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SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Published by

WILLIAM HODGE & Co., Glasgow

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London and Edinburgh

Abbotsford Series

of the

Scottish Poets

Edited by GEORGE EYRE-TODD

SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

SIR DAVID LYND SAY

JOHN BELLENDEN

KING JAMES THE FIFTH

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

ALEXANDER SCOT

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

SANDS & COMPANY

NOTE.

MANY of the best editions of the Scottish poets, even of recent date, increase the difficulties of archaic language by such unnecessary stumbling-blocks as the use of the old straight *s*, and of Anglo-Saxon symbols for certain letters. Some even appear in the added obscurity of Old English type. And when these hindrances are not present, an irritating punctuation too often remains a barrier to all enjoyment. To these obstacles, as much, perhaps, as to the actual scarcity and costliness of the works, is to be attributed the popular neglect of a noble heritage in recent years. In the present volume, as in the previous volumes of this series, an effort has been made, while preserving the text intact in its original form, to improve in these respects upon the readableness of previous editions. A running glossary has, for the same object, been furnished in the margin of each page. For practical perusal of the text, as poetry, it is believed that this arrangement, translating obsolete words, as it does, without a break in the reading, is better than footnotes, or a glossary at the end of the volume. Few now-a-days, it is to be feared, save the most ardent students, can afford the time necessary for the elucidation by

means of a dictionary even of so short a poem as "Chrystis Kirk on the Grene."

While avoiding a burden of distracting comment, all necessary information, it is hoped, has been included in the separate introductions.

All the poems not otherwise indicated are here printed entire; and in particular it may be pointed out that the four pieces attributed to King James the Fifth are now reproduced complete and together for the first time since 1786.

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SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

FLODDEN FIELD, that long slope looking northward by the "deep and dark and sullen Till," where on a September afternoon in 1513 the flower of Scotland fell round James the Fourth, stands darkly marked on the page of history both of the Scottish nation and of Scottish poetry. It was for the North the burial-place of one era and the birth-place of another. The English billmen who on Flodden closed round the last desperate ring of Scottish spears hewed down with their ghastly weapons not only James himself and his nobles, but the feudal system in church and state, with all that sprang from it, the civilization and poetry of the Middle Ages in Scotland. The national spirit which had burst into leaf at Bannockburn was touched now as by an autumn frost, and a time of storm and darkness must ensue before the country could feel the re-awakening influences of a new spring. The mediæval world, with its charm and its chivalry, its splendour, cruelty, and power, was

passing away, while the modern world was in the throes of being born.

Had James IV. lived he would doubtless have continued, firm-handed as he was, to hold in check both churchmen and nobles, and the reforms which were in the air might have taken effect like leaven, and not, as they did, like gunpowder. They might have been grafted upon the existing stem, as in England, instead of overturning it. But during the long minority of James V. the abuses of the feudal system, political and ecclesiastical, attained too rank a growth to be pruned by the hand of that king when he came of age, notwithstanding his energy and good intentions. The system, as Macaulay has pointed out, had served its purpose in the Middle Ages as perhaps no more modern system could have done. In the feudal castles and monasteries had been preserved certain lights of chivalry and learning which, without such shelter, must, amid the storms of these centuries, have flickered and disappeared. These lights were now, however, burning more and more dimly. The corruptions of the clergy and the rapacity of the nobles outran all bounds, and between the two no man's life was safe and no woman's honour. Like other human institutions, therefore, which have outlived their usefulness, feudalism was doomed.

Renaissance was to come, not from within, but from without, and in the north the new influence took the form of a militant religious enthusiasm. Already in James the Fourth's time the war-horns of the Reformation sounded on the Continent had made their echoes heard in Scotland; and during the reign of his successor these were taken up and resounded at home with tremendous effect by the iconoclast trio, Lyndsay, Buchanan, and Knox. The new era was to be one of strife and tempest, in which the root of poesy was little likely to bring to perfection its rarest blossoms.

Goethe has said that the Reformation cost Europe three centuries' growth of civilization. So far as poetry is concerned the statement must be taken as true in Scotland to a modified extent. No one would be so foolish as to deny the immense advantages, in the purification of morals and the setting up of new perfervid ideals, which the Reformation brought to the north. But it is too frequently forgotten that the era of Scotland's highest achievement in arms and in poetry was not the era of Knox and Buchanan, but the era of Bishop Lamberton, Archdeacon Barbour,* and the preaching friar Dunbar. Against the unquestionable benefits of the Reformation in Scotland must be set

* Respectively the friend and the historian of the Bruce.

the fact that it not only broke the stem of the existing feudal civilization, but itself, intent only upon things of a future life, and modelled overmuch upon Judaic ideals, gave scant encouragement to the carnal arts of this world.

There is strong reason to believe that Scottish character, so far as social qualities go, suffered a certain withering change in the sixteenth century. Under feudalism, with all its faults, the country had been characterized by a generous joyousness which may be read between the lines of its contemporary history and poetry. Bruce, in the intervals of his heroic undertaking, could recite long romances of chivalry. The accomplishments of James I. as musician, poet, and player at all games and sports, are too well known to need repetition. Blind Harry was only one of the wandering minstrels who everywhere earned feast and bed by their entertainments. And the madcap court of James IV. lives in the poems of William Dunbar and the letters of the Spanish ambassador, Pedro de Ayala. All this was changed at the Reformation, and there seems to have been imposed then upon the life of the people a certain ascetic seriousness which has left its traces on the national character to the present day. Mirth and entertainment of all sorts not strictly religious were severely discountenanced by the Reformers, as tending to

render this life too attractive, and to withdraw attention from the great object of existence, preparation for the tomb. The attitude of the new rulers towards poetical composition in particular may be judged from two instances. In 1576, in the first book printed in Gaelic—Knox's *Forms of Prayer and Catechism*—Bishop Carswell, the translator, in his preface condemns with pious severity the Highlanders' enjoyment of songs and histories "concerning warriors and champions, and Fingal the son of Comhal, with his heroes." And the title-page of that curious collection, *The Gude and Godlie Ballates*, published in 1578,* bears that the contents consist in great part of pious compositions "changed out of prophaine Sangis, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie." So strongly, indeed, burned the ardour of the Reformers that for a considerable period nothing was printed in the Scottish press but what was tinged with religion in the strictest sense; and the effect of the condemnation of

* Included in Dalzell's *Scottish Poems of the XVIIth Century*, Edin. 1801, and reprinted in 1868. The following opening lines afford a specimen of the adaptation of a "prophaine sang":—

Quho is at my windo? who? who?
 Goe from my windo; goe, goe:
 Quha calles there, so like ane stranger?
 Goe from my windo, goe.

Lord, I am heir, ane wratched mortall
 That for thy mercie dois crie and call
 Vnto thee, my Lord Celestiall.
 See who is at my window, who.

“profane” literature at that time is to be traced in the prejudice with which novel-reading has been regarded in Scotland almost to the present day.

There was in the air, besides, another depressing influence which must not be overlooked.

Simultaneously with the dawn of the Reformation the Scottish language began to decay. The causes of this decay are sufficiently ascertained.* For the first forty years of the Reformation movement there was no translation of the Scriptures into the northern dialect. The copies used were obtained from England. Carried everywhere by the popular wave, the English book, as it was called, must by itself have done much to change the tongue of the country. Further, as the Catholic party in Scotland naturally looked for support to the ancient alliance with Catholic France, the adherents of Protestantism were forced into intimate relations and constant communication with Protestant England. In the works of Sir David Lyndsay, the earliest poet of the new period, the influence of this connection is seen taking effect, English forms of words, like *go*, *also*, and *one*, constantly taking the place of the mediæval Scottish. John Knox was a greater innovator

* The influences which went to fashion and to disintegrate the speech of the North are very clearly and systematically traced in Dr. J. A. H. Murray's introduction to his *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, London, 1873.

than Lyndsay in this respect; and the deterioration went steadily on until, shortly after the close of the century, the *coup de grâce* was given to the tongue by the transference of James VI. and his court to England. Upon that event Lowland Scottish went out of favour, and practically ceased to be a literary language.*

In face of these adverse influences—the decay of the language, religious disfavour, and the overturn of the ancient social system—a brilliant poetic era was not to be looked for in Scotland in the sixteenth century. The marvel is that so much was produced that had vigour, humour, and tenderness. Justice has hardly yet been done to a period which, opening with the iconoclast thunders of Sir David Lyndsay, included the compositions of the gallant James V., of “the Scottish Anacreon” Alexander Scot, and of the author of “The Cherrie and the Slae.” These Scottish singers have their own place and charm, and it has to be remembered that their work was composed while the strange silence of more than a hundred years which followed the death of Chaucer south of the Tweed was still all but unbroken.

* Dr. Murray in a note (p. 71) upon the dialect of Scottish poets of the modern period remarks, “‘Scots wha hae’ is *fancy* Scotch—that is, it is merely the English ‘Scots who have,’ spelled as Scotch. Barbour would have written ‘Scottis at hes’; Dunbar or Douglas, ‘Scottis quhilkis hes’; and even Henry Charteris, in the end of the sixteenth century, ‘Scottis quha hes.’”

The early period of Scottish poetry, corresponding to the heroic era of the national history, had been one of geste, chronicle, and patriotic epic, and remains illustrious with the names of Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Wyntoun, and Henry the Minstrel. The mediæval period, that in which the temper of the nation changed from one of strenuous, single-hearted purpose to one of conscious reflection, individual assertion, and restless personal desire, had been the period in which, lit anew by the torch of Chaucer, and fed by the genius of James I., Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas, Scottish poetry shot forth its most splendid flame. The sixteenth century, no less clearly marked, was a period of change. With Flodden Field and the Reformation the old order of things passed away. As the feudalism of the Middle Ages passed out of church and state the mediæval spirit passed out of the national poetry, and amid the strife of new ideals the last songs were sung in the national language of Scotland. Before the close of the century a new light had risen in the south, the brilliant Elizabethan constellation was flashing into fire, and under its influence the singers of the north were to make a new departure, and, like their kings who were seated on the English throne, were to adopt the accents of the southern tongue.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

FOR more than two hundred years, until the appearance of Robert Burns, the most popular of all the Scottish poets was Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount. During that time more than twenty editions of his works were published; next to the Bible they were perhaps the most familiar reading of the people; and in any question of phraseology, "Ye'll no fin' that in Davie Lyndsay" was a common condemnation against which there was no appeal. Popularity is not always a sign of worth; but in Lyndsay's case its justice must be admitted. The qualities which made him popular also make him great. No more honest, fearless, and admirable figure stands out from the page of Scottish history than that of this clear-sighted and true-hearted poet, who in a corrupt age filled so many parts without question and without stain. If effects are to be considered in judgment, a great place must be accorded the man who began by moulding the mind of a prince and ended by reforming that of a nation.

The Juvenal of Scotland was descended from a younger branch of the Lyndsays of the Byres in

Haddingtonshire, and is believed to have been born in 1490 either at The Mount, near Cupar-Fife, or at Garleton, then Garmylton, in East Lothian. From the former small estate the poet's father and himself in succession took their title, but the latter was apparently the chief residence of the family. There were grammar schools then established both in Haddington and in Cupar; and at one of these, it is probable, the poet received his early education. All that is definitely known of his early years, however, has been gathered from the fact that his name appears in 1508 or 1509 among the *Incorporati* or fourth-year students of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews. He must therefore have matriculated there in 1505, the year of John Knox's birth. Next Lyndsay's name in the register follows that of David Beaton, afterwards archbishop and cardinal, and the most formidable opponent of the Reformation in Scotland. It has been inferred from two references in his poems* that upon leaving college Lyndsay visited the Continent and travelled as far as Italy. But information on the subject remains uncertain.

The next definite notice shows him attached to the royal court, and taking part in the amusements

* From an eye-witnesslike allusion to the walking-length of Italian ladies' dresses in his "Contemptioun of Syde Taillis," and from the Courteour's speech in "The Monarche" (line 5417) alluding apparently to the Pope's presence at the siege of Mirandola in 1511.

"I saw Pape Julius manfullye
 Passe to the feild tryumphantlye
 With ane rycht afull ordinance
 Contrar Lowis, the kyng of France."

which were there in vogue. It is an entry in the treasurer's accounts on 12th October, 1511, of £3 4s. for blue and yellow taffeties "to be a play coat to David Lyndsay for the play playit in the king and queen's presence in the Abbey of Holyrood." In the same year appear the first quarterly payments of an annual salary of £40, which he received henceforth for his duties at court. The exact position which he at first filled is uncertain, but on the birth of Prince James, afterwards James V., on 12th April, 1512, Lyndsay was appointed chief page or usher to the infant. The description of his services in this capacity makes a delightful picture in the "Epistil to the Kingis Grace" prefixed to "The Dreame," and again in the "Complaynt" of 1529. The lines of the latter may be quoted—

I tak the Quenis Grace, thy mother,
 My Lord Chancelare, and mony uther,
 Thy Nowreis, and thy auld Maistres,
 I tak thame all to beir wytnes;
 Auld Willie Dillie, wer he on lyve,
 My lyfe full weill he could discryve:
 Quhow, as ane chapman beris his pak,
 I bure thy Grace upon my bak,
 And sumtymes, strydlingis on my nek,
 Dansand with mony bend and bek.
 The first sillabis that thow did mute
 Was PA, DA LYN,* upon the lute;
 Than playit I twenty spryngis, perqueir,
 Quhilk wes gret piete for to heir.
 Fra play thow leit me never rest,
 Bot Gynkartoun† thow lufit ay best;
 And ay, quhen thow come frome the scule

* Play, Davie Lyndsay.

† An old Scottish tune.

Than I behuffit to play the fule;
 As I at lenth, in-to my Dreme
 My sindry servyce did expreme.
 Thocht it bene better, as sayis the wyse,
 Hape to the court nor gude servyce,
 I wate thow luffit me better, than,
 Nor, now, sum wyfe dois hir gude-man.
 Than men tyll uther did recorde,
 Said Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord:
 Thow hes maid lordis, Schir, be Sanct Geill,
 Of sum that hes nocht servit so weill.

Whatever may have been the severity of character which in other matters James sometimes considered it his duty to show, there remains as testimony to the real nature of "the King of the Commons" that he never forgot these early services of his faithful attendant.

When the prince was a year old, that is, in 1513, just before Flodden, Lyndsay was witness to that strange scene in the Church of St. Michael in Linlithgow which is related upon his authority both by Pitscottie and Buchanan, and which is popularly known through Sir Walter Scott's version in *Marmion*. On the eve of setting forth upon his fatal campaign James IV., according to Pitscottie, was with his nobles attending prayers in the church at Linlithgow when a tall man came in, roughly clad in a blue gown and bare-headed, with a great pikestaff in his hand, "cryand and spearand for the King." He advanced to James, and with small reverence laid his arm on the royal praying-desk. "Sir King," he said, "my mother has sent me to you desiring you not to passe, at this time, where thou art

purposed; for if thou does thou wilt not fair well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade ye melle with no woman, nor use their counsell, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, and thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame." "Be this man," proceeds the chronicler, "had spoken thir words unto the King's Grace, the Even-song was neere doone, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but in the mean time, before the King's eyes; and in presence of all the Lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no wayes be seene nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had beene ane blink of the sunne, or ane whiss of the whirlwind, and could no more be seene."

It has been suggested that the episode might be an effort of Queen Margaret to dissuade her husband from the campaign by working upon his superstition, and that Lyndsay, through whose hands the apparition "vanished away," probably knew more of the affair than he cared to confess. The whole matter, however, is wrapped up in mystery.

After the death of James IV. at Flodden, Lyndsay appears to have remained in constant attendance upon the young king, sometimes being styled "the Kingis maister usher," sometimes "the Kingis maister of houshald." It was probably in the course of these duties that he made the acquaintance of the lady who became his wife. Whether she was related to the great historic house is unknown, but her name

was Janet Douglas, and from numerous entries in the treasurer's accounts she appears, notwithstanding her marriage, to have held the post of sempstress to the king till the end of his reign. The union took place about the year 1522.

In 1524 affairs in Scotland took a turn which for a time deprived Lyndsay of his office. On 20th May in that year the Regent Albany finally retired to France, and the reins of government were assumed by Queen Margaret, who, to strengthen her position against her divorced husband, the powerful Earl of Angus, withdrew the young prince from his tutors, and placed the sceptre nominally in his hand. Angus, however, prevailed, and getting possession of the person of James, ruled Scotland in the Douglas interest for four years. Lyndsay's opinion of the effect of this proceeding may be gathered from the lines of his "Complaynt"—

The Kyng was bot twelf yeris of aige
 Quhen new rewlaris come, in thair raige,
 For Commonweill makand no cair,
 Bot for thair proffeit singulair.
 Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fullis,
 Thay tuke that young Prince frome the scuilis,
 Quhare he, under obedience,
 Was lernand vertew and science,
 And haistelie platt in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland;
 As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
 Quhen marinaris bene all agast
 Throw dainger of the seis raige,
 Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige
 Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
 And to his bidding all obey,

Gevyng hym hail the governall
 Off schip, marchand, and marinall,
 For dreid of rockis and foreland,
 To put the ruther in his hand.
 Without Goddis grace is no refuge :
 Geve thare be dainger ye may juge.
 I gyf thame to the Devyll of Hell
 Quhilk first devysit that counsell!
 I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun,
 Bot I dar sweir it was no reassoun.
 I pray God, lat me never se ryng,
 In-to this realme, so young ane Kyng!

Discharged from his duties, though, at the instance of James, his salary continued to be paid, Lyndsay retired to his estates, and occupied his leisure by casting into verse some of his reflections upon the events and character of his time. These, in the form of a scarcely veiled satire, with a finely poetic setting, he published under the title of "The Dreame," probably in 1528. In the autumn of the same year, it is believed, he wrote his "Complaynt to the Kingis Grace," a performance in which, as has been seen, he recounts his early services, and asks some token of royal recognition, declaiming fearlessly the abuses which have been practised by the recent governors of the realm, and ending with congratulations and sound counsel on James's own sudden assumption of power.

This reminder would hardly appear to have been needed by the young king. On a night in May of that year James had escaped from Falkland, and dashing through the defiles of the Ochils with only a couple of grooms in his train, had established himself in

Stirling, successfully defied the Douglas power, and, though no more than sixteen years of age, had in a few hours made himself absolute master of Scotland. Among the first to benefit by his assumption of power were his old attendants. His chaplain, Sir James Inglis, he made Abbot of Culross; his tutor, Gavin Dunbar, he made Archbishop of Glasgow, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor; while upon Lyndsay he conferred the honour of knighthood and appointed him Lyon King at Arms.

This was in 1529, and the appointment marks Lyndsay's entry into the larger public life of his time. The office of the Chief Herald was then an active one, its holder being employed on frequent state envoys to foreign courts. Thus in 1531 Lyndsay was sent to the Netherlands to renew a commercial treaty of James I. which had just lapsed. Upon that occasion he had an interview at Brussels with the Queen of Hungary, then Regent of the Netherlands, and her brother the Emperor Charles V.; and in a letter still extant* he describes the tournaments, of which he was spectator, at the royal court.

Again, in 1536, he was one of the embassy sent to France to conclude a marriage between James and Marie de Bourbon, daughter of the Duc de Vendôme. Negotiations in this case were all but completed when by the personal interference of James the treaty was broken off and espousals arranged instead with Magdalene, the daughter of the French king, Francis I.

* Given in facsimile by Mr. Laing in his introduction to Lyndsay's works, p. xxiv.

The sad sequel of this romantic union is well known. The fate of the fragile young princess formed the subject of Lyndsay's elegy, "The Deploratioun of the Deith of Quene Magdalene."

Strangely enough, the Lyon Herald's next employment was, in the following year, the superintendence of ceremonies at reception of James's new bride, Mary, the daughter of the Duc de Guise. These, like the other events of the time, are fully described by Lindsay of Pitscottie, the contemporary historian. Among other "fersis and playis" they included one curious device. "And first sche was receivit at the New Abbay yet (gate); upon the eist syd thair of thair wes maid to hir ane triumphant arch be Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, knicht, alias Lyon Kyng at Armis, quha caussit ane greyt cloud to cum out of the hevins down abone the yeit; out the quhilke cloude come downe ane fair Lady most lyk ane angell, having the keyis of Scotland in hir hand, and delyverit thaim to the Queinis grace in signe and taikin that all the harts of Scotland wer opin for the receveing of hir Grace; withe certane Oratiouns maid be the said Sir David to the Quein's Grace, desyring hir to feir hir God, and to serve him, and to reverence and obey hir husband, and keip her awin body clein, according to God's will and commandment."*

A more momentous piece of work, and one more worthy of the poet's genius, was Lyndsay's next performance. In 1530, in his "Testament and

* Pitscottie's *History*, Edin. 1728, p. 160.

Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo," he had already ventured with great boldness to expose the disorders of the time in church affairs. He now went further, and in the guise of a stage-play attacked with fearless and biting satire the corruptions of clergy and nobles. This play, "Ane Pleasant Satyre of the thrie Estaitis," appears to have been first performed at Linlithgow at the feast of Epiphany on 6th January, 1539-40, when, occupying no less than nine hours in representation,* it was witnessed by the king, the queen, and ladies of the court, the bishops, nobles, and a great gathering of people.

As Lyon Herald, Lyndsay superintended the preparation of the *Register of Arms* of the Scottish nobility and gentry. This work, now in the Advocates' Library, Mr. Laing commends for its careful execution and proper emblazonment of the arms, as most creditable to the state of heraldic art in Scotland. It was completed in 1542.

On the 14th of December in the same year Lyndsay was one of those who stood by the bedside of the dying king at Falkland, when, overwhelmed by sorrow and disappointment, he "turned his back to his lordis and his face to the wall," and presently passed away. The friendship between the king and the poet, which had begun in the prince's cradle-days, appears to have had not a single break, one of James' last acts being to assign to Lyndsay, "during all the days of his life, two chalders of oats, for horse-corn, out of the King's lands of Dynmure in Fife."

* Charteris's Preface to Lyndsay's works, Edin. 1582.

The Lyon Herald survived his master about fifteen years, and lived to see signs that the reforms which he had urged would one day be carried out.

In 1546 occurred the first crisis of the Reformation. In consequence of the cruel burning of George Wishart at St. Andrews in that year, the castle there was stormed by Norman Lesley and fifteen others, and Cardinal Beaton, the prelate most obnoxious to the reforming party, was assassinated. On the 4th of August, Lyndsay, as commissioner for the burgh of Cupar, was in his seat in Parliament when the writ of treason was issued against the assassins; and on the 17th, as Lyon Herald, he appeared with a trumpeter before the castle in the vain effort to bring the garrison to terms. But whatever might be his official duties, his sympathies were clearly on the side of the reformers. Regarding the death of Beaton he wrote, probably sometime in the following year, his satire, the "Tragedie of the Cardinall"; and in May, 1547, he was one of the inner circle of those who, in the parish church of St. Andrews, gave John Knox his unexpected but memorable call to the ministry.

In 1548 Lyndsay was sent to Denmark to negotiate a treaty of free trade in corn, and with the successful issue of this embassy he appears to have closed his career as envoy to foreign courts. Henceforth he seems to have devoted himself to poetical composition. In 1550 appeared what has been esteemed by some critics the most pleasing of all his works, "The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum,"

a romance somewhat in the style of the ancient heroic narratives, founded on the adventures of an actual personage of his own day. And in 1553 he finished his last and longest work, "The Monarche, Ane Dialog betuix Experience and Ane Courteour on the Miserabyll Estait of the World."

Once more he appears in history in the dignity of his office as Lyon King. On 16th January, 1554-5, he presided at a chapter of heralds convened at Holyrood for the trial and punishment of William Crawar, a messenger, for abuse of his function. But before the 18th of April in the same year he had passed away. By a letter of that date in the Privy Seal Register it appears that his wife had predeceased him, and that, in the absence of children, his estates were inherited by his younger brother, Alexander Lyndsay.

Four years later the Reformation, of which also he may be said to have been the Lyon Herald, had begun in earnest. John Knox had returned to Scotland, the assassins of Beaton had received pardon, and the leaders of the new church which was to rise out of the ashes of the old had assumed the name of "The Congregation."

Such was the consistent career of the poet who, in the words of Dryden, "lashed vice into reformation" in Scotland. In high position, with everything to lose and nothing to gain by the part he took, he must be adjudged entire disinterestedness in his efforts. Patriotism, the virtue which more than any other has from century to century made the renown

of Scotland, must be acknowledged as his chief motive. Of his "Dreme" one writer has said, "We almost doubt if there is to be found anywhere except in the old Hebrew prophets a purer or more earnest breathing of the patriotic spirit." His attack, it is true, was directed, not against the doctrines, but merely against the abuses of the church, a fact which sufficiently accounts for his freedom from persecution. There can be no question, however, that but for the brilliant, burning satire of Lyndsay the later work of the reformers would have proved infinitely more arduous, and might have been indefinitely delayed. Professor Nichol* has compared the service rendered by Lyndsay in Scotland to that rendered in Holland by Erasmus. All great movements probably have had some such forerunner, from John the Baptist downwards. At anyrate it is certain that when Lyndsay laid down his pen the time was ripe for Knox to mount the pulpit.

During the early troubles of the Reformation the works of Lyndsay were, it is said, printed by stealth; and Pitscottie states that an Act of Assembly ordered them to be burned. Their popularity, nevertheless, remained undiminished, and edition after edition found its way into the hands of the people. The best editions now available are that by George Chalmers, three volumes, London, 1806, that of the Early English Text Society by various editors,

* General introduction to Lyndsay's works, Early English Text Society's edition.

1865-1871, and the edition by David Laing, LL.D., three volumes, Edinburgh, 1879. The last is taken in the present volume as the standard text.

Of Lyndsay's compositions "The Dreame" has generally been considered the most poetical, and the "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis" the most important. The former is an allegory in the fashion of Dante and Chaucer, in which, after a prologue which has been much admired for its descriptive charm, a historical lesson is drawn from the abuse of power by rulers of the past, and the political grievances of Scotland are set boldly forth. To the latter belongs the credit of being the earliest specimen of the Scottish drama now in existence, the ground having been previously occupied only by the old mysteries and pageants, the "fairseis and clerk-playis" mentioned by Sir Richard Maitland.* Technically it is neither a morality-play nor a regular drama, but what is known as an interlude: it has no regular plot, and upon its stage real men and women move about among allegorical personages. Its author, however, confined the term "interlude" to the burlesque diversions which occupied the intervals of the main action. "Lyndsay's play," says Chalmers, "carried away the palm of dramatic composition from the contemporary moralities of England till the epoch of the first tragedy in *Gorboduc* and the first comedy in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*." The work was more, however, than a dramatic pioneer; it was the greatest

* In his poem on the marriage of Queen Mary with the Dauphin.

blow which Lyndsay struck at the vices and follies of his age, the ignorance and profligacy of the priesthood, and the insolence and unscrupulous ambition of the courtiers; and it is perhaps not too much to say of it that by its performance again and again before multitudes of all classes of the people it prepared the way more than anything else for the great movement of the Reformation in Scotland. For the modern reader, apart from its merits as a *tour de force* of satire, this work remains the most vivid picture we possess of the grievances by which the common people of Scotland were oppressed during the last days of feudalism.

“The Monarche,” a still longer poem, possesses nothing like the interest of the “Satyre.” In dialogue form, it follows the historic fashion of an earlier time, attempting to give a complete history of the human race from the creation to the day of judgment. Gloom and sadness reign throughout its pages, and notwithstanding one or two fine descriptive passages and the exhibition of much learning and sagacious reflection, it must be ranked among the less vital of its author’s works. An English version of “The Monarche,” nevertheless, was repeatedly printed in London from 1566 onwards, and a translation into Danish was published at Copenhagen in 1591.

“The Testament and Complaynt of the Kyngeis Papyngo” is a composition frequently referred to. It opens with a prologue in praise of the makars, who, from Chaucer to the writer’s contemporary Bellenden, are named in order. In form of a fable—the death-

bed of the king's parrot, attended by the pye, a canon regular, the raven, a black monk, and the hawk, a holy friar—it satirizes mercilessly the vices of the clergy and the abuses of the church.

Lyndsay's lesser productions are satires on minor subjects, such as court patronage and the absurdities of female fashions, showing their author in a lighter vein. But "Kitteis Confessioun" is another hard hit at the church abuses of the time, and the "Deploratioun of the Deith of Quene Magdalene" possesses interest as a picture of a royal welcome in the sixteenth century.

"The Tragedie of the Cardinall," apart from a suggestion in the prologue, the appearance of Beaton's ghost—

Ane woundit man, abundantlie bledyng,
With vissage pail and with ane deidlye cheir—

displays no striking poetic power. The poem recounts in detail, as by the mouth of the prelate himself, the damaging part which Beaton had played in the contemporary history of Scotland, and it ends with serious admonitions addressed respectively to prelates and to princes to avoid the abuses which were then rampant in the government of the church.

"The Historie of Squyer Meldrum" is written in a different vein from the rest of Lyndsay's works. As has already been said, it is modelled on the gestes and heroic epics of an earlier century. The narrative is lively, with vivid descriptive passages and great smoothness of versification. "In all Froissart," says Dr. Merry Ross, "there is nothing more

delightful in picturesque details than the description of the jousts between Meldrum and the English knight Talbart on the plains of Picardy."

It has been the habit to regard Lyndsay in the character rather of a reformer than of a poet, and it cannot be doubted that his own purpose was to edify rather than to delight. But the merit of a satirist consists, not in his display of the more delicate sort of poetic charm, but in the brilliance and keenness of his satire. No critic can aver that in these qualities Lyndsay was lacking. If evidence of power in other fields be demanded, there are, according to the estimate of Professor Nichol, passages in "The Dreame," "Squyer Meldrum," and "The Monarche," "especially in the descriptions of the morning and evening voices of the birds, which, for harmony of versification and grace of imagery, may be safely laid alongside of any corresponding to them in the works of his predecessors." But it is as a satiric poet that he must chiefly be appraised, and in this character he stands the greatest that Scotland has produced. He remained popular for more than two centuries because he sympathised with the sorrows of the people and satirized the abuse of power by the great. In this respect he was not excelled even by his great successor, Robert Burns. For the reader of the present day the interest of Lyndsay, apart from the broad light which he throws upon the life and manners of his time, lies in his shrewd common-sense, his irresistible humour, vivacity, and dramatic power, with the consciousness that behind these

burns a soul of absolute honesty. But the first value of his work, as of the work of every satiric poet, consisted in its wholesome effect upon the spirit of his age. With this fact in view it would be difficult to formulate a better summing-up of Lyndsay's titles to regard than that by Scott in the fourth canto of *Marmion*. There, by a poetic license, he is introduced in the character of Lyon Herald on the eve of Flodden, sixteen years before he obtained that office—

He was a man of middle age;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on king's errand come;
 But in the glances of his eye
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home;
 The flash of that satiric rage
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.

.

Still is thy name of high account
 And still thy verse has charms,
 Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
 Lord Lion King-at-arms!

THE DREME.

EPISTIL TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

RYCHT potent Prince, of hie Imperial blude,
Unto thy Grace I traist it be weill knawin,
My servyce done unto your Celsitude,
Quhilk nedis nocht at length for to be schawin;
And thocht¹ my youtheid now be neir ouer-blawin,¹ though.
Excerst² in servyce of thyne Excellence,² Exercised.
Hope hes me hecht³ ane gudlie recompense.³ promised.

Quhen thow wes young I bure thee in myne arme
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang⁴;⁴ began to go.
And in thy bed oft happit⁵ thee full warme,⁵ wrapped.
With lute in hand, syne⁶, sweitlie to thee sang :⁶ afterwards.
Sumtyme, in dansing, feiralie⁷ I flang ;⁷ nimbly.
And sumtyme, playand farsis on the flure ;
And sumtyme, on myne office takkand cure :

And sumtyme, lyke ane feind, transfigure,
And sumtyme, lyke the greislie gaist of Gye⁸;⁸ Perhaps the Sir
Guy of romance.
In divers formis oft-tymes disfigure,
And sumtyme, dissagyist full plesandlye.
So, sen⁹ thy birth, I have continewalye⁹ since.
Bene occupyit, and aye to thy plesoure,
And sumtyme, Seware, Coppare, and Carvoure¹⁰;¹⁰ Butler, Cup-
bearer, and
Carver.

¹ treasurer.Thy purs-maister and secreit Thesaurare¹,² usher.Thy Yschare², aye sen thy natyvitie,

And of thy chalmer cheiffe Cubiculare,

³ loyalty.Quhilk, to this hour, hes keipit my lawtie³;⁴ Praise.Lovyng⁴ be to the blyssit Trynitie⁵ such.That sic⁵ ane wracheit worme hes maid so habyll⁶⁶ able.

Tyll sic ane Prince to be so greabyll!

But now thow arte, be influence naturall,

⁷ high of spirit.Hie of ingyne⁷, and rycht inquisityve

Of antique storeis, and deidis marciall;

More plesandlie the tyme for tyll ouerdryve,

⁸ describe.I have, at length, the storeis done descryve⁸

Of Hectour, Arthour, and gentyll Julyus,

Of Alexander, and worthy Pompeyus;

Of Jasone, and Medea, all at lenth,

Of Hercules the actis honorabyll,

And of Sampson the supernaturall strenth,

⁹ true lovers.And of leill luffaris⁹ storeis amiabyll;

And oft-tymes have I feinyeit mony fabyll,

Of Troylus the sorrow and the joye,

And Seigis all of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.

The propheceis of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng,*

And of mony uther plesand stoye,

Of the Reid Etin, and the Gyir Carlyng,†

* Many of the prophecies of The Rhymer, Bede, and Merlin were printed in a small volume by Andro Hart at Edinburgh in 1615.

† The Red Etin, a giant with three heads, was the subject of a popular story mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*. William Motherwell has a poem "The Etin of Sillarwood." The Gyre Carlin, or huge old woman, was the gruesome Hecate, or mother-witch, of many peasant stories.

Confortand thee, quhen that I saw thee sorye.
 Now, with the supporte of the King of Glorye,
 I sall thee schaw ane storye of the new,
 The quhilk affore I never to thee schew.

But humilie I beseik thyne Excellence,
 With ornate termis thocht I can nocht expres
 This sempyll mater, for laik of eloquence;
 Yit, nochtwithstandyng all my besynes,
 With hart and hand my pen I sall adres
 As I best can, and most compendious:
 Now I begyn: the mater hapnit thus.

PROLOG.

In-to the Calendis of Januarie,
 Quhen fresche Phebus, be movyng circularir,
 Frome Capricorne wes enterit in Aquarie,
 With blastis that the branchis maid full bair,
 The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,
 And flemit¹ Flora frome every bank and bus²,
 Throuch supporte of the austeir Eolus.

¹ banished.
² bush.

Efter that I the lang wynteris nycht
 Had lyne walking³, in-to my bed, allone,
 Throuch hevvy thocht, that no way sleip I mycht,
 Rememberyng of divers thyngis gone:
 So up I rose, and clethit me anone.
 Be this, fair Tytane, with his lemis⁴ lycht,
 Ouer all the land had spread his baner brycht.

³ lain waking.

⁴ beams.

¹ quickly. With cloke and hude I dressit me belyve¹,
 With dowbyll schone, and myttanis on my handis ;
² Yet fared I forth, speeding athwart. Howbeit the air was rycht penetratyve,
 Yit fure I furth, lansing ouirthorte² the landis
³ divert, *lit.* shorten time. Toward the see, to schorte³ me on the sandis,
⁴ hillside. Because unblomit was baith bank and braye⁴.
 And so, as I was passing be the waye,

⁵ disguised in sad attire. I met dame Flora, in dule weid dissagysit⁵,
 Quhilk in-to May wes dulce and delectabyll ;
⁶ violent. ⁷ oppressed. With stalwart⁶ stormis hir sweitnes wes supprisit⁷ ;
 Hir hevynlie hewis war turnit in-to sabyll,
⁸ formerly. Quhilkis umquhile⁸ war to luffaris amiabyll.
 Fled frome the froste, the tender flouris I saw
 Under dame Naturis mantyll lurking law.

The small fowlis in flokkis saw I flee,
 To Nature makand greit lamentatioun.
 Thay lychtit doun besyde me on ane tree,
 Of thair complaynt I had compassioun ;
 And with ane pieteous exclamatioun
 Thay said, “ Blyssit be Somer, with his flouris ;
⁹ cursed. And waryit⁹ be thow, Wynter, with thy schouris !”

¹⁰ frail. “ Allace ! Aurora,” the syllic¹⁰ Larke can crye,
 “ Quhare hes thou left thy balmy liquour sweit
 That us rejosit, we mounting in the skye ?
 Thy sylver droppis ar turnit in-to sleit.
 O fair Phebus ! quhare is thy hoilsum heit ?
¹¹ sufferest. Quhy tholis¹¹ thow thy hevinlie plesand face
 With mystie vapouris to be obscurit, allace !

“Quhar art thow May, with June thy syster schene¹, ¹ fair, *lit.* shining.

Weill bordourit with dasyis of delyte?

And gentyll Julie, with thy mantyll grene,

Enamilit with rosis red and quhyte?

Now auld and cauld Januar, in dispyte,

Reiffis² frome us all pastyme and plesour.

² Robs.

Allace! quhat gentyll hart may this indure?

“Ouersylit³ ar with cloudis odious

³ Concealed.

The goldin skyis of the Orient,

Changeyng in sorrow our sang melodious,

Quhilk we had wount to sing with gude intent,

Resoundand to the hevinnis firmament:

Bot now our daye is changeit in-to nycht.”

With that thay rais, and flew furth of my sycht.

Pensyve in hart, passing full soberlie

Unto the see, forward I fure anone.

The see was furth, the sand wes smooth and drye;

Then up and doun I musit myne allone⁴,

⁴ by myself.

Till that I spyit ane lyttill cave of stone

Heych⁵ in ane craig: upwart I did approche

⁵ High.

But taryng⁶, and clam up' in the roche:

⁶ Without delay.

And purposit, for passing of the tyme,

Me to defende from ociositie⁷,

⁷ idleness.

With pen and paper to register in ryme

Sum mery mater of antiquitie:

Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,

Scho maid so dull my spreitis, me within,

That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin,

But satt styll in that cove, quhare I mycht see
¹ rolling. The wolteryng¹ of the wallis, up and doun,
 And this fals warldis instabilytie
 Unto that see makkand comparisoun,
 And of this warldis wracheit variatioun
 To thame that fixis all thair hole intent,
 Consideryng quho most had suld most repent.

So, with my hude my hede I happit warme,
 And in my cloke I fauldit both my feit ;
 I thocht my corps with cauld suld tak no harme,
 My mittanis held my handis weill in heit ;
² scowling. The skowland² craig me coverit frome the sleit.
 Thare styll I satt, my bonis for to rest,
 Tyll Morpheus with sleip my spreit opprest.

³ rude, boisterous. So, throw the bousteous³ blastis of Eolus,
 And throw my walkyng on the nycht before,
 And throw the seyis movyng marvellous,
⁴ bellow. Be Neptunus, with mony route⁴ and rore,
 Constraint I was to sleip, withouttin more :
 And quhat I dremit, in conclusioun
 I sall you tell, ane marvellous Visioun.

[In the company of Dame Remembrance the poet visits the centre of the earth, and there amid the torments of hell discovers the "men of Kirk," from cardinals to friars, with historic characters, from Bishop Caiaphas and Mahomet to queens and dukes, whose causes of punishment are described. He visits purgatory and the place of unbaptised babes, then passing upward through the four elements and the spheres of the seven planets, from that of the moon, "Quene of the see and bewtie of the nycht," he reaches the heaven of heavens, and beholds the throne of God, with all its glorious surroundings. Upon leaving heaven Remembrance displays and describes the three parts of the earth to the poet, and after affording him a view of paradise with its four walls of fire, brings him to Scotland. Here he enquires the causes of all the unhappiness which he sees. These are attributed to political turpitude and mismanagement. As Remembrance is speaking a third personage appears on the scene.]

COMPLAYNT OF THE COMMOUNWEILL
OF SCOTLAND.

And thus as we wer talking, to and fro,

We saw a bousteous berne cum our the bent¹, ¹ over the open field.

Bot² hors, on fute, als fast as he mycht go, ² without.

Quhose rayment wes all raggit, revin, and rent,

With visage leyne, as he had fastit Lent:

And fordwart fast his wayis he did advance,

With ane rycht melancolious countynance,

With scrip on hip, and pyikstaff in his hand,

As he had purposit to passe fra hame.

Quod I, "Gude-man, I wald faine understand,

Geve that ye plesit, to wyt³ quhat were your name?" ³ know.

Quod he, "My Sonne, of that I think gret schame,

Bot, sen thow wald of my name have ane feill⁴, ⁴ knowledge.

Forsuith, thay call me John the Commounweill."

"Schir Commounweill, quho hes yow so disgysit?"

Quod I: "or quhat makis yow so miserabyll?"

I have marvell to se yow so supprysit⁵, ⁵ oppressed.

The quhilk that I have sene so honorabyll.

To all the warld ye have bene profitabyll,

And weill honourit in everilk⁶ natioun: ⁶ every.

How happinnis now your tribulatioun?"

"Allace!" quod he, "thow seis how it dois stand

With me, and quhow I am disherisit

Of all my grace, and mon⁷ pass of Scotland, ⁷ must.

And go, afore quhare I was cherisit.

Remane I heir, I am bot perysit⁸; ⁸ wasted, laid waste.

For thare is few to me that takis tent⁹, ⁹ regard.

That garris¹⁰ me go so raggit, rewin, and rent: ¹⁰ causes.

“My tender freindis are all put to the flycht ;
For Policye is fled agane in France.*

¹ lost.

My syster, Justice, almaist haith tynt¹ hir sycht,
That scho can nocht hald evinly the ballance.

² loyalty.

Plane wrang is plane capitane of ordinance,
The quhilk debarris laute² and reasoun ;
And small remeid is found for open treasoun.

“In-to the South, allace ! I was neir slane ;
Ouer all the land I culd fynd no releif.

³ robbery.

Almoist betuix the Mers and Lowmabane
I culde nocht knaw ane leill man be ane theif.
To schaw thair reif³, thift, murthour, and mischeif,

⁴ tedious.

And vicious workis, it wald infect the air,
And als langsum⁴ to me for tyll declair.

“In-to the Hieland I could fynd no remeid,
Bot suddantlie I wes put to exile :

⁵ These lazy
sluggards.

Thai sweir swyngeoris⁵ thay tuke of me non heid,
Nor amangs thame lat me remane ane quhyle.

Als, in the Oute Ylis, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweirnes, falset, povertie, and stryfe
Pat Policye in dainger of hir lyfe.

“In the Lawland I come to seik refuge,
And purposit thare to mak my residence ;

⁶ *i.e.* personal
interest caused.

Bot singulare profeit gart⁶ me soune disluge,
And did me gret injuries and offence,

⁷ Quickly.

And said to me, ‘Swyith⁷, harlote, hy thee hence,

⁸ cares, business.

And in this countre see thow tak no curis⁸,
So lang as my auctoritie induris.’

* An allusion to the departure of the Regent Albany.

“And now I may mak no langer debait ;
 Nor I wate¹ nocht quhome to I suld me mene² ;¹ know.
 For I have socht throw all the Spirituall stait, ² complain.
 Quhilkis take³ na compt for to heir me complene.
 Thair officiaris, thay held me at disdene ;
 For Symonie, he rewlis up all that rowte ;
 And Covatyce, that carle, gart bar me oute.

“Pryde haith chaist far frome thame Humilitie ;
 Devotioun is fled unto the Freris ;
 Sensuale plesour hes baneist Chaistitie ;
 Lordis of religioun, thay go lyke seculeris,
 Taking more compt in tellyng thair deneris³ ³ money.
 Nor thai do of thair constitutioun. *Fr. dénier.*
 Thus are thay blyndit be ambitioun.

“Our gentyll men are all degenerat ;
 Liberalitie and lawte both ar lost,
 And Cowardyce with lordis is laureat,
 And knychtliche Curage turnit in brag and boast.
 The civele weir misgydis everilk oist⁴ ; ⁴ every host.
 Thare is nocht ellis bot ilk⁵ man for hym-self ; ⁵ each.
 That garris me go, thus baneist lyke ane elf.

“Tharefor, adew : I may no langer tarye.”
 “Fair weill,” quod I, “and with sanct Jhone to
 borrow⁶ !” ⁶ St. John be
 your surety.
 Bot, wyt ye weill, my hart was wounder sarye⁷ ⁷ sorrowful.
 Quhen Comounweill so sopit⁸ was in sorrow. ⁸ steeped.
 “Yit efter the nycht cumis the glaid morrow ;
 Quharefor, I pray yow, schaw me in certane
 Quhen that ye purpose for to cum agane.”

“That questioun, it sall be sone decydit,”
 Quod he, “thare sall na Scot have confortyng
 Of me tyll that I see the countre gydit
 Be wysedome of ane gude auld prudent Kyng,
 Quhilk sall delyte him maist, abone¹ all thyng,
 To put Justice tyll executioun,
 And on strang traitouris mak punitioun.

¹ above.

“Als yit to thee I say ane-uther thyng :
 I see rycht weill that proverbe is full trew,
 ‘Wo to the realme that hes ouer young ane King!’”
 With that he turnit his bak, and said adew.
 Ou'er firth and fell² rycht fast fra me he flew,
 Quhose departyng to me was displesand.*
 With that, Remembrance tuk me be the hand,

² Over outland
and mountain.

And sone, me-thocht, scho brocht me to the roche
 And to the cove quhare I began to sleip.
 With that, one schip did spedalye approche,
 Full plesandlie saling apone the deip,
 And syne³ did slake hir salis and gan to creip
 Towart the land, anent⁴ quhare that I lay.
 Bot, wyt ye weill, I gat ane fellown fray⁵:

³ presently.

⁴ opposite.

⁵ a cruel fright.

All hir cannounis sche leit craik of at onis :
 Down schuke the stremaris frome the topcastell ;
 Thay sparit nocht the poulder nor the stonis⁶ ;
 Thay schot thair boltis, and doun thair ankeris fell ;
 The marenaris, thay did so youte⁷ and yell,
 That haistalie I stert out of my dreme,
 Half in ane fray, and spedalie past hame.

⁶ Stones were the
bullets of that
age.

⁷ shout.

* From John the Commonweill, says Sibbald, it has been suggested that Arbuthnot caught the first hint of his celebrated John Bull.

And lychtlie dynit, with lyste^x and appetyte,
Syne efter past in-tyll ane oratore,
And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte
All the visioun that I have schawin afore.

^x pleasure.

Schir, of my dreme as now thou gettis no more,
Bot I beseik God for to send thee grace
To rewle thy realme in unitie and peace.

THE TESTAMENT AND COM-
PLAYNT OF OUR SOVERANE
LORDIS PAPYNGO.

PROLOG.

¹ intellect. Suppose I had ingyne¹ angelicall,
² Solomon-like. With sapience more than Salamonick²,
I not quhat mater put in memorie ;
The poeitis auld, in style heroycall,
³ writing. In breve³ subtell termes rethorycall,
⁴ every. Of everlike⁴ mater, tragedie and storie,
⁵ high. So ornatlie, to thair heych⁵ laude and glorie,
Haith done indyte ; quhose supreme sapience
Transcendith far the dull intellygence

Of poeitis now in-tyll our vulgare tounge.
For quhy? the bell of rethorick bene rounge
Be Chawceir, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate.
Quho dar presume thir poeitis tyll impung
Quhose sweit sentence through Albione bene sung?
Or quho can now the workis countrafait
Of Kennedie with termes aureait,
Or of Dunbar, quhilk language had at large,
As may be sene in-tyll his Goldin Targe?

Quintyn, Merser, Rowle, Henderson, Hay, and
Holland,*

Thocht thay be deid thair libellis bene levand¹, ¹ their books live.

Quhilkis to reheirs makeith redaris to rejose.

Allace for one quhilk lampe wes of this land,

Of eloquence the flowand balmy strand² ² stream.

And in our Inglis rethorick the rose!

As of rubeis the charbunckle bene chose,

And as Phebus dois Cynthia precell,

So Gawane Dowglas, Byschope of Dunkell,

Had, quhen he wes in-to this land on lyve³, ³ alive.

Abufe vulgare poeitis prerogatyve

Both in pratick and speculatioun.

I say no more; gude redaris may descryve⁴ ⁴ describe.

His worthy workis in nowmer more than fyve,

And specallye the trew translatioun

Of Virgill, quhilk bene consolatioun

To cunnyng men, to know his gret ingyne,

Als weill in naturall science as devyne.

And in the courte bene present in thir⁵ dayis ⁵ these.

That ballattis brevis lustellie⁶, and layis, ⁶ write
pleasantly.

Quhilkis tyll our Prince daylie thay do present.

Quho can say more than Schir James Inglis† sayis,

In ballattis, farses, and in plesand playis?

* Sir Gilbert Hay, Merser, and two Rowles, one of Aberdeen and one of Corstorphine, are mentioned in Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris." Henryson and Sir Richard Holland, the author of "The Houlate," are well known. Sir John Rowle's "Cursing vpon the Steilaris of his fowlis" is preserved in the Bannatyne MS.

† A chaplain at court, and reputed author of the "Complaynt of Scotland," Inglis was made abbot of Culross by James V. He was murdered by the baron of Tullialan a few months after this mention of him.

But Culrose hes his pen maid impotent.

Kyd, in cunnyng and prattick rycht prudent,
And Stewarte,* quhilk desyrith ane staitly style,
Full ornate werkis daylie dois compyle.

¹ speak, narrate. Stewart of Lorne wyll carpe¹ rycht curiouslie;
Galbraith, Kynlouch, quhen thay lyst tham applie

In-to that art, ar craftie of ingyne.

Bot now of lait is starte up haistelie

² skilful. Ane cunnyng² clerk quhilk wrytith craftelie,

Ane plant of poeitis callit Ballendyne,

Quhose ornat workis my wytt can nocht defyne.

Gett he in-to the courte auctorite

He wyll precell Quintyn and Kennedie.

³ though. So, thocht³ I had ingyne, as I have none,

⁴ know. I watt⁴ nocht quhat to wryt, be sweit Sanct Jhone;

⁵ garden. For quhy? in all the garth⁵ of eloquence

Is no-thing left bot barrane stok and stone;

⁶ every one. The poleit termes are pullit everilk one⁶

Be thir fornमित poeitis of prudence;

And sen I fynd none uther new sentence

⁷ ere. I sall declare, or⁷ I depart yow fro,

⁸ popinjay, parrot. The complaynt of ane woundit papingo⁸.

Quharefor, because myne mater bene so rude

Of sentence, and of rethorike denude,

⁹ writing. To rurall folke myne dyting⁹ bene directit,

¹⁰ banished. Far flemit¹⁰ frome the sycht of men of gude¹¹;

¹¹ worth.

For cunnyng men, I knaw, wyll sounne conclude

* A considerable number of poems bearing the colophon "quod Stewart" are preserved by Bannatyne, but nothing is known of their separate authorship.

It dowe¹ no-thing bot for to be dejectit ;
 And quhen I heir myne mater bene detractit
 Than sall I sweir I maid it bot in mowis²
 To landwart lassis quhilks kepith kye and yowis³.

¹ deserves.² jest.³ country lasses
who keep kine
and ewes.

[The "Complaynt" begins with a homily on the text "Quho clymmis to hycht, perforce his feit mon fail." To illustrate this apophthegm the story of the king's popyngo is told. The unfortunate bird, climbing to the topmost twig of a tree in the royal garden, is thrown to earth by a gust of wind, and hopelessly injured on a stob of timber. In her last hour she addresses one epistle to the king, deriving lessons to royalty from the chronicles of Scotland, and another to her "brether of the court" upon the text "Quho sittith moist hie sal fynd the sait most slidder." The latter epistle ends with an adieu to Edinburgh, Stirling, and Falkland, and the chief scene of the satire immediately ensues.]

ADEW.

Adeu, Edinburgh! thou heych tryumphant toun,
 Within quhose boundis rycht blythfull have I bene,
 Of trew merchandis the rute of this regioun,
 Most reddy to resave Court, King, and Quene!
 Thy polecye and justice may be sene.
 War devotioun, wysedome, and honestie,
 And credence, tynt⁴, thay mycht be found in thee.

⁴ lost.
⁵ The ancient
name for
Stirling.

Adeu, fair Snawdoun⁵! with thy touris hie,
 Thy Chapell Royall, park, and tabyll rounde! *
 May, June, and July walde I dwell in thee,
 War I one man, to heir the birdis sounde
 Quhilk doith agane thy royall roche redounde.
 Adeu, Lythquo⁶! quhose Palyce of plesance
 Mycht be one patrone⁷ in Portingall or France!

⁶ Linlithgow.⁷ pattern.

* The curious earthworks about which the sports of the Knights of the Round Table took place are still to be seen under the Castle-hill at Stirling.

Fair-weill, Falkland! the fortrace of Fyfe,
 Thy polyte park, under the Lowmound Law!
 Sum-tyme in thee I led ane lustye¹ lyfe,
 The fallow deir, to see thame raik on raw².
 Court men to cum to thee, thay stand gret awe,
 Sayand thy burgh bene of all burrowis baill³,
 Because in thee thay never gat gude aill.

THE COMMONYNG BETUIX THE POPYNGO AND HIR
 HOLYE EXECUTOURIS.

The Pye persavit the Papyngo in paine,
⁴ feigned to weep. He lychtit doun, and fenyteit him to greit⁴:
 “Sister,” said he, “alace! quho hes yow slane?
 I pray yow, mak prövione for your spreit,
⁵ Dispose of your goods. Dispone your geir⁵, and yow confes compleit.
 I have power, be your contritioun,
⁶ faults. Of all your mys⁶ to geve yow full remissioun.
 “I am,” said he, “one Channoun regulare,
 And of my brether Pryour principall:
 My quhyte rocket my clene lyfe doith declare;
 The blak bene of the deith memoriall:
 Quharefor I think your gudis naturall
 Sulde be submyttit hole into my cure;
 Ye know I am ane holye creature.”
⁷ croaking. The Ravin come rolpand⁷, quhen he hard the rair;
⁸ a hawk. So did the Gled⁸, with mony pieteous pew;
 And fenyteitlye thay contrafait gret cair.
 “Sister,” said thay, “your raklesnes we rew;
 Now best it is our juste counsall ensew,
 Sen we pretend to heych promotioun,
 Religious men, of gret devotioun.”

“I am ane blak Monk,” said the rutlande¹ Ravin; ¹ croaking.

So said the Gled, “I am ane holy freir,
And hes power to bryng yow quyke to hevin.

It is weill knawin my conscience bene full cleir;

The blak Bybill² pronounce I sall perqueir³,
So tyll our brether ye will geve sum gude;-
God wat geve we hes⁴ neid of lyves fude!”

² prayer for the
dead.

³ *par cœur*.

⁴ God knows if
we have.

The Popyngo said, “Father, be the Rude,
Howbeit your rayment be religious lyke,
Your conscience, I suspect, be nocht gude.

I did persave quhen prevelye ye did pyke⁵
Ane chekin from ane hen under ane dyke.”

⁵ pilfer.

“I grant,” said he. “That hen was my gude freind,
And I that chekin tuke bot for my teind.

“Ye knaw the faith be us mon be susteind;

So be the Pope it is preordinate

That spirituall men suld leve upon thair teind:

Bot weill wat I ye bene predestinate

In your extremis to be so fortunate,

To have sic holy consultatioun;

Quharefore we mak yow exhortatioun:

“Sen dame Nature hes grantit yow sic grace,

Layser to mak confessioun generall,

Schaw furth your syn in haist, quhil ye haif space;

Syne of your geir mak one memoriall.

We thre sal mak your feistis funerall,

And with gret blys bury we sall your bonis,

Syne trentalls⁶ twenty trattyll⁷ all at onis.

⁶ services of thirty
masses each.

⁷ prattle, rattle
off.

“The roukis sall rair, that men sall on thame rew,
And crye *Commemoratio Animarum*.

¹ make chickens
squeak.

We sall gar chehnis cheip¹, and geaslyngis pew,

² The old Scottish
liturgy was
according to
the usage of
Sarum.

Suppose the geis and hennis suld crye alarum :

And we sall serve *Secundum usum Sarum*²,

And mak you saif: we fynd Sanct Blase to borgh³,

³ as surety.

Cryand for yow the cairfull corrynogh⁴.

⁴ funeral cry.

“And we sall syng about your sepulture

⁵ the great creed.

Sanct Mongois matynis and the mekle creid⁵,

And syne devoutly saye, I yow assure,

The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid ;

And we sall weir for yow the murnyng weid

And, thocht your spreit with Pluto war profest,

Devotelie sall your diregie be address.”

⁶ graceful.

“Father,” said scho, “your facunde⁶ wordis fair,

Full sore I dreid, be contrar to your dedis.

The wyffis of the village cryis with cair

⁷ your mouth
across their
meadows.

Quhen thai persave your mowe ourthort thar medis⁷.

Your fals consait boith duke and draik sore dreidis

⁸ truly.

I marvell, suithlie⁸, ye be nocht eschamit

For your defaltis, beying so defamit.

“It dois abhor, my pure perturbit spreit,

Tyll mak to yow ony confessioun.

I heir men saye ye bene one ypocrite

⁹ consistory court.

Exemptit frome the Senye⁹ and the Sessioun.

To put my geir in your possessioun,

That wyll I nocht, so help me Dame Nature!

¹⁰ charge.

Nor of my corps I wyll yow geve no cure¹⁰.

“Bot, had I heir the nobyll Nychtingall,
The gentyll Ja, the Merle, and Turtur trew,
My obsequeis and feistis funerall

Ordour thay wald, with notis of the new.

The plesand Pown¹, most angellyke of hew,
Wald God I wer this daye with hym confest,
And my devyse² dewlie be hym adress!

¹ peacock.

² testament.

“The myrthfull Maveis, with the gay Goldspink,
The lustye³ Larke, wald God thay war present!

³ pleasant.

My infortune, forsuith, thay wald forthink⁴,
And comferte me that bene so impotent.

⁴ regret.

The swyft Swallow, in prattick⁵ moste prudent,
I wate scho wald my bledyng stem belyve⁶
With hir moste verteous stone restringityve.”

⁵ practice.

⁶ quickly.

“Compt me the cace, under confessioun,”

The Gled said proudlye to the Papingo,

“And we sall sweir, be our professioun,

Counsall to keip, and schaw it to no mo.

We thee beseik, or⁷ thou depart us fro,

⁷ ere.

Declare to us sum causis reasonabyll

Quhy we bene haldin so abhominabyll.

“Be thy travell thou hes experience,

First, beand bred in-to the Orient,

Syne be thy gude servyce and delygence

To prencis maid heir in the Occident.

Thow knawis the vulgare pepyllis jugement

Quhare thou transcurrit⁸ the hote Meridionall,

⁸ passed to and fro.

Syne nyxt the Poill the plaige⁹ Septentrionall.

⁹ region.
Lat. plaga.

¹ by thy high
intelligence.

“So, be thyne heych ingyne¹ superlatyve,
Of all countreis thou knowis the qualiteis;
Quharefore, I thee conjure, be God of lyve,
² without lies. The veritie declare, withouttin leis²,
Quhat thou hes hard, be landis or be seis,
Of us kirkmen, boith gude and evyll reporte;
And quhow thay juge, schaw us, we thee exhorte.”

³ mix, deal

“Father,” said scho, “I catyve creature,
Dar nocht presume with sic mater to mell³.
Of your caces, ye knaw, I have no cure;
Demand thame quhilk in prudence doith precell.
⁴ utter note.
⁵ severe. I maye nocht pew⁴, my panes bene so fell⁵:
And als, perchance, ye wyll nocht stand content
To knaw the vulgare pepyllis jugement.

⁶ a little.

“Yit, wyll the deith alyte⁶ withdrawe his darte,
All that lysis in my memoryall
I sall declare with trew unfenyeit hart.
And first I saye to you in generall
The commoun peple sayith ye bene all
⁷ primitives. Degenerit frome your holy pirimityvis⁷,
As testyfeis the proces of your lysis.

⁸ preaching.

“Of your peirles prudent predecessouris
The beginnyng, I grant, wes verray gude:
Apostolis, martyres, virgines, confessouris,
The sound of thair excellent sanctitude
Was hard ouer all the warld, be land and flude,
⁸ preaching. Plantyng the faith, be predicatioun⁸,
As Christe had maid to thame narratioun.

“ To fortyfie the faith thay tuke no feir
 Afore prencis, preching full prudentlie ;
 Of dolorous deith thay doutit nocht the deir¹,
 The veritie declaryng ferventlie ;
 And martyrdome thay sufferit pacientlie :
 Thay tuke no cure of land, ryches, nor rent ;
 Doctryne and deid war boith equivalent.

¹ feared not the
hurt.

“ To schaw at lenth thair workis wer gret wonder,
 Thair myracklis thay wer so manifest.
 In name of Christe thay hailit mony hounder²,
 Rasyng the dede, and purgeing the possest,
 With perverst spreitis quhilkis had bene opprest.
 The crukit ran, the blynd men gat thair ene,
 The deiff men hard, the lypper war maid clene.

² healed many
hundreds.

“ The prelatis spousit wer with povertie,
 Those dayis, quhen so thay flurisit in fame,
 And with hir generit³ lady Chaistitie
 And dame Devotioun, notabyll of name.
 Humyll thay wer, simpyll, and full of schame.
 Thus Chaistitie and dame Devotioun
 Wer principall cause of thair promotioun.

³ begat.

“ Thus thay contynewit in this lyfe devyne
 Aye tyll thare rang⁴, in Romes gret cietie,
 Ane potent prince was namit Constantyne ;*
 Persavit the Kirk had spowsit Povertie,
 With gude intent, and movit of pietie,

⁴ reigned.

* Already in “The Dreame,” Laing remarks, Lyndsay had mentioned the fatal effects of the Emperor’s liberality to Pope Sylvester in conferring riches on the Church of Rome.

Cause of divorce he fand betuix thame two,
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

“Syne, schortlie, with ane gret solempnitie,
Withouttin ony dispensatioun,
The Kirk he spowsit with dame Propirtie,
Quhilk haistelye, be proclamatioun,
¹ caused. To Povertie gart¹ mak narratioun,
² eyes. Under the pane of peirsyng of hir eine²,
That with the Kirk scho sulde no more be seine.

³ A.D. 314-335. “Sanct Sylvester that tyme rang Pope in Rome³,
Quhilk first consentit to the mariage
Of Propirtie, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure with heych corrage.
Devotioun drew hir tyll one heremytage
Quhen scho considerit lady Propirtie
So heych exaltit in-to dignitie.

“O Sylvester, quhare was thy discretioun?
Quhilk Peter did renounce thow did resave.
Androw and Jhone did leif thair possessioun,
⁴ rest. Thair schippis, and nettis, lynes, and all the lave⁴;
Of temporall substance no-thing wald thay have
Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
Bot soberlye thair sustentatioun.

“Johne the Baptist went to the wyldernes.
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene
Left heretage and guddis, more and les.
Prudent Sanct Paule thocht Propertie prophane;
Frome toun to toun he ran, in wynde and rane,

Upon his feit, techeing the word of grace,
And never was subjectit to ryches."

The Gled said, "Yit I heir no-thing bot gude.
Proceid schortlye, and thy mater avance."

The Papyngo said, "Father, be the Rude,
It wer too lang to schaw the circumstance,
Quhow Propertie, with hir new alyance,
Grew gret with chylde, as trew men to me talde,
And bure two dochteris gudelic to behalde.

"The eldest dochter named was Ryches,
The secunde syster, Sensualytie ;
Quhilks did increas, within one schorte proces,
Preplesande¹ to the Spiritualitytie.
In gret substance and excellent bewtie
Thir Ladyis two grew so, within few yeiris,
That in the warlde wer non mycht be thair peiris.

¹ Very pleasing.

"This royall Ryches and lady Sensuall
Frome that tyme furth tuke hole the governance
Of the moste part of the Stait Spirituall :
And thay agane, with humbyll observance,
Amorouslie thair wyttis did avance,
As trew luffaris, thair ladyis for to pleis.
God wate geve than² thair hartis war at eis.

² God knows if then.

"Soune thay foryet³ to study, praye, and preche,
They grew so subject to dame Sensuall,
And thocht bot paine pure pepyll for to teche ;
Yit thay decretit, in thair gret Counsall,
They wald no more to mariage be thrall,

³ forgot.

Traistying surely tyll observe Chaistitie,

¹ by the word of. And all begylit quod¹ Sensualytie.

“ Apperandlye thay did expell thair wyffis

² bondage.

That thay mycht leif at large, without thirlage²,

³ pleasant lives.

At libertie to lede thair lustie lyffis³,

Thynkand men thrall that bene in mariage.

For new faces provokis new corrage.

Thus Chaistitie thay turne in-to delyte;

Wantyng of wyffis bene cause of appetyte.

“ Dame Chaistitie did steill away for schame,

⁴ purveyance,
management.

Frome tyme scho did persave thair proviance⁴.

Dame Sensuall one letter gart proclame,

And hir exilit Italy and France.

⁵ she could get no
settlement.

In Inlande couthe scho get none ordinance⁵.

Than to the kyng and courte of Scotlande

⁶ She marched.

Scho markit hir⁶, withouttin more demande.

“ Traistying in-to that court to get conforte,

Scho maid hir humyll supplycatioun.

Schortlye thay said scho sulde get na supporte,

⁷ overbearingly
ordered her.

Bot bostit hir⁷, with blasphematioun,

‘To preistis go mak your protestatioun.

It is,’ said thay, ‘mony one houndreth yeir

⁸ entrance.

Sen Chaistitie had ony entres⁸ heir.’

“ Tyrit for travell, scho to the preistis past,

And to the rewlaris of religioun.

Of hir presens schortlye thay war agast,

Sayand thay thocht it bot abusioun

Hir to resave: so, with conclusion,

With one avyce¹ decretit and gave dome
Thay walde resset no rebell out of Rome.

¹ With one
counsel, unani-
mously.

“‘Sulde we resave that Romanis hes refusit,
And baneist Inglande, Italye, and France,
For your flattrye, than wer we weill abusit². -

² greatly abused.

Passe hyne³,’ said thay, ‘and fast your way avance,³ hence.
Amang the nonnis go seik your ordinance ;
For we have maid aith of fidelytie
To dame Ryches and Sensualytie.’

“Than paciently scho maid progressioun

Towarde the nonnis, with hart syching⁴ full sore. ⁴ sighing.
Thay gaif hir presens, with processioun,
Ressavand hir with honour, laud, and glore,
Purposyng to preserve hir ever-more.
Of that novellis⁵ come to dame Propertie,
To Ryches, and to Sensualytie ;

⁵ news.

“Quhilkis sped thame at the post rycht spedalye,
And sett ane seage proudlye about the place.

The sillye⁶ nonnis did yeild thame haistelye,
And humyllye of that gylt askit grace,
Syne gave thair bandis of perpetuall peace.

⁶ weak.

Ressavand thame, thay kest up wykkets wyde⁷ :
Than Chaistytye walde no langer abyde.

⁷ cast wide their
doors.

“So for refuge, fast to the freris scho fled ;
Quhilks said thay wald of ladyis tak no cure.”

“Quhare bene scho now?” than said the gredy Gled.
“Nocht amang yow,” said scho, “I yow assure.
I traist scho bene upon the Borrow-mure

¹ South of.
² lament.

Besouth¹ Edinburgh, and that rycht mony menis²,
Profest amang the Systeris of the Schenis.*

“Thare hes scho found hir mother Povertie,
And Devotioun, hir awin syster carnall.
Thare hes scho found Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
Togidder with the Vertues Cardinall.
Thare hes scho found ane convent yit unthrall
To dame Sensuall, nor with riches abusit;
So quietlye those ladyis bene inclusit.”

The Pyote said, “I dreid, be thay assailyeit,
Thay rander thame, as did the holy nonnis.”

³ armed.

“Doute nocht,” said scho, “for thay bene so artalyeit³,
Thay purpose to defend thame with thair gunnis.
Reddy to schute thay have sax gret cannounnis,
Perseverance, Constancye, and Conscience,
Austeritye, Laubour, and Abstynance.

“To resyste subtell Sensualyitie
Strongly thay bene enarmit, feit and handis,
Be Abstynence, and keipith Povertie,
Contrar Ryches and all hir fals servandis.

⁴ a cannon braced
up in hoops.

Thay have ane boumbard braissit up in bandis⁴
To keip thair porte, in myddis of thair clois,
Quhilk is callit, *Domine custodi nos*;

⁵ hard blows.

“Within quhose schote thare dar no enemeis
Approche thair place, for dreid of dyntis doure⁵.

* A convent founded on the Burgh-muir by the Countess of Caithness for Dominican nuns of the reformed order of St. Catherine of Sienna, from whom the place got its name of Siennes or Sheens.

Boith nycht and daye thay wyrk, lyke besye beis,
 For thair defence reddyde to stande in stoure¹, ^{1 storm.}
 And hes sic watcheis on thair utter toure
 That dame Sensuall with seage dar not assailye,
 Nor cum within the schote of thair artailye². ^{2 artillery.}

The Pyote said, "Quhareto sulde thay presume
 For to resyste sweit Sensualytie,
 Or dame Ryches, quhilkis reularis bene in Rome?
 Ar thay more constant, in thair qualytie,
 Nor the prencis of Spiritualytie,
 Quhilkis plesandlye, withouttin obstakle,
 Haith thame resavit in their habitakle³? ^{3 dwelling.}

"Quhow long, traist ye, those ladyis sall remane
 So solytar, in sic perfectioun?"
 The Papingo said, "Brother, in certane⁴, ^{4 assuredly.}
 So lang as thay obey correctioun,
 Cheisyng⁵ thair heddis be electioun, ^{5 choosing.}
 Unthrall to Ryches or to Povertie,
 Bot as requyrith thair necessitie.

"O prudent prelatis, quhare was your presciance,
 That tuke on hand tyll observe Chaistitie,
 But⁶ austeir lyfe, laubour, and abstenance? ^{6 Without.}
 Persavit ye nocht the gret prosperitie
 Apperandlye to cum of Propertie?
 Ye knaw gret cheir, great eais, and ydelnes
 To Lychorie was mother and maistres."

"Thow ravis unrockit⁷," the Ravin said, "be the Rude, ^{7 reckless.}
 So to reprove Ryches or Propertie.

Abraham, and Ysaac war ryche, and verray gude ;
 Jacobe and Josephe had prosperitie."

The Papingo said, "That is verytie.
 Ryches, I grant, is nocht to be refusit,
 Providyng alwaye it be nocht abusit."

Than laid the Ravin ane replycatioun,
 Syne said, "Thy reasone is nocht worth ane myte,
 As I sall prove, with protestatioun

That no man tak my wordis in dispyte.

¹ blame.

I saye, the temporall prencis hes the wyte¹,
 That in the Kirk sic pastours dois provyde
 To governe saulis, that not tham-selfis can gyde.

"Lang tyme efter the Kirk tuke propertie,
 The prelatiis levit in gret perfectioun,
 Unthrall to ryches or sensualytie,
 Under the Holy Spreitis protectioun,
 Orderly chosin be electioun,
 As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit, and Lyne.

² door.

"Sic pacient prelatiis enterit be the porte²,
 Plesand the peple be predicatioun³.

³ preaching.

⁴ leapers over
 wall.

Now dyke-lowparis⁴ dois in the Kirk resort,
 Be symonie, and suppycatioun
 Of prencis be thair presentatioun.

⁵ innocent.

So sillye⁵ saulis, that bene Christis scheip,

⁶ gourmand.

Ar gevin to hungrye gormande⁶ wolfis to keip.

"No marvell is thocht we religious men
 Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit :

Bot sing, and drynk; none uther craft we ken,
Our spirituall fatheris hes us so abusit.

Agane our wyll those treukouris¹ bene intrusit.

¹ trucksters.

Lawit² men hes now religious men in curis;

² Lay, unlearned.

Profest virginis in keipyng of strong huris.

“Prencis, prencis, quhar bene your heych prudence

In dispositioun of your beneficeis?

The guerdonyng of your courtience³

³ court-following.

Is sum cause of thir gret enormyteis.

Thare is one sorte wattand⁴, lyke houngre fleis,

⁴ waiting.

For spirituall cure, thocht thay be no-thing abyll,

Quhose gredie thristis⁵ bene insaciabyll.

⁵ thirst.

“Prencis, I pray yow, be no more abusit,

To verteous men havyng so small regarde.

Quhy sulde vertew, throuch flattrye, be refusit,

That men for cunnyng⁶ can get no rewarde?

⁶ skill.

Allace! that ever one braggar or ane barde,

Ane hure-maister, or commoun hasarture⁷,

⁷ gamester.

Sulde in the Kirk get ony kynde of cure!

“War I one man worthy to weir ane croun,

Aye, quhen thare vakit⁸ ony beneficeis,

⁸ fell vacant.

I suld gar call ane congregatioun,

The principall of all the prelanceis,

Moste cunnyng clerkis of universiteis,

Moste famous fatheris of religioun,

With thair advyse mak dispositioun.

“I suld dispone all offices pastorallis

Tyll doctouris of devynitie, or jure⁹;

⁹ law.

And cause dame Vertew pull up all hir saillis,
 Quhen cunnyng men had in the Kirk moist cure ;
 Gar lordis send thair sonnes, I yow assure,
 To seik science, and famous sculis frequent ;
 Syne thame promote that wer moste sapient.

“Gret plesour wer to heir ane byschope preche,
 One deane, or doctour in divinitie,
 One abbote quhilk could weill his convent teche,
 One persoun¹ flowing in phylosophie.

¹ parson.

² lose.

³ wish.

I tyne² my tyme to wys³ quhilk wyll nocht be.
 War nocht the preaching of the Begging Freris,
 Tynt war the faith amang the seculeris.”

“As for thair precheing,” quod the Papingo,
 “I thame excuse, for quhy, thay bene so thrall
 To Propertie, and hir ding⁴ dochteris two,
 Dame Ryches, and fair lady Sensuall,
 That may nocht use no pastyme spirituall ;
 And in thair habitis thay tak sic delyte
 Thay have renuncit russat and raploch quhyte⁵,

⁴ worthy.

⁵ coarse white
woollen.

⁶ Laying hold.

⁷ crimson cloth.

⁸ meniver, mar-
ten, grey, and
rich ermine
furs.

“Cleikand⁶ to thame skarlote and crammosie⁷,
 With menever, martrik, grice, and ryche armyne⁸.
 Thair lawe hartis exaultit ar so hie,

⁹ pain.

To see thair papale pompe it is ane pyne⁹.

¹⁰ fringes.

More ryche arraye is now, with frenyeis¹⁰ fyne,

¹¹ trappings.

Upon the bardyng¹¹ of ane byscheopis mule,
 Nor ever had Paule or Peter agane Yule.

“Syne fair ladyis thair chene may not eschape,
 Dame Sensuall so sic seid haith in tham sawin.

Les skaith¹ it war, with lycence of the Pape, ¹ hurt.
 That ilke² prelate one wyfe had of his awin, ² each.
 Nor se thair bastardis ourthort³ the countre blawin; ³ athwart.
 For now, be⁴ thay be weill cumin frome the sculis, ⁴ by the time that.
 Thay fall to work as thay war commoun bullis."

"Pew," quod the Gled, "thow prechis all in vaine:
 Ye seculare floks hes of our cace no curis."

"I grant," said scho; "yit men wyll speik agane,
 Quhow ye haif maid a hundreth thousand huris
 Quhilkis nevir had bene war not your lychorous luris.
 And geve I lee⁵, hartlye I me repent; ⁵ if I lie.
 Was never bird, I watt, more penitent."

Than scho hir shrave, with devote contynance,
 To that fals Gled quhilk feneyit hym one freir;
 And quhen scho had fulfyllit hir pennance,
 Full subtellye at hir he gan inqueir:
 "Cheis yow," said he, "quhilk of us brether heir
 Sall have of all your naturall geir the curis.
 Ye know none bene more holye creaturis."

"I am content," quod the pure Papingo,
 "That ye frier Gled, and Corby⁶ monk, your brother, ⁶ Raven.
Fr. corbeau.
 Have cure of all my guddis, and no mo,

Sen at this tyme freindschip I fynd non uther."

"We salbe to yow trew, as tyll our mother,"

Quod thay, and sweir tyll fulfyll hir intent.

"Of that," said scho, "I tak ane instrument."

The Pyote said, "Quhat sall myne office bee?"

"Ouirman⁷," said scho, "unto the tother two." ⁷ Overman.

The rowpand Revin said, "Sweit syster, lat see
Your holy intent; for it is tyme to go."

The gredie Gled said, "Brother, do nocht so;
We wyll remane, and haldin up hir hede,
And never depart from hir till scho be dede."

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlye,
And said, "Sen ye have tane on yow this cure,
Depart myne naturall guddis equalye,

That ever I had or hes of dame Nature,
First, to the Howlet¹, indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the daye, for schame, dar nocht be sene;
² mantle. Tyll hir I laif my gaye galbarte² of grene.

³ pure eyes. "My brycht depurit ene³, as christall cleir,
⁴ Bat. Unto the Bak⁴ ye sall thame boith present;
In Phebus presens quhilk dar nocht appeir,
Of naturall sycht scho bene so impotent.

⁵ burnished. My birneist⁵ beik I laif, with gude entent,
Unto the gentyll, piteous Pellicane,
To helpe to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

⁶ Cuckoo. "I laif the Goik⁶, quhilk hes no sang bot one,
My musyke, with my voce angelycall;
And to the Guse ye geve, quhen I am gone,
My eloquence and toung rhetoricall.

And tak and drye my bonis, gret and small,
⁷ ivory. Syne close thame in one cais of ebure⁷ fyne,
And thame present onto the Phenix syne,

"To birne with hir quhen scho hir lyfe renewis.

⁸ without doubt. In Arabye ye sall hir fynde but weir⁸,

And sall knaw hir be hir moste hevinly hewis,

Gold, asure, gowles, purpour, and synopeir¹.

¹ rose-red, purple,
and cinnabar.

Hir dait is for to leif fyve houndreth yeir.

Mak to that bird my commendatioun.

And als, I mak yow supplycatioun,

“Sen of my corps I have yow gevin the cure,

Ye speid yow to the court, but tareyng,

And tak my hart, of perfyte portrature,

And it present unto my Soverane Kyng :

I wat he wyll it clois in-to one ryng.

Commende me to his Grace, I yow exhorte,

And of my passion mak hym trew reporte.

“Ye thre my trypes sall have, for your travell²,

² labour.

With luffer and lowng³, to part equale amang yow ;

³ liver and lung.

Prayand Pluto, the potent prince of hell,

Geve ye failye, that in his feit he fang⁴ yow.

⁴ seize.

Be to me trew, thocht I no-thing belang yow.

Sore I suspect your conscience be too large.”

“Doute nocht,” said they, “we tak it with the charge.”

“Adew, brether !” quod the pure Papingo ;

“To talking more I have no time to tarye ;

Bot, sen my spreit mon fra⁵ my body go,

⁵ must from.

I recommend it to the Quene of Farye,

Eternallye in-tyll hir court to carye,

In wyldernes among the holtis hore⁶.”

⁶ the woods hoar.

Than scho inclynit hir hed, and spak no more.

Plungit in-tyll hir mortall passioun,

Full grevouslie scho gryppit to the ground.

It war too lang to mak narratioun

¹ sting and shock. Of sychis sore, with mony stang and stound¹.

Out of hir wound the blude did so abound,
One compas round was with hir blude maid reid :
² death. Without remeid, thare wes no-tyng bot dede².

And be scho had *In Manus tuas* said,

Extinctit wer hir naturall wyttis fyve ;

Hir heid full softlye on hir schulder laid,

³ pungent. Syne yeild the spreit, with panes pungityve³.

⁴ to pull and tear. The Ravin began rudely to rug and ryve⁴,

⁵ gluttonlike. Full gormondlyke⁵, his emptie throte to feid.

“Eit softlye, brother,” said the gredy Gled :

“Quhill scho is hote, depart hir evin amang us.

⁶ reach. Tak thow one half, and reik⁶ to me ane-uther.

In-tyll our rycht, I wat, no wycht dar wrang us.”

⁷ the lot, *litt.*
128 lb. weight. The Pyote said, “The feind resave the fouter⁷!

Quhy mak ye me stepbarne, and I your brother?

⁸ beshrew, curse. Ye do me wrang, schir Gled, I schrew⁸ your harte.”

“Tak thare,” said he, “the puddyngis for thy parte.”

Than, wyt ye weill, my hart wes wounder sair

⁹ that sad
dividing. For to behalde that dolent departyng⁹,

Hir angell fedderis fleyng in the air.

Except the hart, was left of hir no-thing.

The Pyote said, “This pertenith to the Kyng,
Quhilk tyll his Grace I purpose to present.”

“Thow,” quod the Gled, “sall fail of thyne entent.”

¹⁰ let me stretch
a rope, *i.e.* let
me hang for it. The Revin said, “God ! nor I rax in ane raibe¹⁰,

And thow get this tyll outhur kyng or duke !”

The Pyote said, "Plene¹ I nocht to the Pape
 Than in ane smedie I be smorit² with smuke."
 With that the Gled the pece claucht in his cluke³,
 And fled his way: the lave⁴, with all thair mycht,
 To chace the Gled, flew all out of my sycht.

¹ Complain.² smothered.³ clutched in his
claw.⁴ the rest.

Now have ye hard this lytill tragedie,
 The sore complent, the testament, and myschance
 Of this pure bird quhilk did ascend so hie.
 Beseikand⁵ yow excuse myne ignorance
 And rude indyte⁶, quhilk is nocht tyll avance⁷.
 And to the quair⁸, I geve commandiment,
 Mak no repair quhair poetis bene present.

⁵ Beseeching.⁶ composition.⁷ to be put
forward.⁸ quire, book.

Because thow bene
 But Rethorike, so rude,
 Be never sene
 Besyde none other buke,
 With Kyng, nor Quene,
 With lord, nor man of gude⁹.
 With coit unclene,
 Clame kynrent¹⁰ to sum cuke;
 Steil in ane nuke
 Quhen thay lyste on thee luke.
 For smell of smuke
 Men wyll abhor to beir thee.
 Heir I manesweir¹¹ thee;
 Quhairfor, to lurke go leir¹² thee.

⁹ worth.¹⁰ kindred.¹¹ forswear.¹² learn.

THE JUSTING BETUIX JAMES
WATSOUN AND JHONE
BARBOUR.*

IN Sanct Androis on Whitsoun Monnunday
Twa campionis thair manheid did assay,
Past to the barres, enarmit heid and handis.
Was never sene sic justing in no landis.
In presence of the Kingis Grace, and Quene,
Quhare mony lustie lady mycht be sene,
Mony ane knicht, barroun, and banrent¹,
Come for to se that awfull Tornament.
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Jhone Barbour the uther campion.
Unto the King thay wer familiaris,
And of his chalmer boith cubicularis.
James was ane man of greit intelligence,

¹ banneret, a
knight made
in the field.

* This burlesque is said to have been written for the entertainment of the court upon occasion of the home-coming of Mary of Loraine in 1538. As the "Dreme" had been a political satire, and the "Testament of the Papyngo" a satire upon church abuses, this, like the "Contemptioun of Syde Taillis," was a satire on a social fashion. Chalmers mentions an anterior English poem, "The Turnament of Tottenham, or the wooing, winning, and wedding of Tibbe, the Reeve's daughter," printed in Percy's *Reliques*, as a similar burlesque upon the custom of the tourney; but an example nearer home is to found in Dunbar's "Justis betuix the Tailyour and the Sowtar." Watsoun and Barbour were, according to the Treasurer's Accounts, actual personages in the royal household.

Ane medicinar¹ ful of experience ; ¹ physician.
 And Jhone Barbour, he was ane nobill leche², ² surgeon.
 Crukit carlinnis, he wald gar³ thame get speche. ³ Bent old women
he would cause.

From tyme thay enterit war into the feild
 Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
 And wichtlie waiffit⁴ in the wynd thair heillis, ⁴ gallantly
waved.
 Hobland lyke cadgeris⁵ rydand on thair creillis ; ⁵ hawkers.

But ather ran at uther with sic haist
 That they could never thair speir get in the reist.
 Quhen gentill James trowit best with Jhone to meit,
 His speir did fald among his horsis feit :

I am richt sure gude James had bene undone,
 War nocht that Jhone his marke tuke be the mone.
 Quod Jhone, "Howbeit thou thinkis my leggis lyke
 rokkis⁶, ⁶ distaffs.

My speir is gude ; now keip ye fra my knokkis."
 "Tary," quod James, "ane quhyle, for be my thrift⁷ ⁷ by my liveli-
hood.
 The feind ane thing I can se bot the lift⁸." ⁸ the heavens.

"No more can I," quod Jhone, "be Goddis breid⁹, ⁹ by the altar.
 I see na-thing except the steipill heid.

Yit, thocht thy braunis be lyk twa barrow-trammis,
 Defend thee, man !" Than ran thay to, lyk rammis.
 At that rude rink¹⁰ James had bene strykin down ¹⁰ running,
course.

War nocht that Jhone for feirsnes fell in swoun ;
 And rycht sa James to Jhone had done greit deir¹¹, ¹¹ hurt.

Wer not amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
 Quod James to Jhone, "Yit for our ladyis saikis,
 Lat us togidder straik three market straikis¹²." ¹² three aimed
strokes.

"I had," quod Jhone, "that sall on thee be wrokin¹³!" ¹³ wreaked.
 Bot or¹⁴ he spurrit his hors his speir was brokin. ¹⁴ ere.

From tyme with speiris nane could his marrow¹⁵ meit ¹⁵ match.

- James drew ane swerd with ane richt awfull spreit,
¹ reached him a
 blow. And ran til Jhone, til haif raucht him ane rout¹.
 Johnis swerd was roustit, and wald no way cam out.
 Than James leit dryfe at Jhone with both his fistis.
² struck. He mist the man, and dang² upon the lystis ;
 And with that straik he trowit that Jhone was slane.
 His swerd stak fast, and gat it never agane.
 Be this, gude Jhone had gottin furth his sword,
 And ran to James with mony awfull word.
³ in truth. "My furiousness, for suith³, now sall thou find!"
 Straikand at James his swerd flew in the wind.
⁴ speak. Than gentill James began to crack⁴ greit wordis.
 "Allace!" quod he, "this day for falt of swordis."
 Than ather ran at uther with new raicis,
⁵ gloves. With gluifis⁵ of plait thay dang at utheris facis.
⁶ know. Quha wan this feild na creature culd ken⁶,
⁷ separate. Till at the last Johne cryit, "Fy! red⁷ the men."
 "Yea! red," quod James, "for that is my desyre ;
 It is ane hour sen I began to tyre."
⁸ by the time that. Sone be⁸ thay had endit that royall rink,
 Into the feild nicht no man stand for stink.
 Than every man, that stude on far, cryit, Fy!
 Sayand adew ; for dirt partis company.
⁹ belongings. Thair hors, harnis, and all geir⁹, wes so gude,
¹⁰ Praise. Lovyng¹⁰ to God! that day was sched no blude.

QUOD LYNDESAY, AT COMMAND OF KING
 JAMES THE FYFT.

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN.

THE CURATE, AND KITTIE.

THE Curate Kittie culd confesse,
And scho tald on baith mair and lesse.

Quhen scho was telland as scho wist¹,

¹ wished.

The Curate Kittie wald have kist ;

Bot yit ane countenance he bure

Degeist²,¹ devote, daine³, and demure ;

² grave.

³ modest.

And syne began hir to exempne⁴.

⁴ examine.

He wes best at the efter game.

Quod he, "Have ye na wrangous geir⁵?"

⁵ goods.

Quod scho, "I staw⁶ ane pek of beir."

⁶ stole.

Quod he, "That suld restorit be,

Tharefor delyver it to me.

Tibbie and Peter bad me speir⁷;

⁷ enquire.

Be⁸ my conscience, thay sall it heir."

Quod he, "Leve ye in lecherie?"

Quod scho, "Will Leno mowit⁸ me."

⁸ played with.

Quod he, "His wyfe that sall I tell,

To mak hir acquaintance with my-sell."

Quod he, "Ken⁹ ye na heresie?"

⁹ know.

"I wait nocht¹⁰ quhat that is," quod sche.

¹⁰ I know not.

Quod he, "Hard ye na Inglis bukis?"*

* The writings of the Reformers were, before 1560, printed in England and on the Continent. The Bible, in particular, was for this reason known as "the English Book."

Quod scho, "My maister on thame lukis."

Quod he, "The bischop that sall knaw,
For I am sworne that for to schaw."

Quod he, "What said he of the King?"

Quod scho, "Of gude he spak na-thing."

¹ know.

Quod he, "His Grace of that sall wit¹;
And he sall lose his lyfe for it."

Quhen scho in mynd did mair revolve,

Quod he, "I can nocht you absolve,
Bot to my chalmer cum at even

Absolvit for to be and schrevin."

Quod scho, "I wyll pas tyll ane-uther.

And I met with Schir Andro,* my brother,

And he full clenely did me schryve.

Bot he wes sumthing talkatyve;

² hap, event.

He speirit mony strange case²,

How that my lufe did me inbrace,

Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort, and quhare?

Quod he, 'I wald I had bene thare.'

³ the third of a
penny.

He me absolvit for ane plak³,

⁴ Though.

Thocht⁴ he na pryce with me wald mak;

⁵ much.

And mekil⁵ Latyne he did mummill,

I hard na-thing bot hummill bummill.

He schew me nocht of Goddis word,

Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,

And deip intill our hart dois prent

Our syn, quharethrow we do repent.

He pat me na-thing into feir,

Quharethrow I suld my syn forbeir;

He schew me nocht the maledictioun

* "Sir" was by courtesy the ordinary title of churchmen.

Of God for syn, nor the affliction
 And in this lyfe the greit mischeif
 Ordanit to punische hure and theif;
 Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
 That I mycht feir, and vice refraine;
 He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
 And leid ane holy lyfe, and clene.
 Of Christis blude na-thing he knew,
 Nor of His promisses full trew,
 That saifis all that wyll beleve,
 That Sathan sall us never greve.
 He teichit me nocht for till traist
 The confort of the Haly Ghaist.
 He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd¹,
 To keip His law with hart and mynd,
 And lufe and thank His greit mercie,
 Fra syn and hell that savit me;
 And lufe my nichtbour as my-sell.
 Of this na-thing he culd me tell,
 Bot gave me pennance, ilk ane day²
 Ane *Ave Marie* for to say,
 And Fridayis fyve na fische to eit,
 (Bot butter and eggis ar better meit),
 And with ane plak to buy ane messe
 Fra drounkin Schir Jhone Latynelesse.
 Quod he, 'Ane plak I wyll gar³ Sandie
 Give thee agane, with handie dandie.'
 Syne⁴ into pilgrimage to pas—
 The verray way to wantounes.
 Of all his pennance I was glaid,
 I had them all perqueir⁵, I said.

¹ kindred.² each day.³ cause.⁴ Afterwards.⁵ by heart.

- To mow and steill I ken the pryce,
 I sall it set on cincq and syce¹.
 Bot he my counsale culd nocht keip ;
 He maid him be the fyre to sleip,
 Syne cryit, 'Collaris², beif and coillis³,
 Hois, and schone with dowbill soillis,
 Caikis and candill, creische⁴ and salt,
 Curnis⁵ of meill, and luiffillis⁶ of malt,
 Wollin and linning, werp and woft—
 Dame! keip the keis of your woll loft !'
 Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif ;
 And swa with us thay play the knaif."
- Freiris sweiris be thair professioun
 Nane can be saif but⁷ this Confessioun,
 And garris all men understand
 That it is Goddis awin⁸ command.
 Yit it is nocht but mennis drame⁹.
 The pepill to confound and schame.
 It is nocht ellis but mennis law,
 Maid mennis mindis for to knaw,
 Quharethrow thay syle¹⁰ thame as thay will,
 And makis thair law conforme tharetill,
 Sittand in mennis conscience
 Abone Goddis magnificence ;
 And dois the pepill teche and tyste¹¹
 To serve the Pape the Antechriste.
 To the greit God Omnipotent
 Confess thy syn, and sore repent ;
 And traist in Christ, as wrytis Paule,
 Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy saule ;
 For nane can thee absolve bot He,

¹ "five and six,"
terms in dice
play.

² Collars.
³ coals.

⁴ lard.
⁵ grains.
⁶ handfuls.

⁷ without.

⁸ own.

⁹ dream.

¹⁰ deceive.

¹¹ entice.

Nor tak away thy syn frome thee.
 Gif of gude counsall thow hes neid,
 Or hes nocht leirnit weill thy Creid,
 Or wickit vicis regne in thee,
 The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie,
 Or be in desperatioun,
 And wald have consolatioun,
 Than till ane preichour trew thow pas,
 And schaw thy syn and thy trespas.
 Thow neidis nocht to schaw him all,
 Nor tell thy syn baith greit and small,
 Quhilk is impossible to be ;
 Bot schaw the vice that troubillis thee,
 And he sall of thy saule have reuth,
 And thee instruct in-to the treuth,
 And with the Word of Veritie
 Sall confort and sall counsall thee,
 The sacramentis schaw thee at lenth,
 Thy lytle faith to stark and strenth¹,
 And how thow suld thame richtlie use,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.

¹ to make stout
and strong.

Confessioun first wes ordanit fre
 In this sort in the Kirk to be.
 Swa to confes as I descryve²,
 Wes in the gude Kirk primityve ;
 Swa wes confessioun ordanit first,
 Thocht Codrus* kyte³ suld cleve and birst.

² describe.

³ belly.

* Perhaps the ill-natured rhetorician mentioned by Virgil, *Eclogues*, v. and vii.

SQUYER MELDRUMIS JUSTYNG.*

HARY the Aucht, King of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand, †
With his triumphand ordinance¹,
² Making war. Makand weir² on the realme of France.
The King of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by in Picardie,
Quhair aither uther did assaill.
Howbeit thair was na sic battaill,
Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
³ pikes. Quhare men of armis brak monie sting³.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
⁴ this news. Wer tauld thir novellis⁴ all and sum,
⁵ view, visit. He thocht he wald vesie⁵ the weiris;
⁶ chose. And waillit⁶ furth ane hundreth speiris,
And futemen quhilk wer bauld and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.
Quhen he come to the King of France

* The hero of the romance of which this forms the most important episode, was an actual contemporary of Lyndsay, some of whose romantic adventures are referred to by Pitscottie in his *History*, p. 129. Upon the conclusion of his youthful adventures Meldrum settled in Kinross, where he owned the estate of Cleish and Binns; and being appointed deputy of Patrick, Lord Lyndsay, Sheriff of Fife, is said to have administered physic as well as law to his neighbours.

† Henry VIII. lay at Calais in July, 1513.

He wes sone put in ordinance :
 Richt so was all his companie
 That on him waitit continuallie.

Thair was into the Inglis oist¹
 Ane campiou² that blew greit boist.
 He was ane stout man and ane strang,
 Quhilk oist wald with his conduct gang³
 Outthrow⁴ the greit armie of France
 His valiantnes for to avance ;
 And Maister Talbart was his name,*
 Of Scottis and Frenche quhilk spak disdane,
 And on his bonnet usit to beir,
 Of silver fine, takinnis of weir⁵;
 And proclamatiounis he gart mak⁶
 That he wald, for his ladies saik,
 With any gentilman of France
 To fecht⁷ with him with speir or lance.
 Bot no Frenche-man in all that land
 With him durst battell hand for hand.
 Than lyke ane weriour vailyeand⁸
 He enterit in the Scottis band :
 And quhen the Squyer Meldrum
 Hard tell this campiou wes cum,
 Richt haistelie he past him till,
 Demanding him quhat was his will.
 "Forsuith I can find none," quod he,
 "On hors nor fute dar fecht with me."

¹ host.² champion.³ go.⁴ Throughout.⁵ tokens of war.⁶ caused be made.⁷ fight.⁸ a valiant warrior.

* Readers of Wyntoun's *Cronykil* will remember that in the description of the great tournament at Berwick in 1338 it is a knight of the same name, Sir Richard Talbot, who is defeated in somewhat similar fashion by Sir Patrick Græme. See *Early Scottish Poetry*, p. 173.

Than said he, "It wer greit schame
 Without battell ye suld pass hame;
 Thairfoir to God I mak ane vow,
¹ To-morrow. The morne¹ my-self sall fecht with yow
 Outher on horsback or on fute.
² words, boasts. ³ a small piece of
³ straw. Your crakkis² I count thame not ane cute³.
 I sall be fund into the feild
 Armit on hors with speir and schield."
 Maister Talbart said, "My gude chyld,
⁴ gone astray. It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld⁴.
 Thow art too young, and hes no micht
⁵ strong. To fecht with me that is so wicht⁵.
 To speik to me thow suld have feir,
⁶ such practice. For I have sik practik⁶ in weir
⁷ afraid. That I wald not effeirit⁷ be
 To mak debait aganis sic three;
⁸ storm. For I have stand in monie stour⁸,
 And ay defendit my honour.
 Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell thee
 Sic interprysis to let be."

Than said this Squyer to the Knicht,
 "I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht.
 Young David was far les than I
 Quhen with Golias manfullie,
 Withouttin outhere speir or scheild,
 He faucht, and slew him in the feild.
 I traist that God sal be my gyde,
 And give me grace to stanche thy pryde.
 Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne,*

* Gaul, son of Morni, first the enemy and afterwards the ally of Fingal, is one of the chief heroes of the Ossianic poems.

Traist weill I sall yow meit the morne.
 Beside Montruill upon the grene
 Befoir ten houris I sal be sene.
 And gif ye wyn me in the feild
 Baith hors and geir¹ I sall yow yeild,
 Sa that siclyke² ye do to me.”
 “That I sall do, be God!” quod he,
 “And thairto I give thee my hand.”
 And swa betwene thame maid ane band³
 That thay suld meit upon the morne.
 Bot Talbart maid at him bot scorne,
 Lychtlyand⁴ him with wordis of pryde,
 Syne hamewart to his oist culd ryde,
 And shew the brethren of his land
 How ane young Scot had tane⁵ on hand,
 To fecht with him beside Montruill;
 “Bot I traist he sall prufe the fuill.”
 Quod thay, “The morne that sall we ken⁶;
 The Scottis are haldin hardie men.”
 Quod he, “I compt thame not ane cute.
 He sall returne upon his fute,
 And leif with me his armour bricht;
 For weill I wait⁷ he has no micht,
 On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.”
 Quod thay, “The morne that sall we se.”
 Quhan to Monsieour De Obenie*
 Reportit was the veritie,

¹ belongings.² in such fashion³ covenant.⁴ Making light of.⁵ taken.⁶ know.⁷ well I know.

* Robert Stewart, Lord D'Aubigny and Mareschal of France, descended from the Darnley and Lennox family, was Captain of the Scots Guards of the King of France in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember Scott's description of the post as held by Lord Crawford.

How that the Squyer had tane on hand
 To fecht with Talbart hand for hand,
 His greit courage he did commend,
 Syne haistelie did for him send.
 And quhen he come befoir the lord
 The veritie he did record,
 How for the honour of Scotland
 That battell he had tane on hand;
 "And sen it givis me in my hart,
 Get I ane hors to tak my part,
 My traist is sa, in Goddis grace,
 To leif hym lyand in the place.
 Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,
 My lord, of him I have no dout."

Than send the Lord out throw the land,
 And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand.
 To his presence he brocht in haist,
 And bad the Squyer cheis¹ him the best.
 Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
 And cheisit the best as he suppoisit,
 And lap on hym delyverlie².
 Was never hors ran mair plesantlie
 With speir and sword at his command,
 And was the best of all the land.

He tuik his leif and went to rest,
 Syne airlie in the morne him drest
 Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid³,
 All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
 He lap upon his cursour wicht,
 And straucht⁴ him in his stirroppis richt.
 His speir and scheild and helme wes borne

¹ choose.² nimbly.³ in warlike garb.⁴ stretched.

With squyeris that raid him beforne¹.
 Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
 Ane quaif² of gold to heild³ his hair.

¹ before.

² coif, band.
³ hold.

This Lord of him tuik sa greit joy
 That he himself wald hym convoy,
 With him ane hundreth men of armes,
 That thair suld no man do hym harmes.
 The Squyer buir into his scheild
 Ane otter in ane silver feild.

His hors was bairdit⁴ full richelie,
 Coverit with satyne cramesie⁵.

⁴ caparisoned.

⁵ crimson cloth.

Than fordward raid this campioun
 With sound of trumpet and clarioun,
 And spedilie spurrit our the bent⁶,
 Lyke Mars the God armipotent.

⁶ over the rough
 grassy ground.

Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
 And speik of Maister Talbart mair :
 Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow⁷,
 And no manner of geir to borrow,
 Hors, harnes, speir, nor scheild,
 Bot was ay reddie for the feild ;
 And had sic practik into weir,
 Of our Squyer he tuik na feir,
 And said unto his companyeoun,
 Or he come furth of his pavilyeoun,
 " This nicht I saw into my dreame,
 Quhilk to reheirs I think greit schame,
 Me-thocht I saw cum fra the see
 Ane greit otter rydand to me,
 The quhilk was blak, with ane lang tail,
 And cruellie did me assail,

⁷ morning.

¹ beat.
² made.

And bait¹ me till he gart² me bleid,
And drew me backward fra my steid.

³ such a fright.

Quhat this suld mene I cannot say,
Bot I was never in sic ane fray³."

His fellow said, "Think ye not schame
For to gif credence till ane dreame?

⁴ covering.

Ye^m know it is aganis our faith,

Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith⁴,
And think weill throw your hie courage
This day ye sall wyn vassalage."

Then drest he him into his geir
Wantounlie like ane man of weir
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors,
And lichtlie lap upon his hors.

⁵ embroidered.

His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
And coverit was richt courtfullie

With browderit⁵ wark and velvot grene.

Sanct George's croce thare nicht be sene
On hors, harnes, and all his geir.

⁶ doubt.

Than raid he furth withouttin weir⁶,

Convoyit with his capitane

And with monie ane Inglisman

Arrayit all with armes bricht;

Nicht no man see ane fairer sicht.

Than clariounis and trumpettis blew;
And weriouris monie hither drew.

On everie side come monie man
To behald quha the battell wan.

The feild wes in the medow grene,

Quhair everie man nicht weill be sene.

The heraldis put thame sa in ordour

That no man passit within the bordour
 Nor preissit to cum within the grene
 Bot heraldis and the campionis kene.
 The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir
 Wer weill accowterit in their geir
 And in their handis strang burdounis¹,
 Than trumpettis blew and clariounis,
 And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
 "Now let tham go! God shaw the richt!"

¹ staves, spears.

Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
 And ran to uther with sic fors
 That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw.
 Than said thay all that stude on raw,
 Ane better cours than they twa ran
 Wes not sene sen the warld began.

Than baith the parties wer rejoisit.
 The campionis ane quhyle reposit
 Till they had gottin speiris new.
 Than with triumph the trumpettis blew,
 And they with all the force thay can
 Wounder² rudelie at aither ran,
 And straik at uther with sa greit ire
 That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
 Thair speiris wer sa teuch³ and strang
 That aither uther to eirth doun dang⁴.
 Baith hors and man, with speir and scheild,
 Than flatlingis⁵ lay into the feild.
 Than Maister Talbart was eschamit.
 "Forsuith for ever I am defamit!"

² Wonderfully.

³ tough.

⁴ dashed.

⁵ flatwise.

And said this, "I had rather die
Without that I revengit be."

Our young Squyer, sic was his hap,
Was first on fute; and on he lap
Upon his hors, without support.

Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,

¹ nimbly.

Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie¹

² gallantly.

Loup on his hors sa galyeardlie².

The Squyer liftit his visair

Ane lytill space to take the air.

Thay bad hym wyne, and he it drank,

And humillie he did thame thank.

Be that Talbart on hors wes mountit,

And of our Squyer lytill countit.

And cryit gif he durst undertak

³ once.

To run anis³ for his ladies saik?

The Squyer answerit hie on hicht,

"That sall I do, be Marie bricht!

I am content all day to ryn,

Tyll ane of us the honour wyn."

Of that Talbart was weill content,

⁴ seized.

And ane greit speir in hand he hent⁴.

⁵ grasped.

The Squyer in his hand he thrang⁵

His speir, quhilk was baith greit and lang,

With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,

⁶ well pleased.

Of quhilk he wes apppleisit weill⁶.

That plesand feild was lang and braid,

Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid,

And everie man micht have gude sicht,

And thair was mony weirlyke knicht.

Sum man of everie natioun

Was in that congregatioun.

Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
 And thai¹ twa campiounis egeirlic
 Thai spurrit thair hors, with speir on breist
 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist².
 That round, rink roume wes at utterance³;
 Bot Talbartis hors with ane mischance,
 He outterit⁴, and to ryn was laith;
 Quhair of Talbart was wonder wraith.
 The Squyer furth his rink⁵ he ran,
 Commendit weill with everie man;
 And him dischargit of his speir
 Honestlie lyke ane man of weir.
 Becaus that rink thay ran in vane
 Than Talbart wald not ryn agane
 Till he had gottin ane better steid;
 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid.
 Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
 As brym⁶ as he had bene ane beir.
 And bowtit⁷ forward with ane bend⁸,
 And ran on to the rinkis end,
 And saw his hors was at command.
 Than wes he blyith, I understand,
 Traistand na mair to ryn in vane.
 Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
 Be that with all the force thay can
 Thay rycht rudelic at uther ran.
 Of that meiting ilk⁹ man thocht wounder,
 Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
 And nane of thame thair marrow¹⁰ mist:
 Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist,
 Bot the Squyer with his burdoun¹¹

¹ these.² Boldly to prove
their strength
they pressed.³ coursing room
was from the
extremity, &
l'outrance.⁴ swerved.⁵ course.⁶ violent.⁷ bolted.⁸ bound.⁹ each.¹⁰ match.¹¹ pike, spear.

Sir Talbart to the eirth dang down.
 That straik was with sic micht and fors
 That on the ground lay man and hors ;
 And throw the brydell-hand him bair,
 And in the breist ane span and mair.
 Throw curras¹ and throw gluifis of plait,
 That Talbart micht mak na debait,
 The trencheour of the Squyeris speir.
 Stak still into Sir Talbartis geir.

¹ cuirasse.

² place

Than everie man into that steid²
 Did all beleve that he was deid.
 The Squyer lap rycht haistelie
 From his cursour deliverlie,
 And to Sir Talbart maid support,
 And humillie did him comfort.
 Quhen Talbart saw into his scheid
 Ane otter in ane silver feild,
 "This race," said he, "I may sair rew,
 For I see weill my dreme wes trew.
 Me-thocht yone otter gart me bleid,
 And buir me backward from my steid.

³ joust.

Bot heir I vow to God soverane
 That I sall never just³ agane."
 And sweitlie to the Squyer said,

⁴ compact.

⁵ lose.

"Thow knawis the cunning⁴ that we maid,
 Quhilk of us twa suld tyne⁵ the feild
 He suld baith hors and armour yield
 Till him that wan: quhairfoir I will
 My hors and harnes geve thee till."

Then said the Squyer courteouslie,
 "Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.

Of yow forsuith nathing I crave,
 For I have gottin that I wald have."
 With everie man he was commendit,
 Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.
 The Capitane of the Inglis band
 Tuke the young Squyer be the hand,
 And led him to the pailyeoun¹,
 And gart him mak collatioun.
 Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund up fast
 The Inglis capitane to him past,
 And prudentlie did him comfort,
 Syne said, "Brother, I yow exhort
 To tak the Squyer be the hand."
 And sa he did at his command;
 And said, "This bene but chance of armes."
 With that he braisit² him in his armes,
 Sayand, "Hartlie I yow forgeve."
 And then the Squyer tuik his leve,
 Commendit weill with everie man.
 Than wichtlie³ on his hors he wan,
 With monie ane nobyll man convoyit.

¹ pavilion.² embraced.³ gallantly.

Leve we thair Talbart sair annoyit.
 Some sayis of that discomfitour
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour
 That he departit of that land,
 And never wes sene into Ingland.

THE SQUYERIS ADEW.*

¹ shining.
² beauty.

FAIR weill, ye lemant¹ lampis of lustines²
Of fair Scotland, adew my Ladies all!
During my youth with ardent besines,
Ye know how I was in your service thrall.
Ten thowsand times adew above thame all
Sterne³ of Stratherne, my Ladie Soverane!
For quhome I sched my blud with mekill⁴ pane.

³ Star.

⁴ much.

⁵ evening and
morning.

Yit wald my Ladie luke at evin and morrow⁵
On my legend, at length scho wald not mis
How for hir saik I sufferit mekill sorrow.
Yit give⁶ I nicht at this time get my wis⁷,
Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis.
I wis in vane, allace we will dissever,
I say na mair, Sweit hart, adew for ever!

⁶ if.
⁷ wish.

* These are two of the last stanzas of "The Testament of Squyer Meldrum," a composition chiefly occupied with the doughty squire's directions for a sumptuous funeral. The lady to whom they are addressed was Marion Lawson, the young widow of John Haldane of Gleneagles, slain at Flodden, for whom the Squyer upon his return to Scotland in 1515 had formed a strong attachment, and by whom he had become the father of two children. In August, 1517, according to Pitscottie, Meldrum had, in gallantly defending his possession of this lady, been crippled and left for dead on the road to Leith by his rival Luke Stirling, brother of the laird of Keir, who followed him from Edinburgh and attacked him with fifty men.

ANE PLEASANT SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by DILIGENCE.

THE FATHER and founder of faith and felicitie,
That your fassioun¹ formed to his similitude, ¹ fashion.
And his SONE, our Saviour, scheild in necessitie,
That bocht yow from baillis², ransonit on the Rude, ² bought you
from woes.
Repleadgeand³ his presonaris with his hart blude; ³ Redeeming.
The HALIE GAIST, governour and grounder of grace,
Of wisdom and weilfair baith fontane and flude,
Saif yow all that I sie seisit⁴ in this place, ⁴ seated.
And scheild yow from sinne,
And with his spreit yow inspyre,
Till I have schawin my desyre!
Silence, Sovereaine, I requyre,
For now I begin.

.
Prudent Peopill I pray yow all
Tak na man greif in speciall,
For wee sall speik in generall,
For pastyme and for play:
Thairfoir till all our rymis be rung
And our mistoinit⁵ sangis be sung ⁵ mistuned.
Let everie man keip weill ane tounge
And everie woman tway.

AN INTERLUDE OF THE PUIR MAN AND THE
PARDONER.

[*Heir sall entir Pauper the puir man.*]

PAUPER.

¹ love. OF your almis, gude folks, for God's luife¹ of heavin,
For I have motherles bairns either sax or seavin.
² goods. Gif ye'll gif me na gude², for the luife of Jesus
³ make me know. Wische³ me the richt way till Sanct-Androes.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair haif wee gottin this gudly companzeoun?
⁴ Quick. Swyith⁴! out of the feild, [thow] fals raggit loun.
⁵ God knows. God wait⁵ gif heir be ane weill-keipit place,
⁶ vile. Quhen sic ane vilde⁶ begger carle may get entres⁷.
⁷ entry. Fy on yow officiars, that mends nocht thir failyies⁸!
⁸ these failings. I gif yow all till the Devill, baith Provost and Bailzies!
Without ye cum and chase this carle away,
The devill a word ye'is get mair of our play.
Fals huirsun, raggit carle, quhat Devil is that
⁹ what the devil is that thou tearest? thou rugs⁹?

PAUPER.

Quha Devill, maid thee ane gentill man, that wald
¹⁰ ears. cut not thy lugs¹⁰?

DILIGENCE.

¹¹ talk. Quhat now! me-thinks the carle begins to crack¹¹.
Swyith, carle, away, or be this day I'se break thy back.
[*Heir sall the Carle clim up and sit in
the King's tchyre.*]

Cum doun, or be God's croun, fals loun, I sall slay
thee.

PAUPER.

Now sweir be thy brunt¹ schinnis, the Devill ding² ¹ burnt.
thame fra thee. ² dash.

Quhat say ye till thir court dastards? be³ thay get ³ by the time that.
hail clais⁴, ⁴ whole clothes.

Sa sune as thay leir⁵ to sweir and trip on thair tais. ⁵ learn.

DILIGENCE.

Me-thocht the carle callit me knave, evin in my face.

Be Sanct Fillane! thou sal be slane bot gif⁶ thou ⁶ but if, unless.
ask grace.

Loup⁷ down, or, be the gude Lord, thow sall lose ⁷ Leap.
thy heid.

PAUPER.

I sall anis drink or I ga, thocht⁸ thou had sworne ⁸ though.
my deid⁹. ⁹ death.

[Heir Diligence castis away the ledder.]

DILIGENCE.

Loup now, gif thou list, for thou hes lost the ledder.

It is full weill thy kind to loup, and licht in a tedder¹⁰. ¹⁰ tether, halter.

PAUPER.

Thou sall be faine to fetch agane the ledder, or I loup.

I sall sit heir into this tcheir till I have tumde¹¹ the ¹¹ emptied.
stoup¹². ¹² pitcher.

[Heir sall the Carle loup aff the scaffald.]

DILIGENCE.

Swyith¹³! beggar, bogill¹⁴, haist thé away;

Thow art over pert to spill our Play.

¹³ Haste.
¹⁴ hobgoblin.

PAUPER.

I will not gif, for al your Play, worth an sowis fart:
For thair is richt lytill play at my hungrie hart.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat devill ails this cruckit carle?

PAUPER.

¹ much.

Marie! meikill¹ sorrow.

I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair, devill, is this thou dwels? or quhat's thy
intent?

PAUPER.

I dwell into Lawthiane, ane myle fra Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

² truth.

Quhair wald thou be, carle? the suth² to me schaw.

PAUPER.

Sir, evin to Sanct-Androes, for to seik law.

DILIGENCE.

For to seik law, in Edinburgh was the neirest way.

PAUPER.

Sir, I socht law thair this monie deir day,

Bot I culd get nane at Sessioun nor Seinzie;*

³ company.

Thairfor the meikill din Devill droun all the meinzie³.

* The Court of Session had been established by James V. in May, 1532. The Seinzie was the older ecclesiastical consistory, or bishops' court.

DILIGENCE.

Schaw me thy mater, man, with all the circumstances,
How that thou hes happinit on thir unhappie chances.

PAUPER.

Gude man, will ye gif me of your charitie,
And I sall declair yow the black veritie.
My father was ane auld man and ane hoir¹,
And was of age fourscoir of yeirs and moir.
And Mald, my mother, was fourscoir and fyfteine,
And with my labour I did thame baith susteine.
Wee had ane meir that caryit salt and coill²,
And everie ilk³ yeir scho brocht us hame ane foill.
Wee had thrie ky⁴ that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tydier into the toun of Air.*
My father was sa waik of blude and bane
That he deit⁵, quhairfoir my mother maid great maine.
Then scho deit, within ane day or two;
And thair began my povertie and wo.
Our gude gray meir was bairtand⁶ on the feild,
And our land's laird tuik hir for his hyreild.†
The vickar tuik the best cow be the heid,
Incontinent, quhen my father was deid.
And quhen the vickar hard tel how that my mother
Was deid, fra hand he tuk to him ane-uther.
Then Meg, my wife, did murne baith evin and
morrow,

¹ hoar.² *i.e.* in panniers,
the ancient
means of
carriage.³ separate.⁴ kine.⁵ died.⁶ pasturing.

* Ayrshire cattle were, to judge from this reference, as much esteemed in the sixteenth century as they are in the nineteenth.

† Formerly the fine paid the feudal superior for relief from armed service; afterwards a fine of the best chattel, exacted by the landlord on the death of a tenant.

Till at the last scho deit for verie sorrow.
 And quhen the vickar hard tell my wyfe was dead
 The thrid cow he cleikit¹ be the heid.
 Thair umest clayis², that was of rapploch³ gray,
 The vickar gart his clark bear them away.*
 Quhen all was gane I micht mak na debeat,
 Bot with my bairns past for till beg my meat.
 Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie
 How I am brocht into this miserie.

¹ clutched.² uppermost
clothes.³ coarse woollen.

DILIGENCE.

⁴ parson.

How did the person⁴? was he not thy gude freind?

PAUPER.

The Devil stick him! he curst me for my teind,
 And holds me yit under that same proces
 That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche.
 In gude faith, Sir, thocht he wald cut my throt,
 I have na geir except ane Inglis grot⁵,
 Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law.

⁵ fourpence.

DILIGENCE.

Thou art the daftest fuill that ever I saw.
 Trows⁶ thou, man, be the law to get remeid
 Of men of Kirk! Na, nocht till thou be deid.

⁶ Trowest.

PAUPER.

Sir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy
 That ane vickar suld tak fra me thrie ky?

* The reference here, says Laing, is to the *cors present*, or funeral gift to the clerk, the exaction of which had become a heavy grievance to the poor.

DILIGENCE.

Thay have na law exceptand consuetude,
 Quhilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.

PAUPER.

Ane consuetude against the common weil
 Suld be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill.
 Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
 To tak thrie ky fra ane pure husband-man?
 Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane-uther,
 And the third cow he tuke fra Mald my mother.

DILIGENCE.

It is thair law, all that thay have in use,
 Thocht it be cow, sow, ganer¹, gryse², or guse.

¹ gander.
² pig.

PAUPER.

Sir, I wald speir³ at yow ane questioun.
 Behauld sum prelats of this regioun—

³ ask.

[Here the Puir Man recites further legalised oppressions by
 the priesthood, but is interrupted.]

DILIGENCE.

Hald thy toung, man, it seims that thou war mangit.⁴ ⁴ stupefied.
 Speik thou of preists but⁵ doubt thou will be hangit. ⁵ without.

PAUPER.

Be Him that buir the cruell croun of thorne,
 I cair nocht to be hangit, evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be sure of preistis thou will get na support.

PAUPER.

¹ lot.

Gif that be trew the Feind resave the sort¹!
 Sa sen I se I get na uther grace
 I will ly down and rest mee in this place.

[*Heir sall the Puirman ly down in the
 feild, and the Pardoner sall cum
 in and say.*

PARDONER.

Bona dies! Bona dies!
 Devoit Pepill, gude day I say yow.
 Now tarie ane lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
 Till I be with yow knawin.
 Wat ye weill how I am namit?
 Ane nobill man and undefamit,
 Gif that all the suith war schawin.
 I am Sir Robert Rome-raker,
 Ane perfyte publike pardoner*
 Admittit be the Paip.
 Sirs, I sall schaw yow, for my wage,
 My pardons and my pilgramage,
 Quhilk ye sall se, and graip².
 I give to the Devill, with gude intent,
 This unsell³ wickit New Testament,
 With thame that it translaitit.
 Sen layik⁴ men knew the veritie
 Pardoners get no charitie
 Without that thay debait it.

² grope, grip.³ naughty.⁴ lay.

* The retailing of papal indulgences, here satirized by Lyndsay, was one of the chief abuses against which Luther had raised the indignation of Germany.

Amang the wives with wrinks¹ and wyles,

¹ tricks.

As all my marrowis², men begyles

² fellows.

With our fair fals flattrie.

Yea, all the crafts I ken perqueir³

³ I know by heart.

As I was teichit be ane freir

Callit Hypocrisie.

Bot now, allace! our greit abusioun

Is cleirly knawin till our confusioun,

That we may sair repent.

Of all credence now I am quyte,

For ilk man holds me at dispyte

That reids the New Test'ment.

Duill fell⁴ the braine that hes it wrocht!

⁴ Sorrow destroy.

Sa fall them that the Buik hame brocht!

Als I pray to the Rude

That Martin Luther, that fals loun⁵,

⁵ knave.

Black Bullinger, and Melanctoun,

Had bene smorde in thair cude⁶.

⁶ smothered in
their baptism-
cloth.

Be him that buir the crowne of thorne

I wald Sanct Paull had never bene borne;

And als I wald his buiks

War never red in the kirk,

Bot amangs freirs, into the mirk⁷,

⁷ dark.

Or riven amang ruiks!

*[Heir sall he lay down his geir upon
ane buird, and say,*

My patent pardouns ye may se,

Cum fra the Cane⁸ of Tartarie,

⁸ Khan.

Weill seald with oster-schellis.

Thocht ye have na contritioun

Ye sall have full remissioun
 With help of buiks and bellis.
 Heir is ane relic lang and braid,
 Of Fin Macoull the richt chaft blaid¹,
 With teith and al togidder.
 Of Colling's cow heir is ane horne,
 For eating of Makconnal's corne
 Was slaine into Baquhidder.
 Heir is ane coird baith great and lang
 Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,*
 Of gude hemp, soft and sound.
 Gude halie peopill, I stand for'd,
 Quha-ever beis hangit with this cord
 Neids never to be dround.
 The culum² of Sanct Bryd's kow ;
 The gruntill³ of Sanct Antonis sow,
 Quhilk buir his haly bell.
 Quha-ever he be heiris this bell clinck
 Gif me ane ducat for till drink ;
 He sall never gang⁴ to hell,
 Without he be of Baliell⁵ borne.
 Maisters, trow ye that this be scorne⁶.
 Cum win this pardoun, cum.
 Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart,
 I have power thame for till part.
 Me-think yow deif and dum :
 Hes nane of yow curst wickit wyfis
 That haldis yow intill sturt⁷ and stryfis,
 Cum tak my dispensatioun ;
 Of that cummer⁸ I sall mak yow quyte,

¹ The real jaw-bone of Fingal

² tail.

³ snout.

⁴ go.

⁵ Belial.

⁶ jest.

⁷ vexation.

⁸ cumber.

* See introduction to King James the Fifth, p. 143.

Howbeit your-selfis be in the wyte¹,
 And mak ane fals narratioun.
 Cum win the pardoun, now let se,
 For meill, for malt, or for monie,
 For cok, hen, guse, or gryse.
 Of relicts heir I haif ane hunder;
 Quhy cum ye nocht? this is ane wounder:
 I trow ye be nocht wyse.

¹ blame.

[A grotesque episode is here introduced in which the Pardoner, for the price of "ane cuppill of sarks" (shirts), divorces a malcontent sowtar, or shoemaker, and his wife. Upon their despatch, east and west, the Pardoner's boy cries from the hill.]

WILKIN.

Hoaw! Maister, hoaw! quhair ar ye now?

PARDONER.

I am heir, Wilkin widdiefow².

² rascal, *lit.*
gallowsful.

WILKIN.

Sir, I have done your bidding,
 For I have fund ane greit hors bane,
 Ane fairer saw ye never nane,
 Upon dame Flescher's midding.
 Sir, ye may gar the wyfis trow
 It is ane bane of Sanct Bryd's cow,
 Gude for the fever quartane³.
 Sir, will ye reull this relict weill,
 All the wyfis will baith kiss and kneill
 Betuixt this and Dumbartane.

³ fourth-day or
intermittent
fever.

PARDONER.

Quhat say thay of me in the Toun?

WILKIN.

Some sayis ye are ane verie loun,
 Sum sayis *Legatus Natus*;
 Sum sayis ye ar ane fals Saracene,
 And sum sayis ye ar for certaine
Diabolus Incarnatus.
 Bot keip yow fra subjectioun
 Of the curst King Correctioun;
 For, be ye with him fangit¹,
 Becaus ye ar ane Rome-raker,
 Ane common publick cawsay-paker²,
 But doubt ye will be hangit.

¹ laid hold of.² street-walker.

PARDONER.

Quhair sall I ludge into the toun?

WILKIN.

With gude kynde Cristiane Anderson.
 Quhair ye will be weill treatit.
 Gif ony limmer³ yow demands,
 Scho will defend yow with hir hands,
 And womanlie debait it.
 Bawburdie sayis be the Trinitie
 That scho sall beir yow cumpanie
 Howbeit ye byde ane yeir⁴.

³ scoundrel.⁴ Though you
stay a year.

PARDONER.

Thou hes done weill, be God's mother;
 Tak ye the taine⁵ and I the tother,
 Sa sall we mak greit cheir.

⁵ one.

WILKIN.

I reid⁶ yow, speid yow heir,
 And mak na langer tarie;

⁶ coun-sel.

Byde ye lang thair, but weir¹,

¹ without doubt.

I dreid your weird yow warie².

² your fate you
curse.

[*Heir sall Pauper rise, and rax him.*]

PAUPER.

Quhat thing was yon that I heard crak³ and cry?

³ speak.

I have bene dreamand, and dreveland⁴ of my ky.

⁴ drivelling.

With my richt hand my haill bodie I saine⁵;

⁵ my whole body
I cross.

Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky againe!

I se standand yonder ane halie man,

To mak me help let me se gif he can.

Halie Maister, God speid yow, and gude morne!

PARDONER.

Welcum to me, thocht thou war at the horne!*

Cum win the pardoun, and syne I sall thé saine⁶.

⁶ bless.

PAUPER.

Will that pardon get me my ky againe?

PARDONER.

Carle, of thy ky I have nathing ado:

Cum win my pardon, and kis my relicts to.

[*Heir sall he saine him with his relictis.*]

Now lowse thy pursse and lay down thy offrand,

And thou sall have my pardoun evin fra hand.

With raipis⁷ and relicts I sall thé saine againe;

⁷ ropes.

Of gut⁸ or gravell thou sall never have paine.

⁸ gout.

Now win the pardoun, limmer, or thou art lost.

* *At the horne*, proclaimed rebel. Outlawry was proclaimed with three blasts of a horn. In 1512 Gavin Douglas was one of a great assize which passed an Act anent "the resset of Rebellis, and Personis being at our souerane Lordis horne."

PAUPER.

My haly Father, quhat wil that pardon cost?

PARDONER.

Let se quhat mony thou bearest in thy bag.

PAUPER.

I haif ane grot heir, bund into ane rag.

PARDONER.

Hes thou na uther silver bot ane groat?

PAUPER.

¹ search.

Gif I have mair, Sir, cum and rype¹ my coat.

PARDONER.

Gif me that groat, man, gif thou hest na mair.

PAUPER.

With all my hart, Maister, lo tak it thair.
Now let me se your pardon, with your leif.

PARDONER.

Ane thousand yeir of pardons I thee geif.

PAUPER.

² go.

Ane thousand yeir! I will nocht live sa lang.
Delyver me it, Maister, and let me gang².

PARDONER.

Ane thousand year I lay upon thy head,
With *totiens quotiens*: now, mak me na mair plead:
Thou hast resaifit thy pardon now already.

PAUPER.

Bot, I can se na-thing, Sir, be Our Lady.
 Forsuith, Maister, I trow I be nocht wyse
 To pay ere I have sene my marchandryse.
 That ye have gottin my groat full sair I rew.
 Sir, quhidder is your pardon black or blew?
 Maister, sen ye have tain fra me my cunzie¹, ¹ coin.
 My marchandryse schaw me, withouttin sunzie²; ² excuse.
 Or to the bischop I sall pas and pleinzie³ ³ complain.
 In Sanct-Androis, and summond yow to the Seinzie⁴. ⁴ Consistory.

PARDONER.

Quhat craifis⁵ the carle? me-thinks thou art not wise. ⁵ craves.

PAUPER.

I craif my groat, or ellis my marchandise.

PARDONER.

I gaif thé pardon for ane thowsand yeir.

PAUPER.

How sall I get that pardon, let me heir.

PARDONER.

Stand still and I sall tell the hail⁶ storie. ⁶ whole.
 Quhen thow art deid, and gais to Purgatorie,
 Being condempnit to paine a thowsand yeir,
 Then sall thy pardoun thee releif, but weir.
 Now be content, ye ar ane mervelous man.

PAUPER.

Sall I get nathing for my groat quhill than⁷? ⁷ till then.

PARDONER.

That sall thou not, I mak it to yow plaine.

PAUPER.

Na than, gossop, gif me my groat againe.
 Quhat say ye, Maisters? call ye this gude resoun,
 That he suld promeis me ane gay pardoun,
 And he resave my mony, in his stead¹,
 Syne mak me na payment till I be dead?
 Quhen I am deid I wait full sikkerlie²
 My sillie³ saull will pas to Purgatorie.
 Declair me this, now God nor Baliell bind thé,
 Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair sall I find thé?
 Not in heavin, but rather into hell.
 Quhen thow art thair thou cannot help thy-sell.
 Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait?
 Or⁴ I thee find my hippis will get ane hait⁵.
 Trowis thou, butchour, that I will buy blind lambis?
 Gif me my groat, the Devill dryte⁶ in thy gambis⁷!

¹ place.² I know full surely.³ frail.⁴ Ere.
⁵ heat.⁶ evacuate fæces.
⁷ gums.

PARDONER.

⁸ confounded. Swyith! stand abak! I trow this man be mangit⁸.
 Thou gets not this, carle, thocht thou suld be hangit.

PAUPER.

⁹ rag. Gif me my groat, weill bund into ane clout⁹,
¹⁰ by the altar. Or, be Goddis breid¹⁰, Robin sall beir ane rout¹¹.

¹¹ blow.

[*Heir sall thay fecht with silence; and
 Pauper sal cast down the buird, and
 cast the relicts in the water.*

DILIGENCE.

¹² sport. Quhat kind of daffing¹² is this al day?
¹³ Quick, fellows! Swyith, smaikis¹³! out of the feild, away!
 Intill ane presoun put them sone,
 Syne hang them, quhen the PLAY is done.

THE POOR MAN'S MARE.

PAUPER.

Marie! I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame coils,
 And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis:*
 And I ran to the Consistorie, for to pleinze,
 And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinze¹. ¹ company.
 Thay gave me first ane thing thay call *Citandum*,
 Within aucht² dayis I gat bot *Lybellandum*, ² eight.
 Within ane moneth I gat *ad Opponendum*,
 In half ane yeir I gat *Interloquendum*,
 And syne I gat, how call ye it? *ad Replicandum*:
 Bot I could never ane word yit understand him.
 And than thay gart me cast out many plackis³, ³ a Scots plack
 And gart me pay for four and twentie actis. <sup>equalled the
third of a
penny.</sup>
 Bot or thay came half gait⁴ to *Concludendum* ⁴ halfway.
 The Feind ane plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair traine⁵, ⁵ device.
 Syne, *Hodie ad octo*, bad me cum againe;
 And than, thir ruiks, thay roupit⁶ wonder fast, ⁶ croaked.
 For sentence silver thay cryit at the last.
 Of *Pronunciandum* thay maid me wonder faine;
 Bot I got never my gude gray meir againe.

* Laing quotes from the chartulary of Newbattle a grant by Seyer de Quency, lord of the manor of Tranent, of a coal-pit and quarry on the lands of Preston; which shows mining and quarrying to have been industries there as early as 1202.

DAYBREAK IN MAY.

From the Prologue to "The Monarchie."

MUSING and marvelling on the miserie
Frome day to day in erth quhilk dois increas,
¹ each. And of ilk¹ stait the instabilitie
Proceeding of the restless besynes
Quhare-on the most part doith thair mynd address
Inordinatlie, on houngrye covatyce,
Vaine glore, dissait, and uther sensuall vyce :

Bot tumlyng in my bed I mycht nocht lye ;
² fared. Quharefore I fuir² furth in ane Maye mornyng,
Conforte to gett of my malancolye,
Sumquhat affore fresche Phebus uprising,
Quhare I mycht heir the birdis sweitlye syng.
In-tyll ane park I past, for my plesure
Decorit weill be craft of dame Nature.

Quhow I resavit confort naturall
³ describe. For tyll discryve³ at lenth it war too lang ;
Smelling the holsum herbis medicinall,
⁴ fell. Quhare-on the dulce and balmy dew down dang⁴,
⁵ twigs. Lyke auriert peirles on the twistis⁵ hang ;
Or quhow that the aromatic odouris
Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris ;
Or quhow Phebus, that king etheriall,
Swyftlie sprang up in-to the Orient,
Ascending in his throne imperiall,

Quhose bricht and beriall¹ bemes resplendent ¹ beryl.
 Illumynit all on-to the Occident,
 Confortand everye corporall creature
 Quhilk formit war in erth be dame Nature;

Quhose donke impurpurit² vestiment nocturnall, ² moist em-
purpled.
 With his imbroudit³ mantyll matutyne, ³ embroidered
 He lefte in-tyll his regioun aurovall,
 Quhilk on hym waitit quhen he did declyne
 Towarte his Occident palyce vespertyne,
 And rose in habyte gaye and glorious,
 Brychtar nor gold or stonis precious.

Bot Synthea, the hornit nyctis quene,
 Scho loste hir lychte and lede ane lawar sail,
 Frome tyme hir soverane lorde that scho had sene,
 And in his presens waxit dirk⁴ and pail, ⁴ dark.
 And ouer hir visage kest ane mistye vail;
 So did Venus, the goddès amorous,
 With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Rycht so the auld intoxicat Saturne,
 Persaving Phebus powir, his beymes brycht,
 Abufe the erth than maid he no sudgeourne⁵, ⁵ sojourn.
 Bot suddandlye did lose his borrowit lycht,
 Quhilk he durst never schaw bot on the nycht.
 The Pole Artick, Ursis, and Sterris all
 Quhilk situate ar in the Septentrionall,

Tyll errand⁶ schyppis quhilks ar the souer gyde⁷, ⁶ wandering.
⁷ sure guide.
 Convoyand thame upone the stormye nycht,
 Within thare frostie circle did thame hyde.
 Howbeit that steris have none uthir lycht
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht.

That day durst none in-to the hevin appeir
Till he had circuit all our Hemispheir.

Me-thocht it was ane sycht celestially
To sene Phebus so angellyke ascend
In-tyll his fyrie chariot triumphhall,
Quhose bewtie brychte I culd nocht comprehend.

¹ care.

All warldlie cure¹ anone did fro me wend
Quhen fresche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie,
Wrocht be dame Nature, quent and curiouslie

Depaynt with mony hundreth hevinlie hewis;
Glaid of the rysing of thair royall Roye,

² breaking forth.
³ boughs.

With blomes breckand² on the tender bewis³,
Quhilk did provoke myne hart tyl natural joye.

⁴ Æolus.

Neptune that day, and Eoll⁴, held thame coye,
That men on far mycht heir the birdis sounde,
Quhose noyis did to the sterrye hevin redounde.

⁵ peacock
pruning his
feathers fair.

The plesand powne prunyeand his feddrem fair⁵,
The myrthfull maves⁶ maid gret melodie,

⁶ thrush.

The lustye⁷ lark ascending in the air,

⁷ pleasant.

Numerand his naturall notis craftelye,
The gay goldspink, the merll rycht myrralye,
The noyis of the nobyll nyctingalis
Redoundit through the montans, meids, and valis.

Contempling this melodious armonye,

⁸ salute.

Quhow everilke bird drest thame for tyl advance,
To saluss⁸ Nature with thare melodye,

⁹ partly.

That I stude gasing, halfingis⁹ in ane trance,
To heir thame mak thare naturall observance

¹⁰ rocks.

So royallie that all the roches¹⁰ rang
Through repurcussioun of thair suggurit sang.

JOHN BELLENDEN.

JOHN BELLENDEN.*

LAST in the list of makars enumerated by Lyndsay in the prologue to his "Complaynt of the Papyngo" is mentioned "ane plant of poeitis, callit Ballendyne," who seems to have excited both respect and anticipation among his early contemporaries. The prophecy of Lyndsay's lines appears to have been more than fulfilled. The new makar of 1530, having gained the ear of the court, not only wrote poems which, whether they excelled those of his rivals or not, have at least outlived most of them, but produced works in prose regarding which a critic of the first rank has said, "No better specimen of the middle period (of the Scottish language) in its classical purity exists." †

Some obscurity has been cast upon the life of this scholar and poet by confusing him with an eminent contemporary of the same name, Sir John Bellenden of Auchinoul. The latter was secretary to the Earl of Angus at the time of that nobleman's downfall in

* The name is spelt variously, Ballantyne, Ballenden, Bellendyne, &c.

† Murray's *Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, p. 61.

1528, appearing twice before parliament as agent for the Douglasses on the 4th of September. Some time afterwards he became Justice-Clerk.* These functions of Bellenden the lawyer have been attributed, however incongruously, to Bellenden the churchman, and have again and again led to a hopeless confusion of parentage and other details. As a matter of fact the Justice-Clerk seems to have survived the poet by more than twenty-seven years. †

Of the poet's life few facts are known with certainty. Born towards the close of the fifteenth century, he is believed to have been a native of Haddingtonshire, and to have entered St. Andrew's University in 1508. At least the matriculation of one John Ballentyn of the Lothian nation is recorded in that year. He completed his education at the University of Paris, where he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. From the fourth stanza of his proheme to the *Cosmographé*, and from the prose epistle to James V. at the close of his translation of Boece's *History*, it is gathered that, returning to this country, he was employed at court during that monarch's youth as Clerk of Accounts, but was presently cast from his post by certain court intrigues. His loss of place probably coincided with that of Sir David Lyndsay, and was probably owed to the same cause, the seizure of power by the Douglasses in 1524. It seems clear, moreover, that it was upon the downfall of

* According to Hume's *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, p. 258.

† In the appendix to Scotstarvet's *History* Sir John Bellenden is stated to have been Justice-Clerk from 1547 till 1578.

that house that he returned to court favour; and circumstances would lead to the belief that he was among those for whom James, mindful of early services, made provision shortly after his accession to power in 1528. At anyrate, in 1530 and the three following years Bellenden was engaged by express command of James in translating the histories of his contemporary Boece and of Livy. The Treasurer's accounts from October 30th, 1530, to November 30th, 1533, contain notes of payment for this work. In all, he received during that time the sum of £114; £78 being for the translation of Boece, and £36 for that of Livy.

A year or two later, during the vacancy of the bishopric of Moray, the archdeaconry of that see also became vacant, and its gift in consequence fell to the crown. Two clergymen, however, John Duncan, parson of Glasgow, and Alexander Harvey, solicited the Pope to confer the benefice upon James Douglas. For this they were brought to trial, and, by the statutes under which Gavin Douglas had suffered, were declared rebels, and had their property escheated to the king. The emoluments of this property for the years 1536 and 1537 were conferred successively upon Bellenden, who for the two years' income paid compositions respectively of 350 marks and £300 Scots. About the same time, it is believed, occurred his promotion to the archdeaconry itself, and his appointment as a canon of Ross.

Little more is known of the poet's life. A strenuous opponent of the new heresy, as the movement of the

Reformation was called, he appears to have done all in his power to resist its progress, and at last, finding his utmost efforts in this direction vain, to have betaken himself to the headquarters of counsel at Rome, where he died in 1550.*

The catalogue of Bellenden's works, though important in more than one detail, is not of great length. He is said to have written a treatise, *De Litera Pythagoræ*—the letter *upsilon*, in the form of which Pythagoras had chosen to see certain emblematical properties. Of this treatise nothing is now known. It is to his translations of Boece and Livy that the Archdeacon of Moray owes his chief fame. The first edition of the Latin *History of Scotland* by Hector Boece, consisting of seventeen books, had been printed at Paris in 1526, and dedicated to James V.† That king's knowledge of Latin must have been strictly limited, as we know from Lyndsay he was withdrawn from school at twelve years of age. His desire, therefore, for a translation into the vernacular may be understood. Bellenden's translation, with Boece's "cosmographé," or description of Scotland, prefixed, was published at Edinburgh in

*Dr. Irving quotes the statements of Conn, Bale, and Dempster respectively for these three facts. But both the date and place remain, as he remarks, uncertain; and by some, as by Sibbald in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, Bellenden is stated to have died at Paris.

† Hector Boece, born 1465-66, was Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, then newly founded by Bishop Elphinstone; and he died Rector of Tyrie in Buchan, in 1536. The second edition of his *History* was not published till 1574. It included the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth book by Boece, and a continuation to the end of the reign of James III. by the celebrated scholar Ferrerius.

1541,* and has the credit of being the earliest existing prose work in the Scottish language. The translator divided Boece's books into chapters, and, from a reference in his proeme, apparently meant to bring the history down to his own time. As a translation the work is somewhat free, Bellenden having taken the liberty of correcting errors and supplying omissions where he thought right. Nevertheless it soon became the standard translation of the historian, and was the version which, with interpolations from the histories of Major, Lesley, and Buchanan, was used by Hollinshed, being the direct channel, therefore, through which Shakespeare derived the story of Macbeth. As a contribution to literature it remains the earliest and the most ample specimen we possess of Scottish prose. "Rich," as its latest editor has said, "in barbaric pearl and gold," while "the rust of age has not obscured the fancy and imagery with which the work abounds," it affords an admirable illustration of the force and variety of the language in which it was written.

At the end of his translation Bellenden appended an epistle to the king—one of these sound, if somewhat plain, admonitions which his courtiers apparently did not scruple to address to James the Fifth. It deals boldly with the distinction between a king and a tyrant, and does not hesitate to hold up by way of

* On the title page the translator is styled "Archdene of Murray and Chanon of Rosse," and, as Irving points out, he was not in possession of these titles at the time of purchasing escheat in 1538. The date of 1536 sometimes assigned to this edition is probably therefore a mistake. Only two copies of the edition are now known to exist.

example the fate which has constantly overtaken the wickedness of princes.

The best edition of Bellenden's Boece is that edited, with a biographical introduction by Thomas Maitland, Lord Dundrennan, and published at Edinburgh in two volumes, quarto, in 1821. The only edition of the Livy is one by the same editor, printed in 1822 from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library. The translation extends only to the first five books of the original, though it was Bellenden's intention to furnish a complete version of his author. The work actually done is characterised, like the translation of Boece, by great fluency and vividness, and a natural happiness of style.

But it is to Bellenden's work as a poet that the chief consideration is here due. To each of his three translations he prefixed a poetical proeme, or preface, of some length; before the title-page of his Boece appears a quaint "Excusation of the Prentar" which must be attributed to him; and a separate poem of twenty-two stanzas by him, entitled "The Benner of Pictie, concerning the Incarnatioun of our Saluour Chryst," forms one of the duplicate articles in the Bannatyne MS., printed by the Hunterian Club, 1878-86.* These five compositions represent his entire poetical achievement so far as is known.

* This MS., by the older writers on Bellenden, is called sometimes the "Carmichael Collection," from the name of the owner who lent it to Allan Ramsay, sometimes the "Hyndford MS.," from John, third Earl of Hyndford, who presented it to the Advocates' Library. This difference of appellation has not lessened the confusion hitherto involving the poet and his work.

Though printed each in its due place, as above indicated, they have never been collected in a single volume.*

Bellenden's chief poem is the proheme to the cosmographé prefixed to his translation of Boece. It bears no real relation to the work which it precedes, and is believed to have been written before 1530. Modelled upon the classical allegory of the "Choice of Hercules," it is addressed to James V., and with great tact seeks to convey a somewhat pertinent moral lesson to that youthful monarch. The original title of the composition is understood to have been "Virtew and Vyce"; and after the poetic fashion of its time the allegory is cast in form of a dream. It describes the wooing of a handsome young prince, whose personality can hardly be mistaken, by two lovely and splendidly attired ladies, Delight and Virtue. With quaint shrewdness the poet contrives to awaken at the proper moment, saving himself the invidious task of describing the prince's choice.

The proheme to the history is a graver and less poetical production, though bearing a closer relation to the work which follows. The chief object of history, it declares in effect, is to set forth the noble deeds of the past as an example to the present—a task performed with great array of classic information. The most striking passage of the poem is the

*The prohemes from the translation of Boece, after being copied in part by Bannatyne in his MS., were included in Ramsay's *Evergreen* and in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. The prologue to Livy was printed first by Dr. Leyden in the dissertation prefixed to his edition of *The Complaynt of Scotland*.

descant on nobility, which occupies nine out of the twenty-nine stanzas. Some of the lines in this have all the incisiveness of the clearest-cut aphorism.

Somewhat the same theory of history forms the burden of the prologue to *Livy*. The chief interest of this piece consists, perhaps, as Lord Dundrennan pointed out, in its representation of James V. as a patron of literature. The opening stanzas, however, are not without a certain warlike resonance suited to a prelude of Roman deeds of arms.

Altogether, though not of the era-making order, and though comparatively limited in quantity, the poetry of Bellenden is worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received. In allegoric method and in form of verse it follows the fashion of its day, and it shares that fashion's faults; but, these drawbacks apart, it is marked by great skill and smoothness of versification, by no small descriptive charm, and by a certain happy vividness of imagery which again and again surprises and delights the reader. One can almost feel the breath of

Notus brim, the wind meridiane,
With wingis donk, and pennis full of rane;


and a seascape rises instantly before the eye at mention of the

Carvell ticht, fast tending throw the se.

Beyond this, Bellenden shows himself a careful student of human nature, with more than one significant word to say upon the subject.

VIRTEW AND VYCE.

The Proheme of the Cosmographé prefixed to Boece's History.

 UHEN silvir Diane, ful of bemis bricht,
Fra dirk¹ eclips wes past, this othir nicht, ¹ From dark.
And in the Crab, hir propir mansion, gane;
Artophilax contending at his micht
In the gret eist to set his visage richt,
I mene the ledar of the Charle-wane,
Abone² our heid wes the Ursis twane; ² Above.
Quhen sterris small obscuris in our sicht
And Lucifer left twinkland him allane;

The frosty nicht with hir prolixit houris
Hir mantill quhit spred on the tender flouris;
Quhen ardent lauboure hes addressit me
Translait the story of our progenitouris,
Thair gret manheid, hie wisdom, and honouris;
Quhen we may cleir as in ane mirroure se
The furius end, sum-time, of tirannie,
Sum-time the glore of prudent governouris
Ilk stait apprisit³ in thair faculte; ³ valued

My wery spreit desiring to repres
My emptive pen of frutles besines,
Awalkit furth to tak the recent aire;
Quhen Priapus, with stormy weid oppres,

Raqueistit me in his maist tendernes
 To rest ane quhile amid his gardingis bare.
¹ could. Bot I no maner couth¹ my mind prepare
 To set aside unplesand hevines,
 On this and that contemplating solitare.

And first occurrit to my remembring
 How that I wes in service with the King,
 Put to his Grace in yeris tenderest,
² unworthy. Clerk of his Comptis, thought I wes inding²,
 With hart and hand and every othir thing
 That micht him pleis in ony maner best ;
³ Till. Quhill³ hie invy me from his service kest
 Be thaim that had the Court in governing,
⁴ harried. As bird but plumes heryit⁴ of the nest.

Our life, our giding, and our aventuris
 Dependis from thir hevinlie creaturis
 Apperandlie be sum necessite.
⁵ though.
⁶ cares. For thought⁵ ane man wald set his besy curis⁶,
 So far as laboure and his wisdome furis,
 To fle hard chance of infortunite ;
 Thought he eschew it with difficulte,
⁷ doom yet con-
^{stantly} endures. The cursit weird yit ithandlie enduris⁷,
 Gevin to him first in his nativitie.

⁸ earthly. Of erdlie⁸ stait bewaling thus the chance,
 Of fortoun gud I had na esperance.
⁹ swam. So lang I swomit⁹ in hir seis deip
¹⁰ That grave
^{deliberation.} That sad avising¹⁰ with hir thochtful lance

Couth find na port to ankir hir firmance ;
 Quhill Morpheus, the drery god of sleip,
 For very reuth did on my curis weip,
 And set his sleuth¹ and deidly contenance 1 slothful.
 With snorand vanis throw my body creip.

Me-thocht I was in-to ane plesand meid,
 Quhare Flora maid the tender blewmis spreid
 Throw kindlie dew and humouris nutritive,
 Quhen goldin Titan, with his flammis reid,
 Abone the seis rasit up his heid,
 Diffounding² down his heit restorative 2 Diffusing.
 To every frute that nature maid on live,
 Quhilk wes afore in-to the winter deid,
 For stormis cald and frostis penitrive³. 3 penetrative.

Ane silver fontane sprang of watter cleir
 In-to that place quhare I approchit neir,
 Quhare I did sone espy ane fellown reird⁴ 4 loud noise.
 Of courtly gallandis in thair best maneir
 Rejosing thaim in season of the yeir,
 As it had bene of Mayis day the feird⁵. 5 fourth.
 Thair gudlie havingis maid me nocht affeird ;
 With thaim I saw ane crownit King appeir,
 With tender downis rising on his beird.

Thir courtlie gallandis settand thair intentis
 To sing, and play on divers instrumentis,
 According to this Princis appetit ;
 Two plesand ladyis come pransand our the bentis⁶; ^{6 over the grass-}
lands.

¹ revenues. Thair costlie clethin schew thair mighty rentis¹.
 Quhat hart nicht wis, thay wantit nocht ane mit;
 The rubeis schone apone thair fingaris quhit;
 And finalie I knew, be thair consentis,
² was named. This ane Virtew, that other hecht² Delite.

Thir goddesses arrayit in this wise,
 As reverence and honoure list devise,
 Afore this Prince fell down apone thair kneis,
³ as they deemed best. Syne dressit thaim in-to thair best avise³,
 So far as wisdome in thair power lysis,
 To do the thing that nicht him best appleis
⁴ splendour. Quhare he rejosit in his hevinly gleis⁴;
⁵ enterprise. And him desirit, for his hie empryis⁵,
⁶ choose. Ane of thaim two unto his lady cheis⁶.

And first Delite unto this Prince said thus,
 "Maist vailyeant knicht, in dedis amorus,
⁷ most agreeable. And lustiest⁷ that evir nature wrocht,
⁸ Who. Quhilk⁸ in the floure of youth mellifluus,
 With notis sweit and sang melodius
 Awalkis heir amang the flouris soft,
 Thow hes no game bot in thy mery thoct.
 My hevinly blis is so delicius,
⁹ earth. All welth in erd⁹, bot it, avalis nocht.

"Thought thow had France, and Italie also,
 Spaine, Inglande, Pole, with othir realmes mo,
 Thought thow nicht regne in stait maist glorius,
¹⁰ powerful. Thy pissant¹⁰ kingdome is nocht worth ane stro

Gif it unto thy pleseir be ane fo,
 Or trubill thy mind with curis dolorus.
 Thair is na-thing may be so odius
 To man, as leif¹ in miserie and wo,
 Defraudand God of nature genius.

¹ live.

“Dres thé thairfore with all thy besy cure,
 That thow in joy and pleseir may indure,
 Be sicht of thir² four bodyis elementar;
 Two hevye and grosse, and two ar licht and pure.
 Thir elementis, be wirking of nature,
 Douth change in othir; and thoct thay be richt far
 Fra othir severit, with qualiteis contrar,
 Of thaim ar maid all levand creature,
 And finalie in thaim resolvit ar.

² By sight of these.

“The fire in air, the air in watter cleir,
 In erd the watter turnis without weir³,
 The erd in watter turnis our agane,
 So furth in ordour; na-thing consumis heir.
 Ane man new borne beginnis to appeir
 In othir figure than afore wes tane⁴;
 Quhen he is deid the mater dois remane,
 Thought it resolve in-to sum new maneir;
 No-thing new, nocht bot the forme is gane.

³ doubt.⁴ was taken.

“Thus is no-thing in erd bot fugitive,
 Passand and cumand be spreiding successive.
 And as ane beist, so is ane man consave
 Of seid infuse in membris genitive,

And furth his time in pleseir dois our-drive,
 As chance him ledis, quhill he be laid in grave.
 Thairfore thy hevin and pleseir now ressave
 Quhill thow art heir in-to this present live ;
 For eftir deith thow sall na pleseir have.

“The rose, the lillyis, and the violet,
 Unpullit, sone ar with the wind ouriset,
 And fallis down but¹ ony frut, I wis :
 Thairfore I say, sen that no-thing may let²,
 Bot thy bricht hew mon³ be with yeris fret⁴,
 (For every-thing bot for ane season is,)
 Thow may nocht have ane more excellent blis
 Than ly all nicht in-to min armis plet⁵,
 To hals and brais⁶ with mony lusty kis,

¹ without.

² prevent.

³ must.

⁴ devoured.

⁵ folded.

⁶ To caress and
 embrace.

“And have my tender body be thy side,
 So propir, fet, quhilk nature hes provide
 With every pleseir that thow may devine,
 Ay quhill my tender yeris be our-slide.
 Than gif it pleis that I thy bridill gide
 Thow mon alway fra agit men decline ;
 Sine dres thy hart, thy curage, and ingine⁷
 To suffir nane into thy hous abide
 Bot gif thay will unto thy lust⁸ incline.

⁷ wit.

⁸ pleasure.

⁹ float.

“Gif thow desiris in the seis fleit⁹
 Of hevinly blis, than me thy lady tret ;
 For it is said be clerkis of renoun
 Thair is na pleseir in this eird so gret

As quhen ane luffar dois his lady meit,
 To quikin his life of mony deidly swon.
 As hiest pleseir but comparison
 I sall thé geif, into thy yeris swete,
 Ane lusty halk with mony plumis broun,

“ Quhilk sal be found so joyus and plesant,
 Gif thow unto hir mery flichtis hant¹,
 Of every blis that may in erd appeir,
 As hart will think, thow sall no plente want,
 Quhill yeris swift, with quhelis properant²,
 Consume thy strenth and all thy bewte cleir.”
 And quhen Delite had said on this maneir,
 As rage of youtheid thocht maist relevant
 Than Virtew said as ye sall eftir heir.

¹ give practice

² with forward-moving wheels.

“ My landis braid, with mony plentuous schire³,
 Sall gif thy Hienes, gif thou list desire,
 Triumphant glore, hie honoure, fame devine,
 With sic pissance that thaim na furius ire,
 Nor werand⁴ age, nor flame of birmand fire,
 Nor bitter deith, may bring unto rewine.
 Bot thow mon first insuffer mekill pine⁵,
 Abone thy-self that thow may have empire;
 Than sall thy fame and honoure have na fine⁶.

³ shires, *viz.* districts sheared off.

⁴ vexing.

⁵ much pain.

⁶ end.

“ My realme is set among my fois all;
 Quhilkis hes with me ane weir⁷ continewall,
 And evir still dois on my bordour ly;
 And, thocht thay may no wayis me ourthrall⁸,

⁷ war.

⁸ overcome.

Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall
Of me sum-time to get the victory.

¹ constant war-
fare.

Thus is my life ane ithand chevalry¹:

Laubour me haldis strang as ony wall

² makes breach in.

And no-thing brekis² me bot slogardy.

“Na fortoun may aganis me availl
Thought scho with cludy stormis me assaill.

I brek the streme of scharp adversite.

³ serene.

In weddir louin³, and maist tempestius hail,
But ony dreid, I beir ane equall sail,

My schip so strang that I may nevir de.

Wit, reason, manheid, governis me so hie,

No influence nor sterris may prevaill

To regne on me with infortunite.

⁴ not be daunted. “The rage of youtheid may nocht dantit be⁴

But gret distres and scharp adversite ;

As be this reason is experience—

The finest gold or silver that we se

May nocht be wrocht to our utilite

But flammis kene and bitter violence.

The more distres the more intelligence.

Quhay salis lang in hie prosperitie

Ar sone ourset be stormy violence.

“This fragill life, as moment induring,
But dout sall thé and every pepill bring

⁵ certain.

To sickir⁵ blis or than eternal wo.

Gif thow be honest lauboure dois ane thing,

Thy panefull laubour sall vanes but tarying¹,
 Howbeit thy honest werkis do nocht so.
 Gif thow be lust dois ony thing also,
 The schamefull deid, without dissevering,
 Remanis ay, quhen pleseir is ago².

¹ shall vanish
 without delay.

² gone.

“ As carvell ticht, fast tending throw the se,
 Levis na prent amang the wallis hie ;
 As birdis swift, with mony besy plume,
 Peirsis the aire, and wait³ nocht quhare thay fle ;
 Siclik⁴ our life, without activite,
 Giffis na frut, howbeit ane schado blume.
 Quhay dois thair life into this erd consume
 Without virtew, thair fame and memorie
 Sall vanis soner than the reky⁵ fume.

³ know.

⁴ In such fashion

⁵ smoky.

“ As watter purgis and makis bodyis fair,
 As fire be nature ascendis in the aire
 And purifyis with heitis vehement,
 As floure dois smell, as frute is nurisare,
 As precius balme revertis thingis sare⁶
 And makis thaim of rot impacient,
 As spice maist swete, as ros maist redolent,
 As stern of day⁷, be moving circulare,
 Chasis the nicht with bemis resplendent ;

⁶ converts sores.

⁷ the day star,
i.e. the sun.

“ Siclik my werk perfitis⁸ every wicht
 In fervent luf of maist excellent licht,
 And makis man into this erd but peir⁹,
 And dois the saule fra all corruptioun dicht¹⁰

⁸ perfects.

⁹ without peer.

¹⁰ wipe, cleanse.

With odoure dulce, and makis it more bricht
 Than Diane full, or yit Appollo cleir,
 Sine rasis it unto the hiest speir¹,
 Immortaly to schine in Goddis sicht,
 As chosin spous and creature most deir.

¹ sphere.² called.

“This othir wenche, that clepit² is Delite,
 Involvis man, be sensuall appetite,
 In every kind of vice and miserie;

³ hurts.

Becaus na wit nor reason is pefite
 Quhan scho is gide, bot skaithis³ infinite,
 With doloure, schame, and urgent povert.

⁴ mingled.

For sche wes get of frothis of the see,
 Quhilk signifies, hir pleseir vennomit
 Is midlit⁴ ay with scharp adversite.

⁵ warlike rage.

“Duke Hanniball, as mony outhouris wrait,
 Throw Spanye come, be mony passage strait,
 To Italy in furour bellicall⁵;

⁶ slit.

Brak down the wallis, and the montanis slait⁶,
 And to his army maid ane oppin gait,
 And victoryis had on the Romanis all.

⁷ delicate.

At Capua, be pleseir sensuall,
 This Duk wes maid so soft and diligait⁷
 That with his fois he wes sone ourthrall.

⁸ warlike.

“Of feirs Achill the weirlic⁸ dedis sprang

⁹ reigned.

In Troy and Grece quhill he in virtew rang⁹:
 How lust him slew it is bot reuth to heir.
 Siclik the Trojanis, with thair knichtis strang

The vailyeant Grekis fra thair roumes dang¹,
 Victoriouslie exercit mony yeir :
 That nicht thay went to thair lust and pleseir
 The fatall hors did throw thair wallis fang²,
 Quhais prignant sidis wer full of men of weir.

¹ drove from their
 realms.

² bite.

“Sardanapall, the prince effeminat,
 Fra knichtlie dedis wes degenerat;
 Twinand the thredis of the purpur lint
 With fingaris soft, amang the ladyis sat,
 And with his lust couth nocht be saciat,
 Quhill of his fois come the bitter dint.
 Quhat nobill men and ladyis hes bene tint³
 Quhen thay with lustis wer intoxicat,
 To schaw at lenth, my toung suld nevir stint⁴.

³ lost.

⁴ stop.

“Thairfore Camil, the vailyeant chevaleir,
 Quhen he the Gallis had dantit be his weir⁵,
 Of heritable landis wald have na recompence;
 For, gif his barnis⁶ and his freindis deir
 Wer virtewis, thay couth nocht fail ilk yeir
 To have ineuch be Romane providence;
 Gif thay wer gevin to vice and insolence
 It wes nocht neidfull for to conques geir⁷
 To be occasioun of thair incontinence.

⁵ daunted by his
 war.

⁶ children.

⁷ acquire sub-
 stance.

“Sum nobill men, as poetis list declare,
 Wer deifeit⁸, sum goddis of the aire,
 Sum of the hevin, as Eolus, Vulcan,
 Saturn, Mercury, Appollo, Jupitare,

⁸ deified.

¹ illustrious.

Mars, Hercules, and othir men preclare¹,
 That glore immortal in thair livis wan.
 Quhy wer thir peple callit goddis than?
 Becaus thay had ane virtew singulare,
 Excellent, hie abone ingine² of man.

² high above
genius.

“And otheris ar in reik sulphurius;
 As Ixion, and wery Sisiphus,
 Eumenides the Furyis richt odibill,
 The proud giandis, and thristy Tantalus;
 With huglie³ drink and fude most vennomus,
 Quhare flammis bald and mirknes⁴ ar sensibil.
 Quhy ar thir folk in panis so terribill?
 Becaus thay wer bot schrewis vicuis
 Into thair life, with dedis most horribill.

³ repulsive.⁴ darkness.⁵ solely.

“And thought na frute wer eftir consequent
 Of mortall life, bot for this warld present
 Ilk man to have allanerlie⁵ respect,
 Yit virtew suld fra vice be different
 As quik fra deid, as rich fra indigent.
 That ane to glore and honour ay direct,
 This othir, saule and body, to neclect;
 That ane of reason most intelligent,
 This othir of beistis following the affect.

⁶ would not.⁷ lives as beast
conscious of
knowledge.⁸ ages.⁹ overhauls.

“For he that nold⁶ aganis his lustis strive,
 Bot leiffis as beist of knowlege sensitive⁷,
 Eildis⁸ richt fast, and deith him sone our-halis⁹.
 Thairfore the mule is of ane langar live

Than stonit hors; also the barant wive¹

¹ barren wife.

Apperis young quhen that the brudie falis².

² the prolific fails.

We se also, quhen nature nocht prevalis,

The pane and dolour ar sa pungitive

No medicine the pacient avalis.

“Sen thow hes hard baith our intentis thus,

Cheis of us two the maist delitius;

First, to sustene ane scharp adversite,

Danting the rage of youtheid furius,

And sine posseid³ triumphe innumerus,

³ And then
possess.

With lang empire and hie felicite;

Or haif, ane moment, sensualite

Of fuliche youth, in life voluptuous,

And all thy dayis full of miserie.”

Be than, Phebus his firy cart did wry

Fra south to west, declinand besaly

To dip his steidis in the oceane,

Quhen he began ouirsile⁴ his visage dry

⁴ cover over.

With vapouris thik, and cloudis full of sky,

And Notus brim⁵, the wind meridiane

⁵ strong, raging.

With wingis donk and pennis full of rane,

Awalkenit me, that I nicht nocht aspy

Quhilk of thaim two was to his lady tane.

Bot sone I knew thay war the goddesses

That come in sleip to vailyeant Hercules

Quhen he was young and fre of every lore

To lust or honour, poverté or riches,

Quhen he contemptit lust and idilnes

¹ adorn.

That he in virtew nicht his life decore¹,
And werkis did of maist excellent glore.

The more incessit his panefull besines,

² praise.

His hie triumphe and loving² was the m^ore.

Thair, throw this morall eruditioun

Quhilk come, as said is, in my visioun,

I tuke purpos, or I forthir went,

To write the story of this regioun,

³ champion.

With dedis of mony illuster campioun³.

And, thought the pane apperis vehement,

To mak the story to the redaris more patent

I will begin at the discriptioun

Of Albion, in maner subsequent.

NOBILNES.

From the Proheme to the Translation of Boece's History.

FOR nobilnes sum-time the loving is¹,
That cumis be meritis of our eldaris gone.
As Aristotill writis in his Rethorikis,
Amang nobillis, quhay castin thaim repone²
Mon³ dres thair life and dedis one be one
To mak thaim worthy to have memore
For honour to thair prince or nation,
To be in glore to thair posterite.

Ane-othir kind thair is of nobilnes
That cumis be infusion naturall,
And makis ane man sa full of gentilnes,
Sa curtes, plesand, and sa liberall,
That every man dois him ane nobill call.
The lion is sa nobill, as men tellis,
He cannot rage aganis the bestis small,
Bot on thaim quhilkis⁴ his majeste rebellis.

The awfull⁵ churle is of ane-othir strind⁶.
Thought he be borne to vilest servitude
Thair may na gentrice⁷ sink into his mind,
To help his freind or nichtbour with his gud.

¹ the praise is.

² those who propose to take place.

³ must.

⁴ which.

⁵ fearful.

⁶ strain, race.

⁷ courtesy.

¹ same stock.

The bludy wolf is of the samin stude¹;
 He feris gret beistis and ragis on the small,
 And leiffis in slauchter, tyranny, and blud,
² overcome. But ony mercy, quhare he may ouirthrall².

This man is born ane nobill, thow will say,
 And gevin to sleuth and lust immoderat:
 All that his eldaris wan, he puttis away,
 And fra thair virtew is degenerat;
 The more his eldaris fame is elevat
 The more thair life to honour to approche;
 Thair fame and loving ay interminat,
 The more is ay unto his vice reproche.

³ host.

Amang the oist³ of Grekis, as we hard,
 Two knichtis war, Achilles and Tersete;
 That ane maist vailyeand, this othir maist coward.
 Better is to be, sayis Juvinall the poete,
 Tersetis son, havand Achilles sprete,
 With manly force his purpos to fulfill,
 Than to be lord of every land and strete,

⁴ come, begotten. And syne maist cowart, cumin⁴ of Achill.⁵ care.

Man, callit ay maist nobill creature,
 Becaus his life maist reason dois assay,
⁵ care. Ay sekand honour with his besy cure⁵,
 And is na noble quhen honour is away.
 Thairfore he is maist nobill man, thow say,
 Of all estatis, under reverence,
 That vailyeantly doith close the latter day,
⁶ dying. Of native cuntre deand⁶ in defence.

The glore of armis and of forcy dedis,¹

¹ powerful deeds.

Quhen thay ar worthy to be memoriall,
Na les be wit than manheid ay procedis.

As Plinius wrait in Story Naturall,
Ane herd of hertis is more strong at all,
Havand ane lion aganis the houndis foure,
Than herd of lionis arrayit in battall,
Havand ane hert to be thair governoure.

Quhen fers Achilles was be Paris slane,
Amang the Grekis began ane subtell plede,
Quhay was maist nobill and prudent capitane

Into his place and armour to succede;
Quhay couth² thaim best in every dangeir lede,
And sauf³ thair honour as he did afore.

² Who could.

³ save, preserve.

The vailyeant Ajax wan not for his manhede
Quhen wise Ulysses bure away the glore.

Manhede but prudence is ane fury blind,
And bringis ane man to schame and indegence.

Prudence but manhede cumis oft behind,
Howbeit it have na les intelligence
Of thingis to cum than gone, be sapience.

Thairfore quhen wit and manhede doith concurre
Hie honour risis with magnificence:
For glore to noblis is ane groundin spurre.

ADDRESS

TO BELLONA AND KING JAMES V.

*From the "Proloug apoun the Traduction of Titus Livius."**

ARMIPOTENT lady, Bellona serene,

¹ hazards of war. Goddes of wisdome and jeoperdyis of were¹,
Sister of Mars, and ledare of his rene.

And of his batallis awfull messingere!

Thy werelyke trumpett thounder in mine ere—
The horribill battellis and the bludy harmes—
To write of Romanis, the nobil men of armes.

And bricht Appollo with thy cours eterne,

That makis the frutis spring on every ground,

And with thy mychty influence dois governe

² map of the
world.

The twynkland sternes about the mappamound²!

³ diffuse.

Thy fyry visage on my vers diffound³,

⁴ the spirits of my
dull intelligence.

And quikin the spretis of my dull ingine⁴

⁵ glittering.
⁶ flame.

With rutiland⁵ bemes of thy low⁶ divine.

And ye my soverane be line continewall,

Ay cum of kingis your progenitouris,

And writis in ornate stile poetically

Quik-flowand vers of rethorik cullouris,

* The prologue consists of twenty stanzas, of which the first four and the last are here printed.

Sa freschlie springand in your lusty flouris
 To the grete comferte of all trew Scottismen,
 Be now my muse and ledare of my pen!

That be your helpe and favoure graci-
 I may be abill, as ye commandit me,
 To follow the prince of storie, Livius,
 Quhais curious ressouns tonit ar so hie.
 And every sens sa full of majeste
 That so he passes uther stories all,
 As silver Diane dois the sternis¹ small.

¹ stars.

For I intend of this difficill werk
 To mak ane end or I my lauboure stint²,
 War not the passage and stremes ar sa stark³,
 Quhare I have salit, full of crag and clynt⁴,
 That ruddir and takillis of my schip ar tynt⁵;
 And thus my schip, without ye mak support
 Wil peris lang or⁶ it cum to the port.

² stop.

³ strong, hard to
 encounter.

⁴ hard rock.

⁵ lost.

⁶ perish long ere.

THE EXCUSATION OF THE PRENTAR.

Prefixed to the Translation of Boece's History.

¹ Spirit.

INGYNE¹ of man be inclinaioun
In sindry wyse is geuin, as we se.
Sum men ar geuin to detractioun,
Inuy, displeseir, or malancolie,
And to thair nychbouris hes no cherite.
Sum ar so nobill and full of gentilnes,
Thay luf no-thing bot joy and merynes.

² Some are deep-
thinking.

³ war.

Sum ar at vndir², and sum maid vp of nocht :
Sum men luffis peace, and sum desiris weir³.
Sum is so blyth in-to his mery thocht

⁴ cares.

He curis⁴ nocht, so he may perseueir
In grace and fauour of his lady deir.

⁵ rage.
⁶ feud.

⁷ death.

Sum boldin⁵ at othir in maist cruell feid⁶,
With lance and dagnar rynniss to the deid⁷.

⁸ lives.

⁹ of good fellows
counts not a
bean.

Ane hes that mycht ane hundreth weil sustene,
And leiffis⁸ in wo and pennance at his table,
And of gud fallois comptis nocht ane bene⁹;
His wrechit mynd is so insaciabie ;
As heuin and hell wer no-thing bot ane fable

¹⁰ He burns, with-
out regard.

He birnis ay, but sycht¹⁰ to gud or euil,
And rynniss with all his baggis to the deuil.

And I the prentar, that dois considir weil

Thir sindry myndis of men in thair leuing¹,
Desiris nocht bot on my laubour leil²

¹ living.

² loyal.

That I mycht leif, and of my just wynnyng
Mycht first pleis God, and syne our noble Kyng,
And that ye reders bousum and attent³
Wer of my laubour and besynes content.

³ compliant and
attentive.

And in this wark, that I haue heir assailyeit

To bring to lycht, maist humely I exhort
Yow nobill reders, quhare that I haue failyeit

In letter, sillabe, poyntis lang or schort,

That ye will of your gentrice it support⁴,
And tak the sentence⁵ the best wyse ye may ;
I sall do better, will God, ane-othir day.

⁴ of your courtesy
forbear with it.

⁵ composition.

ANNO DOMINI.

The opening stanzas of "The Benner of Pietie."

QUHEN goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram
Into the Bull to mak his mansioun,
And hornit Dean in the Virgin cam
With visage pail in hir assentioun,
Approcheand to hir oppositioun;
Quhen donk Awrora with hir mistie schowris,
Fleand of skyis the bricht reflexioun,
Hir siluer teiris skalit¹ on the flouris;

¹ scattered.

The sesoun quhen the greit Octavian
Baith erd² and seis had in his gouernance
With diademe as roy Cesarian
In maist excellent honor and plesance,
With every gloir that micht his fame adyance;
Quhen he the croun of hie triumphe had worne,
Be quhais peax and royell ordinance

² earth.

³ declared rebel. The furious Mars wes blawin to the horne³;
See note, p. 97.

⁴ same.

The samyne⁴ tyme quhen God omnipotent
Beheld of man the greit callamitie,
And thocht the tyme wes than expedient
Man to redeme fra thrald captiuite,

And to reduce him to felicitie
 With body and sawle to be glorificat
 Quhilk wes condempnit in the lymb¹ to bie
 Fra² he wes first in syn prevaricat;

¹ limbo.² From the time
when.

Before the Fader, Mercye than appeiris
 With flude of teris rainnand fra hir ene,
 Said, "Man hes bene in hell fyve thowsand yeiris,
 Sen he wes maid in feild of Damascene,
 And cruwall tormentis dayly dois sustene
 But ony confort, cryand for mercie.

How may thy grace nocht with thy pietie mene³ lament.
 Off thy awin⁴ werk the greit infirmitie?"

³ own.

"And be the contrare," then said Veretie,
 "Thy word eterne but end is permanent,
 Vnalterat, but mvtabilitie,
 Withowttin slicht of ony argument;
 Quhen Adame wes fund inobedient
 In Paradice thruche his ambitioun,
 Perpetually, be richtous jugement,
 Off thy blist visage tynt⁵ fruisioun."

⁵ lost.

Than Pece said, "Lord haif in thy memorie
 That man, thy wark, was creat to that fyne⁶,
 That he nicht haif perfyte felicitie
 With thé aboif the hevynis cristellyne—
 Quhilk Lucifer did thrwch his foly tyne—
 Sumtyme maid to thy image worthiest:
 It wes said than be prophecie devyne
 That thow sowld sleip and in my bosom rest."

⁶ end.

And Justice said, "His odious offence
 Contrare thy hie excellent dignitie,
 His oppin syn and wilfull negligence,
 Befoir thy sicht sowld mair aggregit¹ bie,
 Sen thow art Alpha, O, and Veretie:
 Be richtous dome, Adame and all his seid,
 For tressone done agane thy maiestie,
 Condempnit is to thoill² the bitter deid³."

¹ aggravated.

² suffer.
³ death.

Thir ladeis foure, contending beselie
 With argumentis and mony strong repplyis,
 Beffoir the blissit Fader equalie,
 Sum for justice, and sum for mercie cryis.
 The Fader wret ane sentence in this wyiss,
 "For tressone done aganis oure maiestie,
 The bittir deid salbe ane sacrificyiss
 The grit offence of man to satisfie."

KING JAMES THE FIFTH.

KING JAMES THE FIFTH.

MORE romance is associated in the popular mind of Scotland with the career of James the Fifth than with that of any other of the romantic race of Stuart, except perhaps the last of the line, the hero of the '45. For three centuries stories of the amours and escapades of "the Gudeman of Ballengeich" have formed the familiar tradition of the countryside; his exploits have been the subject of innumerable songs, ballads, and minstrel lays, from "The Jolly Beggar" itself, to "The Lady of the Lake"; and even at the present day the eye of a Scotsman kindles with lively reminiscence at mention of the kindly "King of the Commons."

Son of that gallant James who fell at Flodden, and of Margaret, the hot-blooded sister of Henry VIII., he might have been predicted to make for himself a life more eventful than that of most men. His time, besides, fell at a crisis in Scottish history—the meeting of the counter currents of the old order and the new in the Reformation. Whatever the causes, the fact remains that from his birth at Linlithgow on 10th April, 1512, till his death at Falkland on 14th

December, 1542, the career of James V. presents a continuous series of personal episodes as dramatic as anything on the historic stage. Dating his reign from the most tragic disaster in Scottish history, he was crowned King of Scotland before he could speak, a month after his father's death on the battlefield. Smiled on by the Muses in his cradle, his childish gambols have been made a sunny picture for all time by the verses of his childhood's companion, one of the greatest of the national poets. Invested with the sceptre at twelve years of age, at sixteen he suddenly astonished his enemies by proving that he could wield it, making himself at one stroke and in a few hours absolute master of Scotland.

Nothing, perhaps, shows one side of the character of James—his decision, daring, and resolute energy—better than the transaction of the night in May, 1528, when, slipping the Douglas leash at Falkland, he galloped through the defiles of the Ochils with Jockie Hart, and appeared at once as unquestioned king among his nobles at Stirling. As energetic, however, and almost as dramatic were the young monarch's measures for restoring order in his disordered realm. Under the Douglas usurpation every abuse had been rampant, might had everywhere overridden right, and outrage had everywhere scorched the land with sorrow and fire. Such a state of things was only to be righted by an iron hand, and if the acts of James have sometimes appeared severe to modern eyes, there can be no doubt that severity was needed. In particular, the young king's descent upon the Border

has been remembered in story and song.* Shutting up the Border lords beforehand in Edinburgh, he swept suddenly through Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, and Teviotdale, surprising freebooters like Cockburn of Henderland, Scott of Tushielaw, and Johnnie Armstrong, in their own fastnesses, and by the execution of swift, sharp justice reduced these lawless regions forthwith to tranquillity. . . . Rebellions in the Orkneys and the Western Isles were quelled with tact and promptitude; the attempts of the Douglasses upon the marches were met and defeated by superior force, and the insidious approaches of Henry VIII. were checkmated by sending a force of seven thousand Highlanders over seas to assist O'Donnel, the Irish chief, in his efforts to shake off the English yoke.

One incident in the life of James illustrates vividly the spirit of extravagant devotion which the character of the Stuarts from first to last seems to have been capable of exciting in their followers. During a royal progress through his dominions the young king was entertained by the Earl of Athole in a sumptuous palace of wood erected for the occasion on a meadow at the foot of Ben y Gloe. Hung with tapestries of silk and gold, and lit by windows of stained glass, this palace, surrounded by a moat and by towers of defence in the manner of a feudal castle, lodged the king more luxuriously than any of his own residences. Yet on the departure of the royal cavalcade the Earl, declaring that the palace which had lodged

* The dramatic incidents of the raid have been immortalized in famous ballads like "Johnnie Armstrong," "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," and "The Border Widow's Lament."

the sovereign should never be profaned by accommodating a subject, to the astonishment of the Papal legate who was present, ordered the whole fabric, with all that it contained, to be given to the flames.

It was at this period of his life that James engaged in most of those romantic adventures by which, under his assumed name of "the Gudeman of Ballengeich," he is popularly remembered. He was as fearless as he was energetic, and upon tidings of misdeeds, however remote, he made no hesitation in getting instantly on horseback and spurring at the head of his small personal retinue to attack and punish the evil-doers. In these excursions he constantly shared extreme perils and privations with his followers. These and the perils of his too frequent intrigues with the fair daughters of his subjects form the burden of most of the traditions current regarding him. One of the most characteristic of these traditions is preserved by Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, was used by the great romancist for the plot of "The Lady of the Lake," and forms the subject of the favourite drama of "Cramond Brig." Another, hardly less dramatic and amusing, also preserved by Scott, is that of James's turning the tables upon Buchanan of Arnpryor, the bold "King of Kippen."

None of his adventures, however, surpasses in romantic incident the weightier matter of the king's own marriage. In the hope of withdrawing Scotland from the support of France in the great continental rivalry then going on, the Emperor Charles V. had in turn offered James alliance with his sister, the Queen

of Hungary, his niece the daughter of the King of Denmark, and with a second niece the Princess Mary of Portugal; while Henry VIII. had offered his own daughter Mary to the young monarch. In one case the whole of Norway was offered by way of dowry. But James had a mind of his own on the subject, and was not to be tempted from the ancient policy of the country. Sir David Lyndsay was accordingly despatched to arrange a marriage with the daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, the head of the princely house of Bourbon. The treaty was all but concluded, when suddenly, among the attendants of some nobles freshly arrived from Scotland, the princess recognised James himself. Irking at his envoy's delay he had hit upon this device for forming personal acquaintance with his bride, but his identity was betrayed by a portrait which he had previously sent her. For eight days he was sumptuously entertained by the Bourbons, but, dissatisfied in some way with the choice which had been made for him, he formed an excuse to visit the court of Francis I. There he fell in love with the king's eldest daughter, the fragile Princess Magdalene. She, it appears, became also passionately attached to him, and, notwithstanding all obstacles—the warnings of the physicians and the reluctance of Francis to expose his daughter to an inhospitable climate, the two were married on 1st January, 1537, and after four months of rejoicings and utmost happiness sailed for Scotland. The gallant fleet of fifty ships sailed up the Firth of Forth on the 28th of May, and it is narrated that as

she landed to pass to Holyrood the fair young queen stooped down and kissed the soil of her husband's country.

This romantic method of royal match-making, however, must be considered to have cost James dear. His continued absence from the country had left room for the machinations of his enemies; his previous good fortune seemed, upon his return, to fail him; and worst of all, amid the increasing troubles of the time he seems to have been oppressed by a certain foreboding.

Forty days after landing, and while preparations were being made for her triumphal progress through the country, the seventeen-year-old queen died. "And," says Lindsay of Pitscottie, "the king's heavy moan that he made for her was greater than all the rest." A second marriage, it is true, was, for political reasons, and with the approval of Francis, forthwith arranged for James, and in the summer of 1538 Marie, daughter of the Duc de Guise, was received with gallant display by her royal consort at St. Andrews. But three months later, news arrived from France that the daughter of the Duc de Vendôme had sickened of her disappointment, and was dead. "Quhairat," to quote Pitscottie again, "when the King of Scotland got wit, he was highlie displeasid (distressed), thinkand that he was the occasion of that gentlewoman's death also."

Meanwhile the intrigues of Henry VIII. and the banished Douglasses had succeeded in corrupting a great part of the Scottish nobility. Twice was the life of James attempted; first by the Master of Forbes, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Angus, and next by

Angus's sister, Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis. With envious eyes and diminishing loyalty the Scottish nobles saw the English peers enriched by Henry's distribution of the confiscated church lands, while James consistently refused to carry out the same plan of spoliation in Scotland. The climax of the young king's troubles was reached in 1542. Hitherto Henry VIII., in his designs upon the independence of the northern kingdom, had confined himself to the arts of policy and bribery, suborning the trusted servants of the crown, and embroiling James between the rights of the church and the ambition of the nobles. Now, however, the time seemed ripe, and he sent the English forces openly across the Border. These were met and routed with courage and promptitude; and, overjoyed at his success, the Scottish king had made full preparations for retaliating, and was marching south at the head of his army, when at Fala his nobles suddenly refused to carry war into England, and forced him to abandon the campaign. This dishonour before his people, followed immediately by the disgraceful rout of a Scottish army at Solway Moss, broke the gallant young monarch's heart. To add to his sorrows his two infant sons had died within a short time of each other. Upon hearing of the destruction of his troops he shut himself up in the palace of Falkland, where, overwhelmed with grief and despair, he sank under a burning fever. One hope still sustained him: the birth of an heir to the throne was hourly expected. On the 7th of December news arrived that the queen had been safely delivered. To

the king's eager question the messenger replied that the infant was "ane fair dochter." "Is it so?" said James; "Fairweill! The crown cam with a lass, and it will gang with a lass." Whereupon, in the quaint words of Pitscottie, "he commendit himselff to the Almighty God, and spak litle from thensforth, bot turned his back to his lords and his face to the wall." On the 14th of December he passed away.

There exists an interesting description of James from the pen of Ronsard, who accompanied the queen from France and was a servant at the Scottish court.

Ce Roy d'Escosse etoit en la fleur de ses ans ;
 Ses cheveux non tondues, comme fin or luisans,
 Cordonnez et crespez, flottans dessus sa face,
 Et, sur son cou de lait, luy donnoit bon grace.
 Son port etoit royal, son regard vigoureux,
 De vertus et d'honneur et de guerre amoureux ;
 La douceur et la force illustroit son visage,
 Si que Venus et Mars en avoient fait partage.

Not yet thirty-one years of age at his death, and notwithstanding the corrupting influences to which in early youth he had been purposely exposed by the Douglasses, James had shown himself a noble and active prince. Had he gone with the tide and consented to gratify his courtiers with the plunder of the monasteries, like Henry VIII., his reign might have been less troubled and his memory less maligned by interested historians. He has been chiefly accused of an unrelenting severity towards members of the house of Douglas, and of cruelty in assenting to the death of Lady Glamis. Buchanan's assertion, how-

ever, of the innocence of this lady, though followed by many historians, has been sufficiently answered by Tytler;* and James's consistent refusal to show favour to the Douglasses can be blamed by no one who takes into consideration the king's early treatment by that house, the insult and ravage with which they met his assumption of power, their persistent attempts to undermine his authority and take his life, and the final success which, by his death in the prime of manhood, finally crowned their efforts. Like his ancestor, the first of his name, James succeeded for a time in making "the bush keep the cow" in Scotland, and had he only been moderately supported by those who should have been his lieutenants, there can be no doubt that he would presently have made his realm a model of just administration. As it is, his reign must be honourably remembered for what he accomplished in this direction, and for the wise laws which he made for the restraint of feudal violence. A monument of his administrative power exists in the establishment of the College of Justice, which, under the name of the Court of Session, remains the supreme tribunal of Scotland to the present day.

But there is reason for believing that James the Fifth left evidence of genius in another field. Drummond of Hawthornden in his *History* (p. 346) states that "James V. was naturally given to poesie, as many of

* *History of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 361, and note z. The historian shows that the attempt to poison the king was by no means the first capital offence of which Lady Glamis had been convicted, though her youth and beauty were used by the reforming party to excite popular feeling against James.

his works yet extant testifie." Bellenden in his prologue to Livy thus addresses the king :

And ye, my soverane, be line continewall
 Ay cum of kingis youre progenitouris,
 And writis in ornate stile poeticall
 Quik-flowand vers of rethorik cullouris,
 Sa freschlie springand in youre lusty flouris
 To the gret comfort of all trew Scottismen,
 Be now my Muse and ledare of my pen.

And one of Lyndsay's poems, the "Answer maid to the Kingis Flyting" leaves no doubt on the subject. The writer begins by stating that he has read the monarch's "ragment," and he ends with a compliment on the royal verse :

Now, Schir, fairweill, because I can nocht flyte ;
 And thocht I could I wer nocht till avance,
 Aganis your ornate meter to indyte.

The fame of James V.'s poetical talents is even understood to have spread as far as Italy, and to have led to his mention by Ariosto.*

Four separate poems attributed to James are extant at the present day—"Peblis to the Play," "Christis Kirk on the Grene," "The Gaberlunzieman," and "The Jolly Beggar." The authorship of the last two of these has at no time been seriously questioned. The authenticity of "Peblis to the Play" and "Christis Kirk," however, has been the subject of considerable debate, some critics assigning these two poems to James the First. The evidence on both sides may be briefly stated.

John Mair, who wrote his history *De Gestis Scotorum* in 1518, states that James I., among his other compo-

* *Orlando Furioso*, canto xiii., stanzas 8 and 9.

sitions, wrote a pleasant and skilful song, "At Beltayn," which, since the original was inaccessible, certain persons had sought to counterfeit. It happens that the opening stanza of "Peblis to the Play" begins with "At Beltane." This, with the fact of the poem's mention in "Christis Kirk," forms the chief plea for attributing "Peblis to the Play" to James I. Next, the earliest known copy of "Christis Kirk," that in the Bannatyne MS. (1568), is subscribed "Quod K. James the First." This is the only external evidence for ascribing the poem to that monarch. On the other hand, by those who dispute the authorship of James I., the slightness of Mair's evidence regarding "Peblis to the Play," and the presumption of Bannatyne's blundering regarding "Christis Kirk," have been dwelt upon. "At Beltayn," it is remarked, was in the sixteenth century, by Mair's own statement, a hackneyed opening to a poem; while, as for Bannatyne's colophon, it is pointed out that in the title of the next poem but one in his collection he writes "James the Fyift," or as some read it, "the Fyrst," in mistake for James the Fourth, and he may have made a similar error in regard to "Christis Kirk." In support of this view it is asserted* that by common tradition, previous to the discovery of the Bannatyne MS., these poems were invariably attributed to James V.; and this assertion is supported by the usage of the early writers, Dempster in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Bishop Gibson in 1691, and James Watson in 1706. The authority

* Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*.

of these writers, however, no less than that of common tradition, has in turn been questioned by the supporters of the claim of James I.,* and it has been pointed out that in Maitland's MS. (1585) no name is appended to "Peblis to the Play," an omission which, it is suggested, could hardly have occurred had Maitland known James V. to be the author. But again, in support of James V. it may reasonably be urged that the important poem of "Christis Kirk" is mentioned in their histories neither by Mair nor by Bellenden when dealing with James I.; that that king is not even mentioned among the makars by Dunbar in his famous "Lament"; that none of the four poems is to be found in the MS. of John Asloan, written before James V.'s time, in 1515; and that while Lyndsay in his earlier composition, the prologue to the "Papyngo," in 1530,† makes no mention of James I. as a reputed author, in 1538, in his "Justyng betuix Watsoun and Barbour," he pays "Christis Kirk" the compliment of copying several conspicuous expressions,‡ the natural inference being that "Christis

* Irving's *History of Scottish Poetry*, p. 145.

† The failure of Dunbar, Asloan, and Lyndsay to mention James I. upon the strength of "The Kingis Quair" may be accounted for by the situation of that poem, the only copy now known to exist being that contained in the Selden MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. No such argument can account for the overlooking of popular pieces like "Christis Kirk" and "Peblis to the Play" had they been then in existence.

‡ In "Christis Kirk" occur the expressions—

"His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis; . . .
Ran vpoun vtheris lyk rammis; . . .
Bet on with barrow trammis;"

and in "The Justyng" we find—

"Quod Jhone, 'Howbeit thou thinkis my leggis lyke rokkis . . .
Yit, thocht thy braunis be lyk twa barrow-trammis,
Defend thee, man!' Than ran thay to, lyk rammis."

Kirk" was not composed before the former year. On the whole, therefore, the external evidence may be considered almost evenly balanced. The internal evidence is somewhat more delicate.

The familiarity with peasant manners and character which both poems display had been made much of as an argument. This, however, can be held to prove nothing, since both James I. and James V. are said to have had the habit of wandering among their subjects in disguise. Neither can the language of the compositions be taken as of much account. The more antique words, as in the expressions, "Ye sall pay *at ye aucht*," "He hydīs *tyt*," and "On thame *swyth*," are paralleled by James V.'s contemporaries, Douglas and Lyndsay, and probably lingered late in the use of the common people whom the poems describe; while, on the other hand, more modern words, like "ane," "quha" (in the sense of "who"),* "began," and "happenis" (halfpence), which might be used to support the claims of James V., may be accounted for by changes introduced in transcription. An ingenious argument has been adduced from the use, or rather misuse of archery in "Christis Kirk."† James I., it appears, upon his return from captivity, made a law compelling the constant practice of the bow; and it has been suggested that that king, wishing to fortify the statutes of law by the aid of ridicule, wrote the poem as a satire upon the clumsiness of the Scottish peasantry in the use of the

* See Murray's *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, pp. 56 and 69.

† Rogers' *Poetical Remains of King James I.*, 1873.

weapon. The same critics aver further that archery had become obsolete in the time of James V., hagbut and arquebus having taken its place. The argument, however, appears somewhat conjectural. According to Barbour's *Bruce* the bow was one of the chief Scottish weapons of war from the earliest times, and an island in Loch Lomond still bears the yew-trees said to have been planted by King Robert for its supply; while so late as the time of Queen Mary the bow remained a favourite weapon in the field of sport, if not in the field of battle.* A serious obstacle in the way of attributing these poems to James I. has been pointed out by Professor Skeat in the lateness of their style and metre. He remarks, as an instance, that in stanza 19 of "Peblis to the Play" we find *stokks* rhymed with *ox*, whereas in the time of James I. the plural of *stok* was *stokkis*.† Further, he remarks, "It will be found by no means easy to point out any undoubted example of the use of the rollicking metre (of these poems) anterior to the year 1450; whereas James I. died in 1437." Another point might be made of the fact that poems of this burlesque description seem to have been greatly in vogue about James V.'s time. It is enough to cite "The Tournament of Tottenham" printed by Percy, Dunbar's "Justis betuix the Tailyour and the Sowtar," Lyndsay's

* In 1526-27, according to the Treasurer's Accounts, £13 6s. 8d. was paid "to Johne Murray the Kingis barbour, for corsbowis, windaiss, and ganzies" (crossbows, pulleys, and arrows). And Alexander Scot in his poem "Of May," *circa* 1550, describes the merry gathering of archers "To schute at buttis, at bankis, and brais."

† Introduction to *The Kingis Quair*, Scottish Text Society, 1883-84.

“Justing betuix James Watsoun and Jhone Barbour,” and Scot’s “Justing at the Drum.” The most cogent argument, however, should naturally be one derived from the general tone of the poems. On this point one writer, Guest, in his *English Rhythms*, has said, “One can hardly suppose those critics serious who attribute this song (‘Christis Kirk’) to the moral and sententious James I.”; and Professor Skeat has added that “while there is no resemblance to ‘The Kingis Quair’ discoverable (in these poems), there is a marked dissimilarity in the tone, in the vocabulary, and in the metre.” On the other hand, it is to be observed that the style and strain of humour, both of “Peblis to the Play” and of “Christis Kirk,” resemble as closely as possible those of “The Gaberlunzieman” and “The Jolly Beggar,” which have always been attributed to James V., while they are also in entire keeping with what is known of the actual humour and temper of that king.

Absolute proof of the authorship, it must be admitted, is wanting, but upon the whole the available evidence appears to favour James V.; the majority of the critics, from Warton and Ritson to Stopford Brooke, have favoured this view; and, to quote Sibbald, “it appears safer in this instance to trust to vulgar tradition than to the *ipse dixit* of Bannatyne, who seems to have had but an indistinct notion of our different kings of the name of James.”

The earliest and best copy of “Christis Kirk on the Grene” is that contained in Bannatyne’s MS., now made available by the Hunterian Club. The poem is

also contained in the Maitland MS., from which it was printed by Pinkerton in his *Ancient Scottish Poems* (Appendix II., 444). "Peblis to the Play" is also contained in the Maitland folio, and was printed from it by Pinkerton in his *Select Scottish Ballads* in 1783. Of both poems there have been many other editions. Most of these, however, contain texts very much corrupted, and none of the editors except Pinkerton appears to have seen the Maitland MS. "The Gaberlunzieman" and "The Jolly Beggar" have shared the haphazard fortune of their sister compositions, and in their case it is more difficult to ascertain a standard text. All four pieces are printed in the Perth edition of "The Works of James I.", 1786, though the editor mentions that "The Gaberlunzieman" and "The Jolly Beggar" are commonly ascribed to James V. In the present volume "The Gaberlunzieman" follows the text given in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, while "The Jolly Beggar" follows that in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*.

"Christis Kirk" has for several hundred years been one of the most popular of Scottish poems. Dr. Irving cites as a proof of its fame and popularity in the eighteenth century the lines of Pope :

One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.

As an illustration of ancient rustic humour and a description of low manners in its time it remains perhaps the best thing in the language. The only composition which competes with it for the first place in its class is the "Jolly Beggars" of Robert Burns.

The two additional cantos which Allan Ramsay wrote for it in no way approach the spontaneity and boisterous energy of the original poem.

“Peblis to the Play” deals with a similar subject in similar manner, and has generally been considered to possess less merit than “Christis Kirk.” It certainly falls short of the riotous uproar of its companion piece, and beats the air throughout with a gentler wing; but its touches describing traits of rustic character are not less deft, the humour is here and there of a tenderer sort, and the subject displays more variety. The poem presents an admirable picture of the day’s enjoyment of rustic lads and lasses at a country fair, and is not the less artistic for its touch of rustic pathos near the end.

“The Gaberlunzieman” and “The Jolly Beggar” are said by tradition to celebrate two of James V.’s own adventures with country girls. It must be acknowledged that they are quite in keeping with the legends current regarding the too gallant monarch. One such tradition, recorded by Percy, narrates how the king used to visit a smith’s daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh; but it is not known whether the intrigue with her had any connection with either of the poems. Whatever the facts of the case, the two compositions remain unsurpassed examples of a certain typical, pawky vein of Scottish humour. “The Jolly Beggar,” besides, contains in burlesque miniature all the essentials of a romantic drama.

Upon the strength of these four compositions a place may be claimed for James V. in the first rank

of the writers of humorous pastoral poetry—poetry which finds its inspiration in the actual common life of the people. In this department the king has been rivalled, though hardly surpassed, only by the inspired peasant, Burns himself. Regarding the vitality of his work a trenchant remark has recently been made by one of the foremost critics of the day.* “While much of the contemporary and earlier poetry of Scotland,” he says, “is now read only as an historical illustration of the development of literature, that of James V., if he really wrote the gay pieces attributed to him, is read for its native merit.”

* In *The Daily News*, March 19, 1892.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.



AT Beltane,* quhen ilk bodie bownis¹
To Peblis to the play,
To heir the singin' and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say;
Be firth² and forrest furth they found³,
Thay graythit⁴ tham full gay;
God wait that wald thay do that stound⁵,
For it was thair feist day,
Thay said,
Of Peblis to the play.

All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew;
For reiling⁶ thair nicht na man rest,
For garray and for glew⁷.
Ane said "My curches⁸ ar nocht prest!"
Than answerit Meg full blew⁹,
"To get an hude I hald it best."
"Be Goddis saull that is true!"
Quod scho¹⁰,
Of Peblis to the play.

¹ when each person sets forth.

² By outland.

³ went.

⁴ clad.

⁵ time, occasion.

⁶ turmoil.

⁷ For preparation and sport.

⁸ kerchiefs.

⁹ gloomy.

¹⁰ Said she.

* Beltane, believed to be from the Gaelic Beal-tein, or Baal fire, was the great Druid festival of the first of May. The sports of Beltane, it appears, were celebrated at Peebles till a recent date, when a market was established, known as the Beltane Fair.

She tuik the tippet¹ be the end;
 To lat it hing scho leit not².
 Quod he, "Thy bak sall beir ane bend³;"
 "In faith," quod she, "we meit not!"
 Scho was so guckit and so gend⁴
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht.
 Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend⁵,
 "Be still, my joy, and greit not⁶,
 Now,
 Of Peblis to the play!"

 "Evir, allace!" than said scho,
 "Am I nocht cleirlie tynt⁷?
 I dar nocht cum yon mercat⁸ to,
 I am so evvil sone-brint⁹.
 Amang you merchands my dudds do¹⁰,
 Marie; I sall anis mynt¹¹
 Stand of far and keik¹² thaim to,
 As I at hame was wont,"
 Quod scho,
 Of Peblis to the play.

 Hop, calye, and cardronow¹³
 Gaderit out thik-fald¹⁴;
 With "hey and how rohumbelow"
 The young folk were full bald.
 The bagpipe blew, and thai out-threw¹⁵
 Out of the townis untald¹⁶.
 Lord, sic ane schout was thame amang
 Quhen thai were ower the wald¹⁷,
 Thair west,
 Of Peblis to the play!

¹ collarette.² permitted not.³ band, ribbon.⁴ so foolish and playful.⁵ knew⁶ weep not.⁷ lost.⁸ market.⁹ so badly sunburnt.¹⁰ carry my rags, *i.e.* woven cloth.¹¹ shall once venture.¹² look by stealth.¹³ Man, woman, and prentice-lad (Hob, caile, curdower).¹⁴ Gathered out thick-fold.¹⁵ thronged out.¹⁶ steadings unnumbered.¹⁷ over the plain.

- Ane young man stert in-to that steid¹
 Als cant² as ony colt,
 Ane birken hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said "Mirrie madinis, think not lang³,
 The wedder is fair and smolt⁴:"
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang⁵;
 "Thair fure⁶ ane man to the holt⁷,"
 Quod he,
 Of Peblis to the play.
- Thay had nocht gane half of the gait⁸
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame;
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait⁹
 How at¹⁰ thai wald dispone¹¹ thame.
 Ane said, "The fairest fallis me;
 Tak ye the laif¹² and fone¹³ thame."
 Ane-uther said "Wys lat me be!
 On, Twedell syd, and on thame
 Swyth¹⁴!
 Of Peblis to the play."
- Than he to-ga and scho to-ga¹⁵,
 And never ane bad abyd you.
 Ane winklot¹⁶ fell, and her tail up,
 "Wow," quod Malkin¹⁷, "hyd yow!
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua¹⁸?
 Yon man will not ourryd¹⁹ you."
 "Ar ye owr gude²⁰," quod scho, "I say,
 To lat thame gang²¹ besyd yow,
 Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the play?"

¹ started in that place.² lively.³ become not weary.⁴ clear, mild.⁵ raised a high rough song.⁶ fared.⁷ wood.⁸ way.⁹ conceit, opinion.¹⁰ that.¹¹ dispose of.¹² remainder.¹³ play the fool with.¹⁴ Swiftly.¹⁵ encountered.¹⁶ young woman.¹⁷ maukin, a little maid.¹⁸ to play the mate so.¹⁹ override.²⁰ too good.²¹ go.

Than thai come to the townis end
 Withouttin more delai,
 He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To see quha was maist gay.
 All that luikit thame upon
 Leuche¹ fast at thair array :
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk,
 Sum said the Quene of May
 Was cumit²
 Of Peblis to the play.

¹ Laughed.² Was come.

Than thai to the taverne hous
 With meikle oly³ prance ;
 Ane spak wi' wourdis wonder crous⁴
 "A done⁵ with ane mischance !"
 "Braid up the burde," he hydis tyt⁶,
 "We ar all in ane trance⁷.
 Se that our napre be quhyt⁸,
 For we will dyn and daunce
 Thair out,
 Of Peblis to the play."

³ jollity.⁴ words wondrous
brave.⁵ Have done (?).⁶ "Set up the
board," he
calls soon.⁷ dance, party.⁸ napery be white.⁹ good woman,
hostess.¹⁰ wall.¹¹ Wait till we
reckon our
lawing (bill).¹² that ye owe.¹³ laugh.¹⁴ scorn.

Ay as the gudwyf⁹ brocht in,
 Ane scorit upon the wauch¹⁰.
 Ane bad pay, ane-ither said "Nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch¹¹."
 The gud-wyf said, "Have ye na dreid ;
 Ye sall pay at ye aucht¹²."
 Ane young man start upon his feit,
 And he began to lauche¹³,
 For heydin¹⁴
 Of Peblis to the play.

He gat ane trincheour in his hand

And he began to compt;

“Ilk man twa and ane happenie¹!

¹ twopence half-penny.

To pay thus we war wount.”

Ane-uther stert upon his feit,

And said “Thow art our blunt²

² over stupid.

To tak sic office upoun hand!

Be God thow servite ane dunt³

³ deserved a blow.

Of me,

Of Peblis to the play.”

“Ane dunt,” quod he, “quhat dewil is that?

Be God, yow dar not du’d!”

He stert till ane broggit stauf⁴,

⁴ pointed staff.

Wincheand as he war woode⁵.

⁵ Wincing as he were mad.

All that hous was in an reirde⁶:

⁶ uproar.

Ane cryit, “The halie rude!

Help us, Lord, upon this erde⁷,

⁷ earth.

That thair be spilt na blude

Heirin,

Of Peblis to the play!”

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis,

Withouttin ony reddin⁸.

⁸ clearance, settlement.

Gilbert in ane gutter glayde⁹—

⁹ slid.

He gat na better beddin.

Thair wes not ane of thame that day

Wald do ane-utheris biddin:

Thairby lay thre and threttie-sum¹⁰

¹⁰ Thirty-three lay there.

Thrunland¹¹ in ane midding

¹¹ Tumbling about.

Off draff¹²,

¹² distiller's waste.

Of Peblis to the play.

¹ A hawker on the
market street.

² debate, battle.

³ overtake.

⁴ glimpse.

⁵ separate.

⁶ leaped.

⁷ girthing.

⁸ At once.

⁹ dirtied.

¹⁰ became.

¹¹ low-born.

¹² counsel.

¹³ Go home his
ways.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait¹
Hard thame bargane² begin;
He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;
Scantlie scho nicht ourhye³ him.*

He held, scho drew, for dust that day
Nicht na man se ane styme⁴
To red⁵ thame
Of Peblis to the play.

He stert to his greit gray meir,
And of he tumblit the creilis.
“Alace!” quod scho, “hald our gude-man!”
And on hir knees scho kneilis.
“Abyd,” quod scho; “Why, nay,” quod he;
In-till his stirrapis he lap⁶;
The girthing⁷ brak, and he flew of,
And upstart bayth his heilis
At anis⁸,
Of Peblis to the play.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout
And be the fute scho gat him;
All bedirtin⁹ drew him out;
“Lord God, richt weil that sat¹⁰ him!”
He said, “Quhare is yon cubroun¹¹ knaif?”
Quod scho, “I reid¹² ye, lat him
Gang hame his gaites¹³.” “Be God,” quod he,
I sall anis have at him
Yit,
Of Peblis to the play.”

* Two lines of the stanza have here apparently been lost.

“Ye fylit¹ me, fy for schame!” quod scho;

¹ defiled.

“Se as² ye have drest³ me!

² See how.
³ treated.

How feil ye, schir?” “As my girdin brak,

Quhat meikle⁴ devil may lest⁵ me.

⁴ great.
⁵ hinder.

I wait⁶ weil quhat; it wes

⁶ know.

My awin gray meir that kest me,

Or gif I wes forfochtin⁷ faynt,

⁷ fatigued.

And syn⁸ lay down to rest me

⁸ then.

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the play.”

Be that⁹ the bargane was all playit;

⁹ By the time that.

The stringis stert out of thair nokks¹⁰;

¹⁰ notches
(of bows).

Sevin-sum that the tulye¹¹ maid

¹¹ broil.

Lay gruffling¹² in the stokks.

¹² grovelling.

John Jacksoun of the nether warde

Had lever have giffin¹³ an ox

¹³ Had rather
given.

Or¹⁴ he had cuming in that cumpanie,

¹⁴ Ere.

He sware be Goddis lockkis

And mannis bayth,

Of Peblis to the play.

With that Will Swane come sueitand out,

Ane meikle miller man;

“Gif I sall dance have donn¹⁵, lat se,

¹⁵ favourite.

Blaw up the bagpyp than!

The schamou's dance¹⁶ I mon begin

¹⁶ a dance now
unknown.

I trow it sall not pane.”

So hevelie he hockit¹⁷ about,

¹⁷ jerked, rocked.

To see him, Lord, as¹⁸ thair ran

¹⁸ how.

That tyd,

Of Peblis to the play!

¹ dwelling.

Thay gadderit out of the toun¹,
And neirar him thai dreuche;

Ane bade gif the daunsaris rowme;

² performs wondrous long.

Will Swane makis wounder teuche².

Than all the wenschis Te he! thai playit;

³ laughed.

But, Lord, as Will Young leuche³!

⁴ hence your ways.

“Gude gossip, come hyn your gaitis⁴,

⁵ enough.

For we have daunsit aneuche⁵

At anis

At Peblis at the play.”

⁶ So fiercely fire-hot.

Sa ferslie fyr-heit⁶ wes the day

His face began to frekill.

⁷ Tibbie, Isabella.

Than Tisbe⁷ tuik him by the hand,

Wes new cuming fra the Seckill.

“Allace!” quod scho, “quhat sall I do?

⁸ latch.

And our doure hes na stekill⁸!”

⁹ encountered.

And scho to-ga⁹ as hir taill brynt,

¹⁰ all the men to cackle.

And all the cairlis to kekill¹⁰

At hir,

Of Peblis to the play.

The pyper said, “Now I begin

To tyre for playing to,

Bot yit I have gottin naething

For all my pyping to you.

Thre happenis for half ane day,

And that will not undo you;

¹¹ quite nothing.

And gif ye will gif me richt nocht¹¹

The meikill devill gang wi’ you!”

Quod he,

Of Peblis to the play.

- Be that the daunsing wes all done,
 Thair leif tuik les and mair;
 Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit¹ ¹ the wenches and
woosers parted.
 To se it was hart sair.
 Wat Atkin said to fair Ales², ² Alison.
 “My bird³, now I will fayr.” ³ damsel.
 The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,
 Bot swownit that sweet of swair⁴ ⁴ swooned that
sweet one of
the glen foot.
 For kyndnes,
 Of Peblis to the play.
- He sippilit⁵ lyk ane faderles fole; ⁵ sipped, uttered
a sipping sound.
 “And be still, my sweet thing!”
 “Be the halyrud of Peblis
 I may nocht rest for greting⁶.” ⁶ weeping.
 He quhissillit and he pypit bayth
 To mak hir blyth that meiting:
 “My hony part, how sayis the sang,
 ‘Thair sall be mirth at our meting
 Yit,’
 Of Peblis to the play.”
- Be that the sone was settand schaftis,
 And neir done wes the day.
 Thair men nicht heir schriken of chaftis⁷ ⁷ shock of lips,
i.e. osculation.
 Quhen that thai went thair way.
 Had thair bein mair made of this sang
 Mair suld I to yow say.
 At Beltane ilka bodie bownd
 To Peblis to the play.

CHRYSTIS KIRK ON THE GRENE.*

WAS nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor deray¹,
Nowthir at Falkland on the grene
Nor Peblis at the play,
As wes of wowaris², as I wene³,
At Chryst kirk on ane day.
Thair come our kitteis† weschin clene
In thair new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

To dans thir damysellis thame dicht⁴,
Thir lassis licht of laitis⁵,
Thair gluvis wes of the raffell⁶ rycht,
Thair schone wes of the straitis⁷;
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome⁸ licht,
Weill prest with mony plaitis.
Thay wer so nyss⁹ quhen men thame nicht¹⁰
Thay squeilit lyk ony gaitis¹¹,
So lowd,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene that day.

* The Christ's Kirk of the poem, in Tytler's opinion, was that near Dunideer in Aberdeenshire. About the burial ground of the ancient kirk was a green where, so late as the end of last century, a yearly fair was still held on the 1st of May. "In former times," says Tytler, "this fair was continued during the night, from which circumstance it was called by the country people Sleepy Market. On such occasions it was natural that such disorders as are so humorously described by the royal author should have taken place."

† Kittie, now the common abbreviation of Catherine, was in James's time the general name for a playful girl.

¹ merriment,
disorder.

² wooers.
³ think.

⁴ prepared.

⁵ gay of manners.

⁶ doeskin.

⁷ coarse woollen.

⁸ Lincoln-green.

⁹ simple, foolish.
¹⁰ approached.
¹¹ goats, kids.

Of all thir madynis myld as meid
 Wes nane so gympt¹ as Gillie ;
 As ony ross hir rude² wes reid,
 Hir lyre³ wes lyk the lillie ;
 Fow⁴ yellow yellow wes hir heid,
 Bot scho of lufe wes sillie⁵ ;
 Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid⁶
 Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie
 Allone ;
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹ slim, dainty.
² the ruddy part
 of the face.
³ skin.
⁴ Full.
⁵ frail, *i.e.* she
 was love-sick.
⁶ death.

Scho skornit Jok and skraipit⁷ at him,
 And mvrionit him with mokkis⁸ ;
 He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him,
 For all his yallow loikkis :
 He chereist hir, scho bad ga chat him⁹ ;
 Scho compt¹⁰ him nocht twa clokkis¹¹ ;
 So shamefully his schort gown set him,
 His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis¹²,
 Scho said,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

⁷ girded.
⁸ mocked him by
 making mouths.
⁹ go hang himself.
¹⁰ counted.
¹¹ clucks.
¹² distaffs.

Thome Lular wes thair menstrall meit ;
 O Lord ! as he coud lanss¹³ ;
 He playit so schill¹⁴, and sang so sweit
 Quhill Towsy tuke a transs¹⁵.
 Auld Lychtfute thair he did forleit¹⁶,
 And counterfutit Franss ;
 He vse¹⁷ him-self as man discreet
 And vp. tuke moreiss danss,
 Full lowd,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹³ how he did
 launch (the
 fiddle-bow).
¹⁴ shrill.
¹⁵ an ancient
 dance.
¹⁶ forsake.
¹⁷ behaved.

Than Stevin come stoppand in with stendis¹;

No rynk² mycht him arreist.

Platfute³ he bobbit vp with bendis⁴;

For Mald he maid requeist.

His lap quhill he lay on his lendis⁵;

Bot rysand he wes preist⁶

Quhill that he oistit⁷ at bath the endis

For honour of the feist,

That day,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Syne Robene Roy begowth⁸ to revell,

And Dwny till him druggit⁹;

“Lat be,” quo Jok; and cawd him javell¹⁰

And be the taill him tuggit.

The kensy cleikit to the cavell¹¹,

Bot Lord! than gif thay luggit¹²,

Thay pairtit hir manly with a nevell¹³,

God wait gif hair wes ruggit¹⁴

Betuix thame,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt cowd steir him¹⁵;

Grit skayth wesd to haif skard¹⁶ him;

He chesit a flane¹⁷ as did affeir¹⁸ him,

The toder¹⁹ said “Dirdum Dardum.”

Throwch baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir²⁰ him,

Or throw the erss haif chard²¹ him;

Bot be ane akerbraid²² it come nocht neir him,

I can nocht tell quhat mard him,

Thair,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹ stepping in with long strides.

² course.

³ Flat-footed.

⁴ bounds.

⁵ He leaped till he lay on his buttocks.

⁶ exerted.

⁷ coughed.

⁸ began.

⁹ dragged.

¹⁰ drove him sideways (gable-wards).

¹¹ The angry man clutched the stave.

¹² did not they have by the ears.

¹³ blow of the fist.

¹⁴ pulled.

¹⁵ such wrath did move him.

¹⁶ Great hurt was it to have frightened.

¹⁷ chose an arrow.

¹⁸ become.

¹⁹ other.

²⁰ pierce.

²¹ pierced.

²² acre's breadth.

With that a freynd of his cryd "Fy!"

And vp ane arrow drew;

He forgit¹ so fowriously

¹ let fly.

The bow in flenders² flew;

² splinters.

Sa wes the will of God, trow I,

For had the tre bene trew

Men said that kend³ his archery

³ knew.

That he had slane anew⁴,

⁴ enough.

That day,

At Chrystis kirk on the grene.

Ane hasty hensure⁵ callit Hary,

⁵ giddy fellow.

Quha wes ane archer heynd⁶,

⁶ skilful.

Tilt⁷ vp a taikle withowttin tary⁸,

⁷ Snatched.

⁸ delay.

That torment so him teynd⁹.

⁹ enraged.

I wait nocht quhidder his hand coud wary¹⁰,

¹⁰ did vary.

Or the man wes his freynd,

For he eschaitpit¹¹ throw nichtis of Mary

¹¹ escaped.

As man that no ill meynd¹²,

¹² designed.

Bot gud,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Than Lowry as ane lyon lap,

And sone a flane coud fedder¹³;

¹³ arrow did
feather.

He hecht¹⁴ to perss him at the pap,

¹⁴ offered,
promised.

Thair-on to wed a weddir¹⁵.

¹⁵ to wager a
wether.

He hit him on the wame a wap¹⁶,

¹⁶ on the belly a
knock.

It buft¹⁷ lyk ony bledder;

¹⁷ sounded.

Bot swa his fortoun wes and hap

His dowblet wes maid of ledder,

And saift him,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹ conceited.

A yaip¹ yung man that stude him neist

² Loosed.

Lowsd² of a schot with yre;

³ aimed at the man.

He ettlit the bern³ in at the breist,

⁴ cowhouse.

The bolt flew our the byre⁴.

Ane cryit Fy! he had slane a preist

A myll beyond ane myre;

⁵ quiver.

Than bow and bag⁵ fra him he keist

And fled as ferss as fyre

Of flynt,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

⁶ let (drive).

With forkis and flailis thay lait⁶ grit flappis,

⁷ kicked.

And flang⁷ togiddir lyk friggis⁸;

⁸ stout fellows.

With bowgaris⁹ of barnis thay beft¹⁰ blew kappis

⁹ roof beams.

Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis¹¹.

¹⁰ buffeted.

¹¹ Till they of men made bridges.

The reird¹² raiss rudly with the rappis,

¹² uproar.

Quhen rungis¹³ wes layd on riggis¹⁴;

¹³ spars.

¹⁴ ridges, backs.

The wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis,

¹⁵ my love lies.

“Lo quhair my lyking liggis¹⁵!”

Quo thay

At Chryst kirk of the grene.

¹⁶ snarled and let drive with groans.

Thay girnit and lait gird with granis¹⁶

¹⁷ vexed the other.

Ilk gossep vder grevit¹⁷;

¹⁸ pikes.

Sum straik with stingis¹⁸, sum gadderit stanis,

Sum fled and evill mischevit;

¹⁹ dwellings.

The menstrall wan within twa wanis¹⁹,

²⁰ proved.

That day full weill he previt²⁰,

²¹ unbruised bones.

For he come hame with vnbrised banis²¹

²² Where fighters were hurt.

Quhair fechtaris wer mischevit²²

For evir,

At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Heich¹ Hucheoun, with a hissill ryss²,
 To red³ can throw thame rummill⁴;
 He mudlet⁵ thame doun lyk ony myss⁶,
 He wes no barty-bummill⁷.
 Thocht he wes wicht⁸ he wes nocht wyss
 With sic jangleris to jummill⁹,
 For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyss¹⁰,
 Quhill he cryd "Barla-fummyll¹¹!
 I am slane,"
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Quhen that he saw his blude so reid,
 To fle nicht no man lat¹² him;
 He wend¹³ it bene for auld done feid¹⁴,
 The far sarar it set¹⁵ him.
 He gart his feit defend his heid,
 He thocht ane cryd haif at him,
 Quhill he wes past out of all pleid¹⁶
 He suld bene swift that gat him
 Throw speid,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

The toun sowtar¹⁷ in greif wes bowdin¹⁸,
 His wyfe hang in his waist;
 His body wes with blud all browdin¹⁹,
 He granit lyk ony gaist.
 Hir glitterand hair that wes full goldin
 So hard in lufe him lest²⁰
 That for hir saik he wes nocht yoldin,
 Sevin myll quhill he wes chest²¹,
 And mair,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹ Tall.
² a hazel twig.
³ separate.
⁴ rumble.
⁵ mowed.
⁶ mice.
⁷ inactive fellow.
⁸ stout.
⁹ With such wranglers to jumble.
¹⁰ struck a slice.
¹¹ "A truce."

¹² prevent.
¹³ deemed.
¹⁴ feud.
¹⁵ distressed.

¹⁶ debate, broil.

¹⁷ shoemaker.
¹⁸ swollen with rage.

¹⁹ clotted, *lit.* broidered.

²⁰ delayed.

²¹ till he was chased.

The millar wes of manly mak ;
 To meit him wes na mowis¹;
 Thair durst nocht ten cum him to tak,
 So nowit he thair nowis².
 The buschment haill³ about him brak
 And bikkerit⁴ him with bowis⁵,
 Syne tratourly behind his bak
 Thay hewit him on the howiss⁶
 Behind,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹ jest.² knocked he their crowns.³ The whole ambush.⁴ fought, rattled upon.⁵ ox-collars of bent willow.⁶ hams.

Twa that wes heidmen of the heird
 Ran vpoun vtheris lyk rammis ;
 Than followit feymen⁷ rycht on affeird⁸,
 Bet on with barrow trammis.
 Bot quhair thair gobbis wes vngeird⁹
 Thay gat vpoun the gammis¹⁰,
 Quhill bludy berkit¹¹ wes thair beird ;
 As thay had wirreit¹² lammis,
 Maist lyk,
 At Chryst kirk of the grene.

⁷ crofters, country men.⁸ in warlike array.⁹ their mouths were unclad, *i.e.* unguarded.¹⁰ gums.¹¹ barked, clotted.¹² worried.

The wyvis kest vp ane hiddouss yell
 Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit¹³;
 Als ferss as ony fyr-flaught¹⁴ fell
 Freikis¹⁵ to the feild thay flokkit :
 Tha cairlis¹⁶ with clubbis coud vder quell¹⁷,
 Quhill blud at breistis out bokkit¹⁸.
 So rudly rang the commoun bell,
 Quhill all the stepill rokkit
 For reird,
 At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

¹³ youngsters (perhaps Dutch *jonker*) engaged.¹⁴ lightning.¹⁵ stout fellows.¹⁶ carls, men.¹⁷ did each other quell.¹⁸ belched.

THE GABERLUNZIEMAN.*

¹ sly, artful.

THE pauky¹ auld carle came ovir the lee,
Wi' mony good-e'ens and days to mee,
Saying, "Goodwife, for zour courtesie,

² frail.

Will ze lodge a silly² poor man?"

³ beyond.

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azont³ the ingle he sat ;

⁴ cheerfully.

My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily⁴ ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo he, "were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!

⁵ become weary.

And I wad nevir think lang⁵."

⁶ lively.

He grew canty⁶ and she grew fain,

⁷ her old mother
know.

But little did her auld minny ken⁷

What thir slee twa together were sayn

⁸ busy.

When wooing they were sa thrang⁸.

* An ancient Scots name for a hawker, from gaber, a wallet, and lunyié, the loin. Literally, "The man who carries a wallet on the loin." Throughout this poem, it will be observed, the consonant sound of "y" is represented by the letter "z." This peculiarity is preserved to the present day in several Scottish proper names, such as Dalziel, Zair, Culzean.

"And O!" quo he, "ann¹ ze were as black ¹ if.
 As evir the crown o' your dadye's hat
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou sould gang²!" ² go.
 "And O!" quoth she, "ann I were as whyte
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike
 Ild clead me braw³ and lady-like, ³ I'd clothe me
 And awa wi' thee Ild gang!" ³ gay.

Between the twa was made a plot,
 They raise a wee⁴ before the cock, ⁴ a little.
 And wyliely they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent⁵ are they gane. ⁵ open field.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claiths,
 Syne to the servants' bed she gaes
 To speir⁶ for the silly poor man. ⁶ enquire.

She gaed⁷ to the bed whair the beggar lay; ⁷ went.
 The strae was cauld, he was away;
 Scho clapt her hands, cry'd "Dulefu' day!
 For some of our geir⁸ will be gane." ⁸ goods.
 Some ran to coffer and some to kist⁹, ⁹ chest.
 But nought was stown¹⁰ that could be mist. ¹⁰ stolen.
 She danced her lane¹¹, cry'd "Praise be blest!" ¹¹ alone.
 I have lodg'd a leal¹² poor man." ¹² loyal, true.

"Since naithing's awa, as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn¹³, and milk to earn; ¹³ churn.
 Gae butt¹⁴ the house, lass, and waken my bairn, ¹⁴ Go to the outer
 And bid her come quickly ben¹⁵." ¹⁵ to the inner
 apartment.

The servant gaed where the dochter lay—
The sheets was cauld, she was away ;
And fast to her goodwife can say¹,

“She’s aff with the gaberlunzieman.”

² O haste, cause
to ride.

“O fy gar ride², and fy gar rin,
And haste ze, find these traiters agen !
For shee’s be burnt, and hee’s be slein,

³ troublesome.

The wearifou³ gaberlunzieman !”

⁴ afoot.

Some rade upo’ horse, some ran a-fit⁴;

⁵ mad, furious.

The wife was wood⁵, and out o’ her wit ;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit
But ay did curse and did ban.

⁶ far hence,
out over.

Mean-time far hind, out owre⁶ the lee,
Fu’ snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,

⁷ slice.

Cut frae a new cheese a whang⁷.

⁸ proving, tasting.

The prieving⁸ was gude, it pleas’d them baith ;
To lo’e her for ay he gae her his aith.
Quo she, “To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzieman.

⁹ Ill-favouredly.

“O kend my minny I were wi’ zou,
Ill-fardly⁹ wald she crook her mou’.

¹⁰ she’d never
trust.

Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow¹⁰

Aftir the gaberlunzieman.”

“My dear,” quo he, “zee’re zet owre zonge,
And hae na learnt the beggar’s tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on :

"Wi' kauk and keel¹ I'll win zour bread,
 And spindles and whorles² for them wha need—
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed,
 The gaberlunzie to carrie O!
 I'll bow³ my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout⁴ owre my e'e;
 A criple or blind they will cau me,
 While we sall sing and be merry O!"

¹ chalk and ruddle (for marking sheep).

² small perforated stones used in spinning.

³ bend.

⁴ cloth, rag.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

¹ set forth.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a-begging he was boun¹,

² country farm-
steading.

And he took up his quarters in-to a land'art town²,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving

Sae late in-to the night;

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,

Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre;

³ behind.

But in ahint³ the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean
straw and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter and for to bar
the door,

And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,

⁴ cautiously.

O hooly⁴, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word
 he spake
 Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack¹.¹ talk.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

"Is there ony dogs into this toun? maiden, tell
 me true."

"And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and
 my dow²?"
² my honey and
 my dove.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

"They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle
 wrang."*

"O dool³ for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?"³ sorrow.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the meal pocks, and flang them
 o'er the wa' ;

"The deil gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead,
 and a' !"

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

"I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird
 of Brodie ;

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?"

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

*"They'll tear all my meal bags, and do me great harm."
 In rural districts of Scotland as late as a century ago beggars
 carried under each arm a wallet in which they collected the doles
 of the farmers' wives. The expected gratuity, which was rarely
 withheld, was a "gowpen," or double handful of oatmeal.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses
three,

¹ a silver coin worth 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Stg. And four and twenty hunder merk¹ to pay the
² wet-nurse wage. nurice-fee².

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
and shrill,

And four and twenty belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his
duddies³ fa' ;

³ rags.

And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder
height :

⁴ such.

“O, ay for sicken⁴ quarters as I gat yesternight !”

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

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MANY of the finest flowers of Scottish poetry previous to the middle of the sixteenth century owe their preservation to the taste and patience of two curiously contrasted collectors. One of the quaintest stories of Scottish literature is that narrating how, during time of pestilence in 1568, George Bannatyne, a young man of twenty-three, occupied the leisure of his enforced retirement with transcribing, page after page, the best works of the national makars. Little further is known of the transcriber except that he became a burghess of some substance in Edinburgh; but the work of those three months, a neatly written folio of eight hundred pages, now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, has made his name immortal.* The companion picture belongs to a slightly later date. It is that of Sir Richard Maitland, the blind

*The Bannatyne MS. furnished the greater part of the contents of that effective but unreliable publication, Ramsay's *Evergreen*, in 1724, and a further selection from its pages, under the title of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, was printed by Lord Hailes in 1770. In 1829 the Bannatyne Club published the *Memorials of George Bannatyne*, by Sir Walter Scott, containing all the ascertained facts of the collector's life; and this and the complete contents of the famous MS. were finally printed together by the Hunterian Club, 1878-1886.

old judge of the Court of Session, in the last year of his life, directing the transcription by his daughter Mary of the collection which was to hand his name to posterity.

No necessity exists for comparing the merits of the two manuscripts which have been the means of preserving so much of the legacy of northern genius. To a large extent they deal with different work; in each case the task of transcription and preservation has been performed with the utmost patience and care; and in each the good taste and good faith of the collector has established his transcript as a classic authority. But while gratitude is due to Bannatyne for his services as preserver of many priceless poems, as an original poet, upon the strength of the few compositions of his own which he included in his manuscript, he remains of but small account. In this respect his contemporary, on the other hand, has a definite claim to regard. Sir Richard Maitland was not only a diligent and careful collector of the works of others; he was himself also a maker of respectable merit, and several, at least, of the original compositions which he added to his collection are entitled to a place on the page of Scottish poesy.

The son of William Maitland of Lethington in Haddingtonshire, who fell at Flodden, and of Martha, daughter of George, second Lord Seton, the poet was the representative of an ancient family. The well-known ballad of "Auld Maitland" celebrates a gallant defence of the castle of Lauder or Thirlstane against the English by an ancestor of Sir Richard about the

year 1250.* Again and again during the succeeding centuries the family name appears in history; † in due course Thirlstane was inherited by the poet from his grandfather; and from that time, till the climax of the family fortunes in the person of the poet's great-grandson, the Duke of Lauderdale, in Charles II.'s time, the house may be said to have been continuously in a foremost place. Born in 1496, and studying law, it is said, first at St. Andrews, and afterwards, upon his father's death, in France, Maitland appears presently to have entered the service of James V. ‡ Nothing certain, however, is known of his early life except that, about the year 1530, he married Mary, a daughter of Sir Thomas Cranston of Corsby. By this lady he had a family of at least three sons and four daughters, of whom the former were destined to play some of the most conspicuous parts in the history of their time.

The poet himself appears throughout to have cultivated a life of retirement and study. All the references of contemporary writers, except one, mention him with great respect, and his life would appear to have been mostly that of the quiet country

* An entry in the Chartulary of Dryburgh bears that this ancestor, also a Sir Richard Maitland, disposed certain of his lands to that abbey in 1249.

† During the reign of Robert III., in the year 1400, according to Wyntoun, Sir Robert Maitland took the castle of Dunbar by strategy from his mother's brother, the Earl of March.

‡ The letter of James VI. dated 1st July, 1584, respecting Maitland's retirement from the bench, states that the latter had served the king's "grandsire, goodsire, goodame, mother, and himself."

gentleman. The single exception occurs in John Knox's *History*, where he is accused of having taken bribes to allow Cardinal Beaton to escape from Seton House in 1543. Knox, however, was somewhat ready to attribute such misdemeanours to persons whom he thought inimical to the reformed faith, and in the present case there exists no evidence whatever to support the charge, except that Maitland was a relative of Lord Seton, and may have been visiting Seton House at the time of the occurrence. There exists, on the other hand, direct evidence to show that the Cardinal was set at liberty by order of the Regent Arran.*

In 1552 Maitland was one of the commissioners appointed to settle the differences with England on the subject of the Debateable Land on the Borders, and it is believed that the successful issue of this undertaking was the occasion of his receiving the honour of knighthood. At anyrate, two years later, upon his appointment as an Extraordinary Lord of Session he is called Sir Richard Maitland.

Again, in 1559, he was employed as one of the commissioners to England in a conference upon the state of the Borders; Sir Ralph Sadler, one of the delegates on the other side, mentioning him then as "the olde Larde of Lethington, the wisest man of them." The sudden termination of his stay in England at this time, and the substitution of his eldest son William in his place, has been attributed to the rapid approach of the affliction which was to

* Sadler's *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 70.

darken the remainder of his life. It is at least certain that he had completely lost his sight before the arrival of Queen Mary in Scotland in 1561, as in his poem of welcome he mentions the piteous fact.

Under this terrible privation, which, with the circumstance of advancing years, most men would have considered sufficient reason for retirement from active life, Maitland seems in no way to have let his heart sink or his energies abate, and nowhere in his work does there appear a peevish or despondent note on the subject. The affliction which added his name to the honourable roll of blind Homers did not prevent his continuing to fulfil the duties of his position; and he remains one of those examples, in which the history of the blind is peculiarly rich, of men who have encountered extraordinary difficulties only to surmount them. In November, 1561, he was admitted an Ordinary Lord of Session under the title of Lethington, his son being permitted the privilege, by a special regulation, of accompanying him within the bar. In 1562 Queen Mary appointed him Keeper of the Privy Seal for life; and in the following year he and his second son, John, were "conjunctlie and severally made Factouris, Yconomuss, and Chalmirlans of hir hienes Abbacie of Haddingtoun." The former office he resigned in 1567 in favour of this son, who by that time had obtained the Priory of Coldingham *in commendam*; but for seventeen years longer he retained his seat on the bench, where he appears to have performed his duties to the last without fear and without reproach.

The troubles which assailed Maitland's later years came, not from his own acts, but mostly from the restless and ambitious character of his eldest son, the too famous Secretary Maitland of Mary's reign and the succeeding regencies. The constantly changing part played by this politician in the highest events of his time has been recorded in literature by Buchanan's biting satire, *The Camaleon*, written in 1571. Made Secretary of State by that Catholic of Catholics, James the Fifth's widow, Mary of Guise, he nevertheless presently became one of the Protestant "Lords of Congregation"; and after taking part in the negotiations with Elizabeth as to the terms upon which she would aid the Reformers, he again, with characteristic paradox, turned round in the General Assembly of 1564 to accuse Knox of teaching sedition. Made a Lord of Session by Mary Stuart, he was, notwithstanding, implicated in the murders both of Rizzio and of Darnley; and after signing the document accusing the queen of the latter crime, and after fighting against her at Langside, he strangely enough saw fit to take her part to some extent in the conference at York, and presently united with Kirkaldy of Grange in holding Edinburgh Castle in her interest against the Regents. Finally, upon the surrender of that stronghold in May, 1573, he was taken prisoner, with his brother John and other refugees of the Queen's party, and being conveyed to Leith, died there, not without suspicion of having poisoned himself.

This erratic policy of the son naturally brought trouble upon his father. The hardest blow which the

latter received was from an act of parliament obtained by the Regent Morton as head of the king's party in 1571. This act declared the secretary and his two brothers rebels, and forfeited their lands and property. Upon the strength of it the house and estate of Lethington, then occupied by the Secretary, were seized, spoiled, and withheld from the poet for a number of years, and his second son was left at liberty only under heavy penalties. These proceedings seem to have roused the old knight to all the indignation of which he was capable. He made earnest appeals to law and to the interest of Queen Elizabeth with the Regent. Nevertheless justice was not accorded him until the year 1581. Upon the downfall of Morton in that year his house and lands were restored to him, and under the patronage of James VI. his son John was appointed an Ordinary Lord of Session. He himself further, in 1584, was allowed the unique privilege of resigning the duties of the Bench in favour of a nominee, retaining at the same time the emoluments of the office; and presently, under the government of the young king, he obtained an act of parliament indemnifying all his losses.

This satisfaction did not, indeed, arrive too soon, for his death occurred on 20th March, 1586, when he was in his ninetieth year. His wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows for sixty years, is said to have died on his funeral day.

Maitland's life, apart from its literary interest, possesses value for the example which it affords of private family history of the time. He was founder of the

first of those great Scottish houses, the Maitlands, Dalrymples, and Dundases, which have risen one after another to the highest rank and influence by the profession of the law. His two sons and his grandson in succession occupied seats upon the bench, and in 1624 the last-named was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Lauderdale. John, the son of this earl, and great-grandson of the poet, was from 1663 virtually ruler of Scotland, and in 1672 was created Duke of Lauderdale by Charles II. Maitland's third son, Thomas, was the author of several Latin poems,* but is best remembered as one of the interlocutors in Buchanan's famous treatise *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*.

The manuscript collection of ancient Scottish poems which forms Maitland's best-known claim to regard, and upon which he is understood to have been engaged from 1555 onwards, is contained in two volumes, a folio and a quarto. Of the folio, believed to have been written by Sir Richard himself, "a very few parts," says Pinkerton, "are in a small hand; the remainder is in a strong Roman hand." The quarto consists chiefly of transcripts of Sir Richard's own original pieces from the folio, and is in the handwriting of Miss Mary Maitland, third daughter of the collector, the first page bearing her name and the date 1585. It appears therefore to have been transcribed in the last year of Maitland's life. After descending in the family for three generations, these manuscripts were bought, at the sale of the Duke of Lauderdale's

* Printed in the appendix to the Maitland Club volume of Sir Richard's works.

library, by Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II., and he in 1703 bequeathed them to Magdalen College, Cambridge. The value of the collection was first discovered by Bishop Percy, who printed a specimen in his *Reliques*; one also appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*; and a selection, including twenty-six of Sir Richard Maitland's original compositions, was published by Pinkerton in 1786 under the title of *Ancient Scottish Poems*. Another quarto MS., bearing the title *The Selected Poemes of Sir Richard Metellan of Lydington*, was presented to the library of Edinburgh University by Drummond of Hawthornden; and from this, with the addition of the single composition which it omits, the Maitland Club printed Sir Richard's poems complete in 1830.

Besides his original poems and his poetical collections, Maitland is known to have written a *History of the House of Seytoun* and a volume of *Decisions* collected by him from 1550 till 1565. The former was printed by the Maitland Club in 1829, and the MSS. of both are preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

As an original poet Sir Richard Maitland cannot be placed in the foremost rank. He is understood to have produced none of his existing verse until after the age of sixty-one, and naturally his compositions possess little of the fire, brilliancy, and warmth of youthful work. For this lack, however, they atone to some extent by other qualities. Full of sage observation and shrewd worldly wisdom, they throw a light,

in nearly every line, upon the life and manners of that day. Mourning the rampant oppression and strife of the nobles, and the sorrows and follies of the nation, his verse breathes the inner sadness of Queen Mary's time. It was his fate to live through the intestine dissensions of three successive minorities, as well as through the great struggle of the Reformation in Scotland, and it is no marvel therefore that he again and again repeats the prayer, "God give the lordis grace till aggrie!" Much of his work is of a religious cast, and exhibits him in a grave and venerable light. This, however, is not his happiest strain, and his longest composition, "Ane Ballat of the Creation of the Warld," is little more than a bald paraphrase of the Bible narrative in Genesis. It is in his satiric and moral pieces that Maitland appears at his best. These, as in the case of Lyndsay, deal with a wide range of subjects, from the vanities of ladies' dress to the venality of courtiers and the corruptions of church and state. Much of his satire, it is true, owes it chief interest to connection with events of his own age; but elsewhere he proves himself a not unworthy inheritor of the mantle of the Lyon King, his best pieces containing touches closely applicable to the human nature of all time.

SATIRE ON THE AGE.



QUHAIR is the blythness that hes bein

Bayth in brugh and landwart sein¹

Amang lordis, and ladeis schein²,

Dansing, singing, game, and play?

Bot weill I wat nocht quhat thay mein;

All merriness is worne away.

¹ Seen both in
town and
country.

² fair.

For now I heir na worde of Yule

In kirk, on cassay³, nor in skuill:

³ causeway.

Lordis lettis thair kitchingis cule,

And drawis thame to the Abbay,*

And skant hes ane to keip thair mule;

All houshalding is worne away.

I saw no gysaris† all this yeir,

Bot kirkmen cled lyk men of weir,‡

That never cummis in the queir⁴;

⁴ choir.

* The hospitality of the religious houses was from time to time greatly abused by the nobles. Upon one occasion an Earl of Douglas compelled the Abbot of Aberbrothock to entertain him and a thousand of his followers for a considerable time.

† The performance of these mediæval masquerades, containing traces of the ancient miracle-plays and allusions to the exploits of the Knights Templar, is still a favourite pastime in rural districts on Hallowe'en.

‡ Churchmen made no scruple of appearing armed, like lay barons, on the battlefield. Thus two bishops and two abbots fell among the Scottish nobles at Flodden.

Lyk ruffianis is thair array ;

¹ learn.

To teitche and preitche that will not leir¹ ;
The kirk gudis thai waste away.

² formerly.

Kirkmen affoir² wer gud of lyfe,
Preitcheit, teichit, and staunchit stryfe ;
Thay feirit nather sword nor knyf,
For luif of God the faith to say ;
All honorit thame, baith man and wyf,
Devotion wes nocht away.

³ love.

Our fatheris wyse were, and discreit ;
Thai had bayth honour, men, and meit ;
With luif³ thai did thair tennentis treit,
And had aneuch in press to lay ;
Thay wantit nather malt nor quheit,
And mirrines wes nocht away.

⁴ Easter.

And we hald nather Yule nor Pace⁴,
Bot seik our meit from place to place ;
And we haive nather luk nor grace.

⁵ cause.

We gar⁵ our landis dowbill pay ;
Our tennentis cry Alace ! Alace !

⁶ plenty.

That routh⁶ and pittie is away.

⁷ known.

Now we haive mair, it is weill kend⁷,
Nor our forbearis⁸ had to spend ;
Bot far les at the yeiris end ;

⁸ ancestors.

And never hes ane mirrie day :
God will na ryches to us send
Sua lang as honour is away.

We waist far mair now, lyk vaine fuillis,
 We and our paige, to turs¹ our muillis,
 Nor thai did than, that haid grit Yuillis,
 Of meit and drink said never nay;
 Thay had lang furmes² quhair we haive stuillis,
 And mirrines wes nocht away.

¹ truss, caparison.
Fr. trousse.

² long forms,
 settles.

Of our wanthrift sum wyttis playes³,
 And sum thair wantoun vaine arrayis;
 Sum the wyt on thair wyfes layes
 That in the court wald gang⁴ sa gay
 And care nocht quha the merchand. payis,
 Quhill⁵ part of land be put away.

³ For our prodigality some blame plays.

⁴ go.

⁵ Till.

The kirkmen keipis na professione;
 The temporall men commitis oppressioun,
 Puttand the puire from thair possessioun;
 Na kynd of feir of God haive thay:
 Thay cummar⁶ baith the kirk and sessioun,
 And chasis charitie away.

⁶ cumber.

Quhen ane of thaim susteinis wrang
 We cry for justice, heid and hang;
 Bot when our neichbouris we our-gang⁷
 We laubour justice to delay:
 Affectione blindis us sa lang,
 All equitie is put away.

⁷ trespass upon.

To mak actis we haive sum feill⁸;
 God watt gif that we keip tham weill!
 We cum to bar with jak of steill*

⁸ knowledge.

* This was a common abuse of the time. The Earl of Bothwell, when called to answer for the murder of Darnley, appeared in Edinburgh with a following of five thousand men.

¹ overbear and
intimidate the
judge.

² approval.

As we wald bost the judge and fray¹.
Of sic justice I have na skeill²,
Quhair reull and ordour is away.

³ slighted because
of abuse.

Our lawis ar lichtleit for abusioune³;
Sumtyme is clokit with collusioune;
Quhilk causis of bluid the great effusioune,
For na man spairis now to slay.
Quhat bringis cuntreis to confusioune,
Bot quhair that justice is away?

⁴ blame.

Quha is the wyte⁴, quha can schew us?
Quha bot our nobillis, that sould know us,
And till honorabill deidis draw us!
Let never comouneweill decay,
Or els sum mischief will befaw us,
And nobillnes we put away.

Put our awin lawis to executioun;
Upon transgressouris mak punitioun;
To cruell folk seik na remissioun;
For peace and justice let us pray,
In dreid sum strange new institutioun
Cum, and our custome put away.

Amend your lyfis, ane and all,
And be war of ane suddan fall,
And pray to God, that maid us all,
To send us joy that lesteis ay;
And let us nocht to sin be thrall,
Bot put all vyce and wrang away.

SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

SUM wyfis of the burrows-toun

Sa wondir¹ vane ar, and wantoun,

¹ wondrous.

In warld thay watt² not quhat to weir.

² know.

On claythis thay wair³ mony a croun ;

³ spend.

And all for newfangilnes⁴ of geir.

⁴ novelty.

Thair bodyes bravelie thay atyir,

Of carnall lust to eik⁵ the fyir ;

⁵ to add to.

I fairlie⁶ quhy thai have na feir

⁶ marvel.

To gar men deime quhat thay desyre ;

And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair gouns ar coistlie, and trimlie traillis,

Barrit with velvous, sleif, nek, and taillis ;

And thair foirskirt of silkis seir⁷

⁷ many.

Of fynest camroche thair fuksaillis ;*

And all for newfangilnes of geir.

And of fyne silk thair furrit cloikis,

With hingand⁸ sleivis, lyk geill poikis⁹ ;

⁸ hanging.
⁹ jelly bags.

Na preiching will gar thame forbeir

To weir all thing that sinne provoikis ;

And all for newfangilnes of geir.

* "Of finest cambric their foc'sles," an allusion to the actual turret which formed the forecastle of ancient ships of war, to which the high breast-trimming of ladies' dresses probably presented some likeness.

- ¹ Their under-
petticoats must.
² Broidered.
³ sewed with
stripes of lace
or silk.
⁴ enquire.

Thair wylecots man¹ weill be hewit,
Broudirit² richt braid, with pasmentis sewit³:
I trow, quha wald the matter speir⁴,
That thair gudmen had caus to rew it
That evir thair wyfis weir sic geir.

- ⁵ Barred above
with drawn
head-pieces.
O. Fr. teste,
tête.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin,
Barrit abone with tasteis drawin⁵;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar thair courtlines be knawin;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown
To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down,
And sumtyme bayth thay will upheir
To schaw thair hois of blak or broun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

- ⁶ necklaces and
throat beads.
⁷ set high.
⁸ young person.
Perhaps Dutch
jonker.

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beidis⁶,
With velvet hats heicht⁷ on thair heidis,
Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir⁸,
Brouderit about with goldin threidis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

- ⁹ sandals
anciently worn
by persons of
rank.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis⁹;
In kirk ar not content of stuillis,
The sermon quhen thay sit to heir;
Bot caryis cuschingis lyik vaine fuillis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

I mein¹ of thame thair honour dreidis;
 Quhy sould thay nocht have honest weidis,
 To thair estait doand effeir²?
 I mein of thame thair stait exceidis;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

¹ lament.² doing what is becoming.

For sumtymes wyfis sa grave hes bein,
 Lyik giglets cled wald nocht be sein.
 Of burgess wyfis thoch I speak heir
 Think weill³ of all wemen I mein,
 On vaniteis that waistis geir.

³ Be assured.

Thay say wyfis ar so delicat
 In feiding, feisting, and bankat,
 Sum not content ar with sic cheir
 As weill may suffice thair estait,
 For newfangilnes of cheir and geir.

And sum will spend mair, I heir say,
 In spyce and droggis on ane day
 Than wald thair mothers in ane yeir;
 Quhilk will gar monye pak⁴ decay,
 Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir.

⁴ many a parcel, fortune.

Thairfoir, young wyfis speciallie,
 Of all sic faultis hald yow frie,
 And moderatly to leif now leir⁵
 In meit, and clayth⁶ accordinglie;
 And nocht sa vainlie waist your geir.

⁵ learn.⁶ clothe.

¹ to glide across
the street.
² no mumming
cards (playing
cards with
figures) early
or late.

Use not to skift athort the gait¹,
Nor na mum chartis, air nor lait²;
Be na dainser, nor this daingear
Of yow be tane an ill consait
That ye ar habill³ to waist geir.

³ able.

⁴ Frequent.

Hant⁴ ay in honest cumpanie,
And all suspicious places flie;
Lat never harlot cum yow neir,
That wald yow leid to leicherie,
In houp to get thairfoir sum geir.

⁵ to con by heart.

My counsall I geve generallie
To all wemen, quhat-ewir thay be,
This lesson for to quin per queir⁵,
Syne keip it weill continuallie
Better nor onye warldlie geir.

⁶ Leave off.

Leif⁶, burgess men, or all be loist,
On your wyfis to mak sic cost,

⁷ aspersion.

Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir⁷:
Scho that may not want wyne and roist
Is abill for to waist sum geir.

⁸ cambric
kerchiefs.

Betwene thame and nobillis of blude
Na difference bot ane velvous huid!
Thair camroche curcheis⁸ ar als deir;
Thair uther claythis ar als guid;
And thai als costlie in uther geir.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid
 To thair honour, and find remeid,
 Thai suld thole¹ na sic wyfis to weir,
 Lyk lordis wyfis, ladyis weid,
 As dames of honour in thair geir.

¹ suffer.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,
 (My-self am nocht of faultis frie),
 Bot that ye sould nocht perseveir
 Into sic folische vanitie
 For na newfangilnes of geir.

Of burgess wyfis thoch I speik plaine,
 Sum landwart² ladyis ar als vain,
 As be thair cleithing may appeir;
 Werand³ gayer nor thame may gain—
 On our⁴ vaine claythis waistand geir.

² country.

³ Wearing.

⁴ over.

NA KYNDNES AT COURT WITHOUT SILLER.

SUMTYME to court I did repair,
Thairin sum errandis for to dress¹,
Thinkand I had sum freindis thair
To help fordwart my buseness :
Bot, nocht the les,
I fand nathing bot douþilness ;
Auld kyndnes helpis nocht ane hair.

¹ attend to.

To ane grit court-man I did speir²,
That I trowit my freind had bene
Becaus we war of kyn sa neir ;
To him my mater I did mene³;
Bot, with disdene,
He fled as I had done him tene⁴,
And wald nocht byd my tail to heir.

² inquire.

³ complain.

⁴ made him
angry.

⁵ deemed.

I wend⁵ that he in word and deid
For me, his kynsman, sould have wrocht ;
Bot to my speiche he tuke na heid ;
Neirnes of blude he sett at nocht.
Than weill I thoct

⁶ kinship.
⁷ made my way.

⁸ went.

Quhan I for sibnes⁶ to him socht⁷
It wes the wrang way that I geid⁸.

My hand I put into my sleif,
 And furthe of it ane purs I drew,
 And said I brocht it him to geif¹.

Bayth gold and silver I him schew ;
 Than he did rew
 That he unkindlie me misknew ;
 And hint² the purs fest in his neif.³

¹ give.

² seized.
³ fist.

Fra tyme he gat the purs in hand
 He kyndlie 'Cousin' callit me,
 And baid me gar him understand
 My buseness all haillalie,
 And swair that he
 My trew and faythfull freind sould be
 In courte as I pleis him command.

For quhilk, better it is, I trow ;
 Into the courte to get supplé⁴,
 To have ane purs of fyne gold fow⁵,
 Nor to the hiest of degre
 Of kyn to be.

⁴ help.
⁵ full.

Sa alteris our nobilitie :
 Grit kynrent⁶ helpis lytill now.

⁶ kindred.

Thairfoir, my freindis, gif ye will mak
 All courte men youris as ye wald,
 Gude gold and silver with you tak ;
 Than to get help ye may be bald ;
 For it is tauld
 Kyndness of courte is coft and sald⁷ ;
 Neirnes of kyn na-thing thai rak⁸.

⁷ bought and sold.
⁸ reck.

ON THE FOLYE
OF ANE AULD MANIS
MARYAND ANE YOUNG WOMAN.

AMANG all folleis ane great folye I find,
 Quhen that ane man past fyftie yeir of aige
 That in his vaine consait he growes sa blind
 As for to join him-selffe in maryage
 With ane young lass quhais bluid is yet in raige,
 Thinkand that he may serve hir appetyte;
 Quhilk and he fail than¹ will scho him dispyte.

¹ Of which if he
fail then.

² joy.

Still ageit men sould jois² in morall taillis,
 And nocht in taillis: for folye is to mary
 Fra tyme that baith thair strenthe and nature faillis,
 And tak ane wyf to bring him-selffe in tarye³;
 For fresche Maii and cauld Januarij
 Agreeis nocht upon ane sang in tune,
 The tribbill wantis that sould be sang abune⁴.

³ vexation.

⁴ above.

Men sould tak voyage at the larkis sang,
 And nocht at evin quhen passit is the day.
 Efter mid-age the luifar⁵ lyes full lang,
 Quhen that his hair is turnit lyart⁶ gray.
 Ane auld beird till ane quhyte mouth to lay
 In-to ane bed, it is ane piteous sycht:
 The ane cryes help! the uther hes no mycht.

⁵ lover.

⁶ partly, *lit.*
greyish.

Till haive bene merchand bygaine monie ane yeir

In Antwerp, Burges, and in town of Berrie,

Syne in-to Deip for to tyne¹ all his geir

¹ lose.

With vane conseat to puir² himselffe, and herrie³.

² impoverish.
³ harry, ruin.

Grit perell is for to pas our the ferrie

In-to ane laikand boit⁴ nocht naillit fast,

⁴ leaking boat.

To heir the saill nocht havand ane steife mast.

To tak ane mellein⁵ that grit lawbour requyris,

⁵ farm.

Syne wantis grayth⁶ for to manure the land;

⁶ substance.

Quhair seid wantis then men of teilling tyris;

Than cumis ane, findis it waist lyand,

Yokis his pleuch, teilleis⁷ at his awin hand.

⁷ tills.

Better had bene the first had never kend it⁸

⁸ known it.

Nor thoill⁹ that schame. And sa my tale is endit.⁹

⁹ suffer.

AGANIS THE THEIVIS OF LIDDISDAILL.

OF Liddisdail the commoun theifis
Sa pertlie¹ steillis now and reiffis²,
That nane may keip
Hors, nolt, nor scheip,
Nor yit dar sleip
For thair mischeifis.

¹ boldly.
² rob.

Thay plainlie throw the countrie rydis ;
I trow the meikill³ devill thame gydis :
Quhair thay onsett
Ay in thair gait⁴
Thair is na yett⁵
Nor dure thame bydis⁶.

³ great.

⁴ path.

⁵ gate.

⁶ abides, with-
stands.

⁷ They leave
quite nothing.

Thay leif richt nocht⁷; quhairever thay ga
Thair can na-thing be hid thame fra ;
For, gif men wald
Thair housis hald,
Than waxe they bald
To burn and slay.

- Thay theifis have neirhand herreit hail¹ 1 almost wholly
harried.
 Ettrick forest and Lauderdaill ;
 Now ar they gane
 In Lothiane,
 And spairis nane
 That thay will wail². 2 choose.
- Thai landis ar with stouth sa socht³ 3 with theft so
wasted.
 To extreme povertie ar brocht ;
 Thai wicked schrowis⁴ 4 Those wicked
villains.
 Has laid⁵ the plowis, 5 rendered in-
active.
 That nane or few is
 That are left ocht⁶. 6 aught.
- Bot commoun taking of blak-maill,*
 Thay that had flesche and breid and aill
 Now ar sa wraikit⁷, 7 wrecked.
 Maid puir and naikit,
 Fane to be staikit⁸ 8 accommodated.
 With watter-caill⁹. 9 broth made
without meat.
- Thai theifis that steillis and tursis¹⁰ hame, 10 carry off.
 Ilk ane of thame hes ane to-name—
 Will of the Lawis,
 Hab of the Schawis.
 To mak bair wawis¹¹ 11 walls.
 Thay think na schame.

* Blackmail was the yearly sum paid by farmers on the Highland and English borders to some powerful chieftain like Rob Roy or Johnnie Armstrong, who in return undertook to make good any losses by depredation.

¹ despoil.
² stores.

Thay spuilye¹ puir men of thair pakis²;
Thay leif thame nocht, on bed nor bakis;
Bayth hen and cok,
With reill and rok³,
The Landis Jok
All with him takis.

³ reel and distaff.

Thay leif not spendill, spoone, nor speit,
Bed, bowster, blanket, sark, nor scheit;
Johne of the Parke
Rypis kist⁴ and ark;
For all sic wark
He is richt meit.

⁴ Searches chest.

He is weill kend, Johne of the Syde;
A gretar theif did never ryde:
He nevir tyris
For to brek byris;
Our muir and myris
Our gude ane gyide⁵.

⁵ Too good a
guide.

⁶ robs her web.

⁷ rest.

Thair is ane, callit Clements Hob,
Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis hir wob⁶,
And all the laif⁷,
Quhatever thay haif:
The deuil resave
Thairfoir his gob⁸!

⁸ stomach.

To sic grit stouth quha-eir wald trow it
But gif sum greit man it allowit?

Rycht sair I rew,
Thocht it be trew,
Thair is sa few

That dar avow it.

Of sum grit men they have sic gait¹

That redy ar thame to debait²,

And will up weir³

Thair stolin geir,

That nane dar steir⁴

Thame, air nor lait.

¹ such access.

² to make contention for.

³ herd, protect.

⁴ stir.

Quhat causis theifis us our-gang⁵

Bot want of justice us amang?

Nane takis cair

Thocht all forfair⁶:

Na man will spair

Now to do wrang.

⁵ oppress.

⁶ Though all perish.

Of stouth thocht now thay cum gud speid

That nather of men nor God hes dreid,

Yit, or I die,

Sum sall thame sie

Hing on a trie

Quhill⁷ thay be deid.

⁷ Till.

ADVYCE TO LESOM MIRRINESS.

QUHEN I haive done consider
This warldis vanitie,
So brukill and sa slidder¹,
Sa full of miserie;
Then I remember me
That heir thair is no rest;
Thairfoir appeirantlie
To be mirrie is best.

¹ So brittle and
slippery.

Let us be blyth and glaid,
My freindis all, I pray.
To be pensive and sad
Na-thing it help us may.
Thairfoir put quyt away
All heviness of thocht:
Thocht we murne nicht and day
It will avaiill us nocht.

It will not be our sorrow
That will stoip Godis hand,
To strik baith evin and morrow
Baith on the sie and land.

Sen nane may it gainestand¹ ¹ withstand.
 Let us be all content
 To underly the wand.
 Of Godis punischment.

Quhat God pleasis to do
 Accept it thankfullie;
 Quhat paine he puttis us to
 Receive it pacientlie.
 And give² that we wald be ² if.
 Relevcit of our paine,
 For sin ask God mercie,
 Offend Him nocht againe.

Give we will mak murning,
 Sould be for our offence,
 And not that God dois bring
 On us for violence,
 For ane dyveris pretence;
 For some He will puneis
 To proive thair patience,
 And som for thair great miss³. ³ fault.

Sen first the warld began
 Thair hes bein trubill ay
 For punischment of men,
 And sall quhill domisday.
 And sen we may not stay
 Quhat God pleis do us till,
 Quhat He will on us lay
 Receive it with guid will.

For God will lay som scourge
 Quhill that the warld tak end;
 Fra sin the warld to purge
 Will ay som plaigis send.
 Bot quha will lyfe amend,
 And preis¹ to sin no moir,
 Then God will him defend
 Fra everlasting cair.

¹ strive.

Yet plainelie I concludie,
 Into all wardlieness
 Nathing for man sa guide
 As lesome² mirrines;
 For thair is na riches
 Sa lang his lyfe can lenthe,
 Conserve him fra seiknes,
 And keip him in his strenthe.

² lawful.

Thairfoir with trew intent
 Let us at God ask grace
 Our sines to repent
 Quhill we haive tyme and space;
 Syne bring us to that place
 Quhair joy is evermoir,
 And sie God face to face
 In His eternall gloir.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

OF several poets who owe the preservation of their works and memory entirely to the writer of the Bannatyne Manuscript, the chief is Alexander Scot. Pinkerton termed him the Anacreon of old Scottish poetry, and placed him at the head of the ancient minor poets of his country—a judgment in which succeeding critics have uniformly agreed.

As with many other of these ancient singers, almost nothing is certainly known of the facts of Scot's life, the little information we possess consisting almost wholly of deduction from the poet's works themselves. Dr. Laing was inclined to set his birth about the year 1520, and quoted a precept of legitimation from the Privy Seal Register of 1549 as possibly concerning him. This precept, if proved to refer to the poet, would declare him a natural son of Alexander Scot, prebendary of the Chapel Royal of Stirling. The presumption, however, is somewhat slight. From the refrain of "The Justing at the Drum" it has been inferred that he resided in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. One of his pieces, in the opinion of Lord Hailes, expresses the "Lament of

the Maister of Erskyn," who was killed at Pinkiecleugh in 1547, and from this and other allusions it is gathered that Scot began writing at least so early as 1545, while, of course, none of his extant verse can be of later date than 1568, the year in which Bannatyne compiled his MS. The general strain of the poems declares Scot to have been a layman; from the occurrence of several legal terms in his work it has been suggested that he was a jurist; and from expressions such as that in "Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary," in which he prays God to give the young ruler grace "to punisch papistis and reproche oppressouris," it seems clear that he favoured the principles of the Reforming party. On only one point of his personal history, however, entire certainty exists. The colophon of his poem "To luvv vnluvit" expressly states that the piece was written "quhen his wyfe left him." From two of his compositions, "Luvv preysis," and "Vp, helsum hairt," it might be gathered that his lady was of higher rank than himself, a fact which, if true, might account for his wedded unhappiness. Perhaps he was one of those whose love, too complete and obvious, fails to exact adequate return. This possibility, indeed, he seems to have discovered, as in more than one of his later poems he sorrowfully counsels something of reserve and self-restraint as the best policy of the lover. His experience had also the effect of opening his eyes to the shortcomings of the other sex, and induced him to allude to these in lines of biting satire. A passage in a poem of his contemporary Montgomerie informs us that Scot lived

to advanced years. In a sonnet to Robert Hudson, written about the year 1584, the author of "The Cherrie and the Slae" refers to "old Scot" as still alive.

With a few exceptions, the poems of Scot* are all of the amatory kind, and, taken together, form a fairly complete comment on the pains, the pleasures, and the arts of love. His longest composition, the "New Yeir Gift to Quene Mary" sheds much curious light upon the social conditions of 1562; and in "The Justing at the Drum," an imitation of "Chrystis Kirk on the Grene," he has followed the initiative of Dunbar and Lyndsay, and in a quaint strain of humour has burlesqued the practice of the tourney. Of the general tenor of his work the lines of Allan Ramsay may be taken as a fair description.

Licht-skirtit lasses, and the girmand wyfe,
 Fleming and Scot haif painted to the lyfe.
 Scot, sweit-tungd Scot, quha sings the Welcum hame
 To Mary, our maist bony Soverane Dame.
 How lyflie he and amorous Stuart sing
 Quhen lufe and bewtie bid them spred the wing!†

Exhibiting mastery of a surprising variety of stanza forms, his verse possesses an ease and finish unsurpassed in his time. Here and there he flashes out

*As already stated, the preservation of all the extant compositions attributed to Scot is owed to Bannatyne's MS. From this several pieces were printed by Ramsay, Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald, in their several collections. The poems were first gathered into one volume by Laing, who printed an octavo edition of one hundred copies for private circulation at Edinburgh in 1821. Another edition, of seventy copies, by Alexander Smith, was printed at Glasgow in 1882. And in 1887 a modernised version of considerable merit by William M'Kean, "based mainly on Laing's collection," and not containing all the author's work, was printed at Paisley.

† *Memorials of George Bannatyne*, Edin. 1829, p. 47.

in a terse aphoristic style, as when he gives his views on womankind—

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth ;
 Thay wald be menit, and no man menis ;
 Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth ;
 Thay wiss thair will that skant weill wenys.

Not less is he at home in paradox :

For nobillis hes nocht ay renown,
 Nor gentillis ay the gayest gown ;
 Thay cary victuallis to the toun
 That werst dois dyne.
 Sa bissely to busk I boun,
 Ane-vthir eit is the berry doun
 That suld be myne.

And for expression of downright democratic sentiment, the author of "A man's a man for a' that" might have written the lines—

For quhy? as bricht bene birneist brass
 As siluer wrocht at all dewiss,
 And als gud drinking out of glass
 As gold, thocht gold of grittar pryss.

But, apart from its poetic fascination, a peculiar interest attaches to the work of the man who struck the first distinctly modern note in Scottish poetry. Breaking away from the conventional forms of the old makars, Alexander Scot wrote in a direct, natural fashion, and but for their rich quaintness of expression and their antique language, many of his pieces might almost be the work of a poet of the nineteenth century. The form of his work, its aptness to turn upon some single thought or situation, and its general tendency to direct expression of personal feeling and experience, entitle him to be considered the earliest of the more distinctly lyrical poets of Scotland.

THE JUSTING AND DEBAIT VP
 AT THE DRUM BETUIX
 WILLIAM ADAMSONE AND
 JOHINE SYM.



HE grit debait and turnament
 Off trewth no tounge can tell,
 Wes for a lusty lady gent¹,
 Betuix twa freikis² fell.

¹ a lady comely
 and neat.

² stout fellows.

For Mars, the god armipotent
 Wes nocht sa ferss him-sell,
 Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,
 And dang³ the devill of hell,
 With hornis ;
 Vp at the Drum* that day.

³ beat.

Doutles wes nocht so dughty deidis
 Amangis the dowsy peiris⁴,
 Nor yit no clerk in story reidis
 Off sa tryvmphand weiris⁵;
 To se so stowtly on thair steidis
 Tha stalwart knyghtis steiris⁶,
 Quhill bellyis bair for brodding⁷ bleidis
 With spurris als scherp as breiris⁸,
 And kene,
 Vp at the Drum that day.

⁴ douze pairs, the
 twelve peers of
 Charlemagne.

⁵ wars.

⁶ stir, move.

⁷ pricking,
 spurring.

⁸ briers.

* The Drum was a house belonging to Lord Somerville,
 situated between Dalkeith and Edinburgh.

Vp at the Drum the day wes sett,
 And fixit wes the feild
 Quhair baith thir noble chiftanis mett
 Enarmit vndir scheid.

¹ hot.

Thay wer sa haisty and sa hett¹
 That nane of thame wald yeild,
 Bot to debait or be down bett
 And in the quarrell keild
 Or slane,
 Vp at the Drum that day.

² known.

³ was stronger of
 body.

Thair wes ane bettir and ane worss,
 I wald that it wër wittin²;
 For William wichttar wes of corss³
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.

⁴ promised.

⁵ If.

Sym said he sett nocht by his forss,
 Bot hecht⁴ he sould be hittin,
 And⁵ he micht counter Will on hors; ;
 For Sym wes bettir sittin
 Nor Will,

Vp at the Drum that day.

⁶ youngsters.
 (Perhaps Dutch
jonker, young
 nobleman.)

⁷ sprightly.

To se the stryfe come yunkeirs⁶ stowt,
 And mony galyart⁷ man;
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowt,
 The wyne on broich⁸ it ran.

⁸ foam.

⁹ cornets.

¹⁰ course.

Trumpettis and schalmis⁹ with a schowt
 Playid or the rink¹⁰ began,
 And eikwall juges satt abowt

¹¹ lost or won.

To se quha tynt or wan¹¹
 The feild,
 Vp at the Drum that day.

With twa blunt trincher speiris squair

It wes thair interpryiss,

To fecht with baith thair facis bair

For lufe, as is the gyiss¹.

¹ fashion.

Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair,

And hard the rumor ryiss,

Quha stall away thair styngis² baith clair,

² pikes.

And hid in secreit wayiss,

For skaith³,

³ hurt.

Vp at the Drum that day.

Strang men of armes and of micht

Wer sett thame for to sidder.

The harraldis cryd "God schaw the rycht!"

Syne bad thame go togidder.

"Quhair is my speir?" sayis Sym the knycht;

"Sum man go bring it hidder."

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,

Thair lanciss come to lidder⁴

⁴ too sluggishly.

And slaw,

Vp at the Drum that day.

Syme flew als fery as a fowne⁵;

⁵ as active as a fawn.

Doun fra the horss he slaid,

Sayis, "He sall rew my staff hes stowin⁶,

⁶ stolen.

For I sal be his deid⁷."

⁷ death.

William his vow plicht to the powin⁸,

⁸ pledged to the peacock.

For favour or for feid⁹;

⁹ feud.

"Als gude the tre had nevir growin,

Quhair of my speir wes maid,

To just!"

Vp at the Drum that day.

¹ sun and moon.Thir vowis maid to syn and mone¹,² ranged.Thay raikit² baith to rest,³ breakfast.O. Fr. *desjunc.*Thame to reffess with thair disione³

And of thair armour kest.

Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,

Quhen thay suld haif fairin best,

⁴ ere noon.The fyre wes pischt out lang or none⁴

Thair dennaris suld haif drest

⁵ prepared.And dicht⁵,

Vp at the Drum that day.

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd

Far mair than of beforne.

⁶ pained,
punished.Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd⁶

That thame had drevin to skorne.

Thair wes no deth mycht be devynd,

⁷ oaths.Bot ethis⁷ haif thay sworne,⁸ by the time that.He suld deir by be⁸ thay had dynd,

And ban that he wes borne

Or bred ;

Vp at the Drum that day.

Than to Dalkeith thai maid thame boun,

Reidwod⁹ of this reproche.⁹ Anger-mad,
furious.

Thair wes baith wyne and vennisoun,

And barrellis ran on broche.

Thay band vp kyndness in that toun,

Nane fra his feir to foche¹⁰;¹⁰ from his com-
panion to fetch.For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun¹¹¹¹ neither lad nor
knave.Micht eit ane baikin loche¹²,¹² a baked loach.For fownness¹³,¹³ fullness,
drunkenness.

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Syne eftir denner raiss the din,
And all the toun on steir¹.

¹ astir.

William wes wyiss, and held him in,
For he wes in a feir².

² in company.

Sym to haif bargan cowld nocht blin³,
But bukkit Will on weir⁴;

³ from having
combat could
not desist.

Sayis, "Gife thow wald this lady win,
Cum furth and brek a speir

⁴ incited Will to
war.

With me!"

Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

This still for bargan Sym abyddis,
And schowttit Will to schame.

Will saw his fais on bath the syddis;
Full sair he dred⁵ for blame.

⁵ dreaded.

Will schortly to his horsse he slydis,
And sayis to Sym be name,

"Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis⁶
And weddir⁷ skynnis at hame,

⁶ buying hides.

Nor heir;"

⁷ wether.

Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

Now is the growme⁸ that wes so grym
Rycht glaid to leif in lie⁹.

⁸ the groom, the
gallant.

"Fy, theif, for schame!" sayis littill Sym,
"Will thow nocht fecht with me?"

⁹ to live in peace.

Thow art moir lerge of lyth¹⁰ and lym
Nor I am, be sic thre¹¹."

¹⁰ joint.

¹¹ by three such.

And all the feild cryd fy on him,
Sa cowardly tuk the fle¹²

¹² flight.

For feir,

Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

¹ jibe.Than every man gaif Will a mok¹,² over meek.And said he wes our meik².

Says Sym, "Send for thy broder Jok ;

I sall nocht be to seik.

³ four together.For wer ye foursum³ in a flok,

I compt yow nocht a leik,

⁴ distaff.Thocht I had rycht nocht bot a rok⁴,⁵ to make your
rump smoke.To gar your rumpill reik⁵

Behynd!"

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

⁶ nothing at all.Thair wes rycht nocht⁶ bot haif and ga ;⁷ laughed.With lawchter lowd thay lewche⁷⁸ take.Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta⁸,⁹ do it so reluc-
tantly.And Will mak it sa twche⁹.¹⁰ roe.Sym lap on horsbak lyk a ra¹⁰,¹¹ steep bank.And ran him till a huche¹¹,¹² declivity.Says "William, cum ryd down this bra¹²,¹³ limb.Thocht ye suld brek ane bwche¹³,

Fo lufe!"

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

¹⁴ rushed.Sone down the bra Sym braid¹⁴ lyk thunder,

And bad Will fallow fast.

To grund for fersness he did funder

Be he midhill had past.

William saw Sym in sic a blunder,

To ga he wes agast ;

¹⁵ feared.For he affeird¹⁵ it wes na winder

His cursour suld him cast

And hurt him,

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than all the yunkerris bad Will yeild
Or doun the glen to gang¹.

¹ go.

Sum cryd the koward suld be keild ;
Sum doun the hewche he thrang².

² thrust.

Sum ruscht, sum rummyld³, sum reild⁴;
Sum be the bewche⁵ he hang.

³ rumbled.

⁴ rolled.

⁵ limb, bough.

Thair avairis⁶ fyld vp all the feild,
Thay wer so fow and pang⁷

⁶ belongings.

⁷ full and
crammed.

With drafe⁸,

⁸ malt liquor,
lit. grains.

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than gelly⁹ Johine come in a jak¹⁰
To feild quhair he wes feidit¹¹,

⁹ worthy.

¹⁰ jacket of mail.

¹¹ held at feud.

Abone¹² his brand ane bucklar blak,
Baill fell the bern that bedit¹³.

¹² Above.

¹³ Woe befell the
man that
awaited it.

He slippit swiftly to the slak¹⁴,
And rudly doun he raid it.

¹⁴ gap, opening
between hills.

Befoir his curpall¹⁵ wes a crak

¹⁵ crupper.

Culd na man tell quha maid it,

For lawchter,

Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw ;

For nycht had thame ourtane.

“Allaiss!” said Sym, “for falt of law,
That bargan get I nane.”

Thuss hame with mony crak and flaw¹⁶

¹⁶ with many a
boast and fib.

Thay passid every ane ;

Syne pairtit at the Potter raw,

And sindry gaitis¹⁷ ar gane,

¹⁷ ways.

To rest thame,

Within the toun that nicht.

L'ENVOY.

This Will wes he begyld the may,
 And did hir marriage spill.
 He promiseist hir to lat him play,
 Hir purposse to fulfill.
 Fra¹ scho fell fow² he fled away,
 And come na mair hir till:
 Quhairfoir he tynt³ the feild that day,
 And tuk him to ane mill,
To hyd him,
 As coward fals of fey⁴.

¹ From the time
when.

² full.

³ lost.

⁴ faith.

HENCE, HAIRT.

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,
And hald thé with thy souerane ;
For I had lever want ane harte
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
Thairfoir go, with thy lufe remane,
And lat me leif thus vnmolest ;
And se that thou cum nocht agane,
Bot byd with hir thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang¹
Is to depairt so suddanly,
Address² thé now, for thow sall gang
And beir thy lady cumpany.
Fra scho be gon, hairtles am I ;
For quhy? thow art with hir possesst ;
Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy³,
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Thocht this belappit⁴ body heir
Be bound to scheruitude and thrall,
My fathfull hairt is fre inteir,
And mynd to serf my lady at all⁵.

¹ served long.

² Prepare.

³ haste.

⁴ beleaguered.

⁵ wholly.

¹ per-equal, *i.e.*
quite worthy.

Wald God that I wer perigall¹,
Vnder that redolent ross to rest ;
Yit at the leist, my hairt, thow sall
Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

² garden.

³ rest.

⁴ whole.

⁵ kiss.

Sen in your garth² the lilly quhyte
May nocht remane among the laif³,
Adew the flour of haill⁴ delyte,
Adew the succour that ma me saif !
Adew the fragrant balmé suaif⁵,
And lamp of ladeis lustiest !
My faythfull hairt scho sall it haif,
To byd with hir it luvis best.

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir absence, sen scho most depairte ;
And specialy ye luvaris trew
That woundit bene with luvis darte.
For sum of yow sall want ane parte
Als weill as I ; thairfoir at last
Do go with myn, with mynd inwart,
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

OPPRESSIT HAIRT INDURE.

OPPRESSIT hairt indure

In dolour and distress,

Wappit without recure¹

In wo remediless.

Sen scho is merciless,

And caussis all thy smert,

Quhilk suld thy dolour dress²,

Indure, oppressit hairt.

¹ Enwrapped
without re-
covery.

² aid.

Perfors tak paciens,

And dre³ thy destany

To lufe but recompens

Is grit perplexitie.

Of thyne aduersitie

Wyt⁴ thy-self and no mo,

For quhen that thow wes fre

Thow wald nocht hald thé so.

³ endure.

⁴ blame.

Thow langit ay to prufe

The strenth of luvis lair⁵,

And quhat kin⁶ thing wes lufe,

Quhilk now settis⁷ thé so sair.

⁵ lore.

⁶ kind of.

⁷ besets.

Off all thy wo and cair
 It mendis thé nocht to mene¹:
 Howbeid thou suld forfair²,
 Thy-self the causs hes bene.

¹ lament.² Though thou shouldst perish.

Quhen thou wes weill at eiss,
 And subiect to no wicht,
 Thow hir for lufe did cheiss³
 Quhilk settis thy lufe at licht;
 And thocht thou knew hir slicht⁴
 Yit wald thou [nocht] refrane,
 Thairfoir it is bot rycht
 That thou indure the pane.

³ choose.⁴ worthless.

Bot yit my corpss, allace,
 Is wrangusly opprest
 Be thé in-to this cace,
 And brocht to grit wanrest⁵.
 Quhy suld it so be drest⁶
 Be thé, and daly pynd⁷,
 Quhilk still it ay detest?
 Thy wantoun folich mynd.

⁵ unrest.⁶ treated.⁷ daily pained.

The blenkyne⁸ of ane e
 Ay gart thé goif and glaik⁹;
 My body bad lat be,
 And of thy siching slaik¹⁰.
 Thow wald nocht rest, bot raik¹¹,
 And lair¹² thé in the myre;
 Yit felyeit thou to faik¹³
 That thou did maist desyre.

⁸ glancing.⁹ made thee stare and idle.¹⁰ slacken, abate thy sighing.¹¹ range.¹² earth.¹³ failedst thou to grasp.

Thocht thow do murn and weip,
With inwart spreit opprest,
Quhen vthir men takis sleip
Thow wantis the nychtis rest.
Scho quhome thow luvis best
Off thé takis littill thocht,
Thy wo and grit wanrest
And cair scho countis nocht.

Thairfoir go hens in haist,
My langour to lament,
Do nocht my body waist,
Quhilk nevir did consent.
And thocht thow wald repent
That thow hir hes persewit.
Yit man^r thow stand content,
And drynk that thow hes brewit.

^r must

TO LUVE VNLUVIT.

To luv vnluvit it is ane pane;
For scho that is my souerane,
¹ high. Sum wantoun man so he¹ hes set hir
That I can get no lufe agane,
Bot brekis my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

Quhen that I went with that sweit may
To dance, to sing, to sport and pley,
² folded. And oft-tymes in my armis plet² hir,
I do now mvrne both nycht and day,
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir.

Quhair I wes wont to se hir go
Rycht trymly passand to and fro
With cumly smylis quhen I met hir;
And now I leif in pane and wo,
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir.

³ What a stupid
fool.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule³ am I,
To slay my-self with malancoley,
⁴ Since well I know. Sen weill I ken⁴ I may nocht get hir?
Or quhat suld be the caus, and quhy,
To brek my hart, and nocht the bettir?

My hairt, sen thow may nocht hir pleiss,
Adew! As gud lufe cumis as gaiss¹.

¹ goes.

Go chuse ane-vdir and foryet hir.
God gif him dolour and diseiss²

² want of ease.

That brekis thair hairt, and nocht the bettir.

Quod Scott quhen his Wyfe left him.

LO, QUHAT IT IS TO LUFÉ.

Lo, quhat it is to lufe,
Lerne, ye that list to prufe,
Be me, I say, that no ways may
The grund of greif remvfe,
Bot still decay, both nycht and day;
Lo, quhat it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
Kendillit without desyre,
Schort plesour, lang displesour,
Repentence is the hyre.
Ane pure¹ tressour, without mesour,
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

¹ poor.

To lufe and to be wyiss,
To rege² with gud adwyiss.
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
Incertane is the dyiss.
Thair is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe and to be wyiss.

² quarrel.

Fle always frome the snair;
Lerne at me to be ware.
It is ane pane, and dowbill trane
Of endles wo and cair.
For to refrane that denger plane
Fle always from the snair.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, while the pages of English poetry were receiving their richest contributions from the pens of Spenser, Shakespeare, and their comrade Elizabethans, the most famous, almost the sole singer left in the north was the author of "The Cherrie and the Slae." Amid the moroseness and ecclesiastic strife which shadowed those closing years while James the Sixth still ruled at Holyrood, this voice still sang sweetly of love and laughter, of dewy nights and the lark's morning song.

Alexander Montgomerie was a younger son of Montgomerie of Hazelhead, in Ayrshire, a scion of the noble house of Eglinton. The date of his birth remains uncertain, beyond that it was, as he himself says, "on Eister day at morne;" but he is believed to have first seen the light at Hazelhead Castle about 1545. According to references in his works, it appears that he was educated somewhere in Argyleshire. In any case it is certain that he was a man of culture and refined tastes. Of good social position, related by intermarriage with the Mures of Rowallan and the Semples of Castle Semple, he was the

professed admirer of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, eldest daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton, to whom he addressed several compositions in the "despairing lover" tone fashionable in his time. He is recorded to have held some place at Court, first under the Regent Morton, and afterwards under James VI., from which, and not from military or naval rank, he appears to have derived the title of Captain. For a time he stood high in favour with the king, for whose *Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, he wrote a commendatory sonnet by way of preface. James, moreover, in his *Rewulis and Cautelis of Poesie*, quotes several of Montgomerie's verses as patterns, and is recorded to have been greatly diverted by the recitation of the "Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart." Later, however, the poet shared the fate of other courtiers, and for some unknown reason fell into disgrace. Nor does any authority exist for the supposition that he regained the royal favour and accompanied the king to England. More probability attends the belief that he settled at Compton Castle, near Kirkcudbright, in Galloway, close by which, at the junction of the Dee and the Tarffe, tradition points out the scene of his chief poem, "The Cherrie and the Slae."

In Montgomerie there appears a curious reflection, though in fainter colours, of the fate and character of Dunbar. Like the great makar of James the Fourth's time, he was the scion of a noble house. In his verse appear the same eager efforts to secure favour at Court, the same bitterness at disappointment, and the

same succeeding rancour against rivals and enemies. Here is the same oppression under insufficient means, and the same eager and thirsty heart continually mocked by "wicked weirds" and "thrauard fates." Even his pension of 500 marks a year, chargeable on certain rents of the archbishopric of Glasgow, was withheld for a time, and only regained, by writ of privy seal, in 1588, after a vexatious law-suit. And on undertaking a foreign tour, for which he received royal leave of absence in 1586, he found himself for a time, upon what charge is unknown, thrown into prison. In one of his sonnets he records his sorrows—

If lose of guidis, if gritest grudge or grief,
 If povertie, imprisonment, or pane,
 If for guid-will ingratitude agane,
 If languishing in langour but relief,
 If det, if dolour, and to become deif,
 If travell tint and labour lost in vane,
 Do properly to poets appertane,
 Of all that craft my chance is to be chief.

Like Dunbar, Montgomerie appears to have become serious in his later years, "the productions of which," to quote his latest editor, "breathe a tender melancholy and unaffected piety, inspired with hopes of a fairer future, in strange contrast to some of his earlier work." To the spirit of these years must also be attributed a metrical version of Psalms, fifteen in number, apparently part of a complete metrical paraphrase which he, in conjunction with some other writers, offered to execute for the public free of charge.

It is gathered from the anonymous publication of this collection of Psalms, entitled "The Mindes Melodie,"

and from his series of epitaphs, that the poet was still alive in the year 1605; but he was dead before 1615, according to the title-page of a new edition of "The Cherrie and the Slae," printed by Andro Hart in that year.

According to his own poetic statement, he was small of stature, fairly good-looking, and afflicted with the painful disease of gravel.

Most of Montgomerie's poems have been preserved respectively in the Drummond, the Maitland, and the Bannatyne MSS. After many separate editions of the chief pieces, the whole of the poems were for the first time collected into one volume (Edinburgh, 1821) by David Laing, with a biographical notice by Dr. Irving, the historian of Scottish poetry. The only other complete edition is that by Dr. James Cranstoun (Scottish Text Society, 1885-87). The latter, in the present volume, is regarded as the standard text.

"The Cherrie and the Slae," Montgomerie's chief effort, has ever since its composition been one of the most popular of Scottish poems, no fewer than twenty-three editions of it having been printed since 1597. The intention of the allegory, according to Pinkerton, was to show that moderate pleasures are better than high ones. But Dempster, who translated it into Latin, considered it to be, first, a love allegory, picturing a young man's choice between a humble and a high-born mistress, and afterwards the portrayal of a struggle between virtue and vice. Most readers are likely to agree with Dr. Cranstoun in considering Dempster's solution correct, believing with him that

“what the poet began as an amatory lay he ended as a moral poem ; what he meant for a song turned out a sermon.” Thus, probably, it comes about that the allegory is of small account, the chief value and charm of the poem lying in its passages of description, its freshness of imagery, and its mother-wit. The opening stanzas present by far the best part of the composition. The remainder possesses but secondary interest, notwithstanding the many pithy sayings introduced ; and no climax is reached even when the cherry is attained at the end of the piece.

Of the poet's other works the longest extant is “The Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart,” a tournament of Rabelaisian humour in the style of the famous “Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.” Its chief interest, for poetic qualities it has none, is as a specimen of a class of composition—the mock duel of vituperation between good friends—which was in those times considered an amusing literary performance. His sonnets, “characterised by great poetic skill and singular felicity of diction,” furnish no mean contribution to the stores of a verse-form then greatly cultivated, while his miscellaneous poems, nearly all amatory, exhibit mastery of a great variety of measures. Sometimes, however, the tone of these appears affected to a modern ear, and their imagery apt to descend into conceits.

There remains, preserved by the Maitland MS., another poem, “The Bankis of Helicon,” a love lyric of great charm, which long enjoyed the reputation of being the earliest piece written in the stanza of “The

Cherrie and the Slæe." Laing thought it possible that Montgomerie might be the author of this, and Dr. Cranstoun establishes the opinion with a fair amount of certainty, considering it one of the series of compositions addressed by the poet to his kinswoman, Lady Margaret Montgomerie, and pointing out the frequency with which sets of expressions and even whole lines from the other pieces of the series are repeated in it. Even if ascertained beyond doubt, however, the authorship of "The Bankis of Helicon" would add nothing to Montgomerie's reputation, which is likely to live and die with the reputation of his greatest work, the lyrical allegory of "The Cherrie and the Slæe."

Greater in manner than in matter, Montgomerie's verse owes its charm to finish and grace rather than to vigour and imagination, affording rather a late reflection of the early glories of the century than the glow of a new inspiration; nevertheless it has remained constantly popular, a surprising number of its lines having become household words in the shape of proverbs; it claims the credit, along with Dunbar's work, of furnishing models both to Allan Ramsay and to Burns; and, beyond all its Scottish contemporaries, it possesses intrinsic qualities which assure it an enduring fame.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.



ABOUT ane bank, quhair birdis on bewis¹ ¹ boughs.
Ten thusand tymis thair notis renewis
Ilke² houre into the day, ² each.
The merle and maueis³ micht be sene, ³ thrush.
The progne and the phelomene⁴, ⁴ swallow and
Quhilk caussit me to stay. nightingale.
I lay and leynit me to ane bus
To heir the birdis beir⁵; ⁵ sound.
Thair mirth was sa melodius
Throw nature of the yeir :
Sum singing, sum springing
With wingis into the sky ;
So trimlie and nimlie
Thir birdis they flew me by.

I saw the hurcheon⁶ and the hair, ⁶ hedgehog.
Quha fed amangis the flowris fair,
Wer happing to and fro.
I saw the cunning⁷ and the cat, ⁷ rabbit.
Quhais downis with the dew was wat,
With mony beisties mo.

The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
 The fowmart¹, and the foxe
 War skowping² all fra brae to brae,
 Amang the water broxe;
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 In cais of suddain snairis;
 With skipping and tripping
 Thay hantit³ all in pairis.

The air was sa attemperate,
 But ony myst immaculate,
 Bot purefeit and cleir;
 The flowris fair wer flurischit,
 As Nature had them nurischit
 Baith delicate and deir⁴;
 And eury blome on branche and bewch⁵
 So prettily wer spred,
 And hang their heidis out-ouir the hewch⁶
 In Mayis colour cled;
 Sum knopping⁷, sum dropping
 Of balmie liquor sweet,
 Distelling and smelling
 Throw Phœbus hailsum heit.

The cuckow and the cuschet⁸ cryde,
 The turtle, on the vther syde,
 Na plesure had to play;
 So schil⁹ in sorrow was her sang
 That, throw hyr voice, the roches rang;
 For Eccho answerit ay,

¹ polecat.² skipping.³ kept their haunts.⁴ wild.⁵ bough.⁶ cliff.⁷ budding.⁸ ringdove.⁹ shrill.

Lamenting sair Narcissus' cace,
 Quha staruit¹ at the well ;
 Quha with the schaddow of his face
 For lufe did slay himsell.*
 Quhylis weiping and creiping
 About the well he baid ;
 Quhylis lying, quhylis crying,
 Bot it na answeire maid.

The dew as diamondis did hing
 Vpon the tender twistis² and ying,
 Owir-twinkling all the treis ;
 And ay quhair flowris flourisshit faire
 Thair suddainly I saw repaire
 In swarmes the sounding beis.
 Sum sweetly hes the hony socht,
 Quhil³ they war cloggit soir :
 Sum willingly the waxe hes wrocht,
 To heip it vp in stoir.
 So heiping with keeping,
 Into thair hyuis they hyde it,
 Precyselie and wyselie
 For winter they prouyde it.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
 How euery blossome, branche, and bark,
 Agaynst the sun did schyne,

* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 407, and on. The legend is alluded to by Shelley in "The Sensitive Plant," when he describes the narcissus flowers,

"Who gaze on thine eyes in the stream's recess
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

I leif to poetis to compyle
 In staitlie verse and lofty style :
 It passis my ingyne.
 Bot as I mussit myne allane,
 I saw an river rin
 Out-our ane craggie rok of stane,
 Syne lichtit in ane lin¹,
 With tumbling and rumbling
 Amang the rochis round,
 Dewalling² and falling
 Into that pit profound.

¹ pool under a
 cataract.

² descending.

To heir thae startling stremis cleir
 Me-thocht it musique to the eir,
 Quhat deskant did abound
 With trible sweit, an tenor iust,
 And ay the echo repercust
 Hir diapason sound,
 Set with the Ci-sol-fa-uth cleife,*
 Thairby to knaw the note ;
 Thair soundit a michtie semibreif
 Out of the elphis throte³.
 Discreitlie, mair sweetlie
 Nor craftie Amphion,
 Or Musis that visis⁴
 At fountaine Helicon.

³ *i.e.* the throat
 of Echo, one
 of the cavern
 elves.

⁴ are accustomed
 to be.

* The syllables, *ut, re, mi, fa, so, la*, are said, says Dr. Cranstoun, "to have been first used in the teaching of singing by Guido of Arezzo in the eleventh century. Le Maire, a French musician of the seventeenth century, added *si* for the seventh of the scale."

- Quha wald haue tyrit to heir that tune,
 Quhilk birdis corroborate ay abune¹, 1 above.
 Throw schowting of the larkis?
 Sum flies sa high into the skies,
 Quhill Cupid walkinnes² with the cryis 2 Till Cupid
wakens.
 Of Nature's chappell clarkis,
 Quha, leving all the hevins aboue
 Alighted in the eird³. 3 earth.
 Lo, how that little God of Loue
 Befoir me thair apperid!
 So myld-lyke and chyld-lyke,
 With bow thrie quarteris scant,
 So moylie and coylie⁴, 4 mildly and
quietly.
 He lukit like ane sant.
- Ane cleinlie crisp⁵ hang our his eyis 5 veil of cobweb
lawn.
 His quauer by his naked thyis
 Hang in ane siluer lace.
 Of gold, betwix his schoulders, grew
 Twa pretty wingis quhairwith he flew;
 On his left arme ane brace⁶. 6 arm-covering.
 This god aff all his geir he schuik
 And laid it on the grund.
 I ran als busie for to luik
 Quhair ferleis⁷ nicht be fund. 7 marvels.
 Amasit I gasit
 To see that geir sa gay
 Persawing my hawing⁸ 8 Perceiving my
behaviour.
 He countit me his pray.

His youth and stature made me stout ;
Of doubleness I had na doubt,

¹ jested.

Bot bourded¹ with my boy.

Quod I, "How call they thee, my chyld?"

"Cupido, Sir," quod he, and smyld :

"Please you me to imploy ;

For I can serve you in your suite,

² to hold sway.

If you please to impyre²,

With wingis to flie, and schafis to schute,

Or flamis to set on fyre.

Mak choice then out of those then,

Or of a thousand things ;

Bot craue them, and haue them."

³ wooed, made
sign for.

With that I wowed³ his wings.

"Quhat wald thou giue, my friend," quod he,

"To haf thae prettie wingis to flie,

To sport thee for a quhyle ?

Or quhat, gif I suld len thee heir

My bow and all my shuting geir,

Sum bodie to begyle ?"

"That geir," quod I, "can not be bocht,

⁴ have it gladly.

Yet I wald haif it faine⁴."

"Quhat gif," quod he, "it coist thee nocht

Bot randring it againe ?"

His wingis than he bringis than,

And band them on my back :

"Go flie now," quod he now,

"And so my leif I tak."

I sprang vp on Cupidoes wingis,
 Quha bow and quair baith resingis¹ 1 resigns.
 To lend me for ane day.
 As Icarus with borrowit flicht
 I mountit hichar nor² I nicht; 2 higher than.
 Our perrelous ane play.
 Than furth I drew that deadlie dairt
 Quhilk sumtyme schot his mother,
 Quhair-with I hurt my wanton heart,
 In hope to hurt ane-vther.
 It hurt me, it burt³ me, 3 burned.
 The ofter I it handill.
 Cum se now, in me now,
 The butter-flie and candill.

As scho delytis into the low⁴, 4 flame.
 Sa was I browdin in⁵ my bow, 5 foolishly fond of.
 Als ignorant as scho;
 And als scho flies quhill sche be fyrit,
 Sa, with the dart that I desyrit,
 My hand hes hurt me to.
 As fulisch Phaëton, be sute⁶, 6 by suit.
 His fatheris cart obtaind,
 I langt in Luiffis bow to shute,
 Bot weist not what it meind.
 Mair wilfull than skilfull
 To flie I was so fond,
 Desyring, impyring,
 And sa was sene vpond⁷. 7 upon it.

¹ hews (a tree)
too high.

² splinter.

³ shut.

⁴ stolen.

To late I knaw, quha hewis to hie¹,
 The spail² sall fall into his eie ;
 To late I went to scuillis.
 To late I heard the swallow preiche,*
 To late Experience dois teiche—
 The skuill-maister of fuillis.
 To late to fynde the nest I seik,
 Quhen all the birdis are flowin ;
 To late the stabill dore I steik³,
 Quhen all the steids are stowin⁴.
 To lait ay their stait ay
 All fulische folke espye ;
 Behynd so, they fynd so
 Remeid, and so do I.

Gif I had rypelie bene aduysit
 I had not rashlie enterprysit
 To soir with borrowit pennis,
 Nor yit had saied the archer craft,
 Nor schot myself with sik a schaft
 As resoun quite miskennis⁵.

⁵ is ignorant of,
refuses to
acknowledge.

⁶ From the time
when.

Fra⁶ wilfulnes gauē me my wound
 I had na force to flie,

⁷ groaning.

Then came I granand⁷ to the ground :
 “Freind, welcome hame!” quod he.

* An allusion to the fable of *Æsop*, versified by Henryson. The swallow, seeing a farmer sowing flax, begged the other birds to help her to pick up the seed, as the thread produced from it should compose the fowler's snare. Being twice refused and ridiculed, she resolved to quit the society of her thoughtless fellows, and has ever since frequented the dwellings of men.

“Quhair flew ye, quhome slew ye,
 Or quha bringis hame the buiting¹? ¹ booty.
 I sie now,” quod he now,
 “Ye haif bene at the schuting.”

As skorne cummis commonlie with skaith² ² hurt.
 Sa I behuifit to byde them baith :
 O quhat an stakkering stait³! ³ staggering
state.
 For vnder cure I gat sik chek⁴ ⁴ under (beyond)
cure I got
such check.
 Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek⁵, ⁵ prevent (re-
ceiving check).
 Bot eyther stail or mait⁶. ⁶ either be stale
or checkmated.
 My agonie was sa extreme
 I swelt and soundt⁷ for feir ; ⁷ fainted and
swooned.
 Bot, or I walkynnit of⁸ my dreame ⁸ ere I wakened
from.
 He spulyied⁹ me of my geir. ⁹ spoiled.
 With flicht than on hicht than
 Sprang Cupid in the skyis,
 Foryetting and setting
 At nocht my cairfull cryis.

Sa lang with sicht I followit him
 Quhill baith my feiblit eyis grew dim
 With staruing on the starnis ¹⁰; ¹⁰ staring at the
stars.
 Quhilk flew sa thick befor my ein,
 Sum reid, sum yellow, blew, and grein,
 Sa trublit all my harnis ¹¹; ¹¹ brains.
 Quhill euery-thing apperit two
 To my barbuilyiet ¹² braine, ¹² disordered.

Bot lang nicht I lye luiking so
 Or Cupid come againe;
 Quhais thundring, with wondring
 I hard vp throw the air;
 Throw cluddis so he thuddis so
 And flew I wist not quhair.

Fra that I saw that god was gane,
 And I in langour left allane,
 And sair tormentit, to,
 Sum-tyme I sicht quhill¹ I was sad,
 Sum-tyme I musit and maist gane mad,
 I wist not quhat to do.
 Sum-tyme I ravit, halfe in a rage,
 As ane into dispaire;
 To be opprest with sic ane page²
 Lord! gif my heart was saire!
 Like Dido, Cupido
 I widill and [I] warye³,
 Quha reft me, and left me
 In sik a feirie-farye⁴.

Then felt I Curage and Desyre
 In flame my heart with vncouth⁵ fyre,
 To me befoir vnknawin;
 Bot now na blud in me remaines
 Vnbrunt and boyld⁶ within my vaines,
 By luffis bellies blawin⁷.

¹ sighed till.² by such a boy.³ shake fist at
and curse.⁴ disorder, con-
sternation.⁵ strange.⁶ Unburnt and
unboiled.⁷ By love's bel-
lows blown.

To quench it, or I was deuorit,
 With siches I went about ;
 Bot ay the mair I schape to smor it¹ 1 to smother it.
 The baulder it brak out :
 Ay preising but ceising² 2 endeavouring
without ceasing.
 Quhill it may breik the boundis.
 My hew so furth schew so
 The dolour of my woundis.

With deidlie visage, pail and wan,
 Mair like ane atomie³ nor man, 3 skeleton.
 I widderit⁴ cleine away. 4 withered.
 As wax befor the fyre, I felt
 My hart within my bosome melt
 And pece and pece decay.
 My vaines with brangling⁵ like to brek— 5 throbbing.
 My punsis lap⁶ with pith— 6 My pulses
leaped.
 Sa feruently did me infek
 That I was vext thairwith.
 My hart ay did start ay
 The fyrie flamis to flie,
 Ay houping, throu louping,
 To win⁷ to liberty. 7 get.

Bot O! alace! byde it behuissit⁸, 8 it behoved to
abide.
 Within my cairfull corpis incluissit⁹, 9 enclosed.
 In presoun of my breist ;
 With sichis sa sowpit and ouriset¹⁰, 10 overcome and
upset.

Like to an fische fast in the net,
 In deid-thraw vndeceist¹,
 Quha, thocht² in vaine, dois striue for strenth
 For to pull out hir heid,
 Quhilk profitis nathing at the lenth
 Bot haistes hir to hir deid³.
 With wristing and thristing⁴
 The faster still is scho ;
 Thair I so did lye so,
 My death advancing to.

The mair I wrestlit with the wynd
 The faschter⁵ still myself I fynd ;
 Na mirth my mynd nicht mease⁶.
 Mair noy⁷, nor I, had neuer nane,
 I was sa alterit and ouirgane⁸
 Throw drowth⁹ of my disease.
 Than weakly, as I nicht, I rayis ;
 My sicht grewe dim and dark ;
 I stakkerit at the windilstrayis¹⁰,
 Na takin¹¹ I was stark.
 Baith sichtles and nichtles,
 I grew almaist at ainis¹² ;
 In angwische I langwische
 With mony grievous grainis¹³.

With sober pace I did approche
 Hard to the riuer and the roche
 Quhair of I spak befor ;
 Quhais running sic a murmure maid,

¹ In death-agony
 still livin'g.

² though.

³ death.

⁴ straining and
 thrusting.

⁵ more troubled.

⁶ ease.

⁷ annoyance.

⁸ oppressed.

⁹ drought.

¹⁰ dry grass stalks.

¹¹ No token.

¹² at once.

¹³ groans.

That to the sey it softlie slaid;
 The craig was high and schoir¹.
 Than pleasur did me so prouok
 Perforce thair to repaire,
 Betuix the riuier and the rok,
 Quhair Hope grew with Dispaire.
 A trie than I sie than
 Of CHERRIES in the braes.
 Belaw, to, I saw, to,
 Ane buss of bitter SLAES².

¹ sheer.² A bush of sloes.

The CHERRIES hang abune my heid,
 Like twinkland rubies round and reid,
 So hich vp in the hewch³,
 Quhais schaddowis in the riuier schew,
 Als graithlie⁴ glansing, as they grewe,
 On trimbling twistis tewch⁵,
 Quhilk bowed throu burding of thair birth⁶,
 Inclining downe thair toppis,
 Reflex of Phœbus of the firth⁷
 Newe colourit all thair knoppis⁸,
 With dansing and glansing
 In tirls dornik champ⁹,
 Ay streimand and gleimand
 Throw brichtnes of that lamp.

³ crag.⁴ perfectly.⁵ tough twigs.⁶ through burden
of their produce.⁷ sheltered place.⁸ knobs.⁹ In ripples like
diaper figuring.

With earnest eye quhil I espye
 The fruit betuixt me and the skye,
 Halfe-gaite¹⁰, almaist, to hevin,
 The craig sa cumbersume to clim,

¹⁰ Half-way.

The trie sa hich of growth, and trim
 As ony arrowe evin,
 I cald to mind how Daphne did
 Within the laurell schrink,
 Quhen from Apollo scho hir hid.*
 A thousand times I think
 That trie then to me then,
 As he his laurell thocht ;
 Aspyring but tiring¹
 To get that fruit I socht.

¹ without tiring.² use.³ endeavour.

To clime the craige it was na buit²
 Lat be to presse³ to pull the fruit
 In top of all the trie.
 I saw na way quhairby to cum
 Be ony craft to get it clum,
 Appeirandy to me.
 The craige was vgly, stay, and dreich⁴,
 The trie heich, lang, and smal⁵;
 I was affrayd to mount sa hich
 For feir to get ane fall.
 Affrayit to say it⁶,
 I luikit vp on loft ;
 Quhiles minting, quhiles stinting⁷,
 My purpose changit oft.

⁴ steep and wearisome.⁵ far up, tall, and slender.⁶ to essay it.⁷ At times trying, at times stopping.⁸ To stretch above my reach.

Then Dreid, with Danger and Dispaire,
 Forbad my minting anie mair
 To raxe aboue my reiche⁸.
 "Quhat, tusche!" quod Curage, "man, go to,

* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 452, and on.

He is bot daft that hes ado¹,
 And spairis for euey speiche.
 For I haue oft hard wise men say,
 And we may see our-sellis,
 That fortune helps the hardie ay,
 And pultrones plaine repellis.
 Than feir not, nor heir not
 Dreid, Danger, or Dispaire;
 To fazarts hard hazarts²
 Is deid or³ they cum thair.

¹ but foolish that
 has aught to do.

² To dastards
 hard hazards.

³ Is death ere.

“Quha speidis bot sic as heich aspyris?
 Quha triumphis nocht bot sic as tyris
 To win a nobill name?
 Of schrinking quhat bot schame succeidis?
 Than do as thou wald haif thy deidis
 In register of fame.
 I put the cais, thou nocht preuaild,
 Sa thou with honour die,
 Thy life, bot not thy courage, faild,
 Sall poetis pen of thee.
 Thy name than from Fame than
 Sall neuir be cut aff:
 Thy graif ay sall haif ay
 That honest epitaff.

“Quhat can thou loose, quhen honour lyuis?
 Renowne thy vertew ay reuyuis
 Gif valiauntlie thou end.”

Quod Danger, “Hulie⁴, friend, tak heid!

⁴ Softly.

Vntymous spurring spillis the steid.
 Tak tent¹ quhat ye pretend.
 Thocht Courage counsell thee to clim,
 Bewar thou kep na skaith².
 Haif thou na help bot Hope and him,
 They may beguyle thé baith.
 Thy-sell now can tell now
 The counsell of thae clarkis,
 Quhairthrow yit, I trow yit,
 Thy breist dois beir the markis.

¹ Take care.² thou catch no hurt.

“Brunt bairn with fyre the danger dreidis ;
 Sa I beleif thy bosome bleidis
 Sen last that fyre thou felt.
 Besydis this, seindell tymis thé seis³
 That euer Curage keipis the keyis
 Of knowledge at his belt.
 Thocht he bid fordwart with the gunnis,
 Small powder he prouydis.
 Be nocht ane novice of the nunnis
 That saw nocht baith the sydis.
 Fuil-haist⁴ ay almaist ay
 Quirsylis⁵ the sicht of sum
 Quha huikis not⁶, nor luikis not
 Quhat eftirward may cum.

³ few times thou seest.⁴ Foolish haste.⁵ Beguiles.⁶ considers not.

“Yit Wisdome wischis thé to wey
 This figour of philosophey—
 A lessoun worth to leir⁷—
 Quhilk is, in tyme for to tak tent,

⁷ learn.

And not, when tyme is past, repent,
 And buy repentance deir.
 Is thair na honoure efter lyfe
 Except thou slay thy-sell?
 Quhairfoir hes Attropus¹ that knyfe?
 I trow thou cannot tell,
 That, but it, wald cut it
 That Clotho² skairse hes spun,
 Destroying thy joying
 Befoure it be begun.

¹ Atropos, eldest
 of the Fates,
 presiding over
 death.

² youngest of the
 Fates, presiding
 over birth.

“All ouirs are repute to be vyce*—
 Ore hich, ore law, ore rasche, ore nyce,
 Ore heit, or yit ore cauld.
 Thou seemes vnconstant be thy sings³;
 Thy thocht is on ane thousand things;
 Thou wattis⁴ not quhat thou wald.
 Let Fame hir pittie on thé powre
 Quhan all thy banis ar brokin:
 Yone SLAE, suppose⁵ you think it soure,
 May satisfie to slokkin⁶
 Thy drouth⁷ now, O youth now,
 Quhilk drownis thee with desyre.
 Aswage than thy rage, man,
 Foull water quenches fyre.

³ signs.

⁴ knowest.

⁵ although.

⁶ slake.

⁷ drought.

* “Extremes are vicious.” The poet here advocates Horace’s “golden mean,” the counsel of the Greek proverb *Μηδὶν ἄγαν*, said to have been one of the inscriptions on the tripod of the oracle at Delphi.

“Quhat fule art thou to die of thirst,
 And now may quench it, gif thou list,
 So easily, but paine!

Maire honor is to vanquish ane
 Nor feicht with tensusm¹ and be tane,
 And outhir hurt or slane.

¹ Than fight with
 ten at once.

The prattick² is, to bring to passe,
 And not to enterprise;
 And als guid drinking out of glas
 As gold, in ony wise.

² practice.

³ liefer, rather.

I leur³ haue euer
 Ane foule in hand, or tway,
 Nor seand ten fleand
 About me all the day.”

[The argument is taken up by Hope, Will, Reason, Experience, and other allegorical qualities, who each urge their view of the enterprise. Finally, by all in company, the ascent is essayed, and the Cherrie secured.]

THE NIGHT IS NEIR GONE.*

HAY! nou the day davis ¹ ;	¹ dawns.
The jolie Cok crauis;	
Nou shroud is the shauis ²	² the coverts attire themselves.
Throu Natur anone.	
The thissell-cok ³ cryis	³ throstle-cock.
On louers vha lyis:	
Nou skaillis ⁴ the skyis:	⁴ scatter.
The nicht is neir gone.	
The feildis ouerflouis	
With gouans ⁵ that grouis,	⁵ daisies.
Quhair lilies lyk lou ⁶ is,	⁶ flame.
Als rid as the rone ⁷ .	⁷ As red as the rowan, mountain ash.
The turtill that treu is	
With nots that reneuis	
Hir pairtie ⁸ perseuis;	⁸ partner.
The night is neir gone.	

* "This lovely poem is one of the happiest efforts of Montgomerie's muse, and shows his lyric genius at its best. It is perhaps the oldest set of words extant to the air 'Hey tuttie, taittie'—the war-note sounded for the Bruce on the field of Bannockburn, and familiarized to everyone by Burns' 'Scots wha hae.' The song was one of those chosen for adaptation by the Wedderburns in their 'Compendious Buik of godly and spirituall Sangis.'"—(Cranstoun, *Notes*, p. 371.)

¹ Toss high their
tines, antlers.

² hedgehogs.

Nou hairtis with hyndis
Conforme to thair kyndis
Hie tursis thair tyndis¹
On grund vhair they grone.
Nou hurchonis² with hairis
Ay passis in pairis ;
Quhilk deuly declairis
The night is neir gone.

³ each one.

⁴ attends.

⁵ mates.

The sesone excellis
Through sweetnes that smellis ;
Nou Cupid compellis
Our hairtis echone³
On Venus vha vaikis⁴,
To muse on our maikis⁵,
Syn sing for thair saikis—
The night is neir gone.

⁶ prepare.

⁷ foes.

⁸ *i.e.* The stallion.

⁹ rears (?)

¹⁰ gallops.

All curageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis⁶
The breist-plate that bright is
To fecht with thair fone⁷.
The stoned steed⁸ stampis
Throu curage, and crampis⁹,
Syn on the land lampis¹⁰.
The night is neir gone.

¹¹ men, stout
fellows.

¹² strong
weapons.

¹³ throne.

The freikis¹¹ on feildis,
That wight wapins¹² weildis,
With shyning bright sheildis,
[As] Titan in trone¹³;

Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer cursoris cristis
Ar brok on thair breistis :
 The night is neir gone.

So hard ar thair hittis,
Some sueyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis¹
 On grund vhill they grone.

¹ change
 quarters.

Syn groomis² that gay is
On blonkis that brayis³
With suordis assayis :
 The night is neir gone.

² Then gallants.

³ On white steeds
 that neigh.

AN ADMONITIOUN TO YOUNG LASSIS.

A BONY "No," with smyling looks agane,
I wald ye leirnd, sen they so comely ar.
As touching "Yes," if ye suld speik so plane,
I might reprove you to haif said so far.

¹ cause.

Noght that your grant in ony wayis nicht gar¹
Me loth the fruit that curage ocht to chuse;

² scare.

Bot I wald only haif you seme to skar²,

³ feigning.

And let me tak it, fenzeing³ to refuse;

⁴ wrestle.

And warsill⁴, as it war against your will,
Appeiring angrie, thocht ye haif no yre:

⁵ have; *i.e.* pos-
session already
half satisfies.

For haif⁵, ye heir, is haldin half a fill.

I speik not this as trouing for to tyre;

⁶ smith.

Bot as the forger⁶, when he feeds his fyre,

⁷ boldly.

With sparks of water maks it burne more bald⁷;

So suet denyall doubillis bot desyr,

And quickins curage fra becomming cald.

⁸ must.

Wald ye be made of, ye man⁸ mak it nyce;
For dainties heir ar delicat and deir,

⁹ plentiful.

Bot plentie⁹ things ar prysde to litill pryce.

Then, thocht ye hearken, let no wit ye heir,

Bot look auay, and len thame ay your eir.

For, folou love, they say, and it will flie.

¹⁰ learn.

Wald ye be lovd, this lessone mon ye leir¹⁰;

¹¹ for a time.

Flie vhylome¹¹ love, and it will folou thee.

TO HIS MAISTRES.

BRIGHT amorous ee vhare Love in ambush [lyes]—
 Cleir cristall tear distilde at our depairt¹ ¹ parting.
 Sueet secreit sigh more peircing nor a dairt—
 Inchanting voce, beuitcher of the wyse—
 Quhyt ivory hand vhillk thrust my finger[s pryse]—
 I challenge you, the causers of my smarte,
 As homiceids and murtherers of my harte,
 In Resone's court to suffer ane assyse.
 Bot oh! I fear, yea rather wot I weill,
 To be repledgt ye plainly will appeill
 To Love, whom Resone never culd comm[and].
 Bot, since I can not better myn estate,
 Yit, vhill I live, at leist I sall regrate
 Ane ee, a teir, a sigh, a voce, a hand.

TO HIS MAISTRES.

So suete a kis yistrene fra thee I reft
 In bouing doun thy body on the bed,
 That evin my lyfe within thy lippis I left.
 Sensyne¹ from thee my spirit wald neuer shed².
 To folou thee it from my body fled,
 And left my corps als cold as ony kie³.
 Bot vhen the danger of my death I dred⁴,
 To seik my spreit I sent my harte to thee;
 Bot it wes so inamored with thyn ee,
 With thee it myndit lykuyse to remane.
 So thou hes keepit captive all the thrie,
 More glaid to byde then to returne agane.
 Except thy breath thare places had suppleit,
 Euen in thyn armes thair doutles had I deit.

¹ Since then.
² separate.

³ key.

⁴ feared.

TO THÉ FOR ME.

SUETE Nichtingale in holéne¹ grene that han[ts] ¹ holly.
 To sport thy-self, and special in the spring,
 Thy chivring chirli², vhilks changinglie thou [chants,] ² quivering trills.
 Maks all the roches round about thé ring;
 Vhilk slaiks my sorou, so to heir thé sing,
 And lights my louing langour at the leist;
 Yit, thocht³ thou sees not, sillie, saikles⁴ thing! ³ though.
 The piercing pykis brods⁵ at thy bony breist⁶. ⁴ frail, innocent.
 Euin so am I, by plesur lykuyis preist⁷, ⁵ thorns prick.
 In gritest danger vhair I most delyte. ⁶ bonnie breast.
 Bot since thy song for shoring⁸ hes not ceist ⁷ likewise tried.
 Suld feble I for feir my conqueis quyt⁹? ⁸ threatening.
 Na, na,—I love thé, freshest Phœnix fair! ⁹ my conquest (or
 In beuty, birth, in bounty but compair¹⁰. ¹⁰ without peer.

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