, a buck, and so an hynd :—
 But good Sir Gryme at home could bide,
 Past to the Lady the samine tyd : 2486
 He said, "Right many works, Madam,
 Do serve good thanks, and yet gets nane,
 And so I do, both late and air,
 Betwixt you now and Sir Eger : 2490
 Thestreen he said, that he would ride,
 And I have treated him to byde ;
 But neither can I tell how lang,
 Nor yet how soon, that he will gang ;
 And either buy his love this day, 2495
 Or else let him alone for ay :
 Go, warn the ladyes white as lake,
 To make some work now for your sake,
 And als ye charge them of the town,
 That they meet in procession 2500
 Fairlie and in good fashioun.
 Then meet him at his lighting down,
 And I shall come, and stand you by,
 Give to my counsel tenderly ;
 And mend you all, if that I may, 2505
 I shall what I can do or say."

She met him at his lighting down
 Before the whole procession,

She kneeled low down upon her knee ;—
 Then said Sir Gryme full courteously, 2510
 “ This Lady, that is white as lake,
 Hath made great work, Sir, for your sake,
 And courteously forgive her clear,
 This hundred winters saw ye neir ;
 Nor shall ye see such procession, 2515
 Betwixt the castle and the town.”

Into his armes soon he her caught ;
 And trow ye well that was soon fought :
 For both their hearts they were so light,
 As ever falcon was of flight. 2520
 Then to the Prieur of the town,
 A worthy man of great renown :
 “ Where ever I travel, air or late,
 I wrought wisely, not as a blate :
 For we will now no longer sin.”— 2525
 The Earle he called on Sir Gryme
 And other barrons great of might,—
 “ Pass on your way all with the knight,
 And maidens with the lady bright.”
 Be it was twelve hours of the night, 2530
 They married them in rich array ;
 And for twelve days they made a cry—
 They cryed a banquet for to stand,
 With the great gentles of the land,
 All would come to that seneyorie, 2535
 And knights to honour that lady ;
 And all that liked, far and near,
 To eat and drink, and make good chear ;
 To comfort them, and make them glad,
 Minstrels they play'd as they them bade. 2540

¶ Soon after that, upon a day,
 Sir Gryme could to Sir Eger say,
 “ I thought I had a little thing,
 To purpose if I might it bring :

We shall be fellowes as for ay." 2545
 Sir Eger said, "It shall be swa ;
 For here I vow to God of might,
 I shall never come in that sight,
 Nor ye too low, nor I too hie,
 But ye shall be as good as me ; 2550
 Where ever ye eat, or where ye ly,
 For all kind thing that ever may be ;
 And well arrayed in all kind of thing,
 To make good service for a king."
 Sir Gryme said, "I have made a band 2555
 To pass again into yon land,
 And I may not but perceiving.
 Would ye say to your lady ying,
 That ye live here in lasting pain,
 While ye go to yon land again ?" 2560
 Soon after that, then, Sir Eger
 Said to Winliane, the lady clear,
 "Madame ! I am under a vow,
 My counsel I must take of you ;
 Me think I live in lasting pain, 2565
 While I go to yon land again."
 Sir, then, she says, "There is no need
 Ye put yourself in such a dread,
 Send ye Sir Pallias your brother,
 Ye love him better than another ; 2570
 He shall have gold enough to spend,
 And men of armes him to defend ;
 He is an hardie man and wight."
 Sir Eger said, "He is too light,
 He loves too well to sit at wine, 2575
 That man's travel is eith to tine.
 But, if ye would that I should bide,
 Go, treat Sir Gryme for me to ride :
 If he will pass into that land,
 And take my charge upon his hand." 2580

And she would bide no longer syne,
But sent a squire to Sir Gryme :
“ My Lord hath made a sober band,
To pass again into yon land ;
In the countrey he slew the knight, 2585
But though a man be never so wight,
He should not pass in perils ay,
And I should fain he bade away.”
Sir Gryme then said, “ Get me a knight,
And fifty squires both bold and wight, 2590
And I shall pass in that countrey,
And make him of all charges free.”
They gave a knight, that heght Sir Hew,
An hardie man, both wise and true ;
Then the fourth day they made them bown,
They took their leave, and left the town. 2596
Through the West-land full right they rade,
And at the burgess inn they bade,—
Before where they took herberie
With all their court and company. 2600
He received them right reverendly ;
But they knew not that it was he :
He said, “ Sir burgess, where are ye bown ? ”
The burgess said, “ Unto this town ;
And als he said, I have an hall, 2605
Both wine and ale to serve you all.”
The knight he said, “ Ken ye not me ? ”
The burgess said, “ So mot I the,
I saw you not before this night,
But that you seem a courteous knight.” 2610
“ Once I caus'd you travel right late,
And came my errand in your gate.
I shall it quite, and all your meeds,
And for the stabling of the steeds.”
Then knew the burgess it was he, 2615
And kneeled down upon his knee ;

And swore by Jesus, Heaven's King,
 "I am right glad of your coming
 With such a court and company,
 And right so will my lady be." 2620
 "See that ye make this court good chear ;
 Let no man wit that we are here,
 Not for a finger of mine hand,
 That ever ye saw me in this land."
 He past to his wife from the knight, 2625
 And bade her soon a supper dight :
 He says, "There is come to this town
 A pretty court, and lighted down ;
 Of them there is but knights two,
 And fifty squires, and no mo : 2630
 A little boy upon a steed ;
 But in no country that I ride,
 Saw I never in land or sea
 A more cleanlier companie :
 In all Gallias is not such ten, 2635
 As they be fiftie gentle-men.
 The knight, that is their master-man,
 In all the haste I may or can,
 Bade me that I should come to you,
 And tell, that ye might right well trow, 2640
 That this is he, the samine knight,
 That rode home by the day was light ;
 When that I stabled the steeds tway,
 And then I guided him the way :
 He says, That he will be your guest, 2645
 When he hath put his court to rest."
 She said, "Speed thee with all thy meed,
 To comfort them, and make them glad ;
 And chamber them as they should be."
 They brought the knight on privilie, 2650
 Where he met with the lady clear :
 He said, "My sovereign and my dear,

How fare ye sen I went you fro?"

"Well, Sir," she said; "Have ye done so?"

And your two maidens, myld of mood? 2655

(They becked low, and by him stood,)

And if I live a year to end,

To your marriage I shall you mend,

And fourty pound shall be the least,

For your good will and your request." 2660

'They covered boords all of new,

Brought spiced meats of noble hew,

All dainties into dishes dight,

To the lady and to the knight.

Thus sate the lady and the knight, 2665

While that ten hours was of the night,

Sitting at their collation :

Then to a chamber are they bown,

Whereas she made the knight to ly ;

Her self went in a chamber by. 2670

And on the morn, at service time,

The burgess came to see Sir Gryme ;

Said, "Graith you, Sir, and make you bown,

To go to service in the town !

The Earle is come unto service, 2675

And all his houshold, more and less ;

The Countess, that is much of might,

And fair Lillias, the lady bright."

Sir Gryme met him upon the street,

And fiftie squyers upon their feet, 2680

Kneeling right low upon their knee,

Which was a seemly sight to see ;

Hailsed then the Countess clear

And other ladies fair of feir.

So did Sir Hew the gentle knight, 2685

The Countess, and her maidens bright.

The ladies, that were white as lake,

Kissed the squyers all for his sake.

The Earle called upon a knight,
 Bade see the dinner should be dight 2690
 For all his court and company,
 For I will bring them all with me.
 Then after service went to meat ;
 And as soon as the Earle was set,
 And the Countess that is much of might, 2695
 Then sate Lillias, the lady bright ;
 I wot they marshal'd her full right
 With Sir Gryme that noble knight ;
 Sir Hew upon the other side,
 With him a lady of much pride. 2700
 Thus they were altogether set,
 Even at the board to eat their meat.
 The Earle was served in his state,
 With cup and piece of golden plate ;
 And all was silver, dish and spoon ; 2705
 The emperor or pope of Rome
 Might have rung in such royaltie
 This same day in their mangerie.
 Then twentie days, the knight caus'd cry,
 Into that land that he should ly, 2710
 If any would in peace or weer
 To come in plain, and prove his gear,
 They should find him there ready bown,
 And fiftie squyers in the town ;
 Or yet a knight to bear a tale, 2715
 To just, if any would assail.

¶ Then wrote Sir Gryme to Sir Eger,
 The burges him the letter bare ;
 He bade him he would pass the fell,
 And in no cuntrye he should dwell, 2720
 Nor rest him in no kind of realm,
 While he came in the land of Bealm.
 Fra Sir Eger heard of Sir Gryme,
 Was like a lord in such a fine ;

Soon in haste he caus'd be dight 2725
An hundred men in armes full bright ;
And of them there was but knights two,
And landed men many of tho :
There was no yeomen men but ten,
For all the rest were landed men. 2730
The burges, then, that was their guide,
For all the haste that he could ride,
It was late ere he lighted down
On the first night in his own town,
Rested them well while the morn, 2735
And fed their horses with bread and corn ;
And then upon another day,
Dyned ere they would pass away :
Through the ryot then that they made,
And the long time they there bade ; 2740
That night they went to the Garrace,
And harber'd in another place,
Right late upon the water down,
Twelve myles it is by west the town.
The burgess he had an inne there, 2745
And made them all right well to fare.
And by ten hours was of the day,
To Garrace town upon a way,
Sir Gryme was bowning to a play,
And all his men in good array, 2750
With helm and shield, and spear in hand,
Upon a gentle steed steerand,
And fifty squyers bold and wight :
Then said the burgess to the knight,
“ Yon are men, Sir, of your countrie, 2755
Riding adventures for to see ;
They govern them in good manner,
And have done, ay, sen they came here.”
Sir Eger came into such feir,
And was so glittring in his gear ; 2760

Came ne'r none such in that realm,
 As was the gentle-men of Bealm.
 And fra Sir Eger got a sight
 Of Lillias, the lady bright,
 He lighted down, and left his steed, 2765
 And to her on his feet he yeed,
 And hailed her right reverently ;
 And he knew not the Earle was by ;
 And that perceived well Sir Gryme :
 To Sir Eger he past that time. 2770
 " While I be quick, or yet be dead,
 Either for friendship or for fead,
 Our company shall be as true,
 As first when we began of new."
 Then sent he forth on every hand 2775
 His messengers to warn the land,
 That all should semble far and near,
 Bishops, abbots, both monk and freir ;
 There was then, at his lighting down,
 Four hundred in procession, 2780
 That were men of religion,
 Singing for him devotion.

¶ When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Sir Eger lovèd him by-lave,
 And said, " In faith, so God me save, 2785
 I am too ill to be your knave,
 And that was for his doughty deed :
 For when I was into most need,
 With that great campion Gray-Steel
 Both sore vanquisht and wounded ill ; 2790
 He armed me then with such gear,
 And caus'd me gang in fained feir,
 To take my leave into the hall ;
 Then past I forth before them all ;
 And when he bade me keep mine hand, 2795
 I had rather than all your land,

He might had fortune to long age,
For he was still in full courage.
Your words they grieved me so sare,
They brought me in sorrow and care, 2800
Behoved me for to ly down :
But he was bold, and ready bown !
He past stoutly on aventour,
And wan me worship and honour,
And slew Gray-Steel for all his might. 2305
Syn privily, upon a night,
He brought me home both helm and hand,
Which wan me you and all your land ;
Wherefore it shall example be,
To all that shall come after me, 2810
Both poor and rich, I let you wit,
That I all company shall quit ;
It shall go with him to the eird,
That he hath won with knife and sword,
The honour he shall never tine, 2315
He was so good in governing !
I make it known to good and ill,
It was Sir Gryme that slew Gray-Steel !”—
Then said Winliane the lady this,
“ Then, he shall have away the prise, 2320
The worship it is with him gane ;
Now may I live in lasting pain !
I should never have made you band,
Ye should never have had mine hand,
And ye should never have been mine, 2325
Had I kend it had been Sir Gryme !”
Thus she was so set all to ill,
As wanton women change their will :
Amongst thousands there is not one
Can govern them but wit of none. 2830
Into her hand she took a book,
And to God’s mercy she her took,

And left the fair lordship of Bealm,
 And thought to live upon her seam.
 ¶ Now, Sir Eger thought, upon a time, 2835
 Upon himself and on Sir Gryme :
 He bowned him with shield and spear
 On God his foes to fight in weer.
 To Rome he went the ready gate,
 And was assalyed by the Pape ; 2840
 Then to the Rhodes he took his way,
 And there was captain years tway :
 He discomfeit a set battel ;—
 Thirty thousand were told by tale,
 For twenty thousand dyed there. 2845
 A better man than Sir Eger,
 Was not counted that day to live,
 So good in fight, by other sithe,
 Then he discomfeit in years tway ;
 By that Winliane was laid in clay. 2850
 He took his leave, and passed hame,
 Lillias had [no] husband tane ;
 And so they lived at good concord ;¹
 Of her lands she made him Lord,
 And he made her Lady of his ; 2855
 A bishop made a band of bliss,
 And wedded them both with a ring :
 I pray to Jesus, Heaven's King
 To grant them grace, and good to spend,
 And love ay while their latter end ! 2860

¹ Old copy reads :—

' Lillias had husband tane,
 And they lived at so good concord.'

But it is evident that Sir Eger married her, after the death of the other lady, on his return from the Crusades.

Finis.



The History of a Lord and his Three Sons.

THIS "delectable little history" is taken from a copy which the Editor has, said to be "Newly corrected for the use of Schools," and printed in the year 1708; compared with another three years earlier in date, formerly in the possession of Archibald Constable, Esq., and now in the library at Britwell. There are previous editions to either of these, namely, one printed at Glasgow in 1695 in the Huth Collection, from George Daniel's Library, and another from the Edinburgh press, 1698, both, like those of 1705 and 1708, in small 8vo.

The reader will observe that several allusions are made here to what *the author says*, although no author's name is mentioned. But there can be no difficulty in tracing its resemblance to the latter portion of the favourite story of Fortunatus, which has been naturalised in most languages, and was probably of a Scandinavian origin.¹ It was first made known to the English reader by Thomas Churchyard, a noted and very voluminous writer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who professes to have translated it from the Dutch,—probably the High-Dutch or German. In some parts, however, the story approaches nearer to the tale of Jonathas, of which Browne,² the English Pastoral Poet, has introduced, in his "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614, Occleve's beautiful version of the tale of "King Darius' Legacy to his three Sons," from the "Gesta Romanorum."³

From whatever source the anonymous writer may have derived his version of the "History of a Lord and his Three

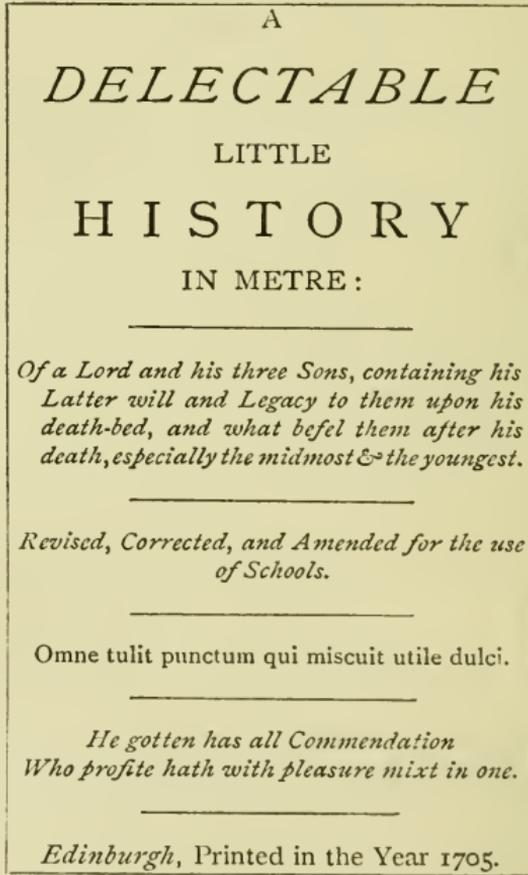
¹ Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, Edin. 1814.

² Browne's Works, by Hazlitt, ii. 178-191.

³ Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 390.
Warton's English Poetry, edit. Hazlitt, i. 276-277.

Sons," it is quite evident that he has exhibited no great skill in his adaptation of this popular story "for the use of Schools;" but there are so few compositions of this kind known, as to make it worthy of preservation, notwithstanding its slender claims in point of merit.

The following is the title-page of the edition above mentioned: ¹



¹ This edition is in 16mo, pp. 24, printed in a very small letter. The other copy, which is almost a literal reprint, retaining all the errors, and adding a few others, extends to pp. 36. The only difference in the title-page is the last line, that reads,

"Edinburgh, Reprinted in the year 1708."

A Delectable little History of a Lord and his three
Sons in metre.



HEAR Auditors a noble tale,
This writing shews it wondrous well :
And as mine Author doth record,
Upon a time there was a Lord
Of high renoun and of degree, 5

Had no bairns but only Sons three.
This noble Lord of high parentage,
Throw cruel sickness he died of age ;
And th' end of his life nearhand by,
This Lord on death-bed could he ly ; 10
This noble Lord withouten mair
Said, " Fetch to me my Son and Heir."
Who came to him right hastilie,
And hailsit him right reverentlie ;
He said, " Dear Father ! how do ye ? " 15
" What man of craft thinks thou to be ? "
The Child answered his Father till,
" What ye command I shall fulfil ;
And here I make a most great vow,
That to your bidding I shall bow." 20
The Lord answered his Son theretil,
" My broad bennison I leave thee still,
And all my lands after my days."
The Lord unto his Son he says,
With heart and mouth to him did say, 25
" A rig I will not put away :
Be meek and good, and on the poor do rew,
And to the King see thou be ever true ;
Devout to God, with true humilitie, 29
And without doubt the great God will defend thee ;
Keep honour, faith, and thy lawtie,
And my broad bennison I leave thee :

Strive thou thy life for to amend,
 God will give thee a blessed end.
 Thy mid-most brother thou send to me, 35
 That I may counsel him trulie."

The mid-most Brother was nearhand by,
 Came to his Father right speedily,
 And hailsit him right reverentlie :
 He said, " Father ! how now do ye ?" 40
 He said, " My Son, as pleases God,—
 For here I have not long abode."

" What have ye left me that ye will give ?
 How think ye, Father, that I should live ?
 I am your Son as well as he, 45
 Ye might have left some part to me."

His Father said, " I'le not permit
 Thee of my lands to brook a bit ;
 Thy eldest brother shall them brook,
 I would he thee in service took : 50

Serve him with all the craft thou can ;
 He shall thee hold a gentleman,
 Both in horse, cloathing, and in gear."
 The Son said, " Not I, here I do swear !
 Serve him, Wherefore ? or yet for Why ? 55
 He is your Son and so am I.

I'll not serve him though he were wood ;
 Fellow right fain is wondrous good !
 At him I think nothing to crave,
 My part of land I think to have, 60
 And all that will take part with me,
 Either in part or privitie."

The Lord answer'd, " Thou ne're was wise,
 Thou mayst not come to such a prise ;
 Strive not to that thou has no right, 65
 And to debate thou hast no might ;
 Yet, Son, I think thee not to tine ;
 Take thou that Purse, both good and fine,

It hath a vertue I let thee wit,
 As oft thou puts thy hand in it, 70
 A ducat of gold thou shalt find there,
 Take forth and thou shalt spend the mair ;
 Then thou may be a man of might."

The young man leugh, and went out right,
 And of the purse he was right fain. 75

When he his brother meets on the plain ;
 He says, " Brother ! thou stays too long,
 Go thou in time for fear of wrong ;
 For I have here into mine hand,
 That's worth an Earldom of land. 80

What our Father had far or near,
 All is disponed, both land and gear."

The youngest said, " I care not by.

My Father's life rather had I
 Nor all the land, and gear alswa, 85
 Betwixt the Heaven and Earth this day."

" Sore sick is he, and wondrous woe,
 That thou art thus so far him fro."

" God grant me his benison ere he die."

He ran to him right hastilie, 90
 And hailsit him right reverentlie ;
 And said, " Father ! how do ye ?"

" Right sick and feeble, and like to die ;
 My death draws near, as thou may see."

He says, " My Son, draw near and hear, 95
 Give me thy heart, my Son so dear !

The same blessing I leave to thee
 That Christ left unto mild Marie.

Son ! I can leave thee no more here,
 All is disponed, both land and gear.— 100

What man of craft thinks thou to be ?"

" A clerk to learn till that I die :

I you beseech, my Father, in haste,
 My eldest brother you would request

To find me books, and also claise, 105
 That I may learn my God to please."
 The Lord answered him right until ;
 " My eldest son shall that fulfil ;
 For I perceive well by thy face,
 That thou art born to meikle grace. 110
 But, Son, I think thee not to tyne,
 Take thou that Mantle good and fine :
 It's better to thee than gold or land ;
 The vertue none does understand ;
 Cast it about thee when ever thou will, 115
 And thir words say the Mantle until,
 ' God, and my Mantle, and my wish,
 If I were in the place, wherever it is ;'
 Wherever thou wishes for to be,
 Thou shalt be there right speedilie ; 120
 Were it a thousand miles and mair,
 Into a clap thou shalt be there :
 Pass with my blessing, I leave thee it,—
 To God I recommend my sp'rit."
 ¶ When he was dead and laid in bear, 125
 Of his Sons guiding you shall hear.
 The eldest was a noble Lord,
 Keeped his Lands in good concord :
 The youngest Son keeped the school :
 The mid-most Brother play'd the fool ; 130
 The Purse made him so high and nice,
 He set his Brother at little price ;
 He grew so proud and wanton than,
 That he misknew both God and man :
 He had more men at his command, 135
 Nor had the Lord that aught the land ;
 He was so wanton of gold and treasure,
 Defiled women above all measure.
 While it fell once upon a day,
 In uncouth land he would assay 140

Fair women for pleasure to fang :
 In his countrie he thought so lang.
 No stay for him, he made travail,
 That he saw ships drest for to sail ;
 Syne went to sail with his mengie, 145
 Till he came to a far countrie.
 They sail'd the day, they sail'd the night,
 Till of a land they got a sight,
 The whilk was called fair Portugal ;
 There they landed withouten fail, 150
 And all his mengie at his back,
 Ready him service for to mak.

The King he had a daughter fair,
 Had no more bairns, she was his heir ;
 He marvell'd who durst be so bold, 155
 That in his countrie enter would,
 Withouten seeking any leave !
 The whilk thing did the King much grieve :
 " I will pass to him, (says he,) and speir,
 Why they are come, I will require : 160
 If they be noble men of blood,
 They will give me an answer good."
 Yet at that time he did not pass,
 But charged another that readier was,
 Bade his Daughter go on her way, 165
 Bring him sure word what ever they say.
 She passed quickly thorow the street,
 And with the young man could she meet :
 He halsit her right reverentlie,
 Syne kneeled low down on his knee, 170
 And said, " Princess, I you besseek,
 As ye are maiden mild and meek,
 That ye would grant me and my men
 Here to remain nine weeks or ten ;
 Mine own goods here onlie to spend, 175
 Till we see farder, ere we wend ;

And afterward you service make
 With heart and hand, if you will take."
 She says, "Right welcome shall ye be
 Both to my Father and to me : 190
 Pass throw the countrie as ye think best,
 And spend your goods while they may last."
 She called a Squire of great renown,—
 "Go, convoy them out throw the town ;"
 And swa departed she and he, 195
 Both blyth and glad as they might be,
 Swa long as they bade in the town.
 When it was time, they made them bown,
 Spendand and wastand verie fast :
 Till so it chanced at the last, 190
 The King himself great marvel had,
 That coinzie show him if he wad,
 Where that he got that kind of gold,
 That such like was not on the mold ;
 He spended so both late and air 195
 His gold that was pleasant and fair.
 Ilk piece thereof he had in hand
 Did weigh two duckats, I understand.
 The King himself was not so fed,
 Nor yet so courtlie-like beched, 200
 As was that man of great renown,
 While he remained in the town.
 And yet I never saw his maik,
 For all his gold was of one straik ;
 He got none of it, I understand, 205
 Sen he came first into this land ;
 Where could he get that kind of gold,
 That he spends so upon the mold ?
 Sen he came here what he has spended :
 And what he has it is not ended." 210
 Right so anone the Lady fair,
 Who was the King's daughter and heir,

She trow'd he was some prince or king
 Was now come to her in wooing :
 He was but a bairnlie young man, 215
 That could not speak his own erran'.
 She went to him right hastilie,
 Requested him right reverentlie,
 He would come in her Father's yett,
 That better traitment he might get, 220
 And in his companie bring not ane ;
 So blyth he was of that tydane :
 He came in haste at her command,
 Syne reverentlie she did demand.

When he came there, within the yett, 225
 The King's daughter then with him met ;
 He kneeled low down on his knee,
 And gave great thanks to the Ladie :
 Likeways the Ladie thanks him gave ;
 Syne asked at him what he would have ? 230
 " My asking here is not as now,
 My mind therefore I will tell you,
 Wherefore and why that I came here,
 That matter and purpose I shall clear.
 Ask on, Madam, what is your will ? 235
 To do your pleasure I shall fulfill,
 Saving my honour and my life,
 To fight with spear, with sword, or knife,
 In credit, wealth, or yet favour,
 All shall be whole at your pleasure." 240
 When speech was ended, as you may see,
 She took him up right reverentlie,
 And said to him right secretlie,
 " Sir, will you stay a little with me,
 Till that you drink, and drink again ; 245
 Swa long as we do here remain,
 It shall you not at all displease.
 Sit down beside, it will you ease :

Where love has its habitation,
 Betwixt two it breeds consolation." 250
 She cryed for wine, and to him drank ;
 He said, " Madam, here I you thank."
 [She] caused serve him with dainty cheer,
 And said, " Sir, ye are welcome here ;"
 Then quietlie she to him said, 255
 Whereof himself was no ways glad :
 Saying to him, " Me thinks ye be,
 Who now is come to this countrie
 Me for to woe, or for to geck,
 In your own errand cannot speak, 260
 For as long here as ye have spended,
 I marvel, that your gold's not ended."
 He says, " Ladie, I am no king,
 Nor have great lands in governing ;
 But if you will grant me my asking, 265
 I will give you a precious thing,
 The vertue thereof no man does ken
 From this part to the World's en' :
 Wilt thou my true love for ever be,
 And make a vow but to love me, 270
 And be my dear while that I live,
 Nor yet my person for to grieve,
 The vertue of this I shall declare,
 Where that I got this gold and mair ;
 And how that I may daily spend ; 275
 And how this gold will never mak end."
 Quoth she, " Dear, welcome mot ye be !
 Sua long as your gold lasts trulie,
 I shall be yours, ye shall be mine,
 More dearer than Prince Florentine : 280
 I swear to you my plight trulie,
 And ever shall till that I die ;
 Sua that ye bear the like to me,
 That I shall do right faithfullie ;

And if you keep your privitie, 285
 Your perfect truth plight unto me,
 You your intent shall have of me,
 Sua ye observe it honestlie."

And so thir two gave other their hand
 To this agreement true to stand ; 290
 Both faith and truth to her did give,
 Syne kissed her with her own leave.

At length the Purse shewed with his hand,
 Said to her, " Will you understand,
 This samine Purse, I let you wit, 295
 As oft as you put your hand in it,

A duckat of gold you shall find there,
 Take forth, and ye shall find the mair."
 The Ladie perceived that it was swa,
 The Purse to her soon can she ta, 300

They kissed other a good space there,
 What other pleasures they had mair !
 That he chanced upon a sleep,
 The Ladie perceived, and had good keep,

And privilie she past away, 305
 Let[tand] him ly till it was day.

While it was day, and after [n]one,
 [He] wakened belyve and made great moan,
 None with him but himself alone,
 Right sad in heart, and woe-begone ; 310

And he left there the Ladie gent,
 Then to his lodging soon he went ;
 While on the morn, in the morning,
 Sorrow and care in his sojourning,

He looked about, and astonisht stood, 315
 And marvelled as he were wood,
 Saying to himself. " What have I done ?
 The great God knows that is aboon !"

Sua he perceived the Purse away ;
 Says, " Woe is me and harmsay ! 320

Alas ! alas ! what shall I do ?
 Or what art shall I turn me to ?
 Sent back his boy her to seek,
 Beseekand the Ladie, both mild and meek,
 To send him his Purse bedeen, 325
 That he left in her chamber yestreen.
 Sua soon then as the boy came nie,
 He kneeled low down on his knee,
 And says, " Ladie, God mot you save,
 Of you I must good answer have : 330
 My master has sent me you till,
 Beseekand you of your good will,
 Of your good will and charitie,
 A good answer ye grant to me."
 " Wherein shall I thee answer give ? 335
 Or if thou says ought me to grieve ?
 Say, what it is thou comes to crave ?
 Or what is here that thou would have ?"
 " Send to my Master his Purse bedeen,
 That he left in your chamber yestreen. 340
 The Lady did start, the Lady lap,
 And ilk hand on another did clap :
 " Swithe hy thee, traitor, out of my sight ;
 Command thy Master, in all his might,
 That he pack out of this countrie, 345
 Or I vow he's be hanged hie :
 I had rather hang him on a pin,
 Or he come near my chamber within ;—
 I shall gar hang him on a knag,
 If he speak either of purse or bag." 350
 The boy in hast sped him away,
 Sped him right soon, made no delay ;
 His message from¹ the ladie said,
 Whereof his Master was not glad,

¹ Old copy reads *master to*.

Commanded his master for to wend ; 355
 Syne charged him and all his men
 To pass in hast off that countrie,
 Or else he would be hanged hie ;
 And since that he was charged so
 Of that his master was full wo. 360
 Little spending was left himsell,
 Right as the storie doth us tell.

Thus in a morning forth fure he,
 While he came to a far countrie ;
 Of his own life began to irk, 365
 For he could neither beg nor work,
 On no ways could he beg nor steal,
 Though he was poor, he was right leil.
 So it fell on a dangerous year,
 That meat and drink, and all was dear : 370
 He was so hungr'd, and put to pyne,
 That he was fain for to keep swyne ;
 In all the land, as I heard tell,
 There was but very little vittel.
 He kept the swine, I leave him still, 375
 And of the youngest speak we will,
 Who kept the school, a noble clerk ;
 And of him farder we will carp.

He was a goodly man and wise,
 It chanced he did get the prise, 380
 The Pope of Rome he hapened to be :
 The Cardinals wrote to ilk countrie,
 Charging them all on Good-friday,
 At mid-night for to watch and pray,
 And send to Rome the holiest man, 385
 That the Lord God best may or can ;
 That God would to the chapter send
 On Good-friday, or it did end.
 Both doors and windows closed fast,
 Syne home incontinent they past, 390

And sealed the locks with their own hand,
 And gave the keys to the Lord of the land.
 The Clerk was blyth when he got wit,
 His bony Mantle he hint to it ;
 Says, "God, and my Mantle and my Wish, 395
 If I were in the place, where ever it is,
 In Rome's seat if I were set :"
 Soon was he there withouten let,
 Into their seat when he came in,
 He hint his Mantle then fra him, 400
 And syne sat down upon his knee,
 And to the great God prayed he.
 Soon after meat on Good-friday.
 Lords, Barons, came without delay,
 And opened the chapter with a gin 405
 Into the seat where he came in ;
 They said, a Clerk was there sittand,
 On both his knees ful fast prayand,
 They thanked God both less and mair,
 So holy a Clerk who sent them there, 410
 Who was sent by the Holy Sp'rit
 For to be Pope he was most meet !
 Syne with that word they gave him doom,
 And crowned him the Pope of Rome ;
 And all the bells of Rome they rang, 415
 Priests and Friers all they sang,
 So daily ilk ane with a shout,
 They bore him all the town about,
 And set him down upon his seat :
 All men of him had great conceit, 420
 Now Pope of Rome we leave him still,
 And of the mid-most speak we will,
 When that he came within the town,
 To enter in he was most bown ;
 He told his Brother both less and mair, 425
 Spoiled of all he was most bair,

His Brother was from far countrie,
 He marvel'd of him to hear and see,
 Into the woods among his faes,
 Has left him neither gold nor clais ; 430
 The Procession was charged him to meet,
 With all solemnities compleat,
 With honour great and good intent,
 They were all readie incontinent :
 Past throw the whole parts of the street, 435
 The Pope's brother there to meet.
 As soon as he his brother saw,
 Great pleasure was among them a' ;
 Syne took his Brother by the hand,
 So did they all at his command : 440
 Syne said, " Brother, welcome to me.
 Ye shall want neither meat nor fee ;
 And a new cloathing ye shall take,
 My master of household I shall you make ;
 And I avow to my ending, 445
 I shall you love aboon all thing."
 He says, " Dear Brother, God you reward,
 Now have you made me lord and laird,
 A lord of office ye have me made ;
 And likeways promist fair lands braid." 450
 He had not been a moneth there,
 While he thought on his Ladie fair.
 And thought to win the Purse again,
 And to the Ladie do no pain,
 That his Purse fra him had tane. 455
 Unto the Pope he said again,
 " Now, Brother dear, I you intreat,
 Grant me an asking, I think meet."
 Then answer'd his Brother right reverentlie,
 " Ask on, my Brother, what ever it be." 460
 Says, " Brother, lend me thy Mantle fine,
 I swear to you, I'le not it tyne,

But bring't again after this day,
 I no ways shall put it away."
 The Pope answer'd with drearie chear, 435
 "I had rather give you, my brother dear,
 A million of gold, alse much of land,
 Nor lend my Mantle out of my hand,
 Yet, as I have said, it shall be swa,
 I no ways will it hold thee fra, 470
 Now keep it well, my Brother dear."
 With that the Pope made drearie chear,
 And frae his brother turn'd his back :
 Syne took his leave, and no more spak.
 His Brother had his Mantle in hand, 475
 Cast it about him where he did stand :
 Said, "God, and my Mantle and my wish,
 If I were in the place where ever it is,
 Wherever she be, that Ladie free,
 That took that noble Purse from me." 480
 Than be these words came in his thought,
 He was into the chamber brought.
 She was into her bed sleepand,
 And he upon the foot standand :
 Laid down his Mantle and his wish, 485
 Then he began the Ladie to kiss ;
 First to kiss, and then to clap,
 And quietly in the bed he crap.
 The Ladie wakened with a cry,
 Says, "Who is this that lies me by ? 490
 I pray you, tell me the manner,
 How came you in ?—who brought you here ?
 Your asking then, what ever it be,
 Ye shall have it of me trulie."
 He says, "My Mantle and my wish, 495
 If I were in the place, where ever it is,
 Where I desire or think to be,
 There will I be right hastilie."

She said, "Sweet Sir, for Charitie,
 As you would do anything for me, 500
 Now wish me and your Mantle anone
 Into yon place of Marble stone :
 That we may play together there."
 And certainly withoutten mair,
 Be that same word came in his thought, 505
 They were both in the yle soon brought,
 Unto a green place, where they lay ;
 And unto him there can she say,—
 "Lay down your head upon my knee,
 That I may look a little wee." 510
 He needed no ways more bidding,
 But suddenly fell on sleeping ;
 Upon her knee lay down his head—
 Of his Mantle he took no dread.
 The Lady well perceived that,— 515
 Quickly she rose, and the Mantle gat :
 The Mantle she took deliverlie,
 And wished herself right shortlie
 Into her chamber, and that anone,
 And in the yle left him alone, 520
 Sleepand there like a drunken sow ;
 Both Purse and Mantle wants he now !
 But at the last then wakened he,—
 He mist the Mantle and the Ladie ;
 Ye may well wit his heart was sair, 525
 When he mourned, and made great care.
 "My Purse and Mantle is now both gone,
 And in this yland left alone :
 No creature is left with me,
 Nor none to bear me companie ; 530
 Nor who will any meat me give :
 Alas ! Alas ! how shall I live ?"
 Much was the care and dool he made
 He rave the hair out of his head.

He stayed not there well days three, 535
 Till he saw ships upon the sea :
 They sailed right so nearhand by,
 While they did hear his voice and cry.
 Syne saw him on a craig standand,
 A man would fain be at the land, 540
 Cryand to them, that they might see,
 Help for his sake that dyed on Tree ;
 Said, " It was pitie for to see
 A man distrest, whatever he be :
 Upon yon craig mourning full sair, 545
 Right sad in heart, what would you mair ? "
 The ship came to the craig nearhand,
 Their language could he not understand :
 He knew them not, nor yet they him,
 Yet willingly they took him in. 550
 He signed to them, that he would gang,
 Showing to them that he thought lang,
 He would fain been at Rome again ;
 But with them he dought not remain ;
 He wanted money, he thought great shame, 555
 He thought he was so lang fra hame :
 With their cock-boat put him to land,
 Where he might see on every hand.
 He passed to a part near by,
 For meat and drink if he might try, 560
 Yeid to a wood with heart full sair,
 Pleasand and wholsome was the air ;
 He swouned sorrowfully in that stead,
 That he for hunger was almost dead.
 He cry'd upon our Ladie dear, 565
 That hunger and thrist strack him so near.
 He looked a little nearhand by,
 A tree of apples he could espy ;
 Right blyth and glad he was of that sight,
 He took his fill, even as he might, 570

And stepped a space beside the tree,
 And said they were good companie.
 Syne ate his fill of that fair fruit,
 For him to gang it was no buit :
 Because the apples that he did eat, 575
 He fand them taking and right sweet :
 A smell they had above measure,
 Might please a king or emperour :¹
 As well a dame as mighty queen :
 Was never fairer seen with eyne : 580
 " I may take apples now with me,
 For hunger I think not to die."
 He pulled the apples and ate so fast,
 And filled himself, till at the last
 He was as lipper as Lazarus, 585
 Or any in the world I wis :
 His head ov'r spread with byles black,
 That none might ken a word he spak.
 Right wisely then perceived he,
 And saw fair pears upon a tree : 590
 He pull'd the pears but any baid,
 Right gladly ate ere he further gaid :
 Sua leper he was, he would have been
 For to have gotten medicine :
 The pears he eat, the storie does say, 595
 Whilk put the leprosie clean away ;
 He was as clean, the storie says this,
 As anie into the world I wis.
 With him he carried of apples threescore,
 Of them surelie he took no more ; 600
 And twice as many of the pears he took,
 That he took with him, he none forsook ;

¹ Old copy reads :—

' Might pleas'd a king or emperour,
 As well for dames as mighty queens.'

And if apples made leperous,
 The pears healed most precious :
 Of both the sorts with him he had, 605
 All men were welcome, buy who wad.
 Thir apples, that the man on fell,
 Brought him great good, I shall you tell ;
 The apples he carried him about,
 A strange vertue they had but doubt : 610
 He carried these apples as he did pass,
 And took them where the Ladie was.

Upon a time to the kirk he came,
 Where he saw many a Ladie and Dame :
 And as he sat in the kirk-year'd, 615
 There came about him such a guard,
 To buy these apples pleasant and fair :
 And manie people he saw there.

Unto the kirk syne could he pass,
 Bade still, and saw where the Ladie was, 620
 That Purse and Mantle frae him had tane ;
 He thought to do the Ladie much pain :
 Thus thinking there as he could gang,
 To bring the Ladie into such thrang ;
 Saying unto himself alone, 625

But kind of fair words spake he none.
 He wist not to whom his moan to make,
 He went to kirk door a seat to take ;
 And at the door he sat down,
 Where the Ladie went readie bown : 630
 He knew right well she would be there,
 Where that she used to make repair.

The apples were seemlie to be seen,
 Men did not see such with their een ;
 There gathered about him a great meingie, 635
 They wondred meikle the apples to see :
 "How sell ye the apples?" they bad him tell,
 "For ten ducats the piece I sell.

Please you to buy I will take money ;
 Stand by if ye will not buy any, 640
 Do not stand here my market to spill :
 I bid none buy but these that will."
 In the mean time the Ladie was command
 Unto the kirk with maidens in a band :
 She strangely marvelled at the repair she saw, 645
 And hither-ward then she began to draw :
 A maiden answered, " It I shall you tell,
 A daft fellow it is has apples to sell ;
 They are verie fair and comelie to see,
 Ten duckats the piece for them seeks he." 650
 The people around call'd him daft man,
 As for an apple to seek that price than,
 It cannot be but they have a vertue,
 The apples have a right pleasant shew.
 Then forward to the market the Ladie can gang,
 To see the apples she thought great lang ; 655
 Some of them bought she, it was her pleasure,
 To look and to view she took great leasure.
 None of them she prev'd till morn afternoon,
 And for that cause she sped her home soon, 660
 And when she came into her Father's hall,
 Syne after her maidens shortly did call,—
 " Bring hither the apples ye bought to me,
 For they are fair and seemly to see."
 She ate of them three, and thought them right dulce,
 Till she was as leper as Lazarus ; 666
 Her head overspread with byles black,
 That none might hear a word she spak :
 Syne looked in a glass and saw her self so,
 Out of her right wits she was like to go, 670
 Wailyand the hour that ever she was born,
 She saw her self so, " Alas ! I'm forlorn."
 Be that her Father came in right at noon,
 And cal'd for his Daughter to come to him soon,

Then a maiden answered meekly and spak, 675
 "Your daughter is vexed with uglie byles black ;
 I cannot tell you how it fell the case :"
 Be that the blood shot into his face.
 Her Father came soon without any baid,
 Received his daughter into his arms braid : 680
 Right sore he grat for his daughters skaith ;
 For she to him comfort and joy brought baith,
 He now does say, "Alas ! full woe is me,
 Upon my daughter this sad sight for to see."
 She said to her Father "My heart is full wo. 685
 Now what shall I do ? or where shall I go ?"
 The King then said, "Good Lords, of grace
 Cause shortlie to proclaim in everie place,
 If any there be that her heal might,
 My daughter shall him marrie outright." 690
 Then to this counsel the Lords camen hy,
 Both great and small, and that hastilie.
 Throw all Portugal both up and down,
 Proclaimed through land, eik borrowtown.
 The gentleman could well the matter speir, 695
 Right blyth he was these tydings for to hear ;
 Yet he thought again the Ladie to beguile,
 Both Purse and Mantle to get with a wyle.
 Pepared cloths right seemlie to be seen,
 Syne call'd himself Doctor of medicine : 700
 This Lord he rode unto the borrowtoun,
 At the best lodging there he lighted down,
 After the hosteler incontinent speirit,
 Both horse and man after him then requirit,
 "Spare not for cost, although no Lord I be, 705
 What ever my count is shall be pay'd surelie,"—
 They were right glad the tidings that he spake,
 Yea, man and horse did both him service make,
 So past his time compleat three days there. 710
 The hosteler said to him, "Sir, what will ye fare ?"

"A Doctor of medicine I'm ready at command,
 There's none in Christendom I say this day livand,
 Can heal diseases that I will take in hand,
 And thereon I will lay my life in paund."
 The hosteler said, "Of Leprosie have ye skill?" 715
 "Yes, I can heal it, and that right wonder well;"
 Then was he right blyth of that certaintie ;
 So was there one past from his companie,
 And than anone they went and told the King,
 That such a man in his bounds was living 720
 A fine doctor, the best in all this land,—
 No finer is as we now understand.
 The King was glad, and his daughter also,
 Commands the Porter unto him for to go,
 Who made no stay, but came incontinent. 725
 "Let me see now where is the Patient,
 That I should heal, and also take the cure,
 That shall I do by God's grace, be ye sure,
 Take ye no fear, since I have tane in hand ;
 God be my guide, he is my sure warrand : 730
 Let no dreadure enter into your heart,
 I shall her heal before I do depart,
 Or lose my life, before that I do go,
 What I have said, if that it be not so."
 When that he came, he saw the Ladie stand, 735
 "This lipperness will I now take in hand,
 Mend her sickness, in truth I take no fear ;
 Because I know the form and the manner
 To heal her person both without and in,
 And likeways als what fashion to begin, 740
 If ye will keep your promise unto me."
 "What I have said in faith and truth to be ;
 What I have sworn I will keep very well,
 What I have said shall testifie my seal ;
 Nor shall deny the thing that I have said." 745
 Whereof the doctor was both blyth and glad.

The company rejoiced all about,
 Fra she heard that she should be maid hail but doubt,
 The King's daughter rejoiced greatsumly,
 Before them came and hails'd the company. 750
 Then she before her Father lighted down,
 And unto God made her devotion.
 That same command she vowed to fulfil,
 Without faining or deceit thereintil ;
 " Get up right soon, and rise up off your knee, 755
 Make true confession both to God and me,
 And if that you make your confession leil,
 I promise here to make you sound and well."
 So she shew forth, and her confession said :
 The Purse and Mantle no ways she opened, 760
 And so these two she kepted still in mind ;
 Reveal'd them not, but kept herself in pine,
 Caus'd her grow worse into her leprosie.
 She said, " Alas ! alas ! and wo is me,
 Now I am worse than ever I was before, 765
 Full wo is me, and wo is me therefore."
 The Doctor answer'd, saying, " I have no might
 To help you now, you have not told the right,
 I am right sure some things ye have forget,
 Hid in your heart, to tell you will not set ; 770
 Out of the world far better I had been,
 To kyth my craft, and ye no ways made clean."
 The King said, " Daughter, likes thou to be hail ?
 I thee request make thy confession leal,
 And here, I pray thee by the great God abone, 775
 Without dissimulance make thy confession ;
 A lipper woman again shall never be,
 Nor ever vext with such infirmitie.
 When I am dead he's be King after me.
 Please thou him wed, and married to him be, 780
 If thou desires, it lyes into thy heart,
 That he and thou in love be afterwart :

He to be King, and thou the Queen also,
 From bail to bliss ye may together go."
 The Daughter said, "Remain, and now bide still,
 And my confession I shall declare you till : 780
 Now, Lord of Heav'n, thou knows I did receive
 A Purse and Mantle, that wrongously I have,
 Whilk I took fra a young man sickerlie,
 Who was then once familiar with me ; 790
 In marble yle I left him mourning sore,
 Pennance for him I dree'd the same therefore ;
 This is the cause that I do wish for him
 Health to my body both without and within."
 The Doctor says, "Thir twa ye cast you fra ; 795
 And see that ye forsake the same alswa,
 And beseek God while ye are on your knee :
 The Purse and Mantle ye render unto me."
 She said, "Sir, I beseek with all my will
 The Purse and Mantle you freely take you till." 800
 The gentleman was blyth, I understand,
 Receiv'd them both, and took them in his hand,
 Then past aside a little the Ladie him fra,
 And said these words, before he past away :
 "Now God and my Mantle and my wish, 805
 If I were in the place wherever it is."
 Be this was said, incontinent he was there,
 And left the Ladie into great dool and care,
 Wailyand the time that she was ever born
 Into this wretched life, thus for to be forlorn. 810
 "Thus leave I now the lady sick and sair,
 And to return to Rome I now will fare,
 And shew my Brother of my great craft and skill,
 The truth to see, and als to know my will :
 How I have done, and what way I have wrought, 815
 The Purse and Mantle how I again have brought ;
 Of my coming he will be wondrous blyth,
 And als be glad, I pray God make me thrive."

He would not bide, but went to him right soon,
 He said, "Brother, ye're welcome here to Rome!" 820
 "I have gotten my Purse and Mantle again,"
 Brother, (he said,) of that I am right fain.
 She that deceived me, both meek and mild,
 Is lipper sick, and I have her beguil'd."

"Fy, now," he says, "that will our conscience
 grieve, 825

Keep God's command, and help her for to live :
 If thow has any skill, throw help of God and man,
 Help thow the Ladie with all the craft thou can.
 Be not unkind, but help with all thy might,
 Do her the good thou can, both day and night : 830
 If she were whole, and seemly to be seen,
 Great commendation bears thow where she has
 been.

Right shortlie go and help her out of pain ;
 Shew love to her who can thee love again :
 Do not deny, but grant when thou art here, 835

And for her sake see that thou to me swear,
 Thou shalt do right, and not thy conscience grieve,
 But trulie help, and I will thee believe ;
 Thou's be her husband, syne wed her with a ring ;
 And after that unto thy bed her bring : 840

Syne as a Prince live at thy own liking,
 It may befall thereafter thow be King !"

To that effect he hath writ most hastily,
 And for to pray the King especiallie,
 Sayand, "My brother is a worthy gentleman, 845
 Of medicine full well the craft he can ;

All sorts of sickness we hear that he can heal ;
 He leprosie can cure withoutten fail :
 We hear ye have a daughter wise and fair,
 No moe ye have, we know she is thy heir : 850

I am inform'd for my brother she is meet,
 Betwixt them both would ye with band compleat,

Great pitie is that ought should now her ail,
 I would she were relieved and made hail.
 If that ye please he wed her with a ring, 855
 And after that in Portugal be King."
 The letter then to Portugal went right soon :
 If this matter betwixt them might be done,
 And to conclude, amongst them make a bond,
 The cause and why, how the matter should stand ; 860
 With their consents, and yours that it might be,
 'Twixt Pope and King this was made sickerie.
 Syne send his brother with letters of parchment,
 That written was within to stand content.
 So at that time the letters to him gave, 865
 Saying to him, " My blessing mot ye have :
 Go on the way, thou take thir men with thee,
 Forsooth, they are a goodlie companie
 With thee to fare in ship as ye may sail,
 Till that thou come to land in Portugal. 870
 I give thee here a million for to spend,
 Although thou sail'd unto the world's end.
 When thou art come into the King's palace,
 Show my commission and thanks unto his Grace,
 Syne come again to Rome, and show to me 875
 With thy messsge, what the King said to thee.
 If his daughter thou heal of her disease,
 The samine done, my self it shall well please."

Sua the Lady was brought from care to bliss,
 And after that she ay remained his : 880
 Syne married her with joy and comforting,
 So he gave her rich rubies in a ring ;
 In midst of it a great jewel there was,
 Shined more bright than glittering was the glass ;
 The price of it I heard men right tell, 885
 Was worth half the kingdom of Portugal :
 Rich was the jewel, if richer there might be :
 The like I hear was not in no countrie,

For preciousness and vertue that it had,
It was so fine, that she thereof was glad. 890

Content she was to do all his bidding,
And him obey'd and pleased in all thing ;
With earls, lords, knights, barons comforting ;
What wisht she more, she had much rejoycing.
The nobles all that dwelt in her countrie, 895

Were all obedient to her Majestie,
Ready to do her service and pleasure,
What she would have of gold and rich treasure ;
Brought to her Grace abundance of plentie,
Of rich jewels and wonders for to see. 900

They gave her one that was most worthy all,
The light of it shined on every wall.
For why it was a thing most precious,
Shining within like rubies rarious, 905

And so without, as many one might see,
A vertue had, all marvelled what it could be,
In such a jewel that all men marvel had,
Of what sickness it healed, lass or lad.

So to be short, in this my tale I tell,
The samine was, the book shows wondrous well, 910
Thir two were married, lived in joy and bliss,
In earthly pleasure, no farder could they wish.
They had delights and pleasures manifold,
In earthly things with pleasure as they would.
Of children I hear none was them between, 915
They wanted not that might them intertain ;
At length deceast, no farder can I tell,
But I hope that they in Heaven do dwell.

Finis.



Roswall and Lillian.

THIS pleasant history was the last of the Metrical Romances that retained their popularity in Scotland; and the circumstance of its being chanted in the streets of Edinburgh is still within recollection. Since that period it has become familiar to the public from an elegant analysis¹ by one of the most accomplished editors of early poetical literature, Mr. G. Ellis.

This tale is not known to be extant in manuscript² in its present form, although the story and plot closely resemble those of the ancient *fabliau* of the "Lord of Lorn," extant in Bishop Percy's celebrated Folio volume written in the reign of Charles II.;³ and the earliest printed copy, which appears to be an amplified Scottish version of an Elizabethan English original, is that from which the following publication is taken.⁴

¹ Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 382-393.

² See Hazlitt's "Tales and Legends," 1892, p. 385.

³ This point is not very important, inasmuch as the Folio MS. chiefly consists of transcripts, often very negligent and illiterate, from printed texts. A ballad of the "Lord of Lorn" was printed in 1580.

⁴ It was purchased in 1813 for the Advocates' Library at the Roxburghe sale, and when we add that it produced the sum of nine guineas, the reader will have some idea of the value attached to perhaps the only existing copy of an impression evidently published for the ancient fraternity of "flying stationers." The original is a small 8vo bl. l. and contains 14 leaves, corresponding to this reprint; in which the only variation consists in having the lines numbered for

The style of this Romance, says Mr. Ellis in reference to a later copy, apparently printed at Newcastle about 1775,¹ "has perhaps been modernised, and the tale seems to have been awkwardly and carelessly abridged, unless we suppose it to have been printed from a mutilated and imperfect manuscript. There is, I think, no internal evidence to justify our ascribing its original to an earlier period than the middle of the 16th century." This observation may apply with greater force to the copy from which Mr. Ellis formed his abstract than to the present, in which the story has evidently suffered less than the language:—besides, its composition must be referred to a still earlier age than that which he specifies, as it might be difficult to prove that any tale of a similar description belonged to a period so recent as the sixteenth century. If the present copy had exhibited a less modernised and corrupted text, it might have been curious to trace the change which took place in the course of the half century that intervened between the publication of these two editions.

Of the common stall-copies that have escaped destruction, the latest we have met with is entitled—"The pleasant history and love adventures of Roswal and Lillian, with their love song, &c.," Edinburgh, printed in the year 1785, p. 24. It has this proemium,—

"Here doth begin a worthy and a noble tale
Of Roswal and Lillian withoutten fail,"

and contains in all 411 lines. Like other pieces of traditional poetry, it has suffered, in passing among the people, progressive degradation; but as time went on, instead of being apparently dilated, as in the edition of 1663 (we have

the facility of reference. Another edition was printed in the year 1679, as appears from the MS. Catalogue of that curious collector, Robert Mylne, whose books were disposed of by auction after his death, which took place in the year 1749, at the patriarchal age of 104.

¹ But many impressions issued in the course of the last century from the printing offices there, as well as those at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast. The copy used by Ellis consisted of only 426 lines, instead of 846, as in the text of 1663.

not seen that of 1679), it underwent curtailment, in order, perhaps, to fall within the compass of a duodecimo sheet. It may indeed have been taken from a previous edition, not more accurate, and in fact comes nearer to the lines quoted by Mr. Ellis than the corresponding ones in the older copy. Thus l. 16 reads—

“ *Wight Hannibal nor Gandifer.* ”

Instead of visiting the three lords in prison to provide them with their dinner, it is said that

“ The jaylor to the prison cam
To give the lords *their morning dram.* ”

But it is unnecessary to point out variations so palpably absurd and corrupted. The concluding lines, several of which do not appear in the following copy, may serve as a sufficient specimen of the whole; and the reader may begin the comparison at l. 833. They are literally transcribed:—

“ Fair Lillian bare him bairns five,
The fairest that might live in life :
The eldest son was king of Belam,
The second son of Naples realm.
For therefore was made the king,
Right after his father's days ending,
The third son was made Pope of Rome,
And then anon when this was done,
The eldest daughter such was her chance
She married the great Daphin of France.
The second married the prince of Pole,
I pray to God the death might thole,
To bring us to his lasting glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.

When these things were ended done,
Roswal past to his mother soon,
His father long time before was dead,
But his mother of him was glad.
So Roswal and Lillian sheen,
Liv'd many years in good liking.
I pray to Jesus, heaven's King,
To grant us heaven to our ending,
Of them I have no more to say,
God send them rest untill doom's day.”

' Roswal and Lillian, their love song,' commencing—

“Of *Naples*, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lillian was the grace ;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face,”

is nothing less than an awkward transformation of Tickell's well-known and justly admired ballad of “Colin and Lucy.”

The text of 1663 is evidently very corrupt, and some passages seem to defy emendation.

A PLEASANT
HISTORY
OF
Rofwall and Lillian.

DECLARING

The occasion of *Rofwall* his removing from his Native Kingdom, to the Kingdom of *Bealm*, and what befell him in his journey from his Steward: The entertainment he met with from an aged Wife: His Education at School; With his fortunate admiffion to be fervant to *Lillian* the Kings only Daughter, with whom she fell deeply in love. The reward of the three Lords by whom he attained the honour of the three dayes Jufting before the Marriage of the Steward, who was known to be a Traitor and therefore juftly executed; with the renewed wished-for Marriage betwixt *Rofwall* and *Lillian*: His thankfull remembrance of his friends; the number of his children, and their good fortune, all worthy reading.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by *I. H.* Anno 1663.

The History of Roswall and Lillian.



NOW will ye list a little space,
 And I shall send you to solace :
 You to solace, and be blyth,
 Hearken, ye shall hear belyve,
 A tale that is of veritie, 5
 If ye will hearken unto me.

In *Naples* lived there a King,
 Had all the lands in Governing.
 Who had a Lady fair and young,
 Whose name was called *Lillian* : 10
 This Lady pleasant was and fair,
 Bare him a Son, which was his Heir,
 Whose name was called *Roswall* :
 Of fairer heard I never tell ;
 Princes to him could not compare, 15
Ulisses nor *Grandifer*,
Achilles nor *Troylus*,
 Nor yet his Father *Priamus* :
 The Knight that kept the Parent well,¹
 Was not so fair as *Roswall*. 20

There lived into that Countrie,
 Worthy noble Lords three,
 That to the King had done treason,
 Therefore he put them in prison ;
 And there he held them many a day, 25
 Till they were aged quite away,
 Aged and quite o'ergrown with hair,
 While of their lives they did despair,
 That they knew of no remedie,
 But looked after death daily ; 30
 So it befell upon a day
 The young Prince he went to play,
 Him to play and to solace,
 And so it happened in that case,

¹ ? *Æneas*.

Toward the Prison he is gone, 35
 To hear thir Lords making their moan,
 He sate down and a little staid,
 To hearken what thir Lords said :
 They said, Dear God, have mind of us,
 Even for the sake of dear Jesus 40
 Who bought us with his precious blood,
 And for us dyed on the rood,
 To help us, if thy will it be,
 And of this Prison make us free.

The Young Prince did hear their moan, 45
 He heard their mourning and their groan :
 Then to his Chamber he is gone,
 Heavy in heart, as sad as stone ;
 He sate down and did foresee,
 How best thir Lords might helped be, 50
 And so he thought upon a wyle
 The King how he might best beguile ;
 A custome then had the Jaylors,
 Who kepted ay the Prisoners,
 After the doors all locked were, 55
 Unto the King the keyes to bear.
 The King used them to lay
 Under his bed-head privily.
 The Prince soon perceiving had,
 Where the King the keyes laid : 60
 And on a night he watch did keep
 Till that the King was fallen asleep :
 He took the keyes full privilie,
 And to the Prison gone is he,
 Who did deliver thir Lords three, 65
 Bade them passe home to their Countrie ;
 And then they swore by sweet Jesus,
 If ever ye mister help of us,
 We shall you help into your need ;
 Glad was he having done the deed. 70

The keyes laid under his Fathers head,
And went and slept as he were dead.

The King rose and eke the Queen,
The Principal, and Lords bedeen ;
They went to messe and then to dine, 75

The Jaylors all did come in syne,
Asked from the King the keyes,
Which to deliver did him please :
Then to the Prison they went in fear,
To give the Lords their dinner there : 80

But when they came all were away,
They knew not what to do nor say.
The Prisoners away were gone,
How, or what way known to none.
The King was then so dollorous, 85

That the three Lords were scaped thus :
He sayes, O Lord, how may this be
That thir Prisoners hath been made free ?

Under my bed-head lay the keyes,
None knew thereof, as God me ease, 90
And here I make a solemn vow,

Before you all my Lords now,
Who ere he be hath done the deed,
He shall be hang'd without remeed :
Or else so soon as I him see, 95

My own two hands his bane shall be.
It was reported through the Town,
That the young Prince the deed had done ;
The word throughout the Pallace ran,
Which made the King a grieved man, 100

When he the vow considered
And that his Son had done the deed.
The Queen then far more grieved was :
She mourn'd and weeped with her face.
And quickly to the King went she, 105
Who, kneeling down upon her knee,

Thus said, for him that sits on hie,
 Let your Sons fault forgiven be :
 That may not be, Madam, he said,
 For I a faithfull vow have made, 110
 That as soon as I may him see,
 My own two hands his bane shall be ;
 Therefore I pray you, day and night,
 To keep him well out of my sight,
 Till I send him to some Countrie, 115
 Where he may safely kept be.
 And then in haste down sate the King,
 Wrote letters without tarrying,
 To send his Son to the King of *Bealm*,¹
 For to remain in that Realm. 120
 Still to continue with the King,
 Till he sent for his home-coming,
 Letters in haste then soon wrote he,
 Desiring the King especiallie,
 For to receive his own dear son, 125
 Which for most trust was sent to him.
 His furnishing was made ready,
 And he got gold in great plenty.
 The King's Steward, a stalward Knight,
 Was made to keep him day and night, 130
 And so his servant for to be,
 To keep him well in that Countrie ;
 The Queen did look to the Steward,
 And said, my love, my joy, my heart,

¹ Here, on the title, and elsewhere, *Bealm* is the form employed, and in "National Tales and Legends," 1892, it was inconsiderately altered to *Beaune*; but Bohemia is, no doubt, the realm intended, although there is no geographical fitness in one more than in the other. Naples is mentioned as the home of Lillian and the seat of her father's government. The allusion in line 50 to the "Noble French Queen" seems to have no special significance. The King of *Bane* occurs in line 819.

Sir Steward, now I do thee pray, 135
 To keep my Son both night and day,
 And serve him both by foot and hand,
 And thou shalt have both gold and land,
 Or yet of any other thing
 That thou'lt seek from me or the King. 140
 He said, Madam, that may not be,
 But I will serve him tenderlie.

She sayes, my fair Son *Roswall*,
 Hearken what I to thee will tell,
 When thou dost come to that Country, 145
 Carry thy self right honestly,
 Be Courteous, gent, kind and free,
 And use ay in good companie :
 And if thou needest ought to spend,
 Send word to me, I shall the send. 150
 He took his leave then of the Quecn,
 And of her Ladies all bedeene :
 Great mourning and great care they made
 When that out of the Town they rade,
 The Gracious God mot be his guide. 155
 So on a time as they did ride,
 Side for side, hand for hand rode they,
 None other saw they in the way,
 Only they two in companie,
 Came to a River fair to see : 160
 The Prince then said unto the Knight,
 My counsell is that here we light :
 For in this place I thirst so sore,
 That further can I ride no more,
 Till of this water I get my fill : 165
 Wot ye how I may win theretill ;
 The Knight leapt down deliverlie,
 And drank the water busilie :
 He bade him light and drink also
 His fill ere he should further go : 170

And on his belly, as he lay down
 To drink the water ready bown,
 The false Knight took him by the feet,
 And vow'd to throw him in the deep,
 Unlesse that he did swear an oath, 175
 That he the Gold and letters both
 Should unto him resign gladly,
 And his servant become truly,
 To serve him well both day and night.
 This oath he made to the false Knight : 180
 He the Master, and he the Knave ;
 He gave to him what he would crave.
 And then anone withoutten stay
 They mounted both and went their way,
 While they came to the Land of *Bealm*, 185
 And had past much of that Realm.

The Kings Pallace when they came near,
Roswall made sorry chear :
 For the Knight did him forbid,
 Further with him for to ride ; 190
 He would see servants in the Town,
 Abundance of all fashion.
 Away he rode then with his gold,
 Leaving poor *Roswall* on the mold,
 With not a penny in's companie 195
 To buy his dinner, though he should die.
 So to the Town in hy he rode,
 And in the Kings Pallace abode.
 In his heart was great rejoycing,
 Presented his letters to the King ; 200
 He read his letters hastily,
 And said, Sir, welcome mot ye be ;
 Ye shall to me be leve and dear,
 So long as ye will tarry here.
 Now in the Court we let him dwell, 205
 And we will speak of *Roswall*.

Roswall was mourning on the mold,
 Wanting his letters and his gold :
 He sayes, alace, and woe is me,
 For lack of food, I'm like to die ! 210
 O that my Mother knew my skaith,
 My Father and my Mother baith :
 For now I wot not what to do,
 Nor what hand to turn me to :
 Neither know I how to call me, 215
 But I'm *Dissawar* what e'er befall me,
 As then he making was his moan,
 Beside none but himself alone,
 He lookt a little, and did espy
 A little house, none else hard by ; 220
 To himself he sayes quickly,
 To yonder house I will me hy,
 And ask some vittals for this night,
 And harbour while the day be light :
 He stepped forth right sturdily, 225
 And to the little house went he ;
 He knockt a little at the door,
 And then went in upon the floor.
 He found no creature therein,
 Neither to make noise nor din, 230
 But a silly and aged wife,
 In chastity had led her life :
 He sayes, Dame, for Saint July,
 This night let me have harbury,
 And als some vittals till the morn, 235
 For him that was in *Bethlehem* born ;
 She sayes, to such meat as I have
 Ye're welcome, part thereof receive,
 She set him down, and gave him meat,
 Even of the best that she could get, 240
 And prayed him to make good chear,
 For you are very welcome here ;

I know you are of far Countrie,
 For ye are seemly for to see.
 Tell me your name in charitie, 215
 And do not it deny to me :
 He sayes, *Dissawar* they call me,
 So was I call'd in my Countrie :
 She sayes, *Dissawar*, wo is me,
 That is a poor name verilie. 250
 Yet *Dissawar* you shall not be,
 For good help you shall have of me :
 I have a son, no children mo,
 Who each day to the School doth go :
 If ye will bide still here with me, 255
 To him full welcome will ye be ;
 And daily you and he together
 May go to School and learn each other ;
 He sayes, good Dame, God you foryieled,
 For here I get of you good bield. 260
 As he and she was thus talkand,
 In comes her son even at her hand :
 Good Dame, he sayes, my mother dear,
 Who's this that ye have gotten here,
 This is a Clark of far Countrie, 265
 Would fain go to the School with thee ?
 He sayes, dear welcome mot he be,
 For I have got good companie,
 And then they past to their supper,
 For his sake had the better chear. 270
 Then *Dissawar* fair of face
 After supper said the grace.
 And quickly to their beds went they,
 And slepted till it was near day,
 And then the morn right airly rose, 275
 And put upon them all their cloaths,
 They went to School right hastilie,
 By that time they could day-light see.

Into the School the Master came,
 And asked *Dissawar* his name : 280
 He sayes, *Dissawar* they call me,
 So was I cal'd in my Countrie.
 The Master said, now, *Dissawar*,
 Thou shalt want neither meat nor laire :
 When ever thou needest, come to me, 285
 And I shall make you good supplie.
 Great skill of learning before he had
 Into the Country where he was bred.
 He had not been a moneth there,
 Into the School even little maire, 290
 But the Steward unto the King
 Of *Dissawar* had perceiving :
 He did set well his Courtesie,
 His nature and his great beautie ;
 Into his heart he greatly thought 295
 In service to have him, if he mought.
 The Steward to the Wife is gone,
 And sayes, God save you, fair Madam,
 Where got ye this child so fair,
 That to this Lodging makes repair ? 300
 Sir, they do call him *Dissawar*,
 And ay hes done since he came here ;
 He is my joy, he is my heart,
 For he and I shall never part ;
 He sayes, Madam, that may not be, 305
 He must go to the Court with me.
 She sayes, Sir, its against my will,
 If ye will let him here stay still.
 The Steward took *Dissawar* fair of face,
 And brought him to the King's Grace. 310
 He had not been a moneth there
 Into service or little maire,
 But he was lov'd of old and young,
 As he had been a Prince or King.

The King he had a Daughter fair, 315
 And no moe bairns : she was his Heir.
 She was by name call'd *Lillian*,
 Of fairer forsooth I read of nane :
 Not the Noble *French* Queen,
 Nor yet the Lady *Pelicane*, 320
 Nor yet *Helen* that fair Ladie,
 Nor yet the true *Phillippie*,
 Nor yet the Lady *Christaline*
 Was not so fair as *Lillian*.
 This lusty Lady *Lillian* 325
 Choos'd him to be her Chamberlane,
 Of which the Steward was full wo,
 That he so soon should part him fro :
 Yet would not say nay to *Lillian*,
 Of which the Lady was right fain, 330
 And entred him in her service,
 For he was both leill, true and wise :
 He brake her bread, and made good chear,
 Filled the cup, the wine that bare :
 She took such comfort then of him, 335
 She lov'd him better nor all her kin.
 Aside she call'd him on a day,
 And thus unto him she did say,
 Now tell me, *Dissawar*, for charitie,
 Into what Country born was ye ? 340
 He said : I'm of a far Countrie,
 My father a man of low degree :
 I cannot trust, said she, by the rood,
 But you are come of noble blood :
 For I know by your courtesie 345
 And by your wonder fair bodie,
 That ye are come of noble blood,
 This is my reason, by the rood.
 Madam, by that ye may well ken,
 That I am come of sober men. 350

Dissawar, my little flower,
 I wish thou were my paramour :
 God sen I had thee to be King,
 That I might wed you with a Ring.
 In her arms she did him imbrace, 355
 And kist him thrice into that place.
 He kneeled down upon his knee,
 And thanked that Lady heartilie :
 He said, Lady, God you foreyeeld.
 That ye should love so poor a child ; 360
 And I now, Lady, while I die,
 Love you again most heartilie.
 Within his heart he was right glad
 And he did think mair than he said.
 Soon after that this Lady fair 365
 Said anone to *Dissawar* :
Dissawar, I do you pray,
 Cast that name from you away ;
 Call you *Hector* or *Oliver*,
 Ye are so fair without compare : 370
 Call your self Sir *Porteous*,¹
 Or else the worthy *Amadas* ;
 Call you the noble *Perdiccas*,
 Who was of fair and comely face ;
 Because that I love you so well, 375
 Let your name be Sir *Lawnsfal*,
 Or great *Florent* of *Albanie*,
 My heart, if ye bear love to me ;
 Or call you *Lancelot du Lake*,
 For your dearest true loves sake ; 380

¹ The writer may have borrowed this name, which does not otherwise occur in the roll of chivalry, from an early Scottish tract entitled "The Porteous of Noblenes," 1508, where the word is evidently derived from the *portasse* or *portesse*, the Roman breviary.

Call you the Knight of Arms green,
 For the Love of your Lady sheen :
 He sayes, *Dissawar* they must call me,
 While afterward I more do see.
 If ye will have no other name, 335
 Call you a Squire to the King,
 Or to his daughter Chamberlan,
 For love of his daughter *Lillian*.
 She laugh'd, and once or twice him kist,
 And to her Ladies then she past, 390
 And *Dissawar* was very glad,
 For the joy he of the Lady had.
 So it befell upon a day,
 His Father to his Mother did say,
 I think right long for to hear tell 395
 Of my fair son *Roswall* :
 I think so long I cannot sleep,
 With that the Queen began to weep,
 Who said, good Sir, for charitie,
 Let some be sent him for to see : 430
 It is long since he from us went,
 Perchance his Gold is now all spent.
 As the King his Father was to send,
 There came Messengers even at hand
 With letters from that noble King, 405
 Which made him glad in every thing.
 But they beguiled were both, so
 That none of them the case did know :
 The King had written on this manner,
 Desiring his Son to his Daughter. 410
 The King his Father was right glad,
 That such a marriage should be made ;
 Therefore he every way consented,
 Even as the King by writ had sent it ;
 An answer to him he did send, 415
 When he the wedding would intend,

That he might send Lords of that Countrie
 To bear witness to that marriage free.
 The Messengers went home again,
 And told their King what they had done ; 420
 And then anone without delay
 Appointed was the Marriage day :
 Who sent word to the noble King,
 And he without more tarrying
 Sent to solemnize that day, 425
 An Earle and lusty Lords tway.
 With them went two lusty Knights,
 And many a gallant Squire wight.
 The King of *Bealm* caus'd make a cry,
 Three dayes before the marriage day, 430
 To come and Just a course of weir
 Before me and my Queen full dear,
 To see who best will undertake,
 To Just then for his Ladies sake.
 But when to *Lillian* it was told, 435
 Wit ye well her heart was cold ;
 For she lov'd none but *Dissawar*.
 Who went and told him lesse and mair,
 Said, at yon Justing you must be,
 For to Just for your Ladie ; 440
 And if ye will not Just for me,
 Just for your Love where ere she be.
 He saith, Lady, by my good fay,
 I nere was bred with such a play,
 For I had rather be at hunting, 445
 Then singing, dancing, or at Justing :
 Yet I shall stand by you, Lady,
 To see who bears away the gree.
 And so they parted on that night :
 And on the morn when it was light, 450
Dissawar got up his way,
 Went to the Forrest be it was day,

His hounds leading into his hand,
 Full well triping at his command.
 And when he came to the Forrest, 455
 He looked East, and looked West,
 He looked over the bents brown,
 Where he saw neither house nor town,
 The Myrle and Mavese shouted shrile,
 The Sun blinked on every hill ; 460
 In his heart he had great rejoycing
 Of the birds full sweet singing :
 He looked down upon the spray,
 When it was nine hours of the day,
 And saw a little space him fra 465
 A Knight coming, with him no mae,
 Riding on a milk-white steed,
 And all milk-white was his weed,
 To *Dissawar* he came ridand,
 And lighted down even at his hand, 470
 And said anone, my full sweet thing,
 I must be drest in your cloathing :
 Take you my armour and my steed,
 And dresse you all into my weed :
 And to yon Justing you must faire, 475
 To win you praise and honour mair :
 When ye have done come ye to me,
 Of Vennisoun ye shall have plentie.
 Then *Dissawar* armed him quickly :
 The Knight him helped that stood by : 480
 He stoutly lap upon his steed,
 And ran [by] Launches through the Mied,
 Till he came to the Justing-place,
 He saw his Mistress face to face,
 And he saw many Ladies gay, 485
 And many Lords in rich array,
 And he saw many a lustie Knight,
 Justing before him in his sight

He rade unto the Justing place,
 Where Knights encountred face to face, 490
 And many sadles toom'd he there,
 Both of knights and many a Squyer :
 All men wondred what he was,
 That of Justing had such praise :
 The Ladies heart was wonder sair 495
 And said, alace for *Dissawar*.
 Why would he not tarry with me,
 This Noble justing for to see ?
 And when the Justing was near done,
 Then he beheld the Steward soon, 500
 His heels turn upward there he made,
 All that him saw were sore afraid.
 Then he unto the Forrest ran,
 As light as ever did a man :
 The King cry'd with voice on hie, 505
 Go take yon Knight, bring him to me,
 And whoso brings him to my hand,
 Shall have an Earldome of land :
 But all for nought, it was in vain,
 For to the woods he rode again, 510
 Delivered his Armour and his steed,
 And drest himself in his own weed :
 The Lord had taken him Vennisoun,
 And homeward with them made he bown,
 As for help desired none he, 515
 Presented them to his Ladie.
 She sayes, now wherefore, *Dissawar*,
 Beguil'd ye me in this manner ?
 He answered, my Lady dear,
 Why say ye that unto me here ? 520
 Wherefore shall I come to Justing ?
 I have no skill of such a thing.
 She sayes, a Knight with a white steed,
 And all milk-white was his weed,

He hath born away the gree, 525
 Of him is spoken great plentie :
 And if ye bide the morn with me,
 Ye peradventure shall him see.
 I shall do so, said he, Madam,
 The morn I will not pass from hame. 530
 Then *Lillian* to her Ladies went,
 Past to their supper incontinent :
 And on the morn right timously
 He did rise up be he might see,
 And forth unto the Forrest went, 535
 After the night was fully spent.
 When that he came to those woods green,
 The place where he before had been :
 Under the shadow of a tree
 He laid him down right privatlie. 540
 The birds did sing with pleasant voice,
 He thought himself in Paradise,
 And to bear part, for joy sang he
 Even for the love of his Ladie,
 How she lov'd him her Paramour, 545
 And she of all the world the flower :
 For pleasure of the weather fair,
 So clear and pleasant was the air,
 His heart was light as leaf on tree,
 When that he thought on his Lady. 550
 He looked then over an hill,
 And saw a Knight coming him till,
 Having a red shield and a red spear,
 And all red shined his gear.
 To *Dissawar* he came full soon, 555
 And at his hand he lighted down,
 And said, Sir, take this horse of mine,
 And all my Armour good and fine :
 To the Justing in haste ride ye,
 The gracious God your guide be ! 560

And soon to him he reacht a Spear
 Which he did take withoutten fear,
 He then did ride forth merrilie,
 And soon his Ladie can he see,
 And she was cloathed all in white, 665
 To look on her was great delight :
 He made the Lady full gay halsing,
 And then he went to the Justing ;
 And if he Justed well before,
 Better that day by fifteen score. 670
 He hunted the Knights here and there,
 Even as the hound doth hunt the Hare,
 And many Knights he bare to ground,
 And some of them got their deeds-wound.
 Of the Steward he got a sight, 675
 And on his arse he made him light,
 And then unto the Forrest ran,
 As light as ever did a man.
 The King cryed with voice on hie :
 Go take yon Knight, bring him to me, 680
 And whoso brings him to my hand
 Shall have an Earldome of land.
 But all for nought : it was in vain,
 For to the Woods he rade again.
 When he came there the Knight he leugh, 685
 Have I not Venniscun enough ?
 Ye have been at the field all day,
 And I at hunting and at play,
 Then *Dissawar* gave him his steed,
 His shield, his armour, and his weed : 690
 His steed was all of apple gray,
 None better was, I dare well say.
 Then *Dissawar* went home quickly,
 With a white Hind to his Lady.
 When he came home, as I heard tell, 695
 She greatly did at him marvell,

That he came not to the Justing :
 Lady, grive not at such a thing.
 She sayes, a Knight with a gray steed,
 And all red shined his weed, 600
 This day hath born away the gree,
 Of him is spoken great plentie :
 And I have ever in my thought
 That it was you the deed hath wrought.
 I pray, Madam, trust no such thing, 605
 For I no skill have of Justing.
 She says : the-morn go not away,
 Because it is the hindmost day :
 But *Dissawar* full soon the morn
 Got up and blew his hunting horn, 610
 And went into the Forrest soon
 With hounds and raches of renown,
 And there he had great comforting
 Of all the birds full sweet singing,
 And then he looked up full swyth, 615
 He saw a sight which made him blyth :
 A Knight upon a stalward Steed,
 And glittering Gold was all his weed :
 His shield was red, his armour green,
 Ov'r all the land it might be seen. 620
 To *Dissawar* he came full soon,
 And at his hand he lighted down,
 And said, Sir, take this horse of mine,
 And all my armour good and fine :
 To the Justing in haste ride ye, 625
 The Gracious God your guide be !
 And even so soon as he came there,
 He saw his Lady that was so fair :
 And all the weed that she did wear,
 In glittering red gold did appear, 630
 He at his Lady did cast a Ring,
 Then past he on to the Justing :

He rade among them with such force,
 That he dang down both man and horse :
 Out through the field when that he ran, 635
 At each stroak he dang down a man.

Sir Roland and Sir Oliver

In their Justing made no such steir,
 When he beheld the Steward than,
 He dang him down both horse and man ; 640
 Both horse and man on the ground lay,
 And of his ribs were broken tway.

Then to the Forrest he rade full soon,
 When that the Justing was all done ;
 As swift as *Falcon* of his flight, 645
 Upon a bird when he doth light.

The King cryed with voice full shrill :
 Go take yon Knight, bring him me till :
 And whoso brings him to me here,
 Shall have my land and daughter dear, 650

But all for nought, it was in vain,
 For to the woods he rade again,
 Delivered his armour and his Steed,
 And drest himself in his own weed.

He thanked him right reverently ; 655
 Then came the other two Knights in hy.

The same two Knights we spake of aire,
 Who said, O blessed Master dear,
 From prison you delivered us,
 Wherefore not thank you sweet Jesus, 660

And this is also most certain,
 We promised to you again,
 If ever you help of us did need,
 We should perform the same with speed.

The-morn the marriage should be 665
 Of the Steward who beguiled thee ;
 But therefore do thou nothing fear,
 The Brides bed he shall not come near.

They took their leave withoutten mair,
 And he went to his Lady fair. 670
 And when that they were coming home
 From the Justing every one,
 He went unto his Lady gent,
 Saluting her incontinent.
 Are ye, *Dissawar*, welcome to me, 675
 That so oft hath beguiled me?
 But yet I must forgive you soon
 Of all that ever you have done,
 She says, a Knight with a stalward steed,
 And glittering gold was all his weed, 680
 This day hath born away the gree
 Of all the Justing dayes three.
 If to my Father the truth ye tell,
 That it was you Justed so well :
 Then dare I surely take in hand, 685
 He'll give you me and all the land.
 The-morn the marriage should be
 Betwixt yon young Prince and me :
 But here I make a solemn vow,
 I never shall have man but you : 690
 Therefore I heartily do you pray,
 The-morn that ye go not away.
 I shall do that, my Lady bright,
 I shall not go out of your sight.
 Then she the morn right airly rose, 695
 And put upon her all her cloaths,
 Unto the King then is she gone,
 Who kneeled on her knees full soon.
 Then said he, *Lillian*, what would ye ?
 Declare your mind now unto me : 700
 If it be lawfull ye require,
 I shall it grant at your desire.
 Grant me my asking for Christ's sake,
 That is a Prince to be my maik.

Ask on, he sayes, how that may be, 705
 I have devised one for thee.
 She sayes, they call him *Dissawar*,
 I ask no more at you, Father.
 That asking, I to tell thee plain,
 Is not befitting for thy train : 710
 For he is but a Batcheller,
 For ought that I do know or hear :
 We know of none he is become,
 But this man is a great Kings son ;
 Therefore ye shall let such things be, 715
 For it becomes not you nor me,
 That we the Kings son should forbear,
 And match you with a Batcheller :
 To me it were a great defame,
 And also to you a very shame : 720
 Therefore I counsell you forbear,
 And wed yon Prince withoutten peer.
 And then she past the Kirk untill,
 And married him sore against his will ;
 And when the marriage was done, 725
 She past unto her chamber soon,
 And mourned there till dinner time,
 That she was brought to hall to dine :
 The King was set and eke the Queen,
 The said Prince and *Lillian* sheen ; 730
 Then every Lord and gentle knight
 Marched with a Lady bright :
 The Courses came abundantlie,
 With bread and wine in great plenty,
 At mid'st of dinner as they sat, 735
 In came three Lords at the gate :
 They did salute the King and Queen,
 And eke fair Lady *Lillian* sheen :
 But the Bride-groom that sate near by,
 To him they made no courtesie, 740

The King thereat great marvell had,
 That they to him no reverence made :
 And said, Why do you not resign
 Homage to your Prince and King ?
 They said, By Him that us dear bought, 745
 Into the hall we see him nought ;
 Then all the hall they looked round,
 At last him in a chamber found ;
 And then they kneeled down in hy,
 Saluting him reverently, 750
 And by the hand they have him tane.
 Then marvelled in hall ilk ane :
 The King wondered and eke the Queen ;
 But blyth was Lady *Lillian*.
 They did enquire how it befell, 755
 So he the manner did them tell,
 How that he thought him for to drown,
 And in the River cast him down :
 And how his gold from him took he,
 And letters, to let him go free : 760
 How he made him an oath to take,
 Which will turn to his shame and lake,
 That I a servant so should be
 To him my Father sent with me :
 The which he could not well deny, 765
 But granted all right hastily.
 Then *Roswall* told unto the King
 All the manner of the Justing,
 And shewed to him that it was he,
 Who won the Justing dayes three. 770
 And then they took the Steward soon,
 And hanged him high after noon.
 Then to the Kirk they passed there,
 And married him and *Lillian* fair.
 There is no tongue on earth can tell 775
 The joy that then had *Roswall* :

And wit ye well if he was fain,
 Fainer was Lady *Lillian*.
 For blyther was not *Meledas*,
 When as she married *Claudias*, 780
 Nor *Belsant* that most pleasant flower,
 When she got *Roland* to paramour,
 As was this Lady *Lillian* :
 In heart she was right wonder fain.
 They ate the spice, and drank the wine, 785
 And past into their dancing syne :
 The King danced with the Queen,
 Then *Roswall* and *Lillian* sheen :
 Every Lord and gentle Knight
 Danced with a Lady bright : 790
 They danced there till supper time,
 So past unto their supper syne :
 There was no Knight, the truth to tell,
 That at his supper fure so well :
 When that the supper ended was, 795
 A Bishop rose and said the grace,
 And syne they past to the dancing,
 The Minstrels play'd with pleasant spring ;
Roswall danced with the Queen,
 The King himself with *Lillian* : 800
 Then every Lord and gentle Knight
 Danced with a Lady bright,
 The Minstrels played with good will,
 Till they had danced all their fill :
 They ate the spice, and drank the wine, 805
 Unto their beds they passed syne.
Roswall and *Lillian* glad
 First are they gone unto their bed :
 But what they did I cannot say,
 I wot they slept not till day. 810
 The Bridal lasted twenty dayes,
 With dancing, carols, and many playes,

With justing and with Tornament.
 Then for the old wife he sent,
 And to the King the manner told, 815
 How she did in her house him hold,
 And sent him to school with her son,
 And how the Master treated him :
 How the Steward did him perceive,
 And from the wife did him receive, 820
 And loved him even as his son,
 In service to remain with him.
 The King did marvell much again
 To hear thir tidings so certain.
 Then *Roswall* rewarded soon 825
 All that ever him good had done :
 First he gave to the old wife
 Gold that lasted all her life,
 And then without delay anone
 He made a Bishop of her son : 830
 The Master that did him instruct
 His own Chapland he did him make.
Roswall and *Lillian* free
 Had five bairns sickерlie,
 Three sons and two daughters dear 835
 Right fair they were withoutten peer :
 The eldest son was King of *Bealm*
 The second fell to *Naples* Realm,
 The third son King of *Bane* was made,
 When that the King thereof was dead : 840
 The eldest daughter fell a chance,
 Married the Daulphin of *France* ;
 The second on the Prince of *Pail*.
 We pray to him that vanquisht hell,
 And for us dyed on a tree, 845
 To grant us heaven : Amen, say ye.

Finis.



The Promine to King James the Sext.

AT the time when the Editor was engaged in collecting the poetical works of the author of "The Cherrie and the Slae,"¹ he was not aware of the existence of this "Promine" otherwise than from the notice given of its title by our typographical historians;² and from observing that in the sale of Mr. West's highly curious and valuable Library, in the year 1773, a copy of it was sold in a lot of "Fragments of old English and Scottish verse." After many fruitless inquiries, it appeared that this identical copy was in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq., who, with great politeness, allowed a transcript to be made for the present publication.³

The author of this poem was Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, the antagonist of Montgomery in the well-known "Flying," which they are said to have carried on "in friendly emulation," and eldest son of a gentleman of both his names. Among "The names of the xxv. gentlemen pensioneris appointit to attend on the Kingis Majestie at all tymes of his ryding and passing to the feildis," xvij. of Maij. 1580, we find our author mentioned as "The young Laird of Polwart." We are told that he was in great favour with King James VI., who appointed him Master of his Household, 1591; one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber; and Warden of the Marches. This last office was suppressed upon the union of the crowns in 1603. He died 15th June 1609.⁴ His brother, Alexander Hume, Minister of Logie, is known as the author of some beautiful descriptive poems contained in a volume which nearly rivals the present tract in rarity,⁵ as well as of other works.

¹ Poems of Alexander Montgomery, with Biographical Notices by David Irving, 8vo, 1821.

² Ames, p. 585. Herbert, p. 1501.

³ It is now in the Bodleian. ⁴ Crawford's Peerage, p. 313.

⁵ Hymns or Sacred Songs, 4to, 1599.

The Promine,
Contening the maner,

place, and time, of the maist Illuster King James
the Sext his first passing to the feildis: directit
to his hienes: Be P. H. familiar ser-
uitour to his Maiestie.



Printit at Edin-

burgh be Johne Ros, for Henrie Charteris. 1580

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

The Epistill.



Reuerend Rois, and maist redowtit
 Roy,
 O peirles Prince, and Perll superlatiue;
 Our hope, our helth, our help, and
 warldlie Joy,

Comfort to Scotland Indefinitiuē :
 Cleir lamp of licht aboue all that dois liue ; 6
 Patrone of prudence, precious and perfite ;
 Gem of Ingine, to quhome God lykis to giue
 Gracis far ma nor I can think or write.

¶ Thocht our all quhair thy famous louing
 springis

In reputatioun and greit reuerence ; 10
 Thocht thy renoun out throch al Europe ringis,
 As flowand fountane full of sapience,
 To offer this git to thine Excellence,
 For feir of fault, I wald haue bene effrayit,
 Gif I had not be sure experience 15
 Thy gracious gudenes prouin and assayit.

¶ For this respect, maist cūning courtes King,
 As I desire and wischis eirnestlie
 To pleis and serue your grace in euerie thing,
 Swa I beseik your mightie Maiestie, 20
 For to accept this mater, made be me
 To glaid your grace, conforme to Intentioun
 Of Clerkis commending, mirth with honestie,
 As Comedeis, and sic uther Inuentioun.

¶ Schir, reid thairfoir, and mak me to reiois ; 25
 I hecht your hienes helping Goddis grace,
 That I sall pen sum Poetrie or prois,
 Mair profitabill, gif I get time and space :
 And sen your wit all verteweis dois Imbrace,
 Schortlie I sweir, bot gif your grace allow it, 30
 That I sall curs my cairfull catiue cace,
 Sine quite this quair, and neuer sall awow it.

¶ To tak this peice in proper patronage,
 your Prencelie prudence will me not deny ;
 Than gif thay speir, the Author to alledge 35
 Quha wrait the veirs, I sall say it was I ;
 And sall not fussie men geuin to Inuy,
 Bot quhen thay lak, or lauchis at my letter,
 Bauldlie sall say in geuing the defy,
 Upon the subiect se quha can do better. 40

¶ Finis.

¶ *Your Graces humbill seruand to command,
 I P. H. with faithful hart and hand.*

¶ The Promine.

¶ *On the xij. day at five houris before none
 1500 seuentie nyne in Iune.*

GOLDIN Titan with burning bemis bricht,
 Be kindlie cours an[d] reuolutioun,
 Appeirandlie to the Astrologues sicht,
 Was in the first-degre of Cancer wone ;
 Or neir hand by, in his Ecliptyk rone, 45

Against the force quhilk daylie had him rent,
Be the first Mobillis weltering violent.

¶ Sa in his Solstice glemand gloriouslie,
Throw nature of his proper motioun,
That Pompous Planeit, placit properlie 60
In that North Signe, of richt ascensioun,
Quhair Juppiter hes exaltatioun,
Did with his bemis on bankis and brayis beit,
The frutes to foster with his hailsum heit,

And flowand Phæbe, Lady of the seyis, 65
Not retrograd, reuoluing in hir ring,
Beheld the west with fixit face and eyis
In Joyfull June, quhen the xij. day did spring
Befoir the furthcome of that cumlie King :
Quhilk as the Sone out of the cloudes gray 60
Fra Snawdoun Castell did discend that day,

¶ With manlike maneris, maikles to behald,
With Princelie port and visage glorious,
With gentill gesture, wordis wise and cald,
In taikning of the maist victtorious, 65
Richt gaylie garnist with giftis gracious,
Quhais heuinlie hauingis stonischit the Air,
As efterward I purpois to declair.

¶ At his first furthcome on the Gowane hillis,
To write how euerie circumstance befell, 70
Quhat beir began of Hagbutis, bowis, and Billis,
Quhat din of daggis, with clink of mony bell
At Falcounis fair, war tedious to tell :
For to be schort, I schaw not how the steidis
On bridillis bait, quhil famie mouthis bleidis, 75

¶ Git wald my Muse Inspire me with the spreit
 Of Poetrie, and pairt of Eloquence,
 To schaw the maner, I esteme it meit,
 How euerie thing maid haille obedience
 Unto his Royal hie Magnificence, 80
 Reiosit swa, with suddand semelie sicht
 Of that leidsterne and luifsum lamp of licht.

¶ His Princelie presence superexcellant,
 As lemand Lanterne maist delectabill,
 Did euerie leuing creature content ; 85
 And to thingis senceles semit amiabill,
 Quhais Celsitude was sa acceptabill,
 That in their kind Ilk thing did obseruance,
 His heich honour and worschip to auance.

¶ I mene not onlie thingis Inferiall, 90
 That subiect ar unto corruptioun ;
 Bot also celeste and Superiall,
 Quhais substance is but alteratioun ;
 As fair Phebus, or utherwayis the Sone,
 Quhilk is composit of na Element, 95
 That day brak up in his bricht birneist Tent.

¶ And schew his rarious visage rubicound,
 Quhilk all the day lay hid unto the howr,
 That his grace Ischit furth upon the ground ;
 Thairefter did on eirth his presence powr, 100
 Excluding than all signes of the schowr,
 Sa glaid he was to se his gudlie grace,
 And - - - ¹ the phisiome of his face.

¶ Sine in the praises of that Prince preclair
 Spred furth his Purpour springis aureat, 105
 Into sic sort to purifie the Air,

¹ Two words in this line are illegible.

Quhill all the skyis skailit violat ;
 The Hemispheir become Illuminat
 Upon the eirth, be heuinlie Influence,
 Distelland dewis on vapouris sweit as sence. 110

¶ The ground ouirgiltand all with goldin glemis,
 Quhill throw his michtie operatiounis,
 Furth of fresche fludes, bet with buriall bemis,
 Rais sappie subtil exhalatiounis,
 Quhais potent pithie Inspiratiounis 115
 Makis treis, frutis, and flouris for to spreid,
 Nicelie enamaling mony mirthfull meid.

¶ Thā fair dame Flora glaiding gardings gay,
 Syilit with schaddow of the blumand bewis,
 Hir minglit Mantill meiklie did display ; 120
 Richt curiouslie, ouircleithand all the clewis,
 With flouris of ane hundreth heuinlie hewis,
 Quhair besilie the bummand honie Beis,
 Tuik nurischement on natures tapestreis.

¶ Thair micht be sene the dewie perllis round,
 Reuest the Rosis, and the Lilleis quhite ; 125
 Into dulce humouris herbis did abound
 Bathing the bony Daseis of delite :
 With ane sweit liquour on the leiffis lite,
 Comforting all the fragrant freklyt flouris 130
 That spreidis in Maii, throw hailsum balmis
 schouris.

¶ Obedientlie begouth than to unfald
 The beiraris bricht, thair flouris to his eis,
 Quhen thay his potent presence did behald,
 Sa tender twistis trimling on the treis, 135
 His prudent hie precellence for to pleis.
 Thair Cristall croppis me thocht thay did Incline
 In signe of homage to that Prince deuine,

¶ Into the Park did properlie appeir,
 Richt trimlie trottand into trowpis and twais, 140
 The wilde quhite cullourit Ky and falow deir,
 With brawland bowkis, bendand our the brais,
 The flingand Fownis, followand dune dais ;
 Sa curage causit beistis mak besines
 His Maiestie muifand to merines. 145

¶ Bot to behald it was ane perfite Joy,
 And as ane eirdlie plesand Paradice :
 To heir and se, thair at the Kingis conuoy,
 The Merle and Maweis, chāgeing notes nice ;
 The Kiddis skippand, with Rais throw the rice,
 Quhair birdis blyithlie on the branches sang, 151
 With sic ane reird, quhill all the Rokkis rang.

¶ Swa schortlie throw sic heuinlie harmoneis,
 Become richt coy, heiring the fowlis sing,
 Baith Eolus, and Neptune God of seis, 155
 Behalding fast the cumming of that King ;
 Quhilk was sa welcum unto euerie thing ;
 Quhat misteris mair, the Goldspinkis was sa glaid,
 Cald thai haif spokin, doutles thai had said :

¶ Welcum, maist maikles Mirroure and A per
 se, 160
 With euerie princelie prerogatiue possess ;
 Welcum worschip, vertew, and honestie ;
 Welcum in warld the wise and worthiest ;
 Welcum blist birth, as bountifull and best ;
 Welcum but peir, the maist Imperiall King 165
 That is, or was, or in the warld sall ring.

¶ Thow Salomon secund in sapience,
 Ane Job in Justice, Jonit with pietie,
 Perfitelie pleneist with all abstinence,

Discreitlie mixt with Magnanimitie, 170
 Meik, mercifull, kind but Inconstancie,
 To all gude men luifing and liberall :
 In the thair wantis na wit Heroicall.

¶ Thy liuelie licht, o leidar Laureat !
 All Christiane men may cleirlye knaw and se, 175
 Dois glance as gyde, lyifis to Illuminat,
 Instructing Kingis, and thair Nobilitie,
 Be gude exampill, for to follow the,
 As worthiest, but feinge to confes,
 Next under God the hall eirth to posses. 180

¶ Thow onlie may be callit verteous,
 In quhome na vertew is deficient :
 Indewit with the giftis plenteous
 Of bodie, mind, and fortoun, to the lent ;
 Thairfoir ge Knichtis and Clerkis with ane
 cōsent, 185
 And pynit pure men, from all panis relaxt
 Salute your Souerane, sweit King James the saxt.

¶ For vicious folk, with filthie faultis defylit,
 Into his Court sall haue na praise nor place.
 And gredie godles men sall be begylit, 190
 Gif thay presume for to obtene his grace.
 All fengeit flatteraris sall ay fle his face ;
 And as the snaw meltis from the Sone away,
 Sa from his sicht the wickit sall decay.

¶ Quhairfoir now, Scotland, sing with ane accord
 Baith greit and small, of Ilk stait and degre, 196
 Perpetuall praise and thankis to the Lord,
 That hes your geuin sa gude ane King as he :
 your to mantene in eis and Equitie.
 Wald God his dayis for euer might Indure, 200
 Swa of all seill but sorrow war ge sure.

¶ God grant his grace the Euerlasting gloir,
 Long life, gude helth, praise and prosperitie :
 Baith worschip, welth, and weifair euermoir,
 And of his fois the vailgeand victorie ; 205
 With heuinlie, eirthlie, full felicitie :
 And that in him (God) be ay glorifeit,
 Luifit, honourd, feird, and euer sanctifeit.

Finis.

L'ENVOY.

¶ *Thir wordis few the Authour dois reheirs
 Into this maner, speikand to his veirs.*

MY bony bill, of barbour language breuit,
 Gif thow be euill, thow will be wors repreuit, 210
 Be witles, vaine, enuyous Ignorantis,
 Quhilk to speik euill, and do na gude thame
 hantis.

For sum will say, thy febill Eloquence
 Is euill cullourit but Intelligence.
 Sum will say this, sum utheris will say that, 215
 And pairt will speik in deid, and wait not quhat.
 Syne sum seditious craftie knaifis Inding,
 Will say, perhaps, thow dois but fleiche the King.
 Thus, gif thow heir fals knaifis calumniat the,
 I pray the baith to say and sweir thay le ! 220
 Schaw to sic fuillis, quhair euer that thow fairis,
 Thy mening gude, and honester than thairis.
 Gif, for all this, they ceis not to maling,
 Than say thow art ressaut of the King
 Unto quhais serene Celsitude I send the : 225
 Thay ar our pert, syne gif thay vilipend the :

git of ane thing greitly thow may reiois
In Burgh, or land, quhair euer that thow gois,
All men of knowledge and Clerkis will cōmend
the,
And honest folkis will euir mair defend the. 230

Fin de L'enuoy.

Finis.



Ane Godlie Dreame, Compylit in Scottish Meter.

THE author of this poem, in what appears to have been the earliest impression, is said to be "M. M. *Gentlewoman in Culros*,"—but in all the subsequent editions she is designated "Eliz. Melvil, *Lady Culros Yonger*;" and in a volume of poems by Alexander Hume ("Hymnes and Sacred Songs," 1599), which is dedicated to her, she is styled "the faithfvll and vertvovs Ladie, Elizabeth Mal-vill, *Ladie Cumrie*." To reconcile these apparent discrepancies, it may be stated that this lady was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Melvill of Halhill, the writer of a most interesting volume of *Memoirs* of his own times; and that, by her marriage with John Colvill, eldest son of Alexander, Comendator of Culros (who during his father's life had the designation of Colvill of Wester-Cumbrie), she received the honorary title, first of "Lady Cumrie," and subsequently of "Lady Culros." She is supposed to have survived her husband, who in the year 1640, not long before his death, succeeded to the peerage;¹ but who did not assume the

¹ Samuel Colvill, the author of "The Whigg's Supplication," or "The Scots Hudibras," is usually spoken of as her son;—if so, he unquestionably did not inherit much of her pious and godly spirit, as his imitation of Butler may evince. The allusion which he makes to Lady Culross's Dream,

"Which sundry drunken Asses flout,
Not seeing the Jewel within the clout,"—

is neither conceived nor expressed in a very decorous manner; to say nothing of the words he has put in the mouth of "John Cockburn" in the Preface to the said poem.

title, although the succession of the Lords Colville of Culross was carried on by his immediate descendants.

An extract from the dedication of Alexander Hume's Poems to our fair authoress may not be unsuitable, as commending her virtuous dispositions, as well as poetical talents, by one who is himself entitled to no inconsiderable distinction amongst the writers of his time. It is dated 16th of February 1598. "Hauing (he says) composed in my youth, a few songes in verse to the glorie of God, seeing the custome of men is to dedicate their workes to their fauorites and patrones: shall it not be lawful to me also, after the maner of men, to present vnto you (a faithfull and beloued ladie) a part of my little labours? And sa meikle the rather, because I know ye delite in poesie yourselfe, and as I vnfaignedly confes, excelles any of your sexe in that art, that euer I hard within this nation. I have seene your compositiones so copious, so pregnant, so spirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you. Finally, because so little a worke as this is, requires a short epistle, I take my leaue, not doubting but my good meaning shall be fauorable accepted. Continue (good ladie and sister) in that godlie course which ye have begun: let nothing be done vpon ostentation. Loue your husband: haue a modest care of your familie, and let your cheefe care be casten vpon the Lord Iesus, who will recompense vs at his comming."

The reader will have an opportunity, from the "Godly Dream," to judge whether Hume has over-rated her poetical talents. We might almost suppose the poem to have suggested some passages in that inimitable work of fiction the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which the author has succeeded so admirably in sustaining his allegory, and in giving life and character to his abstract personifications. It is uncertain if any other of her verses are preserved, except the following Sonnet,¹ addressed to Mr. John Welch in the year 1605 or 1606, when confined in the Castle of Blackness, with some other Presbyterian ministers, on the charge of high treason, but in reality for thwarting King James in his notions of the royal prerogative:—

¹ Wodrow's MSS. (Advocates' Library), 4to, vol. xxix. Rob. iii. 6.

" My dear Brother, with courage bear the crosse,
 Joy shall be joynd with all thy sorrow here ;
 High is thy hope ; disdain this earthly drosse !
 Once shall you see the wished day appear,
 Now it is dark, thy sky cannot be clear,
 After the clouds, it shall be calm anone,
 Wait on his will whoes blood hath bought ye dear,
 Extoll his name, tho' outward joyes be gone.
 Look to the Lord, thou art not left alone,
 Since he is there, quhat pleasure canst thou take !—
 He is at hand, and hears thy heavy moan,
 End out thy faught, and suffer for his sake !
 A sight most bright thy soul shall shortly see,
 When store of glore thy rich reward shall be."

Mr. John Livingston, in his MS. account of " Eminent Professors in Scotland," mentions Lady Culross " as famous for her piety, and for her Dream anent her spiritual condition, which she put in verse, and was by others published ;" and he says, " Of all that ever I saw, she was most unwearied in religious exercises ; and the more she attained in access to God, therein she hungered the more ;" of which he adduces an instance that came under his own observation, at Shots, in the year 1630. There is no doubt that the " Godly Dream" was long popular among the Scottish Presbyterians ;—a circumstance which might have obtained for it a more favourable regard than it has yet experienced. But when writers who have treated of the early Scottish Poets are so ungallant as to dismiss a poem of considerable beauty and imagination as either unworthy of a single passing remark, or as being a " nonsensical religious rhapsody" which " should be consigned to oblivion,"—surely this is to be considered either as prejudice on their part, or the want of taste and discernment, so essential in giving a just estimate of the character and genius of our poetical writers.

Dr. Armstrong, in his Essays, has alluded to the " Godly Dream" in such a manner as if he recollected having heard it sung by the peasants to some plaintive air. In referring to " Scottish tunes," as " feelingly expressive of the passions," he says, " Who was it that threw out those dreadful wild expressions of distraction and melancholy in Lady

Culross's Dream? an old composition, now I am afraid lost, perhaps because it was almost too terrible for the ear."¹ Mr. Pinkerton thought otherwise. He observes that "this composition is neither lost, nor is it too terrible for the ear. On the contrary, a child might hear it repeated in a winter night without the smallest emotion. The dreadful and melancholy of this production are solely of the religious kind, and may have been deeply affecting to the enthusiastic at the period in which it was written."²

In proof of the estimation in which this poem was held, it may be mentioned that it continued to be reprinted so late as 1737. The earliest edition is that printed in the year 1603, consisting of ten leaves in 4to, bl. letter, the text of which has been chiefly adopted in this republication.³ The following is a copy of the title-page, which in the original has a border and the woodcut device of the printer.

It was republished in 1606, 1620, 1644, 1680, 1686, 1692, 1698 (*bis*), 1727, and 1737. The Scottish idiom and orthography have been very much changed in all the impressions after 1603.⁴ There are no doubt other editions which have escaped the Editor's notice.

¹ Miscellanies, by John Armstrong, M.D., vol. ii. p. 234.

² Select Scottish Ballads, vol. i. p. xxxvii.

³ The stanzas are not numbered, and the Saxon letter *z* is made use of instead of *y* consonant, as in this reprint.

⁴ At the end of nearly all the editions of "The Godly Dream" is a poem added which begins, "Away vain world, bewitcher of my heart" (likewise printed with the air in the Aberdeen Cantus), but which has now been printed amongst the Poems of Alexander Montgomery, author of the "Cherrie and the Slae," 1821.

ANE GODLIE

DREAME, COMPYLIT IN

Scottish Meter be M.M. Gentel-

*woman in Culros, at the re-
queist of her freindes.*

*Introite per angustam portam, nam lata est
via quæ ducit ad interitum.*

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BE ROBERT

CHARTERIS. 1603.

Ane Godlie Dreame, Compylit in Scottish Meter, be
M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros, at the Requeist
of her Freinds.

I.



Vpon ane day as I did mourne full soir,
With sindrie things quhairwith my
saul was greifit,
My greif increasit, and grew moir and
moir,

My comfort fled, and could not be releifit ;
With heavines my heart was sae mischeifit, 5
I loathit my lyfe, I could not eit nor drink ;
I micht not speik, nor luik to nane that leifit,
But musit alone, and divers things did think.

II.

The wretchit warld did sa molest my mynde,
I thocht upon this fals and iron age ; 10
And how our harts war sa to vice inclynde,
That Sathan seimit maist feirfullie to rage.
Nathing in earth my sorrow could asswage !
I felt my sin maist stranglie to increas ;
I grefit my Spreit, that wont to be my pledge ; 15
My saull was drownit into maist deip distres.

III.

All merynes did aggravate my paine,
And earthlie joyes did still increas my wo :
In companie I na wayes could remaine,
Bot fled resort, and so alone did go. 20
My sillie soull was tossit to and fro
With sindrie thochts, quhilk troublit me full soir ;
I preisit to pray, bot sichts overset me so,
I could do nocht bot sich, and say no moir.

IV.

The twinkling teares abundantlie ran down, 25
 My heart was easit quhen I had mournit my fill ;
 Than I began my lamentatioun,
 And said, "O Lord ! how lang is it thy will
 That thy puir Sancts sall be afflictit still ?
 Allace ! how lang sall subtill Sathan rage ? 30
 Mak haist, O Lord ! thy promeis to fulfill ;
 Mak haist to end our painefull pilgramage.

V.

"Thy sillie Sancts are tossit to and fro,
 Awalk, O Lord ! quhy sleigest thou sa lang ?
 We have na strenth agains our cruell fo, 35
 In sichts and sobbis now changit is our sang :
 The warld prevails, our enemies ar strang,
 The wickit rage, bot we are puir and waik :
 O shaw thy self ! with speid revenge our wrang,
 Mak short thir days, even for thy chosen's saik. 40

VI.

"Lord Jesus cum and saif thy awin Elect,
 For Sathan seiks our simpill sauls to slay ;
 The wickit warld dois stranglie us infect,
 Most monsterous sinnes increasses day be day :
 Our luif grows cauld, our zeill is worne away, 45
 Our faith is faillit, and we ar lyke to fall ;
 The Lyon roares to catch us as his pray,
 Mak haist, O Lord ! befor wee perish all.

VII.

"Thir ar the dayes, that thow sa lang foretald
 Sould cum befor this wretchit world sould end ; 50
 Now vice abounds, and charitie growes cauld,
 And evin thine owne most stronglie dois offend :

The Devill prevaillis, his forces he dois bend,
 Gif it could be, to wraik thy children deir ;
 Bot wee ar thine, thairfor sum succour send, 55
 Resave our saullis, we irk to wander heir.

VIII.

“ Quhat can wee do ? wee cloggit ar with sin,
 In filthie vyce our sensles saules ar drownit ;
 Thocht wee resolve, we nevir can begin
 To mend our lyfes, bot sin dois still abound. 60
 Quhen will thou cum ? quhen sall thy trumpet
 sound ?
 Quhen sall wee sie that grit and glorious day ?
 O save us, Lord ! out of this pit profound,
 And reif us from this loathsum lump of clay !

IX.

“ Thou knaws our hearts, thou seis our hail desyre,
 Our secret thochts thay ar not hid fra thee ; 66
 Thocht we offend, thou knawis we stranglie tyre
 To beir this wecht ; our spreit wald faine be free.
 Allace ! O Lord ! quhat pleasour can it be
 To leif in sinne, that sair dois presse us downe ? 70
 O give us wings, that wee aloft may flie,
 And end the fecht, that we may weir the crowne ! ”

X.

Befoir the Lord, quhen I had thus complainit,
 My mynde grew calme, my heart was at great rest ;
 Thocht I was faint from fuid yet I refrainit, 75
 And went to bed, becaus I thocht it best :
 With heavines my spreit was sa apprest
 I fell on sleip, and sa againe me thocht
 I maid my mone, and than my greif increst,
 And from the Lord with teares I succour socht. 80

XI.

"Lord Jesus cum, said I, and end my grief !
 My spreit is vexit, the captive wald be frie ;
 All vice abounds, O send us sum releif !
 I loath to live, I wishe desolvit to be :
 My spreit dois lang, and thristeth after thee, 85
 As thristie ground requyres ane shoure of raine ;
 My heart is dry, as fruitles barren tree
 I feill my selfe, how can I heir remaine !"

XII.

With sichts and sobs as I did so lament,
 Into my Dreame I thocht thair did appeir 90
 Ane sicht maist sweit, quhilk made me weill con-
 tent :
 Ane Angell bricht, with visage schyning cleir,
 With luifing luiks, and with ane smyling cheir :
 He askit mee, " Quhy art thou thus sa sad ?
 Quhy grones thou so? quhat dois thou duyning
 heir 95
 With cairfull cryes, in this thy bailfull bed ?

XIII.

" I heir thy sichts, I sie thy twinkling teares,
 Thou seimes to be in sum perplexitie :
 Quhat means thy mones? quhat is the thing thou
 feares ?
 Quhom wald thou have? in quhat place wald thou
 be ? 100
 Fainte not sa fast in thy adversitie,
 Mourne not sa sair, sen mourning may not mend ;
 Lift up thy heart, declair thy greif to mee,
 Perchance thy paine brings pleasure in the end."

XIV.

I sicht againe, and said, "Allace for wo ! 105
 My greif is greit, I can it not declair ;
 Into this earth I wander to and fro,
 Ane pilgrime puir, consumit with siching sair :
 My sinnes, allace ! increases mair and mair ;
 I loath my lyfe, I irk to wander heir ; 110
 I long for Heaven, my heritage is thair,
 I long to live with my Redeimer deir."

XV.

"Is this the caus ? said he, ryse up anone,
 And follow mee, and I sall be thy gyde :
 And from thy sighes leif off thy heavie mone, 115
 Refraine from teares, and cast thy cair asyde ;
 Trust in my strenth, and in my word confyde,
 And thou sall have thy heavie hearts desyre :
 Ryse up with speid, I may not lang abyde,
 Greit diligence this matter dois requyre." 120

XVI.

My Saull rejoysit to heir his words sa sweit,
 I luikit up and saw his face maist fair ;
 His countenance revivit my wearie Spreit,
 Incontinent I cuist asyde my cair ;
 With humbill heart, I prayit him to declair, 125
 "Quhat was his name ?" He answerit me againe,
 "I am thy God for quhom thou sicht sa sair,
 I now am cummit ; thy teares ar not in vaine.

XVII.

"I am the way, I am the treuth and lyfe,
 I am thy spous that brings thee store of grace ; 130
 I am thy luif quhom thou wald faine embrace,
 I am thy joy, I am thy rest and peace ;

Ryse up, anone, and follow efter mee,
 I sall thee leid into thy dwelling place,
 The land of rest, thou langis sa sair to sie ; 135
 I am thy Lord, that some sall end thy race."

XVIII.

With joyfull heart I thankit him againe,
 "Reddie am I, said I, and weill content
 To follow thee, for heir I leive in paine ;
 O wretch unworth ! my dayes ar vainlie spent. 140
 Nocht ane is just, bot all ar fearcelie bent
 To rin to vyce, I have na force to stand ;
 My sinnes increase, quhilk maks me sair lament,
 Mak haist, O Lord ! I lang to sie that land."

XIX.

"Thy haist is greit, he answerit me againe, 145
 Thou thinks thee thair, thou art transportit so ;
 That pleasant place must purchaist be with paine,
 The way is strait, and thou hes far to go !
 Art thou content to wander to and fro,
 Throw greit deserts, throw water, and throw fyre? 150
 Throw thornes, and breirs, and monie dangers mo,
 Quhat says thou now ? Thy febill flesh will tyre."

XX.

"Allace ! said I, howbeit my flesh be waik,
 My spreit is strang and willing for to flie ;
 O leif mee nocht, bot for thy mercies saik, 155
 Performe thy word, or els for duill I die !
 I feir no paine, sence I sould walk with thee ;
 The way is lang, yit bring me throw at last."
 "Thou answeirs weill, I am content, said hee,
 To be thy guyde, bot sie thou grip me fast." 160

XXI.

Than up I rais and maid na mair delay,
 My febill arme about his arme I cast :
 He went befoir and still did guyde the way,
 Thocht I was waik my spreit did follow fast.
 Throw mos and myres, throw ditches deip we
 past, 165
 Throw pricking thornes, throw water and throw
 fyre ;
 Throw dreidfull dennes, quhilk made my heart
 agast :
 Hee buir mee up quhen I begouth to tyre.

XXII.

Sumtyme wee clam on craigie montanes hie,
 And sumtymes staid on uglie brayes of sand ; 170
 They war sa stay that wonder was to sie,
 Bot quhen I feirit, hee held mee by the hand :
 Throw thick and thin, throw sea and eik be land,
 Throw greit deserts wee wanderit on our way ;
 Quhen I was waik, and had no force to stand, 175
 Yit with ane luik hee did refresh mee ay.

XXIII.

Throw waters greit wee war compellit to wyde,
 Quhilk war sa deip that I was lyke to drowne ;
 Sumtyme I sank, bot yit my gracious gyde
 Did draw me out half deid, and in ane sowne. 180
 In woods maist wyld, and far fra anie towne,
 Wee thristit throw, the breirs together stak ;
 I was sa waik their strength did ding me downe,
 That I was forcit for feir to flie aback.

XXIV.

“Curage, said hee, thou art mid gait and mair,
 Thou may not tyre, nor turne aback againe ; 185
 Hald fast thy grip, on mee cast all thy cair,
 Assay thy strength, thou sall not fecht in vaine ;
 I tauld thee first, that thou sould suffer paine,
 The neirer heaven, the harder is the way :
 Lift up thy heart, and let thy hope remaine, 190
 Sence I am guyde, thou sall not go astray.”

XXV.

Fordwart wee past on narrow brigs of trie
 Over waters greit, that hiddeouslie did roir :
 Thair lay below, that feirfull was to sie,
 Maist uglie beists, that gapit to devoir. 195
 My heid grew licht, and troublit wonderous soir,
 My heart did feir, my feit began to slyde ;
 Bot quhan I cryit, hee heard mee ever moir,
 And held mee up, O blissit be my guyde !

XXVI.

Wearie I was, and thocht to sit at rest, 200
 Bot hee said, “Na : thou may not sit nor stand ;
 Hald on thy course, and thou sall find it best,
 Gif thou desyris to sie that pleasant land.”
 Thocht I was waik, I rais at his command,
 And held him fast ; at lenth he leit me sie 205
 That pleasant place, quhilk semit to be at hand.
 “Tak curage now, for thou art neir,” said hee.

XXVII.

I luikit up unto that Castell fair,
 Glistring lyke gold, and schyning silver bricht :
 The staitlie toures did mount above the air, 210
 Thay blindit mee, thay cuist sa greit ane licht.

My heart was glaid to sie that joyfull sicht,
 My voyage than I thocht was not in vaine.
 I him besocht to guyde mee thair aricht,
 With manie vowes never to tyre againe. 216

XXVIII.

“Thocht thou be neir, the way is wonderous hard,
 Said hee againe, thairfoir thou mon be stout ;
 Fainte not for feir, for cowarts ar debarde—
 That hes na heart to go thair voyage out :
 Pluck up thy heart, and grip me fast about, 220
 Out throw yon trance together we maun go :
 The gait is law, remember for to lout,
 Gif this war past, wee have not manie mo.”

XXIX.

I held him fast as he did gif command,
 And throw that trance together than wee went ; 225
 Quhairin the middis grit pricks of iron did stand,
 Quhairwith my feit was all betorne and rent.
 “Tak curage now, said hee, and bee content
 To suffer this ; the pleasour cums at last.”
 I answerit nocht, bot ran incontinent 230
 Out over them all, and so the paine was past.

XXX.

Quhen this was done, my heart did dance for joy,
 I was sa neir, I thocht my voyage endit ;
 I ran befoir and socht not his convoy,
 Nor speirit the way, becaus I thocht I kend it ; 235
 On staitlie steps maist stoutlie I ascendit,
 Without his help, I thocht to enter thair ;
 Hee followit fast, and was richt sair offendit,
 And haistelie did draw mee down the stair.

XXXI.

“Quhat haist, said he, quhy ran thou so befoir? 240
 Without my help, thinks thou to clim so hie?
 Cum down againe, thou yit mon suffer moir,
 Gif thou desyres that dwelling place to sie :
 This staitlie stair is not maid for thee, 244
 Hald thou that course, thow sall be thrust aback.”
 “Allace ! said I, lang wandering weireit mee,
 Quhilk maid me rin, the neirest way to tak.”

XXXII.

Than hee began to comfort mee againe,
 And said, “ My friend, thou mon not enter thair :
 Lift up thy heart, thou yit mon suffer paine, 250
 The last assault, perforce, it mon be sair,
 This godlie way, althocht it seems sa fair,
 It is to hie, thou cannot clim so stay ;
 Bot luik belaw beneath that staitlie stair,
 And thou sall sie ane uther kynde of way.” 255

XXXIII.

I lukit down, and saw ane pit most black,
 Most full of smock, and flaming fyre most fell ;
 That uglie sicht maid mee to flie aback,
 I feirit to heir so many shout and yell :
 I him besocht that he the treuth wald tell. 260
 “ Is this, said I, the Papists purging place,
 Quhair they affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
 To purge thair sin, befoir they rest in peace ? ”

XXXIV.

“ The braine of man maist warlie did invent 264
 That purging place, hee answerit mee againe ;
 For gredines, together they consent
 To say, that saulles in torment mon remaine,

Till gold and gudes releif them of thair paine :
 O spytfull spreits that did the same begin : 270
 O blindit beists ! your thochts ar all in vaine,
 My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin."

XXXV.

" This Pit is Hell, quhairthrow thou now mon go,
 Thair is thy way that leids thee to the land :
 Now play the man, thou neids not trimbill so, 275
 For I sall help, and hald thee be the hand."
 " Allace ! said I, I have na force to stand,
 For feir I faint to sie that uglie sight ;
 How can I cum among that bailfull band ?
 O help mee now, I have na force nor micht ! 280

XXXVI.

" Oft have I heard, that thay that enters thair,
 In this greit golfe, sall never cum againe."
 " Curage ! said hee, have I not bocht thee deir ?
 My precious blude it was nocht shed in vaine :
 I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine, 285
 Or ever I went into my Father's gloir :
 Throw mon thou go, bot thou sall not remaine,
 'Thow neids not feir, for I sall go befoir."

XXXVII.

" I am content to do thy haill command,"—
 Said I againe, and did him fast imbrace : 290
 Then lovinglie he held mee be the hand,
 And in wee went into that feirfull place.
 " Hald fast thy grip, said hee ; in anie cace
 Let mee not slip, quhat ever thou sall sie :
 Dreid not the deith, but stoutlie forwart preïs, 295
 For Deith nor Hell sall never vanquish thee."

XXXVIII.

His words sa sweit did cheir my heavie hairt ;
 Incontinent I cuist my cair asyde.
 " Curage ! said hee, play not ane cowart's pairt,
 Thocht thou be waik, yet in my strenth confyde." 300
 I thocht me blist to have sa gude ane guyde,
 Thocht I was waik, I knew that he was strang :
 Under his wings I thocht mee for to hyde,
 Gif anie thair sould preis to do me wrang.

XXXIX.

Into that Pit, quhen I did enter in, 305
 I saw ane sicht quhilk maid my heart agast ;
 Puir damnit saullis, tormentit sair for sin,
 In flaming fyre, war frying wonder fast ;
 And uglie spreits ; and as we throcht them past,
 My heart grew faint, and I begouth to tyre. 310
 Or I was war, ane gripit mee at last,
 And held mee heich above ane flaming fyre :

XL.

The fyre was greit, the heit did peirs me sair,
 My faith grew waik, my grip was wonderous small ;
 I trimbellit fast, my feir grew mair and mair, 315
 My hands did shaik, that I him held withall :
 At lenth thay lousit, than thay begouth to fall,
 I cryit, " O Lord ! " and caught them fast againe ;
 " Lord Jesus cum, and red mee out of thrall."
 " Curage ! said he, now thou art past the paine." 320

XLI.

With this greit feir, I stackerit and awoke,
 Crying, " O Lord ! Lord Jesus cum againe."
 Bot efter this no kynde of rest I tuke,
 I preisit to sleip, bot that was all in vaine.

I wald have dreamit of pleasur after paine, 325
 Becaus I knaw, I sall it finde at last :
 God grant my guyde may still with mee remaine !
 It is to cum that I beleifit was past.

XLII.

This is ane Dreame, and yit I thocht it best
 To wryte the same, and keip it still in mynde ; 330
 Becaus I knew, thair was na earthlie rest
 Preparit for us, that hes our hearts inclynde
 To seik the Lord, we mon be purgde and fynde :
 Our drois is greit, the fyre mon try us sair ;
 Bot yit our God is mercifull and kynde, 335
 Hee sall remaine and help us ever mair.

XLIII.

The way to Heaven, I sie is wonderous hard,
 My Dreame declairs, that we have far to go ;
 Wee mon be stout, for cowards are debarde,
 Our flesh on force mon suffer paine and wo. 340
 Thir grivelie gaits, and many dangers mo
 Awaits for us, wee can not leive in rest ;
 Bot let us learne, sence we ar wairnit so,
 To cleave to Christ, for he can help us best.

XLIV.

O sillie saullis with paines sa sair opprest, 345
 That love the Lord, and lang for Heaven sa hie ;
 Chainge not your mynde, for ye have chosen the
 best,
 Prepair your selves, for troblit mon ye be ;
 Faint not for feir in your adversitie,
 Althocht that ye lang luiking be for lyfe ; 350
 Suffer ane quhile, and ye sall shortlie sie
 The Land of rest, quhen endit is your strife.

XLV.

In wildernes, ye mon be tryit a quhile,
 Yit fordwart preis, and never flie aback :
 Lyke pilgrimes puir, and strangers in exyle, 355
 Throw fair and foull your journey ye mon tak.
 The Devill, the Warld, and all that they can mak,
 Will send their force to stop you in your way ;
 Your flesh will faint, and sumtyme will grow slak,
 Yit clim to Christ, and hee sall help you ay. 360

XLVI.

The thornie cairis of this deceitfull lyfe
 Will rent your heart, and mak your saull to bleid ;
 Your flesh and spreit will be at deidlie stryfe,
 Your cruel foe will hald yow still in dreid,
 And draw you down ; yit ryse againe with speid ; 365
 And thocht ye fall, yit ly not loytring still ;
 Bot call on Christ, to help you in your neid,
 Quha will nocht fail his promeis to fulfill.

XLVII.

In floudes of wo quhen ye ar lyke to drowne,
 Yit clim to Christ, and grip him wonder fast ; 370
 And thocht ye sink, and in the deip fall downe,
 Yit cry aloud, and hee will heir at last.
 Dreid nocht the death, nor be not sair agast,
 Thocht all the eirth against yow sould conspyre ;
 Christ is your guyde, and quhen your paine is past,
 Ye sall have joy above your hearts desyre. 376

XLVIII.

Thocht in this earth ye sall exaltit be,
 Feir sall be left to humbill your withall ;
 For gif ye clim on tops of montaines hie,
 The heicher up the nearer is your fall : 380

Your honie sweit shall mixit be with gall,
 Your short delyte sall end with paine and greif;
 Yit trust in God, for his assistance call,
 And he sall help and send you_{sum} relief.

XLIX.

Thocht waters greit do compas yow about 385
 Thocht tirannes freat, thocht lyouns rage and roir;
 Defy them all, and feir not to win out,
 Your guyde is neir to help yow ever moir.
 Thocht prick of iron do prick yow wonderous soir,
 As noysum lusts that seik your saul to slay; 390
 Yit cry on Christ, and hee sall go befoir,
 The neirer Heaven, the harder is the way.

L.

Rin out your race, ye mon not faint nor tyre,
 Nor sit, nor stand, nor turne back againe;
 Gif ye desyne to have your hearts desyre, 395
 Preis fordwart still, althocht it be with paine:
 Na rest for yow sa lang as ye remaine
 Ane pilgrim puir, into thy loathsum lyfe:
 Fecht on your faucht, it sall nocht be in vaine,
 Your riche rewarde is worth ane gritter stryfe. 400

LI.

Gif efter teires ye leif ane quhyle in joy,
 And get ane taist of that Eternal gloir,
 Be nocht securɛ, nor slip nocht your convoy,
 For gif ye do ye sall repent it soir:
 He knawes the way, and he mon go befoir: 405
 Clim ye alane, ye sall nocht mis ane fall;
 Your humblit flesh it mon be troublit moir,
 Gif ye forget upon your guyde to call.

LII.

Gif Christ be gaine, althocht ye seime to flie
 With golden wings above the firmament ; 410
 Come down againe, ye sall nocht better be,
 That pride of yours ye sall richt sair repent :
 Than hald him fast, with humbill heart ay bent
 To follow him, althocht throw Hell and Death ;
 He went befoir, his saull was torne and rent, 415
 For your deserts hee felt his Father's wraith.

LIII.

Thocht in the end ye suffer torments fell,
 Clim fast to him, that felt the same befoir ;
 The way to Heaven mon be throw Death and Hell ;
 The last assault will troubill yow full soir ; 420
 The Lyoun than maist cruellie will roir,
 His tyme is short, his forces hee will bend ;
 The gritter stryfe, the gritter is your gloir,
 Your paine is short, your joy sall never end.

LIV.

Rejoyce in God, let nocht your curage fail, 425
 Ye chosin Sancts that ar afflictit heir ;
 Thocht Sathan rage, hee never sall prevaill,
 Fecht to the end, and stoutlie perseveir.
 Your God is trew, your bluid is to him deir,
 Feir nocht the way, sence Christ is your convoy, 430
 Quhen clouds ar past the weather will grow cleir,
 Ye saw in teares, bot ye sall reap in joy.

LV.

Baith Deith and Hell hes lost thair cruell sting,
 Your Captaine Christ hes maid them all to yeild ;
 Lift up your hearts, and praises to him sing, 435
 Triumph for joy, your enemies ar keilde :

The Lord of Hostis, that is your strenth and sheild,
 The Serpents heid hes stoutlie trampit downe ;
 Trust in his strenth, pass fordwart in the feild,
 Overcum in fecht, and ye sall weare the Crowne.

LVI.

The King of kings, gif he be on our syde, 441
 Wee neid nocht feir quhat dar agains us stand ;
 Into the feild may wee nocht baldie byde,
 Quhen hee sall help us, with his michtie hand,
 Quha sits abone, and reules baith sea and land, 446
 Quha with his breath doth mak the hilles to shaik?—
 The hostes of Heaven ar armit at his command
 To fecht the feild, quhen wee appeir maist waik.

LVII.

Pluck up your heart, ye are nocht left alone,
 The Lambe of God sall leid yow in the way ; 450
 The Lord of Hostes that rings on royall throne,
 Against your foes your baner will display.
 The Angels bright sall stand in gude array
 To hald yow up, ye neid not fear to fall ;
 Your enemies sall flie, and be your pray, 455
 Ye sall triumphe, and they sall perish all.

LVIII.

The joy of Heaven is worth ane moments paine,
 Tak curage than, lift up your hearts on hie ;
 To judge the eirth quhen Christ sall cum againe,
 Above the cloudes ye sall exaltit be : 460
 The Throne of joy and trew felicitie
 Await for yow, quhen finishit is your fecht ;
 Suffer ane quhyle, and ye sall shortlie sie
 Ane gloir maist grit, and infinite of wecht.

LIX.

Prepair your selves, be valiant men of weir, 465
 And thrust with force out throw the narrow way ;
 Hald on thy course and shrink not back for feir,
 Chryst is your guyde, ye sall nocht go astray ;
 The tyme is neare, be sober, watch and pray,
 Hee seis your teares, and he hes laid in stoir 470
 Ane riche rewarde, quhilk in that joyfull day
 Ye shall resave, and ring for ever moir.

LX.

Now to the King that creat all of nocht,
 And Lord of Lords, that reules baith land and sie,
 That saifit our saullis, and with his blude us bocht,
 And vanquisht Death, triumphant on the trie ; 476
 Unto the grit and glorious Trinitie,
 That saifis the puir, and dois his awin defend ;
 Be Laud and Gloir, Honour and Majestie,
 Power and Praise, Amen, Warld without end. 480

Finis.



The Lovers Quarrel; or Rosamond of Scotland.

“THE Lovers quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read.” London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, 1677, 12mo, black letter, twelve leaves, including one of woodcuts before title.

There are other early impressions, as well as later, of which a sufficient account may be found in Hazlitt's "Bibliographical Collections" or "Handbook." It is, or at least was, common as a penny history. The subject is one which would necessarily be very popular. Besides the copies in book form, there is one in the British Museum printed on a broadsheet and dated in coeval MS, May 29, 1657, with Richard Th as the signature of the writer, the rest of the name being lost. This entirely differs from that here given, as will be presently perceived, and is entitled: "The Two Constant Lovers in Scotland," &c. See Hazlitt's "Bibliographical Collections and Notes," 1st Series, p. 267. No Scottish impression has been found; but there are occasional glimpses of Scoticism retained, perhaps from editions no longer known.¹

The present performance may, perhaps, be classed with "The Chyld of Bristow" and "The Squyr of Lowe Degre."

¹ See Halliwell's "Notices of Popular English Histories," p. 17-18.

The scene is laid in Scotland, and it reads like a Border legend. In the editions of 1657 and 1677, the language is scarcely more ancient, for the most part, than that of the period when it was published; but no doubt it was a modernised version or *rifacimento* by a not very skilful or scrupulous hand. In some of the Chapmen's editions the title was altered to "Tommy Potts, or the Lovers' Quarrel."

"The Lovers Quarrel" has participated in the general fate of popular stories, in the annexation, after a certain interval, of a Second Part, narrating the subsequent history of the hero and heroine. It is difficult to tell exactly when this sequel was incorporated with the original tale; but it appears in an impression which was formerly in Mr. Halliwell's Collection, and which was published at Newcastle about 1760. It is there entitled, "The Lovers' Loyalty; or the Happy Pair, giving an account of the happy lives of Tommy Potts (now Lord Arundel)¹ and the Fair Rosamond, his charming bride, who loved and lived in peace and unity all their days. The Second Book."

¹ ? Arrandale. But all the names of persons and places in this poem are fictitious. *Lord Phœnix*, *Harvy's-town*, *Gilforth-Green*, *Strawberry-Castle*, &c., are, as the late Mr. David Laing remarked to the present Editor, unknown to Scotch history and topography. So with *lord Arundel* or *Arrandale*.

¶ The Lovers Quarrel or Cupids Triumph. Being the Pleasant History of fair Rosamond of Scotland. This may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewel.¹



Of all the Lords in Scotland fair,
And Ladies that been so bright of
blee,
There is a noble Lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear
by me.¹

For of her beauty she is bright, 5
And of her colour very fair,
She's Daughter to Lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

Ile see this bride, Lord Phenix said,
That Lady of so bright a blee, 10
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she'st be.

But when he came the Lady before,
Before this comely Maid came he,
O, God thee save, thou Lady sweet, 15
My heir apparand thou shalt be.

¹ In the edition of 1657 it is said to be set "to a pleasant new tune."

² The copy of 1657 opens thus:—

"In Scotland there are Ladis fair,
there's Ladis of Honour & high degree,
Hey down, down a down, derry:
But one excels above all the rest,
And the Earl of Arundel's daughter is she.
*With hey down, derry down,
hey derry down derry.*"

Leave of your suit (the Lady said),
 As you are a Lord of high degree,
 You may have Ladies enough at home,
 And I have a Lord in mine own Country ; 20

For I have a Lover true of mine own,
 A Serving-man of low degree,
 One Tommy pots it is his name,
 My first love and last that ever shall be.

If that Tom pots [it] is his name, 25
 I do ken him right verily,
 I am able to spend forty pounds a Week,
 Where he is not able to spend pounds three.

God give you good of your gold, she said,
 And ever God give you good of your fee, 30
 Tom pots was the first love that ever I had,
 And I do mean him the last to be.

With that Lord phenix sore was mov'd,
 Towards the Lady did he threat,
 He told her father, and so it was prov'd, 35
 How his Daughters mind was set.

O Daughter dear, thou art my own,
 The heir of all my lands to be,
 Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,
 If that thou mean to be heir to me. 40

O father dear, I am your own,
 And at your command I needs must be,
 But bind my body to whom you please,
 My heart, Tom pots, shall go with thee.

Alas ! the Lady her fondnesse must leave, 45
 And all her fond¹ wooing lay aside,

¹ Copy of 1677, *foolish*.

Y^e time is come her friends hath appointed,
That she must be Lord Phenix¹ bride.

With that the Lady began to weep,
She knew not well then what to say, 60
How she might Lord Phenix deny,
And escape from Marriage quite away.

She cal'd unto her little Foot-page,
Saying : I can trust none but thee,
Go carry Tom Pots this Letter fair, 65
And bid him on Gilforth-green meet me :

For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well prov'd it shall be ;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And do wish him this Wedding to see. 60

But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me ;
And go thy way, and hie² thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smile now with his lips, 65
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart,
Then may I seek another true Love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be, 70
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I will never be.

Away this lacky boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,

¹ In ed. 1657, *Lord Fenix* and *lord William Fenix*.

² Old copy, *high*.

Till he came to Strawberry¹-Castle, 75
 And there Tom Potts came he to see.

He gave him the Letter in his hand ;
 Before that he began to read,
 He told him plainly by word of mouth,
 His love was forc'd to be Lord Phenix bride. 80

When he look'd on the Letter fair,
 The salt tears blemishèd his eye,
 Sayes : I cannot read this Letter fair,
 Nor never a word do² see or spy.

My little boy, be to me true ; 85
 Here is five merks I will give thee,
 And all these words I must peruse,
 And tell my Lady this from me :

Now³ in faith, said Tommy, she is my own,
 As all hereafter shall understand, 90
 Lord Phœnix shall not have her night nor day,
 Unless he win her with his own hand.

On Gilforth⁴-Green I will her meet ;
 And if she love me, bid her for me pray,
 For there I'le lose my life so sweet, 95
 Or else her Wedding I mean to stay.

The boy took his leave of Tommy o' the Potts,
 Fearing that he had staid too late ;
 The Lady did wait of his comming,
 And met him five miles out of the gate : 100

¹ *Strayberry*—Utterson's copy.

² Old ed. has *to*.

³ Here the ed. of 1677 follows more closely that of 1657, which exhibits, however, superior readings, adopted above and elsewhere.

⁴ Ed. 1677, *Guildford*.

O bonny boy, thou art but young,
 It gives me at heart thou'lt mock and scorn ;
 Ile not believe thee what my love hath said,
 Unlesse thou on this book be sworn.

Now by this book, the boy did say, 105
 And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
 Tom pots could not read the Letter fair,
 If he should have been hang'd at gallo-tree.

He said : in faith you are his own,
 As all hereafter shall understand ; 110
 Lord Phenix shal not have you by night nor day,
 Unless he win you with his own hand.

For on Gilforth-green he will you meet,
 And if you love him, you must for him pray,
 And there he'll lose his life so sweet, 115
 Or else the Wedding he will stay,

If this be true, my little boy,
 These tidings which thou tellest to me,
 Forty Shillings I did thee promise,
 Here is ten pounds I will give thee. 120

My Maidens all, the Lady said,
 That ever wish me well to prove,
 Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 That Tommy pots may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win, 125
 As I pray to Christ in Trinity,
 Ile mak him the flower of all his kin,
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.

¶ The Second Part.

LETS leave talking of the boy,
 That with his gay lady is turned home, 130
 Now let us talk of Tommy o' the Potts,
 And how to his Master he is gone,

When Tommy came his master before,
 He kneeled down upon his Knee,
 What news? what news? thou Tommy o' the
 Potts, 135
 Thou art so full of courtesie?

What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy o'
 the Potts,
 Thou art so full of courtesie?
 Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
 Or wrought to me some villany. 140

I have slain none of my fellows fair,
 Nor wrought to you no villany,
 But I have a love in Scotland fair,
 And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

O Christ you save, dear master, he said, 145
 And Christ you save and see!
 For God's love, master, come read me this letter,
 Which my true love hath sent to me.

His master took this letter in hand,
 And looked on it with his eye, 150
 In faith, I am fain, my man, he said,
 As thou hast a lady so true to thee.

For¹ thou'st have forty pounds a week,
 In gold and silver thou shalt row,

¹ The copy of 1657 varies here very much from the later texts. "Forty pounds a week," perhaps meant *pounds Scots*.

And Harvy Town I will give thee, 155
 As long as thou intend'st to woe.

Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,
 And forty horses to go with thee,
 Forty of the best Spears I have,
 And I myself in thy company. 160

Now Christ reward you, dear master, he said,
 For the goodwill you bear to me ;
 But if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
 My own hands shall set her free.

God be with you, master, said Tommy o' th' Potts,
 Now Jesus Christ you save and see ; 166
 If ever I come alive again,
 Staid the Wedding it shall be.

O god be your speed, thou Tommy o' th' Potts,
 Thou art well proved for a man, 170
 See never a drop of blood thou spil,
 Nor confound yonder Gentleman.¹

See that some truce with him you take,
 And appoint a place of liberty ;
 Let him provide him as well as he can, 175
 As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Gilforth-green,
 And there had walkt a little aside,
 There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
 And Lady Rosamond his bride. 180

Away by the bride then Tommy o' th' Potts went,
 But never a word to her did say,
 Till that he came Lord Phenix before,
 He gave him the right time of the day.

¹ Old eds. have *yonder Gentleman confound*.

O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy o' th' Potts,
Thou serving-man of low degree, 186
How doth thy Lord and Master at home,
And all the Ladies in that country?

My Lord and Master is in good health,
I trust, since that I did him see ; 190
Will you walk with me to an out-side,
Two or three words to talk with me?

You are a noble man, said Tom,
And born a Lord in Scotland free,
You may have ladies enough at home, 195
And never take my Love from me.

Away, away, thou Tommy o' th' Potts,
Thou serving-man, stand thou aside ;
It is not a serving-man this day,
That can hinder me of my bride. 200

If I be a Serving-man, said Tom,
And you a Lord of high degree,
A spear or two with you I'll run,
Before I'll lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place, I will thee meet, 205
Appoint a place of liberty,
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else my Lady I'll set free.

On Gilforth-green I will thee meet,
No man nor boy shall come with me, 210
As I am a man, said Tommy o' th' Potts,
I'll have as few in my company.

And thus staid the marriage was,
 The bride unmarried went home again,
 Then to her Maids fast did she laugh, 215
 And in her heart she was full fain.

My Maidens all, the Lady said,
 That ever wait on me this day,
 Now let us all kneel down,
 And for Tommy o' th' Potts let us all pray. 220

If it be his fortune the better to win,
 As I trust to God in Trinity,
 Ile make him the flower of all his kin,
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.

¶ The Third Part.

WHEN Tommy o' th' Potts came home again, 225
 To try for his love he had but a week,
 For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,
 For four days that he fell sick.

With that his Master¹ to him came,
 Says, pray thee, Tommy o' th' Potts, tell me if
 thou doubt, 230
 Whether thou hast gotten thy gay Lady,
 Or thou must go thy love without.

O Master, yet it is unknown,
 Within these two days well try'd it must be,
 He is a Lord, I but a Serving Man, 235
 I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

¹ In ed. 1657 he is called *Lord Jockey*.

Prethee, Tommy o' th' Potts, get thee on thy feet,
 My former promises kept shall be ;
 As I am a Lord in Scotland fair,
 Thou'st never lose her with poverty. 240

For thou'st have the half of my Lands a year,
 And that will raise thee many a pound,
 Before thou shalt out-braved be,
 Thou shalt drop Angels with him on the ground.¹

I thank you, Master, said Tommy pots, 245
 Yet there is one thing of you I would fain,
 If that I lose my Lady sweet,
 How I'st restore your goods again ?

If that thou win the Lady sweet,
 Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me, 250
 If thou lovest thy Lady, thou lovest enough :
 Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,
 You keep them all both frank and free,
 Amongst them all there's an Old White horse 255
 This day would set my Lady free ;

That is an old Horse² with a cut tail,
 Full sixteen years of age is he ;
 If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
 Then could I win her easily. 260

That's a foolish opinion, his Master said,
 And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee ;
 Thou'st have a better than ever he was,
 Though forty pounds more it cost me.

¹ This is a familiar incident in the "Blind Beggar of Bednal Green," of which no early impression is known.

² "Gray Nag" in the copy of 1657.

O, your choice horses are wild and tough, 265
 And little they can skill of their train ;
 If I be out of my saddle cast,
 They are so wild they'l ne'r be tain.

Thou'st have that horse, his Master said,
 If that one thing thou wilt tell me.¹ 270
 Why that horse is better than any other,
 I pray thee, Tommy o' th' Potts, shew thou to me.

That horse is old, of stomach bold,
 And well can he skill of his train,
 If I be out of my saddle cast, 275
 He'l either stand still, or turn again.

Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,
 And my Plate Coat of silver free,
 An hundred men to stand at thy back,
 To fight, if he thy Master be. 280

I thank you, Master, said Tommy o' th' Potts,
 That proffer is too good for me,
 I would not for ten thousand pounds
 Have man or boy in my company.

God be with you, Master, said Tommy o' th' Potts
 Now as you are a man of Law, 286
 One thing let me crave at your hand,
 Let never a one of my fellows know :

For if that my fellows they did wot,
 Or ken of my extremity, 290
 Except you keep them under a lock,
 Behind me I am sure they would not be.

¹ Old ed. has *me tell*.

But when he came to Gilforth-green,
 He walked¹ hours two or three,
 There he was ware of Lord Phenix come, 295
 And four Men in his company.

You have broken your vow, said Tommy o' th' Potts,
 That vow which you did make to me,
 You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
 And now you have brought more then 2 or 3. 300

These are my men, Lord Phenix said,
 Which every day do wait on me ;
 If any of these dare proffer to strike,
 I'le run my spear through his body.

I'le run no race now, said Tommy o' th' Potts, 305
 Except now this may [granted] be,
 If either of us be slain this day,
 The other shall forgiven be.

I'le make that vow with all my heart,
 My men shall bear wisse with me ; 310
 And if thou slay me here this day,
 In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be.

They turn'd their horses thrice about,
 To run the race so eagerly ;
 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout, 315
 And ran his spear thorow Tommy's thigh.

He bore him out of the Saddle fair,
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully.
 For the loss of my life I do not care,
 But for the loss of my fair Lady. 320

¹ *Waited*—Ed. 1677.

Now for the losse of my Lady sweet,
 Which once I thought to have bin my wife,
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,
 For with thee I would end my life.

Tommy o' th' Potts was but a Serving-man, 325
 But yet he was a Doctor good,
 He laid his hand upon his wound,
 And quickly he did stanch the blood.¹

He leapt into his saddle again,
 The blood in his body began to warm, 330
 He away by Lord Phenix body glow'd,
 And ran him quite thorow the arm.

¹ This is an allusion to the cure of wounds by charms, which is not extinct. The same kind of charm is employed for the staunching of blood arising from any cause. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales," 1849, p. 210, furnishes the subjoined example:—

" Jesus was born in Bethlem,
 Baptized in the river Jordan;
 The water was wild and wood,
 But he was just and good;
 God spake, and the water stood,
 And so shall now thy blood."

And a little farther on (p. 213), the same writer cites from Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584," the following:—

" In the bloud of Adam death was taken,
 In the bloud of Christ it was all to-shaken,
 And by the same bloud I doo thee charge,
 That thou doo runne no longer at large."

Vervain was supposed to have great virtue in staunching blood; but it was necessary to exercise particular care in gathering it. This herb is said, however, by Macer (*Herball*, ed. Wyer, n. d. 8vo, sign. O 2 verso) to be of peculiar efficacy as an antidote to poison and a *nostrum* for the tertian ague.

He bore him out of his Saddle fair,
 Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;
 Says, prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight, 335
 Or yield my Lady unto me.

I'll yield the lady unto thee ;
 My arm no more my spear will guide ;
 It was never better likely to prove,
 To hold a poor serving-man from his bride. 340

Seeing you say so much, said Tommy o' th' Potts,
 I will not seem your butcher to be,
 But I will come and stanch your blood,
 If any thing you will give me.

As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood, 345
 Lord ! in his heart he did rejoyce ;
 I'll not take the Lady from you thus,
 But of her you'st have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,
 At either end we set will be, 350
 Wee'l set the Lady in the midst,
 And her own choice shall set her free.

If thou'l do so, Lord Phenix said,
 Thou'll save my credit and honour high :
 Chuse whether I get her or go without, 355
 Forty pounds I will give thee.

But when they in that lane were¹ set,
 The wit of a woman for to prove,

¹ Old ed. has *was*.

By the faith of my body, the Lady said,
 Then Tommy o' th' Potts must needs have
 his love. 360

Towards Tommy o' th' Potts the Lady did hie,
 To get on behind him hastily ;
 Nay stay, nay stay, Lord Phenix said,
 Better proved it shall be.

Stay you with your Maidens here, 365
 In number fair they are but three ;
 Tom Potts and I will go behind yonder wall,
 That one of us two be proved to dye.

But when they came behind the wall,
 The one came not the other nie, 370
 For the lord Phenix had made a vow,
 That with Tommy o' th' Potts never would
 fight he.¹

O give me this choice, Lord Phenix said,
 To prove whether true or false she be,
 And I will go to the Lady fair, 375
 And tell her Tommy o' th' Potts slain is he.

When he came from behind the wall,
 With his face all bloody as it might be,
 O Lady sweet, thou art my own :
 For Tommy o' th' Potts slain is he.² 380

¹ Old ed. has *he never would fight*. Even *nigh* and *he* are not very good rhymes, unless we presume the old spelling of *nigh* (*nie*) to have been pronounced *nee*.

² *Slain have I*—Utterson's copy.

Now slain have I Tommy o' th' Potts,
 And given him death-wounds two or three ;
 O lady sweet, thou art my own :
 Of all loves wilt thou live with me ?

If thou hast slain Tommy o' th' Potts, 385
 And given him death-wounds two or three,
 I'll sell the state of my fathers Lands,
 But hanged shall Lord Phenix be.

With that the Lady fell in a swoond :
 For a grieved woman, God wot, was she ; 390
 Lord Phenix he was ready then
 To take her up so hastily.

O Lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
 Tommy o' th' Potts alive this day may be ;
 I'll send for thy Father Lord Arundel, 395
 And he and I the wedding will see ;

I'll send for thy Father, Lord Arundel,
 And he and I the Wedding will see ;
 If he will not maintain you well,
 Both Lands and livings you'st have of me. 400

I'll see this Wedding, Lord Arundel said,
 Of my daughter of looks ¹ that is so fair,
 Seeing the matter will be no better,
 Of all my lands Tommy o' th' Potts shall be
 heir.

With that the Lady began for to smile : 405
 For a glad woman, God wot, was she,

¹ Ed. 1677, *daughters luck*. Not in ed. 1657.

Now all my Maids, the Lady said,
 Example you may take by me.

Now,¹ all you Ladies of high degree,
 And maides that married yet would be, 410
 Marry no man for goods or lands,
 Unless you love him faithfully.

For I had a lover of my own, she said,
 At Strawberry Castle there liv'd he :
 I'll change his name from Tommy o' th' Potts, 415
 And the young Earl of Arundell now he
 shall be.

¹ These two concluding stanzas are taken from the ed. of 1657.



INDEX OF PRINCIPAL MATTERS
AND GLOSSARY





INDEX OF PRINCIPAL MATTERS AND GLOSSARY

∴ A large number of words are used here, owing to the exigencies of alliterative verse, in an unusual sense or with a forced meaning. Some, which I do not understand, are inserted in their order without glosses. Many of the forms shew, as usual, French influence; many are common to the North, although very imperfectly glossed by Halliwell.

a, one.

Ac, and.

Acton, a vest or jacket worn with armour, perhaps when the latter was not lined or quilted.

Acward, backward; whence the modern *awkward*.

Aduertance, i. 234.

Affeiris, appertains.

Again, for *back again*. *Sir Eger*, l. 2320.

Agast, perhaps we should read *was agast*, ii. 132.

Agramand or *Agramante*, i. 304. Former ed. reads *Aygoland*.

Air, *aire*, or *are*, before.

Air, early.

Alexander, Robert, Advocate, of Edinburgh, his lost Scottish poem of *The Earl of Errol's Testament* (circa 1541).

Almry, cupboard.

Als sib as seif is to ane rid-dil, prov., i. 143.

Alsua, also.

Alswth, as soon as.

Amadas (in copy of 1663, *Emedus*), ii. 254.

Amorat, enamoured.

Anerly, only.

Anew, enough.

Angeos, Anjou.

Angus Dufe, ii. 8.

Anournit, adorned.

Anterouss, adventurous.

Apeched, impeached.

A per C, *A per se*, a phonetic form.

Apert, acknowledged.

Apparand, old copy, and *Parand*, ii. 304. But the writer refers, not to Lord Arundel, but to the lady's suitor, Lord Phenix.

Apply, form or condition.

Are, before.

Ark, large chest for keeping corn or meal.

Armour transmitted as an heirloom, ii. 136.

Armouring, armour. It is very noticeable that in l.

- 254 the Reeve asks his guests where their swords are when they have entered his premises, clearly as a precaution against a surprise; but they aver that they wear none. The inquiry almost suggests that they wore cloaks, beneath which side-weapons might be hidden.
- Armyllier*, almond-tree.
Arthur, ii. 15.
Arthur, *Awntyrs* of, i. 1-42.
 This is one of the incidents belonging to the semi-mythical romance so familiar to us all, but of which the true origin appears to be misunderstood. There are many clues, which have not hitherto been followed.
- Askryede*, i. 90.
Assalyed, assoiled, absolved.
 "As ye have brew'd, so shall ye drink," prov., ii. 197.
- At*, that.
Ather, either.
Attour, round.
Aught, owned.
Auntyr, adventure.
Avenaunt, fair, comely.
Avenauntlich, beautifully.
Averoyne, southernwood.
Avourti, adultery.
Awnaris, owners.
Awntyre, adventure.
- Bade*, abode.
 Bag-pipe, i. 193.
Baine, bound.
Bairnis, bairns, in the sense of lads or children, a surviving Northern pronunciation, i. 222.
Bairnlie, boyish.
Bakenede, dried up.
Bakheir, second.
- Bald*, strong, like the flame of a fire, i. 223.
Baliol, Edward, i. 320.
 — John, i. 319.
Balletis, ballads, but used in the sense of poetical descriptions, i. 304.
Balye, jurisdiction, strictly of a baillie or bailiff; a bailiwick. The writer confers, we see throughout, on the lady the attributes and appointments of the life by which he was surrounded; gives her hounds and a hunting-horn, &c., except where he borrows from other romances.
- Band*, bond, engagement.
Bandown, i. 118.
Bankowre, bench.
Barborane, barberry.
Barbour, barbarous.
Barcelet, a species of bow.
Bard, ?bawd, i. 187.
Baret, grief.
Bargan, contention.
Barlays, perhaps *Barclays*, i. 99.
Barnage, for *baronage*, rank, descent.
Baryanes, barriers.
Bass (*The*), i. 193.
Batcheler, apparently in the sense of a younger brother or cadet, ii. 131.
Battallouss, combative.
Baywer, Bavaria.
Bealme, Bohemia.
Beaume, in the old copy *Beaune*, Bohemia, a region of which the early romancers made a somewhat free use as the scene of the exploits of their characters, and of the situation of which they seem to have had a rather vague knowledge.
Begouth, began.

- Beild*, protection.
Bein, fair.
Beit, better, improve.
Bekire, fight, *i. q.* bicker, literally to dispute.
Bell, *v.*, the cry of a hart, more especially at rutting time.
Bellamy, "bustuoss bellamy," a boisterous upcar, ii. 12.
Bentyas, ii. xxi.
Benwart, i. 220.
Bere, noise.
Beriall, crystal.
Beryde, *bered*, cried.
Beryl, rock-crystal, *i. q.* *beriall*.
Beryn, bairn, child.
Besines, business, pains.
Bet, better.
Betaught, gave up, surrendered or bequeathed.
Beitell, betray.
Be that, against the time that.
Bewe, bow.
Be yon wodsyde, a tune or song, i. 193.
Biblo, a lost story, i. 127, note.
Bigging, building.
Biledame, beldame.
Bink, *benk*, bench.
Birnie, cuirass.
Bite, penetrate, as a weapon.
Black and bla, black and blue. This phrase, now common, occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where the supposed fairies pinch Falstaff.
Blan or *blanne*, pret. of *blin*, cease.
Blasnit or *basnit ledder*, probably tanned leather.
Blate, *n. s.*, coward, recreant, braggart.
Blatter, blather, drivel.
Blaundersers, i. 48.
Bleirblowane, i. 209.
Blends, ? curdles.
Blenke, look.
- Blewe*, ? sounded a horn, i. 90; for comp. i. 39.
Blifullest, merriest; perhaps for *blissfullest*.
Blonke, steed.
Blycht, i. 170, 173.
Blyn, cease.
Blynd Harry. "The nakit blynd Harry," the simple or mere blind Harry, whom we apprehend to be the writer of these verses, ascribed by Laing to Dunbar, and by others to Lyndsay, ii. 12.
Bob, bunch or spray.
Bodden, ii. 133.
Bodword, message.
Bodyvincant castle, i. 209.
Bold, sure.
Bone fay, good faith.
Bongo, ? *i. q.* Bungay, i. xxi.
Bonty, *bontie*, goodness.
Books of Romances, ii. 150.
Bore's head, i. 268. In the account of the entertainment given by John the Reeve to his guests, the writer has outraged probability and propriety alike. He has simply collected the names of all the dishes then in vogue, or found by him mentioned in other fictions; and some, as the *elk*, with which he would hardly meet anywhere.
Borw, borough, city.
Bouk, "mony a bouk," i. 122.
Bourd, *bord*, jest.
Braggat, *bragot*, a kind of mead.
Braikane buss, bracken bush, ii. 22.
Braise, embrace.
Brandis, logs.
Brawndeche, brandish.
Bread of main, fine loaves.

- Brechame*, the collar of a work-horse.
- Bred*, broad.
- Breid*, breadth.
- Breme*, burst forth.
- Bremor*, *King of Spain*, ii. 82-84, &c. In l. 198, Percy reads: — *King Bremor's beard*; but *beard* does not rhyme to *board*, and the froth from King Estmere's horse's mouth would be hardly likely to be within reach of Bremor's face, although it might be so of the sword at his side or beside him.
- Brent*, ? high-arched.
- Breny*, hauberk, cuirass.
- Bretayne*, Brittany or Wales.
- Brim*, fierce, also *brem*, but usually employed in the sense of sexual keenness.
- Brist*, burst.
- Britouns*, i. 48.
- Broake*, broach.
- Broche*, *v.*, to spur.
- Brochis*, brooches, clasps.
- Brodit*, pricked or gored.
- Broket*, torch.
- Brooked*, held in his hands; more literally, drew together, ii. 131. In the next but one page, l. 80, we have *brook* in the sense of appropriate.
- Brown, i. 295.
- Bruen*, brewed, made.
- Brydyll renye*, rein of a bridle.
- Brynt*, burnished.
- Bryttaned*, carved or cut up, *Fr. decouper*.
- Bud*, *buds*, ? boot, boots, profit, i. 147, 165.
- Burely*, bowerly.
- Burliche*, bulky.
- Burne*, *byrne*, *i. q. beryn*, bairn or barne.
- Burn grenge*, ? incendiary, i. 187.
- Bushment*, ambush.
- Buskening*, preparation.
- Busteous*, boisterous.
- But*, without.
- By buke and by belle*. *Awntyrs of Arthur*, iii. l. 4 (vol. i. p. 6). The phrase appears to be used as an asseveration, and is probably borrowed from the ecclesiastical formula.
- Byggit*, built.
- By-lave* (in old copy *by the lave*), immediately, instantaneously, *Sir Eger*, l. 2784.
- Byke*, nest, especially a bees' nest.
- Byre*, ? *i. q.* bier, here used in the sense of a pot, i. 219.
- By-teche*, bequeath.
- By-twyxen*, between.
- By-went*, bygone.
- Cace* or *case*, accident.
- Call*, i. 237. Apparently in the use of *sell by cry*.
- Calsay*, literally causeway or causey, pavement or foot-way.
- Campion*, champion.
- Can*, began.
- Canal-bone*, collar-bone.
- Candle-light*, ii. 157; *Sir Eger*, l. 929. This story contains several points of insight into early Scottish domestic manners and entertainment.
- Cantel*, right upper corner of the shield.
- Cantil* or *cantle*, a corner, a portion.
- Capill*, a horse.
- Carhonde*, left hand.
- Carlage*, ? stout.
- Carlisle*, i. 40-41.

- Carpit*, spoke.
Catchipolles, sergeants.
Chaffery, wares.
Chaip, escape.
Chalmer, chamber.
Chalmerlane, chamberlain.
Chandlours, candlesticks.
Chapped, ? knocked.
Charlemagne, i. 212 *et seq.*
Charlis the Mane, for Charlemagne, i. 222.
Charuwé, caraway, i. 49.
Chasselett, covered dais.
Chast, chased.
Chaucer, i. 179, 210.
Chauffry, furnace.
Chawffen, to warm.
Checkmate, equal.
Chefe, chef or top.
Chesse, chase.
Chestein, chestnut. The passage in the *Pystyl of Swete Susan* (i. 48-49), where this and other trees, flowers, and fruits are enumerated, may perhaps contribute to illustrate the condition of horticulture and arboriculture in the North of England and Scotland, in the fourteenth century.
Cheve, i. 49.
Cheverol, i. 49.
Chibolle, onion.
Childering, children.
Chive, i. 49.
Cholle, jowl.
Chollet, i. 49.
Chop, shop.
Chouwet, i. 49.
 Christened with candles and wax, i. 17; with salt, ii. 197.
Chyld of the chalmer, groom of the chamber.
Clam, climbed.
Clamper kynnis, i. 114.
Clap, moment.
Clap, embrace or fondle.
Clarschot, ? *i.q.* claricord, a sort of spinet, ii. 22.
Cleas, tablecloths.
Clergy, knowledge of Scripture.
Clewes, cliffs or rocks.
Cock-boat, ii. 228.
Cod, cushion.
Coft, gained by exchange; perhaps *i.q.* *coft*.
Coig, pail or trough.
Coinzie, ? mint, coinage.
Cokadame, i. 295.
Cok craw thou quhill day, i. 225.
Collation, conference.
Coppeit, i. 202.
Copull, cape or cloak.
Cornar, coroner in the sense of a crown regent, i. 203.
Corn-fed, i. 277.
Corynoch, a war-cry.
Cose, ii. 146.
Cost, side; old Fr. *coste*.
Coude, wax.
Could, imperf. of *can*, with infin. verb. *Sir Eger*, l. 364.
Counter-cast, a term in sword exercise or in the use of that weapon in fight.
Counterfuitit, counterfeited or imitated.
Courch, ii. 171.
Courcher, Fr. *couvre - chef*, kercher.
Court, party or retinue, ii. 204.
Courtingis, curtains.
Cover, recover.
Cow (a) of birks, sprays or boughs to keep off the flies, i. 144.
Cowpland, Coupland, Northumberland, ii. 2. The recital of names of places, as well as the whole of the cast and phraseology of *Lichtoun's Dreame*, where

- this word occurs, are fantastic and inconsequent.
- Cragorth, ii. 14.
- Crap*, pl. of *creep*. "He crap together."—*Sir Eger*, l. 133.
- Crapoté*, i. 90.
- Creillis*, wicker baskets.
- Crop and ground*, top and bottom.
- Cruel*, a word which occurs in the *Awntyrs of Arthur*, in association with *kene* and *curtayse*. It appears to signify "relentless against an enemy in fight."
- Cumerars*, encumberers.
- Cumit littill gud of gaddering*, prov., i. 185.
- Cünand*, covenant.
- Cüningis*, coneys.
- Cunnand*, knowing.
- Cure*, care.
- Curs*, imprecate, pray to.
- Custumar*, exciseman.
- Da*, doe.
- Daa*, due.
- Dandring*, *adj.*, used of a drum, i. 122.
- Dang*, pret. of *ding*, to strike.
- Dangerous*, unfortunate.
- Dantit*, daunted, browbeaten.
- Dare*, *i. q. dere* (*v.*).
- Darth*, dearth.
- Dease*, dais, table.
- Decay*, fall.
- Decoir*, beautify.
- Dede*, dearth.
- Deden*, i. 184.
- Defoul'd*, mutilated. Perhaps we should read *deflower'd*.
- Deid*, death.
- Deliver*, smart or spruce. "Very deliver of thy weed."
—*Sir Eger*, ii. 133.
- Deliverlie*, nimbly or sharply.
- Dere*, *adj.* Halliwell and Robson say *noble*; more probably, dread or formidable, and noble or honourable in a secondary sense.
- Dere*, *v.*, hurt, disable.
- Derfe*, strong.
- Derne*, secret.
- Des*, dais.
- Destroy'd*, overcame.
- Dew*, dawed or dawned.
- Dirdy*, ? same as *dirdam*, uproar, i. 90.
- Dirray*, i. 191.
- Disjwne*, breakfast.
- Disseverit*, separated.
- Ditoyne*, i. 49.
- Dois*, does.
- Dome*, judgment.
- Donet*, *Donatus*, a grammar.
- Dosouris*, dorsers (seats with backs) or tapestry.
- Dout*, *out*, quasi *do out*.
- Doutles*, undoubted.
- Do way*, an exclamation, *quasi*, stop that!
- Down*, dun (in reference to the colour of a deer), ii. 195.
- Drawing*, attractive.
- Dre*, suffer.
- Dreadure*, fear.
- Droupur*, bring low or down.
- Dublaris*, ? dishes with covers.
- Ducheperes*, nobles, corrupted from *douze pairs*, the Twelve Peers of France, the name and subject of a celebrated series of romance-poems.
- Dugeper*, comp. *Dudeperis*.
- Dulce*, sweet.
- Dule*, sympathetic regret.
- Durandlie*, i. 216, ? long.
- Effeir*, *n. s.*, appurtenance, ii. 196.
- Eglamoir of Artherus*, Sir Eg-lamour of Artois, i. 198.
- Eirand*, errand.

Eird, earth.
Eirdly Paradise, ii. 275.
Eith, easy.
Ellwand, an ell measure or rod.
Elrich, dreadful.
Else, already.
Eme, uncle.
Emmot, emmet, ant.
En, in.
Enchaip, ? offer for sale, i. 226.
Enchaunt, seduce.
Enchief, achieve.
Endorred, glazed, a term of ancient cookery. See Hazlitt's *Cookery Books*, 1886, p. 198.
Engreled, engrailed.
Entress, entrance.
Errols (Earl of) Testament, a poem, by Robert Alexander (about 1541), i. xxi.
Es, is.
Estmoreland, King of, i. xxi.
Every note in vperis nek, an early Scottish tune, i. 194.
Evil spirits or demons mentioned, 295.

Face, appearance.
Faine, fawn.
Fair, fare or movement.
Fair-calling, affable or complaisant, ii. 163.
Falliswe, follows.
Fallow, reduce, in the sense of losing colour and weight.
Fancies, amorous impulses.
Fare, way, journey.
Farleis, *i. q.* ferlys.
Farlye, *i. q.* ferly, wonder.
Farne, fared.
Farrand, faring; *well-farrand*, well-to-do.
Fau, ? fallow.
Fault, "in my fault," i. 148.
Fechtine, i. 217.
Feddrem, ii. 2.

Feeare, fire.
Feid, *i. q.* feud.
Feil or *fele*, many.
Fele, many.
Fell, much.
Felle, moor.
Fere, mate.
Ferle, *v.*, to wonder; *ferleit*, wondered.
Ferlifull, wonderful.
Ferly, wonder.
Fermyson, close time for the male deer.
Fernyeres, former years.
Fetterit-lok, *fetterlock*.
Fevir cartane, quartan ague.
Fewte, lack, want; Fr. *faute*.
Fiche, fix.
Fidder, 128 hundredweight.
Firemouth, i. 295.
Fivesum, some five, about five.
Flaik, hurdle.
Flanders coffers, trunks of Flemish workmanship, of which many still survive in collections, i. 135.
Flandria or *Flanders*, the name, according to the text, where it occurs, derived from the first syllable of *Flanmailie* and the last of *Adria!* i. 205.
Flane, arrow.
Fleand, flying.
Florent of Albanie. See Hazlitt's *Warton*, iii. 37.
Florentine, Prince, ii. 220.
Flowers, i. 487-8.
Fludder, ? flutter, i. 156.
Flyte or *flyt*, dispute, generally in a light or semi-serious manner.
Fo, ? *i. q.* *fode*, quasi *fellow*, but more usually found with *freely*, in the sense of a well-bred or well-nurtured person, i. 198.
Foirtop, crown of the head, ii. 1.

Fonge, v., take, lay hold of.
Forcely, forcibly or violently.
Fore grantschir, great-grand-father.
Foreshare, ii. 171, apparently a corruption.
For owtlyn, without.
Forres, co. Moray, an ancient historical site, ii. 154. The copy of 1711 reads "To the King's forrest."
Forth, ii. 14.
Forthynketh, regretteth.
Foryield, requite.
Found, supported or kept.
Four-footed Dog of Norway, a tale, i. xxi.
Fowll of bellis fulfill, i. 193.
Fra, from the moment that.
Fraine or *Frane*, inquire.
Franche hude, French hood; see Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, p. 124; i. 114.
Freake, fellow, *i.q.* *freke*.
Freeledge, privilege.
Freke, frekis, man, men, fellows.
Fresone, a Friesland horse.
Fresse or *fres*, doubt.
Frolo or *Frollo*, a governor of Gaul under the Romans.
Frote, chafe.
Frowte, i. 279 ? *i.q.* *frote*, rub, chafe, or an error for *flowte*.
Fruits and fruit-trees, i. 47-49.
Frydde, frith, enclosed wood.
Funstane, font-stone.
Fure, pret. of *fare*, went, fared in the sense of sailing, a maritime figure.
Furlet, a measure containing one-fourth of a boll.
Furme, form or bench.
Fur[w], furrow.
Fusioun, foison, abundance.
Fute-braid sawing, corn sufficient to sow a foot-breadth.
Fyn M'Kowle, ii. 13.

Fynit, refined or coined.
Fyvesum, some five, i. 153.
Gaist, guest.
Gaistning, i.q. *guestning*, entertainment.
Galias, ? Gaul or Galicia, the latter the scene of the exploits of a hero of romance, *Ponthus of Galice*, whose adventures, founded on the older *Gest of King Horn*, were published in 1511.
Sir Eger, l. 2278.
Galleron, Sir, i. 41.
Ganestand, gainsay, resist.
Gardening, i. 47-49.
Gardings, gardens, ii. 274.
Garnette, pomegranate.
Garrace (The), the name of a town mentioned in *Sir Eger*, ii. 207.
Garsome, literally earnest penny, hence money.
Gartane, garter.
Garthis, girths.
Gaste, ghost, spirit.
Gawayne, ii. 15.
Gawin, gain.
Gayllarde, gay or fine fellow.
Gaynour or *Waynour*, Queen Geneviève, wife of King Arthur.
Geck, coquet with a mistress, perhaps *i.q.* *keik*, ii. 25, 220.
Gedling, lad, stripling.
Gell, open, as a wound.
Gerse, pret. of *gar, i.q.* garsed or garred, made, caused.
Gerson, gersonis, treasure.
Get leif, take leave.
Gewes, gazes or gaze.
Gill, Gillian, Ralph the collier's wife.
Gleads, falcons, more usually kites.
Gled, kite.

- Gledis*, live embers.
Gloppyn, wail.
Glore, Fr. *gloire*, glory or vainglory, boast.
Golfand, charging, *i. q.* *golffing*.
Golffing, driving, i. 204.
Golk (The) of Maryland, ii. 22.
Gome, man, fellow.
Good deene, good evening.
Gool, gules, red, ii. 133.
Governing, housekeeping.
Gowlis, gules, the heraldic term. Comp. *Gool*.
Gow Makmorne, ii. 14.
Graid, prepared.
Graith, girth.
Gramarye, literally grammar, hence learning, particularly of an occult character.
Granand, groaning.
Grandefer (in copy of 1663, *Gandifer*), Great-Sword, ii. 244.
Grane, groan.
Grant, yield.
Grassum, i. 247.
Grat, pret. of *grete*, weep.
Graythest, readiest.
Greatsumly, greatly.
Green, lawn.
Grete, cry.
Griselde, the name of Sir Gawayne's mare. It had been familiarised by Chaucer not long before. It is perhaps curious that it should so soon have been employed in this way.
Gryce, pig.
Gryselle, parcel-grey or grizzelled.
Grythe, peace, respite.
Guard, multitude, ii. 230.
Guckit, i. 148.
Guesting, entertaining.
Gultus, guilt.
Gunwald, i. 189. This and the other proper names appear to be fantastic inventions on the part of the writer.
Guss, goose.
Gy, guide.
Gyane, Guienne.

Habyd, dwell, stay.
Hackney, roadster.
Haddington, ii. 20.
Hailsed, embraced round the neck, saluted.
Hal, ? old.
Hald my hand, a common form of oath, i. 156.
Hallane, neck.
Haluendeile, half.
Hap, (i.) hop; (ii.) wrap up.
Harberie, harbour.
Hare, hoar.
Harmsay, ii. 221.
Harness, armour.
Hate, hot, angry.
Hathels, *i. q.* *Athels*, nobles.
Hawe or *hay*, a dance, i. 270.
Hawr, azure.
Hecht, promised.
Heck, rack or stall, i. 9, next.
Heckney, stable, where the hecks or racks were.
Hecks, stalls for horses contiguous to the house.
Heef, heaved.
Heich, high.
Heilse, *i. q.* halse, embrace.
Heor, *heore*, or *hor*, their.
Herbergages, lodgings, Fr. *auberges*.
Hething, *i. q.* *heting*, promise.
Hethyn, hence.
Hett, promise.
Heurodis, Eurydice. In one place the writer or copyist of *Kyng Orfeo* has set down *Meroudys*—evidently a clerical error. The commencement of this poem

- reminds us of a passage in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*. Tennyson was a transcriber of other men's ideas to a greater extent than has been generally supposed.
- Hewmond*, yeoman, ii. 62.
- Hide*, skin.
- Hie-kinned*, highly connected.
- Highed*, hied.
- Hillynge*, covering.
- Himsyne*, himself.
- Hine*, hence.
- Hint*, ? same as *hente*, hold.
- Hird*, shepherd.
- Hirdy-girdy*, noise, i. 190.
- Hirnis*, corners.
- Hobbit schone*, clouted shoes.
- Hog*, a sheep of two years.
- Hoise*, hose.
- Hom*, quasi *heom*, them.
- Hope*, expect.
- Hore*, grace, mercy.
- Horlore hust*, i. 196.
- Hornpipe*, ii. 1.
- Hoved*, stopped. Old copy, *hover'd*. The text of 1711 is full of these slips of the press, which I have done my best to correct, so as to restore the narrative to what may have been its original state as far as possible.
- Howlat*, owl, ii. 22.
- Huifis*, i. 232, loitered, loiterers.
- Huit*, i. 230.
- Hulie*, ? leisurely, ii. 171.
- Hurde*, hoard, i. 185.
- Hurstis*, woods.
- Husband*, husbandman.
- Hussy*, housewife.
- Huster's Haulle*, Court of Husting.
- Huwes*, hills.
- Hy*, they.
- Hye, hy, heo*, she.
- Hyne*, hence.
- Hyre*, work, i. 219.
- Ichil*, I will.
- Ilk ane*, each one.
- Ill*, incapable, unfit.
- Impele*, ii. 168.
- Induellaris*, indwellers.
- Ingyne*, wit.
- Inn*, house.
- Innes* or *innis*, houses.
- In point*, on the point.
- In same*, together. Old copy, *samin*.
- Into*, in.
- Inward*, intimate.
- Iralle*, some kind of gem, i. 91.
- Ireland*, ii. 16.
- Ischar*, usher.
- "I strake the nail upon the head," prov., ii. 149.
- Jak* or *jack*, a doublet of *fors* or defence.
- Jetters*, strutters.
- Johne Balzoun*, John Baliol, i. 316.
- Jolly*, St. Julian.
- Joly lemman dawis it no^t day?* a dance tune, i. 225.
- Joly Martene w^t a mok*, i. 194.
- Jonet of Touris*, Jeannette of Tours. David II. of Scotland married, firstly, Joanna, daughter of Edward II. of England, i. 319.
- Jouk*, give way.
- July*, Julian, i. 218. St. Julian was the patron of pilgrims and travellers. Comp. *Jolly*.
- Jurye land*, Judæa.
- Just*, joust.
- Jwmlit*, turned round, as a churn, or as with a gimlet.
- Kail*, coleworts.
- Kayre*, return.
- Keep, v.*, celebrate.
- Kele*, cool.

- Kelle*, light raiment.
Keming, ? *i. q.* keming, brewing.
Kempe, originally champion, hence knight or other armed attendant, ii. 84. At p. 87, l. 215, p. 88, ll. 265, 275, we have *kempere* in a similar sense.
Kenettis, hounds.
Kert, chart.
Kest, cast up, speculated.
Ketterels, *Kestrels*, birds of prey.
Keuer-cheve, couvre-chef, kerchief, literally, a covering for the head.
Kid, ? a young deer, ii. 200.
Killogy, ii. 22.
Kin, kind of, i. 223.
Kinghorn, i. 177.
Kircaldy, i. 177.
Kirn, churn.
Kirnelde, battlemented.
Knag, clothes-peg.
Knave, servant, as a lover to his mistress.
Krysmede, chrysome.
Kyde, *i. q.* *kid* and *ked*, known, famous.
Kyith, ? since, i. 219.
Kynd or *kind*, season.
Kyne, kind.
Kynryk, kingdom.
Kyrn, churn.
- Laich*, ii. 1.
Laid, (i.) laid or put down, and so, offered; (ii.) a load.
Laid-saddil, load-saddle.
Laif, rest.
Laird and lord, ii. 225.
Lake, fine white linen.
Landed men, landowners.
Lane, lie; probably the same as *leyne*, *v.* to conceal.
Lang, Walter, a friar, i. 178.
Language, speech.
- Lap*, leaped.
Lare, learning, scholarship.
Lasair, leisure.
Late laite on evinnyngis, i. 193.
Lath, Leet.
Lath, loth.
Lattine, any foreign language unintelligible to an ordinary person.
Lauchful, loyal.
Launches (copy of 1663, *Lances*) by bounds, ii. 257. See Halliwell, *v.* *Launch*.
Launfal, Sir (in copy of 1663, *Lion dale*), ii. 254.
Laurentius et Adelheidis, ii. 48-51.
Lauyst, lowest.
Laver, washing ewer.
Lawande or *laund*, a clear or open area of grass-land in a forest or wood. It is a term applied to the grassy lanes intersecting a plantation.
Lawd, educated, learned.
Lawe, flame.
Lay, tale, or rather suit, where the Elders ask Susanna whether she will "on ure lay learn."
Layne, conceal.
Lede, speech.
Lede, "That kane no lawes *lede*, *perfaye*," i. 102.
Lefe, dear.
Left, ceased.
Leid, folk.
Leidsterne, loadstar.
Lele, loyal, true.
Lemit, lighted.
Lemmon, leman, mistress.
Lend, remain.
Lesse, least.
Leuch, laughed.
Levand, living.
Lewd, educated.
Liberty, a *place of*, a place free from intrusion, ii. 310.

Lidder, *i. q.* *lither*, yielding.
Lift, sky.
Light, quick.
Lightly, quickly. In old copy of *Sir Eger*, ll. 1591-92 read: "Then lightly said he, thou shalt lie, For that man shall I never see."
Lilias, ii. 194, 210.
Limmaris, ill-disposed, mischievous persons.
Lincolne, i. 193.
Lincoln green, ii. 35.
Lindsay, i. 193.
Line, linen.
Ling, heath.
Lipper, leperous.
Lipperness, leprosy.
Lippin, i. 177.
Literature, learning.
Lither, shrewd, naughty.
Liueries, i. 271. Perhaps bed-linen.
Livring, delivery or livery. Old copy, *living*.
Lobard, lubber.
Loch Lomond, ii. 13.
Lombardy. The King of France here cited as carrying on war in Lombardy was probably Francis I., and if so, the composition of the present poem must be assigned to a somewhat later epoch—perhaps about 1525, ii. 15.
Longcastell, Lancaster.
Loos or *lose*, renown or credit; Lat. *laus*.
Lorere, laurel.
Lothian and Fife, ii. 17.
Louache or *Lovach*, i. 49.
Loughe, loch, lake.
Lover, in the sense of a wife devoted to her husband, ii. 97.
Lowpis, ii. 2.
Lubwick, Lübeck.
Luggis, ears.
Lugit, lodged.

Luk, fortune, happiness.
Lulalow lute cok, i. 194.
Lumbard, money-lender.
Lustie, bonny.
Lyft, sky, more particularly perhaps at dawn, *i. q.* *lift*, *suprà*.
Lyre, complexion.

Ma, more.
Mad, simple.
Made, mad.
Magnifying, making much of.
Maik, mate, consort.
Maikles, matchless.
Mais, i. 166.
Maist wyunning, chief abode.
Maistr Pier de Couzate [Cowgate], i. 194.
Makilbur, Mecklenburg.
Malcomtosh, for *Mackintosh*, i. 122, 124.
Malestrande, ? Maelstrom, as Norway is mentioned, i. 195.
Malgratious, ungracious.
Man, must.
Manassing, menacing.
Mangery, feast.
Manreden, homage.
Mansworn, perjured.
Mase or *a-mase*, in astonishment. The Lincoln MS. of the *Awntyrs of Arthure* reads (v. l. 63), *sergaunts of mace*; but the sense appears to require "followers astonished at the spectacle."
Maskene fatt, mash tun.
Mast, most.
Master-man, leader.
Maye, literally maid, but used, i. 272, for *woman*.
Mean, *i. q.* *mene*, speak, say.
Meate-fellow, i. 264.
Mele, speak, tell.
Melliager, Meleager, i. 198.
Memerede, murmured.

Mene, speak.

Mene, recollect, and here used in the sense of *to recollect himself*, i. 219.

Mene or *mynne*, commemorate.

Menet, moaned.

Mense or *menske*, demeanour.

Menynge, commemoration.

Menzie, men, company, ii. 9.

Merion, ? meridian.

Merrys, Mars.

Messe, messes, mass, masses.

Met, measured.

Meyse, muse, look thoughtfully, *i.q. moysse*.

Middelert, middle earth.

Milan work, steel armour, ii. 136.

Milk-syth, milk-strainer.

Milygant, i. 186.

Mingit, constructed.

Mirreitis, merits.

Misfarne, mismanaged.

Miss, fail.

Misse, mess, dish.

Mister, need.

Mittons, gloves, i. 273, 277.

Mobylls, moveables, property.

Mokrand, deceitful.

Montenans, duration.

Mood, anger, resentment.

Mote, might.

Mother's son, ii. 170.

Moyssed, *i.q.* mused, gazed vacantly.

M'tere, martyr.

Multiply, enlarge.

Murle, literally to crumble, but also to impair.

Murnant, mourning.

Mute, ? in a secondary or indirect sense for *deliver oneself of words*. Possibly a corruption. *Sir Eger*, l. 1229.

My deir derling, i. 195.

My lusty lady sayde to mee.

This transition from the

third to the first person is very noticeable in this piece, i. 97.

Myster, mystery or craft.

Nade, had not.

Nait, need.

Navern, Navarre, ii. 22.

Naxty, filthy, loathsome.

Nearhand, nearly.

Neb or *nebbe*, literally nose, but sometimes used for the face.

Neif, nose, ii. 3.

Neigh, approach.

Neighed, bordered on.

Nek, button of a spindle.

Nicelie, delicately.

Nigre mansour, necromancer.

Nipschot, ii. 22.

Nolt hird, keeper of the black cattle.

Nome, took.

Notes, nuts.

Nykke with nay, hit with a refusal.

O, old, "O sede sawin," old-said saws.

Occident of Ynd, East Indies.

Odly, by himself, above the rest.

Of, out of.

O'fret or *over-fretted*, adorned.

Of new, anew.

Oftsyis, oftentimes.

Okir, usury.

Olyas, Sir, ii. 151.

Onder serke, the bishop's white cope, which John the Reeve mistook for his shirt, i. 261.

On steer, astir.

O'rcame, overcome by faintness, or else to overcome or come to.

Orfaré, probably from the Fr.

- orfeverie*, gold-work or embroidery.
- Orliance*, Orleans, i. 194, 288.
- Ostler*, originally and more properly hosteler; but when *Sir Eger* was modernised, the term had evidently begun to acquire its modern sense of a stable-man. See Hazlitt's *London Livery Companies*, 1892, pp. 117-120.
- Ote*, wot, know.
- Our*, over.
- Ourfute*, Erfurt, i. 194, 288.
- Ourhaild*, covered over.
- Ourharld*, i. 195.
- Ourslyd*, stole over.
- Ourthort*, overthwart.
- Outcept*, except.
- Outray*, outrage, affront.
- Outwith*, outside.
- Overby*, overreach by a bribe.
- Pace*, Pasch, Easter.
- Padell*, a small wallet used by pedlars, and hence perhaps the word.
- Pail*, Apulia or Puglia.
- [Pain-]meyn, fine bread. The three sops of pain-main were probably slices of bread soaked in wine or spirit.
- Pallet*, casque.
- Pallias*, Sir, ii. 153.
- Pane*, i. 223.
- Pansis*, i. 196.
- Parage*, here used for appearance, presence. *Sir Eger*, l. 255.
- Parand*, kinsman or kinswoman.
- Parrell*, rival or equal.
- Parsel*, parsley, i. 49. The way in which flowers, vegetables, and trees are mentioned as growing side by side is agreeable to the apparent mediæval economy in these matters. It was not till the fifteenth century that any systematic attempt was made towards an orderly distribution.
- Passenep*, parsnip, i. 49.
- Passionate*, suffering, painful.
- Pat*, pot.
- Pauiot*, i. 225.
- Payetrelle*, horse-furniture or caparison, *i.q.* paitrure.
- Peach*, impugn.
- Pechtis*, ii. 22.
- Pedder*, pedlar, the bearer of a *ped*.
- Pek*, a measure = $\frac{1}{8}$ of a boll.
- Peletré*, i. 49.
- Pence*, think, ruminare, from Fr. *penser*.
- Pensil*, or *pensile*, the hanging part of the helmet, ii. 135.
- Perdiccas*, in old copy *Predicase*, probably a vague use, *rhythmi causâ*, of the name of the Macedonian general, ii. 254.
- Perdony*, i. 193.
- Perelle*, pearl.
- Perqueir*, *i.q.* Eng. *perquire*, but here used as an adj., i. 163.
- Perrè* or *perrye*, *pierrerie*, precious stones, jewellery.
- Pheer*, fellow, companion.
- Pith*, strength.
- Plain*, to make, to strip.
- Plainest*, flattest.
- Plantoyne*, plantain.
- Plastron*, a musical instrument, probably formed of shell. *Sir Eger*, l. 345.
- Play*, a public entertainment, a joust.
- Pleuch*, plough.
- Ploes*, ploughs.
- Ply*, fold.
- Poise*, substance.

Polans, the knee-piece in armour.
Polk, poke, bag.
Pomeri, ? orchard.
Port, gate.
Pounds, *i.e.* it is presumed, pounds Scots or livres = francs.
Pourit, impoverished.
Poustè, power; Lat. *potestas*.
 Powder of ginger, or powdered ginger, i. 270.
Precellence, pre-eminence, ii. 274.
Preket, wax taper.
Preiss, quickly, promptly.
Prene, prune, i. 163.
Presans of blode, i. 104.
Press or *prese*, the conflict, the crowd of fighters.
Prevene, anticipate.
Pristly, prestly, earnestly.
Privily, aside, speaking to oneself.
Prys, charge.
Pryse [*praise*] *at the parting*, prov., i. 218. It is also the title of a lost play by Stephen Gosson.
Pundler, pound-keeper, ii. 3.
Purveyed, provided.
Pusane, gorget.
Pykit, pitched.
Pystil, epistle, apparently employed in the sense of legend or story. The account of Susanna and the Elders occurs in what are termed the apocryphal additions to the Book of Daniel.

Quaint, "to make me quaint," *i.e.* acquainted, i. 117.
Queer, choir.
Quellys, kill.
Quest, inquest, panel.
Questede, hunted in full cry.
Quhider, whichever.

Quhil, until.
Quhisling, whistling.
Quhittill, knife.
Quhorlorehusty, i. 196.
Quodlibet, problem.
Quoke, quaked.
Qweschyn, cushion.

Ra, roe.
Rache, scent-hound.
Raches, scenting-hounds.
Rade, afraid.
Raes, roes.
Raip, rope.
Raise, rose.
Ramessaye, Ramsey Abbey in Huntingdonshire.
Rase, rose.
Rauf Coilzear, i. 212 *et seq.*
 In one place Ralph speaks of carrying coals to his customers, but elsewhere he refers to his trade in charcoal, which was more probably his business. See i. 228, l. 337.
Rave, tore.
Raw, row.
Raykede, proceeded with speed.
Rechase, recheat, a hunting term.
Recreate, i. 257.
Red, counselled.
Red, ? complexion. *Sir Eger*, l. 1537. The more usual form is *rode* or *rudde* = colour.
Reddour, violence.
Refrain, ? an error for *frain*, inquire.
Reek, vapour.
Reid, *reade*, or *rede*, explain or advise; pret. *red*.
Reird, ii. 275.
Reme, i. 204.
R[h]enish steedes, ii. 82-83, ll. 30, 68, where the readings

- furnisht* and *Renish* in Percy for *renisht* and *renish* appear to be incorrect. At a very early date we imported our horses from the Continent.
- Reuyll*, i. 90.
- Reveir*, river.
- Rewe*, i. q. *rue*, take pity.
- Rew*, Fr. *rue*, row or street, the original street having often occupied only one side of the roadway.
- Rewmes*, realms.
- Reyke*, wander.
- Rhodes, ii. 210.
- Rice*, i. q. *rise*, a bough or branch.
- Rid*, *rede*, advise, i. 225.
- Rig* or *rigge*, ridge, hence the back, ii. 213.
- Ring*, reign, præ. *rung*.
- Ringes in the halle*, ii. 87, ? for fastening up horses or dogs.
- Rise*, branch.
- Rise at*, proceed from, depend upon.
- Robin Hood, ii. xxi., 16.
- Rode*, complexion.
- Rok*, distaff.
- Romancia*, literally romance, but at the time (1390) when it is mentioned by Sir James Douglas (i. xvii.), understood in the sense of something written in French, as distinguished from Latin. Many of the early Chronicles were known as *Romances*, and were often little else.
- Rone*, ? circle, round.
- Ronke*, strong.
- Ronsy* or *runsy*, a roadster, i. 232, 243.
- Roundel*, a trencher.
- Round Table, i. 21, 41, *et alibi* in *Awntyrs of Arthur*.
- Rowning*, whispering.
- Ruffy ragmen or (?) ragman, i. 296.
- *tasker*, i. 296.
- Rusty bully with a bek*, i. 194.
- Rybybe, a sort of fiddle.
- Rysse*, ? stream.
- Sad*, sober.
- Saif*, save.
- Sailyit*, leap or mount.
- St. William of York, i. 278.
- Saler*, salt-cellar.
- Salust*, saluted.
- Samekil*, or rather *samquhil*, so much.
- Samine*, same.
- Sanape*, napkin.
- Sanct Dyonis*, St. Denis.
- Sanct Geles*, St. Giles's, Edinburgh.
- Sark* or *serk*, shirt.
- Sauge*, sage. *Saugh* is explained by Halliwell to be the *sallow*.
- Say*, essay.
- Saztenynge*, reconciliation.
- Scail, measure, quantity.
- Scarebur*, Scarborough, i. 319.
- Schaftis*, jaws.
- Schone*, fame?
- Schonely*, fairly. Old copy reads *schomely*.
- Schrudedede*, shrowded.
- Schrydes*, shrouds, protects from.
- Schule*, shovel.
- Sclavain* or *slavin*, a pilgrim's mantle.
- Scottish (Ancient) tunes, i. 193-194.
- Seeves*, scoghes, groves.
- Scroppit*, contemptible, ii. 68, 71.
- Scule*, learning.
- Scutiferais*, esquires.
- Seam*, ii. 210.
- Sear*. See *Seere*.

- Seed*, in copy *seed*, distribute.
Seel, *seil*, or *seile*, health, prosperity, good fortune; Lat. *salus*.
Seere or *seir*, several.
Segges, sages.
Sembled, met.
Semiramis, i. 294.
Sendale or *cendale*, rich silken trappings or caparison.
Sensyne, since then.
Senzeorabill, seigniorial.
Seo, saw.
Seriandis, *i.q.* *serjantis*, *i.e.* *servientes*, and in the passage where it occurs seems to mean merely followers. Comp. *Mase*. The phrase *serjantis of mace* occurs in a second passage, where it may be the true reading.
Serland, Syria, a corruption of *Sureyland*, and in Asloan MS. the reading *Serlandland* is a pleonasm.
Serwe, *seruful*, sorrow, sorrowful.
Sessioun, cessation.
Set, ? appreciate, ii. 252.
Sevensum, seven or some seven.
Share, cut.
Sheild, the swerd of bacon, or perhaps brawn.
Shew, pret. of *show*.
Shield, *i.e.* of brawn or bacon.
Shoot, ? pret. of *shut*. *Sir Eger*, l. 1301.
Shore, threatened.
Shot-window, a narrow slit for purposes of defence.
Sib, kindred.
Silly, *seely*, i. 196.
Sindrie, ? in sundry directions, i. 217.
Sith, since.
Skarrit, sacred.
Skille, reason.
Skyinne, scone.
- Slee*, cunning, skilfull.
Slidder, slippery.
Small, *adv.*, little.
Smuired, corrupted.
Soar, ii. 195. Comp. *Sore*.
Sober, serious, solemn.
Solyeing, solving.
So many laddis, so many lownis, prov., i. 195.
Son, soon.
Sonundaye, Sunday.
Sophea, Sophy of Persia.
Sore, or *Soar*, ? a sorrel or chestnut horse, ii. 134, 195.
Sornand, sojournand.
Sorsecle, i. 49.
Sover, suffer.
Spac, *i.q.* *spick*, fine.
Spait, flood.
Speir, ask.
Spercles, sparks.
Sperde, shut.
Spittell man (Ane), i. 115.
Splenders, splinters.
Spomage or *spung*, purse.
Spartill, flat iron for turning cakes.
Spyllynge, failure.
Squird, sword.
Squyar Johne of Mowis, ii. 9.
Squyarie, a retinue of squires.
Stad, pret. of *stead*, put.
Stade, landing-place, *i.q.* *stead*.
Standert, candlestick.
State, "reverently she made him state," she treated him with respectful courtesy, ii. 165.
Staw, stole.
Steerand, stirring.
Steidis, towns; Germ. *stadt*.
Stekillede, fastened.
Sternis, stars.
Steryne, stern.
Steven, voice.
Stewart, steward.
Stifftapil, i. 189.
Stobschaw, i. 174.

- Stottis*, young oxen.
Stottyde, ?stammered.
Stounede, stared with wonder.
Strauen, strown.
Strencult, sprinkled, scattered.
Stro, straw.
Sturt, disorder.
Succudrously, proudly.
Sugette, subject.
Surquedrie, in old text incorrectly, *sucquedrie*, pride or presumption.
Surry, Syria.
Swadrick, ? a strayer, ii. 145.
Swayne, boy.
Sweet thing, ? *i. q. sweeting*, ii. 257.
Sweir, sore.
Swerers, jurymen.
Swoghe, to run with a rushing noise, like a mountain stream.
Swoghyng, rushing as a torrent.
Swylke or *swilke*, such.
Swyth, *swythly*, swift, swiftly.
Syde gown, long gown, i. 158.
Symon sonis of Quhenfell, i. 194.
Sythen, afterward.
Sythys, times.
Sytis, torments.
Syve, St., St. Ositha, i. 172.
- Ta*, take.
 Tablet, cloth of gold or silver to form the head-covering for a horse.
Tade, toad.
Taillis efter suppair, i. 223.
Tak gude will as deid, take the will for the deed, i. 177.
Tarn or *terne*, lake.
Tartane, ii. 6. "Twa tabartis of the tartane."
- Te*, *v.*, to draw.
Tees or *T's*, iron T-shaped holdfasts in the saddle.
Tein, *tene*, or *teone*, trouble.
Teith, labour.
Tents, taints, stains.
Tercelet, here used for a male heir, but *tercel*, of which this is apparently a diminutive, more generally applied to the male of the goshawk or the eagle.
Terne Wathelyn, Tarn Watling, in Cumberland. See i. 42.
Tervey, ii. 20.
Tha, those.
The, thrive.
The day, to-day.
The morrow, to-morrow.
Theos, those.
The sone shene in the Scwth, a dance tune, i. 192.
Thestreen, yesterday. *Sir Eger*, l. 2491.
Thay, used for *those*, i. 141, l. 417, and 144, l. 516.
Thine, then.
 "This hundred winter," a figure of speech, ii. 200-201.
Thourtour, through.
Thratt, threatened.
Thraw-cruk, a crooked stick for twisting hay or straw ropes.
Thrawes, draws, ii. 176.
Thrawin, thrown, or thrown out.
Thriep, *v.*, here apparently used in the sense of *differ*, i. 218.
Thropillis, throats.
Thus gait, in this way.
Till, to.
Till, ii. 87. "Till my bryde from me."
Timously, betimes.
Tine, lose.
Tint, lost, pret. of *tine*.

Tire, tedious.
Tirlit, ? *i.q.* twirled, i. 158.
Toomed, emptied.
Toret, ? wrong; Fr. *tort*.
To rufe, at home, i. 218.
To sit on the rayne-bow, i. 141.
Towsill me or tit me, i. 230.
Tit = *twit*.
Tracyence, Thrace. The writer of *Kyng Orfeo* took the province to be a city.
Tras and trenass, i. 193.
Tratlour, gossip.
Travel, labour; Fr. *travail*.
Trayfole, trefoil.
Treat, entreat.
Tree, wood.
Trees, names of, i. 47-49.
Trene, spout.
Trewe, believe.
Trimland, trembling.
Trimpe, trumpet.
Trimpour, ? a deceiver; Fr. *trompeur*, i. 187.
Tristis, rendezvous or places of meeting.
Trolly lolly, i. 193.
Trucour, cheat, i. 187.
Truncheour, trencher, platter.
Truphane, i. 187.
Tuggill, tug.
Tuick of drum, i. 121. In the next page we have "the dandring drums did *touk*."
Turse, ii. 176.
Tuskane, Tuscany; but the geography of this poem is often vague and speculative.
Tutivillus, i. 186. See Halliwell in v. 295.
Twich, i. 198.
Twysbank [Tayis Bank], i. 169, 225.
Tynd, horn.
Tyne, to cause to lose or forfeit, *i.q.* *tine*.

Unburely, unfit for a bower or house.
Under, undern, or *undertide*, evening.
Underta, undertake.
Undrone, undern, nine o'clock A.M.
Unrufe, i. 217.
Unto, until.
Upon hicht, upstairs.
Ure, ore.

Vaclaw, presumably a corrupt form of the name of a place, ii. 154.
Valour, distance.
Vanquisht, overcome by fatigue and loss of blood.
Vegetables, i. 49.
Venkust, vanquished.
Ventalle or *ventil*, a corruption of *aventaile*, the movable front of the helmet.
Verrys, glasses.
Vesy, survey.
Vilipend, deem ill of any one.
Vincussing, vanquishing.

Wa, i. 224.
Wachis and wardroparis, guards and officials of the wardrobe.
Wait, wete, know.
Waithman, funeral.
Wakryif, vigilant.
Waled, chose, ii. 163; old copy, *waild*.
Wallace, Sir William, ii. 6.
Walsh notes [nuts] *newe*, i. 49. By *walsh* we are perhaps to understand nuts not indigenous to the country—foreign fruit.
Walters, plunges.
Wand, to take the, i. 264.
Wandrethe, trouble.
Wane, abode.

- Wane*, wain, waggon.
Wanweird, wretch. Halliwell says, "Wanweard, profligate.—*North*."
Ward, took charge of.
Wardly, worldly.
Wardons, warden-pears.
Warp, threw.
Warrant, ii. 164. The guarantee of good faith tendered by a lord to his guest.
Warre, *To gyve the*, to take initiative in aggression, i. 110.
Warwolf or *werwolf*, i. 298.
Wawayne, *i.g.* Gawayne.
Wayemetede, mourned or sobbed. Query, *i.g.* *zamur-tede*.
Wayffande with the see fame, i. 106.
Weapons as heirlooms, ii. 151, 153.
Wed, pledge.
Wede, *v.*, wode, go mad.
Wederlyng, i. 48.
Weir, doubt, also difficulty, i. 148-149.
Weir-men, vassals, bondsmen.
Welde, rule.
Wemles, spotless.
Were, trouble, difficulty, doubt, *i.g.* *weir*.
Werne, forbid, refuse.
Werre, worse.
Weryit, worried.
Westmoreland, King's daughter of, i. xxi.
Widdeis, wythies.
Widdersdorf, Prussia, in the district of Cologne, ii. 50, *note*.
Wie, while.
Wilfully, willingly.
Will, ?wide, i. 218, 219.
Willar, comp. of *will*.
Wince, ?quince, i. 48.
Winchester, mentioned in i. 77, as synonymous with the city of *Tracyence* or *Thrace*.
Wine berries, winberries, whortleberries, or *orts*.
Wine-bottle, ii. 171.
Winnis, dwells.
Wish, washed.
Wisk away, i. 204.
Wite, rule.
With a hap, a halfpenny, and a lambskin, a proverb said to be derived from the origin of the fortunes of Roger Thornton, a merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The proverb runs—
 "At the west gate came Thornton in,
 With a hap, a halfpenny, and a lambskin."
 It is introduced into Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, 1664, but in the old copy is misrendered. It is not improbable that in the passage in the *Thrie Priests of Peblis* we have an outline of the real history of Thornton, which is so far interesting, as it may tend to fix the locality or district where the production was composed, i. 134.
Wizte, active or brave.
Wlonkest, most splendid.
Wobstar, webster, weaver.
Wod, wild, angry.
Wood, mad.
Worn, elapsed, spent.
Worthed, went, proceeded.
Worthlich, worthy.
Would, willed, wished.
Wox, waxed, grew.
Wrebbe, i. 90.
Wrye, i. 90.
Wy, wight, man.
Wyce, shrink or shrivel.
Wymond of the Wardrop, i. 224, 226.

Wyneberye, winberry.
Wynnit, lived.

Yaip or *zaip*, quick.

Yare, ready.

Ydiottis, i. 197.

Yet, gate.

Yet or *yett*, hot.

Yggillwode Foreste, i. 42,
note.

Ymp, a graft or sapling.

Ymped or *ympe*, cut or shaped
as a tree.

Yode, went.

Yron, heron.

Yule or Christmas carols, ii.63.

Zame, lament.

Zamyrly, lamentably.

Zare, sharply, quickly.

Zeldade, covered.

Zolland, yelling.

THE END.

A SELECT LIST
OF
Works or Editions
BY
WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT
OF THE INNER TEMPLE
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED
1860-1894



1. **History of the Venetian Republic; Its Rise, its Greatness, and its Civilisation.** With Maps and Illustrations. 4 vols. 8vo. *Smith, Elder & Co.* 1860.
A new edition, entirely recast, with important additions, in 3 vols. crown 8vo, is in readiness for the press.
2. **Old English Jest-Books, 1525-1639.** Edited with Introductions and Notes. *Facsimiles.* 3 vols. 12mo. 1864.
3. **Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England.** With Introductions and Notes. 4 vols. 12mo. *Woodcuts.* 1864-66.
4. **Handbook to the Early Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain.** Demy 8vo. 1867. Pp. 714, in two columns.
5. **Bibliographical Collections and Notes.** Three Series, with Two Supplements and the Handbook, together, 6 vols. Medium 8vo. 1867-92.
These volumes comprise a full description of about 25,000 Early English books from the books themselves.
"There never was a more accurate and painstaking bibliographer than Mr. Hazlitt, nor is there any bibliography of English literature which can compete with his works. I have found from personal experience that they are absolutely necessary to the English collector."—BERNARD QUARITCH.
"This set of books is the result of more than thirty years' continuous labour, during which the author doubtless has had submitted to his notice more English book-rarities than any other bibliophile in Europe."—*Academy*, August 26, 1882.
6. **A General Index to Hazlitt's Bibliographical Works (1867-89).** By J. G. GRAY. Edited by W. C. HAZLITT. Medium 8vo. 1893. Pp. 842.

7. **Memoirs of William Hazlitt.** With Portions of his Correspondence. *Portraits after miniatures by John Hazlitt.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1867.
During the last twenty years the Author has been indefatigable in collecting additional information for the *Life of Hazlitt*, 1867, in correcting errors, and in securing all the unpublished letters which have come into the market, some of great interest, with a view to a new and improved edition.
8. **Inedited Tracts.** Illustrating the Manners, Opinions, and Occupations of Englishmen during the 16th and 17th Centuries. 1586-1618. With an Introduction and Notes. *Facsimiles.* 4to. 1868.
9. **The Works of Charles Lamb.** Now first collected, and entirely rearranged. With Notes. 4 vols. 8vo. *E. Mozon & Co.* 1868-69.
10. **Letters of Charles Lamb.** With some Account of the Writer, his Friends and Correspondents, and Explanatory Notes. By the late Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., one of his Executors. An entirely new edition, carefully revised and greatly enlarged by W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. 1886. Post 8vo.
- 10a. **Mary and Charles Lamb.** New Facts and Inedited Remains. 8vo. *Woodcuts and Facsimiles.* 1874.
The groundwork of this volume was an Essay by the writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*.
11. **English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases.** Arranged alphabetically and annotated. Medium 8vo. 1869. Second Edition, corrected and greatly enlarged. Crown 8vo. 1882.
12. **Narrative of the Journey of an Irish Gentleman** through England in 1751. From a MS. With Notes. 8vo. 1869.
13. **The English Drama and Stage, under the Tudor and Stuart Princes.** 1547-1664. With an Introduction and Notes. 4to. 1869.
A series of reprinted Documents and Treatises.
14. **Popular Antiquities of Great Britain.** I. The Calendar. II. Customs and Ceremonies. III. Superstitions. 3 vols. Medium 8vo. 1870.
Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Sir Henry Ellis, 1813, taken to pieces, recast, and enormously augmented.
15. **Inedited Poetical Miscellanies.** 1584-1700. Thick 8vo. With Notes and Facsimiles. 50 copies privately printed. 1870.
16. **Warton's History of English Poetry.** An entirely new edition, with Notes by Sir F. Madden, T. Wright, F. J. Furnivall, R. Morris, and others, and by the Editor. 4 vols. Medium 8vo. 1871.
17. **Prefaces, Dedications, and Epistles.** Prefixed to Early English Books. 1540-1701. 8vo. 1874.
50 copies privately printed.
18. **Blount's Jocular Tenures.** Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors. Originally published by Thomas Blount of the Inner Temple in 1679. An entirely new and greatly enlarged edition by W. Carew Hazlitt, of that ilk. Medium 8vo. 1874.

19. **Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays.** A new edition, greatly enlarged, corrected throughout, and entirely rearranged. With a Glossary by Dr. Richard Morris. 15 vols. 8vo. 1874-76.
20. **Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances.** Illustrating Shakespear and other Early English Writers. 12mo. 1875.
21. **Shakespear's Library :** A Collection of the Novels, Plays, and other Material supposed to have been used by Shakespear. An entirely new edition. 6 vols. 12mo. 1875.
22. **Fugitive Tracts (written in verse) which illustrate the Condition of Religious and Political Feeling in England, and the State of Society there, during two centuries. 1493-1700.** 2 vols. 4to. 50 copies privately printed. 1875.
23. **Poetical Recreations.** By W. C. Hazlitt. 50 copies printed. 12mo. 1877.
A new edition, revised and very greatly enlarged, is in preparation.
24. **The Baron's Daughter.** A Ballad. 75 copies printed. 4to. 1877.
25. **The Essays of Montaigne.** Translated by C. Cotton. An entirely new edition, collated with the best French text. With a Memoir, and all the extant Letters. *Portrait and Illustrations.* 3 vols. 8vo. 1877.
The only library edition. Second edition, abridged. 1893. 3 vols. Post 8vo.
26. **Catalogue of the Huth Library.** [English portion.] 5 vols. Large 8vo. 1880. 200 copies printed.
27. **Offspring of Thought in Solitude.** Modern Essays. 1884. 8vo, pp. 384.
Some of these Papers were originally contributed to *All the Year Round*, &c.
28. **Old Cookery Books and Ancient Cuisine.** 12mo. 1886.
"Full of curious information, this work can fairly claim to be a philosophical history of our national cookery."—*Morning Post*.
29. **An Address to the Electors of Mid-Surrey, among whom I live.** In rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto. 1886. 8vo, pp. 32.
"Who would not grieve, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"—*Pore*.
30. **Gleanings in Old Garden Literature.** 12mo. 1887.

31. **Schools, School-books, and Schoolmasters.** A Contribution to the History of Educational Development. 12mo. 1888. Pp. 300+vi.

Survey of the old system of teaching—Dr. Busby—Early Dictionaries—Colloquies in the Tenth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Centuries—Earliest printed works of instruction, Donatus and others—Stanbridge—Robert Whittington—Guarini of Verona—Vulgaria of Terence—School Classics—Erasmus and More—Dean Colet—Foundation of St. Paul's—Thomas Linacre—Wolsey's Edition of Lily's Grammar—Merchant Taylors' School—Old Mode of Advertising Private Establishments—Museum Minervæ at *Bethnal Green*—Manchester Old School—Shakespeare, Sir Hugh Evans, and Holofernes—Educational Condition of Scotland—Female Education—Shakespeare's Daughters—Goldsmith—Ascham and Mulcaster—Ben Jonson and Shirley, writers of Grammars—Foreigners' English—Phonography—Bullock—Charles Butler—Dr. Jones.

"A perusal of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's book is calculated to make both parents and boys thankful that they live in an age of comparative enlightenment. The work does not profess to be an exhaustive one, the object being 'to trace the sources and rise of our educational system, and to present a general view of the principles on which the groundwork of this system was laid.' In pursuing this plan the writer has succeeded in producing a book, which, though dealing with what some readers may consider rather a dry subject, is full of curious and interesting information, judiciously arranged and pleasantly conveyed."—*Morning Post*.

"... Mr. Hazlitt knows his subject, and he also knows how to write. No small praise."—*St. Stephen's Review*.

32. **A Little Book for Men and Women about Life and Death.** 12mo. *Reeves & Turner*. 1891.
A new and greatly enlarged edition is ready for the press.
33. **The Livery Companies of the City of London.** Their Origin and Character, Development and Social and Political Importance. With two coloured plates and numerous illustrations. 1892. Royal 8vo. Pp. 692.
34. **Tales and Legends of National Origin,** or widely current in England from early times. With a Critical Introduction. 1892. 8vo. Pp. 486 + xvi.
The story of Robin Hood is here for the first time accurately related.
35. **A Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays.** 1892. 4to. Pp. 284+viii. 250 copies printed on thick paper.
36. **The Coinage of the European Continent.** With an Introduction and Catalogues of Mints, Denominations, and Rulers. With 250 Illustrations. 1893. 8vo. Pp. xviii. + 554.

Mr. Hazlitt has occupied the last 15 years in collecting the finest specimens of Continental coins both here and abroad.

Preserved

