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THE

ROWLEY POEMS

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

REPRINTED FROM TYRWHITT'S THIRD EDITION

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY MAURICE EVAN HARE

MCMXI

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

I. CHATTERTON'S LIFE AND DEATH AND THE GENESIS OF THE ROWLEY POEMS

Thomas Chatterton was born in Bristol on the 20th of November 1752. His father—also Thomas—dead three months before his son's birth, had been a subchaunter in Bristol Cathedral and had held the mastership in a local free school. We are told that he was fond of reading and music; that he made a collection of Roman coins, and believed in magic (or so he said), studying the black art in the pages of Cornelius Agrippa. With all the self-acquired culture and learning that raised him above his class (his father and grandfathers before him for more than a hundred years had been sextons to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe) he is described as a dissipated, 'rather brutal fellow'. Lastly, he appears to have been 'very proud', self-confident, and self-reliant.

Of Chatterton's mother little need be said. Gentle and rather foolish, she was devoted to her two children Mary and, his sister's junior by two years, Thomas the Poet. Of these Mary seems to have inherited the colourless character of her mother; but Thomas must always have been remarkable. We have the fullest accounts of his childhood, and the details that might with another be set down as chronicles of the nursery will be seen to have their importance in the case of this boy who set himself consciously to be famous when he was eight, wrote fine imaginative verse before he was thirteen, and killed himself aged seventeen and nine months.

Thomas, then, was a moody baby, a dull small boy who knew few of his letters at four; and was superannuated—such was his impenetrability to learning—at the age of five from the

school of which his father had been master. He was moreover till the age of six and a half so frequently subject to long fits of abstraction and of apparently causeless crying that his mother and grandmother feared for his reason and thought him 'an absolute fool.' We are told also by his sister—and there is no incongruity in the two accounts—that he early displayed a taste for 'preheminence and would preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants.' At seven and a half he dissipated his mother's fear that she had borne a fool by rapidly learning to read in a great black-letter Bible; for characteristically 'he objected to read in a small book.' In a very short time from this he appears to have devoured eagerly the contents of every volume he could lay his hands on. He had a thirst for knowledge at large—for any kind of information, and as the merest child read with a careless voracity books of heraldry, history, astronomy, theology, and such other subjects as would repel most children, and perhaps one may say, most men. At the age of eight we hear of him reading 'all day or as long as they would let him,' confident that he was going to be famous, and promising his mother and sister 'a great deal of finery' for their care of him when the day of his fame arrived. Before he was nine he was nominated for Colston's Hospital, a local school where the Bluecoat dress was worn and at which the 'three Rs' were taught but very little else, so that the boy, disappointed of the hope of knowledge, complained he could work better at home. To this period we should probably assign the delightful story of Chatterton and a friendly potter who promised to give him an earthenware bowl with what inscription he pleased upon it—such writing presumably intended to be 'Tommy his bowl' or 'Tommy Chatterton'. 'Paint me,' said the small boy to the friendly potter, 'an Angel with Wings and a Trumpet to trumpet my Name over the World.'

At ten he was making progress in arithmetic, and it should be mentioned that he 'occupied himself with mechanical pursuits so that if anything was out of order in the house he was set to mend it.' At school he read during play hours and made few friends, but those were 'solid fellows,' his sister tells us; while at home he had appropriated to himself a small attic where he would read, write and draw pictures—a number of which are preserved in the British Museum—of knights and churches, and heraldic designs in red and yellow ochre, charcoal, and black-lead. In this attic too he had stored—though at what date is uncertain—a number of writings on parchment which had a rather singular history. In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe, the church in which Chatterton's ancestors had served as sextons, there were six or seven great oak chests, of which one, greater than the others and secured by no fewer than six locks, was traditionally called 'Canynges Cofre' after William Canynge the younger, with whose name the erection and completion of St. Mary's were especially associated. These had contained deeds and papers dealing with parochial matters and the affairs of the Church, but some years before Chatterton's birth the Vestry had determined to examine these documents, some of which may have been as old as the building itself. The keys had in the course of time been lost, and the vestrymen accordingly broke open the chests and removed to another place what they thought of value, leaving Canynge's Coffre and its fellows gutted and open but by no means void of all their ancient contents. Such parchments as remained Chatterton's father carried away, whole armfuls at a time, using some to cover his scholars' books and giving others to his wife, who made them into thread-papers and dress patterns.

In the house to which Mrs. Chatterton had moved upon her husband's death there was still a sufficient number of these old manuscripts to make a considerable trove for the boy who, then nine or ten years old, had first learnt to read in black-letter and was in a few years to produce

poetry which should pass for fifteenth century with many well-reputed antiquaries. It was no doubt on blank pieces of these parchments that he inscribed the matter of the few Rowley documents which he ever showed for originals. We have the account of a certain Thistlethwaite, one of the 'solid lads' with whom Chatterton had made friends at school, that his friend Thomas in the summer of 1764 told him 'he was in possession of some old MSS. which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe Church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Thomas Phillips'—an usher at Colston's, an earnest and thoughtful man fond of poetry, and a great friend of Chatterton's. 'Within a day or two after this,' (Thistlethwaite wrote to Dean Milles,) 'I saw Phillips ... who produced a MS. on parchment or vellum which I am confident was "Elenoure and Juga"[1] a kind of pastoral eclogue afterwards published in the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin for what purpose or by what accident I know not ... The writing was yellow and pale manifestly as I conceive occasioned by age.'

This was the beginning of the Rowley fiction—which might be metaphorically described as a motley edifice, half castle and half cathedral, to which Chatterton all his life was continually adding columns and buttresses, domes and spires, pediments and minarets, in the shape of more poems by Thomas Rowley (a secular priest of St. John's, Bristol); or by his patron the munificent William Canynge (many times Mayor of the same city); or by Sir Thibbot Gorges, a knight of ancient family with literary tastes; or by good Bishop Carpenter (of Worcester) or John à Iscam (a Canon of St. Augustine's Abbey, also in Bristol); together with plays or portions of plays which they wrote—a Saxon epic translated—accounts of Architecture—songs and eclogues—and friendly letters in rhyme or prose. In short, this clever imaginative lad had evolved before he was sixteen such a mass of literary and quasi-historical matter of one kind or another that his fictitious circle of men of taste and learning (living in the dark and unenlightened age of Lydgate and the other tedious post-Chaucerians) may with study become extraordinarily familiar and near to us, and was certainly to Chatterton himself quite as real and vivid as the dull actualities of Colston's Hospital and the Bristol of his proper century.

Chatterton's own circle of acquaintance was far less brilliant. His principal patrons were Henry Burgum and George Catcott, a pair of pewterers, the former vulgar and uneducated but very ambitious to be thought a man of good birth and education, the latter a credulous, selfish and none too scrupulous fellow, a would-be antiquary, of whom there is the most delightfully absurd description in Boswell's *Johnson*. The biographer relates that in the year 1776 Johnson and he were on a visit to Bristol and were induced by Catcott to climb the steep flight of stairs which led to the muniment room in order to see the famous 'Rowley's Cofre'. Whereupon, when the ascent had been accomplished, Catcott 'called out with a triumphant air of lively simplicity "I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert" (to the view then still largely obtaining that Rowley's poems were written in the fifteenth century) and he pointed to the "Wondrous chest". "There" said he 'with a bouncing confident credulity "There is the very chest itself"! After which 'ocular demonstration', Boswell remarks, 'there was no more to be said.' It was to such men as these that Chatterton read his 'Rouleie's' poems. Another of his audience was Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who collected materials for a history of Bristol, which, when published after the boy-poet's death, was found to contain contributions (supplied by Chatterton) in the unmistakable and unique 'Rowleian' language—valuable evidence about old Bristol miraculously preserved in Rowley's chest.

We hear also of Michael Clayfield, a distiller, one of the very few men in Bristol whom Chatterton admired and respected; of Baker, the poet's bedfellow at Colston's, for whom Chatterton wrote love poems, as Cyrano de Bergerac did for Christian de Neuville, to the address of a certain Miss Hoyland—thin, conventional silly stuff, but Roxane was probably not very critical; of Catcott's brother, the Rev. A. Catcott, who had a fine library and was the author of a treatise on the Deluge; of Smith, a schoolfellow; of Palmer an engraver, and a number of others—mere names for the most part. Baker, Thistlethwaite and a few more were contemporaries of the poet, but the rest of the circle consisted mainly of men who had reached middle age—dullards, perhaps, who condescended to clever adolescence, whom Chatterton certainly mocked bitterly enough in satires which he wrote apparently for his own private satisfaction, but whom he nevertheless took considerable pains to conciliate as being men of substance who could lend books and now and then reward the Muse with five shillings. For Burgum the poet invented, and pretended to derive from numerous authorities (some of which are wholly imaginary), a magnificent pedigree showing him descended from a Simon de Seyncte Lyse *alias* Senliz Earl of Northampton who had come over with the Conqueror. To this he appended a portion of a poem not included in this edition, entitled the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte', composed by John de Bergham about A.D. 1320. It was some years before Mr. Burgum applied to the College of Heralds to have his pedigree ratified, but when he did so he was informed that there had never been a de Bergham entitled to bear arms.

With a second instalment of the genealogical table were copies of the poems called *The Tournament* and *The Gouler's* (i.e. Usurer's) *Requiem*, which are printed in this volume. Mr. Burgum was completely taken in, and, exulting in his new-found dignity, acknowledged the announcement of his splendid birth with a present of five shillings. It is worthy of notice that the pedigree made mention of a certain Radcliffe Chatterton de Chatterton, but Burgum's suspicions were not aroused by the circumstance.

In July 1765, that is to say when the boy was aged about 13, the authorities of Colston's Hospital apprenticed him to John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. He had chosen the calling himself, but it was not long before the life became intolerable to him. It was arranged that he should board with Lambert, and the attorney made him share a bedroom with the foot-boy and eat his meals in the kitchen. Further, though his sister has recorded that the work was light, the practice being inconsiderable, Lambert always tore up any writing of Chatterton's that he could find if it did not relate to his business. '*Your stuff!*' he would say. Nevertheless he admitted that his apprentice was always to be found at his desk, for he often sent the footman in to see. And no doubt on some of these occasions Chatterton was copying the legal precedents of which 370 folio pages, neatly written in a well-formed handwriting, remain to this day as evidence of legitimate industry. At other times he was certainly composing poems by Rowley.

Perhaps at this point it would be well to give some account of Chatterton's method in the production of ancient writings. First it seems he wrote the matter in the ordinary English of his day. Then he would with the help of an English-Rowley and Rowley-English Dictionary (which he had laboriously compiled for himself out of the vocabulary to Speght's *Chaucer*, Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, and Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*) translate the work into what he probably thought was a very fair imitation of fifteenth century language. His spelling Professor Skeat characterizes as 'that debased kind which prevails in Chevy Chase and the Battle of Otterbourn in Percy's *Reliques*, only a little more disguised.'

Percy's *Reliques* were not published till 1765, but it is natural to suppose that Chatterton when he was 'wildly squandering all he got On books and learning and the Lord knows what,' and thereby involving himself in some little debt, would have bought the volume very soon after its publication. Finally as to the production of 'an original'. We have two accounts; one of which represents the pseudo-Rowley rubbing a parchment upon a dirty floor after smearing it with ochre and saying 'that was the way to antique it'; the other, even more explicit, is the testimony of a local chemist, one Rudhall, who was for some time a close friend of Chatterton's. The incident in which Rudhall appears is worth relating at length.

In the month of September 1768 an event of some importance occurred at Bristol—a new bridge that had been built across the Avon to supersede a structure dating from the reign of the second Henry being formally thrown open for traffic. At the time when this was the general talk of the city Chatterton had left with the editor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* a description of the 'Fryars passing over the Old Bridge taken from an ancient manuscript.' This account was in the best Rowleian manner, with strange spelling and uncouth words, but for the most part quite intelligible to the ordinary reader. The editor accordingly published it (no payment being asked) and great curiosity was aroused in consequence. Where had this most interesting document come from? Were there others like it? The Bristol antiquaries, rather a large body, were all agog with excitement. Ultimately they discovered that the unknown contributor, of whom the editor could say nothing more than that his 'copy' was subscribed *Dunclinus Bristoliensis*, was Thomas Chatterton the attorney's apprentice. Now the amazing credulity of these learned people is one of the least comprehensible circumstances of our poet's strange life. For on being asked how he had come by his MSS. he refused at first to give any answer. Then he said he was employed to transcribe some old writings by 'a gentleman whom he had supplied with poetry to send to a lady the gentleman was in love with'—the excuse being suggested no doubt by the case of Miss Hoyland and his friend Baker. Finally when, as we can only conclude, this explanation was disproved or disbelieved, he announced that the account was copied from a manuscript his father had taken from Rowley's chest. And this explanation was considered perfectly satisfactory.

Yet it seemed obvious that the antiquaries would demand to see the manuscript, and Chatterton, contrary to his usual practice of secrecy, called upon his friend Rudhall and, having made him promise to tell nothing of what he should show him, took a piece of parchment 'about the size of a half sheet of foolscap paper,' wrote on it in a character which the other did not understand, for it was 'totally unlike English,' and finally held what he had written over a candle to give it the 'appearance of antiquity,' which it did by changing the colour of the ink and making the parchment appear 'black and a little contracted.' Rudhall, who kept his secret till 1779 (when he bartered it for £10, to be given to the poet's mother, at that time in great poverty), believed that no one was shown or asked to see this document. Why, it is impossible to say.

The present volume contains a reproduction[2] in black and white of the original MS. of Chatterton's '*Accounte of W. Canynges Feast*'. This was written in red ink. The parchment is stained with brown, except one corner, and the first line written in a legal texting hand. The ageing of his manuscript of the *Vita Burtoni*, to take a further instance, was effected by smearing the middle of it with glue or varnish. This document was also written partly in an attorney's regular engrossing[3] hand. During the next four years Chatterton 'transcribed' a

great quantity of ancient documents, including *Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude*—far the finest of the longer Rowleian poems—the *Songe to Ælla* and *The Bristowe Tragedy* (the authorship of which last he appears in an unguarded moment to have acknowledged to his mother). He told her also that he had himself written one of the two poems *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*—which one, Mrs. Chatterton could not remember[4], but if it was the first of the two printed in this edition (p. 275) it was a strange coincidence indeed that led him to repudiate the antiquity of the only two Rowley poems which are really at all like 'antiques'—Professor Skeat's convenient expression. The two Battles of Hastings were written during this period, and it appears that Barrett the surgeon, on being shown the first poem, was for once very insistent in asking for the original, whereupon Chatterton in a momentary panic confessed he had written the verses for a friend; but he had at home, he said, the copy of what was really the translation of Turgot's Epic—Turgot was a Saxon monk of the tenth century—by Rowley the secular priest of the fifteenth. This was the second *Battle of Hastings* as printed in this book. Again this strange explanation, so laboured and so patently disingenuous, was accepted without comment though probably not believed. And if it appears matter for surprise that there should ever have been any controversy about the authorship of the Rowley writings, in view of the lad's admission that he had written three such signal pieces as the *Bristowe Tragedy*, the first *Battle of Hastings*, and *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*, it must be considered that the production of the greater part of the poems by a poorly educated boy not turned seventeen would naturally appear a circumstance more surprising than that such a boy should tell a lie and claim some of them as his own.

With his acknowledged work, as with Rowley, Chatterton by dint of continued application was making good progress. In 1769 he had become a frequent contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which he sent articles on heraldry, imitations of Ossian (whom he very much admired) and various other papers; and in December of this year he wrote to Dodsley, the well-known publisher, acquainting him that he could 'procure copies of several ancient poems and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a Priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth * * * If these pieces would be of any service to Mr. Dodsley copies should be sent.' The publisher returned no answer. Chatterton waited two months, then wrote again and enclosed a specimen passage from *Ælla*. He could procure a copy of this work, he wrote, upon payment of a guinea to the present owner of the MS. Again Mr. Dodsley lay low and said nothing, and so the incident closed.

Dodsley having failed him, Chatterton next took the bolder step of writing to Horace Walpole, who must have been much in his mind for some years before his sending the letter. Some one has made the ingenious suggestion that a consideration of Walpole's delicate connoisseurship sensibly coloured Chatterton's account of the life of Mastre William Canynge. More than this, his delight in the Mediæval—the Gothic—and his content with what may be termed a purely impressionistic view of the past, was singularly akin to the Bristol poet's own outlook on these matters. Walpole had further some three years before this time indulged in the very harmless literary fraud of publishing his *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from a mediæval Italian MS., only confessing his own authorship upon the publication of the second edition. To Walpole then Chatterton addressed a short letter enclosing some verses by John à Iscam and a manuscript on the *Ryse of Peyncteyning yn Englande wroten by T. Rowleie 1469 for Mastre Canynge*[5] with the suggestion that it might be of service to Mr. Walpole 'in any

future edition of his truly entertaining anecdotes of painting.' This drew from the connoisseur one of the politest letters[6] that have been written in English, in which the simple and elegant sentences expressed with a very charming courtesy the interest and curiosity of its author. He gave his correspondent 'a thousand thanks'; 'he would not be sorry to print' (at his private press) 'some of Rowley's poems'; and added—which reads strangely in the light of what follows—'I would by no means borrow and detain your MS.' Now Chatterton's *Peyncteyning yn Englande* is the clumsiest fraud of all the Rowley compositions, with the single exception of a letter from the secular Priest which exhibits the exact style and language of de Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*. [7] Professor Skeat has pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon words, which occur with tolerable frequency in the *Ryse*, begin almost without exception with the letter A, and concludes that Chatterton had read in an old English glossary, probably Somners, no farther than *Ah*. Walpole however 'had not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language,' and it was not until after he had received a second letter from Chatterton, enclosing more Rowleian matter both prose and verse, that he consulted his friends Gray and Mason, who at once detected the forgery. If, as seems certain, *Elinoure and Juga* was among the pieces sent, it was inevitable that Gray should recognize lines 22-25 of that poem as a striking if unconscious reminiscence of his own *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Now Walpole had some years before introduced Ossian's poems to the world and his reputation as a critic had suffered when their authenticity was generally disputed. Accordingly he wrote Chatterton a stiff letter suggesting that 'when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclination'; and in this one must suppose that he was actuated by a very natural irritation at having been duped a second time by an expositor of antique poetry, rather than by any snobbish contempt for his correspondent, who had frankly confessed himself an attorney's apprentice. Chatterton then wrote twice to have his MS. returned, asserting at the same time his confidence in the authenticity of the Rowley documents. Walpole for some reason returned no answer to either application, but left for Paris, where he stayed six weeks, returning to find another letter from Chatterton written with considerable dignity and restraint—a last formal demand to have his manuscript returned. Whereupon, amazed at the boy's 'singular impertinence,' the great man snapped up both letters and poems and returned them in a blank cover—that is to say without a word of apology or explanation. He might have acted otherwise if he had been a more generous spirit, but an attempt had been made to impose upon him which had in part succeeded, and he can hardly be blamed for showing his resentment by neglecting to return the forgeries. One may notice in passing that when Chatterton, more than a year later, committed suicide there were not wanting a great many persons absurd enough to accuse Walpole of having driven him to his death—a contemptible suggestion. Yet the connoisseur's credit certainly suffers from the fact that he gave currency to a false account of the transaction in the hope of concealing his first credulity.[8]

We now come to the circumstance which procured Chatterton's release from his irksome apprenticeship—his threat of suicide. He had often been heard to speak approvingly of suicide, and there is a story, which has, however, little authority, that once in a company of friends he drew a pistol from his pocket, put it to his head, and exclaimed 'Now if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!' This anecdote—if not in fact true—illustrates very well the gloomy depression of spirit which alternated with those outbursts of feverish energy in which his poems were composed. And he had much to make him miserable when with a change of mood he lost his buoyancy and confidence of ultimate fame and success. His ambition was boundless and his audience was as limited in numbers as in understanding. He was as proud as the poor

Spaniard who on a bitter day rejected the friendly offer of a cloak with the words 'A gentleman does not feel the cold,' and his pride was continually fretted. He was keenly conscious of the indignity of his position in Lambert's kitchen; he seems to have been pressed for money, and though he 'did not owe five pounds altogether' he probably smarted under the thought that all his hard work, all the long nights of study and composition in the moonlight which helped his thought, could not earn him even this comparatively small sum. Again, he was not restrained from a contemplation of suicide by any scruples of religion—for he has left his views expressed in an article written some few days before his death. He believed in a daemon or conscience which prompted every man to follow good and avoid evil; but—different men different daemons—his held self-slaughter justified when life became intolerable; with him therefore it would be no crime. Wilson suggests too that the boy who had read theology, orthodox and the reverse, held to the common eighteenth century view that death was annihilation; and this may well have been the case. One thing at any rate is certain, that Chatterton on the 14th of April 1770 left on his desk a number of pieces of paper filled with a jumble of satiric verse, mocking prose, and directions for the construction of a mediæval tomb to cover the remains of his father and himself. Part of this strange document was headed in legal form—'This is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Chatterton,' and contained the declaration that the Testator would be dead on the evening of the following day—'being the feast of the resurrection.' The bundle was dated and endorsed 'All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday in the utmost distress of mind.' Now while one need not doubt that the distress was perfectly genuine, it is tolerably certain that Chatterton intended his master to find what he had written and draw his own conclusions as to the desirability of dismissing his apprentice. The attorney (who is represented as timid, irritable and narrow-minded)[9] did in fact find the document, was thoroughly frightened, and gave the boy his release. He was now free to starve or earn a living by his pen—so no doubt he represented the alternative to his mother. He must go to London, where he would certainly make his fortune. He had been supplying four or five London journals of good standing with free contributions for some time past, and had received it appears great encouragement from their editors. He gained his point and started out for the great city.

His letters show that he called upon four editors the very day he arrived. These were Edmunds of the *Middlesex Journal*; Fell of the *Freeholders Magazine*; Hamilton of the *Town and Country Magazine*; and Dodsley—the same to whom he had sent a portion of *Ælla*—of the *Annual Register*. He had received, he wrote, 'great encouragement from them all'; 'all approved of his design; he should soon be settled.' Fell told him later that the great and notorious Wilkes 'affirmed that his writings could not be the work of a youth and expressed a desire to know the author.' This may or may not have been true, but it is certain that Fell was not the only newspaper proprietor who was ready to exchange a little cheap flattery for articles by Chatterton that would never be paid for.[10]

We know very little about Chatterton's life in London—but that little presents some extraordinarily vivid pictures. He lodged at first with an aunt, Mrs. Ballance, in Shoreditch, where he refused to allow his room to be swept, as he said 'poets hated brooms.' He objected to being called Tommy, and asked his aunt 'If she had ever heard of a poet's being called Tommy' (you see he was still a boy). 'But she assured him that she knew nothing about poets and only wished he would not set up for being a gentleman.' He had the appearance of being much older than he was, (though one who knew him when he was at Colston's Hospital described him as

having light curly hair and a face round as an apple; his eyes were grey and sparkled when he was interested or moved). He was 'very much himself—an admirably expressive phrase. He had the same fits of absentmindedness which characterized him as a child. 'He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour or more till it was quite frightful.' We have accounts of his sitting up writing nearly the whole of the night, and his cousin was almost afraid to share a room with him 'for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept.'[11]

He wrote political letters in the style of Junius—generally signing them Decimus or Probus—that kind of vague libellous ranting which will always serve to voice the discontent of the inarticulate. He wrote essays—moral, antiquarian, or burlesque; he furbished up his old satires on the worthies of Bristol; he wrote songs and a comic opera, and was miserably paid when he was paid at all. None of his work written in these veins has any value as literature; but the skill with which this mere lad not eighteen years old gauged the taste of the town and imitated all branches of popular literature would probably have no parallel in the history of journalism should such a history ever come to be written.

His letters to his mother and sister were always gay and contained glowing accounts of his progress; but in reality he must have been miserably poor and ill-fed.

In July he changed his lodgings to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sacque maker in Brook Street, Holborn; the dead season of August was coming on and probably he wanted to conceal his growing embarrassment from his aunt, who might have sent word of it to his mother at Bristol.

His opera was accepted—it is a spirited and well written piece—and for this he was paid five pounds, which enabled him to send a box of presents to his mother and sister bought with money he had earned. He had dreamed of this since he was eight. But his *Balade of Charitie*—the most finished of all the Rowley poems—was refused by the *Town and Country Magazine* about a month before the end; which came on August 24th. He was starving and still too proud to accept the invitations of his landlady and of a friendly chemist to take various meals with them. He was offended at the good landlady's suggestion that he should dine with her; for 'her expressions seemed to hint' (to *hint*) 'that he was in want'—no cloak for Thomas Chatterton! He could have borrowed money and gone back to Bristol, but there are many precedents for beaten generalissimos falling on their swords rather than return home defeated and disgraced. How could he return? He had set out so confidently; had boasted not a little of his powers, and had satirized all the good people in Bristol *de haut en bas*. Think of the jokes and commiserations of Burgum, Catcott, and the rest! 'Well, here you are again, boy; but of course we knew it would come to this!' He could not endure to hear that.

Accordingly on Friday the 24th August 1770 he tore up his manuscripts, locked his door, and poisoned himself with arsenic.

Southey, Byron, and others have supposed that Chatterton was mad; it has been suggested that he was the victim of a suicidal mania. All the evidence that there is goes to show that he was not. He was very far-sighted, shrewd, hard-working, and practical, for all his imaginative dreaming of a non-existent past; and this at least may be said, that Chatterton's suicide was the logical end to a very remarkably consistent life.

Chatterton's character has suffered a good deal from three accusations vehemently urged by Maitland and his eighteenth-century predecessors. The first is that the boy was a 'forger'; the second that he was a freethinker; the third that he was a free-liver.

To examine these in turn: the first admits of no denial as a question of fact, but justification may be pleaded which some will accept as a complete exculpation and others perhaps will hardly comprehend.

Chatterton could only produce poetry in his fifteenth-century vein; his imagination failed him in modern English. No one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the *African Eclogues* are for a moment comparable with them. If he was to write at all he must produce antiques, and, as it happened, interest had been aroused in ancient poetry, largely by the publication of Percy's *Reliques* and of the spurious Ossian. Appearing at this juncture, then, as ancient writings taken from an old chest, his poems would be read and their value appreciated; while no one would trouble to make out the professed imitations—not by any means easy reading—of an attorney's apprentice. Probably if an adequate audience had been secured in his lifetime, Chatterton would have revealed the secret when it had served its purpose—just as Walpole confessed to the authorship of *Otranto* only when that book had run into a second edition.

To the second count of the indictment no defence is urged. Chatterton was too honest and too intelligent to accept traditional dogmatics without examination.

Finally, he was no free-liver in the sense in which that objectionable expression is used. Rather he was an ascetic who studied and wrote poetry half through the night, who ate as little as he slept, and would make his dinner off 'a tart and a glass of water.' He was devoted to his mother and sister and to his poetry; and what spare time was not occupied with the latter he seems to have spent largely with the former. The attempt to represent him as a sort of provincial Don Juan—though in the precocious licence of a few of his acknowledged writings he has even given it some colour himself—cannot be reconciled with the recorded facts of his life.

Equally ill judged is that picture which is presented by Professor Masson and other writers less important—of a truant schoolboy, a pathetic figure, who had petulantly cast away from him the consolations of religion. Monsieur Callet, his French biographer, knew better than this: 'Il fallait l'admirer, lui, non le plaindre,' is the last word on Chatterton.

[Footnote 1: An extraordinary production for a boy of twelve, but we need not suppose that if 'Elenoure and Juga' were written in 1764 and not published until 1769 no alterations and improvements were made by its author in the period between these dates.]

[Footnote 2: From the engraving in Tyrwhitt's edition.]

[Footnote 3: See Southey and Cottle's edition, quoted in Skeat, ii, p. 123.]

[Footnote 4: Dean Milles has a delightful account of the reception accorded to Rowley in the Chatterton household. Neither mother nor sister would appear to have understood a line of the poems, but Mary Chatterton (afterwards Mrs. Newton) remembered she had been particularly

wearied with a 'Battle of Hastings' of which her brother would continually and enthusiastically recite portions.]

[Footnote 5: Wilson believed that Chatterton never sent the *Ryse*, &c., at all (see page 173 of his *Chatterton: A Biographical Study*), but this is disposed of by the fact that the *Ryse of Peyncteyning* is the only piece of Chatterton's which contains *Saxon* words.]

[Footnote 6: March 28th, 1769.]

[Footnote 7: *An account of Master William Canynge written by Thos. Rowlie Priest in 1460*. Skeat, Vol. III, p. 219; W. Southey's edition, Vol. III, p. 75. See especially the last paragraph.]

[Footnote 8: See *Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee (Clarendon Press), Vol. XIV, pp. 210, 229; Vol. XV, p. 123.]

[Footnote 9: But attorneys are seldom 'in regrade' with the friends of Poetry.]

[Footnote 10: Masson's reconstruction of the scene between Chatterton and the editor of the *Freeholder's Magazine* is very convincing (see his *Chatterton: a Biography*, p. 160).]

[Footnote 11: Almost everything that we know of Chatterton in London was ascertained by Sir H. Croft and printed in his *Love and Madness* (see Bibliography).]

II. THE VALUE OF ROWLEY'S POEMS— PHILOLOGICAL AND LITERARY

As imitations of fifteenth-century composition it must be confessed the Rowley poems have very little value. Of Chatterton's method of antiquating something has already been said. He made himself an antique lexicon out of the glossary to Speght's *Chaucer*, and such words as were marked with a capital O, standing for 'obsolete' in the Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey. Now even had his authorities been well informed, which they were not by any means, and had Chatterton never misread or misunderstood them, which he very frequently did, it was impossible that his work should have been anything better than a mosaic of curious old words of every period and any dialect. Old English, Middle English, and Elizabethan English, South of England folk-words or Scots phrases taken from the border ballads—all were grist for Rowley's mill. It is only fair to say that he seldom invented a word outright, but he altered and modified with a free hand. Professor Skeat indeed estimates that of the words contained in Milles' Glossary to the Rowley Poems only seven percent are genuine old words correctly used. The Professor in his modernized edition is continually pointing out with kindly reluctance that such and such a word never bore the meaning ascribed to it—that because, for instance, Bailey had explained *Teres major* as a smooth muscle of the arm it was not therefore

any legitimate inference of Chatterton's that *tere* (singular form) meant a muscle and could be translated 'health'. Only occasionally does one find the note (written with an obviously sincere pleasure) 'This word is correctly used.' Of course it was impossible that Chatterton should have produced even a colourable imitation of fifteenth-century poetry at a time when even Malone—for all his acknowledged reputation as an English Scholar—could not quote Chaucer so as to make his lines scan. The *Rowley Poems* and Percy's *Reliques* mark the beginning of that renaissance of our older poetry so conspicuous in the time of Lamb and Hazlitt. Before this epoch was the Augustan age, much too well satisfied with its own literature to concern itself with an unfashionable past.

But, after all, however absurd from any historical point of view the language and metres of the boy-poet may be, at least he invented a practicable language which admirably conveyed his impression of the latest period of the middle ages—that after-glow which began with the death of Chaucer. Chatterton's poetry is a pageant staged by an impressionist. It cannot be submitted to a close examination, and it is all wrong historically, yet it presents a complete picture with an artistic charm that must be judged on its own merits. An illusion is successfully conveyed of a dim remote age when an idle-strenuous people lived only to be picturesque, to kill one another in tourneys, to rear with painful labour beautiful elaborate cathedrals, and yet had so much time on their hands that they could pass half their lives cracking unhallowed sconces in the Holy Land and, in that part of their ample leisure which they devoted to study, spell 'flourishes' as 'Florrysche'. But if any one still anxious for literal truth should insist—'Is not the impression as false as the medium that conveys it? Were the middle ages really like that? Is it not a fact that the average baron stayed at home in his castle devising abominable schemes to wring money or its equivalent from miserable and half-starved peasants?'—such a one can only be answered with another question: 'Is Pierrot like a man, and has it been put beyond question that Pontius Pilate was hanged for beating his wife?' The Rowley writings are—properly considered—entirely fanciful and unreal. They have many faults, but are seen at their worst when Chatterton is trying to exhibit some eternal truth. There is a horrible (but perfectly natural) didacticism—the inevitable priggishness of a clever boy—which occasionally intrudes itself on his best work. Thus that charming fanciful fragment which begins—

As onn a hylle one eve fittyng
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge

embodies this truism fit for a bread-platter—or to be the 'Posy of a ring'—'Do your best.'

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

And the poet's boyishness demands still further consideration. He has a crude violence of expression which is apt to shock the mature person—some of the descriptions of wounds in the two Battles of Hastings would sicken a butcher; while in another vein such a phrase as

Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
(*Storie of William Canynge*)

has an absurd affectation of straightforward good sense divested of sentiment which could not appeal to any one on a higher plane of civilization than a medical student.

And this is easily explicable if only it is borne in mind that the Rowley poems were written by a boy, and that such lovely things as the Dirge in *Ælla* suggest a maturity that Chatterton did not by any means perfectly possess. In some respects he was as childish (to use the word in no contemptuous sense) as in others he was precocious. And it is a thousand pities that the difficulties of Chatterton's language and the peculiar charm and invention of his metrical technique cannot be appreciated till the boyish love of adventure, delight in imagined bloodshed, and ignorance of sentimental love, have generally been left behind. Nothing—to give an example—could be more frigid than the description of Kennewalcha—

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine

(an unthinkable study in burgundy and whitewash, *Battle of Hastings*, II, 401); nothing, on the other hand, more vivid, more obviously written with a pen that shook with excitement, than

The Sarasen lokes *owte*: he doethe feere, &c.
(*Eclogue the Second*, 23.)

Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.
(*Ælla*, 631.)

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
(*Tournament*, 92.).

In fine, there is no poet, one may boldly declare, whose pages are so filled with battle, murder and sudden death, as Chatterton's are; and this is perhaps the clearest indication he gives of immaturity.

But if his ideas were sometimes crude and boyish they were not by any means always so; he has flashes of genius, sudden beauties that take away the breath. A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found:

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
(*Ælla*, 872.)

and, from the *Songe bie a Manne and Womanne*,

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.
(*Ælla*, 107.)

Did ever shepherd's pipe play a prettier tune?
He has some fine martial sounds, as for instance:

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraual
(*Battle of Hastings*, I, 181.)

He rarely employs personifications, but no poet used the figure more convincingly. The third Mynstrelle's description of Autumn is a lovely thing, and one will not easily forget his Winter's frozen blue eyes—though unfortunately that is not in Rowley.

His art was essentially dramatic, and he has some fine dramatic moments, as for example when the Usurer soliloquizing miserably on his certain ultimate damnation suddenly cries out

O storthē unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. (*Gouler's Requiem*.)

The word 'storthē' is a good example of Chatterton's use of strange words. The effect of a sudden outcry which it produces would be lost in a modernized version which rendered it 'death'.

Mr. Watts-Dunton in his article on Chatterton in Ward's *English Poets* speaks of his extraordinary metrical inventiveness and of his ultimate responsibility for such lines as these—

And Christabel saw the lady's eye
And nothing else she saw thereby
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall—

the anapaestic dance of which breaks in upon the normal iambic movement of the poem with a natural dramatic propriety. He compares too *The Eve of St. Agnes* with the *Excelente Balade of Charitie*, remarking that it was only in his latest work that Keats attained to that dramatic objectivity which was 'the very core and centre of Chatterton's genius.'

Another writer, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, speaks of his 'genuine lyric fire, a poetic energy, and above all an intensity remote from his contemporaries and suggestive (as Cimabue in his antique and primitive manner is suggestive of Giotto and Angelico) of Shelley and Keats.'

Chatterton's influence on the great body of poets of the generation succeeding his own was very considerable—Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed declares him to have been the father of the New Romantic School—and the affection with which Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and many others regarded him was extraordinary. He was their pioneer, who had lost his life in a heroic attempt to penetrate the dull crassness of the mid-eighteenth century.

He had great originality and the gift of an intense imagination. If he is sometimes crude and immature in thought and expression—if his images sometimes weary by their monotony—it is accepted that a poet is to be judged by his highest and not his lowest; and Chatterton's best work has an inspiration, a singular and unique charm both of thought and of music that is of the first order of English poetry.

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A great deal more has been written about Chatterton than it is worth anybody's while to read. To begin with, there are all the volumes and pamphlets concerning themselves with the question whether the Rowley poems were written by Chatterton or by Rowley, or by both (Chatterton adding matter of his own to existing poems written in the fifteenth century), or by neither. It may be said that these problems were not conclusively and finally solved till Professor Skeat brought out his edition of Chatterton in 1871.

Then again there are the various lives of the poet; for the most part mere random aggregations of such facts, true or imagined, as fell in the editor's way, filled out with pulpit commonplaces and easy paragraphs beginning 'But it is ever the way of Genius ...' Professor Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study* is as final in its own way as Professor Skeat's two volumes. It is a scholarly compilation of all previous accounts, very well digested and arranged. Moreover, the Professor has for the most part left the facts to tell their own story; and thus his book is free from such absurdities as the sentimental regrets of Gregory and Professor Masson that Chatterton was led into a course of folly ending in suicide through being deprived of a father's care. Such a father as Chatterton's was!

While premising that any one who wishes to learn the facts of the boy-poet's life—his circumstances and surroundings—can find them all set forth in Professor Wilson's book: while equally if he is interested in the pseudo-Rowley's language, philologically considered, he will find this elaborately examined in Professor Skeat's second volume; it has been thought that the following bibliography of books dealing with various aspects of the poet which were read and valued in their day may be found of interest to students of literary history.

1598. Speght's edition of Chaucer, the glossary of which Chatterton used in the compilation of his Rowley Dictionary.

1708. Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*, and

1737. Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*. (8th Enlarged Edition.) Bailey is largely copied from Kersey, but Chatterton certainly used both dictionaries in making his antique language.

1777. Tyrwhitt's edition of the Rowley poems. Tyrwhitt was Chatterton's first editor and in his edition many of the poems were printed for the first time. 'The only really good edition is Tyrwhitt's.' 'This exhibits a careful and, I believe, extremely accurate text ... an excellent account of the MSS. and transcripts from which it was derived. It is a fortunate circumstance that the first editor was so thoroughly competent.' (Professor Skeat, *Introd. to Vol. II of his 1871 edition.*)

1778. Tyrwhitt's third edition, from which the present edition is printed. With this was printed for the first time 'An appendix ... tending to prove that the Rowley poems were written not by any ancient author but entirely by Thomas Chatterton.' This edition follows the first nearly page for page; but was reset.

1780. *Love and Madness* by Sir Herbert Croft. This strange book deserves a brief description as it is the source of almost all our knowledge of Chatterton.

A certain Captain Hackman, violently in love with a Miss Reay, mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, and stung to madness by his jealousy and the hopelessness of his position, had in 1779 shot her in the Covent Garden Opera House and afterwards unsuccessfully attempted to shoot himself. Enormous public interest was excited, and Croft—baronet, parson, and literary adventurer—got hold of copies which Hackman had kept of some letters he had sent to the charming Miss Reay. These he published as a sensational topical novel in epistolary form, calling it *Love and Madness*. This is quite worth reading for its own sake, but much more so for its 49th letter, which purports to have been written by Hackman to satisfy Miss Reay's curiosity about Chatterton. As a matter of fact Croft, who had been very interested in the boy-poet and had collected from his relations and those with whom he had lodged in London all they could possibly tell him, wrote the letter himself and included it rather inartistically among the genuine Hackman-Reay correspondence. Amongst other valuable matter, this letter 49 contains a long account of her brother by Mary Chatterton.—(See *Love letters of Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay*, 1775-79, introduction by Gilbert Burgess: Heinemann, 1895.) 1774-81. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, in Volume II of which there is an account of Chatterton.

1781. Jacob Bryant's *Observations upon the Poems of T. Rowley in which the authenticity of those poems is ascertained*. Bryant was a strong Pro-Rowleian and argues cleverly against the possibility of Chatterton's having written the poems. He shows that Chatterton in his notes often misses Rowley's meaning and insists that he neglected to explain obvious difficulties because he could not understand them. Bryant is the least absurd of the Pro-Rowleians.

1782. Dean Milles' edition of the Rowley poems—a splendid quarto with a running commentary attempting to vindicate Rowley's authenticity. Milles was President of the Society of Antiquaries and his commentary is characterized by Professor Skeat as 'perhaps the most surprising trash in the way of notes that was ever penned.

1782. Mathias' *Essay on the Evidence ... relating to the poems called Rowley's*—he is pro-Rowleian and criticizes Tyrwhitt's appendix.

1782. Thomas Warton's *Enquiry ... into the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*—Anti-Rowleian.

1782. Tyrwhitt's *Vindication* of his Appendix. Tyrwhitt had discovered Chatterton's use of Bailey's Dictionary and completely refutes Bryant, Milles, and Mathias. It may be observed in passing that though Goldsmith upheld Rowley, Dr. Johnson, the two Wartons, Steevens, Percy, Dr. Farmer, and Sir H. Croft pronounced unhesitatingly in favour of the poems having been written by Chatterton: while Malone in a mocking anti-Rowleian pamphlet shows that the similes from Homer in the *Battle of Hastings* and elsewhere have often borrowed their rhymes from Pope!

1798. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* by Edward Gardner (two volumes). At the end of Volume II there is a short account of the Rowley controversy and, what is more important, the statement that Gardner had seen Chatterton antique a parchment and had heard him say that a person who had studied antiquities could with the aid of certain books (among them Bailey) 'copy the style of our elder poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him. "No," said he, "not Mr. Walpole himself."' But perhaps this should be taken *cum grano*.

1803. Southey and Cottle's edition in three volumes with an account of Chatterton by Dr. Gregory which had previously been published as an independent book. Southey and Cottle's edition is very compendious so far as matter goes, and contains much that is printed for the first time. Gregory's life is inaccurate but very pleasantly written.

1837. Dix's life of Chatterton, with a frontispiece portrait of Chatterton aged 12 which was for a long time believed to be authentic. No genuine portrait of Chatterton is known to be in existence; probably none was ever made. Dix's life, not a remarkable work in itself, has some interesting appendices; one of which contains a story—extraordinary enough but well supported—that Chatterton's body, which had received a pauper's burial in London, was secretly reburied in St. Mary's churchyard by his uncle the Sexton.

1842. Willcox's edition printed at Cambridge; on the whole a slovenly piece of work with a villainously written introduction.

1854. George Pryce's *Memorials of Canynge's Family*; which contains some notes of the coroner's inquest on Chatterton's body, which would have been most interesting if authentic, but were in fact forged by one Gutch.

1856. *Chatterton: a biography* by Professor Masson—published originally in a volume of collected essays; re-published and in part re-written as an independent volume in 1899. The Professor reconstructs scenes in which Chatterton played a part; but it is suggested (with diffidence) that his treatment is too sentimental, and the boy-poet is Georgy-porgied in a way that would have driven him out of his senses, if he could have foreseen it. The picture is fundamentally false.

1857. *An Essay on Chatterton* by S.R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A. A very monument of ignorant perversity. The writer shamelessly distorts facts to show that Chatterton was an utterly profligate blackguard and declares finally that neither Rowley nor Chatterton wrote the poems.

1869. Professor D. Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study*, and

1871. Professor W.W. Skeat's *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton* (in modernized English) of which mention has been made above.

1898. A beautifully printed edition of the Rowley poems with decorated borders, edited by Robert Steele. (Ballantyne Press.)

1905 and 1909. The works of Chatterton, with the Rowley poems in modernized English, edited with a brief introduction by Sidney Lee.

1910. *The True Chatterton—a new study from original documents* by John H. Ingram. (Fisher Unwin.)

Besides all these serious presentations of Chatterton there are a number of burlesques—such as *Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades* (1782) and *An Archæological Epistle to Jeremiah Milles* (1782), which are clever and amusing, and three plays, two in English, and one in

French by Alfred de Vigny, which represents the love affair of Chatterton and an apocryphal Mme. Kitty Bell.

The whole of Chatterton's writings—Rowley, acknowledged poems, and private letters, have been translated into French prose. *Oeuvres complètes de Thomas Chatterton traduites par Javelin Pagnon, précédées d'une Vie de Chatterton par A. Callet* (1839). Callet's treatment of Chatterton is very sympathetic and interesting.

Finally for further works on Chatterton the reader is referred to Bohn's Edition of Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*—but the most important have been enumerated above.

IV. NOTE ON THE TEXT.

This edition is a reprint of Tyrwhitt's third (1778) edition, which it follows page for page (except the glossary; see note on p. 291). The reference numbers in text and glossary, which are often wrong in 1778, have been corrected; line-numbers have been corrected when wrong, and added to one or two poems which are without them in 1778, and the text has been collated throughout with that of 1777 and corrected from it in many places where the 1778 printer was at fault. These corrections have been made silently; all other corrections and additions are indicated by footnotes enclosed in square brackets.

V. NOTES.

1. *The Tournament*, lines 7-10.

Wythe straunge depyctures, Nature maie nott yeelde, &c.

'This is neither sense nor grammar as it stands' says Professor Skeat. But Chatterton is frequently ungrammatical, and the sense of the passage is quite clear if either of the two following possible meanings is attributed to *unryghte*.

(1)=to present an intelligible significance otherwise than by writing—as 'rebus'd shields' do (un-write);

or (2) = to misrepresent (un-right).

With pictures of strange beasts that have no counterpart in Nature and appear to be purely fantastic ('unseemly to all order') yet none the less make known to men good at guessing riddles ('who thyncke and have a spryte') what the strange heraldic forms express-without-use-

of-written-words ('unryghte')—or (taking the second meaning of unryghte—misrepresent) present-with-a-disregard-of-truth-to-nature.

2. *Letter to the Dygne Mastre Canynge*, line 15.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, (that is to say, coats of arms)
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede

i.e. 'She unwilling to take much aye doth heed'; 'which is nonsense' says Prof. Skeat. But the sentence is an example of ellipse, a figure which Chatterton affected a good deal, and fully expressed would run 'She—not willing to take much, ever doth heed not to take much', which would of course be intolerably clumsy but perfectly intelligible.

3. *Ælla*, line 467.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne &c.

Prof. Skeat 'can make nothing of this' and reads 'Certes thy wordes mightest thou have sayn'.

A simple emendation of *maie* to *meynte* would give very good sense.

4. *Ælla*, line 489.

Tyrwhitt has *sphere*—evidently a mistake in the MS. for *spere* which he overlooked. It is not included in his errata. In the 1842 edition the meaning 'spear' is given in a footnote.

5. *Englysh Metamorphosis*.

Prof. Skeat was the first to point out that this piece is an imitation of *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii, Canto X, stanzas 5-19.

6. *Battle of Hastings*, II, line 578.

To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came

Prof. Skeat explains *ourt* as 'overt' and observes that it contradicts *thight*, which he renders 'tight'. But really there is not even an antithesis. *Ourt arraie* is what a military handbook calls 'open order' and *thight* is 'well-built', well put together (Bailey's Dictionary). The Saxons were well-built men marching in open order.

VI. APPENDIX.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE ARGUMENTS USED IN THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY.

(Taken mainly from Gregory's *Life of Chatterton*.)

Against Rowley.

1. So few originals produced—not more than 124 verses.
 2. Chatterton had shown (by his article on Christmas games, &c.) that he had a strong turn for antiquities. He had also written poetry. Why then should he not have written Rowley's poems?
 3. His declaration that the *Battle of Hastings* I was his own.
 4. Rudhall's testimony.
 5. Chatterton first exhibited the *Songe to Ælla* in his own handwriting, then gave Barrett the parchment, which contained strange textual variations.
 6. Rowley's very existence doubtful.
- William of Worcester, who lived at his time and was himself of Bristol, makes no mention of him, though he frequently alludes to Canynge. Neither Bale, Leland, Pitts nor Turner mentions Rowley.
7. Improbability of there being poems in a muniment chest.
 8. Style unlike other fifteenth century writings.
 9. No mediæval learning or citation of authority to be found in Rowley; no references to the Round Table and stories of chivalry.
 10. Stockings were not knitted in the fifteenth century (*Ælla*). MSS. are referred to as if they were rarities and printed books common.
 11. Metres and imitation of Pindar absurdly modern.
 12. Mistakes cited which are derived from modern dictionaries (Tyrwhitt).
 13. Existence of undoubted plagiarisms from Shakespeare, Gray, &c.

For Rowley.

1. Chatterton's assertion that they were Rowley's, his sister having represented him as a 'lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason.'
2. Catcott's assertion that Chatterton on their first acquaintance had mentioned by name almost all the poems which have since appeared in print (Bryant).
3. Smith had seen parchments in the possession of Chatterton, some as broad as the bottom of a large-sized chair. (Bryant.)
4. Even Mr. Clayfield and Rudhall believed Chatterton incapable of composing Rowley's poems.
5. Undoubtedly there were ancient MSS. in the 'cofre'.

6. Chatterton would never have had time to write so much. He did not neglect his work in the attorney's office and he read enormously.

7. Chatterton made many mistakes in his transcription of Rowley and in his notes to the poems. (Bryant's main contention.)

8. If Leland never mentioned Rowley it is equally true he says nothing of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve.

For Rowley.

1. The poems contain much historical allusion at once true and inaccessible to Chatterton.
2. The admitted poems are much below the standard of Rowley.
3. The old octave stanza is not far removed from the usual stanza of Rowley.
4. If Rowley's language differs from that of other fifteenth century writers, the difference lies in provincialisms natural to an inhabitant of Bristol.
5. Plagiarisms from modern authors may in some cases have been introduced by Chatterton but in others they are the commonplaces of poetry.

Against Rowley.

1. No writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe Church are mentioned in Canynge's Will.
2. The Bristol library was in Chatterton's time of general access, and Chatterton was introduced to it by Rev. A. Catcott (Warton).
3. Facts about Canynge may be found in his epitaph in Redcliffe Church; and the account of Redcliffe steeple—which had been destroyed by fire before Chatterton's time) came from the bottom of an old print published in 1746.
4. The parchments were taken from the bottom of old deeds where a small blank space was usually left—hence their small size.

POEMS,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS, IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

POEMS,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL, BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS, IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THE THIRD EDITION; TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LANGUAGE OF THESE POEMS; TENDING TO PROVE, THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

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Onn Johne a Dalbenie, by the same
The Gouler's Requiem, by the same
The Accounte of W. Canynge's Feast
GLOSSARY

PREFACE.

The Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-street. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received this, *together with many other MSS*, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church."

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton[1], and, partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum[2], which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

[Footnote 1: The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D.B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D.B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other

in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr.—, Mr.—, Mr.—, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register* &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.]

[Footnote 2: One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discorse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.]

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT

OF THE**SEVERAL PIECES****CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.**

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. p. 1
 ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 6
 ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. "*Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*"

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie*," which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, a secular priest.*" And it has the following subscription; "D.B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between books][1] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE. p. 23
 SONGE TO ÆLLA. Ibid.
 LYDGATE'S ANSWER. 26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below [2].

[Footnote 1: Misspelled as hooks in the original.—PG editor]

[Footnote 2: *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.
 ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee*.
 3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.
 7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.]

THE TOURNAMENT. p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastyng*, r. *burslyng*. 11. for *valyante*, r. *burlye*. 23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene*. antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*. ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate* Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla. ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. Chat. *Dacya's*. Orig. *whose lockes* Chat. *whose hayres*. 11. Orig. *burlye*. Chat. *bronded*. 22. Orig. *kennst*. Chat. *hearst*. 23. Orig. *honore*. Chat. *dysmall*. 26. Orig. *Yprauncynge* Chat. *Ifrayning*, 30. Orig. *gloue*. Chat. *glare*.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289, says only; "Item the same yere (1

Edw. IV.) *was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1, m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastings of Hastings Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treasons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

*Item for washyng the church payven ageyns } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge. }*

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude. p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entroductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript. 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE. p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed:

"To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770. D.B."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No. 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No. 2. 237

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "*Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*" Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "*Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275

ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his

own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset. Col. 95.—*Rymers Foedera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Bishop Carpenter on 19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O.S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286

ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscomm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*". Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songes* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*" which had been pawned to him for £160.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton.

POEMS, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge[1] from her lethal[2] wounde,
 From her galled necke dyd twytte[3] the chayne awaie,
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote[4] graie, 5
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres[5] dyd abrodden[6] flie,
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie[7],)
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke.
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
 Oure fote wyllle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wyllle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped[8] moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
 I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe,
 That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie[9] tale,
 Comme heare the balefull[10] dome of Robynne of the Dale. 20

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus[11] mote[12] telle.
 Swote[13] flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne[14];
 Gravots[15] far-kend[16] arounde the Errmiets[17] cell;
 The swote ribible[18] dynning[19] yn the dell; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie[20] courte;
 Eke[21] the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte[22]:
 Impestering[23] trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde[24] the aye[25] encreasyng dome. 30

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees[26],
 Mie spreedynges flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges[27], and embodyde[28] trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange[29], far spreedynges to the syghte,
 Mie cuyen[30] kyne [31], mie bullockes stringe[32] yn syghte, 35
 Mie gorne[33] emblaunched[34] with the comfreie[35] plante,
 Mie floure[36] Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
 I amme duressed[37] unto sorrowes blowe,
 Ihanten'd[38] to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe. 40

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie[39] untillle Dethe doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel[40] tree,
 Whyche sleaeth[41] everichone that commeth nere,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre[42].
 I to bement[43] haveth moe cause than thee; 45
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie[44] fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
 And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
 Calked[45] from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte[46] of mie hartes castle stede. 50

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome[47] shal bee.
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn[48], ystorven[49] ys;
 Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
 A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.
 Now from een logges[50] fledden is selyness[51], 55
 Mynsterres[52] alleyn[53] can boaste the hallie[54] Seyncte,
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
 And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode[55],
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude. 60

[Footnote 1: *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the original as above.]

[Footnote 2: deadly.]

[Footnote 3: pluck or pull.]

[Footnote 4: *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dress.]

[Footnote 5: shepherds.]

[Footnote 6: abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne.]

[Footnote 7: affright.]

[Footnote 8: Added.]

[Footnote 9: sad.]

[Footnote 10: woeful, lamentable.]

[Footnote 11: the Devil.]

[Footnote 12: might.]

[Footnote 13: sweet.]

[Footnote 14: good, neat, genteel.]

[Footnote 15: groves, sometimes used for a coppice.]

[Footnote 16: far-seen.]

[Footnote 17: Hermit.]

[Footnote 18: violin.]

[Footnote 19: sounding.]

[Footnote 20: inn, or public-house.]

[Footnote 21: also.]

[Footnote 22: pleasure.]

[Footnote 23: annoying.]

[Footnote 24: to keep off.]

[Footnote 25: ever, always.]

[Footnote 26: meadows.]

[Footnote 27: grafted trees.]

[Footnote 28: thick, stout.]

[Footnote 29: liberty of pasture given to the Parker.]

[Footnote 30: tender.]

[Footnote 31: cows.]

[Footnote 32: strong.]

[Footnote 33: garden.]

[Footnote 34: whitened.]

[Footnote 35: cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time.]

[Footnote 36: marygold.]

[Footnote 37: hardened.]

[Footnote 38: accustomed.]

[Footnote 39: abide. This line is also wrote, "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized.]

[Footnote 40: deadly.]

[Footnote 41: destroyeth, killeth.]

[Footnote 42: grow.]

[Footnote 43: lament.]

[Footnote 44: much-loved, beloved.]

[Footnote 45: cast out, ejected.]

[Footnote 46: alluding to the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle.]

[Footnote 47: fate.]

[Footnote 48: my only son.]

[Footnote 49: dead.]

[Footnote 50: cottages.]

[Footnote 51: happiness.]

[Footnote 52: monasterys.]

[Footnote 53: only.]

[Footnote 54: holy.]

[Footnote 55: complexion.]

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Sprytes[1] of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce[2] onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede[3] sea doe the banners gleme[4];
 The amenused[5] nationnes be aston[6], 5
 To ken[7] syke[8] large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme[9].
 The barkis heafods[10] coupe[11] the lymed[12] streme;
 Oundes[13] synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake[14] riese;
 The water slughornes[15] wythe a swotye[16] cleme[17]
 Conteke[18] the dynnynge[19] ayre, and reche the skies. 10
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones[20] astedde[21],
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule[22] depeyncted[23] oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn[24] wyth fonnes[25] rare, doe shemrynge[26] ryse;
 Upswalynge[27] doe heie[28] shewe ynne drierie pryde, 15
 Lyche gore-red estells[29] in the eve[30]-merk[31] skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted[32] shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche[33] talle roshes on the water syde;
 Alenge[34] from bark to bark the bryghte sheene[35] flyes;
 Sweft-kerv'd[36] delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
 That Englondes brondeous[37] sonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth[38] here and there, 25
 Onknowlachynge[39] inne whatte place to obaie[40].
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mittee[41] crosse Jerusalem ys seene;
 Dhereof the syghte yer corrage doe affraie[42],
 In balefull[43] dole their faces be ywreene[44]. 30
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers[45] and cottes[45], soe swyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftsoones[46] hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare[47];
 The dotheynge oare doe make gemoted[48] dynne;
 The reynyng[49] foemen[50], thynckeynge gif[51] to dare,
 Boun[52] the merk[53] swerde, theie seche to fraie[54], theie blyn[55].
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
 Kyng Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel[56] of warre,
 Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie[57] gronfers[58], dyghte[59],
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre. 45
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblett[60] ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
 Syke sunnys wayne[61] wyth amayl'd[62] beames doe barr
 The blaunchie[63] mone or estells[64] to gev lyghte. 50
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte[65] affraie[66], wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
 Terroure, emburled[67] yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme[68] flie, 55
 Enchasyng[69] echone champyonne war to wage.
 Speeres bevyte[70] speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;
 Armoure on armoure dynn[71], shielde upon shielde;
 Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
 Botte salleyng numbers sable[72] all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross rele[73] hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65
 And beereth meynthe[74] of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene[75];
 The waylyng[76] mone doth fade before hys sonne;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene[77],
 Doeyng syke marvels[78], strongers be aston[79]. 70
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kyng Rycharde master is;
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys[80], 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre[81];
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there.
 Twyghte[82] into lovyng armes, and feasted eft[83];
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere[84],
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the blui sea
 The upswol[85] sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the withe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee. 85

And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge proove.

[Footnote 1: Spirits, souls.]

[Footnote 2: pleasure.]

[Footnote 3: broad.]

[Footnote 4: shine, glimmer.]

[Footnote 5: diminished, lessened.]

[Footnote 6: astonished, confounded.]

[Footnote 7: see, discover, know.]

[Footnote 8: such, so.]

[Footnote 9: strong.]

[Footnote 10: heads.]

[Footnote 11: cut.]

[Footnote 12: glassy, reflecting.]

[Footnote 13: waves, billows.]

[Footnote 14: oak.]

[Footnote 15: a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy.]

[Footnote 16: sweet.]

[Footnote 17: sound.]

[Footnote 18: confuse, contend with.]

[Footnote 19: sounding.]

[Footnote 20: thrones.]

[Footnote 21: seated.]

[Footnote 22: red.]

[Footnote 23: painted.]

[Footnote 24: carved.]

[Footnote 25: devices.]

[Footnote 26: glimmering.]

[Footnote 27: rising high, swelling up.]

[Footnote 28: they.]

[Footnote 29: a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a star.]

[Footnote 30: evening.]

[Footnote 31: dark.]

[Footnote 32: rebus'd shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.]

[Footnote 33: like.]

[Footnote 34: along.]

[Footnote 35: shine.]

[Footnote 36: short-lived.]

[Footnote 37: furious.]

[Footnote 38: runneth.]

[Footnote 39: not knowing.]

[Footnote 40: abide.]

[Footnote 41: mighty.]

[Footnote 42: affright.]

[Footnote 43: woeful.]

[Footnote 44: covered.]

[Footnote 45: different kinds of boats.]

[Footnote 46: full soon, presently.]

[Footnote 47: glitter.]

[Footnote 48: united, assembled.]

[Footnote 49: running.]

[Footnote 50: foes.]

[Footnote 51: if.]

[Footnote 52: make ready.]

[Footnote 53: dark.]

[Footnote 54: engage.]

[Footnote 55: cease, stand still.]

[Footnote 56: a young lion.]

[Footnote 57: flaming.]

[Footnote 58: a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen.]

[Footnote 59: deckt.]

[Footnote 60: small, insignificant.]

[Footnote 61: carr.]

[Footnote 62: enameled.]

[Footnote 63: white, silver.]

[Footnote 64: stars.]

[Footnote 65: distracting.]

[Footnote 66: affright.]

[Footnote 67: armed.]

[Footnote 68: terribly.]

[Footnote 69: encouraging, heating.]

[Footnote 70: break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting.]

[Footnote 71: sounds.]

[Footnote 72: blacken.]

[Footnote 73: waves.]

[Footnote 74: many, great numbers.]

[Footnote 75: slain.]

[Footnote 76: decreasing.]

[Footnote 77: glorious, worthy.]

[Footnote 78: wonders.]

[Footnote 79: astonished.]

[Footnote 80: certainly.]

[Footnote 81: brow.]

[Footnote 82: plucked, pulled.]

[Footnote 83: often.]

[Footnote 84: grief, trouble.]

[Footnote 85: swollen.]

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Wouldst thou kenn nature in her better parte?
 Goe, serche the logges [1] and bordels[2] of the hynde[3];
 Gyff[4] theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
 Inne hem[5] you see the blakied[6] forme of kynde[7].
 Haveth your mynde a lycheynge[8] of a mynde? 5
 Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote[9] bee?
 Woulde ytte here phrase of the vulgar from the hynde,
 Withoute wiseegger[10] wordes and knowlache[11] free?
 Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge[12] pende;
 Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
 O where do ye bende yer waie?
 I wille knowe whether you goe,
 I wylle not bee asseled[13] naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15
 To hele[14] hem at makeyng of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parsone, hav hyred mee there,
 Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
 We'lle wurke[15] and we'lle synge, and wylle drenche[16] of stronge beer
 As longe as the merrie sommers daie. 20

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
 Moke is mie woe.
 Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
 With birlette[17] golde,
 Wythe gelten[18] aumeres[19] stronge ontolde, 25
 What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea;
 Ich ask whie the loverds[20] son
 Is moe than mee. 30

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie[21] sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne[22],
 From everich beme a seme[23]; of lyfe doe falle;
 Swythyn[24] scille[25] oppe the haie uponne the playne;
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre[26] talle.
 Thys ys alyche oure doome[27]; the great, the smalle, 35
 Moftte withe[28] and bee forwyned[29] by deathis darte.
 See! the swote[30] flourette[31] hathe noe swote at alle;
 Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle[32] parte.
 The cravent[33], warrioure, and the wyse be blente[34],
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente[35]. 40

MANNE.

All-a-boon[36], Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
 Bye yer preestschype nowe saye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than mee
 Bee moe greate, 45
 Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne[37] thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie[38] loke arounde the chaper[39] delle[40];
 An answeere to thie barganette[41] here see,
 Thys welked[42] flourette wylle a lesen telle: 50
 Arist[43] it blew[44], itte florished, and dyd welle,
 Lokeynge ascaunce[45] upon the naighboure greene;
 Yet with the deigned[46] greene yttes rennome[47] felle,
 Eftsoones[48] ytte shronke upon the daie-brente[49] playne,

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke[50] ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds[51] ente[52]
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea[53];
Gyf thou has ethe[54], the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe[55], theres none moe haile[56] yan thee. 60
Thou wurchest[57]; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled[58] of soughlys[59] see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones[60] see trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne[61],
And eere mie wurchen is don
I synge a songe or twayne[62]. 70
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb[63] of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syr Preeste mote notte crie woe, 75
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes[64],
And foile[65] the wysest feygnes[66].
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle[67] am I seene, 80
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle, 85
Whose unliste[68] braunces[69] rechen far toe fyghte;
Whan fuired[70] unwers[71] doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere[72] yn dole[73] and moke affryghte.
Whylest the congeon[74] flowrette abessie[75] dyghte[76],
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced[77] bie the storme: 90
Syke is a pictel[78] of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft[79], hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mounte.

[Footnote 1: lodges, huts.]

[Footnote 2: cottages.]

[Footnote 3: servant, slave, peasant.]

[Footnote 4: if.]

[Footnote 5: a contraction of *them*.]

[Footnote 6: naked, original.]

[Footnote 7: nature.]

[Footnote 8: liking.]

[Footnote 9: might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state.]

[Footnote 10: wise-egger, a philosopher.]

[Footnote 11: knowledge.]

[Footnote 12: sporting.]

[Footnote 13: answered.]

[Footnote 14: aid, or help.]

[Footnote 15: work.]

[Footnote 16: drink.]

[Footnote 17: a hood, or covering for the back part of the head.]

[Footnote 18: gilded.]

[Footnote 19: borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.]

[Footnote 20: lord.]

[Footnote 21: sultry.]

[Footnote 22: car.]

[Footnote 23: seed.]

[Footnote 24: quickly, presently.]

[Footnote 25: gather.]

[Footnote 26: grow.]

[Footnote 27: fate.]

[Footnote 28: a contraction of wither.]

[Footnote 29: dried.]

[Footnote 30: sweet.]

[Footnote 31: flower.]

[Footnote 32: equal.]

[Footnote 33: coward.]

[Footnote 34: ceased, dead, no more.]

[Footnote 35: lament.]

[Footnote 36: a manner of asking a favour.]

[Footnote 37: turn.]

[Footnote 38: carefully, with circumspection.]

[Footnote 39: dry, sun-burnt.]

[Footnote 40: valley.]

[Footnote 41: a song, or ballad.]

[Footnote 42: withered.]

[Footnote 43: arisen, or arose.]

[Footnote 44: blossomed.]

[Footnote 45: disdainfully.]

[Footnote 46: disdained.]

[Footnote 47: glory.]

[Footnote 48: quickly.]

[Footnote 49: burnt.]

[Footnote 50: such.]

[Footnote 51: lord's.]

[Footnote 52: a purse or bag.]

[Footnote 53: slay.]

[Footnote 54: ease.]

[Footnote 55: truth.]

[Footnote 56: happy.]

[Footnote 57: workest.]

[Footnote 58: the hidden or secret part of.]

[Footnote 59: souls.]

[Footnote 60: full soon, or presently.]

[Footnote 61: car.]

[Footnote 62: two.]

[Footnote 63: a bottle.]

[Footnote 64: a country dance, still practised in the North.]

[Footnote 65: baffle.]

[Footnote 66: a corruption of *feints*.]

[Footnote 67: a minstrel is a musician.]

[Footnote 68: unbounded.]

[Footnote 69: branches.]

[Footnote 70: furious.]

[Footnote 71: tempests, storms.]

[Footnote 72: dire.]

[Footnote 73: dismay.]

[Footnote 74: dwarf.]

[Footnote 75: humility.]

[Footnote 76: decked.]

[Footnote 77: unhurt.]

[Footnote 78: picture.]

[Footnote 79: tempest-beaten.]

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

Onne Ruddeborne[1] bank twa pynynge Maydens fate,
 Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
 Echone bementynge[2] for her absente mate,
 Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyng[3] speare.
 The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5
 Dydde speke acroole[4], wythe languishment of eyne,
 Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed[5] the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie[6] plainte,
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte[7] in stele;
 O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10
 Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
 Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;
 See! see! upon the grounde he bleedyng lies;
 Inhild[8] some joice[9] of lyfe or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
 Lyche levynde[10] okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forletten[11] halles of merriemente,
 Whose gastlie mitches[12] holde the traine of fryghte[13], 20
 Where lethale[14] ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

[ELINOURE.]

No moe the miskynette[15] shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblyng palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the lessel[16] rouze the foxe awaie; 25
 I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
 Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche[17] glebe wyll goe,
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture[18] mie tale of woe.

[JUGA.]

Whan mokie[19] cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden[20] Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30
 The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
 Of Selyness[21], whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;

Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
 Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte. 35

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
 Thou lymed[22] ryver, on thie linche[23] maie bleede
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
 And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40
 To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
 Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be manged onne the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
 Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees[24], 45
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
 There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,
 Distraughte[25] theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde,
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

[Footnote 1: Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint
 Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of
 Lancaster and York.]

[Footnote 2: lamenting.]

[Footnote 3: murdering.]

[Footnote 4: faintly.]

[Footnote 5: glistened.]

[Footnote 6: sad complaint.]

[Footnote 7: arrayed, or cased.]

[Footnote 8: infuse.]

[Footnote 9: juice.]

[Footnote 10: blasted.]

[Footnote 11: forsaken.]

[Footnote 12: ruins.]

[Footnote 13: fear.]

[Footnote 14: deadly or deathboding.]

[Footnote 15: a small bagpipe.]

[Footnote 16: in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.]

[Footnote 17: church-yard.]

[Footnote 18: relate.]

[Footnote 19: black.]

[Footnote 20: decreasing.]

[Footnote 21: happiness.]

[Footnote 22: glassy.]

[Footnote 23: bank.]

[Footnote 24: meeds.]

[Footnote 25: distracted.]

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla*.]

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes be soe,
Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte, 5
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte. 10

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
 Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
 Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
 As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde hue 5
 Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng wythe the morning due,
 Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
 Upponne the lethale daie,
 Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
 Than dyddst thou furiose stande, 10
 And bie thie valyante hande
 Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlance felle,
 Downe to the depthe of helle
 Thousandes of Dacyanns went; 15
 Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
 Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
 And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
 Thy Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste, 20
 Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
 Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
 The dysmall crye of warre,
 Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;
 Orr seest the hatchedd stede, 25
 Yprauinceynge o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres; 30

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Lette Brystowe styлле be made thie care;
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, 35
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN LADGATE, a Priest in
 London, and sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe of*
Ælla.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyonn redde
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
 Admyre the varses mouche I dydd,
 And thus an answeerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was 5
 A Poett mouche renownde,
 Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
 Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
 The gyfte of inspyration, 10
 And Afled to the Sexonne menne
 Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
 Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
 Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte, 15
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
 Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes. 20

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

The Tournament begynnnes; the hammerrs sounde;
 The courserrs lysse[1] about the mensuredd[2] fielde;
 The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;
 Quayntyssed[3] fons[4] depictedd[5] onn eche sheelde.
 The feerie[6] heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde[7], 5
 Supportes the rampyng lyoncell[8] orr beare,
 Wythe straunge depyctures[9], Nature maie nott yeelde,
 Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,
 Yett yatte[10] to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte[11],
 Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer[11] of her joies,
 Muste swythen[12] goe to yeve[13] the speeres arounde,
 Wythe advantayle[14] & borne[15] I meynte[16] emploie,
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde; 15
 Soe the neshe[17] flowerr grees[18] ynne the woodeland shade.
 The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.
 As ynn the bowke[19] nete[20] alleyn[21] cann bee donne,
 Syke[22] ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herauwe[23], bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm[24] hath grete mie syghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25
 I lacke a Guid[25], a Wyllyamm[26] to entylte.
 To reine[27] anente[28] a fele[29] embodiedd knyghte,
 Ytt gettes ne rennome[30] gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
 Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
 I lyche nott unthylle[31] thus to wielde the speare. 30

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes[32] dynn[33] fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! swythen[34] mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee bounde [35].
 Eftsoones[36] behest[37] mie Squyerr to the warre.
 I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[Goeth oute.]

HERAWDE.

This valourous actes woulde meinte[38] of menne astounde;
 Harde bee yer shappe[39] encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
 Anenst[40] all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte[41].
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke[42] eche knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES. AND SERVYTOURS[43].

KYNGE.

The barganette[44]; yee mynstrelles tune the stryng,
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's thorne,
The manne whose myghte delievretie[45] hadd knite[46],
Snett[46] oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne[47], 45
Behesteynge[48] all hys hommageres[49] to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted[50] denne,
Lett thie floes[51] drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd[52] plies[53]; 50
Loude dynns[54] the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eare;
Hee ryseth battent[55] roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolwynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn flea.

Throwe the merke[56] shade of twistynde trees hee rydes; 55
The flemed[57] owlett[58] flapps herr eve-speckte[59] wynges;
The lordyng[60] toade ynn all hys passes bides;
The berten[61] neders[62] att hymm darte the stynges;
Styll, styll, hee passes onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynges untoe bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie[63] countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn[64] doth rayse hymselfe distraughte[65],
He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne. 65
Lette thie floes[66] drenche the blood of anie thyng bott menne.

Wythe passent[67] steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlyng[68] thonderr stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth sendes. 70
Goe, slea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle[69] drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers[70] as swefte doe afterr flie.
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones[71] doth die.
Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde bestes bee,
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynge hys bowe alyne[72].
 The stagge ys ouch'd[73] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs. 80
 Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
 Forslagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn flee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie[74]; who wylle fyrste affraie[75]? 85

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte[76] honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake[77] thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette[78] onn mie gaberdyne[79].

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull[80] challenge, knyghtes & champyonns dygne[81],
 A leegefull challenge, lette the flugghorne sounde. 90
 [Syrr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte*.
 Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.
 [Nevylle *falls*.
 Loverdes, how doughtilie[82] the tylterrs joyne!
 Yee champyennes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
 Onne hee hathe quacedd[83], assayle[84] hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente[85] hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; 95
 Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle[86] scethe[87]
 Before I doe departe the lissedd[88] fiede,
 Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe[89].
 Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe[90].
 Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe. 100
[Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.
 Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe[91];
 I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe[92].

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede. 105
 I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
 Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede[93];
 Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie[94];
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 110
 Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tend[95]; I doe thee fie[96].
 Lyché forreyng[97] levynn[98], schalle mie tylte-launce flie.
[Berghamme & Clinton tylte. Clinton fallethe.
 BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure[99] thie beeveredd[100] eyne.
 I have borne downe, and este[101] doe gauntlette thee.
 Swythenne[102] begynne, and wrynn[103] thie shappe[104] orr myne;
 Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.
[Bourtonne & Burghamm tylteth. Berghamme falls.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
 And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120
 Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tulle hee doth see
 A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
 Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous[105] heie[106],
 Ytt welle beseies[107] to yeve[108] hemm ryghte of fraie[109].

FIRST KNYGHT.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme 125
 The rennome[110] ynn thys Tourneie[111] forr to tylte;

Dherbie to proove fromm cravents[112] owre goode name,
 Bewrynnynge[113] thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? 130
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte, and bee
 everichone[114] overthrowne.]*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
 Ycrasedd[115] speres and helmetts bee besprente[116],
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd[117] sheeld,
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee stente[118],
 Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135
 Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.
 Albeytte hee wythe lowes[119] of fyre ybrente[120],
 Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val[121] advance.
 Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe[122] hys speere,
 Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,
 Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall fall
 Anethe[123] the stronge push of mie straught[124] out speere,
 There schalle aryse a hallie[125] chyrches walle,
 The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145
 Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.
 And thys I faifullie[126] wylle stonde to all,
 Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.
 Straungerr, bee boune[127]; I champyonn[128] you to warre.
 Sounde, sounde the flughornes, to bee hearde fromm farre. 150
[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.]

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.
 Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;
 Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments[129] synge;
 Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente[130];
 To Kynge of Tourny-tylte bee all knees bente. 155
 Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
 Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente[131];

Hee joustedd, alleine[132] havynge you ynn thoughte.
 Comme, mynstrelles, sound the strynges, goe onn eche syde,
 Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde. 160

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge[133] wythe new quickenn'd gore,
 Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
 Dydd the merke[134] woode of ethe[135] and rest explore,
 Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
 Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165
 Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
 Fromm hys vysage washedd the bloude,
 Hylte[136] hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie[137] hymm dydd view,
 Dydd foe ycorvenn[138] everrie shape to joie, 170
 Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
 Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
 All delyghtsomme and contente,
 Fyre enshotynge[139] fromm hys eyne,
 Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente[140], 175
 Lyche the merk[141]-plante doe entwyne.
 Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
 Onknowlachynge[142] ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
 Thys rule yspende[143], and ynn thie mynde retayne;
 Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde. 180

[Footnote 1: sport, or play.]

[Footnote 2: bounded, or measured.]

[Footnote 3: curiously devised.]

[Footnote 4: fancys or devices.]

[Footnote 5: painted, or displayed.]

[Footnote 6: fiery.]

[Footnote 7: ornamented, enameled.]

[Footnote 8: a young lion.]

[Footnote 9: drawings, paintings.]

[Footnote 10: that.]

[Footnote 11: soul.]

[Footnote 11: dispenser.]

[Footnote 12: quickly.]

[Footnote 13: give.]

[Footnote 14: armer.]

[Footnote 15: burnish.]

[Footnote 16: many.]

[Footnote 17: young, weak, tender.]

[Footnote 18: grows.]

[Footnote 19: body.]

[Footnote 20: nothing.]

[Footnote 21: alone.]

[Footnote 22: so.]

[Footnote 23: herald.]

[Footnote 24: a contraction of *them*.]

[Footnote 25: *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.]

[Footnote 26: William Rufus.]

[Footnote 27: run.]

[Footnote 28: against.]

[Footnote 29: feeble.]

[Footnote 30: honour, glory.]

[Footnote 31: useless.]

[Footnote 32: a kind of claryon.]

[Footnote 33: sound.]

[Footnote 34: quickly.]

[Footnote 35: ready.]

[Footnote 36: soon.]

[Footnote 37: command.]

[Footnote 38: most.]

[Footnote 39: fate, or doom.]

[Footnote 40: against.]

[Footnote 41: pitched, or bent down.]

[Footnote 42: drink.]

[Footnote 43: servants, attendants.]

[Footnote 44: song, or ballad.]

[Footnote 45: activity.]

[Footnote 46: joined (*1842; left blank in 1777 and 1778*)]

[Footnote 46: bent.]

[Footnote 47: burnished.]

[Footnote 48: commanding.]

[Footnote 49: servants.]

[Footnote 50: hidden.]

[Footnote 51: arrows.]

[Footnote 52: worked with iron.]

[Footnote 53: bends.]

[Footnote 54: sounds.]

[Footnote 55: loudly.]

[Footnote 56: dark, or gloome.]

[Footnote 57 & 58: frightened owl.]

[Footnote 59: marked with evening dew.]

[Footnote 60: standing on their hind legs.]

[Footnote 61: venomous.]

[Footnote 62: adders.]

[Footnote 63: hot, sultry.]

[Footnote 64: sound, noise.]

[Footnote 65: distracted.]

[Footnote 66: arrows.]

[Footnote 67: walking leisurely.]

[Footnote 68: rolling.]

[Footnote 69: arrow.]

[Footnote 70: horse coursers.]

[Footnote 71: full soon.]

[Footnote 72: across his shoulders.]

[Footnote 73: garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks.]

[Footnote 74: Turnament.]

[Footnote 75: fight, or encounter.]

[Footnote 76: that.]

[Footnote 77: dispute.]

[Footnote 78: glove.]

[Footnote 79: a piece of armour.]

[Footnote 80: lawful.]

[Footnote 81: worthy.]

[Footnote 82: furiously.]

[Footnote 83: vanquished.]

[Footnote 84: oppose.]

[Footnote 85: against.]

[Footnote 86: much.]

[Footnote 87: damage, mischief.]

[Footnote 88: bounded.]

[Footnote 89: bleed.]

[Footnote 90: easy.]

[Footnote 91: smoke.]

[Footnote 92: hurt, or damage.]

[Footnote 93: reward.]

[Footnote 94: fight or engage.]

[Footnote 95: attend or wait.]

[Footnote 96: defy.]

[Footnote 97 & 98: destroying lightening.]

[Footnote 99: turn.]

[Footnote 100: beaver'd.]

[Footnote 101: again.]

[Footnote 102: quickly.]

[Footnote 103: declare.]

[Footnote 104: fate.]

[Footnote 105: worthy.]

[Footnote 106: they.]

[Footnote 107: becomes.]

[Footnote 108: give.]

[Footnote 109: fyght.]

[Footnote 110: honour.]

[Footnote 111: Tournament.]

[Footnote 112: cowards.]

[Footnote 113: declaring.]

[Footnote 114: every one.]

[Footnote 115: broken, split.]

[Footnote 116: scatter'd.]

[Footnote 117: broken, or pierced through with darts.]

[Footnote 118: stained.]

[Footnote 119: flames.]

[Footnote 120: burnt.]

[Footnote 121: healm.]

[Footnote 122: beneath.]

[Footnote 123: against.]

[Footnote 124: stretched out.]

[Footnote 125: holy.]

[Footnote 126: faithfully.]

[Footnote 127: ready.]

[Footnote 128: challenge.]

[Footnote 129: achievements, glorious actions.]

[Footnote 130: broken spears.]

[Footnote 131: broke, destroyed.]

[Footnote 132: only, alone.]

[Footnote 133: smoaking, steaming.]

[Footnote 134: dark, gloomy.]

[Footnote 135: ease.]

[Footnote 136: hid, secreted.]

[Footnote 137: sweetly.]

[Footnote 138: moulded.]

[Footnote 139: shooting, darting.]

[Footnote 140: grasp, hold.]

[Footnote 141: night-shade.]

[Footnote 142: ignorant, unknowing.]

[Footnote 143: consider.]

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF**SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.**

The featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes 5
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe! 10
CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr CANTERLOUE thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" sayd CANTERLOUE, 25
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye, 30
Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35
Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd."

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie." 40

Thenne CANTERLOUE hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straitte
To gett all thynges ynne reddyng
For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge, 45
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
You have been muchoure friende; 50
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55
He thoghte ytte styлле was ryghte."

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie." 60

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde."

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister CANYNGE! Whatte thyng else
Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde, 70
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde."

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes ne synne, 75
Ynne alle thys mortall state."

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
"Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure." 80

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

"CANYNGE, awaie! thys traytour vile 85
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize, 90
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies."

"CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95
Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve."

"By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye; 110
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou so soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe; 115
"Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne, 125
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde; 130
Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135
And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd. 140

"Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
And garde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note; 150
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155
From oute the reech of woe:

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte: 160

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe 165
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd 175
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,
I shalle ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe. 180

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle RICHARD'S sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace, 185
And godlie HENRIE'S reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde, 190
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryeche monument of brasse 195
CHARLES BAWDIN'S name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
To bee prepar'd to die; 210
And from thys world of payne and greife
To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete 215
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers,
His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

"Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet FLORENCE! why these brinie teeres? 225
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse; 230
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge! 235
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynn
To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe; 245
Truste thou ynn Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynn theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne: 250
FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take— adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!" — 255
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Upponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynn the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
Ynn scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglyng ynn the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
Appeared to the syghte, 270
Alle cladd ynn homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came, 275
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge HENRIES friends
Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295
Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest mee, EDWARDE! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne! 315
I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne. 320

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
I have beene dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares, 325
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde" — 330
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge EDWARDE'S soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!" 340

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke RICHARD sayde;
"And maye echone ourre foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre 350
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge, 355
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne.
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge.
Whenne ynne adversite;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees, 365
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke; 370
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddeshanne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowne dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN'S fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN'S soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ÆLLA:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN HOWARD.]

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeste, the Auchhoure.

CELMONDE, *Johan Iscomm*, Preeste.

HURRA, Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTHA, Mastre *Edwarde Canynge*.

Odherr Partes bie *Knyghtes Mynstrelles*.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt[1] herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege[2] yn rhym;
Lych peyncted[3] tyltynge speares to please the syghte,

The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke[4] dere[5], 5
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie[6] delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare[7] rhym mote bee thenne,
Butt eefte[8] nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie[9] preeste apperes the ribaudes[10] penne,
Inne lithie[11] moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere[12] widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel scathe[13].

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore[14],
Kenns[15] Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghtethe[16] hys knowlachynge[17] ten yeres or more, 15
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem[18] synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde[19] hys meneynge knowes 20
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored[20] dames, 25
Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.
Loughe[21] loudlie dynneth[22] from the dolte[23] adrames[24];
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes[25] hem soe.
Sommetye at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped[26] fage[27] somme hard-drayned water brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde[28] hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sense fulle grossyngelye[29] he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf[30] you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe[31] of faultes, be less. 40
ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie[32] tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45

In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie^[33] mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere^[34].

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

[Footnote 1: hid, concealed.]

[Footnote 2: law.]

[Footnote 3: painted.]

[Footnote 4: much.]

[Footnote 5: hurt, damage.]

[Footnote 6: sweetly.]

[Footnote 7: cause.]

[Footnote 8: oft.]

[Footnote 9: holy.]

[Footnote 10: rake, lewd person.]

[Footnote 11: humble.]

[Footnote 12: adder.]

[Footnote 13: hurt, damage.]

[Footnote 14: learning.]

[Footnote 15: knows.]

[Footnote 16: plucks or tortures.]

[Footnote 17: knowledge.]

[Footnote 18: a service used over the dead.]

[Footnote 19: peasant.]

[Footnote 20: unlearned.]

[Footnote 21: laugh.]

[Footnote 22: sounds.]

[Footnote 23: foolish.]

[Footnote 24: churls.]

[Footnote 25: knows.]

[Footnote 26: laughable.]

[Footnote 27: tale, jest.]

[Footnote 28: beyond.]

[Footnote 29: foolishly.]

[Footnote 30: if.]

[Footnote 31: many.]

[Footnote 32: holy.]

[Footnote 33: strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient signification stood for *modesty*.]

[Footnote 34: another.]

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

Straunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
 Nete[35] butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
 Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste yttes powers,
 And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
 Heie[36] pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5
 And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
 Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrade[37],
 Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie[38], ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
 Shewe whatt theyre grandsieres, & great grandsieres bore, 10
 Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
 Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
 Lette trades, & toune folck, lett syke[39] thynges alone,
 Ne fyghte for sable yn a fiede of aure;
 Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
 Shee nillynge[40] to take myckle[41] aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunse upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrrre hys rede[42] aboute;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20

Eke, gyf[43] ynto a vew percase[44] I tooke
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem[45] al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes[46], gyff I saie, onwise 25
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie[47]
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenused[48] thoughtes of poesie;
 Somme drybblette[49] share you shoulde to yatte[50] alyse[51],
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
 You onn a rouncy[52] dryve yn dolefull course.

Cannyng & I from common course dyssente;
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
 Ne wylle betweene crased molteryng bookes be pente, 35
 Botte soare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
 And where wee kenn somme ishad[53] floures besprente,
 We take ytte, & from ould rouse doe ytte clene;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie[54] bewryen[55],
 Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
 A keppened poyntelle[56] restynge at eche lyne.
 Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more, 45
 An onlist[57] lecturn[58], and a songe adygne[59];
 Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng yttself moste bee ytts owne defense;
 Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50
 Canyng looks notte for poesie, botte sense;
 And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
 Canyng, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
 Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
 Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie, 55
 Hee wysche you healthe & selinesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

[Footnote 35: nought.]

[Footnote 36: they.]

[Footnote 37: esteem.]

[Footnote 38: heraldry.]

[Footnote 39: such.]

[Footnote 40: unwilling.]

[Footnote 41: much.]

[Footnote 42: wisdom, council.]

[Footnote 43: if.]

[Footnote 44: perchance.]

[Footnote 45: them.]

[Footnote 46: Greybeards.]

[Footnote 47: curiously.]

[Footnote 48: lessened.]

[Footnote 49: small.]

[Footnote 50: that.]

[Footnote 51: allow.]

[Footnote 52: cart-horse.]

[Editor's note: ll. 15-16 *See Introduction* p. xli]

[Footnote 53: broken.]

[Footnote 54: elegantly.]

[Footnote 55: declared, expressed.]

[Footnote 56: a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius.]

[Footnote 57: boundless.]

[Footnote 58: subject.]

[Footnote 59: nervous, worthy of praise.]

ENTRODUTIONNE.

Somme cherisounce[60] it ys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced[61] theyre londe from bayne[62],
 Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne[63] everych steyne, 5
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels[64] geasonne[65] to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys[66] castell[67] stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
 Then seel'd[68] hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To saie what he, as clergyond[69], can kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

[Footnote 60: comfort.]

[Footnote 61: preserved.]

[Footnote 62: ruin.]

[Footnote 63: inter.]

[Footnote 64: jewels.]

[Footnote 65: rare.]

[Footnote 66: Bristol.]

[Footnote 67: castle.]

[Footnote 68: closed.]

[Footnote 69: taught.]

ÆLLA.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
 Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites[1] of goulde,
 Mee, happeless mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
 Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre? 5
 Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle[2] canne bewreene[3]?
 Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—
 Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
 Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene[4],
 Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne made redde, 10
 Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene[5],
 Syke[6] woulde thie spryte upponn thie vysage spredde.
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere[7]! 15
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,
 And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes[8] wyll slea.
 Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
 To slea mieselfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie[9] friende. 20

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
 Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd[10] Dane shoulde blede,
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer soule;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
 The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure[11] as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede[12] vowe:
 Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;
 Shap[13] haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate[14].

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, & husbande, syke a joie ys myne; 35
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,

Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie[15];
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente[16], 40
 As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse her lemes[17] of sylver sente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
 Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste, 45
 Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres[18],
 Awylst thie merrymen dydde laughe and jeaste,
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.
 Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
 Alest a daygnous[19] looke to thee be sente, 50
 And offrendes[20] made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
 Offe scarpes[21] of scarlette, & fyne paramente[22];
 All thie yntente to please was lyssed[23] to mee,
 I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe, 55
 Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
 Lyche bawsyn[24] olyphauntes[25] mie gnattes doe shewe;
 Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate[26].
 Botte hann mie actyonns straughte[27] the rolle of fate,
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee, 60
 Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.
 I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrower stytle, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes[28] soe smalle; 65
 As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
 For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,
 Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70
 Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;
 A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis doe thie volunde[29] kenne
 To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.**CELMONDE.**

Alle blessinges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75
 Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenyng lyghte,
 Inne varied chaunges varied blessinges shedde,
 Besprengyng far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
 And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so bryghte,
 Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
 Wythe selynesse, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
 Wyth everych chaungyng mone new joies encrease!
 I, as a token of mie love to speake,
 Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe stronge, 85
 Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr[30] swayne;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne. 90

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre[31], I wylle goe,
 Softlie tryppyng o'ere the mees[32],
 Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
 Seekeyng shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisy'd banke, 95
 Pereyng ynn the streame belowe;
 Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee, 100
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle[33] chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree[34], greie morn larke, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie[35],
Tellynge lecturnyes[36] to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee scene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche[37]. 115
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokyng brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie; 120
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee; 125
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe.

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two. 130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge,
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes[38], thos honde yn honde, 140
Unto divinistre[39] goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle[40] lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynne godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde[41], wee have; and, gyff you please, wille synge, 155
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryng,
And stret[42], and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRYLLE.

The boddynge flourettes blashes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daisyde mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh[43] yonge coveslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte.
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys broughte. 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 170
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styll.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake[44] and sonne-brente doe appere,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynter to folfylle the yere, 180
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
 Do bende the tree unto the fructyle ground; 185
 When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
 Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
 Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
 Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde; 190
 Angelles alleyne fromme chafe[45] desyre bee free;
 Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
 Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;
 Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere[46],
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne fayre: 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
 Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200
 The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
 Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
 Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205
 Go, take thee swythyn[47] to thie bedde a wyfe,
 Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovyng marriage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttyng,
 As from the sones hete she harried,
 She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttyng, 210
 Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
 As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
 Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
 I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell.
 Tho' twas at my liefte to mynde spynnyng,
 I styll wanted somethyng, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
 Mie lorde fadres barbde haulte han ne wynnynge.
 Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,

Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeyng.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyng,
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente shee; 230
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyng.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
Wee wyll permytte you antecedente bee;
There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped[48] jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235
Comme, gentle love, wee wyll toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted[49] everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondryng onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste, 240
Are ragyng, to be quansed[50] bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedeesterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon.
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron, 250
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre. 255

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered gwestes to eate?

O mie upswalynge[51] harte, whatt wordes can saie
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie, 260
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendement.
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content.
 And for a bodykyn[52] a swarthe obteyne? 265
 O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie fowle?
 How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
 Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
 Thanne, loverde, lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie; 271
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen[53] laie,
 The foemenn, everych honde-poynte, getteth fote.
 Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
 And all the sabbataners goe aboute. 275
 I speke, mie loverde, alleyn to upryse
 Youre wytte from marvell, and the warriour to alyse.

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells[54] yn mie harte;
 Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
 I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280
 To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
 Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle.
 Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke a geare. 285
 Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie BIRTHA's syde;
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
 I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll drayne,
 Gyff drierie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne. 295
 Goe notte, Ælla; wythe thie BIRTHA staie;
 For wyth thie femmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
 Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
 I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele, 300
 And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys BIRTHA teare?
 Is shee so rou and ugsomme[55] to hys fyghte?
 Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
 Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
 Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
 Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy morthie.

ÆLLA.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,
 Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310
 Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.
 Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
 Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

BIRTHA.

Moste BIRTHA boon requeste and bee denyd?
 Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
 Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeaes; 320
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
 Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
 Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command
 Under the sygnette of oure lorde the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande? 330
 Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!
 Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double styng,
 One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted[56] Ælla, thie abredynge[57] blyng[58].
 Twas love of thee thatte foule intende ywrynde. 335
 Yette heare mie suppycate, to mee attende,
 Hear from mie groted[59] harte the lover and the friende.
 Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte, 340
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe;
 I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, swefltie goe,
 Telle mie Brystowans to bedyghte yn stele; 345
 Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe; O mie agroted harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
 Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.
 Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie
 Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue,
 Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
 Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge. 355
 O Birtha, strev mie agreeme[60] to accaie[61],
 And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile[62] ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
 To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
 Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360
 Lych thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.
 Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;
 Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.
 Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
 Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365
 It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
 Wydhoute an ounde of teares and breaste wyth syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes[63] he nowe muste leave behynde?
 O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende. 375

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE

speaking.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge[64];
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe slynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alas! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Heket[65] ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente[66];
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped[67] atte the fetyveness of daie; 400
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.
 Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.
 The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face. 405
 I see onnumbered joies arounde mee ryse;
 Blake[68] stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?
 Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410
 Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
 And nothyng does thie myckle gastness fere.
 Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
 Thou there dysperpellest[69] thie levynne-bronde;
 Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare; 415
 Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
 As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
 Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
 A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme; 420
 On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
 Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
 Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
 Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblyng waies,
 Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be breme, 425
 And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayse.
 O thou, whateer thie name,
 Or Zabalus or Queed,
 Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
 For fremde[70] and dolefulle dede. 430

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the ARMIE, neare* Watchette.

MAGNUS.

Swythe[71] lette the offrendes[72] to the Goddes begynne.
 To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
 Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
 Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth*.

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435
 Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,
 Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
 The mone yn bloddie gyttelles[73] hylte,

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
 Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440
 Whanne the oundyng waves dystreste,
 Stroven to be overest,
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,
 Sendyng dethe, on plagues astrodde, 445
 Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde;
 To mee send your heste dyvyne,
 Lyghte eletten[74] all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyse
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize. 450

[falleth downe and efte rysethe.

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
 Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
 Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte, 455
 Have Magnus pressyng wroughte hys foemen loaste.
 As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
 The dyngeyng ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
 Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear. 460
 Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke
 Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465
 The cocke saiethe drefte[75], yett armed ys he alleyne.
 Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
 Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
 Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte. 470
 Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
 Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente[76] maydens and ne menne, 475

Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corses I investynge everich mede,
 And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
 I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
 Tys there alleyn I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
 Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
 Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
 Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte, 495
 And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
 'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
 Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurchen[77] myckle woe. 500
 Oh! I bee madde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage;
 Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness[78]
 To thee and recreandes[79]) thondered on the playne,
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510
 A ronnyng pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnyng pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
 Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge, 515
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
 Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
 A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;
 Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520
 Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
 Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolfome peenes devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
 Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525
 Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele[80]. 530
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

MAGNUS.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
 Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
 Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre felle;
 Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
 The sede of malyce and recendize al.
 Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes; 545
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canst calle.
 Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,

Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde. 550
I Hurra amme miesel, & aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne your contekions[81], chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfule of a fremded[82] foe, 555
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
Seemynge as tho' theie stynghe as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare;
Ne doubtynghe, we wylle stynghe as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard[83] thie blodde? ys ytte for feare? 565
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer garde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode. 570

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
 I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,
 The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
 The armie ys. Disorder throughe oure hoaste 575
 Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
 Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? & soe neare?
 Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
 Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne[84]. 580
 Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
 Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.
 Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturme,
 To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne, 585
 Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
 Sythe shame or deathe onne eider syde wylle bee,
 Mie harte I wylle upryse, & inne the battelle slea.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near* WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
 Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590
 And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
 Of certane mastershpype upon hys glestreyng browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
 Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,

Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere; 595
 Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
 Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
 Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
 And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
 As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600
 Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
 Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redyng here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged[85] isle,
 Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle, 605
 And townes enlowed[86] lemed[87] oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
 Oure sonnes lie storven[88] ynne theyre smethynge gore;
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
 These roynnerres of oure hallie houses slea;
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame, 615
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge[89] levyn-bronde,
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620
 Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
 Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
 And strev wythe goulde to staie the roynners honde,
 Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes hygher, 625
 Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
 As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
 Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme,
 Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters[90] the hyghe stronde,
 Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630
 Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
 And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champion crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
 To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
 Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635
 Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende[91] fyre:
 Thenne lette oure safetie doublied moove oure ire,

Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,
 See[ing] the lambe & shepsterr nere the brire,
 Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea; 640
 Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,
 Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
 Lyche a stryng lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee sleene, 645
 Lyche [a] loud dynnyng streeme scalle be mie myghte.
 Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
 To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte. 650
 Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
 Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
 Youre spryte wylle wrynn, thatte Brystow ys yer place;
 To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie; 655
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
 'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space;
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne;
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne. 660
 Thus I enrone mie anlace; goe thou shethe;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
 Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
 Go, & sytte crowned on corsos of the slayne;
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe. 670

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
 Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
 Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.
 Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
 Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
 Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plunge hem downe to helle;
 Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres;
 The barrowes brastyng wythe the sleene schall swelle,
 Brynnynge[92] to commynge tymes our famous warres; 680
 Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
 Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
 Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
 Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne seene the daie, 685
 And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
 Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
 Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
 Oer corses of the foemen of the londe. 690
 Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,
 The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
 The Saxonnnes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre heade; 695
 Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
 Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
 And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
 See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade, 700
 Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
 Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete;
 Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle[93] marke the goeynge of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705

Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynn the same,
 Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuete of deathe;
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblynge yield yer breathe;
 Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle slayne.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente[94] havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715
 Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
 Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,
 Gader the souldyers left to future shappe,
 To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720
 Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
 Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne[95];
 Lette alle the Dacyannes swythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle spreng sadde dethe & dole,
 Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves thereynne; 725
 Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
 I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
 Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
 Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
 Makeyng oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,
 Ybereyng thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her sable tapistrie was rent yn twayne.
 The dauncyng streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemryng eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne, 740
 Sheenyng upon the borne[96] whyche stondest bie;

The souldyers stooode uponne the hillis syde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
 Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte; 750
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayse & rennome swelles;
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge streme,
 Syche dyd the mormryng sounde of the whol armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
 Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme tare,
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshe feere,
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were, 760
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryng,
 Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd ryng;
 Ælla was chased, as lyonns madded bee; 765
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flyng;
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed[97] foe dydde flee,
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
 Wythe syke a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree, 770
 Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tyng; saie nee;
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
 Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle; 775
 Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;
 Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.
 Chief Magnus sought hys waie, &, shame to telle!
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere
 Uponne the flyyng Dacyannes schoulder felle. 780
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
 He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
 Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys fledde; 785
 Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
 After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
 Fromm everich on unmyssyng javlynnes flewe;
 Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde; 790
 Fullle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulyng att their head,
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne fledde.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie. 795
 Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes flie;
 Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
 Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie, 800
 Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
 Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde, 805
 Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneyng lyghte yn course,
 Leaveyng the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
 Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
 Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810
 Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
 Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
 Quykke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & bryng hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE.

Ælla ys woundedd sore, & ynne the toune
 He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815
 And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,

Makyng the vyclore yn hys vycorie blethe?
 O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
 Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
 Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
 Botte thanne rennome æterne[98]—ytte ys botte ayre;
 Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
 To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825
 Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
 And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
 Were blodde, & morthere, masterie, and warre;
 Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantyng of a thorne,
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere[99]. 835
 Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynnesse destroye,
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
 Youre harte unto somme cherisaunced reste.
 Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere. 840
 Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste;
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
 Perchaunce the swote sounde maie chafe your wiere[99] awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge[100] ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne[101] as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode[102] as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde, 855
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote, 860
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865
In the briered dells belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude: 875
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde. 880
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save

Al the celness of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree. 885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.
 Mie love ys dedde, 890
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne, 895
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes[103], 900
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
 Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all ease. 905

ÆLLA, atte WATCHETTE.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
 I wylle awaie to BIRTHA bie thys nyghte:
 Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
 I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her syghte.
 Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte; 910
 Swefte as mie wyshe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.
 The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynnе syghte,
 Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA's armes so longe.
 O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
 Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
 Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, & blesse;

On tyme encalede[104], yanne bie the same thyng warmd,
 Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less.
 'Tys BIRTHA's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse; 920
 I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
 Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
 Whyche couracyers[105] yn hastie journies nede.
 O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
 For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

CELMONDE, *att* BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are styll;
 Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
 The upryste[106] sprytes the sylente letten[107] fylle,
 Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
 The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 930
 Nowe maie mie love be sated ynn yttes treat;
 Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streame,
 Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
 Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to BIRTHA strayte, a straungerr waytethe here. 935

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste: for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; & styлле maie use
The behylte[108] blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynges thenne have I to feare? 940
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE:

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes. 945

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyl flie as wynde, & no waie lynge;
Sweftlie caparisons for rydyng brynge; 950
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the styng,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
 Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode, 960
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle cheere;
 Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode[109];
 You doe hys spryte, & alle hys pleasaunce bere.
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
 Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke. 965

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchased dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd flee,
 Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee; 970
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie. 975

A WODE.**HURRA, DANES.****HURRA.**

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
 Bewreckeyng on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
 Whatterverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
 Spreddyng our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
 Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are, 980
 Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
 On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
 Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie dree.
 And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
 Eftsoones we will retourne, & vanquished bee ne moere. 985

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
 Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes, sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie.
 Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes, destroye;—
 Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie. 995

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette scalde onto oure fhuyrie brende;
 Brastyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
 The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes rende, 1000
 Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,
 Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
 Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre & bloddie weere.
 Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
 And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
 Howe sable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!
 Hailie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
 Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
 The starres doe scantillie[110] the sable brayde; 1010
 Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
 Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saigest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie. 1015

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes.
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore[111], dothe sheene, 1020
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
Makeynge thys bower so pleasyng to the syghte;
Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes. 1025

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betraste[112]? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyss Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce brooke. 1045

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavitie[113] sedde.
 Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
 Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
 Yee seynctes! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050
 And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thyng?
 Lett mee be gone — alle curses onne thie hedde!
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message bryng!
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
 Or welkyn[114] & her starres wyll take a maydens parte. 1055

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
 Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
 Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryng as stele;
 The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte[115].

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte! 1060

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete also hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder heare. 1065
 Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.

I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys royner heere! 1070

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous[116] honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075
*[Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he fleath,
and faleth to Hurra.*

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen[117] be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
To her be kynde. *[Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080

Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harbour soule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Mie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce[118] you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe. 1085

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, & wysched hym bytter dome. 1095

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee styлле.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spent, he foundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? 1100
You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian field,
Botte hee behylte the flughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddyng shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn field dyd bee,
Hee oathed you to bee styлле, & strayte dydd sette you free. 1105

Scalle wee forslege[119] hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
 Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
 The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
 Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee. 1115

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
 Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges bee!
 Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
 Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea.
 O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120
 Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
 Maie ne thie cross-stone[120] of thie cryme bewree!
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
 Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
 I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene;
 Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
 The feynthe rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
 Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie;
 Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie; 1130
 The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;
 The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
 Scante[121] sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;
 Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see.
 Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee. 1135

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

'Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte
 To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;
 Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
 Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.
 Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above. 1140
 Nowe. Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
 Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;
 Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
 Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore,
 Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more. 1145

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee
 Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
 Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150
 Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.
Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.
Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speak.

EGWINA.

Lychे prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse alleyne[122]. 1160
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere[123],
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere. 1165

ÆLLA.

Thou lvest, foul hagge! thou lvest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlance swythyn, thanne mee flea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170
 Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
 Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
 Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
 Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
 Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
 Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
 As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
 To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;
 Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste 1180
 I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
 I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
 Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
 Fallen onne mie benned[124] headde I hanne been Ælla styll. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburled[125] of alle mie spryte;
 Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce[126] wynde,
 Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
 A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
 Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde, 1190
 To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
 Whanne thos mie rennome[127] & mie peace ys rynde,
 Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
 Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
 Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
[Stabbeth hys breste.

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be styлле: swythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte foe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblye flee. 1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see. 1210

Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes[128].

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee. 1215

Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burl'd swayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle foughte to be here agayne; 1220
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,

Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste, 1230
 To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;
 I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
 Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;
 The Danes —

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
 O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde. 1235
 [Birtha *feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyng toe!
 Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
 Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
 Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste.
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
 A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;
 Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
 Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge of thee. 1245

THE ENDE.

[Footnote 1: robes, mantels.]

[Footnote 2: a pen.]

[Footnote 3: express.]

[Footnote 4: countenance.]

[Footnote 5: covered.]

[Footnote 6: such.]

[Footnote 7: another.]

[Footnote 8: at once.]

[Footnote 9: mighty.]

[Footnote 10: hardy, valourous.]

[Footnote 11: violence.]

[Footnote 12: binding, enforcing.]

[Footnote 13: fate.]

[Footnote 14: lessen, decrease.]

[Footnote 15: faith.]

[Footnote 16: blinded.]

[Footnote 17: lights, rays.]

[Footnote 18: fellows, equals.]

[Footnote 19: disdainful.]

[Footnote 20: presents, offerings.]

[Footnote 21: scarfs.]

[Footnote 22: robes of scarlet.]

[Footnote 23: bounded.]

[Footnote 24: large.]

[Footnote 25: elephants.]

[Footnote 26: destroy.]

[Footnote 27: stretched.]

[Footnote 28: services.]

[Footnote 29: memory, understanding.]

[Footnote 30: Shepherd.]

[Footnote 31: deceiver.]

[Footnote 32: meadows.]

[Footnote 33: The black bird.]

[Footnote 34: Gold-finch.]

[Footnote 35: loudly.]

[Footnote 36: lectures.]

[Footnote 37: Apparel.]

[Footnote 38: At once.]

[Footnote 39: a divine.]

[Footnote 40: A cottage.]

[Footnote 41: Lord.]

[Footnote 42: stretch.]

[Footnote 43: tender.]

[Footnote 44: Naked.]

[Footnote 45: Hot.]

[Footnote 46: health.]

[Footnote 47: Quickly.]

[Footnote 48: Laughable.]

[Footnote 49: Drowned.]

[Footnote 50: Stilled, quenched.]

[Footnote 51: Swelling.]

[Footnote 52: Body, substance.]

[Footnote 53: Still, dead.]

[Footnote 54: arrows, darts.]

[Footnote 55: Terrible.]

[Footnote 56: Offended.]

[Footnote 57: upbraiding.]

[Footnote 58: cease.]

[Footnote 59: swollen.]

[Footnote 60: Torture.]

[Footnote 61: asswage.]

[Footnote 62: difficult.]

[Footnote 63: Jewels.]

[Footnote 64: stay.]

[Footnote 65: Wrapped closely, covered.]

[Footnote 66: fastened.]

[Footnote 67: astonish'd.]

[Footnote 68: Naked.]

[Footnote 69: Scatterest.]

[Footnote 70: Strange.]

[Footnote 71: Quickly.]

[Footnote 72: offerings.]

[Footnote 73: mantels.]

[Footnote 74: Enlighten.]

[Footnote 75: Least.]

[Editor's note: l. 467 *see Introduction p. xli*]

[Footnote 76: Against.]

[Footnote 77: Work.]

[Editor's note: l. 489 sphere: *see note on p. xli*]

[Footnote 78: Terror.]

[Footnote 79: cowards.]

[Footnote 80: Wave.]

[Footnote 81: Contentions.]

[Footnote 82: frightened.]

[Footnote 83: Lose.]

[Footnote 84: Child.]

[Footnote 85: Fate-scourged.]

[Footnote 86: flamed, fired.]

[Footnote 87: lighted.]

[Footnote 88: dead.]

[Footnote 89: blasting.]

[Footnote 90: swallows, sucks in.]

[Footnote 91: unaccustomed.]

[Footnote 92: Declaring.]

[Footnote 93: Shall.]

[Footnote 94: Coward.]

[Footnote 95: Retreat.]

[Footnote 96: Burnish.]

[Footnote 97: Frighted.]

[Footnote 98: Eternal.]

[Footnote 99: Grief.]

[Footnote 100: Running.]

[Footnote 101: hair.]

[Footnote 102: complexion.]

[Footnote 103: Water-flags.]

[Footnote 104: Frozen, cold.]

[Footnote 105: horse coursers, couriers.]

[Footnote 106: Risen.]

[Footnote 107: church-yard.]

[Footnote 108: Promised.]

[Footnote 109: Life.]

[Footnote 110: Scarcely, sparingly.]

[Footnote 111: Torch.]

[Footnote 112: Betrayed.]

[Footnote 113: Letchery.]

[Footnote 114: heaven.]

[Footnote 115: hide.]

[Footnote 116: Furious.]

[Footnote 117: slain.]

[Footnote 118: Adultery.]

[Footnote 119: Slay.]

[Footnote 120: Monument.]

[Footnote 121: Scarce.]

[Footnote 122: Only, alone.]

[Footnote 123: Search.]

[Footnote 124: Cursed, tormented.]

[Footnote 125: unarmed.]

[Footnote 126: soft, gentle.]

[Footnote 127: renown.]

[Footnote 128: Un-souls.]

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE.

BY THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie *T. Rowleie*, the Auchthoure.

GODDWYN, bie *Johan de Iscamme*.

ELWARDE, bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN, bie Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNGE EDWARDE, bie Mastre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnstrells*.

PROLOGUE,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Whylomme[1]bie pensmenne[2] moke[3] ungentle[4] name
Have upon Goddwynne Erie of Kente bin layde:
Dherebie benymmynge[5] hymme of faie[6] and fame;
Unliart[7] divinistres[8] haveth faide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie[9] wurchen[10]; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne[11] the churche.

The aucthoure[12] of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte[13] a clergyon[14], trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn[15] a kynge mote[16] bee full pleased to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon[17] anie onne.

GODDWYN; A TRAGEDIE.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

Harolde!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde[18]!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen[19] riseth to ifrete[20] the londe.
Theie batten[21] onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agrement[22] blyn[23], ne aledge[24] stonde; 5
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:

Am I betrassed[25], syke[26] shulde mie burlie[27] bronde
Depeyncte[28] the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte[29] ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe[30], ugsomme[31], rou[32], as smethynge[33] armyes seeme; 10
Yett efte[34], I feare, thie chefes[35] toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede[36] bee efte borne downe bie breme[37].
What tydynges from the kynge?

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.
I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge[38] trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe, 15
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynges with the foulke[39]?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap[40], stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynges? 20
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie[41] prayde.
Moste we those calke[42] awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25
Thos croche[43] oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne[44].
Unburled[45] undelievre[46], unespryte[47]?
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk[48] thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untill the somme season fyte. 30
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented[49] prowess[50] to the gite[51] of witte,
Agayne the argent[52] horse shall daunce yn skies.

Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge[53] wanhope[54] lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe[55]. 35
 Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse[56],
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe[57]?
 Upponne the trone[58] I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte[59] thee downe.
 Thou arte all preeste, & notheynge of the kynge. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beseies[60] thee notte a masse to synge;
 Servynge thie leegefolcke[61] thou arte servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
 The dailie contekes[62] of the londe ascende. 45
 The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, & bondemennes cries
 Acheke[63] the mokie[64] aire & heaven astende[65]
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
 Hancelled[66] from erthe these Normanne[67] hyndes shalle bee;
 Lyche a battently[68] low[69], mie swerde shalle brende[70]; 50
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem[71] slea[72];
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle defayte[73];
 Aboune[74] the hyghe empryze[75], & rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster—

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
 Albeytte[76], dyd shee speeke her foemen[77] fayre, 55
 I wulde dequace[78] her comlie semlykeene[79],
 And foulde mie bloddie anlace[80] yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir[81] blyn[82].

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal[83] mere[84]
 Upriste[85] withe hiltrene[86] wyndes & cause unkend[87],
 Beheste[88] it to be lete[89]; so twylle appeare, 60
 Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.
 The gule-steync[90] brygandyne[91], the adventayle[92],
 The feerie anlace[92] brede[93] shal make mie gare[94] prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites [95] unfree, 65
Here liethe Normans coupynge[96] her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng[97] everich native plante to gre[98],
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous[99] wulde hem slee[100];
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme[101];
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne[102] mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace[103] wielde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster[104] hym ordeyne; 75
Sette uppe fom dygner[105] than I han pyghte[106] downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd[107] agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie[108] seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded[109] rule the untentyff[110] reaulme;
Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80
To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme:
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boutte ytte straye;
Bete[111] mee to slea[112] mieself, ytte shalle be done. 85

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne[113] the menes unplayte[114],
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames[115] braunce[116] out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock[117] gron[118] 90

Drented[119] of alle yts swolyng[120] owndes[121] shalle bee;
 Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse:
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agram[122] flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote[123] alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede[124] 95
 As the ybroched[125] moon, when blaunch[126] shedyghtes[127]
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest[128] blede,
 Who efte have knelte upon forslagen[129] foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests[130] a castle-stede[131], 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke[123] yiere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare[133] wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes[134] the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.
 No crouched[135] champyone wythe an harte moe feygne 100
 Dyd yssue owte the hallie[136] swerde to fynde,
 Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
 Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
 I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
 I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115
 When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
 That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
 Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
 Thie geason[137] wronges bee reyne[138] ynto theyre pryde; 120
 Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
 Alyche a storm egederinge[139] yn the skie,

Tys fulle ande brasteth[140] on the chaper[141] grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee[142] menne be sleene[143] arounde. 125
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele[144] shal calle.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Botte, loverde[145], whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded[146] straungers alwaie doe appere, 130
Theie parte yor trone[147], and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe and dyd mie bowkie[148] kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre[149] me gronde;
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

QUEENE.

Mancas[150] you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke[151] make moke[152] dole[153], you have theyr worthe asterte[154].

KYNGE.

I heste[155] no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie[156] dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele[157].
Theyre volundes[158] are ystorven[159] to self endes; 140
No denwere[160] yn mie breste I of them fele:
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele[161],
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe prairie. 145

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were[162];
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente[163];
The hus dyspense[164] unpaied doe appere; 150
The laste receivure[165] ys eftesoones[166] dispente[167].

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte[168] Erle Harolde of the thyng;
He raysed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,
Saieyng, go beare thatte message to the kyng. 155

KYNGE.

Arace[169] hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fytt, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse[170] hys name,
Inne strevvyng to slea hymme, ourselves wee slea; 160
Syke ys the doughtyness[171] of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede[172] ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the launde.

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe bere
 Such stedness[173] in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere[174], 170
 Onknowlachynge[175] gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvell[176] of a kynge!
 O Edward, thou deservest purer leege[177];
 To thee heie[178] shulden al theire mancas brynge;
 Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb[179] forslege[180]. 175
 I amme no curriedowe[181], I lacke no wite [182],
 I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie[183] manne, I doe thee pryze.
 Comme, comme, and here and hele[184] mee ynn mie praires.
 Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise [185], 180
 And twayne of hamlettes[186] to thee and thie heyres.
 So shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
 Theie alleyn[187] have syke love as to acqyre yer bredde.

CHORUS.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spreadde;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.
 She daunced onne the heathe;
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled[188] her bosomme to acale[189];
 She hearde onflemed[190] the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shooke the burl[191] speere,
 On hie she jested[192] her sheelde, 195
 Her foemen[193] all appere,
 And flizze[194] alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heasod[195] straught[196] ynto the skyes,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,
 Alyche[197] twaie[198] brendeynge[199] gronfyres[200] rolls hys eyes, 200
 Chastes[201] with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,
 She bendes before his speere,
 She ryces from the shocke,
 Wioldynge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
 Wytte scillye[202] wymped[203] gies[204] ytte to hys crowne,
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys gon,
 He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld[205], arist[206], 210
 Hys feerie heaulme[207] noddynge to the ayre,
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste—

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: Of old, formerly.]

[Footnote 2: writers, historians.]

[Footnote 3: much.]

[Footnote 4: inglorious.]

[Footnote 5: bereaving.]

[Footnote 6: faith.]

[Footnote 7: unforgiving.]

[Footnote 8: divines, clergymen, monks.]

[Footnote 9: holy.]

[Footnote 10: work.]

[Footnote 11: not.]

[Footnote 12: author.]

[Footnote 13: though, notwithstanding.]

[Footnote 14: clerk, or clergyman.]

[Footnote 15: entyn, even.]

[Footnote 16: might.]

[Footnote 17: challenge.]

[Footnote 18: Lord.]

[Footnote 19: foes, enemies.]

[Footnote 20: devour, destroy.]

[Footnote 21: fatten.]

[Footnote 22: Grievance; a sense of it.]

[Footnote 23: cease, be still.]

[Footnote 24: idly.]

[Footnote 25: deceived, imposed on.]

[Footnote 26: so.]

[Footnote 27: fury, anger, rage.]

[Footnote 28: paint, display.]

[Footnote 29: soul.]

[Footnote 30: strong.]

[Footnote 31: terrible.]

[Footnote 32: horrid, grim.]

[Footnote 33: smoking, bleeding.]

[Footnote 34: oft.]

[Footnote 35: heat, rashness.]

[Footnote 36: counsel, wisdom.]

[Footnote 37: strength, also strong.]

[Footnote 38: taudry, glimmering.]

[Footnote 39: People.]

[Footnote 40: fate, destiny.]

[Footnote 41: nobly.]

[Footnote 42: Cast.]

[Footnote 43: cross, from crouche, a cross.]

[Footnote 44: attempt, or endeavour.]

[Footnote 45: unarmed.]

[Footnote 46: unactive.]

[Footnote 47: unspirited.]

[Footnote 48: such.]

[Footnote 49: fastened, annexed.]

[Footnote 50: might, power.]

[Footnote 51: mantle, or robe.]

[Footnote 52: white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent.]

[Footnote 53: distracting.]

[Footnote 54: despair.]

[Footnote 55: bleed.]

[Footnote 56: allow.]

[Footnote 57: ease.]

[Footnote 58: throne.]

[Footnote 59: pluck.]

[Footnote 60: Becomes.]

[Footnote 61: subjects.]

[Footnote 62: contentions, complaints.]

[Footnote 63: choke.]

[Footnote 64: dark, cloudy.]

[Footnote 65: astonish.]

[Footnote 66: cut off, destroyed.]

[Footnote 67: slaves.]

[Footnote 68: loud roaring.]

[Footnote 69: flame of fire.]

[Footnote 70: burn, consume.]

[Footnote 71: them.]

[Footnote 72: slay.]

[Footnote 73: decay.]

[Footnote 74: make ready.]

[Footnote 75: enterprize.]

[Footnote 76: Notwithstanding.]

[Footnote 77: foes.]

[Footnote 78: mangle, destroy.]

[Footnote 79: beauty, countenance.]

[Footnote 80: an ancient sword.]

[Footnote 81: fury.]

[Footnote 82: cease.]

[Footnote 83: deadly.]

[Footnote 84: lake.]

[Footnote 85: swollen.]

[Footnote 86: hidden.]

[Footnote 87: unknown.]

[Footnote 88: command.]

[Footnote 89: still.]

[Footnote 90: Red-stained.]

[Footnotes 91, 92: parts of armour.]

[Footnote 93: broad.]

[Footnote 94: cause.]

[Footnote 95: rights, liberties.]

[Footnote 96: cutting, mangling.]

[Footnote 97: forbidding.]

[Footnote 98: grow.]

[Footnote 99: furious.]

[Footnote 100: slay.]

[Footnote 101: strength.]

[Footnote 102: declare.]

[Footnote 103: sword.]

[Footnote 104: Monastery.]

[Footnote 105: more worthy.]

[Footnote 106: pulled, plucked.]

[Footnote 107: displayed.]

[Footnote 108: over-righteous.]

[Footnote 109: counselled, more wise.]

[Footnote 110: uncareful, neglected.]

[Footnote 111: Bid, command.]

[Footnote 112: slay.]

[Footnote 113: presently.]

[Footnote 114: explain.]

[Footnote 115: grievances.]

[Footnote 116: branch.]

[Footnote 117: wet, moist.]

[Footnote 118: fen, moor.]

[Footnote 119: drained.]

[Footnote 120: swelling.]

[Footnote 121: waves.]

[Footnote 122: grievance.]

[Footnote 123: assemble.]

[Footnote 124: broad.]

[Footnote 125: Horned.]

[Footnote 126: white.]

[Footnote 127: decks.]

[Footnote 128: mightiest, most valiant.]

[Footnote 129: slain.]

[Footnote 130: oversets.]

[Footnote 131: a castle.]

[Footnote 132: revenge.]

[Footnote 133: cause.]

[Footnote 134: at once.]

[Footnote 135: One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.]

[Footnote 136: holy.]

[Footnote 137: rare, extraordinary, strange.]

[Footnote 138: run, shot up.]

[Footnote 139: assembling, gathering.]

[Footnote 140: bursteth.]

[Footnote 141: dry, barren.]

[Footnote 142: Mighty.]

[Footnote 143: slain.]

[Footnote 144: help.]

[Footnote 145: Lord.]

[Footnote 146: embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not used in England till Hen. II.]

[Footnote 147: throne.]

[Footnote 148: person, body.]

[Footnote 149: lodge.]

[Footnote 150: Marks.]

[Footnote 151: subjects.]

[Footnote 152: much.]

[Footnote 153: lamentation.]

[Footnote 154: neglected, or passed by.]

[Footnote 155: require, ask.]

[Footnote 156: holy.]

[Footnote 157: help.]

[Footnote 158: will.]

[Footnote 159: dead.]

[Footnote 160: doubt.]

[Footnote 161: waves.]

[Footnote 162: heaven-ward, or God-ward.]

[Footnote 163: Purse, used here probably as a treasury.]

[Footnote 164: expence.]

[Footnote 165: receipt.]

[Footnote 166: soon.]

[Footnote 167: expended.]

[Footnote 168: a contradiction of mighty.]

[Footnote 169: Divest.]

[Footnote 170: embrace.]

[Footnote 171: mightiness.]

[Footnote 172: counsel.]

[Footnote 173: Firmness, stedfastness.]

[Footnote 174: doubt, suspense.]

[Footnote 175: not knowing.]

[Footnote 176: wonder.]

[Footnote 177: homage, obeysance.]

[Footnote 178: they.]

[Footnote 179: frown.]

[Footnote 180: kill.]

[Footnote 181: curriedowe, flatterer.]

[Footnote 182: reward.]

[Footnote 183: holy.]

[Footnote 184: help.]

[Footnote 185: allow.]

[Footnote 186: manors.]

[Footnote 187: alone.]

[Footnote 188: Endeavoured.]

[Footnote 189: freeze.]

[Footnote 190: undismayed.]

[Footnote 191: armed, pointed.]

[Footnote 192: hoisted on high, raised.]

[Footnote 193: foes, enemies.]

[Footnote 194: fly.]

[Footnote 195: head.]

[Footnote 196: stretched.]

[Footnote 197: Like.]

[Footnote 198: two.]

[Footnote 199: flaming.]

[Footnote 200: meteors.]

[Footnote 201: beats, stamps.]

[Footnote 202: closely.]

[Footnote 203: mantled, covered.]

[Footnote 204: guides.]

[Footnote 205: armed.]

[Footnote 206: arose.]

[Footnote 207: helmet.]

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE 1st[1].

Whanne Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves theie chacde,
 Peyncted in horrowe[2] formes bie nature dyghte,
 Heckled[3] yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
 And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
 Swefte as descendeynge lemes[4] of roddie lyghte 5
 Plonged to the hulstred[5] bedde of laveynge seas,
 Gerd[6] the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets[7] twighte[8],
 And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
 Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs[9],
 That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched[10] clefs. 10

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles[11]
 The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
 An uncouth[12] denwere[13] to theire bosomme steles;
 Theyre myghte ys knopped[14] ynne the froste of fere.
 The headed javlyn lisseth[15] here and there; 15
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
 The shyppes sayle, boleynge[16] wythe the kyndelie ayre,
 Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
 A burl[17] Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres[18], whose swerdes
 Glestred lyke gledeynge[19] starres ynne frostie nete,
 Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge[20] wordes
 Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
 The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete, 25
 Prepared for battle, mareschalled the syghte;
 Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the syghte;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted[21] Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns swaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed[22] up the myndes,
 Leggende[23] the salvage unthewes[24] of theire breste,
 Improved in mysterk[25] warre, and lymmed[26] theyre kyndes,
 Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest 35
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente[27];
 Halceld[28] the bykrous[29] Huns, who dyd infeste

Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intende;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;
Bloushing, alyche[30] the scarlette of herr wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftsoons her peaceful joie of mynde was fledde; 45
Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynges, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere. 50

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie[31] age;
Eft[32] wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng sage[33], 55
Crophe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted[34] warriours to bewrecke[35] her bedde;
Theie rose; ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchased[36] queene. 60

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the Western mittee[37] pyles of claie 65
Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch[38] and gear;
Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate[39]. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng[40] skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte[41],
Eke everychone who shulde her ele[42] emprize[43].
Swepte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint[44] acres lies,
Meeteyng the herehaughtes of morneyng lighte;
Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye[45],
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried[46] uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde[47],
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed[48] rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen[49] the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton[50] dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
 Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare[51]; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde[52]. 100

The bawsyn[53] gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped[54];
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
 The roddie levynne[55] glesterd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie[56] payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes[57] were fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Stylee does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte. 110

FINIS.

[Footnote 1: I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.]

[Footnote 2: unseemly, disagreeable.]

[Footnote 3: wrapped.]

[Footnote 4: rays.]

[Footnote 5: hidden, secret.]

[Footnote 6: broke, rent.]

[Footnote 7: small pieces.]

[Footnote 8: pulled, rent.]

[Footnote 9: vapours, meteors.]

[Footnote 10: emblaunched.]

[Editor's note: *Title: See Introduction* p. xli]

[Footnote 11: Ridges, rising waves.]

[Footnotes 12, 13: unknown tremour.]

[Footnote 14: fastened, chained, congealed.]

[Footnote 15: boundeth.]

[Footnote 16: swelling.]

[Footnote 17: armed.]

[Footnote 18: companions.]

[Footnote 19: livid.]

[Footnote 20: a confused noise.]

[Footnote 21: Anointed.]

[Footnote 22: enlightened.]

[Footnote 23: alloyed.]

[Footnote 24: savage barbarity.]

[Footnote 25: mystic.]

[Footnote 26: polished.]

[Footnote 27: a princely robe.]

[Footnote 28: defeated.]

[Footnote 29: warring.]

[Footnote 30: Like.]

[Footnote 31: sweet.]

[Footnote 32: oft.]

[Footnote 33: a tale.]

[Footnote 34: assembled.]

[Footnote 35: revenge.]

[Footnote 36: heated, enraged.]

[Footnote 37: Mighty.]

[Footnote 38: apparel.]

[Footnote 39: esteem, favour.]

[Footnote 40: glittering.]

[Footnote 41: settled.]

[Footnote 42: help.]

[Footnote 43: adventure.]

[Footnote 44: Many.]

[Footnote 45: guide.]

[Footnote 46: tost.]

[Footnote 47: astonish.]

[Footnote 48: glassy, reflecting.]

[Footnote 49: lessen, alloy.]

[Footnote 50: hollow.]

[Footnote 51: Bewildered, curious.]

[Footnote 52: hid, covered.]

[Footnote 53: huge, bulky.]

[Footnote 54: dispatched.]

[Footnote 55: red lightning.]

[Footnote 56: cruel.]

[Footnote 57: flames, rays.]

AN EXCELENTE BALADE

OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY[1], 1464.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
 And hotte upon the mees[2] did caste his raie;
 The apple rodded[3] from its palie greene,
 And the mole[4] peare did bende the leafy spraie;
 The peede chelandri[5] sunge the livelong daie; 5
 'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
 And eke the grounde was dighte[6] in its mose defte[7] aumere[8].

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
 Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken[9] blue,
 When from the sea arist[10] in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring[11] attenes[12] the sunnis fetive[13] face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent[14] lede,
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle[15] in his weede,
 Longe bretful[16] of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer[17] flie? 20
 He had no housen theree, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed[18] face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd[19], deade!
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house[20], asshrewed[21] manne!
 Haste to thie kiste[22], thie onlie dortoure[23] bedde. 25
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
 Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
 The forswat[24] meadowes smethe[25], and drenche[26] the raine; 30
 The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall[27],
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott[28] againe;
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne[29] flies;
 And the hot fierie smothe[30] in the wide lowings[31] dies. 35

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge[32] sound
 Cheves[33] slowlie on, and then embollen[34] clangs,
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard[35] eare of terroure hanges;

The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges; 40
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste[36] attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine.
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette[37] was drented with the reine, 45
And his pencte[38] gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll[39] at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist[40] almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope[41] was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete[42] was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds[43] mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne;
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte; 55
For the horse-millanare[44] his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer; 60
Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give; 65
Mie porter never lets a faitour[45] in;
None touch mie rynges who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie. 70

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reynenye oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape[46] were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene; 75
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threde, 80
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;

The mister pilgrim dyd for halline[47] shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe[48] thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete[49] of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie[50] pilgrim, lerne of me, 85
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my semecope[51], thou arte bare I see;
 Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure[52], 90
 Or give the mittee[53] will, or give the gode man power.

[Footnote 1: Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.]

[Footnote 2: meads.]

[Footnote 3: reddened, ripened.]

[Footnote 4: soft.]

[Footnote 5: pied goldfinch.]

[Footnote 6: drest, arrayed.]

[Footnote 7: neat, ornamental.]

[Footnote 8: a loose robe or mantle.]

[Footnote 9: the sky, the atmosphere.]

[Footnote 10: Arose.]

[Footnote 11: hiding, shrouding.]

[Footnote 12: at once.]

[Footnote 13: beauteous.]

[Footnote 14: It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.]

[Footnote 15: beggarly.]

[Footnote 16: filled with.]

[Footnote 17: beggar.]

[Footnote 18: clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity

of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*.]

[Footnote 19: dry, sapless.]

[Footnote 20: The grave.]

[Footnote 21: accursed, unfortunate.]

[Footnote 22: coffin.]

[Footnote 23: a sleeping room.]

[Footnote 24: sun-burnt.]

[Footnote 25: smoke.]

[Footnote 26: drink.]

[Footnote 27: *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.]

[Footnote 28: fly.]

[Footnote 29: lightning.]

[Footnote 30: steam, or vapours.]

[Footnote 31: flames.]

[Footnote 32: noisy.]

[Footnote 33: moves.]

[Footnote 34: swelled, strengthened.]

[Footnote 35: Frighted.]

[Footnote 36: burst.]

[Footnote 37: a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.]

[Footnote 38: painted.]

[Footnote 39: He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.]

[Footnote 40: poor, needy.]

[Footnote 41: a cloke.]

[Footnote 42: a loose white robe, worn by Priests.]

[Footnote 43: A lord.]

[Footnote 44: I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed.]

[Footnote 45: a beggar, or vagabond.]

[Footnote 46: A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.]

[Footnote 47: joy.]

[Footnote 48: ease.]

[Footnote 49: nought.]

[Footnote 50: unhappy.]

[Footnote 51: a short under-cloke.]

[Footnote 52: Glory.]

[Footnote 53: mighty, rich.]

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[No 1.]

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea-oerteeming Dovor! han thy floude, 5
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude.
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harrolde's menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylllyam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear.
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55
The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
And at Duke Wylllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende sleyn piteouslie, 65
Hys lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundyng arrowe-lede bene sleyn.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre did aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coude not hymself aluste.
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came. 100

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd synge,

And hytt the horse of Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare; 105
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow;
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe, 115
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it slewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeared the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde, 125
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bed. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,

To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wylliam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange
That he the sleeve unravels all their fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraual,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward;

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retretd for to garde his kynge, 195
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alsie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwyn too, 215
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to garde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturns the hamelet and all contains.
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes. 225
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235
Against Erie Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erie Ethelwarde he said; 245
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghashtlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Erie Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafic elm of yore 265
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore.
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,

So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghashtlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste, 285
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295
And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;
Where Druids, auncient preests, did ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305
Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renom'd than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonne steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians, styлле they thoghte mouche of the pile, 315
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe. 345
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'd to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste, 385
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!
But now I must do somethyng more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte; 395
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstyng waves, and roar along the weir. 400

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte, 405
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine. 430

Erie Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie, 440

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,

Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seek,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
His sheelde of wolf-skin did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave.
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to move affryghte; 485
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;

A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis sunge, much like to him,
Upon his sholder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt's waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.

Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egwald dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde, 555
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade.
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave! 560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak —

* * * * *

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[No 2.]

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The sickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays, 5
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde; 15
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,
And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25
My Leoswinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde.
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd; 35
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burl'd hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fiede he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
 Rousd from their praier by the flotting crie;
 Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,
 Not once theie stooode abashd, or thoghte to flie.
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die; 45
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;
 [1]Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;
 So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe.
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe. 50

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edraw his arcublaste bowe.
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone as he hearde the same,
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
 The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye so 55
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to showe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treades on English ground. 70

Erie Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr last,
 And hadd already felte theyr fatale wounde.
 He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75
 Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;
 When through the hollow tentes these wordes dyd sound,
 Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
 Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
 Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
 In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
 Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
 He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85
 Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
 Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-spear shine; 95
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
 Some caught a flughorne, and an onsett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede. 105
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
 He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
 Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
 Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
 And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
 And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
 And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
 Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
 With twa redubbed fhuir the alans run;
 So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125
 Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;

To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie say be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.
When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what our foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe; 155
By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete. 160

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165
Theyr asenglave acrossse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte. 180

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185
Was borne neare Harolde at the Renters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.
To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted heaven. 190

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of lyght; 195
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootyng spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre. 210

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes: 215
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome raye. 220

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic raysd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer; 225
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande flos uprysynge in the aire. 240

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie.
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 245
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
So prone to heaue blowe the arrowes felle,
And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle. 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,

Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255
Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeches repayre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 265
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end. 270

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghasstlie dynne in Normannes ear, 275
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what awayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the ground was prest. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendynge like a shafte of thunder sleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie, 285
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his left hande helde a speere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncynge steede,
And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,

Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seieur de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305
Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 315
Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle; 325
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's rysing ray. 330

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
To die the lekedst knyghte of all the thronge!
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge 335
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete awayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;

Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne. 340

For, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld Astrelagoure.
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushyng from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 355
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 360

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Bespreng destructione oer the woodes and delles;
The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent, 365
Ne onne abashd enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 375
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre.
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne, 385
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave, 395
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise.
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestic was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne, 405
Or Phoebus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415
Of Phoebus charyotte roollynge thro the skie,
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book. 420

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,

Where saintes and soules departed masses synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 425
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarkes in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skylful mynemenne by the stones above 435
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he delte. 450

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie, 455
And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;

Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 485
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde, 495
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie syghte!
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng stryng,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For daryng with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,
He at Erie Aldhelme with grete force did flyng 505
An hevie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peerd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;

So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;e;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 515
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

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Where fruytlefs heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde, 525
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye 535
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng theyr vycytimes round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.

Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse, 545
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole felde a carnage-howse he sees, 555
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a broned floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That been war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 575
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 585
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,

Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 600

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the field it made an horrid cleembe, 605
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde. 610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 615
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphautes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feather'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 625
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustryng wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sandes belowe
He skymys alofe, and blents the beatyng wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645
And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte.
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erie Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will flee, 655
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 665
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchyng at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondryng bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;

Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed; the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champion preste upon the grounde. 690

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 695
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymseyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 715

Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the ground;
 Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
 Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
 And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne. 720

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-mell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.]

[Editor's note: l. 578 *see Introduction* p. xliij]

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote so fine a syghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towne,
 Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
 Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
 I have ne gotten markes three. 20
 Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;
 Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T.R.

ON THE SAME.

Stay, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
 Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
 Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
 And okes with okes entremed disponded lie.
 This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5
 Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
 That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
 Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
 The pride of Brystowe and the Westernne lande, 10
 Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
 Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
 Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
 That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,
 As payrde to us enseem these men of slate, 15
 Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
 And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
 Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20
 And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
 How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
 And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

Thys mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
 A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
 Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
 Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
 Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;
 Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
 For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Anent a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped, 5
 Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde ageded reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
 Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
 Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
 Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
 And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
 Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
 Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
 In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
 As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,

Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde; 40
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde, 50
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie, 55
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blossom woulde such sins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleighted myndbruch maie thee telle;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere, 75
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80

But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte, 95
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie.
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake. 100
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee, 105
Greete yn hys counsel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest hys soule!) 115
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver roused yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And left to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules; 130
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte, 135
And sleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radeleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente.) 140
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke. 150

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Maie Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

Johne makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

Mie boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the syghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alas! I call you myne: 5
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
 I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
 I muste be gone, botte whare I dare ne telle;
 O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;
 Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

Thorowe the halle the belle han sounde;
 Byelecocyte doe the Grave beseeme;
 The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
 Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
 Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste 5
 Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
 Heie styll the gwestes ha ne to saie,
 Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape. 10
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

THE END. [Illustration]

[NOTE ON THE GLOSSARY]

The following glossary was compiled by Tyrwhitt before he had discovered Chatterton's use of Kersey's and Bailey's dictionaries (vide Introduction, p. xxviii) and a number of words were thus necessarily left unexplained by him. The present editor has added, in square brackets, explanations of all these words except about half-a-dozen which neither Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (*K.*), nor Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (*B.*), nor the glossary to Speght's edition of Chaucer (*Speght*), nor the notes of Prof. Skeat in his 1871 edition (*Sk.*), nor any native ingenuity of his own has served to elucidate.]

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

In the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ stands for *Ælla*; a tragycal enterlude,
 Ba. — — — *The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin*,
 Ch. — — — *Balade of Charitie*,
 E. I. — — — *Eclogue the first*,
 E. II. — — — *Eclogue the second*,
 E. III. — — — *Eclogue the third*,
 El. — — — *Elinoure and Juga*,
 Ent. — — — *Entroductionne to Ælla*,
 Ep. — — — *Epistle to M. Canynge*,
 G. — — — — *Goddwyn; a Tragedie*,
 H. 1. — — — *Battle of Hastings, No 1.*
 H. 2. — — — *Battle of Hastings, No 2.*
 Le. — — — — *Letter to M. Canynge*,
 M. — — — — *Englysh Metamorphosis*,
 P.G. — — — — *Prologue to Goddwyn*,
 T. — — — — *Tournament*,

The other references are made to the pages.

A GLOSSARY.

[B.=Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (8th ed. 1737).

K.=Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (1708).

Sk.=Prof. Skeat's Aldine Edition (1871).

Speght=Glossary to Speght's Chaucer (1598).

T.=Tyrwhitt.

C.=Chatterton's notes to the poems.]

Abessie, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.

Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.

Abounde, H. 1. 55. [Evidently *avail*; K. B. and Speght do not help.]

Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.

Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.

Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.

Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.

Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.

Accaie, Æ. 356. *Asswage*. C.

Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*. C.

Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.

Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.

Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.

Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.

Adave, H. 2. 402. [Probably *beheld*; cannot be explained from K., who has nothing nearer than adawe (O.), *to awaken*; *awoke* can hardly be the meaning.]

Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.

Addawd, H. 2. 110. [*Limply*. Sk. translates *wakened* from B.'s addawe, *to waken*, which makes no sense. K. has 'adaw, *to awaken*; but it is used by the poet Spencer *to slacken*'; hence the meaning I have given.]

Adente, Æ 396. *Fastened*. C.

Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.

Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dernie*. [*Sad, cruel*, from K.'s dern (O.), *sad*, &c.]

Adigne. See *Adygne*.

Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.

Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.

Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.

Affynd, H. 1. 132. *Related by marriage*.

Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.

After la goure, H. 2. 353. should probably be *Astrelagour*;
Astrologer. [A singular mistake for B.'s Asterlagour *an astrolabe*. Sk.]

[Agested, p. 278. 9. *Heaped up* (B.). (For C.'s *clowde* Sk. boldly reads *clod*.)]

Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.

Agreme, Æ 356. *Torture*. C.—G. 5. *Grievance*. C.

Agrosed, p. 286. 6. as *Agrised*, terrified.

Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.

Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.

Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.

Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.

Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.

Alatche, Æ. 117. [*? call for help*. K. has latch (O.) *release, let go*, but this cannot be the meaning intended.]

Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.

Alest, Æ. 50. *Lest*.

All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of asking a favour*. C.

Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.

Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.

[Alofe, H. 1. 292. *Aloft*.]

[Alse, Æ. 1063. *Else*.]

Aluste, H. i. 88. [The sense is clearly *draw himself out, release himself*; but K. B. and Speght throw no light on the word.]

Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.

Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow*. C.

Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy*. C.

Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled*. C.

Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded*.

Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*; mixed.

Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished*. C.

[Ametten, M. 46. *Met*.]

Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, enameled*. C.

[Anenste, as *Anente*; against.]

Anente, Æ. 475. *Against*. C.

Anere, Æ. 15. *Another*. C. [Ep. 48. *another time or occasion*.]

Anete, p. 281. 64. [*put an end to*, from C.'s *nete*, *nothing*.]

Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.

[Anie, H. 1. 120. *Annoy*.]

Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword*. C.

Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before*.

Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees*. C.

Arace, G. 156. *Divest*. C.

[Arcublaste, H. 2. 52. K. has *arcubalista*, *a warlike engine for casting great stones*, and Speght has *arblasters*, *crosse-bowes*. This last is evidently C.'s meaning.]

[Ardurous, p.25. 30. ? as if *ardourous*, *valiant*.]

Arist, Ch. 10. *Arose*. C.

Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74. [Neither K.B. nor Speght throws any light on *-lede*. Sk. reads *arrow-head*.]

Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully*. C.

Asenglave, H. 1. 117. [*Ashen-spear*. K. has *glaive*, *a weapon like a halbert*.]

Askaunted, Le. 19. [*Look carelessly at*, from two words side by side in K., *askaunce* (O.), *if by chance*, and *askaunt* (O.) *to look askaunt i.e. to look sideways*.]

Aslee, Æ 504. [Probably *sidle* would give the meaning. Sk. renders *dost but slide away*.]

Asseled, E. III. 14. *Answered*. C.

Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, unfortunate*. C.

Asswaie, E. 352. [There is no satisfactory explanation; the sense is clearly *cause*.]

Astedde, E. II. II. *Seated*. C.

Astende, G. 47. *Astonish*. C.

Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected*. C.

Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished*. C.

Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish*. C.

Asyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Astyde*; *ascended*. [More probably *wyth Trouthe asyde* means *at the side of Truth*.]

Athur, H. 2. 466. as *Thurgh*; *thorough*.

Attenes, Æ 18. *At once*. C.

Attoure, T. 115. *Turn*. C.

Attoure, Æ 322. *Around*.

Ave, H. 2. 636. for *Eau*. Fr. Water.

Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or mantle*. C.

Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of gold and silver, &c*. C.

Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aventure*: adventure. Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white robe, worn by priests*. C.

Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished*. C.

Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards*. C.

B.

Bankes, T. III. *Benches*.

[Bante, Æ. 207. *Banned, cursed*.]

Barb'd hall, Æ. 219. [See Appendix, p. 317, § 8.]

Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with armour*.

[Bardi, H. 1. 305. *Bards*. (Latin plural!)]

Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren*.

Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or ballad*. C.

Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292. [Evidently a musical instrument, but Sk. can get no nearer an etymological explanation than O.F. *battant*, a fuller's mallet.]

Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships*. Fr.

Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.

Battent, T. 52. *Loudly*. C.

Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring*. C.

Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.

Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels*. C.

Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.

Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.

Beheste, G. 60. *Command*. C.

Behight, H. 2. 365. [*Name*; from *hight*, called.]

Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.

Belent, H. 2. 121. [? from Speght's blent, *stayed, turned back*.]

Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet*.

Bement, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.

Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented*. C.

Benymmynge, P.G. 3. *Bereaving*. C.

Bercie, p. 278. 8. [No explanation.]

Berne, Æ. 580. *Child*. C.

Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.

Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.

Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered*. C.

Bestadde, p. 286. 3. [*Lost*, K.'s *bestad* (O.).]

Bestanne, Æ. 411. [=Bestadde.]

Bested, H. 2. 140. [*Contended*. ? from B.'s *bestad*, *beset, oppressed*.]

Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.

Bestreynts, H. 2. 634. [*Sprinkles*, from K.'s *betreint* (O.), *sprinkled*; but affected by *bestrewed*.]

Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.

Betrassed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.

Betraste, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed*. C.

Betreinted, H. 2. [634] 707. [*Sprinkled*; from K.'s *betreint* (O.), *sprinkled*.]

Bevyte, E. II. 57. *Break*. A herald term signifying a spear broken in tilting. C.

Bewrate, H. 2. 127. [*Treachery*.]

Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.

Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.

Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed*. C.

Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.

Bewrynnig, T. 128. *Declaring*. C.

Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels*. C.

Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head*. C.

Bismarde, p. 285. 141. [*Curious, wondering*; from bismar, *curiosity*, K.B. and Speght.]

Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. C.

Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. C.

Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.

Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.

Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.

[Blents, H. 2. 638. ?]

Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.

Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed*. C.

Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease*. C.

Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*. C.

Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, substance*. C.

Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.

[Bollen, II. 2. 636. *Swollen* (K.).]

Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33. *Different kinds of boats*. C.

Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.

Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.

Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.

Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*. C.

[Borne, H. 2. 289. ?*ground*. (No satisfactory explanation.)]

Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.

Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.

Bourne, Æ. 483. [*Borne*.]

Bouting matche, p. 23. 2. [*Bout, trial of skill.*]

Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133. *Body*. C.

Brasteth, G. 123. *Bursteth*. C.

Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.

Brayde, Æ 1010. [cf. B.'s braid, *a small lace*, &c.]

Breme, subst. G. 12. *Strength*. C.

— — — adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.

Brende, G. 50. *Burn, consume*. C.

Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.

[Brigandyne, H. 2. 645. *An old-fashioned coat of mail*, K.]

Broched, H. 2. 335. *Pointed*.

Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.

Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.

Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C. [? contracted for *bewrynnig*.]

Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.

Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*. C.

[Burne, Æ. 585. H. 2. 265. ? *Run* (no explanation).]

Byelecogle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*. Fr. the name of a personage in the *Roman de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *Fair welcoming*. [Speght followed by K. has Bialacoyl [Fr. *Bel-acueil*], *faire welcoming*. C. did not observe that the word was a proper name, but uses it to mean *hospitality*.]

Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.

Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.

Bysmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. C.

Bysmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiously*. C.

C.

Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.

Calke, G. 25. *Cast*. C.

Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out*. C.

Caltysning, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.

Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones*. Brit.

Castle-stede, G. 100. *A Castle*. C.

Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*. [*Dainties*.]

Caytised, Æ. 32. *Binding, enforcing*. C. [Æ. 1104. *Bound, fettered*.]

Celness, Æ. 882. [Probably *coldness*; no explanation.]

Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.

Chastes, G. 201. *Beats, stamps*. C.

Champion, v. P.G. 12. *Challenge*. C.

Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, sunburnt*. C.

Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A small round hat*. C.

Chefe, G. 11. *Heat, rashness*. C.

Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*. C.

Cheorte, p. 288. 4. [? *Pleasant*; K. B. and Speght have chert, cheorte, *love, jealousy*, and K. and B. have also chertes, *merry people*.]

Cherisaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.

Cherisaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps *Cherisaunced*. [The mistake is in C.'s authorities; Cherisaunei (K.) Cherisaunie (B.).]

Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.

Chevysed, Ent. 2. *Preserved*. C.

Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confused noise*. C.

Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24. *Grave*. C.

[Chyne, H. 2. 640. *Cut thro' the back*. K.]

[Cleembe, as *Cleme*.]

Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.

Clergyon, P.G. 8. *Clerk, or clergyman*. C.

Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.

Clevis, H. 2. 46. [*Cliffs*, or *rocks*. K.]

Cleyne, Æ. 1102. [*Sound*. ? from *clymbe* (O.) *noise*. K.]

Clinie, H. 1. 431. [Apparently a *declination*, a stooping attitude; part of the science of arms.]

Cloude-agedest, p. 278. 9. [See *Agested*.]

Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noisy*. C.

Coistrell, H. 2. 88. [*A young lad* (O.) K.]

Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions*. C.

Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf*. C.

Contake, T. 87. *Dispute*. C.

Conteins, H. 1. 223. for *Contents*.

Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuse*; *contend-with*. C.

Contekions, Æ. 553. *Contentions*. C.

Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke*. C.

Corven, Æ. 56. See *Yeorven*.

Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.

Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.

Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.

Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-coursers*. C.

Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy*. q?

Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward*. C.

Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recreand*.

Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair*. C.

Croched, H. 2. 511. perhaps *Broched*. [What is *broched*? Sk. renders *crooked*, but surely a javelin should be straight. Perhaps C. was thinking of the *cross*-piece of a halbert. Cf. *croche*.]

Croche, v. G. 26. *Cross*. C.

Crokyng, Æ. 119. *Bending*.

Cross-stone, Æ. 1122. *Monument*. C. [Crouchee, p. 281. 63. *Cross*; from Speght's crouch, *cross*.]

Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry*. q?

[Cuishes, H. 2. 230. *Armour for the thighs*; cuisses K.]

Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-gate*. C.

Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer*. C.

Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows*. C.

D.

Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endeavour*. C.

Declynie, H. i. 161. *Declination*. q? [See *Clinie*.]

Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved*. C.

Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthy*. C.

[Deene, p. 288. II. *Dine*?]

Deere, E. III. 88. *Dire*. C.

Defs, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors*. C.

Defayte, G. 52. *Decay*. C.

Defte, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental*. C.

Deigned, E. III. 53. *Disdained*. C.

Delievretie, T. 44. *Activity*. C.

Demasing, H. 1. 276. [?Considering; no explanation.]

Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente*.

Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented*.

Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt*. C.—M. 13. *Tremour*. C.

Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, destroy*. C.

Dequaced, p. 280. 38. [*Dashed* K. and *Speght*.]

Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage*. C.

Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer*. q?

Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 522. [*Barbarous, cruel* K.]

Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamentable*. C.—M. 106. *Cruel*. C.

Deslavate, H. 2. 333. [*Lecherous, beastly*, from K.'s deslavy.]

Dellavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.

Detratours, H. 2. 78. [*Slandorous detractors*.]

Deysed, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis*.

Dheie; *They*.

Dhere, Æ. 192. *There*.

Dhereof; *Thereof*.

Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult*. C.

Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed*. C.

Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for *Disponed*. [B. has *dispand, to stretch out*.] Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose*.

Divinistre, Æ. 141. *Divine*. C.

Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle*. C.

Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation*. C.

Dole, adj. p. 283. 13. [*Doleful*.]

Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish*. C.

[Dolthead, H. 1. 335. *Blockhead*.]

Donde, H. 1. 51. [*Done, finished*.]

Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should probably be written thus; *O sea-oerteeming Dovor!*

Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room*. C.

Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as *Dighte*.

Doughtre mere, H. 2. 481. *D'outre mere*. Fr. From beyond sea.

[Draffs, Æ. 717. *Lees, dregs, so useless, worthless*.]

Dree, Æ. 983. [H. 2. 664. ? *Work, or Drive*.]

Drefte, Æ. 466. *Least*. C.

[Drenche, Æ. 85. *Drink*. (Really *to dose with medicine*.)]

Drented, G. 91. *Drained*. C.

Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned*. C.

Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insignificant*. C.

Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties*. C.

Drocke, T. 40. *Drink*. C.

Droke, Æ. 461. [Meaning and source quite uncertain.]

Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's note. *Druerie* is *Courtship, gallantry*.

Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted*. [Probably *modest*, from B.'s *drury*, *modesty*.]

Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce*.

Duressed, E. I. 39. *Hardened*. C.

Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be *Dyght*.

Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy*. C.

[Dyngeynge, Æ. 458. *Dinging* or *striking*.]

Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding*. C.

Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest*. C.

Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure*. C.

Dysportisment, Æ. 250. as *Dysporte*.

Dysregate, Æ. 542. [? *Deprive of command*.]

E.

Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw*; *Draw*.

Eft, E. II. 78. *Often*. C.

Eftsoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly*. C.

Ele, M. 74. *Help*. C.

Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten*. C.

Eke, E. I. 27. *Also*. C.

Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened*. C.

Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout*. C.

[Embollen, Æ. 596. as *Bollen*.]

Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge*. C.

Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed*. C.

Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease*. C.

Emmers, p. 287. 7. [*? coins*. No explanation.]

Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*. C.

[Emprize, M. 74. *Adventure*. C.]

Enalse, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.

Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.

Enchased, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*. C.

Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.

Enheedynge, p. 283. 105. [*Taking heed, studying*.]

Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*. C.

Enrone, Æ. 661. [Evidently *Unsheath*; no explanation.]

Enseme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*. q?

Enseeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.

Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, darting*. C.

[Ensooned, H. 2. 497. Probably, *In a swoon*; not in K.B. or Speght.]

Enstrote, H. 2. 503. [No explanation.] Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?

Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows, sucks in*. C.

Ensyрке, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.

Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.

Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understanding*.

Enthoghteing, Æ. 704. [*Thinking*; cf. *Enheedynge*.]

Entremed, p. 276. 4. [*Intermingled*, from Speght's *Entremes*, *entermingled*. (Really *entremes* means a side-dish.)]

Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.

Entyn, P.G. 10. *Even*. C.

Estande, H. 2. 271. for *Ystande*; Stand.

Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of *Estoile*, Fr. A star. C.

Estroughted, Æ. 918. [*Stretched out*]

Ethe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.

Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.

Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.

Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with evening dew*. C.

Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.

Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivious*.

Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13. [Sk. considers this a compound of *eyne*, *eyes* and *gear*, *tackle* and renders *objects*.]

F.

Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.

Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.

Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or vagabond*. C.

Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool, or seat*. See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium*.

[Fay, H. 2. 144. *Faith*.]

[Faytour, p. 280. 37. as *Faitour*.]

Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, innocent*.

Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.

Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.

Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C. [A Rowleian contraction, cf. *gorne* for *garden*.]

Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. sing. q?

Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.

Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.

Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.

Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.

Feygnes, E. III. 78. A corruption of *feints*. C.

Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.

Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.

Flaiten, H. I. 84. [*Frightful*, from B.'s flaite, to *affright*, to *scare*.]

Flanced, H. 2. 242. [*Arched*, from K.'s flanch, in *heraldry*, an *ordinary made of an arch-line*.]

Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.

Flemie, p. 278. *ult*. [*Daunted*, from B.'s *flemed*.]

Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.

Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.

Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.

[Flotting, H. 2. 42. ? *Flying*, cf. *flott*; or *Whistling*, from B.'s floting (O.), *whistling*, *piping*.]

Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.

Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*. C.

Forgard, Æ. 565. *Lose*. C.

Forletten, El. 19. *Forsaken*. C.

Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.

Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.

Forslagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.

Forslege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.

Forstraughte, p. 281. 58. *Distracted*.

Forstraughteyng, G. 34. *Distracting*. C.

Forswat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.

Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasting*. C.

Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.

Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.

Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.

Freme, Æ. 267. [and Fremed, H. 2. 147. *Strange*, from K.'s fremd (O.), *strange*.]

Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

[Furched, Æ. 519. *Forked*.]

G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of armour*. C.

Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.

Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.

Gastness, Æ. 412. *Ghastliness*.

Gayne, Æ 821. To gayne so *gayne* a pryze. *Gayne* has probably been repeated by mistake.
[More probably C. intended it to mean *Worth gaining*.]

Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutrement*.

Geason, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C.—G. 120. *Extraordinary, strange*. C.

Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier*.

Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite*.

Gemote, G. 94. *Assemble*. C.

Gemoted, E. II. 8. *United, assembled*. C.

Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.

Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.

Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twist*.

Gif, E. II. 39. *If*. C.

Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.

Glair, H. 2. 570. [*? Glare*.]

[Gledes.H. 2. 217. *Glides*]

Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid*. C.

Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.

Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, dejected*. C.

Giytted, H. 2. 272. [*Glittered*.]

Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.

Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.

Gouler, p. 282. 76. [*Usurer*, from K.'s goule, *usury*.]

Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*. C.

Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pasture*. C.

Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.

Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate, mayor*. [Where does T. find this meaning? B. and K. have *grave*, a German title signifying a great lord etc., but no word of mayor.]

Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves*. C.

Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow*. C.

Groffile, Æ. 547. [*Grovelling*, from K.'s groff or gruff (O.), *groveling*.]

Groffish, Æ. 257. [*Gruffly*.]

Groffyinglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.

Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor*. C.

Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor*, from *gron* a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire. C. [? then whether C. does not mean a will o' the wisp.]

Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.

Grore, H. 2. 27. [No explanation.]

Groted, Æ. 337. *Swollen*. C.

[Gryne, H. 2. 706. *Groin*.]

Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-painted*. C.

Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained*. C.

[Guylde, G. 152. *Tax*.]

[Guylteynge, Æ. 179. *Gilding*.]

Glyttelles, Æ. 438. *Mantels*. C.

H.

[Habergeon. H. 2. 346. *A little coat of mail* (K.).]

Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.

Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile*.

Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.

Hailie, T. 144. *Holy*. C.

Hailie, Æ. 33. *Wholely*. [But here *Hallie* would seem to be put for hailie, *happy*. Sk. renders *blissful*.]

Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy*. C.

Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed*. C.

Han, Æ. 734. *Hath*. q? [One of C.'s fundamental mistakes.]

Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had*. particip. q? — Æ. 685. *Had*. pa. t. sing. q?

Hantoned, Æ. 1094. [A mistake for *hancelled*; *hanten* in B.K. and Speght means *use, accustom*.]

Harried, M. 82. *Tost*. C. [But in Æ. 209 plainly=*hurried*.]

Hatched, p. 25. I. [Probably C. meant *covered with a cloth exhibiting its rider's coat of arms*. Cf. *Hatchments*.]

[Hatchments, H. 2. 489. In heraldry, *a coat of arms*. (K.).]

Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have*. 1st perf. q?

Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.

Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heavenward*. C.

Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped closely, covered*. C.

Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.

Heie, E. II. 15. *They*. C.

Heiedeygnes, E. III. 77. *A country dance, still practised in the North*. C.

Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.

Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.

Hem, T. 24. A contraction of *them*. C.

[Hendie, H. 1. 95. ? *Hand to hand*; K. B. and Speght all have *neat, fine, genteel*, for this Chaucerian word.]

Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold*. C.

Hentyll, Æ. 1161. [Evidently *Custom*; no explanation.]

[Herehaughte, M. 78. *Herald*.]

Herselle, Æ. 279. *Herself*.

Herste, Æ. 1182. [*? Command.*]

Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hidden*. C.

Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.

Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick house*. C.

[Hocktide, H. 1. 25. *A festival celebrated in England antiently in memory of the sudden death of King Hardicanute A.C. 1042 and the downfall of the Danes*. B.]

Holtred, Æ. 293. [*? Hidden, from B.'s hulstred.*]

Hommeur, Æ. 1190. [*? Honour.*]

Hondepoint, Æ. 273. [Sk. renders (*every*) *moment*; K.B. and Speght give no help.]

Hopelen, Æ. 399. [*Hopelessness*—'I from a night of hopelessness am awakened.']

Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disagreeable*. C.

Horse-millanar, Ch. 56. See C.'s note. [According to Steevens a Bristol tradesman in 1776 so described himself over his shop-door.]

Houton, M. 93. *Hollow*. C.

Hulstred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.

Huscarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *House-servants*.

Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*. Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif. Ang. L. iv. ['The eagre or "bore" of the Severn is a large and swift tide-wave which sometimes flows in from the Atlantic Ocean with great force.' Sk. II, p. 61, note.]

Hylle-fyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon*.

Hylte, T. 168. *Hid, secreted*. C.—Æ. 1059. *Hide*. C.

[Hylted, Hyltren, T. 47 .65. *Hidden*. C.]

I., J.

Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.

Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised*. C.

Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy*. C.

Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed*. C.

Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle*.

Impestering, E. I. 29. *Annoying*. C.

Inhild, E. I. 14. *Infuse*. C.

Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken*. C.

Jubb, E. III. 72. *A bottle*. C.

[Iwimpled, H. 2. 528. *Muffled* (Speght).]

Iwreene, p. 286. 9. [Evidently the same as K.'s bewreen, *expressed*, *shewn*.]

K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know*. C.

Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows*. C.

Keppend, Le. 44. [*Careful, precise*, from B.'s kepen, *keep, take care of*.]

Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin*. C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part*. C.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.

L.

[Lack in C. generally = *to be in need of* rather than simply *to be without*; cf. G. 176.]

Ladden, H. 1. 206. [*Lay*.]

Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly*. C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician*.

Leckedst, H. 2. 332. [No explanation.]

Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject*. C.

Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures*. C.

Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing*. C.

Ledanne, Æ. 1143. [? *Leaden, heavy*; or it may be an adj. formed from K.'s leden (O.), *languish*.]

[Lee, Ep. 6. *Lay*; or ? *lie*.]

Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obeysance*. C.

Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects*. C.

[Leffed, H. 1. 141. *Left*.]

Lege, Ep. 3. *Law*. C.

[Legeful, E. I. 3. *Loyal*.]

Leggen, M. 92. *Lessen, alloy*. C.

Leggeude, M. 32. *Alloyed*. C.

Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress*.

Lemes, Æ 42. *Lights, rays*. C.

Lemed, El. 7. *Glistened*. C.—Æ. 606. *Lighted*. C.

Lere, Æ 568. H. 2. 597. seems to be put for *Leather*.

Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge*. C.

Lete, G. 60. *Still*. C.

Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding*. C.

Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead*. C.

Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard*. C.

Levynde, El. 18. *Blasted*. C.

Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C.

Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-melted*. q?

Liefe, Æ. 217. [? from K. and B.'s lief, *rather*. Sk. renders *at my choice*.]

Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*.

Ligheth, Æ. 627. [? *Lay low*, from K.'s lig, *lie*.]

Likand, H. 2. 177. *Liking*.

Limed, El. 37. *Glassy, reflecting*. C.

Limmed, M. 90. *Glassy, reflecting*. C.

Lissed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C.

[List, H. 1. 544. ? *Pleasure*.]

Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C.

Loaste, Æ. 456. *Loss*.

[Lode, H. 1. 33. Probably as *load*, a *task* or *burden*. Sk. renders *praise*, as if *land*; this is far from convincing.]

Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C.

Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their hind legs*. C.

Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C.

Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C.

Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C.

Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C.

[Lurdanes, H. 1. 36. From B.'s 'Lurdane, lordane, a *dull heavy fellow*, derived by some from *Lord* and *Dane*'. So the word becomes for C. an opprobrious equivalent for *Dane*.]

[Lygheth, Æ. 627. *Lay*, from K.'s *lig*, to *lie*.]

[Lymed, E. II. 7. *Glassy, reflecting*. C.]

Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C.

Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C.

Lynge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C.

Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C.

Lyped, El. 34. [? miswritten for *lithed*, Speght's *lith*, to *make less*, so *wasted*. Sk. renders *wasted away*, deriving *lyped* from B.'s *liposychy*, a *small swoon*, which seems too far-fetched even for Rowley.]

Lysse, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C.

Lyssed, Æ 53. *Bounded*. C.

M.

Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.

Manchyn, H. 2. 222. A *sleeve*. Fr.

[Mastie, H. 1. 348. 425. ? *Mastiff*.]

Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many, great numbers*. C.

Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

Meeded, Æ 39. *Rewarded*. [The construction *meeded out* is probably affected by *meted out*.]

Memuine, H. 2. 120. [? *Body of troops*, ? *Command*. No explanation.]

Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*, q? [The sense is *threatened to make him marry again*.]

Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.

Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*. C.

Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.

Miesel, Æ 551. *Myself*.

Milkynette, El. 22. *A small bagpipe*. C.

Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.

[Mister, Ch. 82. as *Mist*, poor, needy.]

Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.

Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.

Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.

Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.

Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.

[Mokynge, H. 2. 584. K. and B. have moky (O.), *cloudy*; so perhaps C. meant a brook the surface of which reflected the clouds. Sk. reads *mocking*.]

Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.

Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.

Morglaien. M. 20. *The name of a sword* [Morglay] *in some old Romances*.

Morthe, Æ 307. [*Violent death*. K. has morth, *murder*.]

Morthynges, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.

Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.

Motte, H. 2. 184. *Word, or motto*.

Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.

Myndbruch, Æ. 401. [*A hurting of honour and worship* (B.).]

Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.

Mysterk, M. 33. *Mystic*. C.

N.

[Nappy, Ba. 13. B. has nappy-ale, [*q. d. such as will cause persons to take a nap*] *pleasant and strong*. But the word *nappy* in this connexion has nothing to do with causing sleep.]

Ne, P.G. 6. *Not*. C.

Ne, p. 281. 58. *Nigh*.

Nedere, Ep. II. *Adder*. C.

Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depainted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nitt-brown*.

O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 609. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26 *Not knowing*. C. Onlight, Æ. 678. [*Put out, extinguish*.]

Onlist, Le. 46. *Boundless*. C.

[Ore, H. 2. 25. Contracted for *other*.]

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C.'s note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 578. [Contraction for B.'s *overt*.]

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

P.

Pall, Ch. 31. Contraction from *appall*, to fright. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

[Passante, El. 28. *Passing, going by*. (K.)]

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

[Peene, Æ. 484. *Pain*.]

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q? [From B.'s *disparpled*, *disperpled*, in *heraldry*, *scattered loosely*. T.'s suggestion is certainly wrong.]

Persant, Æ. 561. *Piereing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001. [as *Pighte*.]

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 272. in *Heraldry*, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147. ['A mistake for pheons.' Sk.]

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevyd, Æ 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. 1. 108. [?Forehead. No explanation.]

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

[Pyke, Ch. 53. See *Shoone-pykes*.]

[Pynne, Æ. 213. Probably the peg which supported the target; which a clever marksman might split. There is no satisfactory explanation of 'the basket'.]

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.

Quayntyssed. T. 4. *Curiously devised*. C.

Quansd, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*. C.

Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil one; the Devil*.

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.

Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.

Recendize, Æ. 544. for *Recreandice; Cowardice*.

Recrandize, Æ. 1193. for *Recreandice; Cowardice*. [Though Sk. renders *Recendize* resentment.]

Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.

Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.

Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.

Reded, G. 79. *Counselled*. C.

Redeyng, Æ. 227. *Advice*.

Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M. 70. *Esteem, favour*. C.

Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.

Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.

Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*. C.

Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.

Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.

Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.

Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*. C.

Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Ornaments of ribbands*.

Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.

Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.

Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.

Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, traveller*.

Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.

Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.

Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.

Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.

Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.

Rowney, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.

Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

Sabbatanners, Æ 275. [*Soldiers*, from B.'s *sabatans*, *soldiers' boots*; cf. Lat. *Caligati*.]

[Sarim, H. 1. 301. i.e. *Sarum*.]

Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.

Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.

Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, sparingly*. C.

Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.

Seethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.

Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.

Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.

Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.

Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abscond*.

Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck*.

Seeled, Ent. II. *Closed*. C.

Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.

Selyness, E. I. 55. *Happiness*. C.

Semblate, p. 281. 67. [=*Semblance*.]

Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.

Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short undercloke*. C.

Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. [as *Semlykeene*.]

Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance*. C. C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance*.
C.

Sendaument, p. 284. 126. [*Appearance*. The word has no authority; B. and K. are silent.]

Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat*.

Shappe, T. 36. *Fate*. C.

Shap-scurged, Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. C.

Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering*. C.

Shente, T. 157. *Broke, destroyed*. C.

Shepen, p. 283. 97. [*Simple*, from K.'s shepen (O.), *simple, fearful*.]

Shepstere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd*. C.

Shoone-pykes, p. 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes*. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.

Shrove, H. 2. 432. [It is difficult to discover the probable sense of this word. Perhaps an allusion to an imaginary legend is intended; cf. the reference (H. 2. 417) to Conyan's goats. Sk. has a note '*Shrove* is the Rowleian for *shrouded*'; this is possible but hardly convincing.]

[Slea, Æ. 18. *Slay*.]

[Sleeve, H. 1. 178. *Silk not yet twisted, floss*.]

Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter*.

Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy*.
C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion*. C.

Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke*. C.

Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking*. C.

Smore, H. 1. 412. [? *Smeared* or *Smothered*.]

Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours*. C.

Snett, T. 45. *Bent*. C.

[Sorgie, G. 17. *Surging*.]

Sothen, Æ. 227. *Sooth*, q?

Souten, H. 1. 252. for *Sought*. pa. t. sing. q?

Sparre, H. 1. 26. *A wooden bar*.

Speckle, H. 2. 525. [? *Spied*, or perhaps *Reached*.]

Spencer, T. 11. *Dispenser*. C.

Spere, Æ. 69. [*Spare*, *allow*.]

Spyryng, Æ. 707. *Towering*.

Staie, H. 1. 198. [B. has *Stay*, *stop*, *let*, *hindrance*; so possibly C. uses it as a paraphrase for *armour*; or some special piece of armour may be meant.]

Starks, T. 73. *Stalks*.

[Steeked, Æ. 1188. Not in K. B. or Speght, but Sk. notes that C. has *steeked*=*stole*; so here the sense would be *stole upon*.]

Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs*.

Stente, T. 134. *Stained*. C.

Steynced, Æ. 189. [? *Stinted*, from B.'s *stent* (Saxon), *stint*.]

Storthe, p. 287. 10. [*Death*; cf. *Storven*.]

Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead*. C.

Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched*. C.

[Stre, H. 2. 712. *Straw*.]

Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch*. C.

Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive*.

Stringe, G. 10. *Strong*. C.

Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981. [*Sufficient*.]

[Swanges, Ch. 210. *Swings*.]

Swarthe, Æ. 265. [A *swath*, or *swarth* (so rarely, but cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii, where Maria calls Malvolio 'an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths') is as much hay as the mower can cut at one movement of the scythe. So, an unsubstantial thing compared with a *boddekin*.]

Swartheing, Æ. 295 [*Darkling*, *darkening*.]

Swarthless, II. 2. 563. [*Dark-less*, i.e. *pallid*.]

Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd*. C.

Swoltering, Æ. 444. [?*Swallowing*.]

[Swote, E. I. 25. *Sweet*. C.]

Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet*. C.

Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn; *Quickly*. C.

Syke, E. II. 6. *Such*, *so*. C.

T.

Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow*. C.

[Talbot, H. 2. 89. *A kind of hunting dog* (K.); *a dog with a turned-up tail*(B.).]

Teint, H. 1. 462. for *Tent*. [*Bandage*.]

Tende, T. 113. *Attend*, or *wait*. C.

Tene, Æ 366. *Sorrow*.

Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully*. C.

Tere, Æ 194. *Health*. C.

Thoughten, Æ 172. 1136. for *Thought*, pa. t. sing. q?

[Thraslarkes, H. 2. 427. Presumably a kind of lark. K.B. and Speght give no help.]

Thyghte, p. 283. 104. [II. 2. 578. *Well-built*.]

Thyssen, E. II. 87. *These*, or *those*. q?

Tochelod, Æ 205. [Perhaps a mistake for *Tochered* = dowered. (Sk.)]

Tore, Æ 1020. *Torch*. C.

Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget*; Deceit.

Treynted, Æ 454. [? *Scatter*, from K.'s *Betreint* (O.), *sprinkled*.]

Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked, pulled.* C.

Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck, or pull.* C.

Tynge, Tyngue; *Tongue.*

U., V.

Val, T. 138. *Helm.* C.

Vernage, H. 2. II. *Vernaccia* Ital. a sort of rich wine.

Ugsomeness, Æ. 507. *Terror.* C.

Ugsomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly.* C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible.* C.

[Virgyne, Ch. I. The sign of the zodiac, *Virgo*, which the sun enters about the 21st of August.]

Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without any knell rung for them.* q? [*unaknelled* was Pope's reading of *unancaled* in his edition of *Hamlet*.]

Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.* C.

Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.

Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.

Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccustomed.* C.

Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited.* C.

[Uneyned, E. 516. *Blinded.*]

Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy.* C.

Unliart, P.G. 4. *Unforgiving.* C.

Unlift, E. III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.

Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned.* C.

Unlydgefull, Æ. 537. [*Disloyal.*]

Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ. 1238. *Explain.* C.

Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt.* C.

[Unryghte. See Note I.]

Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls.* C.

Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful, neglected.* C.

Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless*. C.

Unwer, E. III. 87. *Tempest*. C.

Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory, understanding*. C.—G. 140. *Will*. C.

Upriste, Æ. 928. *Risen*. C.

Upryne, H. 2. 719. [*? Raise up*, from B.'s uprist, *uprisen, risen up*.]

Upswalynge, Æ. 258. *Swelling*. C.

W.

Walsome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatsome; loathsome*.

Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair*. C.

Waylde, Æ. 11. *Choice, selected*.

Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing*. C. [Wayled (O.), *grown old* (K.).]

Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car*. C.

Weere, Æ. 835. *Grief*. C.

Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered*. C.

Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven*. C.

[Whaped, H. 2. 579. *Amazed*, from K.'s Awhaped (O.) *amazed*.]

Wiseegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher*. C. [But used by C. as an adjective.]

Wissen, Æ. 685. *Wish*.

Wite, G. 176. *Reward*. C.

Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction of *Wither*. C.

[Wolfynn, T. 51. &c. *Wolf*. Not in K. B. or Speght.]

Wolsome, Le. 5. See *Walsome*.

Wraytes. See *Reytes*.

Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare*. C.

Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work*. C.

Wychnecref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft*.

Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble*. C.

Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered*. C.

Wynnyng, Æ. 219. [The sense is 'which my father's hall had no winning,' i.e. 'which I could never get in my father's hall.' Sk. is almost certainly wrong here.]

Y.

Yan, Æ. 72. *Than*.

Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable*. C.

Yatte, T. 9. *That*. C.

Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded*. C.

Ybroched, G. 96. *Horned*. C.

[Ybrogten, Æ. 919. *Brought*]

Ycorne, Æ. 374. [Contracted for *ycorven*.]

Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould*. C.

[Ycraze, p. 287. 16. *Break*.]

Yceasedd, T. 132. *Broken*. C.

Yenne; *Then*.

Yer, E. II. 29. *Their*.

Yer, Æ. 152. *Your*.

Ygrove, H. 2. 434. [? *Shaped*, for *y-graven*.]

Yinder, Æ. 692. *Yonder*.

Yis; *This*.

Ylach'd, H. 2. 436. [? *Concealed*. B. has Lach, *catch* or *snatch*; but this is hardly to the point.]

Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Inter*. C.

Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless*.

Yreaden, H. 2. 207. [*Ready*.]

Yroughte, H. 2. 318. for *Ywroughte*.

Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched*. C.

Yspende, T. 179. *Consider*. C.

Ystorven, E. I. 53. *Dead. C.*

Ytfel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*

Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered. C.*

Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered. C.*

Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

Z.

Zabalus, Æ. 428. as *Sabalus*; the Devil.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE, THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago, Sed sublime volans
nocti se immiscuit atræ.

VIRGIL. Æ. X.

APPENDIX, &c.

When these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *some observations upon THE LANGUAGE*[1] *of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding. I choose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one *postulatum*, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions [2].

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be referred to three general heads; the *first* consisting of words not used by any other writer; the *second*, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the *first* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whylest the congeon flowrette *abessie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ 334.

Agylted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 392.

The fynest dame the Sun or moon *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ 396. ADENTED. G. 32. Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.
Adented prowess to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ 117.

Leave me swythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

Where from the hail-stone coulde the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.

That Alured coulde not hymself *aluste*.

11. ALYNE. T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*.

12. ALYSE. Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette share you shoulde to that *alyse*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *alise*.

13. ANERE. Æ 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe *anere*?

— — Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE. p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the blossom woulde such sins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS. E. I. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodyde trees.

16. ARROW-LEDE. H. 1. 74.

Han by his soundynge *arrowe-lede* bene sleyne.

17. ASENGLAVE. H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE. Æ 504.

That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE. Æ 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*

Moe torturyng peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE. G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.

I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

1. ABOUNDE. H. 1. 55.

His cristede beaver dyd him smalle *abounde*.

The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.

Aledge, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41.—p. 23. l. 4.

All-a-boon, fyr Priest, *all-a-boon*. Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.

Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for alone, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say—*my son alone* for *my only son*. 5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighbour greene.

The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways*, *obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the English language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

6. ASTERTE. G. 137.

— — You have theyr worthe *asterte*.

I despair of finding any authorized sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signifie *neglected or passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

7. AUMERE. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose destre *aumere*.
Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de foye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

8. BARBED. Æ 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horse, &c.
Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnyng.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horse* was a proper expression, in the XV Century, for *a horse covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* signified *a hall in which armour was hung*? or what other sense can *barbde* have in this passage?

9. BLAKE. Æ 178. 407.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere. *Blake* stondeth future doome,
and joie doth mee alyse.

Blake, in old English, may signifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both these passages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, some such signification seems absolutely necessary to make any sense.

10. BODYKIN. Æ 265.

And for a *bodykin* a *swarthe* obteyne.

Bodekin is used by Chaucer more than once to signifie a *bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other signification in his time. *Swarthe*, used as a noun, has no sense that I am acquainted with.

11. BORDEL. E. III. 2.—Æ 147. BORDELIER. Æ 410.

Goe serche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.
We wylle in a *bordelle* lyve.
Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though *bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-house*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course *bysmare*.

Bismare, in Chaucer, signifies *abusive speech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, V. PG. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champion* anie onne.

I do not believe that *champion* was used as a verb by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

14. CONTAKE. T. 87. CONTEKE. E. II. 10.

— —I *contake* thie waie.
Conteke the dynnyng ayre and reche the skies.

Conteke is used by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no instance of its being used as a *verb*.

15. DERNE. Æ 582. DERNIE. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didst boaste soe moche of actyon *derne*.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyste and hear mie *dernie* tale.
 O gentle Juga, beare mie *dernie* plainte.
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

Derne is a Saxon adj. signifying *secret, private*, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,
 Bee placed in the same — — .

The only sense that I know of *druerie* is *courtship, gallantry*, which will not suit with this passage.

17. FONNES. E. II. 14. Æ 421. FONS. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fonnes* rare — —
 On of the *fonnis* whych the clerche have made.
 Quayntyssed *fons* depictedd on eche sheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer signifies a *fool*, and *fonnes*—*fools*; and Spenser uses *fon* in the same sense; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

18. KNOPPED. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froste of fere.

Knopped is used by Chaucer to signifie *fastened* with a button, from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would say that any thing was buttoned with *frost*?

19. LECTURN. Le. 46.

An onlist *lecturn* and a songe adygne.

I do not see that *lecturn* can possibly signifie any thing but a *reading-desk*, in which sense it is used by Chaucer.

20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.

Inne *lithie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any such word as this, we should naturally expect it to follow the signification of *lithe*; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

* * * * *

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

Clevis or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ 681.

In everich *eyne* aredyngne nete of wyere.
Wythe syke an *eyne* shee swotelie hymm dydd view.

Eyne, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say — In *every eyes*; — With *such an eyes*.

HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ 355.

Heie, the old plural of *He*, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in these poems.

THYSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyssen* was ever in use as the plural number of *this*. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular sorts they were. In the same manner *coyen*, Æ. 125. and *sothen*, Æ. 227. are put for *coy* and *sothe*, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the singular number* in *n*[3]. I will set down a number of instances, in which *han* is used for the present or past time *singular* of the v. *Have*; only premising, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9. The Brytish Merlyn oftenne *hanne*
The gyfte of inspyration.

Ba. 2. The featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wylle wyssen hee *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. — — Mie stede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle Fallen onne mie
benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla styлле.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a styngge?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire she *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the bravest in the londe *Han* by his foundynge arrowe-
lede bene sleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* slayne a noble's son.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe *Han* made his
crymson bloude and spirits floe.

319. O Hengist, *han* thy cause bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree. And *han* that daie full
manie Normannes sleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more instances should be wanted, see H. 1. 396. 429. 455. H. 2. 306. 703.—p. 275. ver. 4.
—p. 281. ver. 63.—p. 288. ver. 1.

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used *singularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fellen* on the grounde and thus yspoke.

H. 2. 665. Bewopen Alfwoulde *fellen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned aboute and vilely *souten* flie.

H. 2. 339. Fallyng he *shooken* out his smokyng braine.

H. 2. 334. His sprite—Ne *shoulden* find a place in anie songe.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyse — —

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laste nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *shewn*, he *thoughten* coste no sinne.

See also H. 2. 366. where *thoughten*, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in Æ. 704.

Enthoughteyng for to scape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first, proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him[4]. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*[5]. In many cases, where the words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explaine any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315. *A manner of asking a favour*, says Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

"=All a bone=, exp. *Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab AS. Bene, unde nostrum Boon additis particulis Fr. G. A la. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. i. Col. 2.*"

The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, *Canterb. Tales*, ver. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade them *all a bone*," i.e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer mould have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver, &c.* And AUMERE in *Æ.* 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment.* And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

"=Aumere= ex contextu videtur *Fimbria vel Instita*, nescio an a Teut. =Umbher=, Circum, Circa, q. d. Circuitus seu ambitus. *Ch. f. 119. p. I.C. I.*"

BAWSIN. *Æ.* 57. *Large.* Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge, bulky.* Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of Bawsin, I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it large, than Skinner. "=Bawsin=, exp. *Magnus, Grandis, &c.*"

BRONDEOUS. E. II. 24. *Furious.* Chatterton. BRONDED. H. 2. 558. BRONDEYNGE. *Æ.* 704. BURLIE BRONDE. G. 7. *Fury, anger.* Chatterton. See also H. 2. 664. All these uses of *Bronde*, and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. "*Bronde*, exp. *Furia, &c.*" though in another place he explains *Burly brand* (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus ensis*. It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand*, if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Creseide*, a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.

BURLED. M. 20. *Armed.* Chatterton. So Skinner, "*Burled*, exp. *Armatus, &c.*"

BYSMARE. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious.* Chatterton. BYSMARELIE. Le. 26. *Curiously.* Chatterton. See also p. 285. ver. 141. BISMARDE.

It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained Bismare to mean Curiosity. The true meaning has been stated above, p. 318.

CALKE. G. 25. *Cast.* Chatterton. CALKED. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected.* Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. "*Calked*, exp. *Cast, credo Cast up.*" Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out* and *casting up*, i.e. *casting up figures in calculation.* That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "*Calked for Calculated.* Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is

probable too, I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankelein's tale*, which in the common editions stands thus:

"Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this."

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in affixing to them exactly the same meaning.

I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.

ALYSE. Le. 29. G. 180. *Allow*. Chatterton. See before, p. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. "Alised, Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem folum occurrit, exp. Allowed, ab AS. Alised, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner f might be easily mistaken for a long s.

BESTOIKER. Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also Æ. 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "Bestwike, ab AS. Berpican, Spican, *Decipere*, Fallere, Prodere, Spica, Proditor, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as Bestoike, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKIED. E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "Blake *and* bare, videtur ex contextu prorsus *Nuda*, sort. q. d. Bleak *and* Bare, dum enim nudi fumus eoque aeri expositi, præ frigore pallescimus. Ch. sol. 184. p. i. Col. i."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the exposition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

HANCELLED. G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed*. Chatterton. *Hancelled* from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "Hanceled, exp. Cut off, credo dici proprie, vel primario faltem, tantum de prima portione feu segmento quod ad tentandam feu explorandam rem abscindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to Hansell a pasty or a gammon of bacon*." Chatterton, who had neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning

of this explanation; and understanding *Cut off* to mean *Destroyed*, he has used *Hancelled* in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate*. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. Chatterton.

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate. Style mormorynge atte yer *shap*.— — There ys ne house athrow thys *shap-scourged* isle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* should have been used in the English language to signifie *Fate*, till I observed the following article in Skinner, "*Shap, now is my Shap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i.e.) now is it shapen to me, ab AS. Sceapan, &c.*" I suppose that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand *now is my shap* to mean *now is my fate*.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is me shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner's explanation shews that he read *me*. I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance[6]. I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument. It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word *entirely*, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premisses, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to

meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.

[Footnote 1: I have chosen this *part* of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, considered with respect to their *significations* and *inflexions*. A complete examination of this subject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.]

[Footnote 2: Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of *style* than of *language*. The *local situation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol.]

[Footnote 3: It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the singular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.]

[Footnote 4: This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an attention we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled "*Englysh Metamorphosis*," [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.]

[Footnote 5: Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u u, and is entitled "*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt, &c.*"]

[Footnote 6: I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility*. C.—Abessed;—*Humiliatus*. Sk.

ABORNE; *Burnished*, C.—Borne; *Burnish*. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to

custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune, Abreave, Acome, Aderne, Adygne, Agrame, Agreme, Alest, &c.*

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of *good*. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. Abone,—a Fr. G. Abonnir; *Bonum* facere.

ABREDYNGE: *Upbraiding*. C.—Abrede, exp. *Upbraid*. Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly*. C.—Crool, exp. *Murmurare*. Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADENTE, ADENTED: *Fastened, annexed*. C.—Adent;—*Configere, Conjungere*. Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation: but it is used in the sense of *raise*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of Alust, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyse* and *Bestoiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE, DERNIE; *Woeful, lamentable, cruel*. C.—Derne; *Dirus, crudelis*. Sk.

DROORIE; *Modesty*. C.—Drury; *Modestia*. Sk.

FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—Fonnes; *Devises*. Sk.

KNOPPED; *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.—Knopped; *Tied*. Sk.

LITHIE: *Humble*. C.—Lithy; *Humble*. Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.]

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