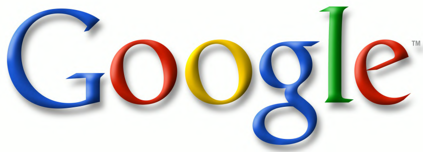

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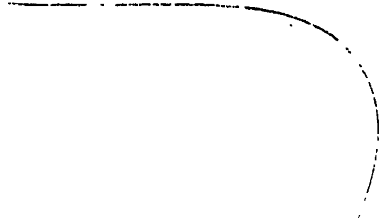

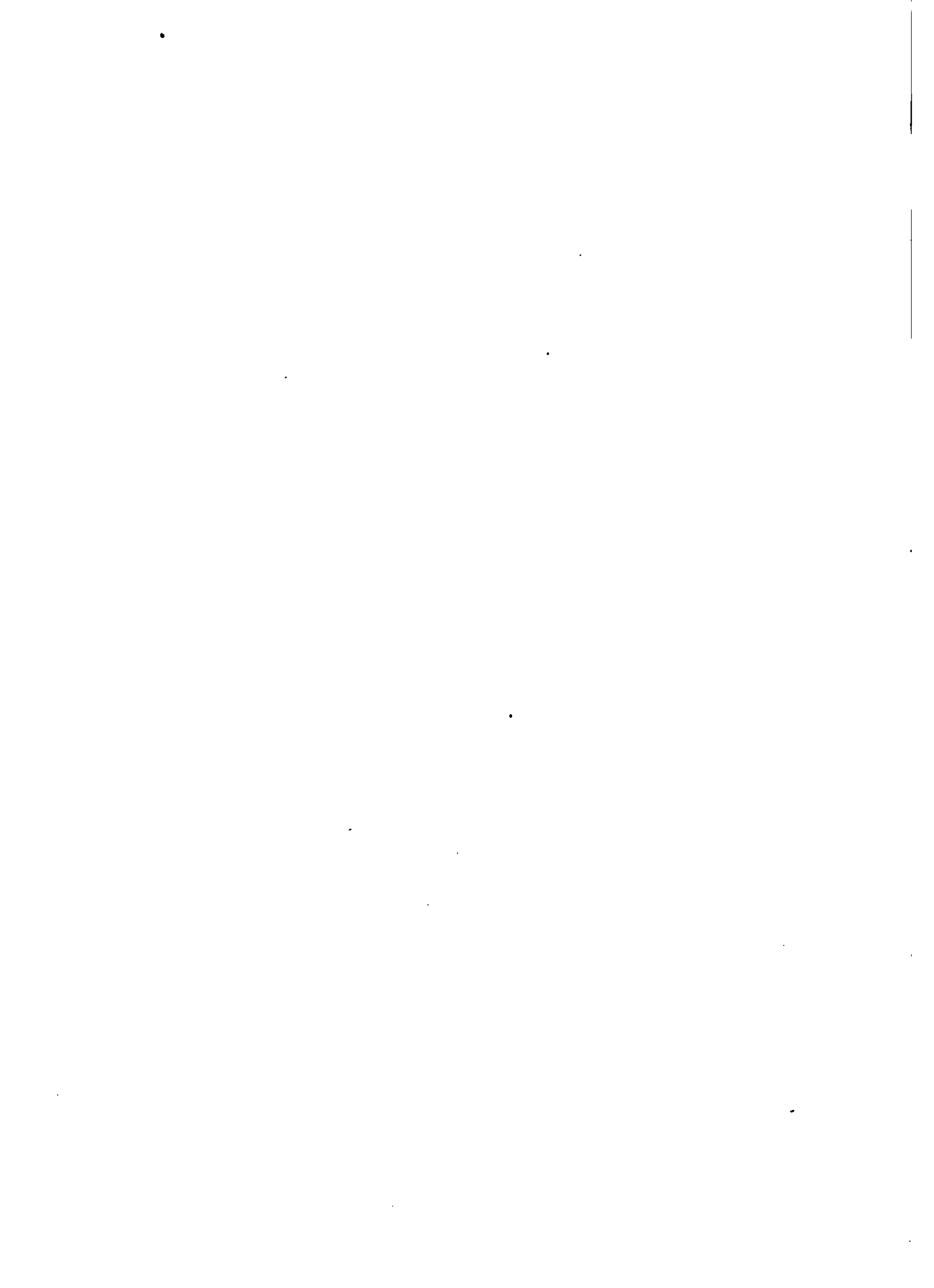

THE BOY'S PERCY.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn, Earl Percy took his way.

THE BOY'S PERCY

BEING

Old Ballads of War, Adventure and Love

FROM BISHOP THOMAS PERCY'S

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry

TOGETHER WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING TWO BALLADS FROM THE ORIGINAL PERCY FOLIO MS.

EDITED FOR BOYS WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

SIDNEY LANIER

EDITOR OF "THE BOY'S FROISSART" AND "THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR"

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

By E. B. Bensell

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1882

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INTRODUCTION.

O one would be more amazed than the amiable Bishop himself at the actual work which has been wrought in the world by some of those "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" which he printed in the year 1765. A sincere word has no end; and in spite of the weaknesses and affectations which were the real outcome of Percy's labor in polishing away the rudeness which he really believed would shock the elegant tastes of his age, many honest stanzas of old balladry remain untouched, and quietly spread about through men's minds that virtue of simple and vivid speech which every genuine ballad possesses over and above any thrill or stimulus of its special plot. Nor is this all the overplus of the genuine ballad.

A story is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth which might easily be turned into an allegory of its finer function. Somewhere about the year 495,—during those long wars between King Arthur and Colgrim the Saxon, which are so brightly detailed by the old poet Layamon, whose work is described in the Introduction to *The Boy's King Arthur*,—Colgrim had retreated to York with his army, and was there held rigorously in siege by Arthur.

Colgrim's brother, Baldulph, was outside, and having news of reinforcement from home greatly desired to pass through King Arthur's lines and get into the beleaguered city so as to hearten his friends with good tidings. Practicing upon the custom of the times, which allowed free passage everywhere to the musician, he shaved his head and beard according to the habit of the musical profession, put on the dress of a minstrel, and went playing his harp about among King Arthur's warriors. He thus gradually made his way towards the lines nearest the walls, until night enabled him quietly to steal across and reveal himself to a watcher on the walls, who presently caused him to be drawn up safely by a rope.

Thus poetry in the disguise of a ballad or common minstrel often steals through the hard battle of men's lives bringing subtle news of reinforcement from unseen friends. This sense of nameless comfort, of kinship with the rest of humanity, comes with the ballad, even with a sad one.

But—as I was saying—this highly spiritual benefit, as well as many more material ones, was far beyond the scope of the author's thought in compiling the *Reliques*. If indeed we compare Percy's own anticipations of what he hoped his book would accomplish with the palpable blessings it has brought, not only to our literature but to our every day life, we find them pitiful enough. For they seem to have been mainly confined to the belief that these old poems would gratify that antiquarian curiosity which everyone ought to have concerning remote ages, and particularly such remote ages as were memorable through the deeds of one's own ancestors. In his dedication of the *Reliques* to the Countess of Northumber-

land he apologizes with great humility for the fact that he has "nothing better to offer than the rude songs of ancient minstrels," and for even the hope that "the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her who adorns courts by her presence and diffuses elegance by her example;" but he excuses his presumption by declaring that "these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labors of art, but as effusions of nature, showing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages,—of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious ancestors preserved them from oblivion."

But, passing far beyond the plane of these small antiquarian pleasures, Percy's book immediately enriched our whole ordinary existence by making common property of those golden figures, which the undying ballad-maker had enameled into the solid tissue of English life. Tall Robin Hood in the act of cleaving the slender willow wand with his arrow at three hundred and thirty yards, while his antagonist, stout Guy of Gisborne, clad in his horse-hide suit, stands stricken with amazement; Widdrington, at Chevy Chase, for whom

> " . . . needs must I wayle
> As one in doleful dumpes;
> For when his leggs were smitten off
> He fought upon his stumpes;"

Percy and Douglas dealing great strokes upon each other at Otterbourn; bold King Estmere in the disguise of a harper out of the North country, riding into King Adland's hall until the foam from his horse's mouth flecks the beard of the King of Spain, who sat

at the board, and rescuing his beloved from the suit of that powerful paynim; dusky Sir Cauline, at midnight, on the Eldridge hill, lifting up the great hand which he has just smitten off from the arm of the Eldridge knight; Edom o' Gordon, regarding with terror the lovely dead face of the girl who has been let down from the burning castle upon the pitiless spears, and fleeing away, crying

> "Busk and bowne, my merry men a'
> For ill dooms I do guess:
> I canna' luik in that bonny face
> As it lies on the grass,"

and

> "Ye are the first that e'er
> I wished alive again;"

William of Cloudesly, letting down his wife and three children from his house, which the Sheriff has set on fire, and finally routing that functionary and his whole posse, with the help of Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough; Edward, with hideous face, cursing his unworthy mother; the Nut-brown Maid, unconquerably clinging to her supposed outlaw; the Tanner of Tansworth, tumbling from the fiery hunting horse of the jolly King Edward IV; the Heir of Lynne, in the act of killing himself at the lonesome lodge, and pulling down his prudent father's note which reveals the surplus fortune laid away for him by the far-seeing parent; the Bonny Earl of Murray; love lorn Mary Ambree, in full armor, leading the charge; the supposed Abbot of Canterbury, overcoming the hard riddles of King John; the lovely transformation of the loathsome wife of Sir Gawaine; the birch and the brier growing out of the graves of Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, and ever leaning towards each

other; Sir Andrew Barton, in the great sea-fight, climbing his mainmast tree after two men have been shot in the attempt, and calling out as he receives the fatal arrow:

> "Fight on, fight on, my merry men a',
> I am but hurt, I am not slain;
> I'll just lie down and bleed awhile
> And then I'll rise and fight again;"

these, and scores of other forms and events less prominent but all either pleasant or pathetic, or in some way stimulating, emerged and stood out like rich tapestry work wrought large as life upon the arras which hangs about our common living-room.

On the other hand the influence of Percy's book upon our literature was probably even more beneficial than that just detailed upon our everyday life. It is part of the healthy nature of boyhood to know and to properly scorn a dandy, and the young readers of the following ballads will easily understand their effect upon the thoughts of English writers in 1765, when it is recalled that fashionable English poetry of that time was more silly, affected and insincere than at any other period of its history, insomuch that it had become dandy poetry, pure and simple. A single specimen of this dandy poetry contrasted with the clear and healthy beauty of a genuine ballad will be conclusive enough. Take, for example, the following two stanzas from the *Nut-brown Maid*, in which the simplest and least pretentious of English words are made to express ideas with a vividness and musical flow which very few of our English artists, either ancient or modern, have been able to compass. A supposed outlaw is testing the love which a high-born maiden has conceived for him, by describing to her the hardships

which she would undergo in the forest life which she wishes to share with him. In the course of the dialogue (the whole of which will, I hope, become familiar to many readers in the following pages), the outlaw insists:

"Yet take good hede,[1] for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustayne
The thornie ways, the deep valleys[2]
The snow, the frost, the rayne,
The cold, the hete; for dry or wete[3]
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us abofe[4] none other rofe[5]
But a brake-bush or twayne:
Which soon should grieve you I believe;
And ye would gladly than[6]
That I had to the greenwood gone
Alone, a banished man."

To which the maiden makes this most charming protestation of loyalty:

"Sith[7] I have here been partynere[8]
With you of joy and bliss
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure

[1] I preserve some of the older spelling for the sake of showing the rhyme between words which were pronounced alike at that time, but which in the curious lawlessness of development have changed both the vowel and the vowel sound.

[2] Accent on —*leys*, pronounced as if —*lays*—a characteristic change of accent in ballad-making, as we shall hereafter see.

[3] *Wet.* [4] *Above.* [5] *Roof.*

[6] *Then.* "Than" is a common form for *then* quite through the sixteenth century.

[7] *Since.* [8] *Partner.*

"And shortly it is this:
That where ye be, meseemeth pardie[1]
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were soon agone;
For, in my minde, of all mankinde
I love but you alone."

Now Matthew Prior—a poet who had much vogue in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and whom you may associate in your minds with the time when *Gulliver's Travels* were written, with Queen Anne and with Addison, Pope and that group—happened to come upon this old ballad of *The Nut-brown Maid,* and conceived the idea of rescuing its pretty story from what he considered its barbarous setting by re-telling it in the elegant phrases and pleasing versification of the period. This he did, calling his version *Henry and Emma,* and here is his rendition of the two stanzas just given:

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,

[1] A corruption of *par Dieu*, by God One may almost say that in the Middle Ages everybody swore horribly; but in the ballad use of *pardie* the oath has quite lost its force as oath and become a mere locution suitable for gentle emphasis, or even for a mere rhythmic convenience in filling out a line.

Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gathered boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves; our destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

Of course this is artificial, insincere and altogether weakly stuff,—in short, the most dandy poetry that could well be made; perhaps therefore I cannot more vividly illustrate the truly remarkable perversion of men's thought in this time than by saying that not only was Prior's *Henry and Emma* currently regarded as a very beautiful and pathetic product of genius, but Percy himself—a man whose affection for the older ballads proves an underlying basis of

true poetic feeling somewhere within him—remarks in his Introduction to *The Nut-brown Maid* that "if it had no other merit than the having afforded a groundwork to Prior's *Henry and Emma*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion!" And if I quote a stanza of Prior's in which his own attitude towards poetry is as irreverent as that of those who preferred Barabbas to the Savior:

> "What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
> The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
> *I quote others in verse, but I love thee in prose;*
> *And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart,*"

no further explanation seems needed of the essential dandyism which must pervade all verse which is matter of whimsy but not of heart. Now the printing of Percy's *Reliques* is not only itself an indication that the time was becoming conscious of its poetic flippancy, but the genuine old ballads which the book contained must have brought to many a mind wholly new ideas of the strength, the tenderness, the life, the warmth, the vividness of simple and manful words wrought into a simple and manful style. At any rate, dandy poetry now disappears, and the beautiful earnest epoch of William Blake, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Emerson, now comes on when only the largest thoughts and prayers, instead of the flippant whimsies of men, are uttered in poetic form.

The origin of the book whose functions I have thus partly hinted was a certain folio manuscript which still bears on the inside of one of its covers the following memorandum in Percy's handwriting of the way in which he came by it:

"NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, Nov. 7th, 1769.

Memorandum.—This very curious Old Manuscript in its present mutilated state but unbound and sadly torn, &c., I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend, Humphrey Pitt, Esq., then living at Sheffual in Shropshire. . . . I saw it lying dirty on the floor, under a Bureau in ye Parlour, being used by the Maids to light the fire. It was afterwards sent most unfortunately to an ignorant bookbinder who pared the margin, when I put it into boards in order to lend it to Dr. Johnson.

. . . . T. PERCY."

This T. (for Thomas) Percy, whom we find rescuing old *MS.* was the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth in Shropshire on the banks of the Severn; but appears to have cared not for trade and, after residing at Oxford some seven years, where he had been admitted upon an Exhibition in the gift of his native Grammar School, was presented by Christ Church College with a living at Easton Maudit, a quiet and picturesque village in the county of Northampton. Here he lived for twenty-five years, faithfully discharging his pastoral duties, and diligently pursuing many studies. The nature of these may be gathered from the books he began to publish. In 1761—after eight years of study in his quiet home seemed to have made him a full man—he printed a Chinese novel in four volumes called *Hau Kiou Chooan,* which he had translated from the Portuguese; in the next year he prints two volumes of *Miscellaneous Pieces Relating to the Chinese;* in the next year he publishes (anonymously) *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry Translated from the Icelandic,* being incited thereto (as he himself remarks i the Preface) by the success of Macpherson's first *Ossian Poems,* ich had appeared in 1760. In the next year he gives forth, also anc nymously, *A New Translation of the Song of Solomon, from the He-*

brew, with a Commentary and Notes and *A Key to the New Testament;* in the next year he presents the world with the now famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs and Other Pieces of our Earlier Poets, Together with Some Few of Later Date, and a Copious Glossary.*

It was with some drag at first that the book became popular, but no long time intervened before it brought much tribulation to its author in the form of violent abuse from the great antiquary Joseph Ritson. In the Preface to his book Percy had asserted that "the greater part of" its contents were "extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the editor's possession, which contains near two hundred Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances," and which "was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates from the ages prior to Chaucer to the reign of Charles I." It was evident to Ritson—as indeed it has been to every scholar since his time—that a large proportion of what Percy put forth as ancient poems must have been written by some modern hand; and upon this foundation Ritson did not hesitate to declare that no such folio manuscript existed, and that the whole matter was a forgery of Percy's. This charge was promptly met by exhibiting the *MS.* itself, and Ritson was compelled to acknowledge its existence publicly; but found solace in adding—what was partly true—that "at the same time it is a certain and positive fact that in the elegant and refined work it gave occasion to" (the *Reliques*) "there is scarcely one single poem, song, or ballad fairly or honestly printed; . . . . many pieces also being inserted as ancient and authentic which there is every reason to believe never existed before its publication." This was, as I have

said, partly true; but the precise facts could never be ascertained until quite recently. These form so instructive a chapter in the history of literary conscience that I do not hesitate to mention some brief details of them, even to young readers. For a long time the original *MS.* remained in the possession of an English family at Ecton Hall; but the owners would allow no one either to buy it, print it, or even examine it for comparison with the poems in *Percy's Reliques* which he said he had "extracted." Various attempts to get at it in some way had been made without success; but finally, about fifteen years ago, our own Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard University, stirred up Mr. F. J. Furnivall, who had already twice tried and failed, to a third attempt. Professor Child contributed £50 and Mr. Furnivall £100, for which sum they bought from the owners the privilege of making and printing one copy of the *MS.*, with the right of possession for six months to that end. "The reason given," says Mr. Furnivall, "for refusing all other applicants was, I am told, that some member of the family might some day like to edit the book himself." Accordingly, in the year 1868, Mr. Furnivall, in conjunction with Mr. John W. Hales, printed the folio manuscript complete, and without alteration of a single word, letter, punctuation mark, or even the most palpable mistake, so that Percy's folio manuscript is now accessible to all scholars. Comparison of this original with such poems as Percy declared he had extracted from it resulted in showing an attitude toward exact truth which every man of the world will probably have met with once or twice through life in certain genial but vaguely-conscienced natures. For example, Percy had declared in his Preface that "*the greater part*" *of his*

Reliques were "extracted" from the folio manuscript: the fact being that only forty-five out of the one hundred and seventy-six *Reliques*—that is, about one-fourth instead of the greater part—had been so extracted. But again—to show Percy's conception of editorial duty in making extracts: the ballad of *Sir Cauline* (hereinafter given) contains in the folio two hundred and one lines; while, as extracted into the *Reliques*, it shows three hundred and ninety-two lines, the additional hundred and ninety-one lines turning out, upon inspection, to be the sole product of Percy's own poetic gift. It is true that, in his Introduction to *Sir Cauline*, Percy prepares us for some alteration by remarking, "this old romantic tale was preserved in the editor's folio *MS.*, but in so very defective and mutilated a condition, ... and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, *to connect and complete the story* in the manner which appeared to him the most interesting and affecting." But—passing by the looseness of statement involved in speaking of an addition to the poem, which nearly doubled its length as an addition of "several stanzas," merely, as well as in the declaration that he had added "still more in the second" part, when the fact is that the original has no second part, the whole of Percy's second part being his own invention, as well as the idea of any second part at all—we come upon a graver trouble in the fact that instead of going on "to connect and complete the story, in the manner which appeared to him the most interesting and affecting," Percy completely abandons the original story (which is very bright and absolutely perfect in its old balladness) nearly at the middle of the

original, and instead of its sunshiny termination—in which, after various quaint and wonderful adventures, "Sir Cauline did marry the king's daughter, with gold and silver bright," and lived with her at least so long as to solace himself with fifteen sons—Percy rambles off into a comparatively maudlin and sentimental series of combats and troubles, in the course of which Sir Cauline is finally slain, and the lady, whom he has not married, dies of heart-break upon his mutilated body.

Indeed, scores of even more palpable misstatements are revealed by the printed folio; insomuch that one exasperated editor, finding three leaves torn out of the *MS.*, which leaves had included the noble old ballad of *King Estmere,* has not hesitated to assert that "Percy must have deliberately and unnecessarily torn three leaves out of his *MS.* when preparing his fourth edition for the press," in order to prevent us "from knowing the extent of his large changes" in the version set forth by the *Reliques;* though a pencil-note in Percy's handwriting, on a margin of the *MS.* at the mutilated point, states that "this and two following leaves" have been "unfortunately torn out," &c.

But with all Percy's crimes this charge seems too bitter; and certainly there are several possible methods of mutilation which fairness would require us to exhaust before finally entertaining it.

Probably every middle-aged person has met with more than one of these amiable and well-purposed souls whose relation toward veracity is that, while they have no positive intention to speak falsely, they have also no positive intention not to speak falsely. It is as if the quality of such spirits was too fine for deliberate falsehood, yet too weak for laborious truth. And I find

still more reason for placing Bishop Percy in this class when I recall the general insincerity of the times,—that very insincerity of which the dandy-poetry just described was simply one phase.

I wish that this were the time to bring before my young readers the clear advance in men's conscience as to literary relations of this sort, which beautifully reveals itself when we contrast the lawless piracies of fourteenth century writers, and the illegal appropriations common even in the sixteenth century, with the perfect delicacy which is now the rule among men of letters, and particularly with the scrupulous fidelity of the editor to his text, which is required as well by modern scholarship as by the general refinement of men's conscience. One has but to compare with Percy's loose renditions and flaccid accounts thereof the labor-scorning accuracy of those perfectly-edited reprints of many of the most charming sixteenth century books which Mr. Edward Arber, of University College, London, has been sending forth at the astonishing price of sixpence, or sometimes of one shilling, a copy,—or any critical reproduction of old text by the Chaucer Society, the Early English Text Society, and the like,—in order to see how immeasurably higher are our conceptions of such matters than those of even a hundred years ago. I think there can be no doubt that we owe this inestimable uplifting of exact statement and pure truth in men's esteem to the same vigorous growth in the general spirit of man which has flowed forth, among other directions, into the wondrous modern development of physical science. Here the minutest accuracy in observing and the utmost faithfulness in reporting having been found in the outset to be absolutely essential, have created habits and requirements of conscience which extend

themselves into all other relations. Thus the world holds even editors to most rigid requirements, and thus it is more difficult now than ever before to forgive the undeniable crimes of Percy in the *Reliques.*

In spite of drawbacks and tribulations, however, Percy's book presently grew into favor and brought him both money and preferment. He was successively made chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland, chaplain to King George III., Dean of Carlisle, and finally, in 1782, Bishop of Dromore in Ireland, a position which brought him some £2000 a year of income and which had been—one might almost say—sanctified by the circumstance that a hundred years before it had been held by sweet, solacing, many-thoughted Jeremy Taylor—the same who wrote the famous books, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and who has been called by our own Emerson "the Shakespere of divines."

It is evident though that Percy's works had already made him a place among men of letters even before the *Reliques* were printed; for we find the great Dr. Samuel Johnson visiting him at Easton Maudit and spending there most of the summer of 1764. We may reasonably enough fancy that the two discussed many points connected with the forthcoming *Reliques*, which were printed in the following year. We know too that the book had already been sanctioned by many of the greatest literary celebrities in England at that time. The idea of making it appears to have originated with the poet Shenstone, and he was to have been co-editor with Percy, but died in 1763. Moreover, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Lord Hailes of Scotland, the great antiquary Dr. Birch, Thomas Tyrwhitt, the ingenious editor of Chaucer, Warton, the

historian of English poetry, and many other literary men of less note, contributed either material or valuable suggestions to the work. It seems characteristic enough to mention that Dr. Johnson gave the book but a cool reception after it appeared, although he was one of those who had importuned Percy (according to the latter's preface) to print it.

As to the name of that early ballad-fancier who was willing to put himself at the pains of collecting and writing down the poems composing Percy's folio, we are ignorant. Percy suggested Thomas Blount, several of whose works are known about the middle of the 17th century; but upon grounds which have not satisfied modern scholars. It would seem that an impetus towards making such collections had in some way arisen about this time; for it was nearly in these years that Samuel Pepys was getting together those five folio volumes containing almost two thousand old English ballads which still remain in the Pepysian library at Cambridge, and from which Percy obtained several of his *Reliques;* while the Ashmole library at Oxford contains a collection of over two hundred ballads made by the famous Anthony Wood in 1676.

It seems hardly fair to end even so brief an account of Thomas Percy's career without mentioning two other works of his which have been almost as useful as the *Reliques*, though on a somewhat lower plane. These were: his translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, (published in 1770)—a work which directed the English mind upon the great Eddas and the powerful conceptions of Scandinavian mythology, besides presenting a very learned and interesting Preface of Percy's own, which removed many popular misconceptions as to the difference between the Keltic (comprising

the old British, Gaelic, Irish or Erse) and Teutonic, (that is, German, English, Saxon) races; and *The Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland at His Castles of Wressle and Leconfile in Yorkshire,*—a work which showed the actual domestic expenses and rules of a nobleman's house, three centuries and a half ago; and which, with its curious and homely items, seemed to bring us so near to the daily life of our ancestors, that it was soon followed by a large number of similar publications, such as *Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry VII.*, &c., or *Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, &c., vividly familiarizing us with the ancient homes of England.

In 1771 Percy's wife was nurse for Queen Victoria's father, the then infant-prince Edward. Without mentioning Percy's other and less important works, it must suffice here to close this mere outline, by adding that he lived an industrious and useful life as father, bishop, and man of letters; that he was noted for his gentleness towards children; that it was his daily habit to stroll down to the pond in the garden of his bishop's palace and feed his swans, who would come sailing up at the well-known sound of his voice, and that—although totally blind after 1806—he survived his wife and most of his children, and died in 1811.

I have wished that this present work should bring before young readers mostly the strong and idiomatic English ballads of earlier date, and for that reason I have embodied herein none of the *Reliques*, except those which bear at least the ballad form. By the term ballad we now commonly understand a narrative poem couched in homely words,—the narrative being mostly either of war or simple love-adventure; but if there were room here to

trace its history, it would soon carry us among the most romantic adventures of great kings and illustrious lovers. It would be pleasant to show the relation of this poetic form to that long line of fervent musicians and poets which begins with the ancient bards of Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and Kelt-land generally, and comes down by lineal descent through the harp-playing gleemen of the Anglo-Saxons and skalds of the Danes, to that numerous body of singers and musicians known after the Norman invasion, 1066, as minstrels, including the whole various tribes of Trouveres, Troubadours, Minnesingers, Joculators, Mimes, Cantators, Jongleurs, Jugglers, Gestours (every young reader should know that this word comes from the Latin *Gesta*, meaning *deeds* or *adventures*, as well great and noble deeds as little and funny ones; and it is only recently that the *Gestour*, or teller of heroic tales, has disappeared, giving way to the mere Jester or Joker). We should also have to recall those ever-charming old stories of adventures like Baldulph's, just related; of how King Alfred, disguised as a gleeman, with a servant bearing his harp, penetrated into the Danish camp, charmed the king with music, kept his keen eyes busy in reconnoitering the enemy's position, and upon the knowledge thus gained, presently planned an attack which routed his foes; of how, some sixty years afterwards, Danish King Anlaff plays the same trick upon Saxon King Athelstan, though with less final success; of how the valiant Taillefer (a name now common in the Southern United States as Taliaferro, pronounced "Tolliver") rushed far ahead of the whole Norman army, and fell upon the English alone, chanting the *Chanson de Roland*, or Song of Roland, until he was slain; of how, a little more than a hundred years afterwards, the long-lost

King Richard I. was found by his faithful minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, who sang part of a song before a certain castle window, and was rewarded by hearing the balance of the composition in the well-known voice of the king; and many other fine adventures of this kind. But we should also come, at last, to the sixteenth century, when ballad-singer and wandering minstrel had pitifully declined into characters of no more dignity than the modern tramp, and when statutes were made against them as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. At this time, too, a corresponding degeneracy has taken place in the ballad itself, which now begins to deal greatly in silly ghost-stories, superstitious tales, marvels, and themes too gross to mention. It is curious to note, too, that—perhaps as multitudinous growths often attend corruption—the English ballad-makers were never so numerous and never so prolific as at this same moment. England swarmed with "broadsides," that is, ballads printed on one side of a sheet; and I remember a testy old writer of Queen Elizabeth's time who declares that every red-nosed rhymester of the period considers himself inspired, and scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but up starts one of these gentry, and presently a "ballet" (the common method of spelling ballad in the sixteenth century) of a strange new sight is invented.

The word ballad is derived by many from the Italian *ballare,* meaning to dance, the connection being that the original ballad was a song composed to be danced to. Among the French poets of Chaucer's time the form called the "ballade" had become quite fixed, involving always three stanzas of a certain construction, followed by a fourth called "l'envoi." It is curious to reflect upon

the difference between this highly artificial "ballade" and the English ballads which we always associate peculiarly with freedom of construction and homeliness of phrase. The art of ballad-making in England has been lost since the sixteenth century. It is true that many attempts—some by genuine poets—have been made to give the world another ballad; but they are all easily recognizable as second-hand,—mere products of imitation rather than of inspiration.

In treating Percy's text the same end has been kept in view and the same rules observed as in the preceding works of this series.—*The Boy's Froissart* and *The Boy's King Arthur.* Each ballad is given here exactly as it stands in the original except that the spelling has been modernized and such parts cut away as cleanliness required. No change or interpolation of any kind has been made. As in *The Boy's King Arthur*, every word between brackets, italicized, is to be taken as the meaning of the word in the text immediately preceding; while words in brackets, not italicized are always comments of the present editor. All these have necessarily been thrown into foot-notes here, in order to prevent interference with the verse arrangement. It should be remarked that the modernization of the spelling, has in many cases destroyed the rhythm of the line, by dropping the last syllable of words which were formerly not only spelled, but pronounced in two syllables, though now only in one. For example: in the second line of the first verse of *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley,*

> "Merry it was in the green forest
> Among the leaves green,"

Percy's original intends the rhythm to be filled out by pronouncing

"leaves" in two syllables, *leav-es*. Relics of such pronunciation, based on the Anglo-Saxon forms of our language, are to be found as late as the sixteenth century: Spenser was so fond of these old forms that the *Faery Queen* often seems written nearer the time of King Edward III., than that of Queen Elizabeth; while Shakespere has perhaps occasionally used the same device.

Let me also point out a frequent change in the accent of a word which is peculiar to the old English ballad, and in which one who loves them presently comes to find a certain dear and cunning charm for which it is difficult to assign a reason. For instance: in the beautiful ballad of *King Estmere* the third line of the third verse requires that the word "brother" should have the accent on the last syllable instead of the first, as usual, in order to preserve the rhythm.

"When will ye marry a wife, broth*er*,
A wife to glad us all?"

again, the third line of the ninth verse requires the accent on the last syllable of the name "Adland," though in the first line of the same verse, the same name has the accent on the first syllable, thus,

"And when they came to King *Ad*land's hall
Before the goodly gate,
There they found good King Ad*land*
Rearing himself thereat:"

similarly we have in the second verse,

"The one of them was Adler young,
The t'other was King Est*mere*,"

while the next verse gives us:

"As they were drinking ale and wine
Within King *Est*mere's hall;"

so we have in the same ballad,

> "The King of Spain is a foul pay*nim*
> And 'lieveth on Mahound,
> And pity it were that fair la*dy*
> Should marry a heathen hound,"

instead of *pay*nim and *la*dy; and so,

> "That sword is not in all Eng*land*
> Upon his coat will bite,"

and,

> "Says Christ thee save thou proud por*ter*,"

and,

> "The lady laughed a loud laugh*ter*,"

and a score of like instances in this poem. Observe that this liberty is not taken anywhere except at the end of a line, and is further limited to throwing the accent on the last syllable of a word terminating a line.

Very few of the following poems are entirely free from some touch or other of Percy's well-meant polishing; I have nevertheless given them as they appear in the *Reliques*, for the reasons (1) that several of them could otherwise have been presented only as fragments, and (2) that a number of them would have been encumbered with difficulties of old phraseology which many young readers would not have cared to encounter.

It is pleasant to add, moreover, that Percy's long saturation with ballad talk had really deposited a genuine knack for reproducing the old ballad style, and some of his imitations are as happy and effective as any imitations could be.

I ought also to repeat a warning given with the other books of this series, that Percy's *Reliques* remains full of interesting matter

even after the present large cantle has been sliced out of it; and I trust no reader, with the idea that the present work is even substantially exhaustive, will be deterred in maturer years from reading the fascinating essays, "On the Ancient Minstrels in England," "On the Origin of the English Stage," and "On the Ancient Metrical Romances," together with a great number of short modern poems,—all of which are still there to be found.

I trust that these thoughts and forms of the old English harpers and singers may bring you fresher and more real and ravishing visions of the great early heroic souls that loved harp and song—of King David, and King Solomon, and King Alfred, and King Richard, and Hesiod on the hills receiving the Muses, that earnest as well as flippant songs could be made, and Father Cædmon, blushing that he played not the harp, yet bursting into fiery hymns among the cows in the stable, and Abbot Aldhelm, on a Sunday harping sweet gospels to the people from the bridge whereover they would too hastily cross from church back into the country, and them that Chaucer

> " . . . heard play on a harp
> That sounded both well and sharp,
> Him Orpheus full craftily,
> And on this side fast by
> Sat the harper Orion,
> And Eacides Chirion
> And other harpers many an one
> And the Briton Glaskyrion."

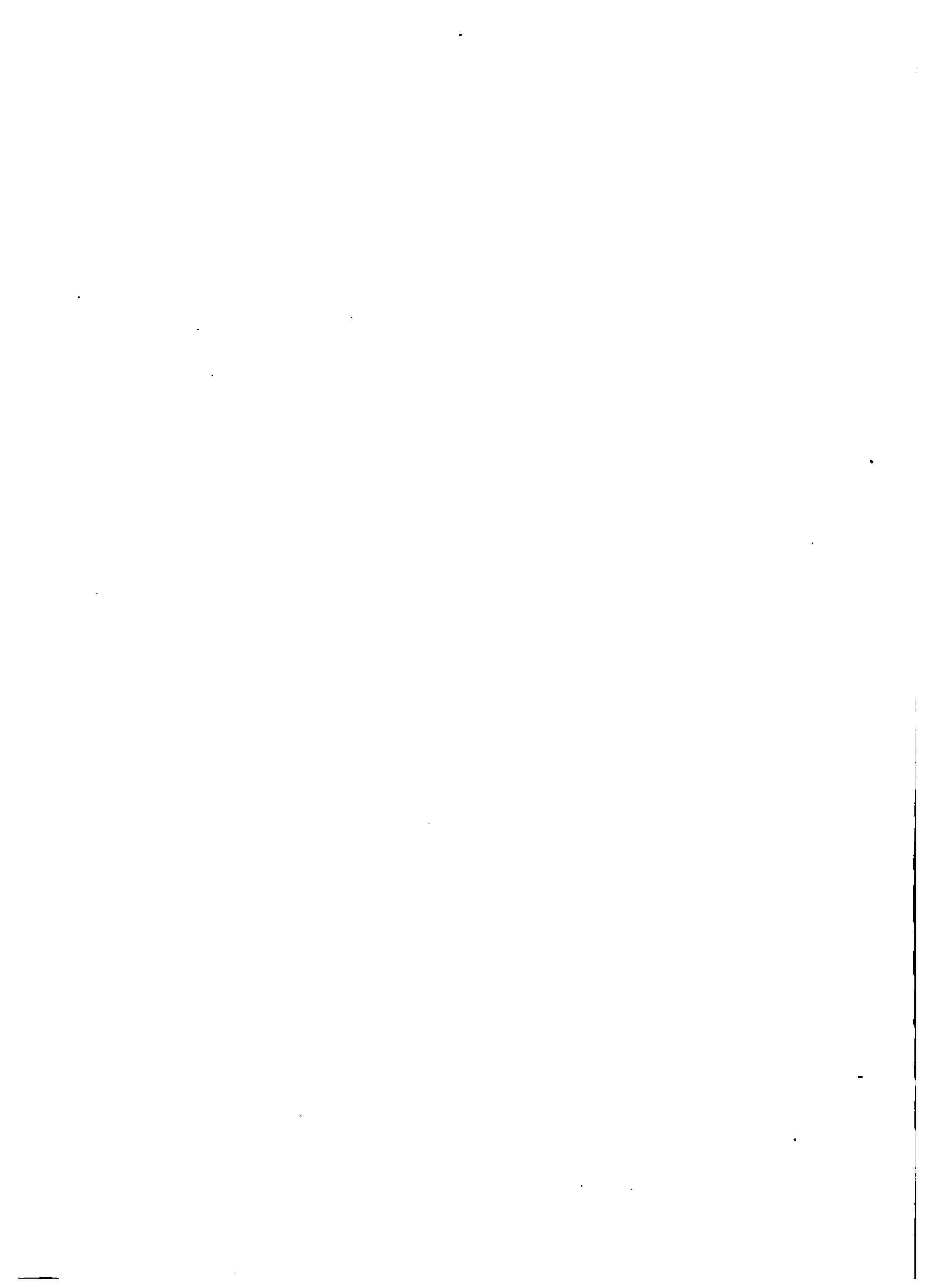
However that may be, I know that he who walks in the way these following ballads point, will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade,

loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior and honest in all things.

In this trust, and this knowledge, I now commend my young countrymen to *The Boy's Percy*.

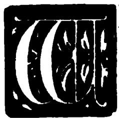
SIDNEY LANIER.

CAMP ROBIN, N. C., June, 1881.



THE BOY'S PERCY.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

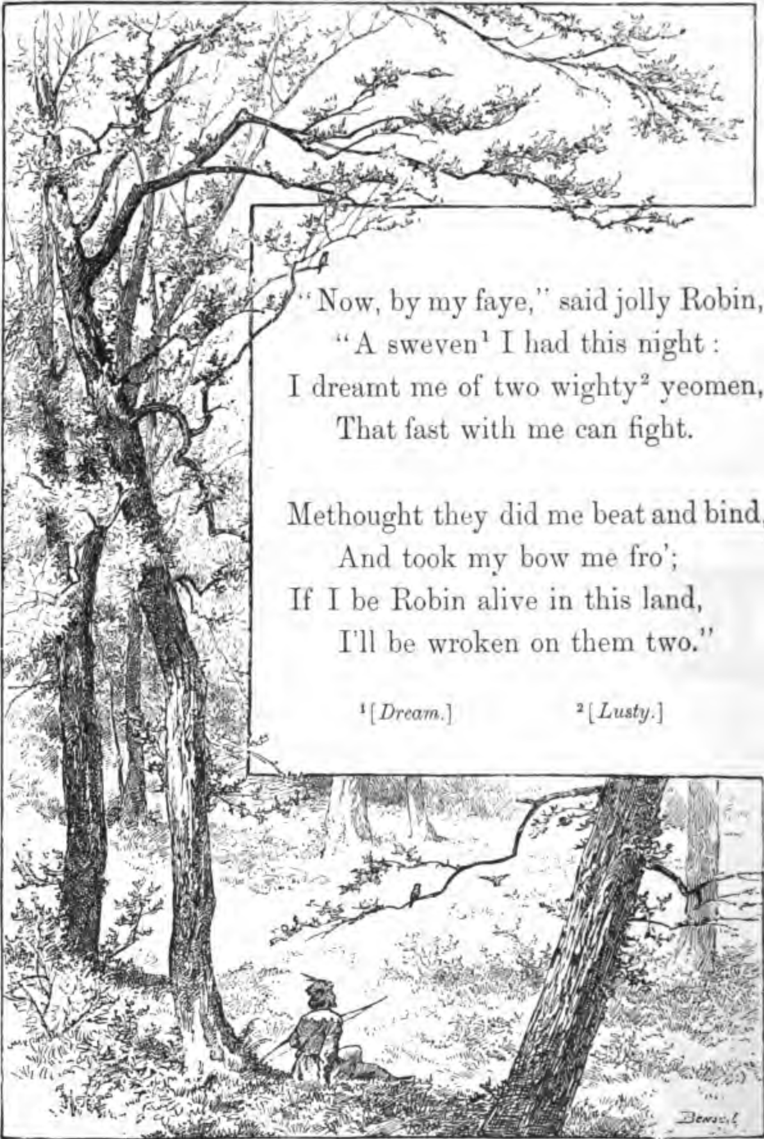
HEN shaws[1] been sheen, and shradds[2] full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the forest
To hear the small bird's song.

The woodweele[3] sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

[1] [The MS. from which Percy printed this ballad has "shales" instead of "shaws," the latter word being probably a conjecture of the Bishop's. "Shales" means—according to Halliwell, who gives old authority for it—the stalks of hemp. "Shaws" is a common word for *groves*.]

[2] [*Twigs*.]

[3] [Also called the "woodwal," the "witwal," and variously given as a name of the *golden ousel*, the *green finch*, and the *great spotted woodpecker*.]



"Now, by my faye," said jolly Robin,
"A sweven[1] I had this night:
I dreamt me of two wighty[2] yeomen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro';
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two."

[1] [*Dream.*] [2] [*Lusty.*]

"Swevens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind blows o'er the hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Buske ye, bowne ye,[1] my merry men all,
And John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where they be."

Then they cast on their gowns of green,
And took their bows each one;
And they away to the green forest
A-shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to be;
There were they ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capul-hide,[2]
Top and tail and mane.

[1] ["Buske ye, bowne ye," presently becomes very familiar to the ballad-reader as a phrase used upon all occasions when quick saddling and arming are to be done; *dress and make ready.*]

[2] [*Horse-hide.*]

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yonder wight yeoman
To know what he doth mean."

"Ah! John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I fairly find:
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but hear him speak:[1]
And[2] it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I thy head would break."

As often words they breed[3] bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
For he found two of his own fellows
Were slain both in a slade.[4]

[1] [That is, It requires no cunning to ken (*know*) a knave, and (*if*) a man but hear him speak.] [2] [*If*.]

[3] [The original has "breed*en*," old verb-form, the *en* filling out the rhythm.]

[4] [*An open space, between woods or fields.*]

And Scarlet he was flying a-foot
Fast over stock and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shoot now I will shoot," quoth John,
"With Christ his might and main;
I'll make yonder fellow that flies so fast,
To stop he shall be fain."

Then John bent up his long bend-bow,
And fetteled[1] him to shoot:
The bow was made of tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,[2]
My boot[3] when thou should be."

His shoot it was but loosely shot,
Yet flew not the arrow in vain,
For it met one of the sheriff's men,
Good William a Trent was slain.

[1] [*Made ready.*] [2] [*Calamity, loss.*] [3] [*Reward, gain.*]

It had been better of William a Trent
  To have been abed with sorrow,
Than to be that day in the green-wood slade,
  To meet with Little John's arrow.

But as it is said, when men be met
  Five can do more than three,
The sheriff hath taken Little John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,
  And hanged high on a hill;"
"But thou mayest fail of thy purpose," quoth John,
  "If it be Christ his will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
  And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
  Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said Robin so fair,
  "Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he.
"Methinks by this bow thou bears in thy hand,
  A good archer thou shouldst be."

"I am willful[1] of my way," quo' the yeoman.
"And of my morning tide;"
"I'll lead thee through the wood," said Robin,
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," the stranger said,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlaw
Than forty pound so good."

"Now come with me, thou wight yeoman.
And Robin thou soon shalt see;
But first let us some pastime find
Under the green-wood tree.

First let us some mastery make
Among the woods so even;
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unset steven."[2]

They cut them down two summer shroggs[3]
That grew both under a brier,
And set them threescore rod in twain,[4]
To shoot the pricks[5] y-fere.[6]

[1] [*Doubtful.*] [2] ["Unsett steven:" *unexpected time; time not set or fixed.*]
[3] [*Shrubs.*] [4] [*Apart.*]
[5] [*Long-range targets*, the short-range being "butts." It must be confessed, a slim wand cut from a shrogg and set up at three hundred and thirty yards (threescore rod) would look discouraging to the modern archer.] [6] [*Together.*]

"Lead on, good fellow," quoth Robin Hood.
"Lead on, I do bid thee."
"Nay, by my faith, good fellow," he said,
"My leader thou shalt be."

The first time Robin shot at the prick,
He missed but an inch it fro';
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he could never shoot so.

The second shot had the wighty yeoman,
He shot within the garland; [1]
But Robin he shot far better than he,
For he clave the good prick-wand.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he said.
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellow," said he,
"Under the leaves of lyne." [2]
"Nay, by my faith," quoth bold Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."

[1] [*The ring within which the prick was set.*] [2] [*The linden tree.*]

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth he,
"And Robin to take I'm sworn;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale;
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither beene kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright:

To see how these yeomen together fought
Two hours of a summer's day,
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to fly away.

Robin was reckless[1] on a root,
And stumbled at that tide;[2]
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

[1] [*Heedless, not aware of, not recking of,* a root: compare, "But little he'll *reck* if they'll let him sleep on, &c."]

[2] [*Time, moment.*]

"Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood tho,[1]
"Thou art both mother and may;[2]
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on Our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And straight he came with a 'backward' stroke
And he Sir Guy hath slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And stuck it upon his bow's end:
"Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Could tell whose head it was.

Says, "Lie there, lie there now, Sir Guy,
And with me not be wroth;

[1] [*Then:* "tho" from Anglo-Saxon form.] [2] [*Maid.*]

If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."[1]

Robin did off his gown of green,
And on Sir Guy did throw,
And he put on that capul-hide,
That clad him top to toe.

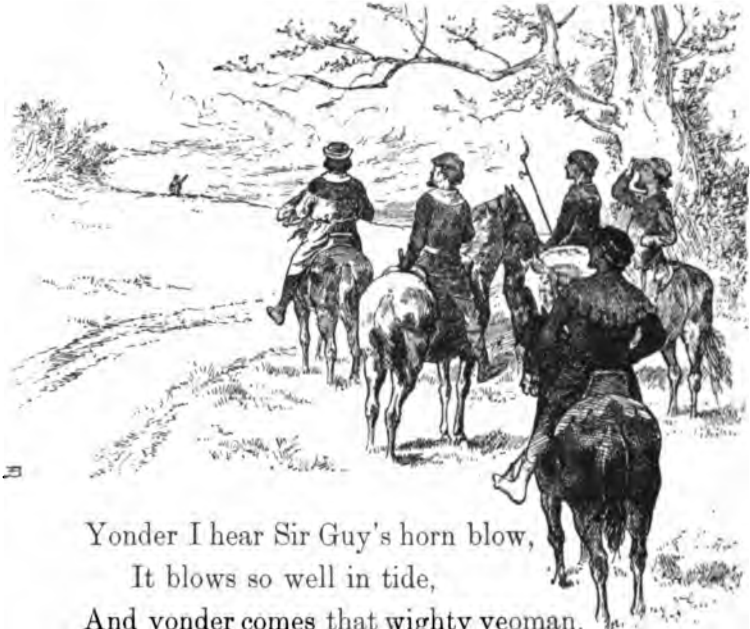
"The bow, the arrows, and little horn
Now with me I will bear;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow:
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham
As he leaned under a lowe.[2]

"Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
"I hear now tidings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
And he hath slain Robin Hood.

[1] [Robin says this as he proceeds to dress himself in Sir Guy's capul-hide, putting his own better cloth on Sir Guy instead.]

[2] [*Hill*: Anglo-Saxon.]



Yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
And yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Clad in his capul-hide.

"Come hither, come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Ask what thou wilt of me."
"Oh, I will none of thy gold," said Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee.

But now I have slain the master," he says,
"Let me go strike the knave:
For this is all the reward I ask,
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou shouldst have had a knight's fee;
But seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."

When Little John heard his master speak,
Well knew he it was his steven;[1]
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
"With Christ his might in heaven."

Fast Robin he hied him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive:[2]
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him can[3] drive.

"Stand aback, stand aback," said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country,
One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boot.[4]

[1] [*Voice.*] [2] [*Immediately.*] [3] ['*Gan, began.*] [4] [*Reliance, help.*]

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrows each one:
When the sheriff saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham town
He fled full fast away,
And so did all the company;
Not one behind would stay.

But he could neither run so fast,
Nor away so fast could ride,
But Little John with an arrow so broad
He shot him into the side.

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were everywhere trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned a great number of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery, and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these:

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them: or by resistance for their own defence.

"The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good

archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe."—*Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he applied for phlebotomy:

Hear undernead dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingtun
nea arcir ver az he sae geud
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
vil England nivir si agen
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.*

[Here underneath this little stone
Lies Robert Earl of Huntington.
No archer were as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.
Obiit (he died) 24 kalends of December, 1247.]

This epitaph appears to me suspicious; however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was ROBERT FITZ-OOTH. Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman in a very old legend in verse, preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge, in eight FYTTES or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed: "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham." The first lines are:

> "Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
> That be of fre-bore blode:
> I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,
> His name was Robyn hode.
>
> "Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
> Whiles he walked on grounde;
> So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,
> Was never none yfounde," &c.

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the famous subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edward III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, written in that reign, a monk says:

> **I can rimes of Roben Hod, and Randal of Chester,**
> **But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothing at all.**
> —Fol. 26, ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer's Sermons a very curious and charac-

teristical story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated outlaw in Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii., p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery), see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

KING ESTMERE.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall hear;
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever born y-were.

The one of them was Adler young,
The other was King Estmere;
They were as bold men in their deeds,
As any were, far and near.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within King Estmere's hall:
"When will ye marry a wife, brother,
A wife to glad us all?"

Then bespake him King Estmere,
And answered him hastily:
"I know not that lady in any land,
That is able to marry with me."

"King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheen;[1]
If I were king here in your stead,
That lady should be queen."

Says, "Rede[2] me, rede me, dear brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Between us two to send."

Says, "You shall ride yourself, brother,
I'll bear you company;
Many through false messengers are deceived,
And I fear lest so should we."

[1] [*Beautiful:* German, *schön*] [2] [*Advise.*]

Thus they renisht[1] them to ride
Of two good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.[2]

And when they came to King Adland's hall
Before the goodly gate,
There they found good King Adland
Rearing himself thereat.

"Now Christ thee save, good King Adland,
Now Christ thee save and see."
Said, "You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right heartily to me."

"You have a daughter," said Adler young,
"Men call her bright and sheen;
My brother would marry her to his wife,
Of England to be queen."

"Yesterday was at my dear daughter
Sir Bremor the King of Spain; [3]
And then she nicked him of nay; [4]
I fear she'll do you the same."

1 [*Arrayed.*] 2 [*Garments:* we still say "in widow's weeds."]
3 [That is, Sir Bremor was besieging, or teasing, my dear daughter. The word "at" is familiar in this sense throughout the Southern United States.]
4 ["Nicked him of nay:" as much as to say, *cut him with a "no."*]

"The King of Spain is a foul paynim,
And 'lieveth on Mahound;
And pity it were that fair lady
Should marry a heathen hound."

"But grant to me," says King Estmere,
"For my love I you pray,
That I may see your daughter dear
Before I go hence away."

"Although it is seven year and more
Since my daughter was in the hall,
She shall come down once for your sake,
To gladden my guests all."

Down then came that maiden fair,
With ladies laced in pall,[1]
And half a hundred of bold knights,
To bring her from bower to hall,
And eke as many gentle squires,
To wait upon them all.

The talents of gold were on her head set,
Hung low down to her knee;
And every ring on her small finger
Shone of the crystal free.

[1] [*Mantles.*]

Says, "Christ you save, my dear madam;"
Says, "Christ you save and see;"
Says, "You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto me.

And if you love me, as you say,
So well and heartily,
All that ever you are come about
Soon sped now it may be."

Then bespake her father dear:
"My daughter, I say nay;
Remember well the King of Spain,
What he said yesterday.

He would pull down my halls and castles,
And 'reave[1] me of my life:
And ever I fear that paynim king,
If I 'reave him of his wife."

"Your castles and your towers, father,
Are strongly built about;
And therefore of that foul paynim
We need not stand in doubt.

[1] [*Bereave: deprive.*]

Plight me your troth now, King Estmere,
By heaven and your right hand,
That you will marry me to your wife,
And make me queen of your land."

Then King Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his right hand,
That he would marry her to his wife,
And make her queen of his land.

And he took his leave of that lady fair,
To go to his own country,
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,
That married they might be.

They had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain,
With kempes[1] many a one:

But in did come the King of Spain,
With many a grim baron,
One day to marry King Adland's daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

[1] ["Kemp-es" (two syllables), warriors.]

Then she sent after King Estmere,
In all the speed might be,
That he must either return and fight,
Or go home and lose his lady.

One while then the page he went,
Another while he ran;
Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere,
I wis, he never blan.[1]

"Tidings, tidings, King Estmere!"
"What tidings now, my boy?"
"O tidings I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoy.

[1] [*Stopped.*]

You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the King of Spain
With many a grim baron,
One day to marry King Adland's daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

That lady fair she greets you well,
And ever-more well by me:
You must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose your lady."

Says, "Rede me, rede me, dear brother,
My rede shall ride[1] at thee,
Which way we best may turn and fight,
To save this fair lady."

"Now hearken to me," says Adler young,
"And your rede must rise at me;
I quickly will devise a way
To set thy lady free.

[1] [" *Ride* " is commonly explained as a mistake for " rise," and the whole line as meaning " My rede (or counsel) shall rise from thee; " but this seems unsatisfactory. Observe the same expression in the next verse.]

My mother was a western woman,
 And learned in gramarye,[1]
And when I learned at the school,
 Something she taught it me.

There groweth an herb within this field,
 And if it were but known,
His[2] color which is white and red,
 It will make black and brown:

His color which is brown and black,
 It will make red and white;
That sword is not in all England,
 Upon his coat will bite.

And you shall be a harper, brother,
 Out of the North country;
And I'll be your boy, so fain of fight,
 To bear your harp by your knee.

And you shall be the best harper,
 That ever took harp in hand;
And I will be the best singer,
 That ever sung in this land.

[1] [*Magic.*] [2] [*Whoever's* (color is white and red, it will make black and brown.)]

It shall be written in our foreheads,
All and,[1] in gramarye,
That we two are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye."[2]

And thus they renisht them to ride,
On two good renisht steeds;
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Unto the fair hall gate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himself thereat.

Says, "Christ thee save, thou proud porter;"
Says, "Christ thee save and see."
"Now you be welcome," said the porter,
"Of what land soever ye be."

"We be harpers," said Adler young,
"Come out of the North country;
We are come hither unto this place,
This proud wedding for to see."

1 [The old ballad-makers were rather fond of putting in an "and" when the rhythm was in need of a syllable.]
2 [*Christendom.*]

Said, "And your color were white and red,
As it is black and brown,
I'd say King Estmere and his brother
Were come unto this town."

Then they pulled out a ring of gold,
Laid it on the porter's arm:
"And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thou wilt say us no harm."

Sore he looked on King Estmere,
And sore he handled the ring,
Then opened to them the fair hall gates,
He let[1] for no kind of thing.

King Estmere he light[2] off his steed,
Up at the fair hall board;
The froth that came from his bridle bit
Light on King Bremor's beard.

[1] [*Stopped.*]

[2] [*Alighted.* But Percy's fourth edition of his book reads, instead of this:

"King Estmere *he stabled* his steed
So fair at the hall board,"

etc., that is, rode right up to the table.]

Says, "Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,
Go stable him in the stall;
It doth not beseem a proud harper
To stable him in a king's hall."

"My lad he is so lither,"[1] he said,
"He will do nought that's meet;
And aye that I could but find the man,
Were able him to beat."

"Thou speakest proud words," said the paynim king,
"Thou harper here to me:
There is a man within this hall
That will beat thy lad and thee."

"O let that man come down," he said,
"A sight of him would I see;
And when he hath beaten well my lad,
Then he shall beat of[2] me."

Down then came the kemperye man,[3]
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not nigh him near.

[1] [*Mischievous.*]
[2] ["Of," put in for rhythm's sake, like the "and" a few stanzas before.]
[3] ["Kemperye man," *fighting man, man accustomed to war.*]

"And how now, kempe,"[1] said the King of Spain,
"And how what aileth thee?"
He says, "It is written in his forehead
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not nigh him nigh."

King Estmere then pulled forth his harp,
And played thereon so sweet:
Upstart the lady from the king,
As he sat at the meat.[2]

"Now stay thy harp, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harp, I say;
For an thou playest as thou begin'st,
Thou'lt till[3] my bride away."

He struck upon his harp again,
And played both fair and free;
The lady was so pleased thereat,
She laughed loud laughters three.

1 [*Kemp-e*, two syllables.]
2 [But instead of this, Percy's other edition reads:

"Then King Estmere pulled forth his harp,
And played a pretty thing:
The lady upstart from the board
And would have gone from the King."]

3 [*Entice.*]

"Now sell me thy harp," said the King of Spain,
"Thy harp and strings each one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be strings thereon."

He played again both loud and shrill,
And Adler he did sing,
"O lady, this is thy own true love;
No harper, but a king.

O lady, this is thy own true love,
As plainly thou mayest see;
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim,
Who parts thy love and thee."

The lady looked, the lady blushed,
And blushed and looked again,
While Adler he hath drawn his brand,
And hath the Sowdan slain.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they 'gan to cry;
"Ah! traitors, ye have slain our king,
And therefore ye shall die."

King Estmere threw the harp aside,
And swith[1] he drew his sword;
And Estmere he, and Adler young,
Right stiff in stour[2] can[3] stand.

And aye their swords so sore can bite,
Through help of gramarye,
That soon they have slain the kemperye men
Or forced them forth to flee.

King Estmere took that fair lady,
And married her to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England
With her to lead his life.

[1] ["Swith," Anglo-Saxon, *instantly*.] [2] [*Fight*.]
[3] ["Can," much used in older ballads for "gan," *began*.]

This old romantic Legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS.,* but which contained very great variations) bears marks of great antiquity. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient legend of *Sir Bevis* represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and Termagaunte;"

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:

"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,
To speake with an heathen hounde,
Unchristian houndes, I rede you fle,
Or I your harte bloud shall se."

Indeed, they return the compliment, by calling him elsewhere "a Christian hounde."

* [But the folio copy had been quite torn out when the MS. came to the hands of Mr. Furnivall and his co-laborer Mr. Hales. One may, however, here express the hope and belief that several explanations of this circumstance might be suggested, which, with all the good Bishop's too evident sins in these matters, would be less discreditable to him than Mr. Furnivall's suggestion (see Hales and Furnivall's reprint of *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, vol. ii., p. 200, note 1) that Percy "must have deliberately and unnecessarily torn three leaves out of his M.S. when preparing his fourth edition for the press."] . . .

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress *incog.* was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I.; but that King Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35) may be thought, perchance, a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca, as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose of in traffic. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude th's article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad the character of the old minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony; no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this

ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a clebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate. As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the Champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH

AND

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY.

PART FIRST.

ERRY it was in the green forest,
Among the leaves green,
Whereas men hunt east and west,
With bows and arrows keen,

To raise the deer out of their den,
Such sights hath oft been seen,
As by three yeomen of the north country,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight[1] Adam Bell,
The other Clym of the Clough,[2]
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

[1] [*Was named.*] [2] [Pronounced *Cluff.*]

They were outlawed for venison,
These yeomen every one;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To English-wood for to gon.[1]

Now lithe and listen, gentlemen,
That of mirths loveth to hear;
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.[2]

William was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care:
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
And with his children three.
"By my troth," said Adam Bell,
"Not by the counsel of me.

For if ye go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If the justice may you take,
Your life were at an end."

[1] [*Go:* "gon" is the old form of the verb.] [2] [*Mate, companion.*]

"If that I come not to-morrow brother,
By prime[1] to you again,
Trust you then that I am taken,
Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone:
There he knocked at his own window,
Shortly and anon.

"Where be you, fair Alice," he said,
"My wife and children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly."

"Alas!" then said fair Alice,
And sighed wondrous sore,
"This place hath been beset for you,
This half year and more."

"Now am I here," said Cloudesly,
"I would that in I were:
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer."

[1] [*Four o'clock A.M. in summer, eight in winter.*]

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife,
And pleased him with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found, of charity,
More than seven year.

Up she rose and forth she goes,
Evil mote[1] she speed therefore,
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year before.

She went into the justice hall,
As fast as she could hie:
"This night," she said, "is come to town
William of Cloudesly."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
And so was the sheriff also;
"Thou shalt not toil hither, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have e'er thou go."

[1] [*May.*]

They gave to her a right good gown
Of scarlet, and of graine:
She took the gift and home she went,
And couched her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
In all the haste they can,
And came thronging to William's house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeoman,
Round about on every side;
William heard great noise of folks,
That thitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back window
And looked all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
With a full great route.[1]

"Alas! treason," cried Alice,
"Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, husband," she said,
"Sweet William of Cloudesly."

[1] [The Folio reads "And with them a full great route," which is certainly not so distressing in rhythm as Percy's line.]

He took his sword and his buckler,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chamber,
Where he thought the surest to be.

Fair Alice, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hand:
Said, "He shall die that cometh in
This door, while I may stand."

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

"A curse on his heart," said William,
"This day thy coat did on:
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

"Yield thee, Cloudesly," said the justice,
"And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro'."
"A curse on his heart," said fair Alice,
"That my husband counselleth so."

"Set fire on the house," said the sheriff,
"Since it will no better be,
And burn we therein William," he said,
"His wife and children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high;
"Alas!" then cried fair Alice,
"I see we here shall die."

William opened a back window,
That was in his chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and children three.

"Have here my treasure," said William,
"My wife and children three,
For Christ's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all agoe,[1]
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstrings burnt in two.

The sparkles brent[2] and fell upon
Good William of Cloudesly;
Then was he woful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me."

"Liever[3] had I," said William,
"With my sword in the route to run,
Than here among mine enemies wood,[4]
Thus cruelly to burn."

[1] [*Gone.*] [2] [*Burnt.*] [3] [*Rather, more lief.*] [4] [*Savage furious.*]

He took his sword and his buckler,
And among them all he ran:

Where the people were most in press,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man abide his stroke,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeoman.

There they him bound both hand and foot,
And in deep dungeon him cast;
"Now Cloudesly," said the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in haste."

"A pair of new gallows," said the sheriff,
"Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut:
No man shall come in thereat.

Then shall not help Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,[1]
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first 'gan he gon,
And commanded to be shut full close
Lightily every one.

[1] [*More:* but the Folio has "men."]

Then went he to the market place,
As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new gallows there he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy 'among them asked,'
"What meaneth that gallow-tree?"
They said "to hang a good yeoman,
Called William of Cloudesly."

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen William in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the woods did gone;[1]
There met he with these wighty yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas!" then said that little boy,
"Ye tarry here all too long;
Cloudesly is taken and damned to death,
All ready for to hang."

[1] [Instead of "did gone," the Percy Folio has "he run."]

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we see this day!
He had better with us have tarried,
So oft as we did him pray.

He might have dwelt in green forests,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of trouble and teen."[1]

Adam bent a right good bow,
A great hart soon he had slain;
"Take that, child," he said, "to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said these wighty yeomen,
"Tarry we no longer here;
We shall him borrow,[2] by God his grace,
Though we bye[3] it full dere."

To Carlisle went these two yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a part of Cloudesly,
And another is for to say.

[1] [Anglo-Saxon, *injury, harm.*] [2] [*Redeem.*]
[3] [Anglo-Saxon abye, *pay for, suffer for.*]

PART THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
All in the morning tide,
They found the gates shut them untill[1]
About on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous fast,
We may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
"With a will we will us in bring;
Let us say we be messengers,
Straight come now from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written,
Now let us wisely work,
We will say we have the king's seal;
I hold the porter no clerk."

[1] [*Unto.*]

Then Adam Bell beat on the gate,
With strokes great and strong;
The porter marveled who was thereat,
And to the gate he throng.[1]

"Who is there now," said the porter,
"That maketh all this knocking?"
"We be two messengers," quoth Clym of the Clough,
"Be come right from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
"To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were again to the king."

"Here cometh none in," said the porter,
"By Him that died on a tree,
Till a false thief be hanged up,
Called William of Cloudesly."

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary free,
"And if that we stand long without,
Like a thief hanged thou shalt be.

[1] [*Ran.*]

Lo! here we have the king's seal;
What, lurden,[1] art thou wood?"
The porter weened it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.

"Welcome be my lord's seal," he said:
"For that ye shall come in."
He opened the gate full shortly,
An evil opening for him.

"Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
"Whereof we are full fain,
But Christ he knows, that harrowed hell,
How we shall come out again."

"Had we the keys," said Clym of the Clough,
"Right well then should we speed;
Then might we come out well enough
When we see time and need."

They called the porter to counsel,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him into a deep dungeon,
And took his keys him fro.

[1] [*Stupid.*]

"Now am I porter," said Adam Bell,
"See brother, the keys are here;
The worst porter to merry Carlisle,
That ye had this hundred year.

And now will we our bows bend,
Into the town will we go,
For to deliver our brother dear,
That lieth in care and woe."

Then they bent their good yew bows,
And looked their strings were round;
The market place in merry Carlisle
They beset in that stound.[1]

And as they looked them beside,
A pair of new gallows they see,
And the justice with a quest[2] of squires,
Had judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudesly lay ready there in a cart,
Fast bound both foot and hand,
And a strong rope about his neck,
All ready for to hang.

[1] [*Hour.*] [2] [*Inquest.*]

The justice called to him a lad,
Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeoman,
Thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great marvel," said Cloudesly,
"As between this and prime,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest proudly," said the justice,
"I shall thee hang with my hand,"
Full well heard this his brethren two
There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eyen[1] aside,
And saw his brethren twain
At a corner of the market place,
Ready the justice for to slain.[2]

"I see comfort," said Cloudesly,
"Yet hope I well to fare;
If I might have my hands at will,
Right little would I care."

[1] [The Folio *MS.* has simple "eye." [2] [*Slay*].

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
"Brother, see ye mark the justice well,
Lo, yonder you may him see.

And at the sheriff shoot I will,
Strongly with an arrow keen;
A better shot in merry Carlisle
This seven year was not seen."

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
That both their sides 'gan bleed,

All men vowed: that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff nigh him by,
Either had his death's wound.

All the citizens fast 'gan fly,
They durst no longer abide;
There lightly they loosed Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start[1] to an officer of the town,
His axe out of his hand he wrung,
On each side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and die;
If ever you have need as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well in that tide,
For their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streets on every side:
That battle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren,
Like hardy men and bold;
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone
Men pressed to them full fast;
They drew their swords then anon,
And their bows from them they cast.

[1] [*Started.*]

They went lightly on their way,
With swords and bucklers round;
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was many an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said alas!
And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth was come,
With him a full great route;
These yeomen dread him full sore,
Of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stour to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
His buckler he brast[1] in two;
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas! treason" they cried for woe,
"Keep we the gates fast," they bade,
"That these traitors thereout not go."

[1] [*Burst.*]

But all for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three, that so manfully fought
Were gotten without at abraide.[1]

"Have here your keys," said Adam Bell,
"Mine office I here forsake;
If you do by my counsel,
A new porter do ye make."

He threw their keys at their heads,
And bad them evil to thrive;

[1] [*Abroad.*]

And all that letteth any good yeoman
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
And lightly as leaf on lynde[1]
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies were far behind.

And when they came to English-wood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found bows full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

"So God me help," said Adam Bell
And Clym of the Clough so free,
"I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meinie."[2]

They set them down and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well:
A second part of the wighty yeoman:
Another I will you tell.

[1] [*The linden tree.*]

[2] [*Company.*]

PART THE THIRD.

As they sat in English-wood,
Under the greenwood tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep,
But her they might not see.

Sore then sighed the fair Alice:
"That ever I saw this day!
For now is my dear husband slain,
Alas! and wel-a-way!

"Might I have spoken with his dear brethren,
Or with either of them twain,
To show to them what him befell,
My heart were out of pain."

Cloudesly walked a little beside,
He looked under the green-wood linde,
He was ware of his wife and his children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.

"Welcome, wife," then said William,
"Under this trusty tree;
I had ween'd yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou should'st me never have see."

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe."
"Dame," he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two."

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,
"I wis it is no boot;
The meat, that we must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot."

Then went they down into a land,
These noble archers all three,
Each of them slew a hart of greece,[1]
The best that they could see.

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Said William of Cloudesly;
"Because ye so boldly stood by me,
When I was slain full nigh."

[1] [*Fat.*]

Then went they to supper,
With such meat as they had,
And thanked God of their fortune;
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certain without lease,[1]
Cloudesly said, "We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alice shall be at sojourning
In a nunnery here beside;
My two sons shall with her go,
And there they shall abide.

My eldest son shall go with me,
For him have you no care,
And he shall bring you word again,
How that we do fare."

Thus be these yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palace,
Where they would needs be.

[1] [*Lying.*]

And when they came to the king's court,
Unto the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave,
But boldly went in thereat.

They pressed prestly[1] into the hall,
Of no man had they dread;
The porter came after and did them call,
And with them 'gan to chide.

The usher said, "Yeomen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me;
You might thus make officers shent:[2]
Good Sirs, of whence be ye?"

"Sir, we be outlaws of the forest,
Certain without lease,
And hither we be come to our king,
To get us a charter of peace."

And when they came before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneeled down without letting,[3]
And each held up his hand.

[1] [*Quickly.*] [2] [*Ruined.*] [3] [*Stopping.*]

Thus said, "Lord, we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace,
For we have slain your fat fallow deer
In many a sundry place."

"What be your names?" then said our king,
"Anon that you tell me;"
They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly."

"Be ye those thieves," then said our king,
"That men have told of to me?
Here to God I make an avow,
Ye shall be hanged all three.

Ye shall be dead without mercy,
As I am king of this land."
He commanded his officers everyone
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomen,
And arrested them all three:
"So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
"This game liketh not me.

But good Lord, we beseech you now,
 That ye grant us grace.
In so much as we do to you come,
 Or else that we may from you pass,

With such weapons as we have here,
 Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
 We will ask you no grace."

"Ye speak proudly," said the king,
 "Ye shall be hanged all three."
"That were great pity," then said the queen,
 "If any grace might be.

My Lord, when I came first into this land,
 To be your wedded wife,
The first boon that I would ask,
 Ye would grant it me belyfe;[1]

And I never asked none till now,
 Therefore, good Lord, grant it me."
"Now ask it madam," said the king,
 "And granted it shall be."

[1] [*Immediately.*]

"Then, good my Lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me."
"Madam ye might have asked a boon
That should have been worth all three.

Ye might have asked towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty."
"None so pleasant to my pay,"[1] she said;
"Nor none so lief[2] to me."

"Madam, since it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be;
But I had liever given you
Good market towns three."

The queen was a glad woman,
And said, "Lord, gramercy;
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

But, good my Lord, speak some merry word,
That comfort, they may see."
"I grant you grace," then said our king,
"Wash fellows, and to meat go ye."

[1] [*Satisfaction.*] [2] [*Dear.*]

5

They had not sat but a while,
    Certain without leasing,[1]
There came messengers out of the north,
    With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
    They knelt down on their knee,
And said, "Lord, your officers greet you well,
    Of Carlisle in the north country."

How fareth my justice," said the king,
    "And my sheriff also?"
"Sir they be slain, without leasing,
    And many an officer more."

"Who hath them slain?" said the king;
    "Anon thou tell to me;"
"Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
    And William of Cloudesly."

"Alas for ruth!" then said our king,
    "My heart is wondrous sore;
I had liever than a thousand pound,
    I had known of this before.

[1] [*Lying.*]

For I have granted them grace,
    And that forthinketh[1] me,
But had I known all this before,
    They had been hanged all three."

The king he opened the letter anon,
    Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
    Three hundred men and more.

First the justice and the sheriff,
    And the mayor of Carlisle town-
Of all the constables and catchpolls
    Alive were scant left one.

The bailiffs and the beadles both,
    And the sergeants of the law,
And forty foresters of the fee,[2]
    These outlaws had y-slaw,[3]

And broke his parks, and slain his deer·
    Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws as they were,
    Walked not by east nor west.

[1] [*Vexeth.*] [2] [*King's domain.*] [3] [*Slain.*]

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighed sore ;
"Take up the tables, anon," he bade,
"For I may eat no more."

The king called his best archers,
To the butts with him to go ;
"I will see these fellows shoot," he said,
"In the north have wrought this woe."

The king's bowmen buske them blyve,[1]
And the queen's archers also,
So did these three wighty yeomen,
With them they thought to go.

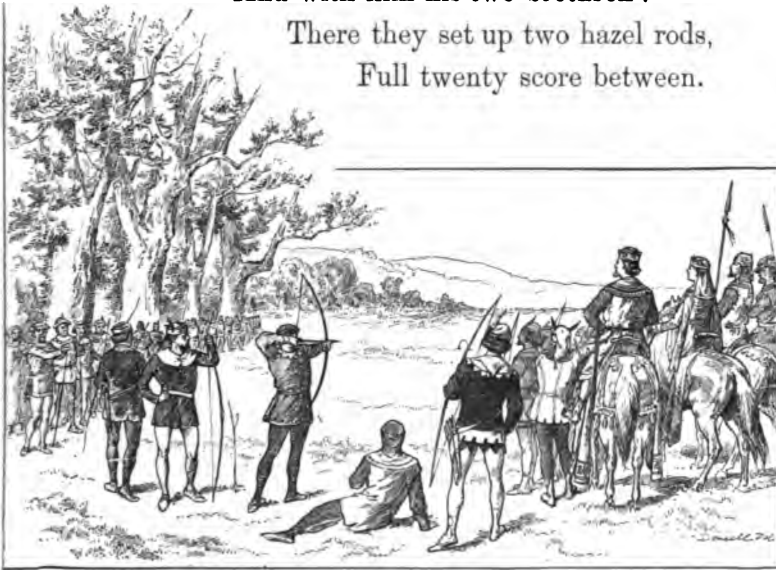
There twice or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
That any prick might stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly
"By Him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archer,
That shooteth at butts so wide."

[1] [*Quickly.*]

"At what a butt now would ye shoot,
I pray thee tell to me?"
"At such a butt, Sir," he said,
"As men use in my country."

William went into a field,
And with him his two brethren :



There they set up two hazel rods,
Full twenty score between.

"I hold him an archer," said Cloudesly,
"That yonder wand cleaveth in two ;"
"Here is none such," said the king,
"Nor none that can so do."

"I shall assay, Sir," said Cloudesly,
"Or[1] that I farther go."
Cloudesly, with a bearing arrow,
Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then said the king,
"For sooth that ever I see."
'And yet for your love," said William,
"I will do more mastery."

I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear;
I will him tie to a stake,
All shall see that be here;

And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score him fro',
And I myself, with a broad arrow,
Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee," then said the king,
"By Him that died on a tree;
But if thou do not as thou hast said,
Hanged thou shalt be.

[1] [*Before.*]

And[1] thou touch his head or gown,
  In sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
  I shall you hang all three."

"That I have promised," said William,
  "That I will never forsake:"
And there even before the king,
  In the earth he drove a stake.

And bound thereto his eldest son,
  And bade him stand still thereat,
And turned the child's face him from,
  Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
  And then his bow he bent;
Six score paces they were meten,[2]
  And thither Cloudlesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
  His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
  That was both stiff and strong.

[1] [*If.*] [2] [*Measured.*]

He prayed the people that were there,
That they would still stand,
"For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behooveth a steadfast hand."

Much people prayed for Cloudesly,
That his life saved might be,
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many[1] weeping ee.

But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,
As many a man might see.
"Now God forbid," then[2] said the king,
"That thou should shoot at me.

I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north country,
I make thee chief rider."

"And I thirteen pence a day," said the queen,
"By God and by my fay;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay.

[1] [The Folio has "many a."]

[2] [Instead of "'Now God forbid,' then said the king,"—as given by the Fo
—Percy has the singular alteration "'Over God's forbode,'" said the king.]

William, I make thee a gentleman,
Of clothing and of fee,
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my chamber,
For they are so seemly to see.

Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be,
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be.

And William, bring to me your wife," said the queen.
"Me longeth her sore to see;
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery,"

The yeoman thanked them full courteously,
"To some bishop will we wend,
Of all the sins that we have done
To be assoiled at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yeomen,
As fast as they might hie;
And after came and dwelled with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus ended the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal bliss,
And all that with a hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven they may never miss. Amen.

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly

were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood,* makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them viz.—

"The father of *Robin* a Forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

'For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdéslee
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;
And our Forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, vol. i. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets.

The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid," in "*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, should be "*Adam* Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned *Clym 'o the Clough* in his *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called *The long Vacation in London*, describes the attorneys and proctors as making matches to meet in Finsbury-fields.

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde:
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride; . . .
Like ghosts of *Adam Bell* and *Clymme*.
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, p. 291, fol. 1673.

I have only to add further, concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the preceding stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient, they are given (corrected in some places by a MS. in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter quarto, **Imprinted at London in Lothburye by Wyllyam Copland** (no date).

THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

OD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away:
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English Earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"
"O cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,

That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say;

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom is this denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,[1]
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

[1] [*Bend of the hill, hill-side.*]

His host he parted had in three,
  As leader ware and tried,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
  Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
  They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
  All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
  They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
  On shields and helmets light.]

They clos'd full fast on every side,
  No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
  And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
  And scattered here and there.

At last these these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions wood[1] they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scott,
That ever yet was born."

[1] [*Savage, furious.*]

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownèd knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy;

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereòn
In his heart's blood was wet.

The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy, there was slain,
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baròn.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the green wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captains more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith[1] it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

[1] [*Since.*]

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
    But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revengèd on them all,
    For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
    After, at Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
    With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
    Did many thousands die:
Thus ended the hunting in Chevy-Chace
    Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
    In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
    'Twixt noblemen may cease!

I.

The more Modern Ballad of Chevy Chace.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original song of Chevy-Chace.[1] The reader has here the improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction, yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule, whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity that is liable to no such unlucky effect. See the stanza in page 10, which in modern orthography, &c., would run thus:

> "For Witherington my heart is woe,
> That ever he slain should be:
> For when his legs were hewn in two,
> He knelt and fought on his knee."

[1] [I have inserted it at an appropriate point in the midst of Percy's remarks under the head of The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chace, immediately following.]

So again, the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

> "The dint it was both sad and sore,
> He on Montgomery set:
> The swan-feathers his arrows bore
> With his heart's blood were wet."—p. 9.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset is to the following effect:

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being overruled, the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy; but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas, like a brave captain, kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks, reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows, and had recourse to their swords; and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *field;*" whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by *bent*, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject,

> "To drive the deer with hound and horn
> Earl Douglas had the bent."—v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number:

> "Of fifteen hundred archers of England
> Went away but fifty and three;
> Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
> But even five and fifty."—p. 10.

He attributes *flight* to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to *flee*, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

> "Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs,
> Went hame but fifty-three:
> Of twenty hundred Englishmen
> Scarce fifty-five did flee:"

and to countenance this change, he has suppressed the two stanza
between ver. 240 and ver. 249. From that edition I have her
reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English balla
appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mea
that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ muc
later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made a
pear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of t
last century. Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the an
quated phrase of *Chevy Chase*, could never have seen this improv
copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he hi
self used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a w
ter excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from th
faults he had objected to. That it could not be much later th
that time, appears from the phrase *doleful dumps;* which in t
age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation
came ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a son
that was at that time in request, and where it could not
to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exc
tionable. Yet in about half a century after it was become b
lesque.—See *Hudibras*, part i., ch. iii., ver. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the gene
beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may cons
the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison. With regard to
subject, it has already been considered. The conjectures th
offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoir*
Carey, Earl of Monmouth, 8vo, 1759, p. 165: whence we le
that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two ki

doms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer, they would come and hunt for several days together, "with their *grey-hounds for deer;*" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men-at-arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, though he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter. In the second volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies* may be found a translation of *Chevy-Chace* into Latin rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad.—See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

II.

The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem, the true original song; which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

THE FIRST FIT.

THE Persè[1] owt off Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wold hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger[2] of doughtè[3] Dogles,[4]
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
"Be[5] my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let[6] that hontyng yf that I may."

Then the Persè owt off Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;[7]
With fifteen hondrith[8] archares bold;
The[9] wear chosen owt of shyars[10] thre.

[1] [*Percy.*] [2] [*Spite.*] [3] [*Doughty.*] [4] [*Douglas.*] [5] [*By.*]
[6] [*Prevent.*] [7] [*Company, Following.*] [8] [*Hundred.*] [9] [*They.*] [10] [*Shi*

This begane on a Monday at morn
  In Cheviat the hillys so he;[1]
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
  It was the mor pittè.

The dryvars thorowe the woodès went,
  For to reas[2] the dear;
Bomen bickarte[3] uppone the bent[4]
  With ther browd aras[5] cleare.

Then the wyld[6] thorowe the woodès went,
  On every syde shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves[7] glent,[8]
  For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above,
  Yerly[9] on a Monnyn day;[10]
Be[11] that it drewe to the oware[12] off none[13]
  A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

1 [*High.*] 2 [*Raise.*]
3 [*Bowmen bickered, i. e.*, shot swiftly, or, perhaps, ran about as if bickering or quarreling.]
4 [*Hill-side.*] 5 [*Arrows.*] 6 [*Wild*, creatures, *deer.*]
7 [*Groves, bushes.*] 8 [*Glinted.*] 9 [*Early.*] 10 [*Monday.*]
11 [*By.*] 12 [*Hour.*] 13 [*Noon.*]

The[1] blewe a mort[2] uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry[3] then the Persè went,
To se the bryttlynge[4] off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle, verament:"
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar off Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge,
With him a myghtè meany;

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande;
Yt was a myghti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nar hande,
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth, bowndes of Tividale.

[1] [*They.*]
[2] The little tune blown on the hunting-horn when the deer was ("mort," killed.]
[3] [*Quarry*, game killed.]
[4] [*Cutting up.*]

"Leave off the brytlyng of the dear," he sayde,
"And to your bowys tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;[1]
A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me 'what' men ye ar," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?"

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt was the good Lord Persè:
"We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar," he says,
"Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays,
In the spyte of thyne and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way."
"Be my troth," sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
"Ther-for the ton[2] of us shall de[3] this day."

[1] [*Hot coal.*] [2] [*One.*] [3] [*Die.*]

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
  Unto the Lord Persè:
"To kyll all thes giltles men,
  A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
  I am a yerle callyd within my contrè;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
  And do the battell off the and of me."

"Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne," sayd the Lord P
  "Who-soever ther-to says nay;
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas," he says,
  "Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
  Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
  I dar met him, on[1] man for on."[1]

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
  Ric. Wytharynton was his nam;
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
  "To Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

[1] [*One.*]

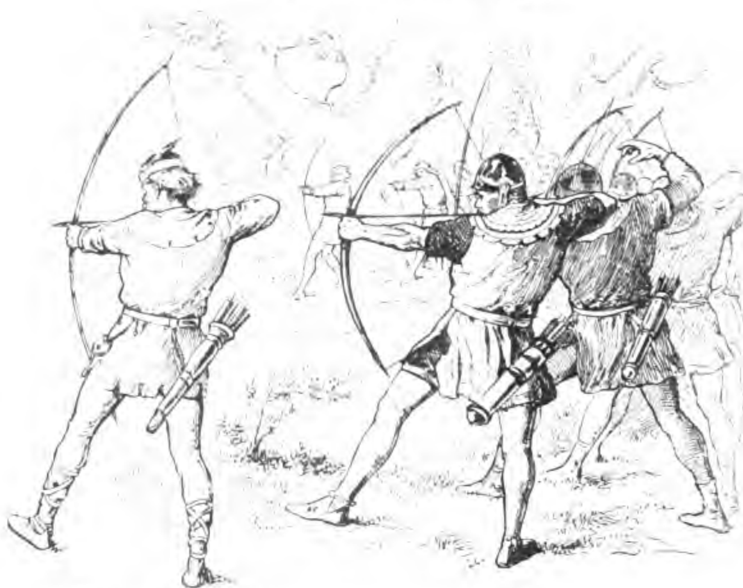
I wat youe byn great lordes twa,
 I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
 And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
 The first FIT here I fynde.
And[1] you wyll here[2] any mor a' the hountyng a' the Chyviat,
 Yet ys ther mor behynde.

[1] [*If.*] [2] [*Hear.*]

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Ynglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.[1]



Yet bydys the Yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.[2]

[1] [*Slew.*]

[2] [*Mischief.*]

The Dogglas pertyd[1] his ost[2] in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With suar speares off myghttè tre,[3]
The cum in on every syde:

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete[4] the garde[5] to dy,
Which ganyde[6] them no pryde.

The Ynggliske men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright;
It was a hevy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites[7] lyght.

Thorowe ryche male[8] and myne-ye-ple[9]
Many sterne the stroke downe streght;
Many a freyke[10] that was full free,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte[11] togethar tyll the both swat,
With swordes that were of fyn myllàn.[12]

[1] [*Parted.*] [2] [*Host.*] [3] [*Tree, wood.*] [4] [*Doughty* (*soldier*).]
[5] [*Caused, made.*] [6] [*Gained.*] [7] [*Basnets, helmets.*]
[8] [*Through rich mail.*] [9] [*Many-ply*, cloth or leather in several thicknesses.]
[10] [*Man*, Anglo-Saxon.] [11] [Likely *swapped*, *i. e.*, exchanged strokes.]
[12] [*Milan steel.*]

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght,
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente
As ever dyd heal[1] or rayne.

"Holde the, Persè," sayd the Doglas,
"And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls[2] wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."

"Nay 'then,'" sayd the Lord Persè,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,
Forthe off a mightie wane;[3]
Hit hathe strekene the Yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

[1] [*Hail.*] [2] [*Earl's.*]
[3] [Interpreted to mean *ane*, one: forth from a mighty one.]

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
  The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
  He spayke mo wordes but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
  For my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
  And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
  And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe, I wold have pertyd with
  My landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
  Was not in all the north countrè."

Off all that se[1] a Skottishe knyght,
  Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry;[2]
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
  He spendyd a spear, a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare[3]
  Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde, nar never blane,[4]
  Tyll he came to the good Lord Persè.

[1] [*Saw.*] [2] [*Sir Hugh Montgomery.*] [3] [*Courser.*] [4] [*Stopped.*]

He set uppone the Lord Persè
  A dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre
  Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

A' the tothar syde that a man myght se
  A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,
  Then that day slain wear thare.

An archar off Northomberlonde
  Say[1] slean[2] was the Lord Persè;
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
  Was made off trusti tre.

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
  To th' hard stele halyde[3] he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar,
  He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and 'soar,'
  That he on Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars,[4] that his arrowe bar,
  With his hart-blood the wear wete.[5]

[1] [*Saw.*] [2] [*Slain.*] [3] [*Drew*, (the arrow back to the head).]
[4] [*Swan-feathers.*] [5] [*They were wet*]

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,[1]
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strength for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archers of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
The hade no strengthe to stand on he:
The chylde may rue that is un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

[1] [*Endure.*]

Thear was slayne with the Lord Persè,
  Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hinde Hartly,
  Sir Wyllyam, the bold Hearone.

Sir Jorg, the worthè Lovele,
  A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff, the ryche Rugbè,
  With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
  That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
  He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas,
  Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
  His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè in that place,
  That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
  With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears[1]
Off byrch and hasell so 'gray';
Many wedous[2] with wepyng tears
Cam to fach[3] ther makys[4] a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,[5]
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear,
On the March-perti[6] shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, Lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!"
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That Lord Persè Leyff-tennante of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

[1] [*Biers.*] [2] [*Widows.*] [3] [*Fetch.*] [4] [*Mates, husbands.*]
[5] [*Complain with care.*] [6] [*March-parts, border-parts.*]

"God have merci on his soll," sayd Kyng Harry,
"Good Lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Yynglonde," he sayd,
"As good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte[1] shall be."

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the Lord Persè
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thrittè Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this spurn:[2]
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

[1] [*Acquitted, revenged.*]

[2] [Usually interpreted as probably an old proverb or idiom meaning *That pull or jerk* ("tear") *began*, or occasioned, *this kick* ("spurn.")]

At Otterburn began this spurne
  Uppon a Monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
  The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the March-partes
  Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
  As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys[1] bete,
  And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
  God send us all good ending!

This curiosity is printed from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's Preface to Gul. Nubrigiensis Hist. 1719, 8vo, vol. i. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, RYCHARD SHEALE: whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland, (fol. 42,)

[1] [*Conquer our ills.*]

under the title of the HUNTIS OF CHEVET, where the two following lines are also quoted:

> The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette
> That day, that day, that gentil day:

Which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem, will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI.: as, on the other hand, the mention of **James the Scottish King**, with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I., who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI., but before the end of that long reign, a third James had mounted the throne. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty inva-

sions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT. Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord-warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad; for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of CHEVY-CHACE, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together; if, indeed, the lines in which this mistake is made are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy; but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS., where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided.—See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalogue, No. 2253, s. 29, 34, 61, 70, et passim.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN.

T fell about the Lamasse tide,
When husbands[1] win[2] their hay,
The doughty Douglass bound him to ride,
In England to take a prey:

The Earl of Fyffe, without strife,
He bound him over Sulway:
The great would ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hill they came in,
And so down by Rodelyffe crag,
Upon Green Leyton they lighted down,
Stirring many a stag;

And boldly brent[3] Northumberland,
And harried many a town;
They did our English men great wrong,
To battle that were not born.

[1] [*Husbandmen.*] [2] [*Get in.*] [3] [*Burnt.*]

Then spake a berne[1] upon the bent,
Of comfort that was not cold,
And said, "We have brent Northumberland,
We have all wealth in hold.

Now we have harried all Bamboroughshire,
All the wealth in the world have we;
I rede we ride to New Castle,
So still and stalwartly."

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The standards shone full bright;
To the New Castle they took the way,
And thither they came full right.

Sir Henry Percy lay at the New Castle,
I tell you without dread;
He had been a march-man all his days,
And kept Berwick upon Tweed.

To the New Castle when they came,
The Scots they cried on hight,[2]
"Sir Harry Percy, and thou beest within,
Come to the field, and fight:

[1] [*Chief*; Anglo-Saxon.] [2] [*High*.]

For we have brent Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And since my lodging I have taken,
With my brand dubbed many a knight."

Sir Harry Percy came to the walls
The Scottish host for to see;
"And thou hast brent Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me.

If thou hast harried all Bamboroughshire,
Thou hast done me great envy;
For the trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

"Where shall I bide thee?" said the Douglas,
"Or where wilt thou come to me?"
"At Otterburn in the highway,
There mayst thou well lodged be.

The roe full reckless there she runs,
To make the game and glee:
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holtes[1] on high.

[1] [*Woods.*]

There mayst thou have thy wealth at will,
Well lodged there mayst be.
It shall not be long, or I come thee till,"[1]
Said Sir Harry Percy.

"There shall I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"By the faith of my body."
"Thither shall I come," said Sir Harry Percy;
"My troth I plight to thee."

A pipe of wine he gave them over the walls,
For sooth, as I now say:
There he made the Douglas drink,
And all his host that day.

The Douglas turned him homeward again,
For sooth without nay,
He took his lodging at Otterburn
Upon a Wednesday:

And there he pight[2] his standard down,
His getting[3] more or less,
And syne[4] he warned his men to go
To choose their geldings gresse.[5]

[1] [*To*; before I come to thee.]
[2] [*Pitched.*]
[3] [*Plunder, booty.*]
[4] [*Then.*]
[5] [*Grass.*]

A Scottish knight hoved[1] upon the bent,
 A wache[2] I dare well say:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
 In the dawning of the day.

He pricked to his pavilion door,
 As fast as he might run,
"Awaken Douglas," cried the Knight,
 "For His love, that sits in throne."

[1] [*Hovered.*] [2] [*Watch, picquet.*]

"Awaken Douglas," cried the Knight,
"For thou mayst waken with wynne.[1]
Yonder have I spied the proud Percy,
And seven standards with him."

"Nay, by my troth," the Douglas said,
"It is but a feigned tale:
He durst not look on my broad banner,
For all England so hale.

Was I not yesterday at the New Castle,
That stands so fair on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy had,
He could not gar[2] me once to dine."

He stepped out at his pavilion door,
To loke and it were less;
"Array you, lordyngs, one and all,
For here begins no peace.

The Earl of Menteith, thou art my eme,[3]
The forward I give to thee:
The Earl of Huntlay cawte[4] and keen,
He shall with thee be.

[1] [Joy.]

[2] [Force.]

[3] [Uncle.]

[4] [Cautious.]

The Lord of Buchan in armor bright
On the other hand he shall be;
Lord Johnstone and Lord Maxwell,
They two shall be with me.

Swynton, fair field upon your pride!
To battle make you bowne:
Sir Davy Scott, Sir Walter Stewarde,
Sir John of Agurstone."

The Percy came before his host,
Which was ever a gentle knight,
Upon the Douglas loud can he cry,
"I will hold that I have hight:

For thou hast brent Northumberland,
And done me great envy;
For this trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

The Douglas answered him again
With great words up on he,[1]
And said, "I have twenty against thy one;
Behold and thou mayst see."

[1] [*High, aloud.*]

With that the Percy was grieved sore,
For sooth as I you say:
He lighted down upon his feet,
And schoot[1] his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That ryall was ever in rout;[2]
Every man schoote his horse him fro',
And light him round about.

Thus Sir Harry Percy took the field,
For sooth, as I you say:
Jesus Christ in heaven on high
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand there was no mo;
The chronicle will not layne;[3]
Forty thousand Scotts and four
That day fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a knight,
'Then' letters fair forth hath he tayne,[4]
And thus he said full right:

1 [*Drove.*] 2 [*Who was ever royal in fight.*] 3 [*Lie.*] 4 [*Ta'en, taken.*]

"My Lord, your father greets you well,
With many a noble knight;
He desires you to bide
That he may see this fight.

The Baron of Grastoke is come out of the West,
And with him a noble company;
All they lodge at your father's this night,
And the battle fain would they see."

"For Jesus' love," said Sir Harry Percy,
"That died for you and me,
Wend to my lord my father again,
And say thou saw me not with ye:

My troth is plighted to yon Scottish knight,
It needs me not to layne,
That I should bide him upon this bent,
And I have his troth again:

And if that I wend off this ground
For sooth unfought away,
He would me call but a coward knight
In his land another day.

Yet had I lever to be rynde[1] and rente,
By Mary that mickle may;[2]
Then ever my manhood should be reproved
With a Scot another day.

Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake,
And let sharp arrows flee:
Minstrels, play up for your warison,[3]
And well requited it shall be.

Every man think on his true love,
And mark him to the Trinity:
For to God I make mine vow
This day will I not flee."

The bloody hart in the Douglas arms,
His standard stood on high;
That every man might full well know:
By side stood stars three:

The white Lion on the English part,
Forsooth as I you sayne;[4]
The luces and the crescents both:
The Scotts fought them again.

[1] [*Torn.*] [2] [" Mickle May," *great maid.*] [3] [*Reward.*] [4] [*Say.*]

Upon Saint Andrew loud can they cry,
  And thrice they shot on high,
And syne[1] marked them one our English men,
  As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,
  To name they were full fain,
Our English men they cried on high,
  And thrice they shot again.

With that sharp arrows began to flee,
  I tell you in certainty;
Men of arms began to join;
  Many a doughty man was there slain.

The Percy and the Douglas met,
  That either of other was fain;
They swapped together, while they that sweat,
  With swords of fine Collayne;[2]

Till the blood from their bassonets ran,
  As the roke[3] doth in the rain.
"Yield thee to me," said the Douglas,
  "Or else thou shalt be slain:

[1] [*Then.*] [2] [*Cologne*, (steel.)] [3] [*Reek, steam.*]

For I see, by thy bright bassonet,
Thou art some man of might,
And so I do by thy burnished sword,
Thou art an earl or else a knight."

"By my good father," said the noble Percy,
"Now hast thou read full right,
Yet never will I yield me to thee,
While I may stand and fight."

They swapped together, while that they sweat,
With swords sharp and long;
Each on other so fast they beat,
Till their helms came in pieces down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
I tell you in this stound,
He smote the Douglas at the sword's length,
Till he fell to the ground.

The sword was sharp and sore can bite,
I tell you in certainty;
To the heart he could him smite,
Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standers stood still on either side,
With many a grievous groan;
There they fought the day, and all the night,
And many a doughty man was slain.

There was no man, that there would flee,
But stiffly in stour can stand,
Each one hewyng on other while they might drye,[1]
With many a baleful brand.

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth and certainty,
Sir James a Douglas there was slain,
That day that he could die.

The Earl of Menteith he was slain,
Grisly groaned upon the ground;
Sir Davy Scott, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agurstone.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a fight would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With Douglas did he die.

[1] [*Endure.*]

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth as I now say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots
Went but eighteen away.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth and certainly,
A gentle knight, Sir John Fitz-hugh,
It was the more pity.

Sir James Harbottle there was slain,
For him their hearts were sore,
The gentle Lovell there was slain,
That the Percy's standard bore.

There was slain upon the English part,
For sooth as I now say .
Of nine thousand English men
Five hundred came away :

The other were slain in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe,
Seeing there was so few friends
Against so many a foe.

Then on the morn they made them biers
Of birch and hazle gray;
Many a widow with weeping tears
Their mates they fette away.

This fray began at Otterburn,
Between the night and the day:
There the Douglas lost his life,
And the Percy was led away.

Then was there a Scottish prisoner tayne,
Sir Hugh Mongomery was his name,
For sooth as I now say,
He borrowed[1] the Percy home again.

Now let us all for the Percy pray
To Jesus most of might,
To bring his soul to the bliss of heaven,
For he was a gentle knight.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the

[1] [*Ransomed.*]

English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II., 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west Marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August, they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the county of Durham, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle of Otterbourn; and in the evening of August 9 (as the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart, August 15), after an unsuccessful assault, were surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James Earl of Douglas rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies showing the utmost bravery: the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot; the Earl of Murrey mortally wounded; and Hotspur with his brother, Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of

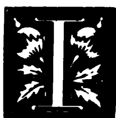
the engagements being disputed: Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day; but night coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots; and the Earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home: and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englyshmen on the one partye, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo betwene them as long as spears, swordes, axes, or dagers wyll endure: but lay on eche upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felde; so that shortely ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE,

CURTOYSLY THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. But in fyghtynge one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge."—Froissart's *Cronycle* (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), cap. cxlij.

The ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library (Cleopatra, c. iv.), and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52]. In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percye earle of Northomberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande. Anno 1388." But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son SIR HENRY PERCY, Knt., surnamed HOTSPUR (in those times they did not usually give the title of LORD to an earl's eldest son). 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the Chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written, in all likelihood, as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier; which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed, that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

SIR CAULINE.

N Ireland far over the sea
There dwelleth a bonny king;
And with him a young and comely knight,
Men call him Sir Cauline.

The king had a lady to his daughter,
In fashion she had no peer;
And princely wights that lady woo'd
To be their wedded fere.[1]

Sir Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he say,
Ne descreeve[2] his counsel to no man,
But dearly he loved this maid.

[1] [*Mate.*] [2] [*Nor disclose.*]

Till on a day it so befell
Great dill[1] to him was dight;[2]
The maiden's love removed his mind,
To care-bed went the knight.

One while he spread his arms him fro',
One while he spread them nigh:
"And aye! but I win that lady's love,
For dole now I maun[3] die."

And when our parish-mass was done,
Our king was bound to dine:
He says, "Where is Sir Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wine?"

Then answered him a courteous knight,
And fast his hands 'gan wring:
"Sir Cauline is sick, and like to die,
Without a good leeching."

"Fetch me down my daughter dear,
She is a leech full fine;
Go take him dough, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wine so red:
Loth I were him to tine."[4]

[1] [*Dole.*] [2] [*Wrought.*] [3] [*Must.*] [4] [*Lose.*]

Fair Christabel to his chamber goes,
Her maidens following nigh :
"O well," she saith, "how doth my lord?"
"O sick, thou fair lady."

"Now rise up wightly, man, for shame,
Never lie so cowardly ;
For it is told in my father's hall,
You die for love of me."

"Fair lady, it is for your love
That all this dill I dree;
For if you would comfort me with a kiss,
Then were I brought from bale to bliss,
No longer would I lie."

"Sir Knight, my father is a king,
I am his only heir;
Alas! and well you know, Sir Knight,
I never can be your fere."

"O lady, thou art a king's daughter,
And I am not thy peer;
But let me do some deeds of arms
To be your bachelere."

"Some deeds of arms if thou wilt do,
My bachelere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart would rue,
If harm should happen to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorn,
Upon the moors broding;[1]
And dare ye, Sir Knight, wake there all night,
Until the fair morning?

[1][Likely, *the moor's broadening.*]

For the Eldridge knight, so mickle of might,
Will examine you beforn ;[1]
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scathe and scorn.

That knight he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone ;
And but if heaven may be thy speed,
Thy life it is but gone."

"Now on the Eldridge hills I'll walk,
For thy sake, fair lady ;
And I'll either bring you a ready token,
Or I'll never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chamber,
Her maidens following bright ;
Sir Cauline lope[2] from care-bed soon,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

[1] [Beforn, for *before*, often survives in the ballad, from the old English.]
[2] [*Leaped.*]

Unto midnight, that the moon did rise,
He walked up and down;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blow

Over the bents so brown:
Quoth he, "If cryance[1] come till my heart,
I am far from any good town."

[1] [*Recreance, or panic.*]

And soon he spied on the moors so broad
A furious wight and fell;
A lady bright his bridle led,
Clad in a fayre kirtle:

And so fast he called on Sir Cauline,
"O man, I rede thee fly,
For, but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou maun die."

He saith, "No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I will not flee;
For, cause thou minged[1] not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knight, he pricked his steed;
Sir Cauline bold abode:
Then either shook his trusty spear,
And the timber these two children bare
So soon in sunder slode.[2]

Then took they out their two good swords,
And laid on full fast,
Till helm and hauberk, mail and shield,
They all were well-nigh brast.

[1] [*Mentioned.*] [2] [*Slid.*]

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiff in stour did stand;
But Sir Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soon he, with pain and lack of blood,
Fell down on that lay[1] land.

Then up Sir Cauline lift his brand
All over his head so high:
"And here I swear by the holy rood,
Now, caitiff, thou shalt die."

Then up and came that lady bright,
Fast wringing of her hand;
"For the maiden's love that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brand:

For the maiden's love that most you love,
Now smite no more I pray;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obey."

"Now swear to me, thou Eldridge knight,
And here on this lay land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,[2]
And thereto plight thy hand:

[1] [*Lea, greensward.*]

[2] [*Law.*]

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sport, gammon, or play;
And that thou here give up thy arms
Until thy dying day."

The Eldridge knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh,
And sware to obey Sir Cauline's hest,
Till the time that he should die.

And he then up and the Eldridge knight
Set him in his saddle anon;
And the Eldridge knight and his lady,
To their castle are they gone.

Then he took up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it found five rings of gold
Of knights that had be slone.[1]

Then he took up the Eldridge sword,
As hard as any flint:
And he took off those rings five,
As bright as fire and brent.

[1] [*Slain.*]

Home then pricked Sir Cauline,
As light as leaf on tree;
I wys he neither stint ne blanne,[1]
Till he his lady see.[2]

Then he knelt down upon his knee,
Before that lady gay:
"O lady, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, Sir Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto me,
For now I perceive thou art a true knight,
Of valor bold and free."

"O lady, I am thy own true knight,
Thy hests for to obey;
And might I hope to win thy love!" —
No more his tongue could say.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And fette a gentle sigh;
"Alas! Sir Knight, how may this be,
For my degree's so high?

[1] [*Nor stopped.*] [2] [*Saw.*]

But since thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchelere,
I'll promise, if thee I may not wed,
I will have none other fere."

Then she held forth her lily-white hand
Towards that knight so free;
He gave to it one gentle kiss,
His heart was brought from bale to bliss,
The tears start from his eye.

"But keep my counsel, Sir Cauline,
Nor let no man it know;
For, and ever my father should it ken,
I wot he would us sloe."[1]

From that day forth, that lady fair
Loved Sir Cauline the knight:
From that day forth, he only joyed
When she was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they met
Within a fair arbor,
Where they, in love and sweet dalliance,
Passed many a pleasant hour.

[1] [*Slay.*]

PART THE SECOND.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour:
This found the Lady Christabel
In an untimely hour.

For so it befell, as Sir Cauline
Was with that lady fair,
The King, her father, walked forth
To take the evening air:

And into the arbor as he went
To rest his weary feet,
He found his daughter and Sir Cauline
There set in dalliance sweet.

The king, he started forth, I wys,
And an angry man was he:
"Now, traitor, thou shalt hang or draw,
And rue shall thy lady."

Then forth Sir Cauline he was led,
And thrown in dungeon deep:
And the lady into a tower so high,
There left to wail and weep.

The queen she was Sir Cauline's friend,
And to the King said she:
"I pray you save Sir Cauline's life,
And let him banished be."

"Now dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea foam:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foul death is his doom."

All woe-begone was that gentle knight
To part from his lady;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistful eye:
"Fair Christabel, from thee to part,
Far liever had I die."

Fair Christabel, that lady bright,
Was had forth of the tower;

But ever she droopeth in her mind,
As, nipped by an ungentle wind,
    Doth some fair lily flower.

And ever she doth lament and weep
    To tint[1] her lover so;
"Sir Cauline, thou little think'st on me,
    But I will still be true."

Many a king, and many a duke,
    And lord of high degree,
Did sue to that fair lady of love;
    But never she would them nee.[2]

When many a day was past and gone,
    No comfort could she find,
The king proclaimed a tournament,
    To cheer his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights,
    From many a far country,
To break a spear for their lady's love,
    Before that fair lady.

[1] [*Lose.*] [2] [*Nigh:* would not go near (I suppose) them, or their propositions.]

And many a lady there was set,
In purple and in pall;
But fair Christabel, so woe-begone,
Was the fairest of them all.

Then many a knight was mickle of might,
Before his lady gay;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knew,
He won the prize each day.

His Hacqueton[1] it was all of black,
His hawberk and his shield;
Ne no man knew where he did come,
Ne no man knew where he did go,
When they come out the field.

And now three days were prestly[2] passed
In feats of chivalry,
When lo, upon the fourth morning,
A sorrowful sight they see:

A huge giant stiff and stark,
All foul of limb and lere,[3]
Two goggling eyes like fire farden,[4]
A mouth from ear to ear.

[1] [The quilted leathern coat of the knight.]
[2] [*Quickly.*]
[3] [*Countenance.*]
[4] [*Flashed.*]

Before him came a dwarf full low,
That waited on his knee;
And at his back five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.[1]

"Sir," quoth the dwarf, and louted[2] low,
"Behold that hend[3] Soldan!
Behold these heads I bear with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousin,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:[4]
And he is come to avenge his wrong:
And to thee, all thy knights among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yet he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughter's love to win;
And, but thou yield him that fair maid,
Thy halls and towers must brenn.[5]

Thy head, Sir King, must go with me,
Or else thy daughter dear;
Or else within these lists so broad,
Thou must find him a peer."

1 [*Complexion.*] 2 [*Bowed.*] 3 [*Kind.*]
4 [*Destroyed, ruined.*] 5 [*Burn.*]

The king he turned him round about,
And in his heart was woe:
"Is there never a knight of my Round Table
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knight among ye all
Will fight for my daughter and me?
Whoever will fight on grim Soldan,
Right fair his meed shall be.

For he shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crown be heir;
And he shall win fair Christabel
To be his wedded fere."

But every knight of his Round Table
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they looked on the grim Soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fair lady,
When she saw no help was nigh;
She cast her thoughts on her own true love,
And the tears gushed from her eye.

Up then started the stranger knight,
Said, "Lady, be not afraid;
I'll fight for thee with this grim Soldan,
Though he be unmackly[1] made?

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sword,
That lieth within thy bower,
I trust in Christ for to slay this fiend,
Though he be stiff in stour."

"Go fetch him down the Eldridge sword,"
The king he cried, "with speed:
Now heaven assist thee, courteous knight:
My daughter is thy meed."

The giant he stepped into the lists,
And said, "Away, away:
I swear as I am the hend Soldan,
Thou lettest me here all day."

Then forth the stranger knight he came,
In his black armor dight:
The lady sighed a gentle sigh,
"That this were my true knight!"

[1] [*Ungainly, misshapen.*]

And now the giant and knight be met
Within the lists so broad;
And now with swords so sharp of steel,
They gan to lay on load.

The Soldan struck the knight a stroke,
That made him reel aside:
Then woe-begone was that fair lady,
And thrice she deeply sighed.

The Soldan struck a second stroke,
And made the blood to flow:
All pale and wan was that lady fair,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The Soldan struck a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knight on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that lady's heart,
And she shrieked loud shriekings three.

The knight he leaped upon his feet,
All reckless of the pain :
Quoth he, "But heaven be now my speed,
Or else I shall be slain."

He grasped his sword with main and might,
And spying a secret part,
He drove it into the Soldan's side,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shout,
When they saw the Soldan fall :
The lady wept and thanked Christ
That rescued her from thrall.

And now the king with all his barons,
Rose up from off his seat,
And down he stepped into the lists .
That courteous knight to greet.

But he, for pain and lack of blood,
  Was fallen into a swoon,
And there all weltering in his gore,
  Lay lifeless on the ground.

"Come down, come down, my daughter dear
  Thou art a leech of skill;
Far liever had I lose half my lands,
  Than this good knight should spill."[1]

Down then stepped that fair lady,
  To help him if she may:
But when she did his beaver raise,
"It is my life, my lord," she says,
  And shrieked and swooned away.

Sir Cauline just lift up his eyes,
  When he heard his lady cry:
"O lady, I am thine own true love;
  For thee I wished to die."

Then giving her one parting look,
  He closed his eyes in death
Ere Christabel, that lady mild,
  Began to draw her breath.

[1] [*Spoil, be killed.*]

But when she found her comely knight
Indeed was dead and gone,
She laid her pale cold cheek to his,
And thus she made her moan:

"O stay, my dear and only lord,
For me, thy faithful fere;
'Tis meet that I should follow thee,
Who hast bought my life so dear."

Then fainting in a deadly swoon,
And with a deep-fette sigh,
That burst her gentle heart in twain,
Fair Christabel did die.

This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second,[1] to connect and complete the story in

[1] [In point of fact Percy has "supplied" nearly the whole of the Second Part, and in such a way that one can scarcely restrain a sense of outrage against the good Bishop; for the original, in the Folio, is wholly different in tone and result; the knight Sir Cauline is set upon by a lion, which has been let loose with treacherous intent against the knight's life by a false steward, but conquers the beast by

the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

It may be proper to inform the reader that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called " holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by K. Edw. I., he, at his own costs, caused a tourneament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the ROUND TABLE (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form). And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jousts and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ.*

As to the art of healing being practised by a young princess, it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the

holding it against the wall with such force that its heart burst, and thereafter (ends the Folio version)

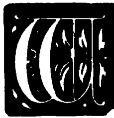
" . . He did marry this King's daughter
With gold & silver bright,
& 15 sonnes this Ladye beere
To Sir Cawline the Knight."]

earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the *Northern Chronicles* we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are *skilful in surgery*."—See Harrison's *Description of England,* prefixed to Holingshed's Chronicle, &c.

EDWARD EDWARD.

A Scottish Ballad.

FROM A MS. COPY TRANSMITTED FROM SCOTLAND.

HY does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
"O, I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hawk sae guid:
And I had nae mair but hee, O."

"Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,[1]
Edward, Edward:
Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My dear son I tell thee, O."
"O, I hae killed my reid-roan steed,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

[1] [*Red.*]

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Sum other dule[1] ye dree,[2] O."
"O, I hae killed my fadir dear,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir dear,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance wul ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

"And what wul ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"

[1] [*Dole, grief.*] [2] [*Suffer, endure.*]

"I'll let thame[1] stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
I'll let them stand til they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I bee, O."

"And what wul ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang over the sea, O?"
"The warldis[2] room, late[3] them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, late them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O."

"And what wul ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Sic counseils ye gave to me, O."

[1] [*Them.*] [2] [*World's.*] [3] [*Let.*]

This seems to me one of the most powerful and altogether well-made ballads in our language, and is capable of being chanted—as it must have been—with most dramatic effect. The rhythm is very beautiful, and should be well-preserved in recitation:

3/8 Why does your | brand sae | drop wi' | bluid |
Ed - - | ward, | Ed - - | ward, |
Why does your | brand sae | drop wi' | bluid, My |
dear son | now tell | me, | O, |

EDOM O' GORDON.

T fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.[1]

And what a hauld sall we draw till,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladie."

[1] [*Raid on some stronghold.*]

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men,
Cum riding towards the toun.

"O see ye nat, my mirry men a'?
O see ye nat what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I marveil wha they be."

She weened[1] it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Wha recked nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner busked hersel,
And putten on her goun,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

[1] [*Thought.*]

The lady ran up to her tower head,
Sae fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speechès,
She could wi' him agree.

But whan he see this lady safe,
And her gates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

"Cum doun to me, ye lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me."

"I winnae cum doun, ye false Gordòn,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Give owre your house, ye lady fair,
Give owre your house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot[1] and your babies three."

"I winnae give owre, ye false Gordòn,
To nae sic traitor as yee;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ye dree.

[1] [*Besides.*]

But reach me hither my guid bend-bowe,
Mine arrows one by one;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone."

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa arrows flee;
She missed that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only raz'd his knee.

"Set fire to the house," quo' false Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire;
"False lady, ye sall rue this deed,
As ye brenn in the fire."

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock my man,
I paid ye weil your fee;
Why pow[1] ye out the ground-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek[2] to me?

And e'en wae worth ye, Jock my man,
I paid ye weil your hire;
Why pow ye out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

[1] [*Pull.* This the lady calls out to Jock who traitorously pulls out the ground-wall stone so as to let in the reek or deadly smoke.]

[2] [*Smoke.*]

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ye paid me weil my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or die."

O than[1] bespake her little son,
Sate on the nourice'[2] knee,
Says, "Mither dear, gi owre[3] this house,
For the reek it smithers me."

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my child,
Sae wad I a' my fee,[4]
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp[5] and sma:
"O row[6] me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow[7] me owre the wa."

They rowd her in a pair o' sheets,
And towd her owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

[1] [*Then.*] [2] [*Nurse's.*] [3] [*Give over, abandon.*] [4] [*Property.*] [5] [*Slender.*] [6] [*Roll.*] [7] [*Let me down* over the wall.]

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid[1] bluid dreips.[2]

Then wi' his spear he turnd her owre;
Oh gin[3] her face was wan!
He sayd, "Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

He turnd her owre and owre again;
O gin her skin was white!
"I might ha spared that bonnie face,
To hae been sum man's delight.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I cannae luik in that bonny face,
As it lies on the grass."

"Thame luiks to frets, my master dear,
Then frets will follow thame;
Let it n'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

[1] [*Red.*] [2] [*Drip.*] [3] [*But:* as we say, Oh, but it 's cold!]

But when the lady see the fire
Cum flaming owre her head,
She wept and kissed her children twain,
Said, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, "Awa', awa';
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'."

O then he spied her ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lea;
He seed his castle all in blaze
Sa far as he could see.

Then sair. O sair his mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae;
"Put on, put on, my wighty men
So fast as ye can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ye can dree;
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
Sall ne'er get guid o' me."

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
Fou fast out-owr the bent;
But e'er the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu'[1] muid:
"O traitors, for this cruel deed
Ye sall weep tears o' bluid."

[1] [*Sorrowful.*]

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he might dree;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid,
He's wroken[1] his dear ladie.

Edom o' Gordon was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755, 8vo (twelve pages). We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled *Captain Adam Carre*, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English ballads are generally of the north of England, the Scottish are of the south of Scotland; and of consequence the country of ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The house or castle of the RODES, stood about a measured mile

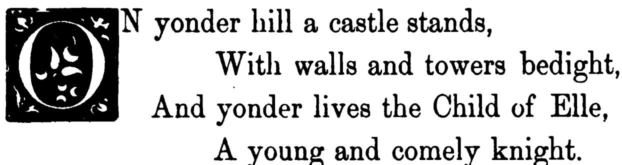
[1] [*Revenged.*]

south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. The two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes: the fact, however, on which the ballad is founded, happened in the north of Scotland. It contains but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay farther west, and *vice versa.* In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of *Gil Morris*, the hero of which had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS., instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of the Brittons-borrow," and also "Diactoars," or "Dratours-borrow," for it is very obscurely written, and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.



ON yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page,
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

"Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see!
Oh tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?"

"My Lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eye;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf,
Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
Since her father hath chose her a new, new love,
And forbids her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north country,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay."

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy Lady from me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will die or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know,
This night I will be at her bow-window,
Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stayed,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When kneeling down he said:

"O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bow-window,
And die or set thee free."

Now day was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep:

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whispering at the wall:

"Awake, awake, my dear lady,
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

Awake, awake, my Lady dear,
Come mount this fair palfrey :
This ladder of rope will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I tine[1] my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight so true
May'st safely wend alone;
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Till he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

[1] [*Lose.*]

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could do.

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew.

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,
And kissed her tenderly:
The tears that fell from her fair eyes,
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed whereas she lay;
Quoth she, "My Lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight;
The lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north country:
"Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn."

"But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

But light now down, my dear lady,
Light down and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force."[1]

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Passed many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
And his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

[1] [This stanza is particularly watery: Percy has manufactured nearly the whole ballad, the Folio fragment consisting of only nine and a half stanzas.]

And now the baron, and all his men
Full fast approached nigh:
Ah! what may Lady Emmeline do?
'Twere now no boot to flee.

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"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy."

The baron he stroked his dark brown cheek,
And turned his head aside
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a little space;
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

"Here take her, Child of Elle," he said,
And gave her lily hand;
"Here take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land.

Thy father once my honor wronged,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair
In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine;
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovely Emmeline."

The Child of Elle is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.; which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

T was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!——
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas! and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much loved youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorne blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.[1]

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

[1] [And here merely as a curiosity worth at least a quiet smile. Perhaps some young reader will find entertainment in picking out the fragments of ballads in Shakspeare which Percy has here woven together.]

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

ISTEN, lively Lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earl,
The noblest earl in the north countree.

Earl Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his fair ladye:
"I hear a bird sing in mine ear,
That I must either fight or flee."

"Now heaven forefend, my dearest Lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee:
But go to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honestye."

"Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas! thy counsel suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not be."

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

T was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Gramercy, Christopher, my son,
Thy counsel well it liketh me,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou be.

Come you hither, my nine good sons,
Gallant men I trow you be:

How many of you, my children dear,
Will stand by that good earl and me?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastily,
"O father, till the day we die
We'll stand by that good earl and thee."

"Gramercy now, my children dear,
You show yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or die,
A father's blessing you shall have.

"But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton?
Thou art mine eldest son and heir;
Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it be, to me declare."

"Father, you are an aged man;
Your head is white, your beard is gray;
It were a shame at these your years
For you to rise in such a fray."

"Now fie upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learned'st this of me;
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee?"

"But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I be;
And he that strikes against the crown,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
 And with him came a goodly band,
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Neville came,
 The Earl of Westmoreland was he:
At Weatherby they mustered their host,
 Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmoreland his ancient[1] raised,
 The Dun Bull he raised on high,
And three dogs with golden collars
 Were there set out most royally.

Earl Percy there his ancient spread,
 The Half-Moon shining all so fair:
The Norton's ancient had the cross,
 And the five wounds our Lord did bear.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose,
 After them some spoil to make;
Those noble earls turn'd back again,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

[1] [*Ensign.*]

The baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard castle then fled he;
The uttermost[1] walls were eathe[2] to win,
The earls have won them presently.

The uttermost walls were lime and brick,
But though they won them soon anon,
Long e'er they won the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock of stone.

Then news unto leeve[3] London came,
In all the speed that ever might be,
And word is brought to our royal queen
Of the rising in the North countree.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royal queen she swore,
"I will ordain them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before."

She caus'd thirty thousand men be rais'd,
With horse and harness fair to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earls i' th' North countree.

[1] [*Outermost.*] [2] [*Easy.*] [3] [*Dear.*]

Wi' them the false Earl Warwick went,
  Th' Earl Sussex and the Lord Hunsden;
Until they to York castle came,
  I wis, they never stint ne blan.

Now spread thy ancient, Westmoreland,
  Thy dun bull fain would we spy:
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
  Now raise thy half-moon up on high.

But the dun bull is fled and gone,
  And the half-moon vanished away:
The earls, though they were brave and bold,
  Against so many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sons,
  They doom'd to die, alas for ruth!
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
  Nor them their fair and blooming youth.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
  They cruelly bereav'd of life:
And many a child made fatherless,
  And widowed many a tender wife.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern insurrection in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, 1569, which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

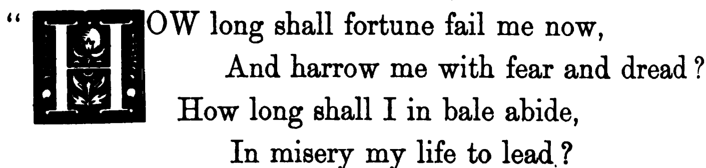
There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary, Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, November 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person. The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire; when rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the

country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner (on which was displayed the Cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-Conyers; who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford-moor, near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away; though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the

borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once; and the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherbye, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from the MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.



"HOW long shall fortune fail me now,
And harrow me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavy lot:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I do ken,
A Scot he is, much bound to me;
He dwelleth on the Border side,
To him I'll go right privily."

Thus did the noble Percy 'plain,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherously:
For they did strip that noble earl,
And ever an ill death may they die!

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide,
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched[1] him right courteously;
Said, "Welcome, welcome, noble earl,
Here thou shalt safely bide with me."

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day,
To the regent the lord warden sent,
That banished earl for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see,
Saying, "Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banished man to me."

[1] [*Embraced.*]

Earl Percy at the supper sate,
With many a goodly gentleman;
The wily Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte[1] with him began.

"What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfully?
To-morrow a shooting will be held
Among the lords of the North countree.

The butts are set, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royalty;
And I am sworn into my bill,
Thither to bring my Lord Percy."

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith," quoth he,
"If thou wilt ride to the world's end
I will ride in thy companee."

And then bespake a lady fair,
Mary à Douglas was her name;
"You shall bide here, good English lord,
My brother is a traitorous man.

[1] [*Argue, dispute.*]

He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privity;
For he hath tane[1] 'liverance of the earl,
Into England now to 'liver thee."

"Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all England,
The Douglas would not break his word.

When the regent was a banished man,
With me he did fair welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Between England and Scotland it would break truce,
And friends again they would never be,
If they should 'liever a banished earl,
Was driven out of his own countree."

"Alas! alas! my lord," she says,
"Now mickle is their traitory;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
And tell those English lords from thee,

[1] [*Ta'en, taken.*]

How that you cannot with him ride,
Because you are in an isle of the sea,
Then ere my brother come again,
To Edinburgh castle I'll carry thee.

"To the Lord Hume I will thee bring;
He is well known a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word."

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy said,
"When I think on my own countree,
When I think on the heavy hap
My friends have suffered there for me.

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy said,
"And sore those wars my mind distress;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherless.

And now that I, a banished man,
Should bring such evil hap with me,
To cause my fair and noble friends
To be suspect of treachery,

This rives my heart with double woe;
    And liever had I die this day,
Than think a Douglas can be false,
    Or ever he will his guest betray."

"If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
    Nor unto me no credence yield,
Yet step one moment here aside,
    I'll show you all your foes in field."

"Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
    Never dealt in privy wile;
But evermore held the high-way
    Of truth and honours, free from guile."

"If you'll not come yourself, my lord,
    Yet send your chamberlain with me,
Let me but speak three words with him,
    And he shall come again to thee."

James Swynard with that lady went,
    She showed him through the weme[1] of her ring
How many English lords there were
    Waiting for his master and him.

[1] [*Circle* of her ring.]

"And who walks yonder, my good lady,
So royally on yonder green?"
"O yonder is the Lord Hunsden.
Alas! he'll do you dree and teen."

"And who be'th yonder, thou gay lady,
That walks so proudly him beside?"
"That is Sir William Drury," she said,
"A keen captain he is and tried."

"How many miles is it, madam,
Betwixt yond English lords and me?"
"Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To sail to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,
Ne never saw it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth me,
And through my ring I may descry.

My mother she was a witch lady,
And of her skill she learned me;
She would let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citee."

"But who is yond, thou lady fair,
    That looketh with such an austere face?"
"Yonder is Sir John Foster," quoth she,
    "Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace."

He pulled his hat down over his brow:
    He wept, in his heart he was full of woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
    Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

"Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard,
    I may not believe that witch lady;
The Douglases were ever true,
    And they can ne'er prove false to me.

I have now in Lough-leven been
    The most part of these years three,
Yet have I never had no outrake,[1]
    Ne no good games that I could see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
    As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
    He ne'er shall find my promise light."

[1] [*Outing, excursion.*]

He writhe[1] a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that gay lady:
Says, "It was all that I could save,
In Harley woods where I could be."

"And wilt thou go, thou noble lord?
Then farewell truth and honesty,
And farewell heart, and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see."

The wind was fair, the boatmen call'd,
And all the sailors were on board;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, "Gentle lady, fare thee well!"
The lady fett a sigh so deep,
And in a dead swoon down she fell.

"Now let us go back, Douglas," he said,
"A sickness hath taken yond fair lady;
If aught befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall be."

[1] [*Twisted.*]

"Come on. come on, my lord," he says,
"Come on, come on, and let her be;
There's ladies enow in Lough-leven
For to cheer that gay lady."

"If you'll not turn yourself, my lord,
Let me go with my chamberlain;
We will but comfort that fair lady,
And we will return to you again."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he says,
"Come on, come on, and let her be;
My sister is crafty, and would beguile
A thousand such as you and me."

When they had sailed fifty mile,
Now fifty mile upon the sea,
He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they should that shooting see.

"Fair words," quoth he, "they make fools fain,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen;
You may hap to think it soon enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween."

Jamie his hat pulled over his brow,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Earl Percy again,
To tell him what the Douglas said.

"Hold up thy head, man," quoth his lord,
"Nor therefore let thy courage fail;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he could make it quail."

When they had other fifty sailed,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himself,
Said, "What wilt thou now do with me?"

"Look that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horse go swift as ship at sea;
Look that your spurs be bright and sharp,
That you may prick her while she'll away."

"What needeth this, Douglas?" he saith;
"What needest thou to flyte with me?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I met with thee.

A false Hector hath my horse,
 Who dealt with me so treacherously;
A false Armstrong he hath my spurs,
 And all the gear belongs to me."

When they had sailed other fifty mile,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,
They landed low by Berwick side,
 A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percy.

Then he at York was doomed to die,
 It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;
Thus they betrayed that noble earl,
 Who ever was a gallant wight.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlow, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed; for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to

Murray, the regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly afterwards into poverty, and became so infamous, that *to take Hector's cloak*, grew into a proverb, to express a man who betrays his friend.—See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas, Earl of Morton, being elected regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "It was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act."—Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the *witch-lady* (v. 53) is probably his own invention; yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the witch lady alluded to in v. 133.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

"BE it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain,
Affirming this, how that it is
A labor spent in vain
To love them well, for never a deal
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can
Their favor to attain,

Yet if a new do them pursue,
  Their first true lover then
Laboreth for nought, for from her thought
  He is a banished man."

"I say not nay, but that all day
  It is both writ and said,
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
  All utterly decayed;
But nevertheless, right good witness
  In this case might be laid,
That they love true and continue:
  Record the Nut-Brown Maid;
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
  To her to make his moan,
Would not depart, for in her heart
  She loved but him alone."

"Then between us let us discuss
  What was all the manner
Between them two; we will also
  Tell all the pain and fear
That she was in. Now I begin,
  So that ye me answer:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
  I pray you give an ear.

I am the knight, I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man."

SHE.

"And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse,
Trusting to show, in words few,
That men have an ill use,
(To their own shame), women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you tell anon:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"It standeth so: a deed is done
Whereof great harm shall grow.
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death I trow,
Or else to flee: the one must be:
None other way I know,

But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true,
None other rede I can;
For I must to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"O Lord, what is this world's bliss
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas, what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;[1]

[1] [*Distress.*]

But afterward your pains hard,
Within a day or twain,
Shall soon aslake,[1] and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for, to make thought
Your labor were in vain:
And thus I do, and pray you to,
As heartily as I can:
For I must to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Now since that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find:
'Since it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind;
Shall never be said the Nut-Brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

[1] [*Diminish.*]

HE.

"Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think, and say;
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name.
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame,
In your distress and heaviness,
To part with you the same;
And sure all tho[1] that do not so,
True lovers are they none,

[1] [*Those.*]

For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"I counsel you remember how
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an out-law.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow ready to draw,
And as a thief thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow;
Yet had I liever than
That I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"I think not nay; but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake.
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat in store;

For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more;
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"For an outlaw this is the law,
That men take him and bind,
Without pity hanged to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need, (as God forbid!),
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind:
And no marvel; for little avail
Were in your counsel than;[1]
Wherefore I will to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight;

[1] [*Then.*]

No womanhood it is indeed,
To be bold as a knight.
Yet in such fear if that ye were,
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save, as women have,
From death men many one:
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet take good heed; for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallies,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for, dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above none other roof
But a brake bush or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
As ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Since I have here been partner
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure,
And shortly, it is this:
That where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale or wine;
No sheets clean to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs
To cover your head and mine.

O mine heart sweet, this evil diet
Should make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I will to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Among the wild deer such an archer
As men say that ye be
Ne may not fail of good victual,
Where is so great plenty;
And water clear of the river
Shall be full sweet to me,
With which in heal I shall right well
Endure, as ye shall see;
And or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anon;
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me,
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;

And this same night, before daylight,
To the wood-ward will I flee;
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhood,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other,
For you I have most dread!
But now, adieu! I must ensue[1]
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this mark ye; now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go;
And I shall tell you why;—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:

[1] [*Follow.*]

For like as ye have said to me,
In likewise, hardly,
Ye would answer, whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold,
And so in a woman;
Wherefore I to the wood will go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardie.
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

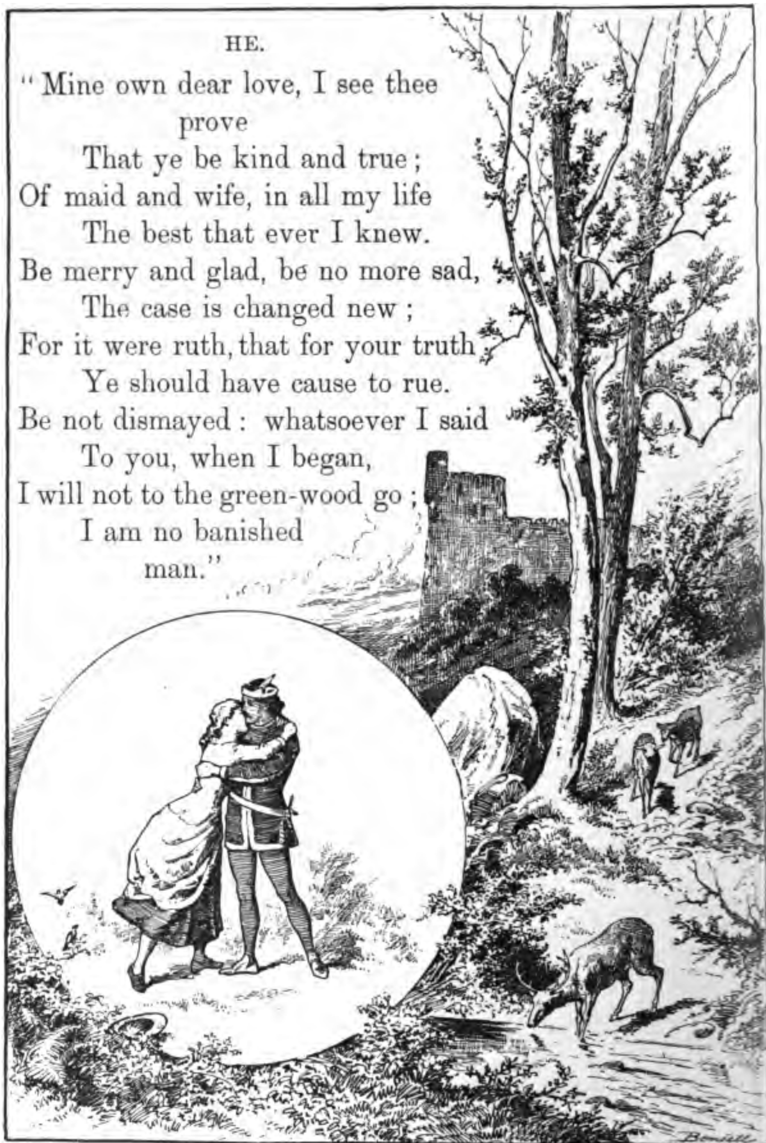
"A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!

To be fellow with an outlaw,
Almighty God forbid!
Yet better were the poor squire
Alone to forest yede,[1]
Than he should say another day,
That by my cursed deed
Ye were betrayed; wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can
Is that I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you well, how that ye deal,
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die,
Soon after ye be gone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

[1] [*Gone.*]



HE.

"Mine own dear love, I see thee
prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth, that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed: whatsoever I said
To you, when I began,
I will not to the green-wood go;
I am no banished
man."

SHE.

"These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I was sure they should endure;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The words on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween;
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparage
You, (God defend!) since ye descend
Of so great a lineage.
Now understand, to Westmorland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring, and with a ring,
By way of marriage,

I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earl's son,
And not a banished man."

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable:
Late[1] never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometime proveth such as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For since men would that women should
Be meek to them each one,
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's *Henry and Emma*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion.

[1] [*Let.*]

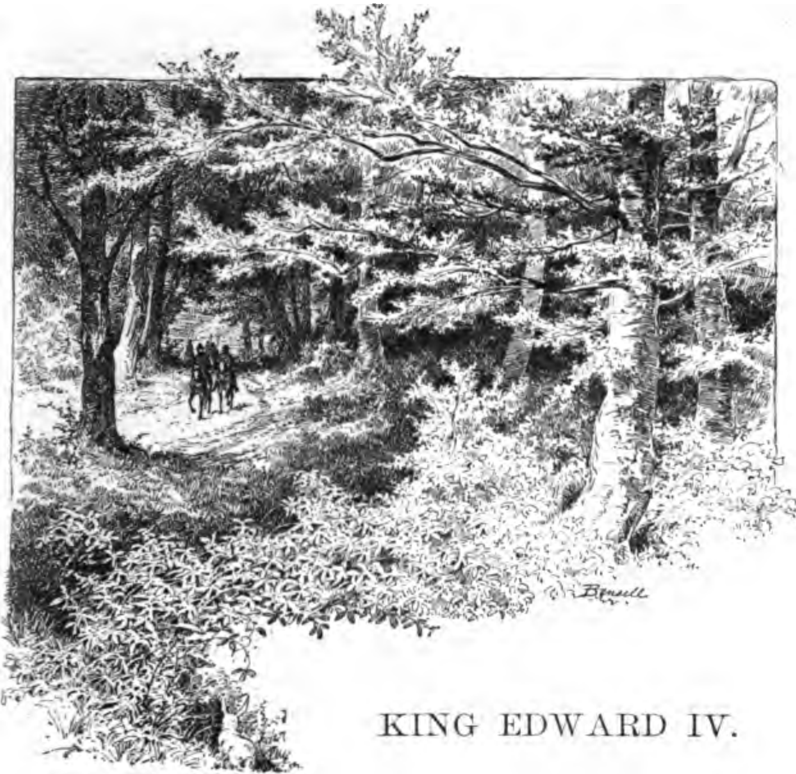
That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the *Prolusions*, 8vo, 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of *Arnolde's Chronicle*, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book, preserved in the public library at Cambridge. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the *Not Browne Mayd* was first revived in *The Muses' Mercury* for June 1707, 4to, being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No. 3777]. The editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas More's tale of *The Serjeant*, &c., which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will ac-

count for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before; and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to show how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the Editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

"Grant, gracious God, grant me this time,
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord," &c.

With regard to the date of the ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.



KING EDWARD IV.

AND

THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawk and hound he made him bowne,
With horn, and eke with bow;
To Drayton Basset he took his way,
With all his lords a row.

And he had ridden o'er dale and down
By eight of clock in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come riding along the way.

A fair russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

"Now stand you still, my good lords all,
Under the green wood spray;
And I will wend to yonder fellow,
To weet what he will say.

"God speed, God speed thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, sir," said he.
"The readiest way to Drayton Basset
I pray thee to show to me."

"To Drayton Basset wouldst thou go,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next pair of gallows thou comest unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unready way," said our king,
"Thou dost but jest I see;
Now show me out the nearest way,
And I pray thee wend with me."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner:
"I hold thee out of thy wit:
All day have I ridden on Brocke, my mare,
And I am fasting yet."

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All day shalt thou eat and drink of the best,
And I will pay thy fare."

"Gramercy for nothing," the tanner replied,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," said the king,
"And send them well to priefe;"[1]
The tanner would fain have been away,
For he weened he had been a thief.

"What art thou," he said, "thou fine fellow?
Of thee I am in great fear;
For the clothes thou wearest upon thy back
Might beseem a lord to wear."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the rood."
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midst of thy good."

"What tidings hear you," said the king,
"As you ride far and near?"
"I hear no tidings, sir, by the mass,
But that cow-hides are dear."

"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are those?
I marvel what they be?"
"What, art thou a fool?" the tanner replied;
I carry one under me."

[1] [*Proof.*]

"What craftsman art thou," said the king;
"I pray thee tell me true."
"I am a barker,[1] sir, by my trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poor courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worn;
And fain I would thy prentice be,
Thy cunning for to learn."

"Marry heaven forfend," the tanner replied,
"That thou my prentice were;
Thou wouldst spend more good than I should win
By forty shilling a year."

"Yet one thing would I," said our king,
"If thou wilt not seem strange;
Though my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I fain would change."

"Why if with me thou fain wilt change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou proud fellow,
I will have some boot of thee."

[1] [*Tanner.*]

"That were against reason," said the king,
"I swear, so mote I thee;[1]
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unruly and wild, I wis,
Aye skipping here and there."

"What boot wilt thou have?" our king replied;
"Now tell me in this stound."
"No pence, nor half pence, by my fay,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twenty groats of white money,
Sith thou wilt have it of me."
"I would have sworn now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one penny.

"But since we too have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke, my mare,
Thou gettest not my cow-hide."

[1] [*Prosper:* "so mote I thee" analogous to *so help me God.*]

"I will not have it," said the king,
"I swear, so mought I thee;
"Thy foul cow-hide I would not bear,
If thou wouldst give it to me."

The tanner he took his good cow-hide,
That of the cow was hilt,[1]
And threw it upon the king's saddle,
That was so fairly gilt.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellow,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
She'll say I am a gentleman."

When the tanner he was in the king's saddle,
And his foot in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatly in his mind,
Whether it were gold or brass.

But when his steed saw the cow's tail wag,
And eke the black cow-horn,
He stamped and stared, and away he ran,
As the devil had him borne.

[1] [Flayed.]

The tanner he pulled, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummel fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling down,
His neck he had well-nigh brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he said,
"With me he shall not bide."
"My horse would have borne thee well enough,
But he knew not of thy cow-hide.

"Yet if again thou fain wouldst change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boot of thee."

"What boot wilt thou have," the tanner replied,
"Now tell me in this stound?"
"No pence nor half-pence, sir, by my fay,
But I will have twenty pound."

"Here's twenty groats out of my purse,
And twenty I have of thine;
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle-horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast riding over the hill.

"Now, out alas!" the tanner he cried,
"That ever I saw this day!
Thou art a strong thief; yon come thy fellows
Will bear my cow-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replied,
"I swear, so mote I thee;
But they are the lords of the north countree,
Here come to hunt with me."

And soon before our king they came,
And knelt down on the ground;
Then might the tanner have been away,
He had liever than twenty pound.

"A collar, a collar, here," said the king,
"A collar," he loud gan crie;
Then would he liever than twenty pound,
He had not been so nigh.

"A collar, a collar!" the tanner he said,
"I trow it will breed sorrow;
After a collar cometh a halter;
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrow."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king;
"I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo, here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the north countree.

"For Plumpton-Park I will give thee,
With tenements fair beside,—
'Tis worth three hundred marks by the year,—
To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercy, my liege," the tanner replied;
"For the favour thou hast me shown,
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neat's leather shall clout thy shoon."

The King and the Tanner of Tamworth was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the *Art of English Poesie,* 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called *Acyron, i. e.* "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,'

for [*I feare me*] *I shall be hanged;* whereat the king laughed a good, not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. *I am afraid,*" concludes

this sagacious writer, "*the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward.*"—p. 214. The phrase here referred to is not found in this ballad at present, but occurs with some variation in another old poem, entitled, *John the Reeve*, described in the following volume.—See the Preface to *The King and the Miller*, viz.

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace
And Edward wer in this place,
'Hee shold not touch this tonne.
He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come."—Pt. ii. st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleian library, entitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c., printed at London by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernised and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed), in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys Collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of *The King and the Barker*, reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, edited by Ritson," Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique poem had never occurred to the Editor of the *Reliques*, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

I.

TATELY stepped he east the wa',
And stately stepped he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Briton's breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae,
And ay his sword tauld to the cost,
He was their deadlye fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and tow'rs a height,
And goodly chambers fair to se,
Where he lodged mony a knight.

His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
For chaste and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow[1] had in all the land,
Save ELEANOR the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout:
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot[2] doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their sister saft and dear,
Her girdle show'd her middle gimp,[3]
And gowden glist[4] her hair.
What waefu' wae her beauty bred?
Waefu' to young and auld,
Waefu' I trow to kith and kin,
As story ever tauld.

[1] *Mate.*] [2] [*Without.*] [3] [*Slender.*] [4] [*Glistened.*]

V.

The King of Norse in summer tide,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.

The tydings to our good Scots king
Came as he sat at dine
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,

Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands."
"Bring me my steed, Madge dapple-gray,"
Our good king rose and cry'd,
"A trustier beast in a' the land
A Scot's king never try'd.

VII.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me."
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
"Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red, red grew his dark brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do ;
He's ta'en a horn as green as grass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale
They heard their father's horn.
"That horn," quo' they, "ne'er sounds in peace,
We've other sport to bide."
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

X.

"Late, late yestreen I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

'Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leal,[1]
That mony a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.

[1] [*Loyal, true:* a beautiful use of the word which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.]

Brade[1] Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair:
If you fight wi't as you did anes[2]
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

XII.

"And Malcom, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield;
Bring me my horse and harnisine,[3]
My blade of metal clear:
If faes but kenned the hand it bare
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

"Farewell, my dame, sae peerless good"
(And took her by the hand),
"Fairer to me in age you seem
Than maids for beauty fam'd.
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers."

[1] [*Broad.*] [2] [*Once.*] [3] [*Armor, harness.*]

XIV

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice green,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,[1]
Well plait with silver sheen ;
And apron set with mony a dice[2]
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane ;[3]
"Here maun I lie, here maun I die,
By treachery's false guiles ;
Witless I was that e're ga[4] faith
To wicked woman's smiles "

XVI.

"Sir Knight, gin[5] you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate ;

[1] [*Many a twist*, or *thoroughly twist.*] [2] [*Check-pattern.*] [3] [*Moan.*]
[4] [*Give.*] [5] [*Against, if.*]

Herself would watch you a' the day,
    Her maids a dead of night;
And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd cheer,
    As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

"Arise, young Knight, and mount your steed,
    Full lowns[1] the shynand[2] day;
Choose frae my menzie[3] whom ye please
    To lead you on the way."
With smileless look and visage wan
    The wounded knight replied,
"Kind Chieftain, your intent pursue,
    For here I maun abide.

XVIII.

"To me nae after day nor night
    Can e'er be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping tree
    Cauld death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail;
    Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
    Strave courteously in vain.

[1] [*Blazes.*] [2] [*Shining.*] [3] [*Meinie, company.*]

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd[1] out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage sey'd;[2]
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train
He reach'd a rising height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale
Norse menzie lay in sicht.
"Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers[3] wait,
On the unconquert Scottish sward
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

"Make orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rood;
Syne[4] bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude."

[1] [German *hin*, *hence?*]
[2] [Likely for *'sayed*, *i. e.*, *assayed*, *tried*.]
[3] [*Rovers.*]
[4] [*Then*, *after*.]

Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
And loud the bugles sound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haste his march he made,
While, playand[1] pibrochs, minstrels meet
Afore him stately strade.
"Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of weir,[2]
Thy nation's shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang[3] scarce could they flee,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
With little skaith to mon,
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

1 [*Playing.*] 2 [*Pillar of war.*] 3 [*For crowding.*]

XXIV.

The King of Scots, that sindle[1] brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay:
Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
I wot it's bled a score."
"Haste up my merry men," cried the king
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The King of Norse he sought to find
With him to mense the faught,[2]
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp, unsonsie[3] shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen—
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge," cried Rothsay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
Then sent it through his side.

[1] [*Seldom.*] [2] [**"Mense the faught,"** *measure the battle.*] [3] [*Unlucky.*]

Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat[1] the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleeds my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"
Again wi' might he drew,
And gesture dread, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled[2] at;
Lament now Queen Elgreed;
High dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net through whilk
His steely harness shined),
"Take, Norse, that gift frae me and bid
Him venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon fears."

[1] [illegible] [2] [Aimed.]

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
  Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cried, " Where is Hardyknute sae famed
  And feared at Britain's throne?
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
  I soon shall make him wail
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
  Sae saft his coat of mail."

XXX.

That brag his stout heart could na bide,
  It lent him youthfu' micht:
"I'm Hardyknute! this day," he cried,
  "To Scotland's king I hight[1]
To lay thee low as horse's hoof:
  My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
  He garr'd his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norse een like gray gosehawk's stared wild,
  He sigh'd wi' shame and spite:
"Disgraced is now my far-fam'd arm
  That left thee power to strike:"

[1] [*Promised.*]

Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As laigh[1] as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.[2]

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd[3]
As touch of FAIRLY fair;
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set
Bauld Thomas did advance,
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up toward him did prance;
He spurr'd his steed through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repel.

1 [*Low.*] 2 [*Bow.*] 3 [*Struck.*]

XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd
Looks like poor Scotland's gear,
But dreadfull seems the rusty point!"
And loud he leugh[1] in jeer.
"Oft Briton's blood has dimm'd its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:"
Syne pierced the boaster's bearded cheek;
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee;
Sure taiken[2] he was fey;[3]
Swith[4] on the harden't clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;
But Thomas look't nae as he lay
All weltering in his bluid.

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
On rode he north the plain;
His seem[5] in throng of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same;

[1] [*Laughed.*] [2] [*Taken.*] [3] [*Fated.*]
[4] [*Quickly.*] [5] [*Seeming, behavior, look.*]

Nor yet his heart dame's dimplet cheek
Could mease[1] soft love to bruik
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luik.

XXXVII.

In thraws of death with walowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Ne'er to arise again;
Ne'er to return to native land,
Nae mair with blithesome sounds
To boast the glories of the day
And shaw their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas
Before her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
Thy lord lies in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae revers thole[2]
To carry life away!

[1] [*Subdue.*] [2] [*Endure.*]

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
Shall latest ages read!

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,

Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan near his stately tower.
His tow'r, that us'd wi' torches blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,
There's nae light in my ha';
Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward stands on my wa'.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"
Nae answer fits their dread.
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide:"
But by they past with speed.

XLII.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes,"—
There ceas'd his brag of weir,
Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame
And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist nae yet; wi' dread
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And a' the warrior fled.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect that it owes most of its beauties (if not its own existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "There's nae light," &c., which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of publishing the first edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland, by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed, he had been informed that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro',
And he lov'd keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I wot, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' the Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a god's-penny ;[1]

But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

[1] [Earnest-money, to bind the bargain.]

He told him the gold upon the board,
  He was right glad his land to win ;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
  And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
  Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
  That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.
  "My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
  And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

"But swear me now upon the rood,
  That lonesome lodge thoul't never spend!
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
  Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
  "And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
  And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
 They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
 And another it was white money.

"Now well-aday," sayd the heir of Linne,
 "Now well-aday, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
 And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
 So need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
 Another had paid his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loon,
 And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-aday," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sin;
To work, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win:
But bare and lothly were the walls;
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spie,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, has spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend.
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent[1] wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bill,[2]
And in it a key of gold so red.

[1] [*Overwhelmed.*] [2] [*Billet, letter.*]

He took the bill, and looked it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[1]

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see.

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," sayd the heir of Linne,
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blan,
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

[1] [*Together.*]

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere[1] then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the board-head,
Because now Lord of Linne was he;
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

[1] [Meaning not certain; but "to speer" or "spear" the door, signifying to *bar the door*, was a familiar old expresssion, and perhaps points to the door as meant here. Furnivall gives for "speere," the hole in the wall for inquiries to be made through.]

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
Away, away, this may not be:
For Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I trust thee one penny."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales' his board;
Sayd, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales
To let him sit in thy company;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answered him again:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain."

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a god's penny;
"Now by my fay," sayd the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold.
He told it forth with mickle din.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm againe the Lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-aday!" saith Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-aday, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heir of Linne,
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:
"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

The original of this ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as, indeed, the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

THE FIRST PART.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers
Came to present the month of May;
King Henry rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past he;[1]
When eighty merchants of London came,
And down they knelt upon their knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchants,
Good sailors, welcome unto me."
They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,
But rich merchants they could not be.

[1] [Instead of these six lines, the Folio version has (modernized):

"As it befel in midsummer time
When birds sing sweetly on every tree,
Our noble king, King Henry the 8th,
Over the river of Thames passed he."

Of course it is wonderful to find Percy rejecting this simple and ballad-like opening for the finical stanza of the text which he found in the Pepys copy.]

"To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lies on the seas,
Who robs us of our merchant ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And thus they did their answer frame;
"He is a proud Scot, that robs on the seas,
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name."

The king looked over his left shoulder,
And an angry look then looked he;
"Have I never a lord in all my realm,
Will fetch yond traitor unto me?"
"Yea, that dare I," Lord Howard says;
"Yea, that dare I, with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myself will be the only man."

"Thou art but young, "the king replied,
"Yond Scot hath numbered manye a year."

"Trust me, my liege, I'll make him quail,
    Or before my prince I will never appear."
"Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
    And choose them over my realm so free;
Besides good mariners, and ship-boys,
    To guide the great ship on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard chose,
    Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore years and ten;
    Good Peter Simon was his name.
"Peter," says he, "I must to the sea,
    To bring home a traitor live or dead;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
    Of a hundred gunners to be the head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen me,
    Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your main-mast tree,
    If I miss my mark one shilling bread."[1]
My lord then chose a bowman rare,
    'Whose active hands had gained fame;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
    And William Horseley was his name.

[1] [*Breadth:* by the breadth of a shilling.]

"Horseley," said he, "I must with speed
Go seek a traitor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowmen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee."
"If you," quoth he, "have chosen me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
On your main-mast I'll hanged be,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread."

With pikes and guns, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valiant heart and a pleasant cheer,
Out at Thames mouth sailed he.
And days he scant had sailed three,
Upon the 'voyage' he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And show me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came."
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth he
With a heavy heart, and a careful mind;
"I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, now, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"
Then ever he sighed, and said, "Alas!"
With a grieved mind, and well-away,
"But over-well I know that wight;
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sailing upon the sea,
A Bordeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hatch-board he clasped me,
And robbed me of all my merchant ware.
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his own
And I am now to London bound,
Of our gracious king to beg a boon."

"That shall not need," Lord Howard says;
"Let me but once that robber see,
For every penny ta'en thee fro'
It shall be doubled shillings three."
"Now God forefend," the merchant said,
"That you should seek so far amiss!
God keep you out of that traitor's hands!
Full little ye wot what a man he is.

He is brass within, and steel without,
    With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
    He carries on each side along.
And he hath a pinnace dearly dight,
    St. Andrew's cross, that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
    And fifteen cannons on each side.

Were ye twentye ships, and he but one,
    I swear by kirk, and bower, and hall,
He would overcome them every one,
    If once his beams they do down fall."
"This is cold comfort," says my lord,
    "To welcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet I'll bring him and his ship to shore,
    Or to Scotland he shall carry me."

"Then a noble gunner you must have,
    And he must aim well with his ee,
And sink his pinnace into the sea,
    Or else he never o'ercome will be.
And if you chance his ship to board,
    This counsel I must give withal,
Let no man to his topcastle go
    To strive to let his beams down fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to me,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glass I'll set, that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night;
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant set my lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the clock,
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
His hatcheboard it was 'gilt' with gold,
So dearlye dight it dazzled the ee;
"Now by my faith," Lord Howard says,
"This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancients,[1] standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;

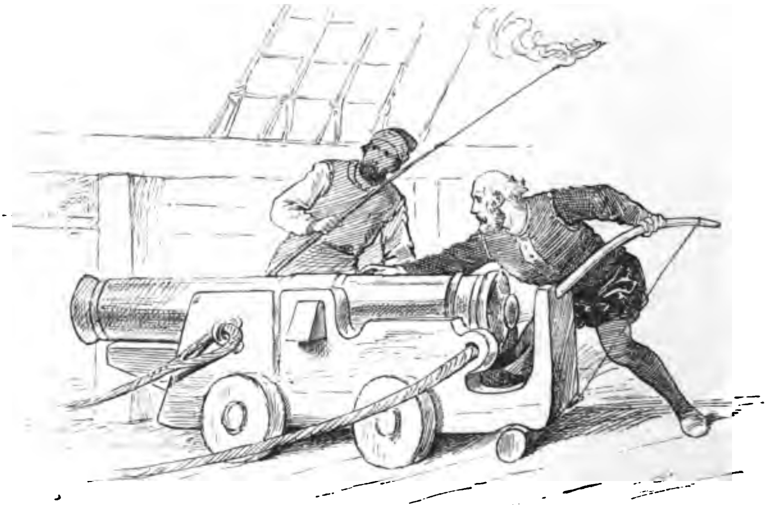
[1] [*Ensigns.*]

And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea."
But they stirred neither top nor mast;
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by;
"What English churls are yonder," he said,
"That can so little courtesy?

Now by the rood, three years and more
I have been Admiral over the sea,
And never an English nor Portingal
Without my leave can pass this way."
Then called he forth his stout pinnace;
"Fetch back yond pedlers now to me:
I swear by the mass, yon English churls
Shall all hang at my main-mast tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off;
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For it stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
"Come hither, Simon," says my lord,
"Look that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my main-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou miss thy mark one shilling bread."

Simon was old, but his heart it was bold ;
His ordinance he laid right low,
He put in chain full nine yards long,
With other great shot, less and mo,



And he let go his great gun shot ;
So well he settled it with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
He see his pinnace sunk in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !

"Now cut my ropes, it is time to be gone;
I'll fetch yond pedlers back mysel."
When my lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart he was full fain;
"Now spread your ancients, strike up drums,
Sound all your trumpets out amain."

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"Weale, howsoever this geere will sway;
It is my lord admiral of England,
Is come to seek me on the sea."
Simon had a son, who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed threescore of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side;
Soon he drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
"Now, out alas!" Sir Andrew cried,
"What may a man now think or say?
Yonder merchant thiefe, that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast ready att my call;
I will give thee three hundred marks,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall."
Lord Howard he then called in haste,
"Horseley see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the main-mast hang,
If thou miss twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved[1] the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and main;
But Horseley with a bearing arrow,
Struck the Gordon through the brain;
And he fell unto the hatches again,
And sore his deadly wound did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

"Come hither to me, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sister's son;
If thou wilt let my beams down fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won."
With that he swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;

1 [*Climbed.*]

But Horseley with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart.

And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream amain;
Then every Scot cried, "Well-away!
Alas a comely youth is slain!"
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did swell;
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proof,
For I will to the topcastle mysel.

Goe fetch me forth my armour of proof;
That gilded is with gold so clear;
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingals he it ware.
And when he had on this armor of proof,
He was a gallant sight to see;
Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with living wight,
My dear brother, could cope with thee."

"Come hither, Horseley," says my lord,
"And look your shaft that it go right;
Shoot a good shoot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight."

"I'll shoot my best," quoth Horseley then,
"Your honour shall see, with might and main;
But if I were hanged at your main-mast,
I have now left but arrows twain."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then,
Upon his breast did Horseley hit,
But the arrow bounded back again.
Then Horseley spied a privy place,
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
Under the spole[1] of his right arm
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"And never flinch before the foe:
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
Untill you hear my whistle blow."

[1] [*Arm-pit.*]

They never heard his whistle blow,
    Which made their hearts wax sore adread:
Then Horseley said, "Aboard, my lord,
    For well I wot Sir Andrew's dead."
They boarded then his noble ship,
    They boarded it with might and main;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
    The rest were either maimed or slain.

Lord Howard took a sword in hand,
    And off he smote Sir Andrew's head;
"I must have left England many a day,
    If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
    Over the hatchboard into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crowns:
    "Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
    And back he sailed o'er the main;
With mickle joy and triumphing
    Into Thames mouth he came again.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
    And sealed it with seal and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to Your Grace
    As never did subject to a king.

Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,
    A braver ship was never none;
Now hath Your Grace two ships of war,
    Before in England was but one."
King Henry's grace with royal cheer
    Welcomed the noble Howard home;
"And where," said he "is this rover stout,
    That I myself may give the doom?"

"The rover, he is safe, my liege,
    Full many a fathom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
    I must have left England many a day.
And Your Grace may thank four men i' the ship
    For the victory we have won:
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
    And Peter Simon, and his son."

"To Henry Hunt," the king then said,
    "In lieu of what was from thee ta'en,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
    Sir Andrew's jewels and his chain.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
    And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Earl Surry hight,
    As Howards erst have been before.

"Now, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintain thee and thy son;
And the men shall have five hundred marks
For the good service they have done."
Then in came the queen with ladies fair
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;
They weened that he were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
'I wold give," quoth the king, "a thousand markes,
This man were alive as he is dead.
Yett for the manful part he played,
Which fought so well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother king's high land."

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the foregoing ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Peerage;* which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. i. 4to, p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey and his family at this time [A.D. 1511], was their behaviour

in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship [called by Hall the Bark of Scotland]. The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both

sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews were carried into the river Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his court of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which, it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In part ii. v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the Great Harry had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when a prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants."—Hume.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's

folio MS., wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter, (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection,) as also by conjecture.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

E highlands and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair[1] hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

[1] [*Where.* "*Qu*," representing the guttural *w*, is common among older Scotch ballads, in such words as "quhair" (*where*), "quhilk" (*which*), "quhen" (*when*), and the like.]

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
　　And quhairfore did you sae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
　　But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
　　And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
　　Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
　　And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
　　Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
　　And he played at the gluve:
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
　　Oh! he was the Queen's luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
　　Luke owre the castle down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
　　Cum sounding throw the town.

In December, 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign, James VI., but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself: a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray, half expiring, said "You hae split a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth.—See the preface to the ballad.—See also Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal Authors*, vol. i. p. 42.

YOUNG WATERS.

ABOUT Yule, quhen the wind blew cool,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favored man.

The queen luiked o'er the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd[1] his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse yong Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

[1] [*Caparisoned.*]

But than spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he ·
"O tell me qhua's the fairest face
Rides in the company ?"

"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters'
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king
(And an angry man was he):
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"Bot the king that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad nae be;
Bot for the words which she had said
Young Waters he maun dee.

They hae ta'en young Waters, and
    Put fetters to his feet;
They hae ta'en young Waters, and
    Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
    In the wind both and the weit;[1]
Bot I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
    Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
    In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
    Ne'er to return again."

They hae taen to the heading-hill
    His young son in his cradle;
And they hae taen to the heading-hill
    His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heading-hill
    His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
    Young Waters he did dee.

[1] [*Wet.*]

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the bonny Earl of Murray; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit.—Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates' library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febry, this zeire,[1] 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashely than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."

The ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet, 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earle of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

[1] [*Year.*]

MARY AMBREE.

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not
daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,[1]
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherouslee,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe,
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A faire shirt of mail then slipped on she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming-sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

[1] [*Ghent.*]

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be:"
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
"So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheered her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;

Seven hours in skirmish continued she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killed she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three:
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

"Now say, English Captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be:"
Then smiled sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosom, and therefore no knight:
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple maiden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therfore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English Gaunt,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made, with the assistance of English volunteers, to retrieve the former of those places, probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicaene*, first acted in 1609, act 4, sc. 2: his *Tale of a Tub*, act 1, sc. 4: and his masque entitled the *Fortunate Isles*, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad:—

"—— Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt.
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight," &c.

It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in *Hudibras*, (p. i. c. iii. v. 365,) by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.

"A bold virago stout and tall
As *Joan* of France, or English *Mall*."

The ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is, "the valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly." The tune is *The Blind Beggar*, &c.

THE WINNING OF CALES.[1]

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatening our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, etc.

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly;
Braver ships never were seen under sail,

[1] [*Cadiz.*]

With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their head;
  Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tale,
    Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily
  Where the king's navy securely did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
  Ere any Spaniards our coming descried.
    Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and riding,
  Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fired, as need then required;
  To hide their great treasure they had little space.
    Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fired fast,
  And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There might you hear them cry, wail and weep piteously,
  When they saw no shift to scape thence away.
    Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pride of the Spaniards,
  Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
  We took in fight manfully and brought away.
    Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex, most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town;
The Spaniards which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their safeguard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

"Now," quoth the noble Earl, "courage, my soldiers all,
Fight, and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;
But look that the women and children you save."
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung up flags of truce and yielded the town;
We marched in presently, decking the walls on high,
With English colours which purchased renown.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched each day;
In some places we did find pies baking left behind,
Meat at fire roasting, and folks run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandise, every shop catched our eyes,
Damasks and satins and velvets full fair;

Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities each had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand;
There many prisoners fell to our several shares;
Many crav'd mercy, and mercy they fand.[1]
Dub a dub, &c.

[1] ["Fand" for *found.*]

When our brave General saw they delayed all,
And would not ransom their town as they said,
With their fair wainscots, their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables, a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz (called by our sailors corruptly *Cales*), on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopped the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprise, amounted to twenty millions of ducats.—See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:—

"A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them all three."

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS., and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

IN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,[1]
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodee.

And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

[1] [*Hurt.*]

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And this is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold;
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodee.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write ne read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

The common popular ballad of *King John and the Abbot* seems to have been abridged and modernised about the time of James I. from one much older, entitled *King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*. The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the preceding stanzas.

The archness of the questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled *King Olfrey and the Abbot*. Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find.
When learned bishops princes' eyes do blind."

The preceding is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to the tune of "Derry down."

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

PART THE FIRST.

ING ARTHUR lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see ;
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.[1]

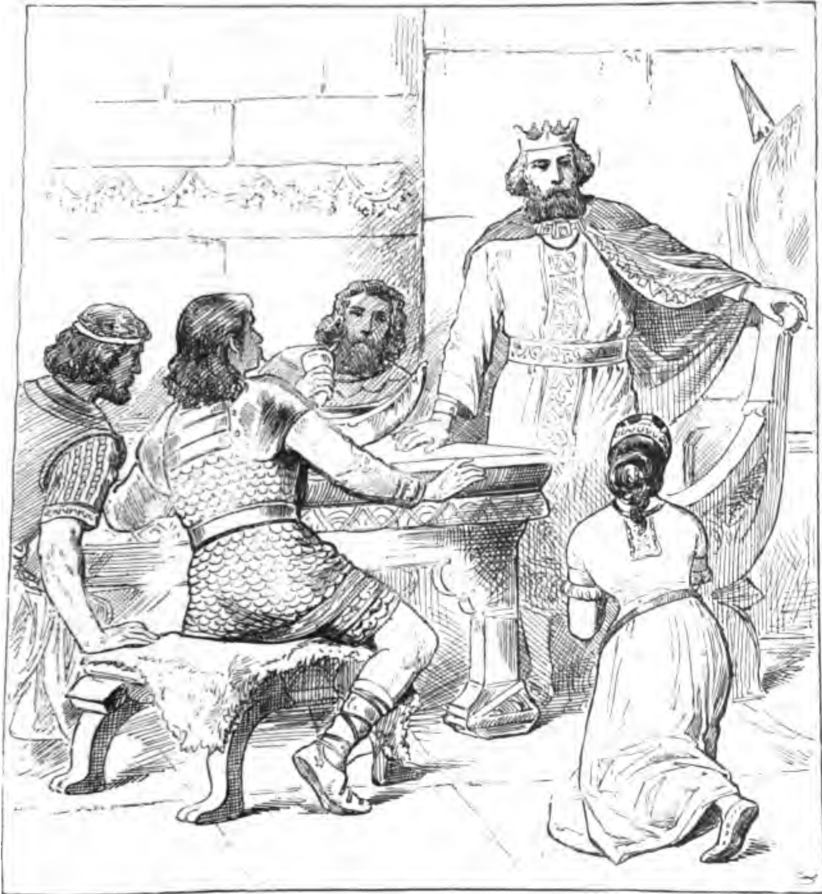
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright in bower ;
And all his barons about him stood,
That were both stiff and stoure.

This king a royal Christmass kept,
With mirth and princely cheer ;
To him repaired many a knight,
That came both far and near.

And when they were to dinner set,
And cups went freely round :
Before them came a fair damsel,
And knelt upon the ground.

1 [*Countenance.*]

"A boon, a boon, O King Arthur,
I beg a boon of thee;



Avenge me of a carlish knight,
Who hath shent my love and me.

At T[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Near [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And pro[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And streamers [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

No gentle knight [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
May pass that castle-[illegible]
But from that foul [illegible] knight
Mishap will them befall.

He's twice the size of common men,
Wi' thews and sinews strong,
And on his back he bears a club,
That is both thick and long.

[illegible] grim baron 'twas our hard hap
[illegible] yester morn to see;
[illegible] his bower he bare my love,
[illegible] misused me."

[illegible] started King Arthur,
[illegible] by hill and dale,
[illegible] quit that grim baron,
[illegible] made him quail.

"Go fetch my sword Excalibar,
Go saddle me my steed;
Now, by my fay, that grim baron
Shall rue this ruthfull deed."

And when he came to Tearne-Wadling
Beneath the castle wall:
"Come forth, come forth, thou proud baron,
Or yield thyself my thrall."

On magic ground that castle stood,
And fenc'd with many a spell;
No valiant knight could tread thereon,
But straight his courage fell.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felt the charm:
His sturdy sinews lost their strength,
Downe sunk his feeble arm.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, King Arthur,
Now yield thee unto me;
Or fight with me, or lose thy land,
No better terms may be:

At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,
  Near to that lake so fair,
And proudly rise the battlements,
  And streamers deck the air.

No gentle knight, nor lady gay,
  May pass that castle-wall,
But from that foul discourteous knight,
  Mishap will them befall.

He's twice the size of common men,
  Wi' thews and sinews strong,
And on his back he bears a club,
  That is both thick and long.

This grim baron 'twas our hard hap
  But yester morn to see;
When to his bower he bare my love,
  And sore misused me."

Up then started King Arthur,
  And sware by hill and dale,
He ne'er woulde quit that grim baron,
  Till he had made him quail.

"Go fetch my sword Excalibar,
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His sturdy sinews lost their strength,
Downe sunk his feeble arm.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, King Arthur,
Now yield thee unto me;
Or fight with me, or lose thy land,
No better terms may be:

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere;[1]
"Whoever kisses that lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in fear."

Sir Kay beheld that lady again,
And looked upon her snout;
"Whoever kisses that lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in doubt."

"Peace, brother Kay," said Sir Gawaine,
"And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all
Must marry her to his wife."

"What, marry this foul quean?" quoth Kay,
"I' the devil's name anon;
Get me a wife wherever I may,
In sooth she shall be none."

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
And some took up their hounds.
And said they would not marry her
For cities, nor for towns.

[1] [*Neck.*]

Then bespake him King Arthur,
And sware there "by this day,
For a little foul sight and misliking,
Ye shall not say her nay."

"Peace, lordlings, peace," Sir Gawaine said,
"Nor make debate and strife;
This loathly lady I will take,
And marry her to my wife."

"Now thanks, now thanks, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessing be thy meed!
For as I am thine owne lady,
Thou never shalt rue this deed."

Then up they took that loathly dame,
And home anon they bring;
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ring.

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrow and for care:
When lo! instead of that loathely dame,
Hee sawe a young lady fair.

Sweet blushes stain'd her rud-red[1] cheek,
Her eyen were black as sloe:
The ripening cherry swelled her lip,
And all her neck was snow.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady bright,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not so fair:
Thou never canst be my bride."

[1] [*Ruddy.*]

"I am thy bride, mine own dear lord;
The same which thou didst know,
That was so loathly, and was wont
Upon the wild moor to go.

Now, gentle Gawaine, choose," quoth she,
"And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by day,
Shall I be foul or fair?"

"My fair lady," Sir Gawaine said,
"I yield me to thy skill;
Because thou art mine owne lady,
Thou shalt have all thy will."

"Nowe blessed be thou, sweet Gawaine,
And the day that I thee see;
For as thou seest me at this time,
So shall I ever be.

My father was an aged knight,
And yet it chanced so,
He took to wife a false lady,
Which brought me to this woe.

Shee witch'd me, being a faire young maid,
In the green forest to dwell,
And there to abide in loathly shape,
Most like a fiend of hell;

Midst moors and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life,
Till some young, fair and courtly knight
Would marry me to his wife:

Nor fully to gain mine own true shape,
Such was her devilish skill,
Until he would yield to be rul'd by me,
And let me have all my will.

She witched my brother to a carlish boor,
And made him stiff and strong;
And built him a bower on magic ground,
To live by rapine and wrong.

But now the spell is broken through,
And wrong is turned to right;
Henceforth I shall be a fair lady,
And he a gentle knight."

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale.* The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c., it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

S it fell out on a Pentecost day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royal,
With his fair queen dame Guenever the gay,
And many bold barons sitting in hall,
With ladies attired in purple and pall,
And heralds in hewkes,[1] hooting on high,
Cried, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie*

[1] [*Tabards, Heralds' coats.*]

A doughty dwarf to the uppermost dais
  Right pertly gan prick, kneeling on knee;
With steven[1] full stout amidst all the press,
  Said, "Now Sir King Arthur, God save thee and see!
  Sir Ryence of North-Gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
  With eleven kings' beards bordered about,
And there is room left yet in a cantle[2]
  For thine to stand, to make the twelfth out.
  This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre[3] the teeth of all thy Round Table."

When this mortal message from his mouth passed,
  Great was the noise bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fumed; the queen screeched; ladies were aghast;
  Princes puff'd; barons blustered; lords began lower;
  Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stour;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall;
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

[1] [*Voice.*] [2] [*Part.*] [3] [*In spite of.*]

"Silence, my sovereigns," quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stour began still:
'Then' the dwarf's dinner full dearly was dight;
Of wine and wassail he had his will,
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coined gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

"But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf," quoth the king,
"That for his bold message I do him defie,
And shortly with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-Gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall try,
Whether he, or King Arthur, will prove the best barber:"
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalabor.[1]

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned, "A Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy and is this:

"'So it fell out on a Pentecost,'" &c.

[1] [For the sake of the rhyme, the sturdy ballad-maker pronounces it here *Escalárber*.]

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in *Morte Arthur* whence it is taken runs as follows: "Came a messenger hastely from king Ryence of North Wales,—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell,wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. i. c. 24. See also the same Romance, b. i. c. 92.]

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

ORD THOMAS and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was set,
They had not talked their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
"A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will."

"Gif[1] ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull ne'er wed ye;"
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to me:
O sall I tak the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother gane:
"Now, brother, rede ye me;
A', sall I marrie the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be?"

[1] [*If.*]

"The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-brown bride has kye;[1]
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-brown bride,
And cast fair Annet by."

"Her oxen may die i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae nothing to my-sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fire."

And he has till his sister gane:
"Now, sister, rede ye me;
"O sall I marrie the nut-brown bride,
And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye take fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!"

"No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-brown bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land."

[1] [*Kine.*]

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheen;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,
And see that rich weddeen."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-e'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room.
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a' tied till his mane,
And yae tift[1] o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean:[2]
The cleading[3] that fair Annet had on
It skinkled[4] in their een.

And when she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

1 ["Yae tift," *each puff.*]
2 [*Stone.*]
3 [*Clothing.*]
4 [*Glittered.*]

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she never spake mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote be:
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth[1] waxed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,
That fell dead at his feet.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
"Now stay, my dear," he cried;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell dead by her side.

[1] ["A' wood-wroth," *all wood wroth, all crazy-wroth.*]

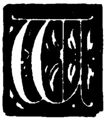
Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
  Fair Annet within the choir;
And o' the tane[1] thair grew a birk,
  The other a bonny brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,[2]
  As they wad fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
  They were twa luvers dear.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in this volume. If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

[1] [*The one*, as opposed to the other: "the tone and the tother" are frequent ballad-forms.]
[2] [*Throve.*]

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY.

AS ever knight for lady's sake
So tossed 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 proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of arms the doughtiest knight
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 prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty year and odd
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athelstane wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth.

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 achieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sailed to Normandy,
And there I stoutly wan[1] in fight
The emperour's daughter of Almaine,
From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,
To help the emperor in his right,
Against the mighty soldan's host
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

[1] [*Won.*]

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
    And heathen pagans, many a man;
And slew the soldan's couzen dear,
    Who had to name doughty Coldràn.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,
    To death likewise I did pursue;
And Elmayne, 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,
As he a lion did pursue,
    Which I myself did also slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
    And came to Pavy land aright;
Where I the Duke of Pavy 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.

But when I had espoused her,
I staid 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,
Who with the cruel Sarazens
In prison for long time had been.

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

Then I to England came again,
  And here with Colbronde fell I fought;

An ugly giant, which the Danes
  Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
  And slew him soon right valliantly;

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 nye.

'But first,' near Winsor, I did slay
A boar of passing might and strength;
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 shield-bones to this day
Hangs in the city of Coventry.

On Dunsmore heath I also slew
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Called the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which many people had oppressed.

Some of her bones in Warwick yet
Still for a monument do lie,
And there exposed to lookers view,
As wondrous strange, they may espie.

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;
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 lived like a palmer poor
Within that cave myself alone:

And daily came to beg my bread
Of Phyllis at my castle gate;
Not known unto my loved wife,
Who daily mourned for her mate.

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,
And like a palmer died 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.

This ballad contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story-books, and is commonly entitled, "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved 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 rocke, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525, and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430.—See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The criginal whence all these stories are extracted, is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (viz.,

> "Men speken of romances of price,
> Of Horne childe and Ippotis,
> Of Bevis, and Sir Guy," &c. R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bridals, as we learn from Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 4to, 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black-letter, "Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland," in 34 sheets, 4to, without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymer, take his description of the dragon mentioned in verse 105 of the following ballad:

> "A messenger came to the king.
> Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
> For bad tydinges I bring you.
> In Northumberlande there is no man,
> But that they be slayne everychone:
> For there dare no man route,
> By twenty myle rounde aboute,
> For doubt of a fowle dragon,
> That sleath men and beastes downe.
> He is blacke as any cole,
> Rugged as a rough fole;
> His bodye from the navill upwarde
> No man may it pierce it is so harde;
> His neck is great as any summere;[1]
> He renneth as swift as any distrere;[2]
> Pawes he hath as a lyon:
> All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
> Great winges he hath to flight,
> That is no man that bare him might.
> There may no man fight him agayne,
> But that he sleath him certayne:
> For a fowler beast then is he,
> Ywis of none never heard ye."

[1] [*Sumpter-horse.*]
[2] [*A knight's tourneying-horse.*]

GUY AND AMARANT.

UY journeys towards that sanctified ground
Whereas the Jew's fair city sometime stood,
Wherein our Saviour's sacred head was crowned,
And where for sinful man he shed his blood.
To see the sepulcher was his intent,
The tomb that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tired his weary feet,
And passed desart places full of danger;
At last with a most woefull wight did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger,
For he had fifteen sons made captives all
To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A giant called Amarant detained them,
Whom no man durst encounter for his strength,
Who, in a castle which he held, had chained them.
Guy questions where, and understands at length,
The place not far.—"Lend me thy sword," quoth he;
"I'll lend my manhood all thy sons to free."

With that he goes and lays upon the door
Like one that says, I must and will come in.
The giant never was so roused before,
For no such knocking at his gate had been;
So takes his keys and club, and cometh out,
Staring with ireful countenance about.

"Sirra," quoth he, "what business hast thou here?
Art come to feast the crows about my walls?
Didst never hear no ransom can him clear
That in the compass of my fury falls?
For making me to take a porter's pains,
With this same club I will dash out thy brains."

"Giant," quoth Guy, "y'are quarrelsome, I see;
Choler and you seem very near of kin;

Most dangerous at the club belike you be;
    I have been better armed, though now go thin.
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spite,
Keen is my weapon, and shall do me right."

So draws his sword, salutes him with the same
    About the head, the shoulders, and the side,
Whilst his erected club doth death proclaim,
    Standing with huge Colossus' spacious stride,
Putting such vigour to his knotty beam
That like a furnace he did smoke extreme.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,
    For Guy was nimble to avoid them still,
And ever ere he heav'd his club again,
    Did brush his plated coat against his will:
Att such advantage Guy would never fail
To bang him soundly in his coate of mail.

Att last through thirst the giant feeble grew,
    And said to Guy, "As thou'rt of human race,
Show it in this, give nature's wants their due;
    Let me but go and drink in yonder place;
Thou canst not yield to 'me' a smaller thing
Than to grant life that 's given by the spring."

"I grant thee leave," quoth Guy, "go drink thy last,
Go pledge the dragon and the salvage boar,
Succeed the tragedies that they have past;
But never think to taste cold water more;
Drink deep to Death and unto him carouse;
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house."

So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,
Taking the water in extremely like
Some wracked ship that on a rock is burst,
Whose forced hulk against the stones does strike;
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands
That Guy, admiring, to behold it stands.

"Come on," quoth Guy, "let us to work again;
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
The fish which in the river do remain
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong;
But I will see their satisfaction made;
With giant's blood they must and shall be paid."

"Villain," quoth Amarant, "I'll crush thee straight;
Thy life shall pay thy daring tongue's offence!
This club, which is about some hundred weight,
Is death's commission to dispatch thee hence!

Dress thee for raven's diet, I must needs,
And break thy bones as they were made of reeds!"

Incensed much by these bold pagan boasts,
    Which worthy Guy could ill endure to hear,
He hews upon those big supporting posts
    Which like two pillars did his body bear.
Amarant for those wounds in choler grows,
And desperately at Guy his club he throws,

Which did directly on his body light
    So violent and weighty there withal,
That down to ground on sudden came the knight;
    And ere he could recover from the fall,
The giant got his club again in fist,
And aimed a stroke that wonderfully mist.

"Traitor," quoth Guy, "thy falsehood I'll repay,
    This coward act to intercept my blood."
Says Amarant, "I'll murther any way;
    With enemies, all vantages are good;
O could I poison in thy nostrils blow,
Be sure of it I would dispatch thee so!"

"It's well," said Guy, "thy honest thoughts appear
    Within that beastly bulk where devils dwell.

Which are thy tenants while thou livest here,
    But will be landlords when thou comest in hell.
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,
Inhuman monster, hateful unto men!

But breathe thy self a time while I go drink,
    For flaming Phœbus with his fiery eye
Torments me so with burning heat, I think
    My thirst would serve to drink an ocean dry.
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."
Quoth Amarant, "Thou hast no fool of me!

No, silly wretch, my father taught more wit,
    How I should use such enemies as thou.
By all my gods I do rejoice at it,
    To understand that thirst constrains thee now;
For all the treasure that the world contains,
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.

Relieve my foe! why, 'twere a madman's part!
    Refresh an adversary, to my wrong!
If thou imagine this, a child thou art.
    No, fellow, I have known the world too long
To be so simple now I know thy want;
A minute's space of breathing I'll not grant."

And with these words, heaving aloft his club
Into the air, he swings the same about,
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,
And like the Cyclops in his pride doth strut:
"Sirra," says he, "I have you at a lift;
Now you are come unto your latest shift;

Perish forever; with this stroke I send thee
A medicine that will do thy thirst much good;
Take no more care for drink before I end thee,
And then we'll have carouses of thy blood!
Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,
To please my fury with thine overthrow!"

"Infernal, false, obdurate fiend," said Guy,
"That seemest a lump of cruelty from hell;
Ungrateful monster, since thou dost deny
The thing to me wherein I used thee well,
With more revenge than e'er my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge I'll take.

The giant's longitude shall shorter shrink,
Except thy sun-scorched skin be weapon proof.
Farewell my thirst! I do disdain to drink.
Streams, keep your waters to your own behoof,

Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;
With those pearl drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will;
    For thus I do begin my bloody bout;
You cannot choose but like the greeting ill,—
    It is not that same club will bear you out,—
And take this payment on thy shaggy crown"—
A blow that brought him with a vengeance down.

Then Guy set foot upon the monster's breast,
    And from his shoulders did his head divide,
Which with a yawning mouth did gape unblest,—
    No dragon's jaws were ever seen so wide
To open and to shut,—till life was spent.
Then Guy took keys, and to the castle went,

Where many woful captives he did find,
    Which had beene tired with extremities,
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
    And reasoned with them of their miseries.
Each told a tale with tears and sighs and cries,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladies in dark dungeons lay,
    That were surprised in the desart wood,

And had no other diet every day
    But flesh of human creatures for their food.

Now he bethinks him of his being there,
    To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
And, as he searcheth, doth great clamors hear,
    By which sad sound's direction on he goes
Untill he finds a darksome obscure gate,
Arm'd strongly over all with iron plate:

That he unlocks, and enters where appears
    The strangest object that he ever saw,
Men that with famishment of many years
    Were like death's picture, which the painters draw!
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb;
Others head-downward; by the middle, some.

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
    With lyberty their thraldom to acquaint.
Then the perplexed knight their father calls,
    And says, "Receive thy sons, though poor and faint:
I promised you their lives; accept of that;
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The castle I do give thee, here's the keys,
    Where tyranny for many years did dwell;

Procure the gentle tender lady's ease;
For pity's sake use wronged women well:
Men easily revenge the wrongs men do,
But poor weak women have not strength thereto."

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and would have kissed Guy's feet.
"Father," quoth he, "refrain so base a kiss!
For age to honor youth, I hold unmeet;
Ambitious pryde hath hurt me all it can,
I go to mortify a sinful man."

The Editor found this poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit,[1] its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which con-

[1] [Remembering that Percy is speaking from the atmosphere of Prior and of the elegant Mr. Shenstone, one cannot laugh at the good Bishop for these grave remarks upon what is evidently one of the quietest, neatest, and cleverest satires in our language. Such lines as "Go pledge the dragon and the salvage boar," or "Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong," &c., or "But did not warrant you they should be fat" (when he restores the starved prisoners), or a dozen others, laugh hilariously out from the general sober tone which is so admirably preserved as to have deceived others, besides the Bishop, leave no doubt that Mr. Samuel Rowlands had a cunning wit. It is interesting to compare a certain elephantine drag in this poem with the gay and debonair movement of Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*.]

tained the whole history of Sir Guy; for, upon comparing it with the common story-book, 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

*** The foregoing poem on *Guy and Amarant* has been discovered to be a fragment of "The famous historie of Guy earle of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649," 4to, in xii. cantos, beginning thus:

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known, but the author, Sam. Rowlands, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., and perhaps later.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLEN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves wer a fallan,
That Sir John Grehme o' the west country
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the town,
To the place wher she was dwellan:
"O haste and cum to my master dear,
Gin ye been Barbara Allan."

O hooly,[1] hooly raise[2] she up,
To the place where he was lyan;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think ye're dyan."

"O its I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were spillan.

[1] [*Slowly.*] [2] [*Rose*]

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,
When ye the cups were fillan,
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan;
"Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan"

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him;
And sighan said, she cculd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan she heard the dead-bell knellan;
And every jow[1] the dead-bell gied,
Cried, "Wae to Barbara Allan!"

"O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'se die for him to-morrow."

[1] [*Stroke.*]

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

—

HERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,—
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,

And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a color soe red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," sayd she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have founde mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited; or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington."

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

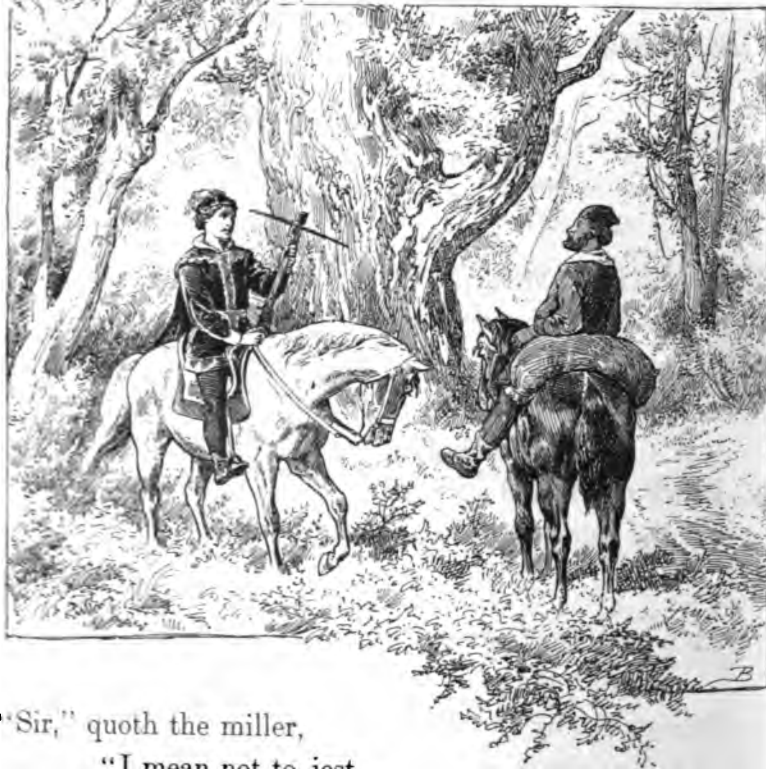
THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

PART THE FIRST.

ENRY, our royal king, would ride a hunting
To the green forest so pleasant and fair;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair:
Hawk and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles each one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gallantly,
Till the dark evening forced all to turn home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearily, all alone, up and down,
With a rude miller he met at the last;
Asking the ready way unto fair
Nottingham,



"Sir," quoth the miller,
"I mean not to jest,
Yet I think, what I think, sooth for to say;
You do not lightly ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king merrily,
"Passing thy judgment upon me so brief?"
"Good faith," said the miller, "I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thief;
Stand thee back, in the dark; light not adown,
Lest that I presently crack thy knave's crown."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lack."
"Thou hast not," quoth th' miller, "one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hangs on thy back."
"I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
"I swear by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night."
Here's my hand," quoth the king, "that was I ever."
"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse;
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came he in soe smoky a house.

"Now," quoth he, "let me see here what you are."
Quoth our king, "Look your fill, and do not spare."

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face:
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lie."
Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warily.
Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Show me thy passport, and all shall be well."

Then our king presently, making low courtesy,
With his hat in his hand, thus he did say;
"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtier rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to me,
I will requite you in every degree."

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretly,
Saying, "It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turn him out, certainly were a great sin."
"Yea," quoth he, "you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speak to his betters in place."

"Well," quo' the miller's wife, "young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:

Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth she.
"Aye," quoth the good man; "and when that is done,
Thou shalt lie with no worse than our own son."

"Nay, first," quoth Richard, "good-fellow, tell me true,
Hast thou no creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?"
"I pray," quoth the king, "what creatures are those?"
"Art thou not lousy, nor scabby?" quoth he:
"If thou beest, surely thou liest not with me."

This caused the king, suddenly, to laugh most heartily,
Till the tears trickled fast down from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pies;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which did about the board merrily troll.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellow, I drink to thee."
"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thank thee heartily
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drink to thy son."
"Do then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth lightfoot,
And of his sweetness a little we'll taste."
A fair ven'son pasty brought she out presently,
"Eat," quoth the miller, "but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoot!" "In faith," said the king,
"I never before eat so dainty a thing."

"I wis," quoth Richard, "no dainty at all it is,
For we do eate of it every day."
"In what place," said our king, "may be bought like to this?"
"We never pay penny for it, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer."

"Then I think," said our king, "that it is venison."
"Each fool," quoth Richard, "full well may know that:
Never are we without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou go;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it know."

"Doubt not," then said the king, "my promised secresy;
The king shall never know more on't for me."

A cup of lamb's-wool they drank unto him then,
    And to their beds they past presently.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seek out the king in every town.

At last at the miller's 'cot' soone they espied him out,
    As he was mounting upon his fair steed;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
    Which made the miller's heart wofully bleed:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hanged, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
    Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said;
The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
    Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubbed him a knight.

PART THE SECOND.

When as our royal king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way,
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am determined
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talk with the jolly knight, and the young squire."

When as the noble lords saw the king's pleasantness,
They were right joyful and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.

When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderly then 'gan he tell.

"God save your worship," then said the messenger,
"And grant your lady her own heart's desire;
And to your son Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day.

Therefore, in any case, fail not to be in place."
"I wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd jest:
What should we do there? faith, I am half afraid."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hanged at the least."
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you do mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake."

Then said the miller, "By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worship full well:
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tidings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou me; tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastership in every thing."

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicity,
And making many legs, took their reward,

And his leave taking with great humility,
To the king's court again he repaired;
Showing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knight's most liberal gift and bounty.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say:
"Here comes expenses and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have,
For of new garments we have great need.
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more."

"Tush, Sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you fret or frown?
You shall ne'er be at no charges for me;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gown,
With every thing else as fine as may be;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillows and pannells,[1] as we shall provide."

In this most stately sort, rode they unto the court;
Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all,

[1] [*A rustic saddle.*]

Who set up, for good hap, a cock's feather in his cap,
And so they jetted[1] down to the king's hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave train,
"Welcome, sir knight," quoth he, "with your gay lady;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome again;
And so is the squire of courage so free."
Quoth Dick, "A bots on you! do you know me?"

[1] [*Strutted.*]

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The miller's wife did so orderly stand,
A milk-maid's courtesy at every word;
And down all the folks were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princely majesty,
Sat at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowl of wine drank to the knight
"Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartily for my good cheer."

Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:"
But then said our king, "Now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here."
"Ho! ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eat it, and then to betray it."

"Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrily;
"In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily."
Quoth Dick, "You are like to stay till I have dined:

You feed us with twatling[1] dishes so small;
Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all."

"Aye, marry," quoth our king, "that were a dainty thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat:"
With that Dick straight arose, and plucked one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweat.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
"'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay."

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladies prepared to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladies such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ache.

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
"Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee?"
Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head,
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed."

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer,

[1] [*Trifling.*]

And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly:
"Take heed now you steal no more of my deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides the song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this Collection. Both the author of the preceding ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled *John the Reeve*, which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his reeves or bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward the Fourth, and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS., but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The preceding is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled, "A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

F Hector's deeds did Homer sing,
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day,
Where many giants he subdued,
In honor of the Christian way;
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as this story plain doth tell,
Within that country there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore oppressed:
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
  Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise-men did entreat
  To show their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the country thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king,
  This answer fram'd incontinent:
The dragon none to death might bring
  By any means they could invent;
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
  They cryed out most piteously,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
  That every day in heaps they die;
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
  For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
  Whose blood his fury might assuage;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
    Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore, throughout the city round,
    A virgin pure of good degree
Was, by the king's commission, still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
    Untimely crop some virgin flower,
Till all the maids were worn away,
    And none were left him to devour;
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,
    That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
    "She is," quoth he, "my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear."

Then rose the people presently,
    And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should die,
    The dragon's fury to prevent:
"Our daughters all are dead," quoth they,
"And have been made the dragon's prey;

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast saved thy life thereby;

And now in sooth it is but fair,
For us thy daughter so should die."
"O save my daughter," said the king,
"And let ME feel the dragon's sting."

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
"O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown."

"'Tis better I should die," she said,
"Than all your subjects perish quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite,
And after he hath sucked my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life "

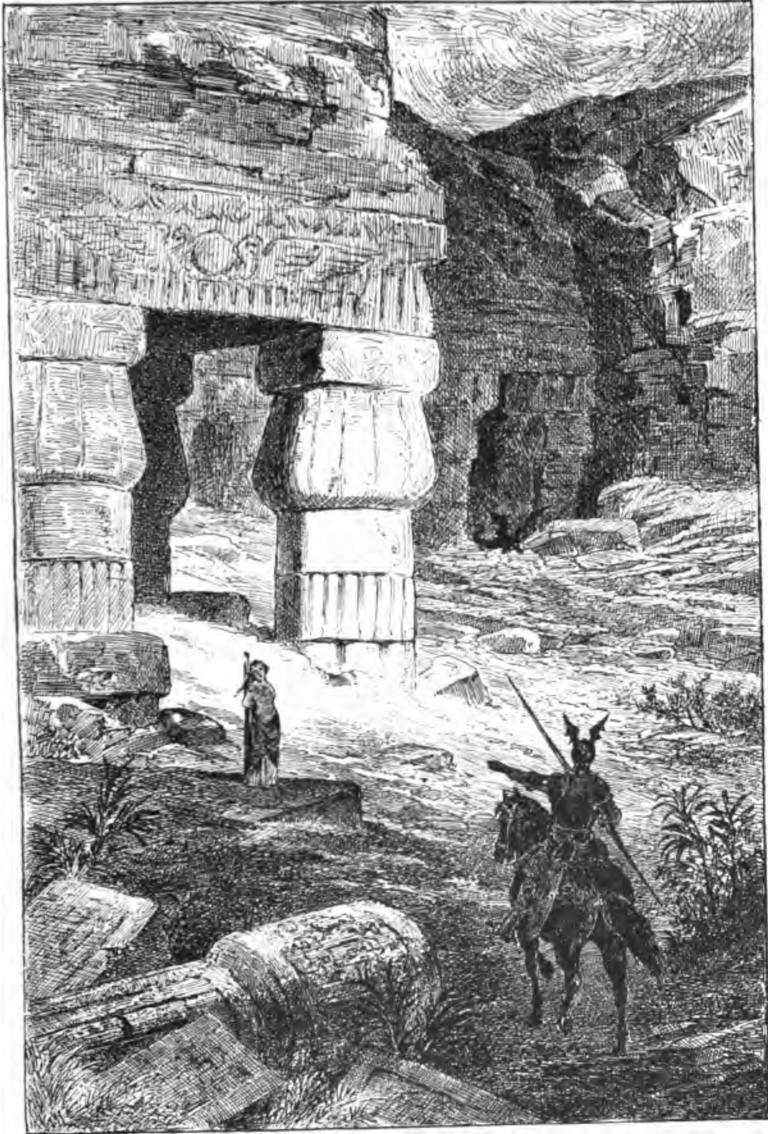
Like mad-men, all the people cried,
"Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food."
"Lo! here I am, I come," quoth she,
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,
"And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for virtue famous been,
So let me clothe thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go,
To which her tender limbs they bind;
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

"Farewell, my father dear," quoth she,
"And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child;
Since for my country's good I die,
Death I receive most willingly."

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lie,
Behold St. George came riding by.



And seeing there a lady bright
    So rudely tied unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
    He straight to her his way did take:
"Tell me, sweet maiden," then quoth he,
"What caitiff thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
    Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
    And break my lance upon his chest:"
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady, that did first espy
    The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
    And willed him away to go;
"Here comes that cursed fiend," quoth she,
"That soon will make an end of me."

St. George then looking round about,
    The fiery dragon soon espied,
And like a knight of courage stout,
    Against him did most furiously ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savor of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm;
Thus he the lady saved from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield,
He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betrayed.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
The Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Daily, to take the pleasant air;
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk;
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk;
Their love he show'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away:
With letters him in courteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia,
But wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly,
By such vile means they had regard
To work his death most cruelly;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day,
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the Sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a giant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forced the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save only Egypt land he spared,
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a trial kind to make:
Meanwhile the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto Saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true,
Ere with her he would lead his life;
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait.
These three from Egypt went alone:
Now mark St. George's valor shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest:
Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry lions, fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they show'd she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
  And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
  His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lions' sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

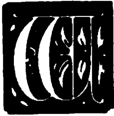
Their rage did him no whit dismay,
  Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lions slay
  Within the Lady Sabra's sight:
Who all this while, sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
  This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
  And all his love did soon renew:
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arrived
  Unto his native dwelling place,
Therein with his dear love he lived,
  And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

PART THE FIRST.

HEN Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colors fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride,
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful crys
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher laid
Of silk so fine and thin;
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinned with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpris'd them all;
The courtiers gathered round;
They look, they call, the mother seek;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smiled,
And stretched his little hands.

"Now, by the rood," King Pepin says,
"This child is passing fair;
I wot he is of gentle blood:
Perhaps some prince's heir.

"Go bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may.
Let him be christened Valentine.
In honor of this day;

"And look me out some cunning nurse;
Well nurtured let him be;
Nor aught be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree."

They looked him out a cunning nurse;
And nurtur'd well was he;
Nor aught was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grew the little Valentine,
Belov'd of king and peers,
And show'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feats of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grew to man's estate
He had no peer in France.

And now the early down began
  To shade his youthful chin,
When Valentine was dubbed a knight,
  That he might glory win.

"A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
  I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls
  May be reserved for me."

"The first adventure shall be thine;"
  The king did smiling say.
Nor many days, when lo! there came
  Three palmers clad in gray.

"Help, gracious lord," they weeping said;
  And knelt, as it was meet;
"From Artois forest we be come,
  With weak and weary feet.

"Within those deep and dreary woods
  There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
  Thy subjects dire annoy.

"'Mong ruthless bears he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den;
With bears he lives; with bears he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

"To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill;
For arms, nor cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still."

Up then rose Sir Valentine
And claimed that arduous deed.
"Go forth and conquer," said the king,
"And great shall be thy meed."

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armor white as snow:
As well beseemed a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe.

To Artois forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;

And soon he spies the savage youth A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round;
His eager eye all fiery glowed;
His face with fury frowned.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails;
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approached,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tiger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leaped with furious force
The gentle knight to seize,
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he raised his club
And aimed a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shunned the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand;
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasped the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roared;
His eye-ball flashed with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his hairy foe;
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They rolled and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skillful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding straight his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant, tried and true.

And 'cause with bears he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peer
Now lived Sir Valentine;
His high renown with prince and peer
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanced the king upon a day
Prepared a sumptuous feast,
And there came lords and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups that freely flowed,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight taxed Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urged,
His generous heart did wound;
And strait he vowed he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble-stone;
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeafed their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlocked and opened wide,
And strait a giant huge and grim
Stalked forth with stately pride.

"Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will;"
He cried with hideous roar;
"Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore."

"Vain boaster," said the youthful knight,
"I scorn thy threats and thee;
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free."

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aimed a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the giant glanced
And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirled his mace of steel;
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply missed; and now the knight
His glittering sword displayed,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew,
So fast around the giant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush,
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came;
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The giant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now caitiff breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend;
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the giant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes;
The hairy youth repeats his blows;
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine revived
With Ursine's timely care;
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murdered knights
They found where'er they came;
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dimmed with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe;
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
"Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see;
A wife without a mate.

These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

Know, I am sister of a king,
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

With him I sweetly lived in love
A twelvemonth and a day;
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

His seeming goodness won him power,
He had his master's ear,
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

One day, when we were all alone,
He proffered odious love;
The wretch with horror I repulsed,
And from my presence drove.

He feigned remorse, and piteous begged
His crime I'd not reveal;
Which, for his seeming penitence
I promised to conceal.

With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repayed;
With jealous doubts he filled my lord,
And me to woe betrayed;

He hid a slave within my bed,
Then raised a bitter cry.
My lord, possessed with rage, condemned
Me, all unheard, to die.

But, 'cause I then was great with child
At length my life he spared;
But bade me instant quit the realm,
One trusty knight my guard.

Forth on my journey I depart,
Oppressed with grief and woe,
And tow'rds my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart, I go.

Long time thro' sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along;
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labor strong:

And while the knight for succor sought,
  And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
  Two lovely boys were born.

The eldest fair and smooth, as snow
  That tips the mountain hoar;
The younger's little body rough
  With hair was covered o'er.

But here afresh begin my woes:
  While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold,
  And wrap him in my cloak,

A prowling bear burst from the wood,
  And seized my younger son;
Affection lent my weakness wings
  And after them I run.

But all forewearied, weak and spent,
  I quickly swooned away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
  Long time I lifeless lay.

At length the knight brought me relief,
And raised me from the ground;
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

And, while in search we wandered far,
We met that giant grim,
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

But charmed by heaven, or else my griefs,
He offered me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immured so long."

"Now, surely," said the youthful knight,
"You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor;
Your brother's King of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vowed thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life."

"Now heaven is kind!" the lady said;
And dropt a joyful tear;
"Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?"

"But, madam," said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
"Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see?"

And pulling forth the cloth of gold
In which himself was found,
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care revived,
His tale she heard anon;

And soon by other tokens found
He was indeed her son.

"But who's this hairy youth?" she said;
"He much resembles thee;
The bear devoured my younger son,
Or sure that son were he."

"Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And reared within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son again?"

"Upon his little side," quoth she,
"Was stamped a bloody rose."
"Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!"

Then clasping both her new-found sons
She bathed their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy,
His sister thus restored!
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord,

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reigned
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the sceptre bare.
Sir Valentine he stayed in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "Le Bibliothèque de Romans," &c.

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of *Sir Bevis*, and has also been copied in the *Seven Champions*. The original lines are:

> "Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
> That man and beest might passe away:
> Under the brydge were sixty belles;
> Right as the Romans telles;
> That there might no man passe in,
> But all they rang with a gyn."

Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

APPENDIX.

DURHAM FIELD.

PART I.

ORDINGS, listen, and hold you still;
Hearken to me a little;
I shall tell you of the fairest battle
That ever in England befell.

For as it befell in King Edward the 3rd's days,
In England, where he wore the crown,
Then all the chief chivalry of England
They busked and made them bowne.

They chose all the best archers
That in England might be found,
And all was to fight with the King of France
Within a little stound.

And when our King was over the water,
And on the salt sea gone,
Then tidings into Scotland came
That all England was gone.

Bows and arrows they were all forth,
At home was not left a man
But shepherds and millers both,
And priests with shaven crowns.

Then the King of Scots in a study stood,
As he was a man of great might,
He swore 'he would hold his Parliament in lieve[1] London
If he could ride there right.'

Then bespake a Squire of Scotland born,
And said, "My liege, apace,
Before you come to lieve London
Full sore you'll rue that race!

"There be bold yeomen in merry England,
Husbandmen stiff and strong,
Sharp swords they do wear,
Bear bows and arrows long."

The King was angry at that word,
A long sword out he drew,
And there before his royal company
His own squire he slew.

Hard hansell[2] had the Scots that day
That wrought them woe enough,
For then durst not a Scot speak a word
For hanging at a bough.

"The Earl of Angus, where art thou?
In my coat-armor thou shalt be,
And thou shalt lead the forward[3]
Through the English country."

"Take thy York," then said the King,
"In stead whereas it doth stand;
I'll make thy eldest son after thee
Heir of all Northumberland.

The Earl of Vaughan, where be ye?
In my coat-armor thou shalt be:
The high Peak and Darbyshire
I give thee to thy fee."

[1] [*Dear.* "Lieve London" is a common phrase in ballads.]
[2] [*Greeting.*]
[3] [*Advance.*]

Then came in famous Douglas,
Says, "What shall my meed be?
And I'll lead the vanward, Lord,
Through the English country."

"Take thee Worcester," said the King,
"Tuxbury, Killingworth, Burton upon Trent;
Do thou not say another day
But I have given thee lands and rent.

Sir Richard of Edinburgh, where are ye?
A wise man in this war!
I'll give thee Bristow and the shire
The time that we come there.

My Lord Neville, where be ye?
You must in this war be!
I'll give thee Shrewsbury," says the King,
"And Coventry fair and free.

My Lord of Hamilton, where art thou?
Thou art of my kin full nigh;
I'll give thee Lincoln and Lincolnshire,
And that's enough for thee."

By then came in William Douglas
As breeme[1] as any boar;
He kneeled him down upon his knees,
In his heart he sighed sore,

Says, "I have served you, my lovely liege,
This thirty winters and four,
And in the Marches between England and Scotland
I have been wounded and beaten sore.

For all the good service that I have done,
What shall my meed be?
And I will lead the vanward
Through the English country."

[1] [*Fierce.*]

"Ask on, Douglas," said the King,
 "And granted it shall be."
"Why then, I ask little London," says William Douglas,
 "Gotten if that it be."

The King was wroth, and rose away,
 Says "Nay, that cannot be!
For that I will keep for my chief chamber,
 Gotten if it be;

But take thee North Wales and Westchester,
 The country all round about,
And rewarded thou shalt be,
 Of that take thou no doubt."

Fivescore knights he made on a day,
 And dubbed them with his hands;
Rewarded them right worthily
 With the towns in merry England.

And when the fresh knights they were made,
 To battle they buske them bowne;
James Douglas went before,
 And he thought to have won him shoon,

But they were met in a morning of May
 With the commonalty of little England;
But there scaped never a man away
 Through the might of Christ's hand,

But all only James Douglas;
 In Durham in the field
An arrow struck him in the thigh.
 Fast flings he towards the King.

The King looked toward little Durham,
 Says, "All things is not well!
For James Douglas bears an arrow in his thigh,
 The head of it is of steel."

"How now James?" then said the King,
"How now, how may this be?
And where be all thy merry men
That thou took hence with thee?"

"But cease my King," says James Douglas,
"Alive is not left a man!"
"Now by my faith," says the King of Scots,
"That gate was evil gone;

But I'll revenge thy quarrel well,
And of that thou mayest be fain;
For one Scot will beat five Englishmen
If they meet them on the plain."

"Now hold your tongue," says James Douglas,
"For in faith that is not so;
For one Englishman is worth five Scots
When they meet together tho.

For they are as eager men to fight
As a falcon upon a prey.
Alas! if ever they win the vanward,
There scapes no man away."

"O peace thy talking," said the King,
"They be but English knaves,
But shepherds and millers both,
And (mass) priests with their staves."

The King sent forth one of his heralds of arms
To view the Englishmen.
"Be of good cheer," the herald said,
"For against one we be ten."

"Who leads those lads?" said the King of Scots,
"Thou herald, tell thou me."
The herald said, "The Bishop of Durham
Is captain of that company;

For the Bishop hath spread the King's banner
And to battle he busks him bowne."
"I swear by St. Andrew's bones," says the King,
"I'll rap that priest on the crown!"

PART II.

The King looked towards little Durham,
And that he well beheld,
That the Earl Percy was well armed,
With his battle-axe entered the field.

The King looked again towards little Durham,
Four ancients[1] there saw he;
There were to standards, six in a valley,
He could not see them with his eye.

My lord of York was one of them,
My lord of Carlisle was the other;
And my lord Fluwilliams,
The one came with the other.

The bishop of Durham commanded his men,
And shortly he them bade,
'That never a man should go to the field to fight
Till he had served his God.'

Five hundred priests said mass that day
In Durham in the field;
And afterwards, as I heard say,
They bare both spear and shield.

The bishop of Durham orders himself to fight
With his battle-axe in his hand;
He said, "This day now I will fight
As long as I can stand!"

[1] [*Ensigns.*]

"And so will I," said my lord of Carlisle,
"In this fair morning gay;"
"And so will I," said my lord Fluwilliams,
"For Mary, that mild may."[1]

Our English archers bent their bows
Shortly and anon,
They shot over the Scottish host
And scantly touched a man.

"Hold down your hands," said the bishop of Durham,
"My archers good and true."
The second shoot that they shot
Full sore the Scots it rue.

The bishop of Durham spoke on high
That both parties might hear,
"Be of good cheer, my merry men all,
The Scots fly and change their cheer!"

But as they said, so they did,
They fell on heaps high;
Our Englishmen laid on with their bows
As fast as they might dree.

The King of Scots in a study stood
Amongst his companye,
An arrow struck him through the nose
And through his armorye.

The King went to a marsh side
And light[2] beside his steed,
He leaned him down on his sword-hilt
To let his nose bleed.

There followed him a yeoman of merry England,
His name was John of Copland:
"Yield thee, traitor!" says Copland then,
"Thy life lies in my hand."

[1] [*Maid.*]

[2] [*Alighted.*]

"How should I yield me?" says the King,
"And thou art no gentleman."
"No, by my troth," says Copland there,
"I am but a poor yeoman;

What art thou better than I, Sir King?
Tell me if that thou can!
What art thou better than I, Sir King,
Now we be but man to man?"

The King smote angrily at Copland then
Angrily in that stound;
And then Copland was a bold yeoman
And bore the King to the ground.

He set the King upon a palfrey,
Himself upon a steed,
He took him by the bridle rein,
Towards London he can him lead.

And when to London that he came
The King from France was new come home,
And there unto the King of Scots
He said these words anon.

"How like you my shepherds and my millers,
My priests with shaven crowns?"
"By my faith, they are the sorest fighting men
That ever I met on the ground;

There never was a yeoman in merry England
But he was worth a Scottish knight!"
"Ay, by my troth," said King Edward, and laughed,
"For you fought all against the right."

But now the Prince of merry England,
Worthily under his shield,
Hath taken the King of France
At Poictiers in the field.

The Prince did present his father with that food,[1]
The lovely King of France,
And forward of his journey he is gone:
God send us all good chance!

"You are welcome, brothers!" said the King of Scots to the King of France,
"For I am come hither too soon;
Christ luve[2] that I had taken my way
Unto the court of Rome!"

"And so would I," said the King of France,
"When I came over the stream,
That I had taken my journey
Unto Jerusalem."

Thus ends the battle of fair Durham
In one morning of May.
The battle of Cressy and the battle of Poictiers,
All within one month's day.

Then was wealth and welfare in merry England,
Solaces, game and glee,
And every man loved other well,
And the King loved good yeomanry.

But God that made the grass to grow,
And leaves on greenwood tree,
Now save and keep our noble King
And maintain good yeomanry!

1 [Percy interprets this "food" as *feod*, or feodary, a tributary; Halliwell, followed by Furnivall, cites old usage of "fode" to signify a *person*,—man, woman, girl, or boy.

2 [Would to Christ.]

JOHN A SIDE.

ETER A WHIFEILD[1] he hath slain;
And John a Side, he is ta'en,
And John is bound both hand and foot
And to the Newcastle he is gane.

But tidings came to the Sybil o' the Side,
By the water side as she ran;
She took her kirtle by the hem,
And fast she ran to Maugerton.

. . . .

The lord was set down at his meat;
When these tidings she did him tell
Never a morsel might he eat.

But lords they wrung their fingers white,
Ladies did pull themselves by the hair,
Crying, "Alas and weladay!
For John o the Side we shall never see more!

But we'll go sell our droves of kine,
And after them our oxen sell,
And after them our troops of sheep,
But we will loose him out of the Newcastell."

But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spoke these words wondrous high,
Says, "Give me five men to myself,
And I'll fetch John o the Side to thee."

[1] [*Whitfield*, likely.]

"Yea, thou shalt have five, Hobby Noble,
Of the best that are in this country!
I'll give thee five thousand, Hobby Noble,
That walk in Tyvidale[1] truly."

"Nay, I'll have but five," says Hobby Noble,
"That shall walk away with me;
We will ride like no men of war;
But like poor badgers[2] we will be."

They stuffed up all their bags with straw
And their steeds barefoot must be;
"Come on my brethren," says Hobby Noble,
"Come on your ways and go with me."

And when they came to Culerton ford,
The water was up, they could it not go;
And then they were ware of a good old man,
How his boy and he were at the plow.

"But stand you still," says Hobby Noble,
"Stand you still here at this shore,
And I will ride to yonder old man
And see where the gate[3] it lies o'er.

But Christ you save, father," quoth he,
"Christ both you save and see!
Where is the way over this ford?
For Christ's sake tell it me!"

"But I have dwelled here three score years,
So have I done three score and three;
I never saw man nor horse go o'er
Except it were a horse of three."[4]

"But fare thou well, thou good old man;
The devil in hell I leave with thee!
No better comfort here this night
Thou givest my brethren here and me."

[1] [*Teviotdale.*] [2] [*Corn-merchants.*] [3] [*Ford.*]

[4] [Possibly roundabout and jocose for *a horse of tree, i.e.*, a boat. In Sir Thomas Malory (1470) "ship of tree" is common.]

But when he came to his brother again
And told this tidings full of woe,
And then they found a well good gate
They might ride o'er by two and two.

And when they were come over the ford
All safe gotten at the last,
"Thanks be to God," says Hobby Noble,
"The worst of our peril is past."

And then they came into Howbrame Wood
And there then they found a tree,
And cut it down then by the root;
The length was thirty foot and three.

And four of them did take the plank
As light as it had been a flea,
And carried it to the Newcastle
Where as John a Side did lie;

And some did climb up by the walls,
And some did climb up by the tree,
Until they came up to the top of the castle
Where John made his moan truly:

He said, "God be with thee, Sybil o the Side
My own mother thou art," quoth he,
"If thou knew this night I were here,
A woe woman then wouldst thou be!

And fare you well, lord Maugerton!
And ever I say 'God be with thee!'
For if you knew this night I were here,
You would sell your land for to loose me.

And fare thou well, Much miller's[1] son!
Much miller's son, I say;
Thou hast been better at mirk midnight
Than ever thou wast at noon o the day.

[1] [Much the miller's.]

And fare thou well, my good lord Clough!
Thou art thy father's son and heir;
Thou never saw him in all thy life,
But with him durst thou break a spear.

We are brother's children nine or ten:
And sister's children ten or eleven,
We never came to the field to fight
But the worst of us was counted a man."

But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spake these words unto him;
Says, "Sleepest thou, wakest thou, John o' the Side,
Or art thou this castle within?"

"But who is there," quoth John o' the Side,
"That knows my name so right and free?"
"I am a bastard brother of thine;
This night I am come for to loose thee."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth John o' the Side,
"It fears me sore that will not be
For a peck of gold and silver," John said,
"In faith this night will not loose me."

But then bespoke him Hobby Noble,
And till his brother thus said he,
Says, "Four shall take this matter in hand
And two shall tent[1] our geldings free."

For four did break one door without,
Then John brake five himself;
But when they came to the iron door,
It smote twelve upon the bell.

"It fears me sore," said Much the miller,
"That here taken all we shall be."
"But go away, brethren," said John a Side,
"For ever, alas! this will not be."

[1] [*Mind, attend to.*]

"But fie upon thee," said Hobby Noble;
"Much the miller, fie upon thee!
It sore fears me," said Hobby Noble,
"Man that thou wilt never be."

But then he had Flanders files two or three,
And he filed down that iron door,
And took John out of the New-castle,
And said, "Look thou never come here more!"

When he had him forth of the Newcastle,
"Away with me, John, thou shalt ride;"
But ever alas! it could not be;
For John could neither sit nor stride.

But then he had sheets two or three,
And bound John's bolts[1] fast to his feet,
And set him on a well good steed,
Himself on another by him sat.

Then Hobby Noble smiled and laughed,
And spoke these words in mickle pride,
"Thou sitst so finely on thy gelding
That, John, thou ridest like a bride."

And when they came through Howbrame Town,
John's horse there stumbled at a stone;
"Out and alas!" cried Much the miller,
"John, thou'lt make us all be ta'en."

"But fie upon thee!" says Hobby Noble,
"Much the miller, fie on thee!
I know full well," says Hobby Noble,
"Man that thou wilt never be!"

And when they came into Howbrame Wood,
He had Flanders files two or three,
To file John's bolts beside his feet,
That he might ride more easily.

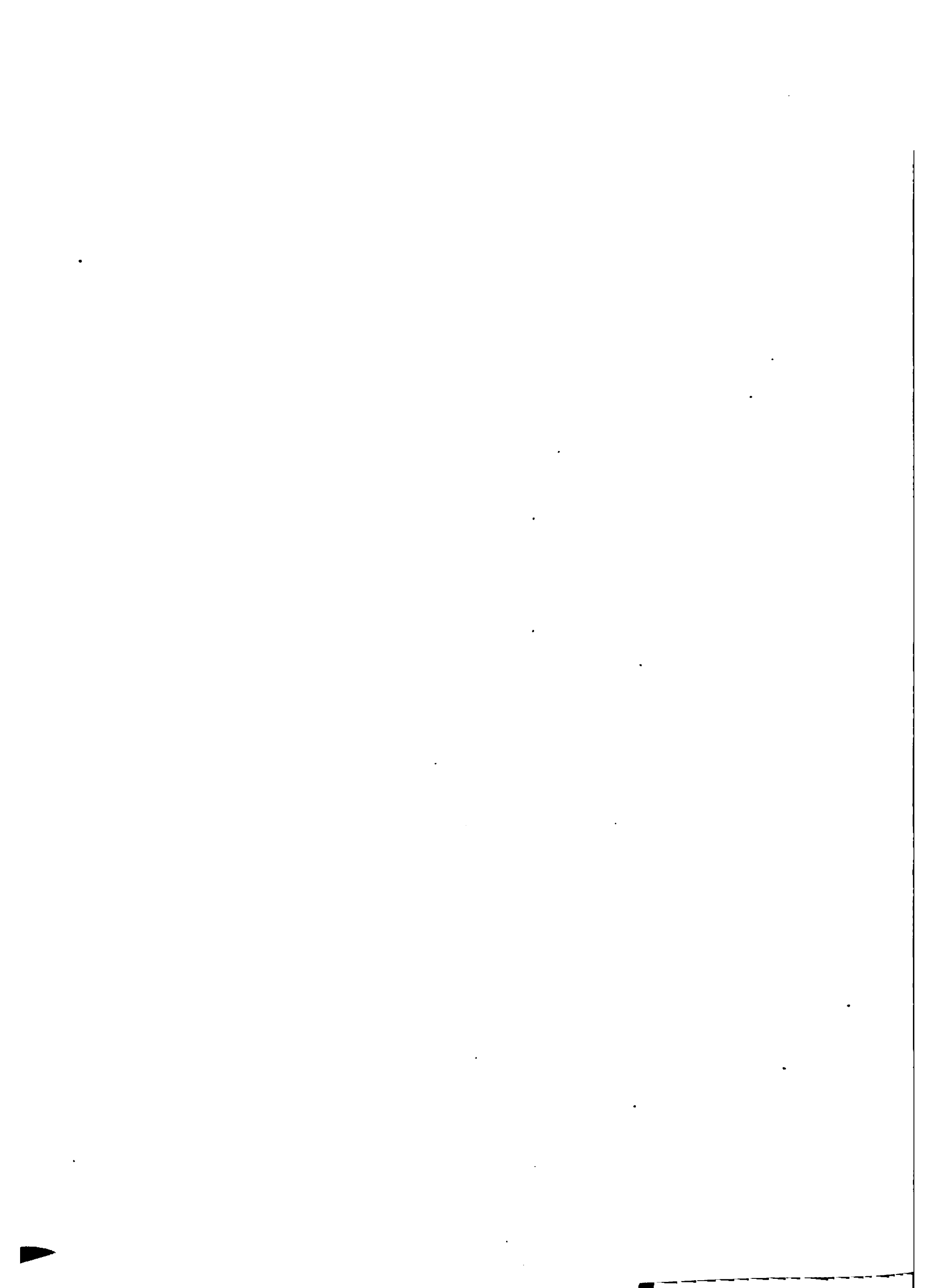
[1] [*Chains.*]

Says John, "Now leap over a steed,"
And John then he lope over five:
"I know well," says Hobby Noble,
"John, thy fellow is not alive!"

Then he brought him home to Maugerton;
The lord then he was at his meat;
But when John o' the Side he there did see,
For fain[1] he could no more eat;

He says, "Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
That ever thou wast man born!
Thou hast fetched us home good John o' the Side
That was now clean from us gone!"

[1] [He was so fain, &c.]



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