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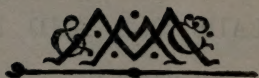
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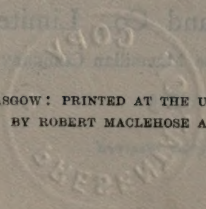
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## INTRODUCTION.

A 'BALLAD' means really a dance-song. The word, Italian in origin, was derived from the Troubadours<sup>1</sup> of Provence by Norman-French minstrels, and by them was introduced into England, where it seems to have been at first applied to the native 'ring-song'—a song in short rimed stanzas chanted by a ring of dancers, or as an accompaniment to dancers. The name was then extended to other folk-songs—to Lays and Gestes and popular Rimes, legendary, heroic, and romantic.

These 'ballads' were recited by minstrels (like the rhapsodists of Homeric times), and were as welcome in the cottage of the peasant as in the hall of the noble. By whom they were originally composed is unknown; nor is it of much importance, for in course of time so many different versions sprang up, and so many additions or alterations were made to suit public taste

<sup>1</sup> 'The invention of the Troubadours was fertile in dance-songs. . . . Such was the famous *Carol*, and the *Espringerie*, or jumping dance. From the same source came the *Ballata*, or Ballad' (Grove's *Dict. of Music*). This *Ballata* must be distinguished from the *Ballade* of French literature—a short poem of very conventional type. Notice in passing that very probably all rhythm in music and poetry originated in the movements of marching, dancing, rowing, etc. (See remarks on *Rhythm in English Verse* in my edition of *Lycidas*.)

and sentiment, that we may regard an old ballad as a 'folk-song'—a work of the people—rather than the composition of any single writer. They were, as a rule, short, vivid narratives, consisting of one or more 'fittes' (cantos) of four-lined stanzas in rough rime and rhythm, and were chanted to a repeated melody, with or without a chorus or refrain.<sup>1</sup>

Such rough, vigorous folk-songs were admirably suited to the national taste, which would have been totally incapable of appreciating the delicately polished love-poetry of the Troubadours and Minnesingers, or the long Sagas and Epics, such as the Norse *Edda*, the German *Nibelungenlied*, and the French *Charlemagne Romances*, which at that time (say, about 1200) were popular among other European nations.

The ballads in our collection differ very much in age and in character. The earliest written or printed copies of our oldest ballads date probably from about 1500, but some of these old ballads evidently existed in their present form a century, or even perhaps two centuries, before that date; and these versions seem to have been founded on older folk-songs, fragments of which have from time to time been discovered. Some, indeed, of these old songs (as is the case also with many fairy-tales) are thought to be derived from sources more ancient than our earliest English civilisation, and to be comparatively modern adaptations, with new local colouring, of very old themes, which are to be found not only

<sup>1</sup> Many old ballads had their special tunes, and most of these tunes seem to have been originally dance-tunes. *Chevy Chase* was sung to three tunes, one of which was the well-known 'The Hunt is up.'

among other European nations, but even among Orientals and Africans. To this class of ballads belong *Kempion*, *Tamlane*, and *Young Beichan*.

Besides these there are not a few that are interesting on account of their historical background, although it must be confessed that in most cases this historical background is rather faint and vague. Such are *Chevy Chase*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *The Robin Hood ballads*, *Fair Rosamund*, and *The Death of Darnley*.

Others, again, possess what one may perhaps call a literary background. Some of these, such as *King Cophetua*, *King Lear*, *The Jew of Venice*, and *King Arthur's Death*, although of no great value as poetry, are very interesting because of their association with what is supremely great in our literature.

But the true value of our ballads does not consist in their backgrounds. It consists in their poetry; and some of them stand in the very first rank as poetry on account of their descriptive and imaginative power, or their intense pathos. There is in some of these old poems the same vividness of natural feeling and directness of speech which we find in Homer and the *Nibelungenlied*, and which sometimes makes one turn away dissatisfied from the artificiality of ordinary poetry.

In the present collection, which consists of two Parts, will be found about twenty modern ballads. These pieces are to some extent imitative, and may therefore seem to lack that perfect *sincerity* which is essential for all true art. In many cases, in spite of external similarity, they possess little or nothing of the grand rugged strength of an old ballad—the strength, as it were, of some old gnarled oak-tree—and sometimes they

do not possess even an outward similarity with anything that one regards as a typical English ballad.

But many of these modern ballads are nevertheless very noble poems, entirely worthy to stand side by side with the best of our old ballads, whether or not we are willing to admit them into exactly that class of poetry to which *Chevy Chase*, *Kempion*, and *Helen of Kirconnell* belong.



## 1. THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank ;  
A ferlie he spied with his ee :  
And there he saw a lady bright  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle of the velvet fine ;  
At every tress of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap  
And bent low down to his knee ; 10  
'All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven !  
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,  
'That name does not belong to me ;  
I am but the queen of fair Elf-land,  
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
'Harp and carp along with me !  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I will be.' 20

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That fate shall never frighten me'—  
And so he has kissed her rosy lips  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now ye must go with me,' she said ;  
 'True Thomas, ye must go with me ;  
 And ye must serve me seven years  
 Through weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;  
 She's taken true Thomas up behind, 30  
 And aye whene'er the bridle rang  
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and farther on,  
 The steed went swifter than the wind,  
 Until they reached a desert wide,  
 And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down now, true Thomas,  
 And lean your head upon my knee ;  
 Abide and rest a little space,  
 And I will show you ferlies three. 40

'O see ye not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset with thorn and briar ?  
 That is the path of righteousness,  
 Though after it but few enquire.

'And see ye not that broad broad road,  
 That lies across that lily leven ?  
 That is the path of wickedness,  
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see ye not that bonnie road,  
 That winds about the ferny brae ? 50  
 That is the road to fair Elf-land,  
 Where thou and I must wend our way.

But Thomas, ye shall hold your tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see ;  
 For, speak ye a word in Elfin-land,  
 Ye'll ne'er win back to your own countree.'

O they rode on, and farther on,  
 And they waded through rivers above the knee,  
 And they saw neither sun or moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of the sea. 60

It was mirk mirk night; there was no starlight;  
 And they waded through red blood to the knee;  
 For all the blood that is shed on earth  
 Runs through the springs of that countree.

At last they came to a garden green,  
 And she pulled an apple from a tree:  
 'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas!  
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

'My tongue is my own,' true Thomas said;  
 'A goodly gift ye would give to me! 70  
 I'd neither dare to buy or sell  
 At fair or tryst, where I might be!

'I could not speak to prince or peer,  
 Nor ask a grace from fair ladye!'  
 'Now hold thy peace, Thomas!' she said,  
 'For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
 And a pair of shoes of velvet green:  
 And till seven years were gone and past  
 True Thomas on earth was never seen. 80

## 2. ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
 All you that love mirth for to hear,  
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw  
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloth'd in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay, 10  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away,  
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,  
'Alack and a well-a-day!' 20

Then stepp'd forth brave Little John,  
And Midge, the miller's son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he saw them come.

'Stand off, stand off!' the young man said,  
'What is your will with me?'  
'You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon greenwood tree.'

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously, 30  
'O, hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?'

'I have no money,' the young man said,  
'But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding.

'Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she soon from me was ta'en  
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.' 40

'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,  
'Come tell me without any fail.'  
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
'My name it is Allin a Dale.'

'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,  
'In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true love again,  
And deliver her unto thee?'

'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,  
'No ready gold nor fee,' 50  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be.'

'How many miles is it to thy true love?  
Come tell me without guile.'  
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
'It is but five little mile.'

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Until he came unto the church,  
Where Allin should keep his wedding. 60

'What hast thou here?' the bishop then said  
'I prithee now tell unto me.'

'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'And the best in the north country.'

'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,  
'That music best pleaseth me.'

'You shall have no music,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
 Which was both grave and old, 70  
 And after him a finikin lass,  
 Did shine like the glistering gold.

'This is not a fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 'That you do seem to make here,  
 For, since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall choose her own dear.'

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two or three;  
 When four-and-twenty bowmen bold  
 Came leaping over the lea. 80

And when they came into the churchyard,  
 Marching all on a row,  
 The very first man was Allin a Dale  
 To give bold Robin his bow.

'This is thy true love,' Robin he said,  
 'Young Allin as I hear say;  
 And you shall be married at this same time,  
 Before we depart away.'

'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,  
 'For thy word shall not stand; 90  
 They shall be three times asked in the church,  
 As the law is of our land.'

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little John;  
 'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,  
 'This cloth doth make thee a man.'

When Little John went into the quire,  
 The people began to laugh;  
 He asked them seven times in the church,  
 Lest three times should not be enough. 100

'Who gives me this maid?' said Little John;  
 Quoth Robin Hood, 'That do I,  
 And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,  
 Full dearly he shall her buy.'

And thus having end of this merry wedding,  
 The bride looked like a queen;  
 And so they returned to the merry greenwood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green.

### 3. ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,  
*Down a down, a down, a down,*  
 Went over yon bank of broom,  
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,  
 'We have shot for many a pound,  
*Hey down, a down, a down,*

'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
 My arrows will not flee;  
 But I have a cousin lives down below,  
 Please God, she will bleed me.'

10

Now Robin is to fair Kirklea gone  
 As fast as he can win;  
 But before he came there, as we do hear,  
 He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirklea-hall,  
 He knock'd all at the ring,  
 But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
 For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,  
 'And drink some beer with me?'

20

'No, I will neither eat nor drink  
 Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,  
'Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein,  
You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him to a private room,  
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,  
Whilst one drop of blood would run. 30

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,  
And locked him up in the room ;  
There did he bleed all the live-long day,  
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,  
Thinking for to be gone ;  
He was so weak he could not leap,  
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee ; 40  
He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,  
As he sat under the tree,  
'I fear my master is near dead,  
He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirklea is gone,  
As fast as he can dree ;  
But when he came to Kirklea-hall,  
He broke locks two or three : 50

Until he came bold Robin to,  
Then he fell on his knee :  
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,  
'Master, I beg of thee.'



'What is that boon,' quoth Robin Hood,  
 'Little John, thou'lt beg of me?'  
 'It is to burn fair Kirklea-hall,  
 And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
 'That boon I'll not grant thee ;  
 I never hurt woman in all my life,  
 Nor man in woman's company. 60

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
 Nor at my end shall it be ;  
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;  
 And where this arrow is taken up,  
 There shall my grave digg'd be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,  
 And another at my feet :  
 And lay my bent bow by my side,  
 Which was my music sweet ;  
 And make my grave of gravel and green,  
 Which is most right and meet. 70

'Let me have length and breadth enough,  
 With a green sod under my head ;  
 That they may say, when I am dead,  
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promis'd him,  
 Which did bold Robin please ;  
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
 Near to the fair Kirkleas. 80

## 4. THE WANDERING JEW.

WHENAS in fair Jerusalem  
 Our Saviour Christ did live,  
 And for the sins of all the world  
 His own dear life did give ;  
 The wicked Jews with scoffs and scorns  
 Did daily him molest,  
 That never till he left his life  
 Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,  
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10  
 In scornful sort they led him forth  
 Unto his dying place,  
 Where thousand thousands in the street  
 Beheld him pass along,  
 Yet not one gentle heart was there,  
 That pitied this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,  
 As in the street he went,  
 And nought he found but churlish taunts,  
 By every one's consent : 20  
 His own dear cross he bore himself,  
 A burthen far too great,  
 Which made him in the street to faint,  
 With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,  
 To ease his burthened soul,  
 Upon a stone ; the which a wretch  
 Did churlishly control ;

And said, Away, thou king of Jews !  
Thou shalt not rest thee here. 80  
Pass on ! Thy execution place  
Thou seest now draweth near.

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;  
At which our Saviour said,  
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walk,  
And have no journey stayed.  
With that this cursed shoemaker,  
For offering Christ this wrong,  
Left wife and children, house and all,  
And went from thence along. 40

Where after he had seen the blood  
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
And to the cross his body nail'd,  
Away with speed he fled,  
Without returning back again  
Unto his dwelling place,  
And wandered up and down the world,  
A runagate most base.

No resting could he find at all,  
No ease nor heart's content, 50  
No house nor home nor biding place,  
But wandering forth he went  
From town to town in foreign lands  
With grievéd conscience still,  
Repenting for the heinous guilt  
Of his fore-passéd ill.

Thus after some few ages passed  
In wandering up and down ;  
He much again desired to see  
Jerusalem's renown ; 60

But, finding it all quite destroyed,  
 He wandered thence with woe,  
 Our Saviour's words, which he had spoke,  
 To verify and show.

'I'll rest,' said he, 'but thou shalt walk ;'  
 So doth this wandering Jew  
 From place to place, but cannot rest  
 For seeing countries new ;  
 Declaring still the power of him,  
 Where'er he comes or goes, 70  
 And of all things done in the east  
 Since Christ his death he shows.

The world he hath still compassed round,  
 And seen those nations strange,  
 That hearing of the name of Christ  
 Their idol gods do change :  
 To whom he hath told wondrous things  
 Of time forepast and gone,  
 And to the princes of the world  
 Declares his cause of moan, 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,  
 And yield his mortal breath ;  
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
 He shall not yet see death.  
 For neither looks he old nor young,  
 But as he did those times,  
 When Christ did suffer on the cross  
 For mortal sinners' crimes.

He hath past through many a foreign place,  
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90  
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
 And throughout all Hungaria,

Where Paul and Peter preachéd Christ,  
 Those blest Apostles dear,  
 There he hath told our Saviour's words,  
 In countries far and near.

And lately in Bohemia,  
 With many a German town,  
 And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,  
 He wandereth up and down ; 100  
 Where learned men with him confer  
 Of those his lingering days,  
 And wonder much to hear him tell  
 His journeys and his ways.

If people give this Jew an alms,  
 The most that he will take  
 Is not above a groat a time ;  
 Which he, for Jesus' sake,  
 Will kindly give unto the poor,  
 And thereof make no spare, 110  
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ  
 Of him hath daily care.

He ne'er was seen to laugh nor smile,  
 But weep and make great moan,  
 Lamenting still his miseries,  
 And days forepast and gone.  
 If he hear any one blaspheme,  
 Or take God's name in vain,  
 He tells them that they crucify  
 Their Saviour Christ again. 120

'If you had seen his death,' saith he,  
 'As these mine eyes have done,  
 Ten thousand thousand times would ye  
 His torments think upon,

And suffer for his sake all pain  
 Of torments, and all woes.'  
 These are his words and eke his life  
 Where'er he comes or goes.

### 5. SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

WAS ever knight for lady's sake  
 So tost in love, as I Sir Guy  
 For Phyllis fair, that lady bright  
 As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,  
 The valiant knight with shield and spear,  
 Ere that her love she would grant me ;  
 Which made me venture far and near.

Then provéd I a baron bold,  
 In deeds of arms the doughtiest knight 10  
 That in those days in England was,  
 With sword and spear in field to fight.

An English man I was by birth :  
 In faith of Christ a christian true :  
 The wicked laws of infidels  
 I sought by prowess to subdue.

Nine hundred twenty years and odd  
 After our Saviour Christ his birth,  
 When king Athélstone wore the crown,  
 I livéd here upon the earth. 20

Sometime I was of Warwick Earl,  
 And, as I said, of very truth  
 A lady's love did me constrain  
 To seek strange ventures in my youth :

To win me fame by feats of arms  
In strange and sundry heathen lands ;  
Where I achievéd for her sake  
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sailed to Normandy,  
And there I stoutly won in fight 80  
The emperor's daughter of Almaine,  
From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passéd I the seas to Greece  
To help the emperor in his right ;  
Against the mighty Soldan's host  
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

There did I slay of Saracens  
And heathen pagans many a man,  
And slew the Soldan's cousin dear,  
Who had to name doughty Coldrán. 40

Eskeldered a famous knight  
To death likewise I did pursue :  
And Elmain king of Tyre also,  
Most terrible in fight to view.

I went into the Soldan's host,  
Being thither on embassage sent,  
And brought his head away with me,  
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land  
Most fiercely met me by the way, 50  
As he a lion did pursue,  
Which I myself did also slay.

Then soon I passed the seas from Greece,  
And came to Pavia land aright,  
Where I the duke of Pavia killed,  
His heinous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speed,  
 To wed fair Phyllis, lady bright,  
 For love of whom I travelled far  
 To try my manhood and my might. 60

But when I had espoused her,  
 I stayed with her but forty days,  
 Ere that I left this lady fair  
 And went from her beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,  
 My voyage from her I did take  
 Unto the blessed Holy-land,  
 For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake.

Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,  
 And all his sons, which were fifteen, 70  
 Who with the cruel Saracens  
 In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant  
 In battle fiercely hand to hand,  
 And doughty Barknard killéd I,  
 A treacherous knight of Pavia land.

Then I to England came again,  
 And here with Colbrond fell I fought,  
 An ugly giant, which the Danes  
 Had for their champion hither brought. 80

I overcame him in the field  
 And slew him soon right valiantly,  
 Whereby this land I did redeem  
 From Danish tribute utterly.

And afterwards I offered up  
 The use of weapons solemnly  
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
 In sight of many far and nigh.



But first near Windsor I did slay  
 A boar of passing might and strength, 90  
 Whose like in England never was  
 For hugeness both in breadth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwick yet  
 Within the castle there do lie :  
 One of his thigh-bones to this day  
 Hangs in the city of Coventry.

On Dunsmore heath I also slew  
 A monstrous wild and cruel beast,  
 Call'd the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath,  
 Which many people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwick yet  
 Still for a monument do lie,  
 Which, there exposed to looker's view  
 As wondrous strange, one may espy.

A dragon in Northumberland  
 I also did in fight destroy,  
 Which did both man and beast oppress,  
 And all the country sore annoy.

At length to Warwick I did come,  
 Like pilgrim poor, and was not known ; 110  
 And there I lived a hermit's life  
 A mile and more out of the town ;

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
 Out of a craggy rock of stone,  
 And livéd like a palmer poor  
 Within that cave myself alone ;

And daily came to beg my bread  
 Of Phyllis at my castlegate,  
 Not known unto my lovéd wife,  
 Who daily mournéd for her mate. 120

Till at the last I fell sore sick,  
 Yea sick so sore that I must die ;  
 I sent to her a ring of gold,  
 By which she knew me presently.

Then she, repairing to the cave  
 Before that I gave up the ghost,  
 Herself closed up my dying eyes—  
 My Phyllis fair, whom I loved most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
 To bring my corpse unto the grave ; 130  
 And like a palmer diéd I,  
 Whereby I sought my soul to save.

My body that endured this toil,  
 Though now it be consumed to mould—  
 My statue fair engraven in stone—  
 In Warwick still you may behold.

## 6. JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

HAVE you not heard, these many years ago,  
 Jephthah was judge of Israel ?  
 He had one only daughter and no mo,  
 The which he lovéd passing well :  
     And, as by lot,  
     God wot,  
     It so came to pass,  
     As God's will was,  
 That great wars there should be,  
 And none should be chosen chief but he. 10

And when he was appointed Judge,  
 And chieftain of the company,  
 A solemn vow to God he made :  
 If he returned with victory,  
     At his return  
     To burn  
     The first live thing  
 That should meet with him then,  
 Of his house, when he should return again.

It came to pass, the war was o'er, 20  
 And he returned with victory ;  
 His dear and only daughter first of all  
 Came to meet her father foremostly ;  
     And all the way  
     She did play  
     On tabret and pipe  
     Full many a stripe,  
 With note so high,  
 For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear 30  
 Coming on most foremostly,  
 He wrung his hands and tore his hair,  
 And criéd out most piteously :  
     Oh ! it's thou, said he,  
     That hast brought me  
     Low,  
 And troubled me so,  
 That I know not what to do ;

For I have made a vow, he said,  
 The which must be replenishéd. 40  
 . . . . .  
 'What thou hast spoke  
 Do not revoke ;

What thou hast said,  
 Be not afraid ;  
 Altho' it be I,  
 Keep promises to God on high.

'But, dear father, grant me one request,  
 That I may go to the wilderness,  
 Three months there with my friends to stay,  
 There to bewail my virginity ;  
 And let there be,'  
 Said she,  
 'Some two or three  
 Young maids with me.'  
 So he sent her away,  
 For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

50

## 7. KING LEAR.

KING LEAR once ruled in this land  
 With princely power and peace,  
 And had all things with heart's content  
 That might his joys increase.  
 Amongst those things that nature gave  
 Three daughters fair had he,  
 So princely seeming, beautiful,  
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleased the king  
 A question thus to move,  
 Which of his daughters to his grace  
 Could show the dearest love :

10

'For to my age you bring content,'  
 Quoth he, 'then let me hear,  
 Which of you three in plighted troth  
 The kindest will appear.'

To whom the eldest thus began :  
 'Dear father mine,' quoth she,  
 'Before your face to do you good,  
 My blood shall render'd be : 20  
 And for your sake my bleeding heart  
 Shall here be cut in twain,  
 Ere that I see your reverend age  
 The smallest grief sustain.'

'And so will I,' the second said,  
 'Dear father, for your sake,  
 The worst of all extremities  
 I'll gently undertake,  
 And serve your highness night and day  
 With diligence and love, 30  
 That sweet content and quietness  
 Discomforts may remove.'

'In doing so, you glad my soul,'  
 The aged king replied :  
 'But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,  
 How is thy love allied ?'  
 'My love,' quoth young Cordelia then,  
 'Which to your grace I owe,  
 Shall be the duty of a child,  
 And that is all I'll show.' 40

'And wilt thou show no more,' quoth he,  
 'Than doth thy duty bind ?  
 I well perceive thy love is small,  
 Whenas no more I find.  
 Henceforth I banish thee my court ;  
 Thou art no child of mine ;

Nor any part of this my realm  
By favour shall be thine.

'Thy elder sisters' loves are more  
Than I can well demand,  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdom and my land,  
My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
Until my dying day.'

50

Thus flattering speeches won renown  
By these two sisters here ;  
The third had causeless banishment,  
Yet was her love more dear :  
For poor Cordelia patiently  
Went wand'ring up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle maid,  
Through many an English town.

60

Until at last in famous France  
She gentler fortunes found ;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
The fairest on the ground :  
Where, when the king her virtues heard,  
And this fair lady seen,  
With full consent of all his court,  
He made his wife and queen.

70

Her father, King Lear, this while  
With his two daughters stay'd :  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
Full soon the same decay'd ;  
And living in Queen Regan's court,  
The eldest of the twain,  
She took from him his chiefest means,  
And most of all his train.

80

For whereas twenty men were wont  
 To wait with bended knee,  
 She gave allowance but to ten,  
 And after scarce to three ;  
 Nay, one she thought too much for him ;  
 So took she all away,  
 In hope that in her court, good king,  
 He would no longer stay.

'Am I rewarded thus,' quoth he,  
 'In giving all I have . . . . . 90  
 Unto my children, and to beg  
 For what I lately gave ?  
 I'll go unto my Gonorell :  
 My second child, I know,  
 Will be more kind and pitiful,  
 And will relieve my woe.'

Full fast he hies then to her court ;  
 Who, when she heard his moan,  
 Return'd him answer, that she griev'd  
 That all his means were gone ; . . . . . 100  
 But no way could relieve his wants ;  
 Yet, if that he would stay  
 Within her kitchen, he should have  
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,  
 He made his answer then ;  
 'In what I did, let me be made  
 Example to all men.  
 I will return again,' quoth he,  
 'Unto my Regan's court ; . . . . . 110  
 She will not use me thus, I hope,  
 But in a kinder sort.'

Where when he came she gave command  
 To drive him thence away :  
 When he was well within her court  
 (She said) he would not stay.  
 Then back again to Gonorell  
 The woful king did hie,  
 That in her kitchen he might have  
 What scullion boys set by.

120

But there of that he was denied,  
 Which she had promised late ;  
 For once refusing, he should not  
 Come after to her gate.  
 Thus 'twixt his daughters for relief  
 He wander'd up and down ;  
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food,  
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
 His youngest daughter's words,  
 That said the duty of a child  
 Was all that love affords,  
 But doubting to repair to her  
 Whom he had banish'd so,  
 Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind  
 He bore the wounds of woe :

130

Which made him rend his milkwhite locks  
 And tresses from his head,  
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
 With age and honour spread.  
 To hills and woods and watery founts  
 He made his hourly moan,  
 Till hills and woods and senseless things  
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

140



Even thus possest with discontents,  
He passed o'er to France,  
In hopes from fair Cordelia there  
To find some gentler chance ;  
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard  
Of this her father's grief, 150  
As duty bound she quickly sent  
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,  
In brave and gallant sort,  
She gave in charge he should be brought  
To Aganippus' court ;  
Which royal king with noble mind  
So freely gave consent  
To muster up his knights at arms,  
To fame and courage bent ; 160

And so to England came with speed,  
To repossess King Lear  
And drive his daughters from their thrones  
By his Cordelia dear.  
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
Was in the battle slain ;  
Yet he, good king, in his old days,  
Possess his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
Who died indeed for love 170  
Of her dear father, in whose cause  
She did this battle move,  
He swooning fell upon her breast,  
From whence he never parted,  
But on her bosom left his life,  
That was so truly hearted.

## 8. THE FROLICSOME DUKE.

Now, as fame does report, a young Duke keeps a court,  
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport ;  
 But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,  
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true  
 jest :

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,  
 As secure in sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The Duke said to his men, 'William, Richard, and Ben,  
 Take him home to my palace ; we'll sport with him then.'  
 O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd  
 To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd. 10  
 Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and  
 hose,  
 And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,  
 They did give him clean holland ; this was no great hurt :  
 On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,  
 They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.  
 In the morning, when day, then admiring he lay,  
 For to see the rich chamber, both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,  
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait, 20  
 And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare  
 He desired to know what apparel he'd wear :  
 The poor tinker, amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd  
 And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,  
 Which he straitways put on without longer dispute,  
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,  
 And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;

For he said to himself, 'Where is Joan my sweet wife ;  
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.' 30

From a convenient place, the right Duke, his good grace,  
Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is great ;  
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was drest both for him and his guests :  
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,  
With a rich golden canopy over his head : 40  
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,  
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,  
Rich canary, with sherry and tent superfine,  
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,  
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll  
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,  
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the Duke did ordain they should strip him amain,  
And restore him his old leather garments again : 50  
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,  
And they carried him straight where they found him at first.  
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;  
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,  
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream ;  
Till at length he was brought to the Duke, where he sought  
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought.  
But his highness he said, 'Thou'rt a jolly bold blade :  
Such a frolic before, I think, never was play'd.' 60

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,  
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke,  
 Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground :  
 'Thou shalt never,' said he 'range the countries around,  
 Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,  
 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.'

Then the tinker replied : 'What ! must Joan my sweet bride  
 Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?  
 Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?  
 Then I'll be a squire, I well understand. 70  
 Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace ;  
 I was never before in so happy a case !'

### 9. KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

HE put his spear into his rest,  
 And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry :  
 Now set thyself upon thy guard,  
 For, traitor, now thy death is nigh.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,  
 And fierce to meet the king ran he :  
 The king his spear he through him thrust ;  
 A fathom thorough his body.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
 And found that he was wounded so ; 10  
 He thrust himself upon the spear,  
 And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly diéd Sir Mordred  
 Presently upon that tree,  
 And bloody streams ran from the king  
 Ere to the duke returnéd he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake :

Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried ;  
 Now take my sword Excalibar,  
 That hangs so freely by my side : 20

O take my sword Excalibar,  
 And there into the river throw :  
 For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,  
 All use of weapons I forego.

And fare thee well, thou trusty sword !  
 A better ne'er had valiant knight ;  
 With thee full oft, and many a day,  
 Have I withstood my foe in fight.

With this good falchion in my hand  
 Oft have I reaped the bloody field : 30  
 But now the fatal hour is come,  
 That never more I may thee wield.

The duke to the river side he went,  
 And there his own sword in threw he :  
 But he kept back Excalibar,  
 He kept it back in privity.

For all of coleyne was the blade,  
 And all the hilt of precious stone :  
 And ever alack ! then said the knight,  
 Must such a sword away be thrown ? 40

Then back he came unto the king,  
 Who said, Sir Lukyn, what did ye see ?  
 Nothing, my liege, save that the wind  
 Blew o'er the waters fair and free.

O go again, then said the king,  
 O good Sir Lukyn, go again :  
 Into the river throw my sword,  
 Nor keep me lingering here in pain.

The duke then to the river went,  
 And the king's scabbard in threw he ; 50  
 But he kept back Excalibar,  
 And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,  
 Who said, Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought ?  
 Nothing, my liege, save that the wind  
 Now with the angry waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the king,  
 Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully.  
 Alack, whom may we ever trust,  
 When such a knight so false can be ? 60

Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
 All for a sword that wins thine eye ?  
 Now go again, and throw it in,  
 Or here the one of us shall die.

The duke, all shamed with this rebuke,  
 No answer made unto the king,  
 But to the river took the sword,  
 And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,  
 And flourished three times in the air ; 70  
 Then sank beneath the running stream,  
 And of the duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke ;  
 He stood as still, as still might be :  
 Then hastened back to tell the king :  
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,  
 For never after he did him spy :  
 But he saw a barge go from the land,  
 And he heard ladies howl and cry. 80

And whether the king were there, or not,  
 He never knew, nor ever could :  
 For from that sad and direful day,  
 He never more was seen on mould.

## 10. THE DEMON LOVER.

'O WHERE have you been, my long, long, love,  
 This long seven years and more?'

'O I'm come to seek my former vows  
 Ye granted me before.'

'O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
 For they will breed sad strife ;

O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
 For I am become a wife.'

He turn'd him right and round about,  
 And the tear blinded his ee ;

10

'I would never have trodden on Irish ground,  
 If it had not been for thee.

'I might have had a king's daughter,  
 Far, far beyond the sea ;

I might have had a king's daughter,  
 Had it not been for love of thee.'

'If ye might have had a king's daughter,  
 Yourself you had to blame ;

Ye might have taken the king's daughter,  
 For ye knew that I was nane.'

20

'O false are the vows of womankind,  
 But fair is their false body ;

I ne'er would have trodden on Irish ground  
 Had it not been for love of thee.'

'If I was to leave my husband dear,  
 And my two babes also,  
 O what have you to take me to,  
 If with you I should go?'

'I have seven ships upon the sea,  
 The eighth brought me to land ;  
 With four and twenty bold mariners,  
 And music on every hand.'

30

She has taken up her two little babes,  
 Kiss'd them both cheek and chin ;  
 'O fare ye well, my own two babes,  
 For I'll never see you agin.'

She set her foot upon the ship,  
 No mariners could she behold ;  
 But the sails were of the taffetic,  
 And the masts of the beaten gold.

40

She had not sail'd a league, a league,  
 A league but barely three,  
 When dismal grew his countenance,  
 And dreary grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold  
 Bent not on the heaving seas ;  
 And the sails that were of the taffetic  
 Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sail'd a league, a league,  
 A league but barely three,  
 Until she espied his cloven foot,  
 And she wept right bitterly.

50

'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,  
 'Of your weeping now let be ;  
 I will show you how the lilies grow  
 On the banks of Italy.'



'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?'

'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,  
'Where you will never win.'

60

'O what a mountain is yon,' she said,  
'All so dreary with frost and snow?'

'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,  
'Where you and I will go.'

And aye when she turn'd her round about  
Aye taller he seemed to be;  
Until that the tops of that gallant ship  
No taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark and the wind grew loud,  
And the lightning filled her ee;  
And woeful wail'd the snowwhite sprites  
Upon the stormy sea.

70

He struck the topmast with his hand.  
The foremast with his knee:  
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
And sank her in the sea.

## 11. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady  
How she woo'd an English man?  
Garments gay and rich as may be,  
Decked with jewels, had she on;  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lie:

Cupid's bands did tie her faster,  
 By the liking of an eye ; 10  
 In his courteous company was all her joy,  
 To favour him in anything she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment  
 For to set the ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned,  
 None to do them injury :  
 'Alas !' then said this lady gay, 'full woe is me ;  
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

'O gallant captain, show some pity  
 To a lady in distress ; 20  
 Leave me not within the city,  
 For to die in heaviness ;  
 Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
 But my heart in prison strong remains with thee.'

'How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me.  
 Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?  
 Thy fair words make me suspect thee ;  
 Serpents are where flowers grow.'  
 'All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,  
 God grant unto myself the same may fully light : 30

'Blessed be the time and season  
 That you came on Spanish ground ;  
 If you may our foes be termed,  
 Gentle foes we have you found.  
 With our city you have won our hearts each one ;  
 Then to your country bear away that is your own.'

'Rest you still, most gallant lady,  
 Rest you still, and weep no more ;  
 Of fair lovers there are plenty ;  
 Spain doth yield a wondrous store.' 40

'Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
But English men throughout the world are counted kind.

'Leave me not unto a Spaniard ;  
You alone enjoy my heart ;  
I am lovely, young, and tender,  
And so love is my desert.  
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is press'd ;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.'

'It would be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence ;

50

English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence.'

'I will quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page I'll follow thee where'er thou'lt go.'

'I have neither gold nor silver  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel, 'tis great charges,  
As you know, in every place.'

'My chains and jewels everyone shall be thine own, 59  
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.'

'On the seas are many dangers ;  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears to watery eyes.'

'Well in truth I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

'Courteous lady, be contented :  
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife :

70

I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames in Spain.'

‘O how happy is that woman,  
 That enjoys so true a friend !  
 Many days of joy God send you !  
 Of my suit I’ll make an end.  
 On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,  
 Which did from love and true affection first commence.

‘Commend me to thy loving lady :  
 Bear to her this chain of gold, 80  
 And these bracelets for a token ;  
 Grieving that I was so bold.  
 All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,  
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

‘I will spend my days in prayer,  
 Love and all her laws defy,  
 In a nunnery will I shroud me,  
 Far from any company :  
 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this, 89  
 To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

‘Thus farewell, most gentle captain,  
 And farewell my heart’s content !  
 Count not Spanish ladies wayward,  
 Though to thee my love was bent.  
 Joy and true prosperity go still with thee !’  
 ‘The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady.’

## 12. THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

You beauteous ladies great and small,  
 I write unto you, one and all,  
 Whereby that you may understand  
 What I have suffer’d in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,  
My father's chief and only heir,  
But when my good old father died,  
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;           10  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,  
They robb'd my bower, and slew my knight,  
And after that my knight was slain,  
I could no longer there remain.

My servants all from me did fly  
In the midst of my extremity,  
And left me by myself alone  
With a heart more cold than any stone.           20

Yet, though my heart was full of care,  
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;  
Wherefore in haste I changed my name  
From fair Elise to Sweet William.

And therewithal I cut my hair,  
And dress'd myself in man's attire ;  
And in my beaver, hose, and band,  
I travell'd far through many a land.

With a silver rapier by my side,  
So like a gallant I did ride ;           30  
The thing that I delighted on,  
It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous man's array  
I bravely rode along the way ;  
And at the last it chanced so  
That I to the king's court did go.

Then to the king I bow'd full low,  
 My love and duty for to show ;  
 And so much favour I did crave,  
 That I a serving-man's place might have. 40

'Stand up, brave youth,' the king replied.  
 'Thy service shall not be denied ;  
 But tell me first what thou canst do ;  
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

'Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
 To wait upon my nobles all ?  
 Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,  
 To wait on me when I do dine ?

'Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,  
 To make my bed both soft and fine ? 50  
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard ?  
 And I will give thee thy reward.'

Sweet William, with a smiling face,  
 Said to the king, 'If't please your Grace  
 To show such favour unto me,  
 Your chamberlain I fain would be.'

The king then did the nobles call,  
 To ask the counsel of them all ;  
 Who gave consent Sweet William he  
 The king's own chamberlain should be. 60

Now mark what strange thing came to pass :  
 As the king one day a-hunting was,  
 With all his lords and noble train,  
 Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then  
 With him at home, but an old man :  
 And when he saw the house was clear,  
 He took a lute which he had there.

Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,  
 And to the same he sang and said, 70  
 With a sweet and noble voice,  
 Which made the old man to rejoice :

'My father was as brave a lord  
 As ever Europe did afford,  
 My mother was a lady bright,  
 My husband was a valiant knight :

'And I myself a lady gay,  
 Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array ;  
 The bravest lady in the land  
 Had not more pleasure at command. 80

'I had my music every day,  
 Harmonious lessons for to play ;  
 I had my virgins fair and free  
 Continually to wait on me.

'But now, alas ! my husband's dead,  
 And all my friends are from me fled ;  
 My former joys are pass'd and gone,  
 For I am now a serving-man.'

At last the king from hunting came,  
 And presently, upon the same, 90  
 He called for this good old man,  
 And thus to speak the king began :

'What news, what news, old man ?" quoth he ;  
 'What news hast thou to tell me ?'  
 'Brave news,' the old man he did say :  
 'Sweet William is a lady gay.'

'If this be true thou tell'st to me,  
 I'll make thee lord of high degree ;  
 But if thy words do prove a lie,  
 Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.' 100

But when the king the truth had found,  
 His joys did more and more abound :  
 According as the old man did say,  
 Sweet William was a lady gay.

Therefore the king without delay  
 Put on her glorious rich array,  
 And upon her head a crown of gold  
 Which was most famous to behold.

And then, for fear of further strife,  
 He took Sweet William for his wife : 110  
 The like before was never seen,  
 A serving-man to be a queen.

### 13. JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

THERE dwelt a man in fair Westmorland,  
 Johnnie Armstrong they did him call ;  
 He had neither lands nor rents coming in,  
 Yet eightscore men he kept in his hall.

He had horses and harness for them all,  
 Goodly steeds that were all milkwhite,  
 Goodly bands about their necks,  
 With hats and feathers all alike.

But news was brought unto the King  
 That there was such a one as he, 10  
 That livéd like a bold outlaw,  
 And robbéd all the north countrie.

The King he sent a broad letter  
 Sign'd with his own hand so lovingly,  
 And hath bidden Johnnie Armstrong therein  
 To come and speak with him speedily.



When Johnnie looked this letter upon,  
His heart was blithe as bird on tree :  
'I was never before a King in my life,  
My father, my grandfather, none of us three. 20

'And now, since we're going before the King,  
Lord, we will go most gallantly !  
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,  
Laid down with golden laces three.

'Ye shall every one have a scarlet cloak,  
Laid down with silver laces white ;  
With your golden bands about your necks,  
Black hats, white feathers, all alike.'

But when Johnnie went from Giltnock Hall,  
The wind blew hard, and fast did it rain : 30  
'Now fare thee well thou Giltnock Hall !  
I fear I shall never see thee again.'

Now Johnnie he is to Edinborough gone,  
With his eightscore men so gallantly ;  
Every one on a milkwhite steed,  
With sword and buckler at his knee.

When Johnnie came before the King,  
He fell down low upon his knee :  
'O pardon my sovereign liege !' he said,  
'O pardon my eightscore men and me !' 40

'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traitor strong,  
For those thy eightscore men nor thee ;  
To-morrow morning, by ten of the clock,  
Ye all shall hang on the gallows-tree.'

Then Johnnie look'd over his left shouldér,  
And to his merry men thus said he :  
'I have askéd grace of a graceless face ;  
No pardon there is for you and me.'

At Johnnie's belt was a bright broadsword,  
 That swiftly out of his sheath pull'd he ; 50  
 And had not the King moved his foot aside,  
 He had smitten the head from his fair body ;

Saying, 'Fight on, my merry men all,  
 And see that none of you be ta'en ;  
 Rather than men shall say we were hang'd,  
 Let them report how we were slain.'

Then I wot, fair Edinborough rose,  
 And so beset poor Johnnie around,  
 That fourscore and ten of John's best men  
 Lay gasping there on bloody ground. 60

Like a bold fellow John laid about,  
 And like a madman there fought he ;  
 Till a false Scot drew in behind,  
 And ran him through the fair body.

Says Johnnie, 'Fight on, my merry men all !  
 I'm a little wounded, but I'm not slain ;  
 I will lay me down to bleed awhile,  
 And then rise up and fight again.'

So they fought on courageously,  
 Till every man of them was slain ; 70  
 But little Musgrave, that was Johnnie's foot-page,  
 On his master's horse rode off unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock Hall,  
 The lady spied him presently :  
 'What news, what news, thou little foot-page ?  
 What news from thy master and his company ?'

'My news is bad news, lady,' he said,  
 'And very bad as you may see ;  
 My master, Johnnie Armstrong, is slain,  
 And all his gallant company.' 80

## 14. THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

'Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,  
'And put on your armour so bright ;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.

'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest's away the last night.'

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey, 10  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William looked o'er his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,  
Come riding o'er the lea.

'Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father, I make a stand.' 20

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,  
And her father hard fighting who loved her so dear.

'O hold your hand, Lord William !' she said,  
'For your strokes they are wondrous sore ;  
True lovers I can get many a one,  
But a father I can never get more.'

O, she's taken out her handkerchief,  
 It was of the holland so fine, 30  
 And aye she wiped her father's bloody wounds,  
 That were redder than the wine.

'O choose, O choose, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,  
 'O whether will ye go or bide?'  
 'I'll go, I'll go, Lord William,' she said,  
 'For you have left me no other guide.'

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
 And himself on a dapple grey,  
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
 And slowly they both rode away. 40

O they rode on, and on they rode,  
 And all by the light of the moon,  
 Until they came to yon wan water,  
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink  
 Of the spring that ran so clear ;  
 And down the stream ran his good heart's blood,  
 And sore she 'gan to fear.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
 'For I fear that you are slain !' 50  
 'Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
 That shines in the water so plain.'

O they rode on, and on they rode,  
 And all by the light of the moon,  
 Until they came to his mother's hall door,  
 And there they lighted down.

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
 'Get up and let me in !'  
 Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
 'For this night my fair lady I've win. 60

'O make my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
'O make it broad and deep!  
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleep.'

Lord William was dead long ere midnight,  
Lady Marg'ret long ere day;  
And all true lovers that go together,  
May they have more luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,  
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire; 70  
Out of the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,  
And out of the knight's a brier.

And they two met, and they two twined,  
And fain they would be near;  
And all the world might know right well,  
They were two lovers dear.

But by there rode the Black Douglas,  
And wow but he was rough!  
For he pull'd up the bonnie brier,  
And flung it in St. Marie's Loch. 80

## 15. LORD RANDAL.

'O, WHERE have ye been, Lord Randal, my son,  
O, where have ye been, my handsome young man?'  
'I have been to the wood; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'Where got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?'  
'I dined with my love; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'What got ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
 What got ye to dinner, my handsome young man?' 10  
 'I got eels boil'd in broth; mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
 And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?'  
 'O, they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'O, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!  
 O, I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!'  
 'O, yes, I am poison'd! mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down.' 20

## 16. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
 These words which I shall write;  
 A doleful story you shall hear,  
 In time brought forth to light.  
 A gentleman of good account  
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
 Who did in honour far surmount  
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was and like to die,  
 No help his life could save; 10  
 His wife by him as sick did lie,  
 And both possest one grave.  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kind;  
 In love they lived, in love they died,  
 And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy  
 Not passing three years old,  
 The other a girl more young than he,  
 And framed in beauty's mould. 20  
 The father left his little son,  
 As plainly did appear,  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane  
 Five hundred pounds in gold,  
 To be paid down on marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controll'd.  
 But if the children chance to die  
 Ere they to age should come, 30  
 Their uncle should possess their wealth;  
 For so the will did run.

'Now, brother,' said the dying man,  
 'Look to my children dear;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friends else have they here:  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children dear this day;  
 But little while, be sure, we have  
 Within this world to stay. 40

'You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle, all in one;  
 God knows what will become of them  
 When I am dead and gone.'  
 With that bespake their mother dear:  
 'O brother kind,' quoth she,  
 'You are the man must bring our babes  
 To weal or misery.

'And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward ; 50  
 But if you otherwise should deal,  
 God will your deeds regard.'  
 With lips as cold as any stone,  
 They kiss'd their children small :  
 'God bless you both, my children dear !'  
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sick couple there :  
 'The keeping of your little ones,  
 Sweet sister, do not fear ; 60  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children dear  
 When you are laid in grave !'

The parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And brings them straight unto his house,  
 Where much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a day, 70  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young,  
 And slay them in a wood.  
 He told his wife an artful tale :  
 He would the children send  
 To be brought up in London town  
 With one that was his friend. 80



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

So that the pretty speech they had  
 Made Murder's heart relent ; 90  
 And they that undertook the deed  
 Full sore did now repent.  
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
 Did vow to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch that hiréd him  
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fall to strife ;  
 With one another they did fight  
 About the children's life : 100  
 And he that was of mildest mood  
 Did slay the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood ;—  
 The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
 Tears standing in their eye,  
 And bade them straightway follow him,  
 And look they did not cry ;  
 And two long miles he led them on,  
 While they for food complain : 110  
 'Stay here,' quoth he ; 'I'll bring you bread  
 When I come back again.'

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

120

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

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell ;  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house ;  
 His conscience felt an hell ;  
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
 His lands were barren made,  
 His cattle died within the field,  
 And nothing with him stay'd.

130

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

140

The fellow that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robbery judged to die—  
 Such was God's blessed will—  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 As here hath been display'd, 150  
 The uncle having died in jail,  
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that exécutors be made,  
 And overseers eke,  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek,  
 Take for example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God with such like misery  
 Your wicked minds requite. 160

### 17. BARBARA ALLEN.

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,  
 There was a fair maid dwelling,  
 Made every youth cry Well-away!  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swelling,  
 Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town where she was dwelling : 10  
 'O haste and come to my master dear,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

Slowly, slowly rose she up,  
 And she came where he was lying ;  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 Says, ' Young man, I think you're dying.'

' O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,  
 And it's all for Barbara Allen.'

' O the better for me ye'll never be,  
 Though your heart's blood were a-spilling !      20

' O do not ye mind, young man,' she says,  
 ' When the red wine ye were filling,  
 That ye made the healths go round and round,  
 And ye slighted Barbara Allen ?'

He turned his face unto the wall,  
 And death was with him dealing :  
 ' Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all ;  
 Be kind to Barbara Allen.'

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
 She heard the bell a-knelling ;      30  
 And every stroke did seem to say,  
 ' Unworthy Barbara Allen !'

' O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 To lay me down in sorrow.  
 My love has died for me to-day,  
 I'll die for him to-morrow.'

## 18. BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought with an indignant mien  
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak  
 Sate the Druid hoary chief,  
 Every burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage and full of grief :

'Princess ! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs, 10  
 'Tis because resentment ties  
 All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish,—write that word  
 In the blood that she has spilt ;  
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,  
 Tramples on a thousand states ;  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—  
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates. 20

'Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name,  
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forests of our land,  
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
 Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway, 30  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Bending as he swept the chords  
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow,  
 Rushed to battle, fought and died,  
 Dying, hurled them at the foe. 40

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you !'

*W. Cowper.*

### 19. CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall ;  
 The moon, sweet Regent of the sky  
 Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies ;  
 The sounds of busy life were still,  
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs  
 That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester !' she cried, 'is this thy love  
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me, 10  
 To leave me in this lonely grove,  
 Immured in shameful privity ?

'No more thou com'st with lover's speed  
 Thy once-belovéd bride to see ;  
 But, be she alive, or be she dead,  
 I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received  
 When happy in my father's hall :  
 No faithless husband then me grieved ;  
 No chilling fears did me appal. 20

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
 No lark more blithe, no flower more gay:  
 And like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
 So merrily sung the live-long day.

'If that my beauty is but small,  
 Among court-ladies all-despised;  
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall  
 Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

'But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,  
 Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows; 30  
 Rather, ambition's gilded crown  
 Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why—again I plead;  
 The injured surely may repine—  
 Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
 When some fair Princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
 And O! then leave them to decay?  
 Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
 Then leave to mourn the live-long day? 40

'The village maidens of the plain  
 Salute me lowly as they go:  
 Envious they mark my silken train,  
 Nor think a Countess can have woe.

'How far less blest am I than them!  
 Daily to pine and waste with care,  
 Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
 Divided, feels the chilling air.

'My spirits flag; my hopes decay;  
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear: 50  
 And many a boding seems to say  
 Countess, prepare! thy end is near!'

Thus sore and sad the lady grieved  
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;  
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,  
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
 And many a cry of mortal fear. 60

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring ;  
 An aerial voice was heard to call ;  
 And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing  
 Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door ;  
 The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;  
 Woe was the hour ! for never more  
 That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more  
 Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball : 70  
 For ever since that dreary hour  
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,  
 Nor ever lead the merry dance  
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,  
 And pensive wept the Countess' fall,  
 As wandering onwards they've espied  
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall. 80

*W. J. Mickle.*



## 20. HART-LEAP WELL.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,  
 And now, as he approached a vassal's door,  
 'Bring forth another horse,' he cried aloud.

'Another horse!'—That shout the vassal heard  
 And saddled his best steed, a comely grey;  
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;  
 The horse and horseman are a happy pair; 10  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar;  
 But horse and man are vanished, one and all;  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:  
 Blanche, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain. 20

The knight halloed, he cheered and chid them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;  
 But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,  
 The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?  
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown?  
 —This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;  
 Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain-side ;  
 I will not stop to tell how far he fled, 30  
 Nor will I mention by what death he died ;  
 But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ;  
 He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :  
 He neither cracked his whip nor blew his horn,  
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat,  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,  
 And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet. 40

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched :  
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
 And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
 The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)  
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—it was at least  
 Four roods of sheer ascent—Sir Walter found 50  
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast  
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, 'Till now  
 Such sight was never seen by human eyes :  
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

'I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
 And a small arbour, made for rural joy ;  
 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
 A place of love for damsels that are coy. 60

'A cunning artist will I have to frame  
 A basin for that fountain in the dell;  
 And they who do make mention of the same,  
 From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

'And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,  
 Another monument shall here be raised:  
 Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

'Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
 My mansion with its arbour shall endure— 70  
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure.'

Then home he went, and left the hart, stone-dead,  
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
 —Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,  
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,  
 A cup of stone received the living well;  
 Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell. 80

And near the fountain flowers of stature tall  
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale.  
 But there is matter for a second rime,  
 And I to this would add another tale.

#### PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade;  
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts; 90  
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three aspens at three corners of a square;  
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine;  
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
 I saw three pillars standing in a line—  
 The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top. 100

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;  
 Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;  
 So that you just might say, as then I said,  
 'Here in old time the hand of man hath been.'

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 More doleful place did never eye survey;  
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
 And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
 When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired, 110  
 Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,  
 And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
 Which in my former rime I have rehearsed.  
 'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old!  
 But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

'You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—  
 Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
 These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,  
 The finest palace of a hundred realms! 120

'The arbour does its own condition tell;  
 You see the stones, the fountain and the stream;  
 But as to the great Lodge—you might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

'There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

'Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part, 180  
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

'What thoughts must through the creature's brain  
have past !  
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
O Master ! it has been a cruel leap.

'For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his deathbed near the well. 140

'Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide ;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

'In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

'Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;  
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ; 150  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.'

'Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :  
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

'The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves. 160

'The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

'She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;  
But at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

'One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals ;  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride 171  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'

*W. Wordsworth.*

## 21. LUCY GRAY.

OR, SOLITUDE.

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray,  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen. 10

'To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, Father, will I gladly do :  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two  
And yonder is the moon !'

20

At this the Father raised his hook  
And snapped a faggot-band ;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb :  
But never reached the town.

30

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

40

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,  
'In heaven we all shall meet ;'  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet,

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
 They tracked the footmarks small ;  
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
 And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed ;  
 The marks were still the same ; 50  
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
 Those footmarks, one by one,  
 Unto the middle of the plank ;  
 And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day  
 She is a living child ;  
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
 Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
 And never looks behind ;  
 And sings a solitary song  
 That whistles in the wind.

*W. Wordsworth.*

## 22. ALICE BRAND.

### I.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

'O Alice Brand, my native land  
 Is lost for love of you ;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do !



'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, 10  
 That on the night of our luckless flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,  
 To keep the cold away.'— 20

—'O Richard! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance:  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

'If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
 As gay the forest green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land, 30  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand.'

## II.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
 On the beech's pride and oak's brown side  
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who wonn'd within the hill—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church  
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 40

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
 For thou wert christen'd man:  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly.  
 For mutter'd word or ban.

50

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,  
 The curse of the sleepless eye;  
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
 Nor yet find leave to die!'

## III.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 Though the birds have still'd their singing;  
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
 And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
 Before Lord Richard stands,  
 And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
 'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,  
 'That is made with bloody hands.'

60

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
 That woman void of fear:  
 'And if there's blood upon his hand,  
 'Tis but the blood of deer.'

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
 It cleaves unto his hand,  
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
 The blood of Ethert Brand.'

70

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
 And made the holy sign :  
 'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
 By Him whom Demons fear,  
 To show us whence thou art thyself,  
 And what thine errand here.'

## IV.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land, 80  
 When fairy birds are singing,  
 When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
 With bit and bridle ringing :

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
 But all is glistening show,  
 Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
 Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,  
 Is our inconstant shape,  
 Who now like knight and lady seem, 90  
 And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,  
 When the Fairy King has power,  
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
 And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away  
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold  
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
 I might regain my mortal mould,  
 As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—  
 That lady was so brave ;  
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
 The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold—  
 He rose beneath her hand  
 The fairest knight on Scottish mould,  
 Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are singing ;      110  
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray  
 When all the bells were ringing.

*Sir. W. Scott.*

### 23. THE PALMER.

'OPEN the door, some pity to show !  
 Keen blows the northern wind ;  
 The glen is white with the drifted snow,  
 And the path is hard to find.

'No outlaw seeks your castle gate,  
 From chasing the king's deer,  
 Though even an outlaw's wretched state  
 Might claim compassion here.

'A weary Palmer worn and weak  
 I wander for my sin ;      110  
 O, open, for Our Lady's sake !  
 A pilgrim's blessing win !

'The hare is crouching in her form  
 The hart beside the hind ;  
 An aged man, amid the storm,  
 No shelter can I find.

'You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,  
 Dark, deep, and strong is he,  
 And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,  
 Unless you pity me.

20

'The iron gate is bolted hard,  
 At which I knock in vain ;  
 The owner's heart is closer barr'd,  
 Who hears me thus complain.

'Farewell, farewell ! and Heaven grant,  
 When old and frail you be,  
 You never may the shelter want  
 That's now denied to me !'

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,  
 And heard him plead in vain ;  
 But oft, amid December's storm,  
 He'll hear that voice again :

30

For lo, when through the vapours dank  
 Morn shone on Ettrick fair,  
 A corpse, amid the alders rank,  
 The Palmer welter'd there.

*Sir W. Scott.*

## 24. THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

'SPEAK, speak, thou fearful guest,  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armour drest,  
 Comest to daunt me !  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
 Why dost thou haunt me ?'

Then from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10  
 As when the Northern skies  
     Gleam in December ;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
     From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old.  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
     No Saga taught thee. 20  
 Take heed that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man's curse !  
     For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern land,  
 By the wild Baltic's strand,  
 I with my childish hand  
     Tamed the ger-falcon,  
 And with my skates fast bound  
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30  
 That the poor whimpering hound  
     Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair  
 Tracked I the grisly bear,  
 While from my path the hare  
     Fled like a shadow ;  
 Oft through the forest dark  
 Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
 Until the soaring lark  
     Sang from the meadow. 40

'But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long winter out ;  
Often our midnight shout  
    Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
    Filled to o'erflowing. 50

'Once, as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendour. 60

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
    Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest,  
    By the hawk frightened. 70

'Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
     Chanting his glory ;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
     To hear my story.

80

'While the brown ale he quaffed,  
 Loud then the champion laughed,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
     The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn  
 Out of those lips unshorn  
 From the deep drinking-horn  
     Blew the foam lightly.

'She was a Prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And though she blushed and smiled,  
     I was discarded.  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
 Why did they leave that night  
     Her nest unguarded ?

90

'Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me,—  
 Fairest of all was she  
     Among the Norsemen—  
 When on the white-sea strand,  
 Waving his arméd hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand  
     With twenty horsemen.

100





'There lived we many years ;  
 Time dried the maiden's tears :  
 She had forgot her fears ;  
     She was a mother ; 140  
 Death closed her mild blue eyes ;  
 Under that tower she lies ;  
 Ne'er shall the sun rise  
     On such another.

'Still grew my bosom then,  
 Still as a stagnant fen.  
 Hateful to me were men,  
     The sunlight hateful.  
 In the vast forest here,  
 Clad in my warlike gear, 150  
 Fell I upon the spear—  
     Oh, death was grateful !

'Thus, seamed with many scars,  
 Bursting the prison-bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
     My soul ascended.  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal* to the Northland, *Skoal* !'  
     —Thus the tale ended. 160

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## 25. THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord  
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;  
 He rises at the banquet board,  
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
 'Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall !'

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall;  
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

10

Then said the lord: 'This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!'  
The grey-beard with trembling hand obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light;  
'This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

20

'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the luck of Edenhall!'

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the sound of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

30

'For its keeper it takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!'

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;  
 And through the rift the wild flames start ;  
 The guests in dust are scattered all,  
 With the breaking Luck of Edenhall. 40

In storms the foe with fire and sword ;  
 He in the night had scaled the wall ;  
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
 But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
 The grey-beard in the desert hall ;  
 He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,  
 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall. 50

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth fall aside,  
 Down must the stately columns fall ;  
 Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;  
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
 One day like the Luck of Edenhall.'

*H. W. Longfellow (from Uhland).*

## 26. CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

The flames roll'd on. He would not go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, 'Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done!' 10  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father,' once again he cried,  
'If I may yet be gone!'  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And look'd from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair; 20

And shouted but once more aloud,  
'My father! must I stay?'  
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder-sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he? 30  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewd the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part;  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that young faithful heart.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## 27. THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

## I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,  
 hast thou  
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!  
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee  
 on high  
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—  
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised  
 thee anew,  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
 blew.

## II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held  
 with our lives—  
 Women and children among us, God help them, our  
 children and wives!  
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at  
 most.  
 'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his  
 post!' 10  
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best  
 of the brave:  
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him  
 that night in his grave.  
 'Every man die at his post!' and there hail'd on our  
 houses and halls  
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their  
 cannon-balls,  
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight  
 barricade,  
 Death while we stood with the musket, and death while  
 we stoopt to the spade,

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often  
 there fell,  
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and  
 their shell,  
 Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen  
 were told of our best,  
 So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that  
 could think for the rest ; 20  
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would  
 rain at our feet—  
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled  
 us round—  
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth  
 of a street,  
 Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace  
 and death in the ground !  
 Mine ? yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down, down ! and  
 creep thro' the hole !  
 Keep the revolver in hand ! you can hear him—the  
 murderous mole !  
 Quiet, ah ! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be  
 thro' !  
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than  
 before—  
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is  
 no more ;  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
 blew ! 30

## III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it  
 chanced on a day  
 Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd  
 away,  
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends  
 in their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon  
yell—

Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard  
the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate!  
storm, and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side  
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily devour'd by  
the tide—

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who  
shall escape? 40

Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are  
soldiers and men!

Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd  
with our grape—

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging  
forward again,

Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could  
not subdue;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

#### IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart  
and in limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey,  
to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but  
on him;

Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day  
fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that  
past: 50

'Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold  
unawares—



Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us  
at last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall  
into theirs!’

Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy  
sprung

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.  
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand  
be as true!

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank  
fusillades—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which  
they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them  
with hand-grenades ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew. 60

## v.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake  
out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces  
or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light  
of the sun—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: ‘Follow me,  
follow me!’—

Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down  
goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the  
traitors had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make  
way for the gun!

Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we  
fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have  
his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us,  
 faithful and few, 70  
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and  
 smote them, and slew,  
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India  
 blew.

## VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do.  
 We can fight!  
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the  
 night—  
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,  
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and  
 soundings to arms,  
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,  
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,  
 Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes  
 around,  
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the  
 ground, 80  
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract  
 skies,  
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,  
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English  
 field,  
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be  
 heal'd,  
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—  
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us  
 a life.  
 Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,  
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,  
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for  
 grief,  
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief, 90

Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we  
knew—  
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the  
still-shatter'd walls  
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—  
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! Is it true what was told by  
the scout,  
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell  
mutineers?  
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our  
ears!  
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,  
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering  
cheers,  
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children  
come out, 100  
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good  
fusileers,  
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet  
with their tears!  
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you?  
is it you?  
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing  
of Heaven!  
'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-  
seven!  
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of  
England blew.

*Lord Tennyson.*

## NOTES.

### 1. THOMAS THE RHYMER.

THIS most interesting and highly imaginative ballad is given in Scott's *Minstrelsy* as derived from MS. copies. The main fabric of it seems to be old; but it is founded on very much older poems, MSS. of which exist at Lincoln, Cambridge, and in the British Museum, and versions of which were first published by Scott and by Jamieson. These older poems contain much fuller accounts, given by Thomas the Rhymer himself, of his weird experiences and his prophecies.

Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, a village on the river Leader just above its junction with the Tweed, was popularly renowned as poet and prophet under the names of 'Thomas the Rhymer' and 'Thomas the True.' He probably lived in the 13th century; for his prophecies had already gained reputation in the early days of Robert Bruce. The popular tale, says Scott, relates that Thomas was carried off at an early age to Fairyland, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence he was permitted to return to the earth to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers, still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress. Once when Thomas was making merry with his friends in the town of Ercildoune, a person came running in and told that a hart and hind were composedly parading the village street. Thomas immediately arose and followed the animals to the forest, whence he never returned. According to popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' (does penance) in Fairyland, and is expected some day to revisit the earth. The Eildon Tree, under which he delivered his prophecies, no longer exists, but the spot is marked by the so-named Eildon Tree Stone. The three roads will remind some readers of a passage in Virgil's *Aeneid*, where the Sibyl points out to Aeneas the roads of the Nether-world. Of the apple, Scott says: 'The traditional commentary on this ballad informs us that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the Terrestrial Paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient has a comic effect.'

My version is mainly that given by Scott; but I have ventured to substitute English equivalents for some of the less common Scotch words. The expression *even cloth* is said to mean *smooth cloth*, i.e., broad-cloth. I know no other example, and am inclined to propose 'Elfin cloth.'

2. **a ferlie**: a wonder, a strange sight or event.

18. **harp and carp**: perhaps 'sing and talk.' To 'carp of woe' (talk or sing of woe?) is used in a stanza of *Chevy Chase* not given by me.

46. **lily leven**: flowery lawn, or mead.

50. **brae**: hillside.

61. **mirk**: murky.

68. **lie**: pronounced *lee* (as in our Biblical 'leasing').

72. **tryst**: appointed meeting—here a market or any such meeting place.

## 2. ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.

58. **lin**: perhaps = **blin**. See on *Chevy Chase*, 155.

## 3. ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH.

THIS ballad is rough in rime and rhythm, but strong and full of pathos.

In the last *Fitt* of the 'Lytell Geste'—which is probably considerably older than *Robin Hood's Death*—we are told that 'a wicked woman, the prioress of Kirkeslea, that nigh was of his kin,' and a knight, Sir Roger of Doncaster 'took together their counsel, Robin Hood to slay.' We are also told that

Then bespake good Robin  
In the place whereas he stood,  
To-morrow I must to Kirkeslea,  
Craftily (skilfully) to be letten blood,

and that when he arrived, he was 'betrayed through this false pair'; but the manner of his death is not described. The old ballad ends thus:

Christ have mercy on his soul  
Who died upon the rood!  
For he was a good outlaw  
And did poor men much good.

**can dree**, in the 12th stanza, means 'can endure,' 'is able.'

## 4. THE WANDERING JEW.

THIS quaint and beautiful ballad reminds one, in its general conception and spirit, of some old Italian painting, or some work of the old German artist Albrecht Dürer.

The following interesting introduction is given in Willmott's edition of Percy's *Reliques* :

'In the year 1228, an Armenian Archbishop was entertained at the Monastery of St. Albans ; and Matthew Paris, a member of the Society, records the particulars of the visit. A Monk, who sat near the stranger, inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of ; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The Archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the Abbot, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well : that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East : that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus ; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster ; why dost thou linger ?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever ; but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit of ecstasy ; out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion ; and is himself a very grave and holy person." Since the time of Matthew Paris several impostors have assumed the name and character of the Wandering Jew. The story in the following ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and said that he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the Crucifixion of Jesus. The ballad, however, seems to be of a later date.'

## 5. SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

BESIDES relating some curious exploits this ballad possesses very great beauty and pathos.

Dr. Percy's preface is as follows :

'This Legend contains a short summary of the exploits of the famous champion as recorded in the old story-books, and is commonly entitled "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of

chivalry achieved by that noble knight, sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and died in a cave of craggy rock, a mile distant from Warwick." The history of Sir Guy, though of English growth, was an early favourite with other nations. It appeared in French in 1525, and is mentioned in the old Spanish romance, "Tirante el Blanco," written soon after 1430. We are told by Dugdale, that an English traveller, about the year 1410, was hospitably received at Jerusalem "by the Soldan's lieutenant; who, hearing that he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his palace," and presented him with costly gifts. The original of all these stories is traced to a very ancient Romance in English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a favourite piece even in his time, being sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and marriage feasts. The following Legend is printed from an old copy in the folio MS., collated with two printed copies, of which one, in black-letter, is the Pepys Collection.'

In an exquisite poem, *Ritter Toggenburg*, Schiller has told a somewhat similar story. Percy gives a longer but inferior ballad (*Guy and Amarant*), in which the feats of Guy in Palestine are recounted.

## 6. JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

DR. PERCY obtained this ballad from Steevens, the well-known commentator of Shakespeare. Whence Steevens procured it is unknown. Some of the stanzas are incomplete. The language (here somewhat modernised) seems ancient, and one is inclined to believe that it is the original ballad from which Hamlet quotes—not quite literally—when chaffing old Polonius:

*Hamlet.* O *Jephthah*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Polonius.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Hamlet.* Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*  
*The which he lovéd passing well.*

*Polonius* (*aside*). Still on my daughter!

*Hamlet.* Am not I in the right, old *Jephthah*?

*Polonius.* If you call me *Jephthah*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Hamlet.* Nay, that follows not.

*Polonius.* What follows then, my lord?

*Hamlet.* Why, *As by lot, God wot.* And then you know *It came to pass, As most like it was.* The first row of the pious chanson will show you more . . .

It will be noticed that the ballad in its latter portion keeps

closely to the account in *Judges* (chap. xi.) and ends with like ambiguity as to the maiden's fate.

a **stripe** (stanza 3): probably 'a strain'; or it may mean 'sort,' 'kind'—for Chaucer uses the word in this sense (Lat. *stirps*).

### 7. KING LEAR.

THE date of this ballad is unknown. Possibly Shakespeare was indebted to it for the story of his *King Lear*; for although old chroniclers tell of King Lear, none of them, it is said, allude to his madness, which is so wonderfully described by Shakespeare, and which is mentioned also by our ballad-poet. The cruel treatment of the old king by Regan and Gonorell and the tragic ending are also points on which the ballad corresponds with the drama. If, therefore, Shakespeare was *not* indebted to the ballad, the ballad-poet was evidently indebted to Shakespeare.

53. **pompal** (later Latin, *pompalis*) is quite as good a word as 'pompous,' and more musical, and might be more commonly used to express that for which we have no other satisfactory word.

### 8. THE FROLICSOME DUKE.

THIS story, which is of Oriental origin and is to be found in the *Arabian Nights*, is used by Shakespeare as an Induction to his *Taming of the Shrew*. He (or perhaps the author of a play which he worked up into his *Taming of the Shrew*) seems to have derived his version of the story from a collection of Comic Prose Stories edited by Edwards in 1570. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) a similar story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and the scene is laid in the city of Bruges.

23. **bare**: *i.e.* bare-headed.

46. **tent**: tinted (dark) wine.

### 9. KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

TOGETHER with this account of King Arthur's death, taken apparently from the celebrated prose *Morte d'Arthur* by Thomas Malory (1470), should be read Tennyson's splendid poem *Morte d'Arthur*, which in later years was inserted by him in the *Passing of Arthur*—the last portion of the *Idylls of the King*. This ballad seems to be old, but Dr. Percy allows that he has 'taken liberties' with the text. I have given only the second half. In the first half is described the fatal battle against the traitor Modred (or Mordred), in which all King Arthur's followers are slain, except 'Lukyn, Duke of Gloster,' and 'the



King's butler, Bedevere.' (Notice that Tennyson makes Sir Bedivere play the part assigned to Sir Lukyn in the ballad.)

37. Percy explains *coleyne* as 'steel.' Can it mean fine steel of Cologne? Cf. 'swords of fine Milan' (*Chevy Chase*).

80. *ladies*: water-sprites. Tennyson's 'three Queens' on the barge are more dignified figures.

84. *on mould*=on earth: an expression found elsewhere in old ballads. Notice the rime. The two words were probably pronounced formerly somewhat similarly.

## 11. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

I HAVE borrowed here the simplified version of this ballad given in Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Children's Garland* (G.T.S.). In his introduction to the original, Dr. Percy says that the ballad is founded on the capture of Cadiz by Lord Essex in 1596. Several families have claimed the hero. The successful claimant seems to be Sir John Bolle, of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire—knighted by Elizabeth for his bravery at Cadiz. Among the gifts sent by the Spanish lady to Lady Bolle were the golden chain (said to be still preserved!), a gold-worked coverlet, plate, jewels, etc.—and her own portrait 'drawn in green' (inadvertently sold at a later date), which gave rise to the report that the Hall was haunted by 'The Green Lady.'

## 12. THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

THIS piece lacks the vigour and imagination which we find in the best of our old ballads; but the story is graceful. I give Mr. Patmore's version. In Dr. Percy's version there is no 'old man'; the king himself overhears the lady singing; and the whole story is related in the first person, except the last stanza.

## 13. JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

NUMEROUS ballads recount the story of Johnnie Armstrong, and prove once more how tenacious tradition is of the memory of a famous man, or a famous deed, but how easily the circumstances become forgotten. The true story in this case is related in a ballad given by Scott. It is decidedly finer than the version which I have borrowed from the *Ballad Book* (G.T.S.), but is so full of Scotticisms that I have most unwillingly renounced it. The Armstrongs were renowned Border free-booters. Once, when James V. was marching with 10,000 men through Ettrick Forest, the chief of the clan, Johnnie Armstrong, trusting to the fact that he generally confined his pillaging and murdering to English territory, had the audacity to meet the king with 36

horsemen, 'arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry,' and to offer his services. King James made short work of Johnnie, who was hanged, with all his retinue, 'upon growing trees, at a place called Cartenrig Chapel, about ten miles from Hawick, on the road to Langholm. The country people believe that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away' (Scott). Johnnie's castle—in Scott's day a roofless tower—was at the Hollows, near Langholm.

#### 14. THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

THIS ballad is one of the very few, says Scott, to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse—which perhaps derived its name from the swarthy hue of the lords of Douglas—is said to have been the scene of the tragedy. It is in Selkirkshire. Near the farm are the remains of a very ancient tower, from which Margaret is said to have been carried off. Seven large stones erected on the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse are shown as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain, and the 'Douglas burn,' at which the lovers stopped to drink, is also pointed out. I have given Scott's version, somewhat simplified. The *Ballad Book* (G.T.S.) gives a version—whence, I know not—which differs considerably from Scott's, and tells of only two, instead of seven, brothers.

#### 15. LORD RANDAL.

THE 'handsome young man' is more generally named Lord Ronald, but Scott found a copy of the ballad in which the name was Lord Randal, and thought it not impossible that the song, which existed also in a rather different form as a nursery rime, might have been composed, or adapted (for something similar is found also in Swedish and German), in indirect allusion to the fate of Lord Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland, whose sudden death in 1332 was attributed by many to poison; and by some the English king, Edward III., was believed to have been the murderer. One version gives *toads* instead of *eels*. 'The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was supposed to be a common mode of administering poison' (Scott). In another old ballad (*Katharine Janfarie*) we have English lords and gentlemen advised not to 'come down to Scotland,' for

'They'll feed ye up with flattering words,  
And play ye foul play;  
They'll dress you frogs instead of fish  
Upon your wedding day.'

## 17. BARBARA ALLEN.

THERE are many versions of this very popular ballad-song. It seems to have been first published by Allan Ramsay in 1724. Our text is from the *Ballad Book* (G.T.S.), with some additions and emendations from Percy's *Reliques*.

## 18. BOADICEA.

BOADICEA was the widow of Prasutagus, king of the Iceni, a powerful tribe of Britons inhabiting the country now comprised in Suffolk and Norfolk. She was, it is said, shamefully treated by the Romans, who ordered her to be scourged, and when the Roman governor, Suetonius Paulinus, was absent on an expedition against the Druids and their followers in the island of Mona (Anglesey), she excited a rebellion, took the Roman colonies of Colchester, St. Albans, and London, and slaughtered nearly 70,000 Romans and their allies. On the return of Suetonius a great battle was fought near Colchester. The Iceni were defeated, and Boadicea either fell in battle or took poison to escape capture (about A.D. 60).

Cowper calls the poem an 'Ode.' It is not an Ode in the strict sense of the word, and has very little resemblance to the celebrated Odes of Pindar, or the Odes of Gray; nor is it like the Odes of Dryden and Pope; nor the wonderful Ode of Wordsworth. It does perhaps resemble more closely some lyrical 'Ode' of Horace than an ordinary English ballad, but nevertheless I think it claims a place in our collection. Notes on the poem may be found in my *Selected Poems of Gray, Burns, Cowper, etc.* (1s.) Tennyson's fine *Boadicea* should be read.

## 19. CUMNOR HALL.

THE writer of this fine ballad, Mickle (1735-88), and of the still finer *Sailor's Wife*, also gained a name by his skilful translation of the *Lusiad* of the Portuguese poet Camoëns. Sir W. Scott is said to have been indebted to this ballad for the chief motive of his *Kenilworth*, 'in which,' says Palgrave, 'the tale of Lord Leicester's private marriage with Amy Robsart, her imprisonment and fearful death at Cumnor Hall, near Oxford, partially confirmed by history, has been made more real to us than most historical realities.' I have given Palgrave's shortened version of the poem.

## 20. HART-LEAP WELL.

HART-LEAP Well, says Wordsworth, is a small spring of water about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved

by the monuments described in the poem. 'A peasant,' he adds, 'whom we met near the spot told us the story and pointed out the stones.... Both the stones and the well are objects that may be easily missed; the tradition by this time may be extinct; the man who related it to us was very old.'

In several places in Germany a 'Hart-leap' (*Hirschsprung*) of the same nature exists.—One, with a bronze stag surmounting the rock, is to be seen near Freiburg in the Black Forest.

## 22. ALICE BRAND.

THIS ballad is from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. It is founded on an old Danish ballad, first published in 1591.

2. **mavis and merle**: thrush and blackbird.  
 14. **glaive**: broadsword.      38. **wonn'd**: dwelt  
 17. **pall**: fine cloth.      50. **ban**: curse.  
 25. **vair**: (variegated) fur.      76. **conjure**: solemnly command.

## 24. THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

'THIS ballad,' says Longfellow, 'was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport'—evidently the Newport in N. America, below Cape Cod. 'A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as the work of their ancestors.' He tells us that some antiquarians actually assert that this old tower must have been built by people from the North of Europe *not later than the 12th century*—i.e. at least 300 years before the time of Columbus! Longfellow adds, 'I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well attested for the purpose of a ballad.'

53. **Berserk** ('bear-shirt'): warrior, hero.

159. The word *Skool* (properly *Skål*) means a 'bowl' or 'bumper'—hence a 'health.' It is the customary exclamation in Sweden when a health is drunk.

## 25. THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

THIS is a spirited translation by Longfellow of the well-known ballad by the German poet Uhland (written in 1836). An English ballad by Wiffen (d. 1836) describes how the Knight of Edenhall, benighted in the woods, witnesses the revels of fairies, and how he, just as they are about to drink the health of their king,

snatches from them their crystal wassail-cup. He is hotly pursued, but escapes. This ballad is very long and the language is rather florid and artificial. I have therefore preferred to give a version of Uhland's ballad, which—possibly suggested by Wiffen's—describes the fate of the crystal cup and the disaster that consequently befell Edenhall and its lord—reminding one of that which befell Babylon and Belshazzar.

Edenhall, we are told in Mr. Hall's *British Ballads*, is a small village on the western side of the river Eden in Cumberland. 'The mansion and estates belong to the Musgraves, heroes of innumerable ballads, who have held property there since the time of Henry VI., and were distinguished during the reign of William the Conqueror, with whom they came over from Normandy. In the mansion an old drinking glass, enamelled in colours, called *The Luck of Edenhall*, is preserved with the greatest care. The letters I.H.S. on the top point out the sacred use from which it has been perverted. Tradition affirms it to have been seized from a company of fairies who were sporting near a spring in a garden called St. Cuthbert's Well, and, after an ineffectual struggle to recover it, vanished into the air saying,

*If that glass do break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.'*

Whether Uhland's ballad has any foundation on fact, I cannot say. Longfellow states that the cup 'is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.'

## 26. CASABIANCA.

CASABIANCA (= 'Whitehouse') was the name of a Commodore—*i.e.* a commander of a squadron—of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile (1798). He was with Admiral Brueys on his flag-ship, the 'Orient.' The battle began in the evening. By 7 it was dark, but the fight went on with increasing fury. 'Soon after 9 a fire broke out on the Orient. Brueys was dead. He had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two.... The flames soon mastered the ship; her sides had just been painted and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About 10 o'clock the ship blew up with a shock that was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard. Some were picked up by our boats; the greater part of the crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful. The firing

ceased immediately on both sides .... About 70 of the Orient's crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many who perished were the Commodore Casabianca and his son, a brave boy only ten years old' (Southey's *Life of Nelson*).

## 27. THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

THE Indian Mutiny (an account of which should be read in connexion with this poem) broke out in the early summer of 1857. At Lucknow there were 927 Europeans, under the command of Sir Henry Lawrence. After an unsuccessful battle at Chinhut, the garrison was besieged in the Lucknow Residency and neighbouring forts. The siege began about July 1st, and on Sept. 25th, Havelock, after two months of heroic but vain endeavour, succeeded in bringing in about 2000 (out of 3000) Highlanders. By this time the garrison had lost about 350, including Lawrence. The Europeans (with many women and children now about 3000) held out *after* the arrival of Havelock (described in the poem) for another two months, when Sir Colin Campbell came to their relief with about 5000 men (of whom some 500 were lost in the severe fighting while entering Lucknow) and succeeded in conveying the whole European colony safely to the other side of the Ganges. Havelock died of dysentery as he was being carried out of Lucknow.

## GLOSSARY.

THE main object of this Glossary, which has been purposely made less elaborate than that of Part I., is to help pupils to learn the exact meaning and correct use of words which occur in modern literature.

Many old words, Scotticisms, etc., are explained in the Notes, and are not given here.

Words now obsolete, or used only in poetry, are marked with an asterisk.

**accost** (20. 113) : lit. come up to one's side ; approach, address.

**achieve** (5. 27) : perform, accomplish.

\***admire** (8. 17. 24) : wonder ; regard with wonder (not necessarily with delight or approval).

**aerial** (19. 52) : belonging to, or coming from, the air ; invisible  
Cf. Milton's 'aery tongues that syllable men's names.'

**alarm** (27. 75) : sudden call to arms. (Ital. *all' arme!*)

**alder** (23. 35) : a bushy tree that grows along the sides of streams and has 'palms' (catkins) in early spring.

\***allied** (7. 36) : in some versions *ally'd*, evidently here=*alloyed* (Fr. *allié*) ; the sense being : 'how much genuine metal is there in your love?'

**amain** (8. 49) ; by force. See Glossary to Part I.

\***Almaine** (5. 31) : Germany. (In French *Allemagne* ; from the ancient German confederacy ; of the *Alemanni*, i.e. *Alle Männer*, 'All Men.')

**appal** (10. 20) : lit. make pale ; terrify.

**aspen** (20. 97) : a small kind of poplar with round leaves, whitish underneath, which tremble at the slightest motion of the air.

\***astonied** (9. 73) : astonished ; an older form, found in the Bible, etc. (Lat. *extonare*, Fr. *étonner*, stun.)

**atom** (25. 54) : lit. something so small as to be no longer divisible ; a tiny morsel.

**attire** (20. 112) : dress (verb. and subst.) See Glossary to Part I.

- balm** (24. 5) : balsam ; spice ; sweet ointment, etc., used for 'embalming' dead bodies (mummies).
- ban** (22. 50) : curse ; form of words by which an evil spirit is restrained (exorcised) ; excommunication. To *lay under the ban* = to excommunicate or condemn as an outlaw. Also of other proclamations, as *banns of marriage*.
- barricade** (27. 15) : a barrier hastily erected for defence.
- beaver** (12. 27) : visor, front part of helmet, which was opened for drinking (hence its name, which has nothing to do with the animal).
- bespeak** (8. 61) : order (goods, etc.) ; engage beforehand ; betoken, indicate. Also (9. 17) in older writers = speak, address.
- betide** (1. 21) : happen to, befall.
- \*blade** (8. 58) ; a gay, dashing fellow.
- blend** (20. 173) : mix, mingle.
- blithe** (13. 18) : bright, merry.
- \*blood** (3. 22) : used as transitive verb = to bleed. Cf. 3. 10.
- boom** (26. 15) : a word formed to represent a loud noise, like that of cannon.
- boon** (3. 53) : a request : a favourable answer to a request : a favour ; a kindness ; a blessing.
- bout** (24. 49) : lit. bend ; turn ; **wassail-bout** = a turn at (or contest at) drinking.
- bower** (12. 9) : a building ; esp. a lady's apartment. Now generally means an arbour or shady nook.
- brae** (1. 50) : probably same word as 'brow' ; an overhanging slope ; hill-side. A Scotch word.
- breach** (27. 64) : a break, gap, made in fortifications by artillery or mines.
- broom** (3. 3). See Glossary to Part I.
- brute** (27. 20) : as *adj.* in the Lat. sense, dull, stupid, senseless, savage. The contrast is between the dull, senseless lead of the bullet, and the living, thinking brain.
- buckler** (13. 36) : shield, targe (lit. the boss of a shield).
- \*bugelet** (14. 11) dim. of **bugle**, which means a young bullock. The expression *bugle-horn*, i.e. bullock-horn, is therefore more correct than when we use *bugle* alone in this sense.
- canary** (8. 44) : a wine made in the Canary Islands.
- canopy** (8. 40) : a covering (of cloth, embroidery, wood, or stone) suspended over a throne, or bed, or tomb. It is from a Greek word meaning a musquito net.
- carol** (20. 148) : a dance song (see Introduction) ; a Christmas song ; a song of joy.



- casement door** (3. 35) : a door, or shutter, fitted with hinges to a window-sash.
- cataract** (27. 81) : lit. a break or down-rush ; a water-fall. Used here as epithet of *skies* : deluging.
- chamberlain** (12. 49) : one who has charge of the private chambers of a king or queen.
- champion** (24. 82) : warrior. It is here the Norse *Kämpfer* (Germ. *Kämpfer*), *i.e.* Fighter. Cf. *Kempion* in Part I.
- charge** (16. 94) : commission, job.
- charges** (11. 57) : expenses, costs.
- chord** (18. 35) : string of a musical instrument.
- churlish** (4. 19) : like a churl (A. Sax. *ceorl*), *i.e.* a peasant, a boor.
- cleave** (20. 40) : split open. (The idea is, I suppose, of sleet bursting and spreading itself over a surface, like foam. But I do not feel sure about it.)
- clove** (27. 55) : past tense of *cleave*.
- \*confer of** (4. 101) : talk about.
- control** (4. 28) : stop, prevent.
- cormorant** (24. 122) : a large, voracious sea-bird of the same family as the pelican.
- corsair** (24. 42) : lit. runner ; cruiser, sea-rover, pirate.
- countermine** (27. 25) : a mine dug to meet the mine of an enemy.
- courser** (20. 9) : lit. runner ; swift horse.
- coy** (20. 62) : orig. same word as *quiet* ; shy, bashful.
- crave** (11. 76) : beg, implore ; long for.
- dapple grey** (14. 10) : lit. 'spot grey' ; grey with spots of darker shade.
- \*darkling** (22. 23) : in the dark, at night : sometimes as *adj.*
- daunt** (24. 4) : frighten.
- decay** (7. 76) : fail, like a rotten support.
- decay** (16. 88) : destruction, ruin.
- dell** (20. 64) : dale, glen, small narrow valley.
- demon** (22. 76) : spirit ; generally an evil spirit. Originally (in Greek) the word had no bad significance, but meant merely a supernatural being, a spirit or deity.
- desért** (11. 46) : what one deserves ; reward or punishment. Generally used in the plural.
- devise** (16. 71) : plan, plot, design.
- discard** (24. 92) : reject, cast away ; perhaps lit. to throw away useless cards when at play.
- disperse** (20. 27) : scatter.

- divine** (20. 99) : guess, conjecture ; predict.
- doleful** (20. 12) : sad, painful.
- dolorous** (20. 150) : mournful.
- \*doughty** (5. 10) : good (at anything), valiant, brave.
- \*dree** (3. 48) : endure, suffer, be able.
- Dunfermline** (22. 111). See note, Part I. 2.
- durst** (22. 98) : past tense of *dare*.
- eagles** (18. 31). The Roman standards were poles surmounted by the figure of an eagle.
- \*ee** (1. 2) : eye.
- \*eke** (4. 127, etc.) : also.
- elf** (22. 76) : fairy, supernatural being.
- \*embassage** (5. 46) : the mission or duty of an ambassador, or envoy. Notice the rather inconsistent spelling of *embasey* and *ambassador*.
- embrasure** (27. 67) : an opening for a cannon in the wall or parapet of a fort.
- espouse** (5. 61) : make one's spouse ; wed.
- exécutor** (16. 153) : one who is appointed to execute, *i.e.* carry out, the provisions of a will.
- fain** (14. 74) ; gladly, willingly.
- falchion** (9. 29) : a sword curved at the end ; lit. a 'sickle-like' sword. (Lat. *falx* = sickle).
- falter** (27. 90) : fail, give way, hesitate. A *faltering hope* is one that ever and again gives way to despair.
- fawn** (21. 9) : a young deer.
- feat** (5. 25) : deed.
- fee** (2. 46) : property (lit. cattle) ; any possession ; valuables ; money ; wages ; recompense.
- \*fell** (5. 78) : fierce, cruel. Used still in poetry.
- fen** (24. 146) : marsh, bog.
- \*ferlie** (1. 2). See note.
- festal** (25. 2) : belonging to a feast.
- \*finikin** (2. 71) : showy, gay ; finely or daintily dressed.
- flag** (19. 49) ; droop, fail, languish.
- \*flaw** (24. 109) : sudden, squally change of wind. See Glossary, Part I.
- foil** (27. 44) : baffle, balk, frustrate, render vain.
- forego** (9. 24) : renounce, give up.
- \*fore-passed** (4. 56) or **forepast** (4. 78) : what has passed by ; former.

- form** (23. 13) : the nest (bed, lair) made by a hare in long grass or ferns.
- fraught** (11. 41) : freighted, loaded, filled.
- furlong** (20. 150) : the eighth of a mile (lit. the length of a furrow).
- fusileer** (27. 101) : orig. a soldier armed with a *fusil*, i.e. a fire-lock, musket. Several regiments have the name.
- fusillade** (27. 57) : volley.
- gallant** (2. 1) : a gay, merry fellow.
- gallant** (7. 154) : fine, gay, splendid (esp. in dress or appearance); brave, chivalrous.
- garb** (20. 112) : dress.
- gear** (24. 150) : an old A.-Sax. word meaning what is prepared, ready : hence property, outfit, tackle, dress, etc.
- gentler chance** (7. 148) : kinder fortune (treatment).
- gently** (7. 28) : quietly, meekly ; submissively.
- ger-falcon** (24. 28) : a large hawk used for the chase ; lit. a 'vulture falcon.' (Germ. *Geier* = vulture.)
- gesture** (20. 22) : movement of head, arms, etc., by which one's feelings are shown.
- goblet** (25. 21) : a drinking vessel. It is a diminutive and really = 'cuplet.'
- gorgeous** (12. 78) : of bright colours, splendid, flaunting ; from an old French word for a 'ruff' (*gorge* = throat), which used to be worn very large and highly decorated.
- grape** (27. 42) : grape-shot—a cluster of small balls used sometimes instead of a single cannon-ball.
- grisly** (22. 62) : ghastly, fearful. The ideas contained in *grisly* and *grizzly* are sometimes confused both in English and German. In 24. 34 it is *not* an American 'grizzly bear.'
- \*groat** (4. 107) = great, i.e. a larger silver coin than the silver penny ; a four-penny bit.
- guile** (2. 54) : deceit. A (French) form of *wile*.
- halyard** (27. 5) : lit. the rope by which yards of a ship are haled (hailed) up ; also cord by which a flag is hoisted.
- hand-grenade** (27. 59) : an explosive bomb thrown by hand. The word *grenade* means really a pomegranate ; so called from the shape.
- hapless** (19. 68) : luckless, unfortunate.
- hart** (20. 28) : stag, male of red-deer ; lit. 'horned animal.'
- haunt** (19. 23) : frequent ; visit constantly ; be constantly present in ; 'dog' (24. 8).
- haunt** (24. 123) : a place much frequented, a favourite resort.

- heinous** (4. 55 ; 5. 56) : lit. hateful (Fr. *haineux*) ; used to denote great moral iniquity.
- helm** (26. 43) : used often for the whole steering gear (rudder, wheel, or tiller, etc.), but really only the tiller, as it means a *handle*. Cf. 'helve' (of an axe) and 'hilt' (of a sword). To be distinguished from *helm*, of which the dim. *helmet* is generally used.
- hermit** (5. 111) or **eremite** : lit. one who dwells in the desert ; a recluse, anchorite.
- \*hie** (7. 97) : hasten. Now mostly used in poetry.
- hind** (23. 14) : the female of the red-deer.
- \*his** (9. 1) : its. The word *its* was first used about the year 1600.
- hold** (27. 7) : fortified place : here a 'frail stronghold.'
- holland** (8. 14) : fine linen, first imported from Holland. For other such words see Glossary to Part I.
- hook** (21. 21) : bill-hook.
- hulk** (24. 119) : lit. a ship of burden (a Greek word) ; a heavy, bulky vessel. No connexion with *hull*.
- hurricane** (24. 127) : violent tempest. Said to be a native American word.
- immure** (19. 12) : wall up, imprison.
- import** (20. 99) : mean, signify.
- ineffable** (27. 90) : unspeakable, indescribable.
- \*kindly** (22. 70) : of the same kind (kith or kin), related.
- lace** (13. 24) : cord, braid, often of gold or silver threads, used for decorating coats, hats, etc. (Cf. *boot-laces*.)
- launch** (24. 105) : lit. to throw a lance ; to cast, cause to slide, bring a vessel into the water. Here used intransitively.
- lea** (14. 16) : a clearing, open pasture land.
- leeward** (24. 132) : in the direction towards which the wind is blowing, *i.e.* opposite to *windward*. The word *lee* (sometimes pronounced and written *lew*) means a shelter ; the side sheltered from the wind.
- \*leven** (1. 46) : meadow, low grass-land.
- liege** (9. 43, etc.) : sovereign, lord ; also, as adj., loyal, subject. See Glossary to Part I.
- lull** (20. 144) : soothe, sing to sleep.
- lure** (19. 30) : entice, attract, tempt. A *lure* is a *bait*, or a *decoy* (*i.e.* duck-coy) of any sort.
- lute** (12. 68) : a stringed musical instrument like a guitar. (An Arabic word : *al ud.*)
- main** (24. 125) : the open sea. See Glossary, Part I.

- \*mair** (9. 72, etc.) : more. Used now only in the north.
- marauder** (24. 44) : a rover in quest of booty, plunderer, brigand.
- mien** (18. 3) : face, appearance, air, bearing. (Fr. *mine*.)
- mine** (27. 25) : underground tunnel.
- minster** (21. 19) : lit. monastery; monastery church; large church or cathedral.
- \*mo** (6. 3) : more.
- mortgage** (16. 141) : to make over property to a person as security for a loan. (So called because the property becomes *dead*, i.e. forfeited, if the *gage*, i.e. pledge, is not redeemed.)
- mosque** (27. 24) : a Mohammedan temple.
- mould** (9. 84) : earth. See note.
- mould** (16. 20) : shape, form (in which metals, etc., are cast). No connexion with preceding word. Cf. 22. 99 and 107.
- muster** (7. 159) : orig. *show*; make a show, collect troops for parade or review; hence to assemble, collect, summon up (troops, courage, etc.).
- myriad** (27. 35) : lit. ten thousand (a Greek word); hence any great number. Used here as *adj.*
- \*nane** (10. 20) : none. Cf. *stane* for *stone*, etc.
- \*negative, double**. See 3. 38; 4. 7, etc.
- offal** (27. 82) : properly the uneatable parts of a slaughtered animal; rejected flesh; but here used as equivalent to *carrion*, putrefying dead bodies.
- palisade** (27. 55) : stockade, wooden barricade.
- palmer** (5. 115) : a pilgrim who bore a palm-branch in token of his having visited the Holy Land.
- pawn** (16. 141) : to give over, pledge, as security for a loan.
- peer** (1. 12) : equal. In l. 73 a **peer** is a noble—so called because the members of the five degrees of nobility are, so to speak, companions or fellows in rank.
- pennon** (26. 43) : a small pointed flag.
- pensive** (19. 78) : full of thought, melancholy.
- pibroch** (27. 97) : lit. the art of playing the bagpipe; hence, bagpipe music. (Sometimes wrongly used for the bagpipe itself.)
- pile** (19. 8) : mass; large building; castle. (Possibly has no connexion with the verb to 'pile up,' but with the Welsh *pill*, 'fortress.' Cf. *peel-tower*, *Peel-castle*—names given in the north to numerous strong square towers.)
- pine** (19. 46) : languish, waste away with grief.

- pioneer** (27. 29): a working soldier who prepares roads, bridges, fortifications, mines, etc. Hence a forerunner, a leader (in exploration, invention, etc.).
- plight** (7. 15): bind to a duty, promise, vow, pledge (one's word, etc.).
- pregnant** (18. 34): filled, fraught (which see). The word generally intimates that a thing is 'full of important consequences,' 'full of significance,' and here the sense is that the bard's heaven-inspired words are full of consequence for future ages.
- \*presently** (5. 124): forthwith, immediately.
- privity** (9. 36): privacy, secrecy.
- progeny** (18. 25): offspring. (Here the progeny of the forests = the oak trees of which battleships were built.)
- prowess** (5. 16): bravery and skill in war.
- puissant** (5. 36): powerful. A French word.
- quaff** (24. 81): drink.
- quarter** (24. 116): mercy, sparing. Whence comes this meaning of the word (Fr. *faire quartier*) is doubtful. Cf. to *quarter troops*, to allot them *quarters*, etc.
- quire** (2. 97): a form of *choir*.
- quoth** (7. 89, etc.): said. It is past tense of the verb *queath* (A. Sax. *cwethan*), which survives only in *bequeath*.
- ranger** (23. 29): chief forester; one who has charge of a 'chase,' or game forest.
- rank** (23. 35): luxuriant, growing in tangled profusion.
- rapier** (12. 29): lit. a *rasper*, or *scraper*; a sharp-pointed, solid, round, or three-sided (sometimes four-sided) sword, used only for thrusting. Cf. *stiletto*.
- Redan** (27. 36): a celebrated fort of Sebastopol. The name was given by the English in Lucknow to one of their forts.
- Regent** (19. 2): ruler, sovereign.
- reharsh** (20. 116): lit. to harrow a field a second time; to repeat, relate.
- relative, omission of.* See 5. 50; 10. 3.
- repine** (19. 34): complain, fret, murmur.
- \*replenish** (6. 40): fulfil. Not commonly thus used.
- \*repossess** (7. 162): put again into possession, reinstate in power. Now used generally reflexively, e.g. 'he repossessed himself of the crown,' or with the meaning 'to possess once more.'
- requite** (16. 160): reward, recompense, punish.
- reverential** (20. 161): full of loving regard, careful.

- rhyme** (20. 89) : old-fashioned wrong spelling of *rime*. Some (as Milton) spell it *rhyme* when it means 'verse,' 'poetry.'
- rift** (25. 38) : crack, fissure, chasm. *Ex.* 'The little rift within the lute, That soon shall make the music mute' (*Coleridge*).
- rood** (20. 52) : the quarter of an acre. The side of a rood is nearly 35 yards, so the ascent was about 138 yards, and the hart's leaps about 46 yards each. But the last was evidently the longest. See l. 137.
- roundelay** (2. 12) : a lively rustic song. (Originally a poem of thirteen lines. Fr. *rondelet*.)
- rout** (20. 13) : crowd, company—generally a disorderly, tumultuous crowd, rabble.
- rude** (24. 3) : roughly made ; or perhaps here = rough and spoilt with rust.
- \*runagate** (4. 48) : a false form (used also in the Bible) of *renegade*, *i.e.* one who denies ; a deserter, apostate, traitor.
- russet** (22. 27) : reddish, red-brown. Thus Scott speaks of autumn woods as a 'shroud of russet dropt with gold.' Then, because of its colour, it means coarse homespun, and also 'rustic.' Here *russet gray* is a contradiction in terms.
- Saga** (24. 20) : lit. a saying ; a legend ; the name given to old northern epics or legends. See Introduction.
- scabbard** (9. 50) : sheath (of a sword).
- scale** (25. 42) : climb—lit. by means of a ladder (Lat. *scalae*).
- score** (13. 4) : twenty. See Glossary to Part I.
- screen** (22. 42) : defence, shelter. The beeches and oaks sheltered the fairy-ring where the fairies danced by moonlight.
- seam** (24. 154) : mark. See Glossary, Part I.
- secure** (8. 6) : in older writers generally means (as in Latin) *without anxiety, believing oneself safe*, rather than actually *safe*. Here the sense is 'oblivious of cares,' 'unconscious.'
- seneschal** (25. 7) : lit. 'old servant' ; chief steward. Cf. *marshal*, 'horse servant.'
- \*shard** (25. 50) : lit. something cut ; fragment, esp. of pottery (potsherd) or glass. The hard wing-case of a beetle is called a *shard*.
- \*sheen** (22. 26) : brightness, gleam. *Crimson sheen* (crimson splendour) is an artificial expression for bright crimson cloth or velvet ; or possibly *sheen* may here be *adj.*, *i.e.* bright, beautiful (Germ. *schön*).
- sherry** (8. 44) : a wine from Xeres in Spain.
- shroud** (11. 89) : hide, conceal.
- shroud** (26. 23) : the *shrouds* are the ropes from the mast to the sides of a ship. See Glossary, Part I.

- Skald** (24. 19) : a northern (Scandinavian) bard.
- slight** (17. 24) : pass over without notice, ignore, despise.
- Soldan** (5. 35) : the Sultan of the Turks. They first invaded Europe in the 14th century. The first Crusade was in 1096.
- sort** (4. 11 ; 5. 65) : fashion, way, style.
- sped** (22. 24) : past tense of *speed*. The orig. meaning was to *succeed*, or *make succeed* ; hence to *hasten*. In 24. 46 **sped** = hastened hence, *i.e.* departed from life.
- spoil** (20. 36) : what is captured in war or chase ; dead game ; prey ; quarry.
- squire** (8. 36) : orig. shield-bearer ; a man holding rank after a knight. See Glossary to Part I.
- stagnant** (24. 146) : forming a pool, not running (of water).
- \*stint nor lin** (2. 58) : tarry nor stay. Cf. *Chevy Chase*, l. 155 : 'He never stinted, nor never blan.'
- \*stripe** (6. 27). See note.
- sumptuous** (12. 33) : costly, splendid.
- suppliant** (20. 22) : begging, entreating.
- surmount** (16. 7) : excel, surpass.
- survey** (20. 108) : view, contemplate.
- \*swound** (8. 6) : a form of **swoon** ; a state of unconsciousness, a faint, trance, coma, stupor.
- \*sylvan** (20. 85) : belonging to the woods, leafy.
- sympathy** (20, 158) ; a sharing of feeling with another ; fellow-feeling ; compassion.
- \*tabret** (6. 26) or **taboret** : a small *tabor* or drum, used as accompaniment to fife or shepherd's pipe.
- tawny** (20. 104) : reddish-brown (cf. dead withered grass).
- \*tent** (8. 44). See note.
- tide** (16. 82) : time, season. The same word as the Germ. *Zeit*.
- \*tree** (9. 14) : wood, wooden shaft of a spear.
- travail** (27. 88) : the labour of child-birth.
- troth** (7. 15) : a form of **truth** : honour, faith, obligation, duty. Cf. *betroth*.
- usage** (19. 17) : treatment.
- usher** (12. 45) : door-keeper ; court official who introduces strangers, or walks before persons of rank. (Fr. *huissier* ; from Lat. *ostium*, door).
- vassal** (20. 3) : lit. a person who held land from a feudal lord and was bound to render certain services ; a retainer ; used contemptuously for 'slave,' 'serf.'



- veer** (20. 17, and 24. 114) : turn, twist ; esp. of the wind, or of changeable character. See Part I., 26. 11.
- Viking** (24. 17) : a Norse sea-rover.
- void** (22. 66) : empty, devoid.
- wanton** (21. 26) : sportive, playful.
- wassail** (24. 49) = A. Sax. *waes hale*, i.e. be hale (healthy) ; the words used at drinking healths ; hence = drinking, revelry.
- wayward** (11. 93) : full of whims, capricious, fickle.
- weal** (1. 21) : welfare, happiness.
- welter** (23. 36) : lit. to roll. (Connected with *waltz*.) In modern English generally of rolling in soft or liquid substances, e.g. mud, blood, etc.
- were-wolf** (24. 38) : lit. 'man-wolf' ; a wolf that (acc. to an old superstition) had once been a man ; here used to mean a fierce wolf.
- \*whenas** (2. 24 ; 4. 1, etc.) : where. Cf. *whereas*.
- \*whereas** (5. 87) : where.
- wild** (21. 2) : uninhabited country.
- \*win** (1. 56 ; 3. 12) : come, go, return, 'get.' No longer commonly thus used in England, but a word that should be revived instead of the less elegant 'get.' We use it transitively in such expressions as to 'win the shore,' 'win the harbour,' etc.
- win** (14. 60) : perhaps = won. The reading is Scott's.
- \*wist** (22. 97) : knew ; *past subj.*, from *wot*. **Wist I** = if I knew.
- wold** (22. 45), or *weald* ; orig. forest (Germ. *Wald*) ; then, after forests had been cleared, used of open, hilly country. *Ex.* Cotswold, the Sussex Weald, etc.
- \*won** (22. 38) : dwell ; be accustomed. It survives in *wont* (custom, or accustomed).
- \*wot** (6. 6) : knows. Also used for 1st pers. sing. and all persons pl. of present tense of *to wit*.
- \*wow** (14. 78) : an exclamation of pain, regret, etc.
- yea** (20, 39) : bring forth ; esp. of sheep. Cf. *yea*ling, a new-born lamb.

## HINTS, QUESTIONS, AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Describe as vividly as you can the ride of Thomas the Rhymer with the Queen of Elfland.

2. The great Italian poet Dante describes how the marshes and rivers of the *Inferno* (Nether-world) derive their waters from springs fed by all the tears shed upon earth. Can you quote from any ballad anything like this?

3. Tell all you know about Robin Hood and the Robin Hood ballads. Give examples of his chivalrous behaviour, his loyalty, and his want of respect for priests and sheriffs.

4. Describe the ballad of *Jephthah's Daughter*, and explain the circumstances under which Hamlet quotes from it.

5. Give the story of *King Lear*. Do you think that Shakespeare used this ballad? Give your reasons.

6. What do you know about King Arthur?

7. Give a brief account of King Arthur's Death. Can you give any quotations to show whether Tennyson or the author of the ballad has imagined the scene more poetically?

8. Relate, with quotations, the story of the *Demon Lover*. Do you know any other poem in which a 'spectre bark' is described? If so, give a short account of it.

9. The ballad of the *Douglas Tragedy* is very dramatic: a great deal takes place, and we are given a series of about a dozen vivid pictures by means of a few spoken words and a few descriptive touches. Give quotations to show that this is so.

10. *Boadicea* differs considerably from ordinary ballads. It is not rough in rhythm, nor simple and direct in language and thought; but it is full of music and dignity. Such a poem should be learnt by heart, so that it may live in the memory as a perennial 'fount of melody.'

11. Give the story of Amy Robsart, and illustrate it by quotations from *Cumnor Hall*.

12. Describe the first part of *Heart-Leap Well*. What lesson does Wordsworth wish us to learn from the ballad? Compare it with the lesson of the *Wild Huntsman*. Quote the last stanza and state your reasons for agreeing or disagreeing.

13. In the *Skeleton in Armour* there are fine pictures of northern life and scenery, and of a Sea-rover's experiences. Give some of these.

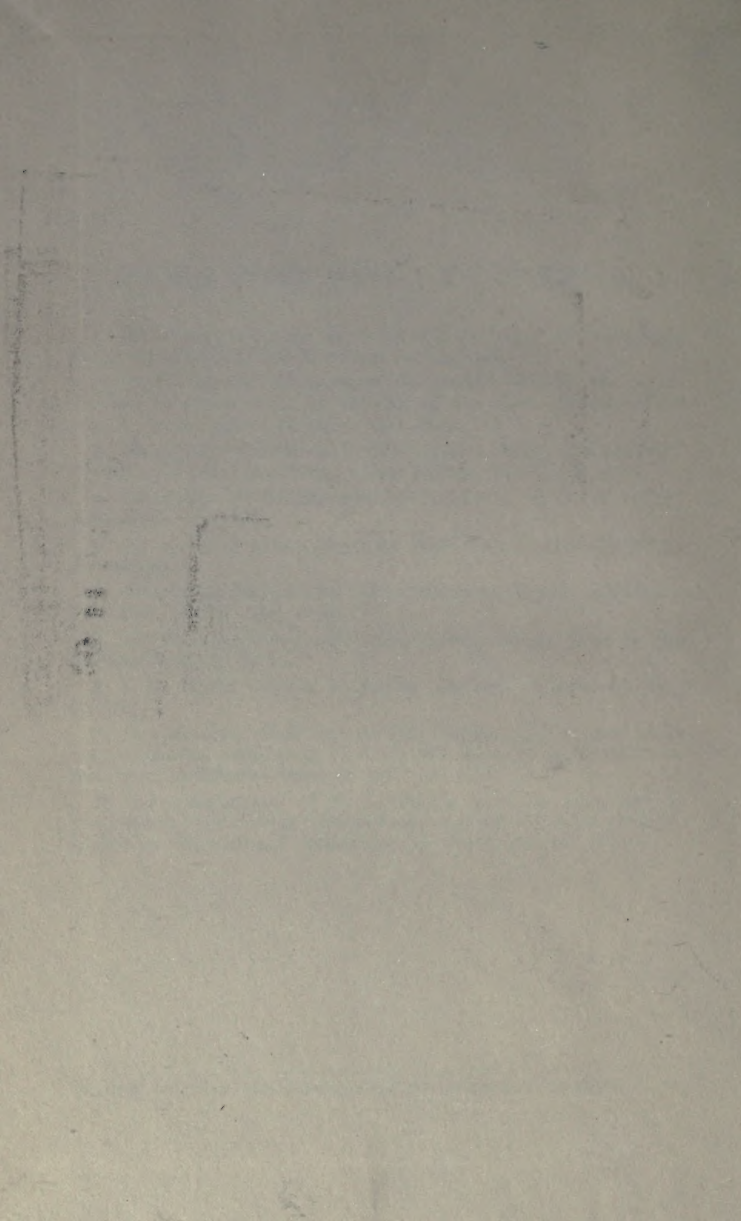
14. Longfellow has given us many fine pictures of bird-life. For example, in *Hiawatha* (xix.) there is a wonderful picture of vultures. Can you give other examples from Longfellow, or from any other poet?

15. Give a brief account of the events leading up to and following the Siege of Lucknow, and describe the siege and relief as nearly as you can in Tennyson's words.

## BOOKS THAT MIGHT BE HELPFUL.

1. Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, in which will be found an interesting Essay on 'The Ancient Minstrels in England.'
2. Sir W. Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the Introduction to which gives an account of the state of the Border country in the age of Hotspur, and later.
3. An article on Ballads, by Mr. Andrew Lang, in Chambers' *Cyclop. of Engl. Literature*. (New edition, Vol. I., p. 520.)
4. An article on Ballads, also by Mr. Lang, in the *Encyclop. Britannica*, Vol. III.
5. An article on Robin Hood, by Prof. Hales, in the *Encyclop. Britannica*.
6. Articles on Ballads and Ballad Music in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*. ('Art' and 'Song.')
7. The Introduction to Mr. Allingham's *Ballad Book* in the Golden Treasury Series.
8. S. C. Hall's edition of *British Ballads*. (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.)
9. The one final authority on Old English Ballads and their very numerous versions is Prof. Child's work in eight volumes, published in America between 1882 and 1898.
10. An abridgment of Prof. Child's work is published in England in one volume: *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Sargent and Kittredge (D. Nutt, 12s. 6d., 1905).





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