

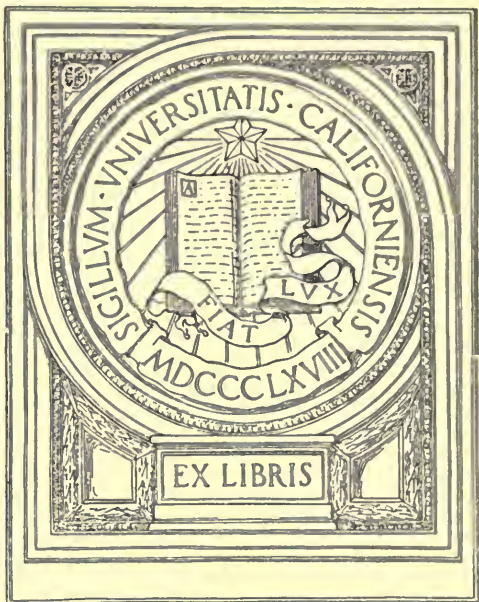
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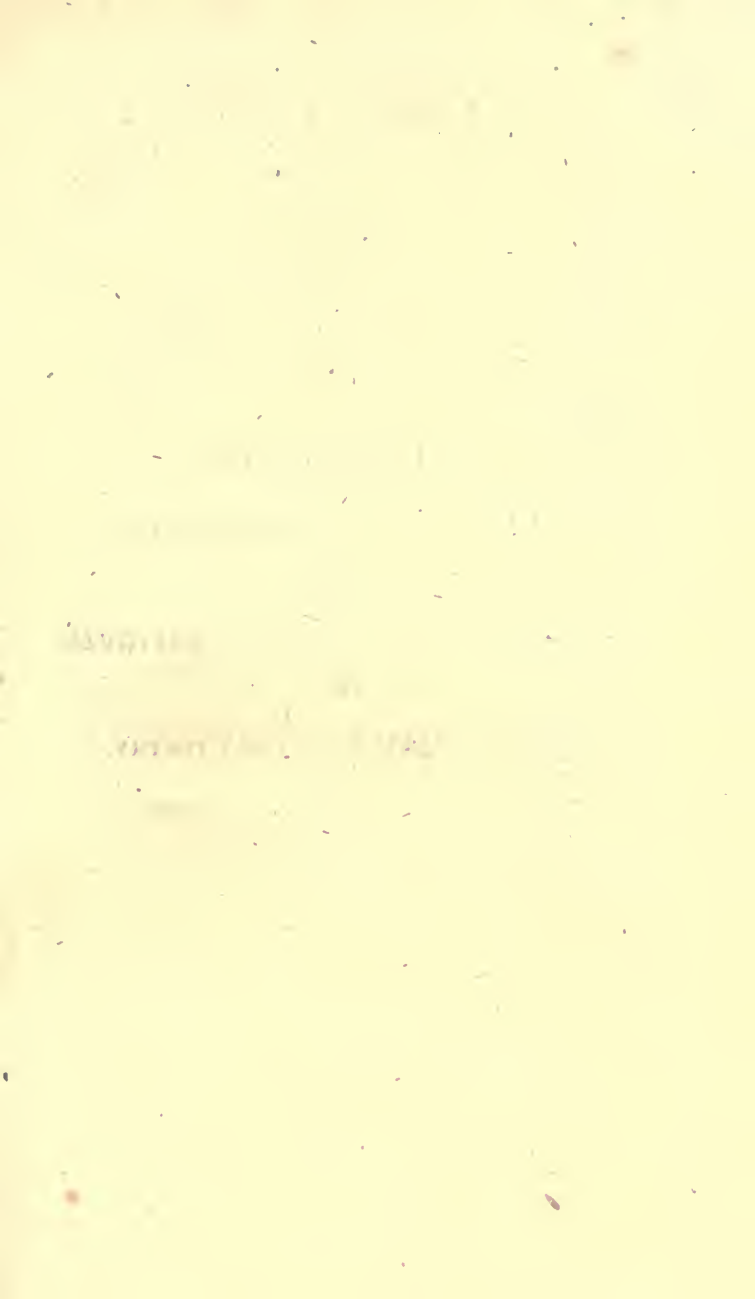
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OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE;
FORMING
A SUPPLEMENT TO PERCY'S RELIQUES,
AND
ELLIS'S SPECIMENS OF ANTIENT POETRY.

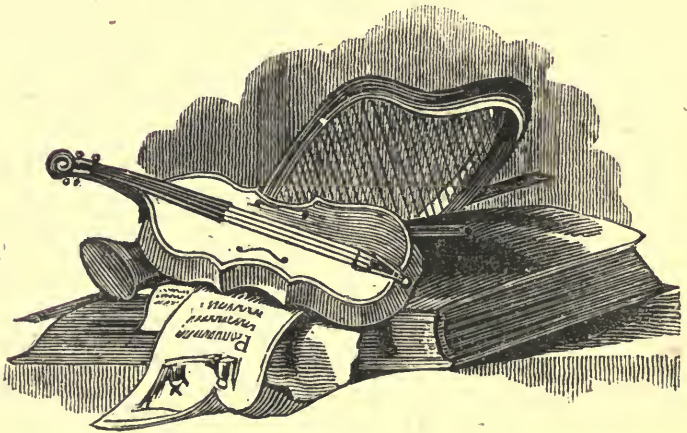


OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;
COLLECTED FROM RARE COPIES AND MSS.
BY THOMAS EVANS.

A NEW EDITION,
REVISED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED FROM PUBLIC AND
PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, BY HIS SON,

R. H. EVANS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. III.



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EVANS'S COLLECTION

OF

OLD BALLADS.

I.

The Lamentable Fall of the Dutchess of Gloucester,
Wife to good Duke Humphry, with the manner
of her doing penance in London streets, and of
her exile in the Isle of Man, where she ended
her days.

I ONCE a dutchess was of great renown,
My husband near allied to England's crown ;
The good duke Humphry 'titled was his name,
Till fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.

Henry the fifth, that king of gallant race,
Of whom my husband claim'd a brother's place ;
And was protector made of his young son,
When princely Henry's thread of life was spun.

Henry the sixth, a child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this land with all our barons bold ;
And in brave Paris crown'd was king of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance.

Then sway'd duke Humphry like a glorious king,
And was protector over every thing :
Even as he would please to his heart's desire,
But envy soon extinguish'd all his fire.

In height of all his pompal majesty,
From Cobham's house with speed he married me ;
Fair Ellinor, the pride of ladies all,
In court and city people did me call.

Then flaunted I in Greenwich stately towers,
My winter's mansions, and my summer's bowers :
Which gallant house, e'er since those days hath been
The palace brave of many a king and queen.

The silver Thames, that sweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of majesty ;
The kind content and murmurs of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after.

No gallant dame, nor lady in this land,
But much desired in my love to stand :
My golden pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On gold and silver looms my garments fair
Were woven still by women strange and rare ;
Embroider'd variously with Median silk,
More white than thistle-down, or morning's milk.

My coaches and my stately pamper'd steeds,
Well furnish'd in their gold-betrapped weeds,
With gentle glidings in the summer nights,
Still yielded me the evening's sweet delights.

An hundred gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin maids were still in trains.
The queen of Egypt, with her pomp and glory,
For treasure could not equal this my story.

But yet at last my golden sun declin'd,
And England's court at these my joys repin'd ;
For soon my husband, in his honour'd place,
Amongst the barons reaped some disgrace :

Which grudge being grown, and springing up to height,
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight ;
And then in prison cast good royal duke,
Without misdeed he suffer'd vile rebuke.

They took from him their great protector's name,
Thro' causes which those peers did falsly frame ;
And after, overcome with malice deep,
My noble lord they murder'd in his sleep.

The young king having thus his uncle lost,
Was, day by day, with troubles vex'd and cross'd :
And treasons' in the land were daily bred,
That from the factious house of York took head.

Of kingly Laneaster my husband's line ;
Whose death not only prov'd his fall, but mine :
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They seized all into king Henry's hands :

And after turn'd me friendless out of door,
To spend my days like to a woman poor :
Discharging me from all my pompal train ;
But Ellinor would a lady still remain.

The noble spirit of a woman's will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still ;
And ranging so in my revengeful mind,
Till I the murderers of my lord did find.

But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no justice could by law take right ;
And yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of hell, and of the devil.

To practise witchcraft then was my intent,
And therefore for the witch of Ely sent ;
And for old Bolingbroke of Laneashire,
Of whom, for charms, the land stood much in fear.

We slept by day, and walk'd at midnight hours ;
The time that spells have force, and greatest pow'rs :
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When elves and fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my azur'd veins,
To make characters in round circled strains ;
With dead men's skulls, by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night.

All this by black enchanting arts to spill
Their hated blood, that did duke Humphry kill.
My royal lord, untimely ta'en from me,
Yet no revengement for him could I see.

For by the hand of justly-dooming heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice giv'n ;
How we by witchcraft sought the spoil of those
That secretly had been duke Humphry's foes.

Wherefore my two companions for this crime
Did suffer death ere nature spent its time.
Poor El'nor I, because of noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than death.

It pleased so the council of my king,
To disrobe me of every gorgeous thing ;
My chains, and rings, and jewels of such price,
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frize.

And by command along each London street,
To go in penance wrapped in a sheet ;
Barefooted, with a taper in my hand !
The like did never lady in this land.

My feet that lately trod the steps of pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were fore'd to measure.
Yet none alive where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.

Break heart, and die ! here ended not my pain :
I judged was an exile to remain ;
And go a banish'd lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor El'nor spent to find her out a grave ;
And left this land, where she was bred and born,
In foreign soils for her misdeeds to mourn.

The Isle of Man, eneompass'd by the sea,
Near England, named so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the watry round,
Till time and death found me a burying-ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content :
Rememb'ring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good duke Humphry's wife.

The loss of Greenwich tow'rs did grieve me sore,
But the hard fate of my dear lord, much more.
Yea, all the joys once in my bow'r and hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewell, dear friends ; farewell, my courtly trains ;
My late renown is turn'd to ling'ring pains :
My melody of music's silver sound,
Are snakes and adders, hissing on the ground.

The downy bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are sun burnt heaps of moss, now seeming soft ;
And waxen tapers lighting to my bed,
Are stars about the silver moon bespread.

Instead of wine, I drink of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful banquets dear.
Thus changeth stately pomp, and courtly joys,
When pleasure endeth with such deep annoys.

My beauteous cheeks, where Cupid danc'd and play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, and quite with grief decay'd ;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind ;
And all my body alter'd from its kind.

Ring out my knell, you birds in top of sky ;
Quite tir'd with woes, here Ellinor must die.
Receive me, earth, into thy gentle womb ;
A banish'd lady craves no other tomb.

Thus died the famous dutchess of our land,
 Controll'd by changing fortune's stern command.
 Let those that sit in place of high degree
 Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

II.

A courtly new Ballad of the princely Wooing of
 the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

[Reprinted from a black letter copy, by Hen. Gosson.]

FAIR angel of England, thy beauty most bright,
 Is all my heart's pleasure, my joy and delight;
 Then grant me, fair lady, thy true love to be,
 That I may say, Welcome good fortune to me.

The turtle, so true and chaste in her love,
 By gentle persuasions her fancy will move;
 Then be not entreated, sweet lady, in vain,
 For nature requireth what I would obtain.

The phoenix so famous, that liveth alone,
 Is vowed to chastity, being but one:
 But be not, my darling, so chaste in desire,
 Lest thou, like the phoenix, do penance in fire.

But alas ! gentle lady, I pity thy state,
 In being resolved to live without mate ;
 For if of our courting the pleasure you knew,
 You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
 Yet I am requited with scornful disdain ;
 But if you will grant your good-will unto me,
 You shall be advanced to princely degree.

Promotions and honour may often entice
 The chastest that liveth, tho' never so nice ;
 What woman so worthy but will be content,
 To live in the palae where princes frequent ?

Two brides young and princely, to church I have led ;
 Two ladies most lovely have decked my bed :
 Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
 Than all their contentments, whereof I had part.

Your gentle heart cannot men's hearts much abide,
 And women least angry when most they do chide ;
 Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length,
 Men they want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant that fair ladies may poor men resist,
 But princees may conquer and love when they list ;
 A king may command her to lie by his side,
 Whose feature deserveth to be a king's bride.

In granting your love, you shall purchase renown ;
Your head shall be deckt with England's fair crown ;
Thy garments most gallant with gold shall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy train ;
Most richly attired with scarlet in grain ;
My chamber most princely thy person shall keep,
Where virgins with music shall rock thee to sleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them, sweet lady, thy mind to content ;
For kings gallant courts, where princes do dwell,
Afford such sweet pastimes as ladies love well.

Then be not resolved, to die a true maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a king favour, thy true love to be,
That I may say, Welcome sweet virgin to me.

THE VIRGIN'S ANSWER.

O wanton king Edward, thy labour is vain,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attain ;
With getting thou locest, and having dost waste it,
The which if thou purchase is spoil'd if thou hast it.

But if thou obtain'st it, thou nothing hast won,
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone ;
But if of that jewel a king does deceive me,
No king can restore, tho' a kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last ;
My favour is vanish'd, my beauty is past ;
The rosy-red blushes that sat in my cheek,
To paleness is turn'd, which all men misleek.

I pass not what princes for love do protest,
The name of a virgin contenteth me best ;
I have not deserved to lie by thy side,
Nor yet to be counted for king Edward's bride.

The name of a princess I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy hand-maid will have ;
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented king Henry's brave court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a woman, except she consent,
Who then can impute to a man any fault,
Who still does go upright while women do halt ?

'Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
 And virtue in women the same to deny :
 For women inconstant can never be prov'd,
 Untill by their betters therein may be mov'd.

If women and modesty once do but sever,
 Then farewell good name and credit for ever ;
 And, royal king Edward, let me be exil'd,
 Ere any man knows my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old father's reverend tears
 Too deep an impression within my soul bears ;
 Nor shall his bright honour that blot by me have,
 To bring his gray hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I shall die,
 That any such thing should upon my soul lie ;
 If I have kept me from doing this sin,
 My heart shall not yield with a prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my tomb,
 Than for my birth curse my dear mother's womb,
 That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree
 With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave, most noble king, me tempt not in vain
 My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain ;
 Tho' England will give me no comforts at all,
 Yet England will give me a sad burial.

III.

The most cruel Murder of Edward V. and his Brother
the Duke of York, in the Tower, by their Uncle the
Duke of Gloucester.

WHEN God had ta'en away true wisdom's king,
Edward the Fourth, whose fame shall always ring ;
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,
And ruled well amongst his noble peers.

When as he died, two sons he left behind,
The prince of Wales, and duke of York most kind ;
The prince the eldest but eleven years old ;
The duke more young, as chronicles have told.

The dead king's brother, duke of Gloucester,
Was chosen for the prince his protector ;
Who straightway plotted how to get the crown,
And pull his brother Edward's children down.

Edward the fifth the prince was call'd by name,
Who by succession did that title gain :
A prudent prince, whose wisdom did excel
Which made his uncles' heart with hatred swell.

Then did the duke use all the means he might,
By damn'd devices for to work their spite :
At length the devil put it in his head,
How all his plots should be accomplished.

With sugar'd words, which had a poison'd sting,
He did entice the duke and the young king,
For safety's sake to lodge them in the Tower ;
A strong defence, and London's chiefest flower.

With fair-spoke speeches and bewitching charms,
He told them 'twould secure them from all harms :
Thus by fair words, yet cruel treachery,
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie.

Great entertainment he these princes gave,
And caus'd the Tower to be furnish'd brave ;
With sumptuous cheer he feasted them that day :
Thus subtle wolves with harmless lambs do play.

With music sweet he fill'd their princely ears,
And to their face a smiling count'nance bears ;
But his foul heart with mischief was possess'd,
And treach'rous thoughts were always in his breast.

When as bright Phœbus had possess'd the west,
And that the time was come for all to rest ;
The duke of Glo'ster the two princes led
Into a sumptuous chamber to their bed.

When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,
 And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said ;
 Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,
 Each folded in the others arms there lies.

The bloody uncle of these children sweet,
 Unto a knight to break his mind thought meet ;
 One Sir James Tyrrell, which did think it best,
 For to agree unto his vile request.

Sir James, he said, my resolution 's this,
 And for to do the same you must not miss :
 This night see that the king be murdered,
 With the young duke, as they do lie in bed :

So when these branches I have hewed down,
 There is none left to keep me from the crown :
 My brother, duke of Clarence, he was found
 I' th' Tower, within a butt of Malmsey drown'd :

It was my plot that he should drowned be,
 'Cause none should claim the crown but only me :
 And when these children thou hast murdered,
 I'll wear that diadem upon my head.

And know, thou Tyrrell, when that I am king,
 I'll raise thy state, and honours to thee bring,
 Then be resolv'd, and be not thou afraid.
 My lord, I'll do it, bloody Tyrrell said,

He got two villains for to act this part,
Disguis'd murderers, each a hell-bred heart ;
The one Miles Forest, which their keeper was,
The other John Dighton, master of his horse.

At midnight then, when all things they were hush'd,
These bloody slaves into the chamber rush'd ;
And to the bed full softly they did creep,
Where these sweet princes lay full fast asleep :

Who presently did wrap them in the clothes,
And stopp'd their harmless breath with the pillows ;
Yet did they strive and struggle what they might,
Until the slaves had stifled both them quite.

When as the murd'ers saw that they were dead,
They took their bodies forth the fatal bed ;
And then they buried these same little ones,
At the stair-feet under a heap of stones.

But mark how God did scourge them for this deed,
As in the chronicles you there may read ;
Blood deserves blood, for so the Lord hath said ;
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their uncle he had reign'd two years,
He fell at variance then amongst his peers ;
In Lei'stershire, at Bosworth he was slain,
By Richmond's earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces he was hewed by his foes ;
 Thus Richard crook-back ended life with woes ;
 They stripp'd him then, and dragg'd* him up and down,
 And on stout Richmond's head they put the crown.

The bloody murderer, Sir James Tyrill,
 For treason lost his head on Tower-hill ;
 And to Miles Forest fell no worse a lot ;
 Alive in pieces he away did rot.

And John Dighton, the other bloody fiend,
 No man could tell how he came to his end.
 Thus God did pay these murderers for their hire ;
 And hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

* " The dead corps of kynge Rycharde (says Hall) was as shamefully caryed to the towne of Leycester as he gorgeously the daye before with pompe and pryde departed owte of the same towne. For his bodye was naked and despoyled to the skyne, and nothyng left aboue hym not so muche as a clowte to couer his pryue members, and was trussed behynde a persiuant of armes called blaunche sen-glier or whyte bore, lyke a hogge or a calfe, the hed and armes hangyng on the one syde of the horse, and the legges on the other syde, and all by spryncled with myre and bloude, was brought to the gray fryer's church within the toune, and there laie lyke a miserable spectacle."

IV.

The Life and Death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end, for consenting to the Deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's Children.

[From R. Johnson's "Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

A TALE of grief I must unfold,
 A tale that never yet was told,
 A tale that might to pity move,
 The spirits below, the saints above.

When wars did plague this maiden land,
 Great Buckingham in grace did stand ;
 With kings and queens he ruled so,
 When he said Ay, none durst say No.

Great Gloucester's duke that wash'd the throne
 With blood of kings to make 't his own,
 By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
 What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land,
 Against great Gloucester's aim did stand,
 Old Buckingham with might and power,
 In grievous woes did him devour.

He hop'd when Richard was made king,
 He would much greater honours bring
 To Buckingham and to his name,
 And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
 And 'gainst king Edward's queen did stand,
 And to her sons bore little love,
 When he as bastards would them prove.

King Edward swore him by his oath,
 In true allegiance to them both,
 Which if I fail, I wish, quoth he,
 All Christians' curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All Souls day,
 By law his life was ta'en away :
 He had his wish though not his will,
 For treason's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
 And Richard thereby won the game,
 He challeng'd honour for his gain,
 But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers :
But all in vain, the king was strong,
And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durst not stand,
Upon a traitor's false command.
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The king with speed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thousand pound :
'Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
Whose wit did win him England's crown.

The plain old duke, his life to save,
Of his own man did succour crave ;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much land to him did give.

Base Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever sham'd :
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him who wrong'd his king.

King Edward's children he betray'd,
The like 'gainst him I well have play'd :
Being true my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving false that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold
 Unto his foe for hire of gold ;
 But mark his end and rightly see,
 The just reward of treachery.

The duke by law did lose his head,
 For him he sought to do most good ;
 The man that wrought his master's woe,
 By ling'ring grief was brought full low.

For when the king did hear him speak,
 How basely he the duke did take,
 Instead of gold gave him disgrace,
 With banishment from town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
 And crave for food with eap and leg,
 But none on him would bread bestow,
 That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus wand'ring in this poor estate,
 Repenting his misdeed too late,
 Till starved he gave up his breath,
 By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
 Sore punish'd for their father's shame :
 Within a kennel one was drown'd,
 Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine,
The last a woful ending makes,
By strangling in an empty jakes.

Let traitors thus behold and see,
And such as false to masters be :
Let disobedient sons draw near,
The judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell ;
So have you heard the story then
Of this great duke of Buckingham.

V.

A most Sorrowful Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master.

[From a black letter copy printed by Coules, in the Pepys Collection.]

IF ever wight had cause to rue
A wretched deed, vile and untrue,
Then Banister with shame may sing,
Who sold his life that loved him.

The noble duke of Buckingham,
His death doth make me sing this song,
I unto them did him betray,
That wrought his downfall and decay.

I him betray'd, and none but I,
For which I sorrow heavily,
But sorrow now too late doth come,
For I alone have him undone.

Whose life I ought to have preserved,
For well of me he it deserved,
That from the dust had lifted me,
To honour and to dignity.

But I these favours did forget,
When thou with danger was beset,
Good Buckingham thy life I sold
In hope to have reward of gold.

From court unto my house is fled
Duke Buckingham, to save his head,
When Richard sought to cast thee down,
Whose hand did help him to the crown.

But thou found'st treason hid in trust,
For which I have my guerdon just,
King Richard caused them to proclaim,
A thousand pound the man should gain,

That Buckingham could first bring in,
Beside the favour of a king ;
This gold and favour drew my heart
To play this vile and traitorous part.

But when this duke I had betray'd,
I went to court for to be paid
With favour of the king and gold,
Cause I of Buckingham had told.

But, lo, I found another thing,
I was disdained of the king,
And rated as a varlet base,
That so betray'd the good duke's grace,

That me so highly had preferred
Above the merits I deserved ;
Thus shame was all I did receive,
Yet so the king did not me leave.

When I with sorrow home was gone,
The king soon sent a gentleman,
Whom he did bid take to himself
My house, my lands, and all my wealth.

Then by the king's authority
He took both gold and goods from me,
Myself, my wife, and children three,
He turned us forth without pity.

Into the field succour to seek,
Whilst he my house and land did keep ;
Thus I for favour purchased hate,
My dced with shame I rue too late.

Yet thus my sorrows do not end,
Now God from heaven his scourge doth send,
He to my soul sends double grief,
Of all my sorrows it is chief.

Cease, cease all you that do lament,
Least you my purpose do prevent,
I can no int of sorrow spare,
For you to express your woeful care.

Shame, woe and sorrow doth belong
To me, then you all do me wrong,
That make such lamentation deep,
When none but I have cause to weep.

SECOND PART.

Jane Shore, the time I knew full well,
Like me you climb'd, like me you fell,
The duke did me to honour bring,
Thou wast advanced by a king.

Thou lov'dst the king while he did live,
I unto death the duke did give,
For making then a mournful song
I justly challenge thee of wrong.

What though thou fell from high degree,
Like me to end in misery,
Yet hast thou cause still to be glad,
And none but I cause to be sad.

In court when thou hadst got high place,
For poor men thou didst purchase grace,
And wouldst not suffer them take wrong,
Although their foes were ne'er so strong.

Thou gavest ear to widow's cry
And wiped the tears from orphan's eye,
Thou saved their lives by law condemn'd,
And judged unto a woeful end.

Thou mourn'd when thy sweet Edward died,
I unto death the duke betray'd,
Then, Jane, why mourn thou in thy song,
I still do challenge thee of wrong.

I'll give thee comfort for thy woe,
So thou thy mourning will forego,
And leave thy sad lament to me,
For it belongeth not to thee.

What though king Richard with disgrace
Did cast thee from thy lofty place,
Thy good deeds done do spread thy fame,
My cursed fact claims endless shame.

Cease then from mourning, lovely Jane,
Thousands will thank thee for thy pain,
Let sorrow dwell in my sad song,
To whom it only doth belong.

Which song I sing not thee to grieve,
But that thou mayst my woes believe,
This when thou hearest thou wilt judge,
All mournful woe with me must lodge.

When I like thee by Richard was
Made to the world a looking glass ;
All hearts with tears thy fall did rue,
But all did say I had my due.

Though law did say none should thee give,
Some lost their lives thee to relieve,
When I cried give, men with rebuke
Said not to him that sold the duke.

Thus thou found friends thee to relieve,
But when I asked none would me give,
Yea, God on me a plague did send,
My sons came both to timeless end.

My eldest, first, through misery
Did hang himself in a pig-sty,
Whilst over him we sat and mourn'd,
My youngest in a ditch was drown'd.

Where we did leave our children dead,
Above the ground unburied,
Myself, my wife and daughter dear
Did range the country far and near.

Where'er we came to beg for need,
I still was rated for my deed;
Each one denying to give him bread,
That sold away his master's head.

Then we returned home again,
At our own door to end our pain,
Whilst I sought sticks to make a fire,
My daughter's death brought her desire.

His servant which my land possess'd
Came first, and found my child deceased,
Mitton's young son my wife there kill'd,
His father's heart with sorrow fill'd,

Came forth his only son to view,
Whom I with his own rapier slew;
And after this my wife and I
Ended our lives in misery.

All you that hear my woful song,
Know this, though God do suffer wrong,
Yet treason foul he doth abhor,
And traitors vile he doth not spare.

You Christians dear blot not your fame
With the disgrace of traitor's name,
Which I did carry to my grave,
And to the world's end shall it have.

VI.

A Song of the Life and Death of King Richard III. who, after many Murders by him committed upon the Princes and Nobles of this Land, was slain at the Battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, by Henry VII. King of England.

IN England once there reign'd a king,
A tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himself a crown,
Gave sure his soul to hell :
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,
The worst of all the three ;
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,
That worser could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)
To be made England's king,
Which he to gain that golden prize,
Did many a wondrous thing :
He slaughter'd up our noble peers,
And chiefest in this land,
With every one that likely was
His title to withstand.

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,
Ere he could bring to pass
What he made lawless claim unto,
As his best liking was :
Sixth Henry's princely son he slew,
Before his father's face,
And weeded from our English throne,
All his renowned race.

This king likewise in London Tower,
He murdering made away :
His brother duke of Clarence' life,
He also did betray,
With those right noble princes twain,
King Edward's children dear,
Because to England's royal crown
He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife also he slew,
Incestuously to wed
His own dear daughter, which for fear
Away from him was fled :
And made such havock in this land,
Of all the royal blood,
That only one was left unslain,
To have his claims withstood.

Earl Richmond he by heaven preserv'd,
To right his country's wrong,
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
Brought o'er an army strong :
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,
With many an English peer,
And join'd their forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to cheer.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,
How they were come on shore,
And how his forces day by day,
Increased more and more :
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
A madding fury shows,
And thought it but in vain to stay,
And so to battle goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
His fearless army-led,
In midst of whom these noble words,
Their valiant leader said,
Now is the time and place, sweet friends,
And we the soldiers be,
That must bring England's peace again,
Or lose our lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,
 And for our country's good,
 Against a tyrant mark'd with shame,
 For shedding English blood :
 I am right heir of Lancaster,
 Entitl'd to the crown,
 Against this bloody boar of York,*
 Then let us win renown.

Mean while had furious Richard set
 His army in array,
 And with a ghastly look of fear,
 Despairingly did say,
 Shall Henry Richmond with his troops
 O'er-match us thus by might,
 That comes with fearful cowardice,
 With us this day to fight ?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet
 Win thus the crown away ?
 No, Richard's noble mind foretells,
 That ours will be the day :
 For golden crowns we bravely fight,
 And gold shall be their gain,
 In great abundance giv'n to them,
 That live this day unslain.

* Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

These words being spoke, the battle join'd,
 Where blows they bravely change,
 And Richmond, like a lion bold,
 Performed wonders strange ;
 And made such slaughter through the camp,
 Till he king Richard 'spies,
 Who fighting long together there,
 At last the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,
 Usurping Richard dead,
 King Henry fair Elizabeth
 In princely sort did wed ;
 For he was then made England's king,
 And she is crowned queen :
 So 'twixt these houses long at strife,
 A unity was seen.

VII.

The Union of the Red Rose and the White, by a marriage between King Henry VII. and a daughter of Edward IV.

[From "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

WHEN York and Lancaster made war
Within this famous land,
The lives of England's royal peers
Did much in danger stand.
Seven English kings in bloody fields,
For England's crown did fight;
Of which their heirs were all but twain,
Of life bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand Englishmen
Were in one battle slain;
Yet could not all this English blood
A settled peace obtain.
For fathers kind their children kill'd;
And sons their fathers slew;
Yea; kindred fought against their kind,
And not each other knew.

At last, by Henry's lawful claim,
The wasting wars had end :
For England's peace he soon restor'd,
And did the same defend.
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
Chief breeder of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester town,
As chronicles do show.

All fears of war he thus exil'd,
Which joy'd each Englishman ;
And days of long-desir'd peace
Within the land began.
He rul'd this kingdom by true love,
To cheer his subjects lives :
For every one had daily joy
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such princely care
Our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
That gallant Yorkish dame :
Fourth Edward's daughter, bless'd of God,
To 'scape king Richard's spite,
Was thus made England's peerless queen,
And Henry's heart's delight.

Thus Henry, first of Tudor's name,
And Lancaster the first,
With York's right heir a true love's knot
Did link and tye full fast.
Renowned York the white rose gave,
Brave Lancaster the red :
By wedlock now conjoin'd to grow
Both in one princely bed.

These roses sprang and budded fair,
And carried such a grace,
That kings of England in their arms
Afford them worthy place.
And flourish may those roses long,
That all the world may tell,
How owners of these princely flow'rs
In virtues did excel,

To glorify these roses more,
King Henry and his queen
First plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
Most gorgeous to be seen.
The king's own guard now wear the same
Upon their back and breast ;
Where love and loyalty remain,
And evermore shall rest.

The red rose on the back is plac'd,
Thereon a crown of gold :
The white rose on the breast is brave,
And costly to behold.
Bedeck'd most rich with silver studs,
On coat of scarlet red ;
A blushing hue, which England's fame
Now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet
These honours first devis'd,
To welcome long-desired peace,
With us so highly priz'd.
A peace that now maintained is,
By Charles our royal king :
For peace brings plenty to the land,
With ev'ry blessed thing.

To speak again of Henry's praise,
His princely lib'ral hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways
Unto this famous land :
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
And multiplied his store ;
In that he left more wealth to us
Than any king before.

For first, his sweet and lovely queen,
A joy above the rest,
Brought him both sons and daughters fair,
To make his kingdom bless'd.
The royal blood that was at ebb,
So increas'd by his queen,
That England's heirs unto this day
Do flourish fair and green.

The first fair blessing of his seed
Was Arthur prince of Wales,
Whose virtue to the Spanish court
Quite o'er the ocean sails.
There Ferdinand, the king of Spain,
His daughter Katherine gave
For wife unto the English prince ;
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
And blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his sweet life
To death's impartial rage ;
Who dying so, no issue left,
The sweet of nature's joy,
Which compass'd England round with grief,
And Spain with sad annoy.

King Henry's second comfort prov'd
A Henry of his name ;
In following times eighth Henry call'd,
A king of noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulloign with his sword,
With many towns in France :
With manly mind and fortitude
Did England's fame advance.

He popish abbeys first suppress'd,
And papistry pull'd down ;
And bound their lands by parliament
Unto his royal crown.
He had three children by three wives,
And princes reigning here ;
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth
A queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send ;
Thro' which the kingly Tudor's name
In England here had end.
The last Plantagenet that liv'd
Was nam'd Elizabeth :
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
The greatest queen on earth,

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
Whose grace gave free consent
To have his daughters married both
To kings of high descent :
Marg'ret, the eldest of the twain,
Was made great Scotland's queen ;
As wise, as fair, as virtuous
As e'er was lady seen.

From which fair queen, our royal king
By lineal course descendeth ;
And rightfully enjoys that crown,
Which God now still befriendeth.
For Tudor and Plantagenet,
By yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Stuart's name
The greatest upon earth.

His youngest daughter, Mary call'd,
As princely in degree,
Was by her father worthy thought
The queen of France to be :
And after to the Suffolk duke
Was made a noble wife,
When in the famous English court
She led a virtuous life.

King Henry and his loving queen
Rejoic'd to see that day,
To have their children thus advanc'd
With honours every way.
Which purchas'd pleasure and content,
With many years delight ;
Till sad mischance, by cruel death,
Procur'd them both a spite.

The queen, that fair and princely dame,
That mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joys,
Again grew big with child :
All which brought comfort to her king,
Against which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queen
In London's stately tower.

That tow'r that was so fatal once
To princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this noble queen,
For therein died she.
In childbed lost she her sweet life,
Her life esteem'd so dear ;
Which had been England's loving queen
Full many a happy year.

The king herewith possess'd with grief,
Spent many months in moan ;
And daily sigh'd and said, that he,
Like her, could find out none ;
Nor none could he in fancy chuse
To make his wedded wife ;
Therefore a widow'r would remain
The remnant of his life.

His after-days he spent in peace
And quietness of mind :
Like king and queen, as these two were,
The world can hardly find.
Our king and queen, yet like to them
In virtue and true love,
Have heav'nly blessings in like sort,
From heav'nly pow'rs above.

VIII.

A delightful Song of the Four famous Feasts of England, one of them ordained by King Henry the Seventh to the honour of Merchant-Taylors ; shewing how seven Kings having been free of that compauy, and how lastly it was graced with the renowned Henry of Great Britain.

[From "A Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

ENGLAND is a kingdom,
Of all the world admired,
More stateliness in pleasures,
Can no way be desired :
The court is full of bravery,
The city stored with wealth,
The law preserveth unity,
The country keepeth health.

Yet no like pomp and glory,
 Our chronicles record ;
 As four great feasts of England,
 Do orderly afford ;
 All others be but dinners call'd,
 Or banquets of good sort,
 And none but four be named feasts,
 Which here I will report.

Saint George's feast the first of all,
 Maintained is by kings,
 Where much renown and royalty
 Thereof now daily rings :
 Princes came from foreign lands
 To be saint George's knights,
 The golden garter thus is worn
 By sundry worthy wights.

Saint George our English champion,
 In most delightful sort,
 Is celebrated year by year
 In England's royal court,
 The king with all his noble train
 In good and rich array,
 Still glorifies the festival
 Of great saint George's day.

The honour'd mayor of London,
The second feast ordains,
By which the worthy citizens,
Much commendations gains,
For lords and judges of the land,
And knights of good request,
To Guildhall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of London's feast.

Also the sergeants of the law
Another feast affords,
With grace and honour glorified
By England's noble lords,
And this we call the sergeant's feast,
A third in name and place,
But yet there is a fourth likewise,
Deserves a gallant grace.

The merchant-taylor's company,
The fellowship of fame,
To London's lasting dignity
Lives honour'd with the same,
A gift king Henry the seventh gave,
Kept once in three years still,
Where gold and gowns be to poor men
Given by king Henry's will.

Full many a good fat buck he sent,
 The fairest and the best
 The king's large forest can afford
 To grace this worthy feast.
 A feast that makes the number just
 And last account of four,
 Therefore let England thus resort,
 Of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London companies,
 So highly in renown,
 Give merchant-taylors name and fame,
 To wear the laurel crown.
 For seven of England's royal kings
 Thereof have all been free,
 And with their loves and favours grac'd
 This worthy company.

King Richard once the second nam'd
 Unhappy in his fall,
 Of all his race of royal kings
 Was free-man first of all.
 Bolingbroke fourth Henry next,
 By order him succeeds,
 To glorify his brotherhood
 By many princely deeds.

Fifth Henry which so valiantly
 Deserved fame in France,
 Became free of this company,
 Fair London to advance,
 Sixth Henry the next in reign,
 Though luckless in his days,
 Of merchant-taylor's freeman was,
 To their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy king,
 Belov'd of great and small,
 Also perform'd a freeman's love
 To this renowned hall :
 Third Richard, which by cruelty
 Brought England many woes,
 Unto this worthy company
 No little favour shows.

But richest favour yet at last
 Proceeded from a king,
 Whose kingdom round about the world
 In princes ears does ring :
 King Henry whom we call the seventh,
 Made them the greatest grac'd,
 Because in merchant-taylor's hall
 His picture now stands plac'd.

Their charter was his princely gift,
 Maintained to this day,
 He added merchant to the name
 Of taylors, as some say,
 Lo, Merchant-taylors they be called,
 His royal love was so,
 No London company the like
 Estate of kings can show.

From time to time we thus behold
 The merchant-taylor's glory,
 Of whose renown the Muses pen
 May make a lasting story.
 This love of kings begot such love
 Of our now royal prince,
 For greater love than this to them
 Was ne'er before nor since.

It pleased so his princely mind,
 In meek kind courtesy,
 To be a friendly freeman made
 Of this brave company :
 O London then in heart rejoice
 And merchant-taylors sing
 Forth praises of this gentle prince,
 The son of our good king.

To tell the welcome to the world
 He then in London had,
 Might fill us full of pleasant joys,
 And make our hearts full glad.
 His triumphs where perform'd and done
 Long lasting will remain,
 And chronicles report aright
 The order of it plain.

IX.

A rueful Lamentation on the death of Queen Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII. and Mother of Henry VIII. who died in childbed in 1503.

[By Sir Thomas More.]

WHERE are our castles now, where are our towers?
 Goodly Richmond,* soon art thou gone from me!
 At Westminster, that costly work † of yours,
 Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see.
 Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye
 For you and your children well may edify,
 My palace builded is, and lo now here I lie.

* The palace of Richmond.

† King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, begun in the year 1502; the year before the queen died.

Farewell my daughter, Lady Margaret,*
 Got wot full oft it grieved hath my mind
 That ye should go where we should seldom meet,
 Now I am gone and have left you behind,
 O mortal folk that we be very blind!
 That we least fear full oft it is most nigh,
 From you depart I must, and lo now here I lie.

Farewell, Madam, my lord's worthy mother,†
 Comfort your son, and be ye of good cheer,
 Take all a worth, for it will be no other.
 Farewell, my daughter Katherine,‡ late the fere
 To prince Arthur, mine own child so dear,
 It booteth not for me to weep and cry.
 Pray for my soul, for lo, now here I lie.

Adieu, Lord Henry,§ my loving son, adieu,
 Our Lord encrease your honour and estate,
 Adieu, my daughter Mary,|| bright of hue,
 God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate.
 Adieu, sweet heart, my little daughter Kate,¶
 Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo, now here I lie.

* Married in 1503 to James the Fourth, king of Scotland.

† Margaret Countess of Richmond.

‡ Catherine of Spain, wife to prince Arthur.

§ Henry the Eighth.

|| First married to the French king Lewis the Twelfth, and at his death to the duke of Suffolk.

¶ The queen died a few days after she was delivered of this infant, who did not long survive her mother.

X.

Marriage of Margaret Daughter of Henry VIII. to James IV. King of Scotland, in 1503, of whom it is related that having taken arms against his own Father, he imposed on himself the voluntary penance of continually wearing an iron chain about his waist.

O FAIR, fairest of every fair,
Princess most pleasant and preclare,
The lustiest alive that be,
Welcome to Scotland to be queen.

Young tender plant of pulchritude,
Descended of imperial blood,
Fresh fragrant flower of fairhood sheen,
Welcome of Scotland to be queen.

Sweet lusty imp of beauty clear,
Most mighty king's daughter dear,
Born of a princess most serene,
Welcome of Scotland to be queen.

Welcome the rose both red and white,
Welcome the flower of our delight,
Our spirit rejoicing from the spleen,
Welcome of Scotland to be queen.

XI.

“THE KINGS BALADE.”

The ensuing production has been ascribed to King Henry the Eighth, in the editor's opinion without sufficient grounds; but it is apparently a composition of that period, and might very probably be a favourite ditty with that versatile Defender of the Faith.

PASTIME with good company
 I love, and shall unto * I die,
 Grudge so† will, but none deny,
 So God be pleased, so live will I,
 For my pastance,‡
 Hunt, sing, and dance,
 My heart is set,
 All Godly sport,
 To my comfort,
 Who shall me let?

Youth will have needs dalliance,
 Of good or ill some pastance,
 Company me thinketh them best
 All thoughts and fantasies to digest,

* Until. † Who so. ‡ Pastime.

For idleness
 Is chief mistress,
 Of vices all :
 Then who can say
 But pass the day
 Is best of all.

Company with honesty,
 Is virtue and vice to flee,
 Company is good or ill,
 But every man hath his free will,
 The best ensue
 The worst eschew,
 My mind shall be;
 Virtue to use,
 Vice to refuse,
 I shall use me.

XII.

FLODDON FIELD.

[“ From the most pleasant and delectable history of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newbury,” by Deloney.]

The battle of Floddon, in Northumberland, was fought on the 9th of September, 1513, between the earl of Surrey and James the Fourth of Scotland.

KING JAMIE had made a vow,
 Keep it well if he may,
 That he will be at lovely London
 Upon saint James's day.

Upon saint James's day at noon,
 At fair London will I be;
 And all the lords in merry Scotland,
 They shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good queen Margaret,
 The tears fell from her eyes,
 Leave off these wars, most noble king,
 Keep your fidelity.

The waters run swift, and wondrous deep,
From bottom unto the brim ;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this silly fool,
In prison fast let her lie,
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die.

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor ;
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sat weeping in her bower.

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
The queen's chamberlain that day,
If that you put queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
Away with this foolish mome,
He shall be hang'd, and the other be burn'd,
So soon as I come home.

At Floddon field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain,
At Bramstone Green this battle was seen :
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
 Their cannons they left behind ;
 Their ensigns gay were worn all away,
 Our soldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain,
 That to the fight did stand ;
 And many prisoners took that day,
 The best in all Scotland.

That day made many a fatherless child,
 And many a widow poor,
 And many a Scottish gay lady
 Sat weeping in her bower.

Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather,
 His boastings were all in vain,
 He had such a chance with a new morris-dance
 He never went home again.

XIII.

“ A Ballate of the Batalle of Floden Feeld, foughte
betwene the Earle of Surrey and the King of
Skotes.”

Now let us talk of the mount of Floddon,
Forsooth such is our fortune and chance,
And let us tell of what tythance * the Earl of Surrey
Sent to our king into France.
The earl he hath a writing made,
And surely sealed it with his hand,
From the Newcastle upon Tyne
The herald passed from the land.
And after at Calais he arrived,
Like a noble lord of great degree,
And then to Tyrwine † soon he highed
There he thought to have found king Henry.
But there the walls were beaten down,
And our English soldiers therein ta'en,
Sith to Tournay the way he nome, ‡
Whereas lay the emperor of Almaign.

* Tidings.

† Terouen.

‡ Took.

And there he found the prince of England,
 Blessed Jesu, preserve that name!
 When the herald came before our king,
 Lowly he kneeled upon his knee.
 And said Christ, Christian king that on the cross died,
 Noble Henry this day thy speed may be!
 The first word that the prince did mynge,
 Said "Welcome, herald, out of England to me!"

How fares my leedes,* how fares my lords,
 My knights and squires in their degree?"
 "Here greeteth you well your own lieutenant,
 The honourable earl of Surrey;
 He biddeth you in France to venture your chance,
 For slain is your brother, king Jamy,
 And at lovely London ye shall him find,
 My comely prince, in the presence of thee."

Then bespake our comely king,
 And said, who did fight and who did flee,
 And who bare him best upon the mount of Floddon?
 And who was false, and who was true to me?
 Lancashire and Cheshire, said the messenger,
 Clean they be both fled and gone,
 There was never a man that longed to the earl of Derby,
 That durst look his enemy upon.

* Lieges.

Still in a study stood our noble king,
 And he took the writing in his hand,
 Shortly the seal he did unclose,
 And radly* red as he it found,
 Then bespake our noble king,
 And he called upon his chivalry,
 And said, who will fetch me the king of Man,
 The honourable Thomas earl of Derby?

He may take Lancashire and Cheshire both,
 That he hath called chief of chivalry,
 Now falsely are they fled and gone,
 Not one of them is true unto me.
 Then bespoke sir Ralph Egerton, the knight,
 And lowly kneeled upon his knee,
 And said, my sovereign; king Henry,
 If it like you, my sovereign lord, to pardon me.

If Lancashire and Cheshire be fled and gone,
 Of those tythands we may be unfain,†
 But I dare lay my life and land
 It was for want of their captain.
 For if the earl of Derby, our captain, had been,
 And us to lead in our array,
 Then no Lancashire nor Cheshire man,
 That ever would have fled away.

* Immediately reddened.

† Sorrowful.

See it well proved, said our noble king,
 By him that dearly died on tree,
 For now when he had the greatest need
 Falsely then served they to me.
 Then spake William Breerton, knight,
 And lowly kneeled his prince before,
 And said, my sovereign, king Henry the Eight,
 An your grace set by us so little store.

Wheresoever you come in field to fight,
 Set the earl of Derby and us before,
 Then shall ye see whether we fight or flee,
 True or false whether we be born.
 Compton rowned* with our king anon,
 Said, go we and leave the cowards right.
 Here is my glove, quoth Egerton,
 Compton, if thou be a knight.

Take my glove and with me fight,
 Man to man if thou wilt turn again,
 For if our prince were not present right,
 The one of us two should be slain.
 And never foot beside the ground gone
 Until the one dead should be.
 Our prince was moved thereat anon,
 And returned him right tenysly.†

* Whispered.

† Angrily.

And to him came one of the other side,
 The honourable earl of Derby,
 And when he before our prince came,
 Lowly he kneeled upon his knee,
 And said, Jesu Christ that on the cross died,
 This day, noble Henry, thy speed may be.
 The first word that our king said,
 Was, welcome king of Man, and earl of Derby.

How likest thou Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 Which was counted chief of chivalry,
 Falsly now are they fled and gone,
 Never a one of them is true to me?
 If that be so, said the earl then,
 My liege thereof I am not fain,
 My comely prince rebuke not me,
 I was not there to be their captain.

If I had been the captain, the earl said then,
 I durst have laid both life and land,
 He never came out of Lancashire nor Cheshire,
 That would have fled a foot beside the ground.
 But if it like your noble grace,
 A little boon to grant to me,
 Let me have Lancashire and Cheshire both,
 I desire no more help truly.

If I fail to bren* up all Scotland,
 Take and hang me upon a tree!
 I shall conquer all to Parys gate,
 Both the comely castles and towers high,
 Whereas the walls they be so strong,
 Lancashire and Cheshire shall beat them down.
 By my father's soul then, said our king,
 And by him that died on the rood,

Thou shalt never have Lancashire and Cheshire right,
 At thine own obedience for to be,
 Cowards in a field felly† will fight,
 Again to win the victory.
 We were never cowards, said the earl,
 By him that dearly died for me.
 Who brought your father at Milford-haven?
 (King Henry the Seventh forsooth was he.)

Through the Town of Fortune‡ we did him bring,
 And so conveyed him to Shrewsbury,
 And so we crowned him a noble king,
 And Richard that day we doomed to die.
 Our prince was greatly moved at that word,
 And returned him hastily on the same,
 To comfort the earl came on the other side,
 The doughty Edward, duke of Buckingham.

* Burn. † Fiercely.

‡ This is the reading of both the MSS. in the Museum. I do not know what place is intended, but the context seems to prove that a town is alluded to, the name of which is

Pluck up thy heart, brother Stanley,
 And let nothing grieve thee,
 For I dare lay my life to wede,*
 It is a false writing of the earl of Surrey.
 Since king Richard-field† he never loved thee
 For thine uncle slew his father there,
 And dearly doomed him to die, [bear.
 Sir Christopher Savage his standard away did

Alas ! brother, said the earl of Derby,
 Woe be the time that I was made knight,
 Or were ruler of any land,
 Or ever had mankind in field to fight,
 So bold men in battle as were they,
 Forsooth had neither lord nor swain,
 Farewell, mine uncle, Sir Edward Stanley,
 Farewell I wot that thou art slain.

Surely whiles that thy life would last,
 Thou wouldest never schunt besides the plain,
 Nor John Stanley, that child so young,
 Well I wot now thou art slain,
 Farewell, Ryghley, coward was thou none,
 Old Sir Henry the good knight,
 I left thee ruler of Lathum
 To be my deputy both day and night.

here corrupted. Mr. Weber prints "turn of fortune," and says the correction is obvious. I do not esteem it satisfactory, and doubt its being the phraseology of the time.

* Pledge. † The battle of Bosworth.

Farewell Townly, that was so true,
 And the noble Hasston of Middleton,
 And the sad Southwark that ever was sure,
 Farewell, I wot that thou are gone.
 Farewell Hasston under Lyne,
 And manly Mollenax, for thou art slain,
 For doubtless whilst your lives would last,
 Ye would never schunt beside the plain.

Farewell, Alderton, with the leaden mall,*
 Well I know thou art doomed to die,
 I may take my leave now at you all,
 The flower of manhood is gone from me,
 Farewell, Sir John Booth, of Barton, knight,
 Well I know that thou art slain,
 For whiles thy life would last to fight,
 Thou would never [schunt] beside the plain.

Farewell Butler and Sir Bolde,
 Sure ye have been ever to me,
 And so I know that still you would,
 Unslain now if you had been.
 Farewell, Christopher Savage the wight,†
 Well I know that thou art slain,
 For whiles thy life would last to fight,
 Thou wouldest never [schunt] beside the plain.

* Mace.

† Brave.

Farewell Dutton and Sir Down,
 Ye have been ever true to me,
 Farewell the baron of Kynderton,
 Beside the field thou would not flee !
 Farewel, Fitton of Gowsewurth,
 Other* thou art taken or slain,
 For doubtless whiles thy life would last,
 Thou wouldest never [schunt] beside the plain.

As they stood talking together there,
 The duke and the earl truly,
 Came to comfort him the true Talbot,
 And the noble earl of Shrewsbury.
 Pluck up thy heart, son Thomas, and be merry,
 And let no tythands grieve thee,
 Am not I godfather to our king,
 Mine own godson, forsooth is he.

He took the duke of Buckingham by the arm,
 And the earl of Shrewsbury by the other,
 To part with you it is my harm,
 Farewell, my father and my brother,
 Farewell Lancaster, that little town,
 Farewell now for ever and ay,
 Many poor men may pray for my soul,
 When they lie weeping in the way.

* Either.

Farewell Latham, that bright bower,
 Nine towers thou bearest on high,
 And other nine thou bearest in the utter walls,
 Within thee may be lodged kings three,
 Farewell Knowsley, that little tower,
 Underneath the holtes* so hoar,
 Ever when I think on that bright bower,
 Wyte† me not though my heart be sore.

Farewell Tockstaff, that trusty park,
 And the fair river that runneth there beside,
 There was I wont to chase the hind and hart,
 Now therein I will never abide,
 Farewell bold Birkenhead, there was I born,
 Within the abbey and that monastery,
 The sweet convent for me may mourn,
 I gave to you tithe of Beeston truly.

Farewell Wetchester, for ever more,
 And the Watergate, it is mine own,
 I gave a mace the sergent to wear,
 To wait on the mayor, as it is known,
 Will I never come that city within ?
 But, son Edward, thou mayst it claim of right :
 Farewell West Harden, I may call thee mine,
 Knight and lord I was of great might.

* Hills.

† Blame.

Sweet son Edward, white bokes thou make,
And ever have pity on the poor comynte,*
Farewell Hope, and Hope's dale,
Mould, and Mould's dale, God be with thee,
I may take my leave with a heavy cheer,
For within thee will I never be.
As they stood talking together there,
The duke and the lords truly.

Came James Garsy, a yeoman of the guard,
That had been brought up with the earl of Derby,
Like the devil with his fellows he had fared,
He sticked two, and wounded three ;
After with his sword drawn in his hand,
He fled to the noble earl of Derby,
Stand up James, the earl said,
These tythands nothing liketh me.

I have seen the day I could have saved thee,
Such thirty men if thou had slain,
And now if I should speak for thee.
Sure thou wert for to be slain,
I will ones desire my brethren each one
That they will now speak for thee ;
He prayed the duke of Buckingham,
And also the earl of Shrewsbury.

* Commonalty.

Also my lord Fitzwater so wise,
 And the good lord Willoughby,
 Sir Rice ap Thomas, a knight of pryce,*
 And all they spake for Jamé,
 They had not standen but a little there,
 The duke and the earls in their talking,
 Straight to the earl came a messenger,
 That came lately from the king.

And bad that Long Jamé should be send,
 There should neither be grythe † nor grace,
 But on a bough he should [be] hanged
 In midst the field, before the earl's face.
 If that be, said the earl of Derby,
 I trust our prince will better be,
 (Such tythands make my heart full heavy)
 Affore his grace when that we be.

The duke of Buckingham took Jamé by the one arm,
 And the earl of Shrewsbury by the other,
 Affore them they put the king of Man,
 It was the earl of Derby, and none other,
 The lord Fitzwater he followed fast,
 And so did the lord Willoughby,
 The comfortable Cobham made great haste,
 All went with the noble earl of Derby.

* Of worth. † Grythe and grace are synonymous.
 In Saxon grythe signifies peace, and is so used by Chaucer
 in the Ploughman's Tale:

“He had his priests peace and grith,
 And had him not drede for to die.”

I am indebted to Mr. Douce for this suggestion. Jamieson
 defines grythe, in his Scottish Dictionary, as quarter in battle.

The hynd * Hassal hied on fast,
 With the lusty Lealand truly,
 So did Alexander Osboston
 Come in with the earl of Derby.
 The royal Ratcliff, that rude was never,
 And the trusty Trafford, kene to try,
 And wight Warberton out of Cheshire,
 All came with the earl of Derby.

Sir Rice ap Thomas, a knight of Wales,
 Came forth even with a fierce meny. †
 He bent his bows on the bent to abide,
 And clean unset the gallows-tree,
 When as they came afore the king,
 Lowly they kneeled upon their knees,
 The first words that our prince did mynge,
 Said, welcome dukes and earls unto me.

But the most welcome hither of all,
 Is our own traitor, Long Jamé.
 Jamé how darest thou be so bold
 As in our presence for to be?
 To slay thy brethren within their hold,
 Thou wast sworn to them, and they to thee!
 Then began Long Jamé to speak bold,
 My liege, if it like your grace to pardon me.

* Gentle. † Retinue.

When I was to my supper set,
They called me coward to my face,
And of their talking they would not let,
And thus with them upbraided that I was,
That bad me flee from them apace
To that coward, the earl of Derby.
When I was little, and had small grace,
He was my help and succour truly.

He took me from my father dear,
And kepted me within his wone,*
Till I was able of myself
Both to shoot and pick a stone.
Then after under Greenwich upon a day,
A Scottish minstrel came to thee,
And brought a bow of yew to draw,
And all the guard might not stir that tree.

Then the bow was given to the earl of Derby,
And the earl delivered it to me,
Seven shots before your face I shot,
And at the eight in sunder it did fly.
Then I bad the Scot bow down his face,
And gather up the bow and bring it to his king.
Then it liked your noble grace
Into your guard me to bring.

* Residence.

Sythen * I have lived a merry life,
 I thank your grace and the earl of Derby
 But to have the earl rebuked thus,
 That my bringer-up forsooth was he,
 I had leaver † suffer death, he said,
 Than be false to the earl that was true to me.
 Stand up, Jamé, said our king,
 Have here my charter, I give it thee.

Let me have no more fighting of thee,
 Whiles thou art within France land.
 Then one thing ye must grant, said Jamé,
 That your word therein may stand,
 Whoso rebuketh Lancashire and Cheshire,
 Shortly shall be doomed to die.
 Our prince commanded a cry, I wys,
 To be proclaimed hastily.

If the dukes and earls kneel on their knees,
 It setteth on stir the commonalty,
 If that we be upbraided thus
 Many a man is like to die. [Cheshire,
 The king said, he that rebuketh Lancashire or
 He shall have his judgment on the next tree.
 Then so they were still at rest
 For the space of a night as I ween.

* Since.

† Rather.

And on the other day, without leasing,
There came a messenger from the queen,
And when he came before our king
Lowly he kneeled upon his knee,
And said, Christ thee save, our noble prince,
This, our noble king, thy speed may be,
Here greeteth you well your life and liking,
Your honourable queen and fair lady.

And bideth you in France for to be glad,
For slain is your brother-in-law, king Jamé,
And at lovely London he shall be found,
My comely prince, in the presence of thee.
Then bespoke our comely prince,
And said, who did fight, and who did flee?
And who bare them best upon the mount of Floddon?
And who were false, and who were true to me?

Lancashire and Cheshire, said the messenger,
They have done the deed with their hand,
Had not the earl of Derby been to the true,
In great adventure had been all England.
Then bespoke our prince with an high word,
Sir Ralph Egerton my marshall I make thee;
Sir Edward Stanley thou shalt be a lord,
Yea, Lord Mounteigle shalt thou be.

Young John Stanley shall be a knight,
As he is well worthy for to be.
The duke of Buckingham the tydings heard aright,
And shortly ran to the earl of Derby,
Pluck up thy heart, brother, and be merry,
And let no tythands grieve thee,
Yesterday thy men cowards called were,
And this day have won the victory.

The duke took the earl by the arm,
And led him to the prince truly,
Seven roods of ground the king he came,
And said, welcome, king of Man, and earl of Derby,
This thing that I have from thee taken,
I give it again to thee wholly,
The marshalling of Lancashire and Cheshire men,
At thy bidding ever for to be.

For these men be true to Thomas indeed,
They be true both to thee and me,
Yet one thing grieveth me, the earl said,
And in my heart maketh me heavy.
This day to hear they wan the field,
And yesterday cowards for to be,
It was a wrong writing, said our king,
That came from the earl of Surrey.

But I shall him teach his prince to know,

An ever we come in our country.

I ask no more, said the noble earl,

For all that my men have done truly,

But that I give judgment myself

Of that noble earl of Surrey.

Stand up, Thomas, said our prince,

Lord marshal that I shall make thee.

And thou shalt give the judgment thyself,

And as thou sayest so shall it be.

Then, said the earl, saved is his life,

I thank Jesu and your grace truly ;

My uncle slew his father dear,

He would have venged him on me.

Thou art very patient, the king sware,

The Holy Ghost remaineth in thee.

On the south side of Tournay thou shalt stand

With my godfather, earl of Shrewsbury ;

And so to that siege forth they ganged,

The noble Shrewsbury and the earl of Derby,

And they laid siege to the walls battled,

And wan the town within days three,

Thus was Lancashire and Cheshire rebuked

Through the policy of the earl of Surrey.

Now God that was in Bethlem born,
 Aud for us died upon a tree,
 Save our noble princess that weareth the crown,
 And have mercy on the earl of Derby!

XV.

The Story of Ill May-Day in the time of King Henry VIII. and why it was so called; and how Queen Catherine begged the lives of Two Thousand London Apprentices.

[From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

The following song is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the story. The occurrence happened on the May-eve of the year 1517, the eighth of Henty the Eighth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges; and ran away with the greatest part of the trade, whilst several of the natives wanted. Exasperated at this, several were

for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his sermons. The court perceived what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was sent by the king and his privy-council to the lord mayor and aldermen, that they required every housekeeper, under very severe penalties, to take care that all his servants and his whole family should be within-doors by nine at night; and this the magistrates were to see punctually performed. This order was for some time very well observed, but still they wanted only an opportunity of rising, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the streets about eleven o'clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other, began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons, where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord mayor and sheriffs, and sir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and they had not sufficient force to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey; they rose, and taking

with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty, were hanged, drawn and quartered: about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord mayor, aldermen, and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down; and the citizens were again restored to favour.

PERUSE the stories of this land,
And with advertisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-day first got the name.
For when king Henry th' Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
 Sometime his elder brother's wife :
 By which unlawful marriage fell
 An endless trouble during life :
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd,
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
 Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
 Within our kingdom here to stay :
 Which multitude made victuals dear,
 And all things else from day to day :
 For strangers then did so increase,
 By reason of king Henry's queen,
 And privileg'd in many a place
 To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
 And who but strangers bore the bell ?
 Which was a grief to Englishmen,
 To see them here in London dwell :
 Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
 As prentices on Maying went,
 Who made the magistrates believe,
 At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were ;
For by the same full many a one,
With loss of life did pay full dear :
For thousands came with Bilboa blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd ;
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand :
Till at the last king Henry's power,
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's Tower,
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
 On sign-posts at their masters doors,
 By which the rest were kept in awe,
 And frighted from such loud uproars :
 And others which the fact repented,
 (Two thousand prentices at least)
 Were all unto the king presented,
 As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
 Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
 To Westminster there to be tried,
 With ropes about their necks also :
 But such a cry in every street,
 Till then was never heard or known,
 By mothers for their children sweet,
 Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
 Possess'd the court with trembling fear ;
 Whereat the queen herself relents,
 Tho' it concern'd her country dear :
 What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,
 Have London's stately streets been wet,
 Yet will I seek this country's good,
 And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did these fortunes find :
And so disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths I crave ;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave :
In saying so, the pearly tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes ;
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, Stand up, sweet lady, rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
To serve me in my Bullen war.
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days :
And when king Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen too they did advance,
St. George's lusty standard then ;
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good king Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of manhood any ways :
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
 Which once through headstrong young men came;
 And that's the cause that I do read,
 May-day doth get so ill a name.

XVI.

A Song of an English Knight, that married the Royal Princess, Lady Mary, sister to King Henry VIII. which Knight was afterwards made Duke of Suffolk.

Sir Charles Brandon, Viscount Lisle, the hero of the following song, was, for several good services done to King Henry VIII. created Duke of Suffolk in the year 1514, and it was thought at the time the king conferred this honour upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his second sister the Princess Mary in marriage; but just at this time Lewis XII. of France seeking the alliance of the English king, a match was made up between him and the princess, to the great grief of the duke; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had honour enough never to use the least means for preventing the marriage, thinking it so very much to her advantage. The princess, with a noble retinue, was sent over to France, where she married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; but that monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the 1st of January following. His successor, Francis I. proposed the queen dowager's return into England, to which King Henry consented, after having made the best conditions he could

for his sister, and taking security for the payment of her dowry. This done, some of the English nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the queen, and conduct her back; amongst them were the Duke of Suffolk, who, upon his arrival, renewing his suit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wisely concluding, that King Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princess his sister, he would not delay his happiness, but had the marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the news was brought to Henry, he seemed much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a distance; but the King of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was very well reconciled to him, and the duke had no small share afterwards in the administration of affairs. It is remarkable, that neither this lady or her sister had any great pride or ambition in them; for although they both, by the care of their friends, had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldest sister, Princess Margaret, after having buried her first husband, James V. of Scotland, chose one of her nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglass, Earl of Angus.

EIGHTH Henry ruling in this land,
He had a sister fair,
That was the widow'd queen of France,
Enrich'd with virtues rare:
And being come to England's court,
She oft beheld a knight,
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whose fair eyes,
She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,
His gallant sweet behaviour,
She daily drew him by degrees,
Still more and more in favour :
Which he perceiving, courteous knight,
Found fitting time and place,
And thus in amorous sort began,
His love-suit to her grace :

I am at love, fair queen, said he,
Sweet let your love incline,
That by your grace Charles Brandon may
On earth be made divine :
If worthless I might worthy be
To have so good a lot.
To please your highness in true love,
My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might convey
So great a grace to me,
I can maintain the same by birth,
Being come of good degree.
If wealth you think be all my want,
Your highness hath great store,
And my supplement shall be love,
What can you wish for more ?

It hath been known when hearty love
Did tie the true-love knot,
Though now if gold and silver want,
The marriage proveth not.
The goodly queen hereat did blush,
But made a dumb reply ;
Which he imagin'd what she meant,
And kiss'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth she) I greater am,
Than would I were for thee,
But can as little master love,
As them of low degree :
My father was a king, and so
A king my husband was,
My brother is the like, and he
Will say I do transgress.

But let him say what pleaseth him,
His liking I'll forego,
And choose a love to please myself,
Though all the world say no :
If ploughmen make their marriages,
As best contents their mind,
Why should not princes of estate
The like contentment find ?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not
More forward than beseems ?
Yet blame me not for love, I love
Where best my fancy deems.
And long may live (quoth he) to love,
Nor longer live may I,
Than when I love your royal grace,
And then disgraced die.

But if I do deserve your love,
My mind desires dispatch,
For many are the eyes in court,
That on your beauty watch ;
But am not I, sweet lady, now
More forward than behoves ?
Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,
That speaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman
Together both did wed,
And after sought their king's good-will,
And of their wishes sped :
For Brandon soon was made a duke,
And graced so in court,
Then who but he did flaunt it forth
Amongst the noblest sort.

And so from princely Brandon's line,
 And Mary's did proceed
 The noble race of Suffolk's house,
 As after did succeed :
 From whose high blood the lady Jane,
 Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,
 Came by descent, who with her lord,
 In London lost her life.

XVII.

Doleful complaints of Anne Boleyn.

DEFILED is my name full sore,
 Through cruel spite and false report,
 That I may say for evermore,
 Farewell, my joy ! adieu, comfort !
 For wrongfully ye judge of me,
 Unto my fame a mortal wound :
 Say what ye list, it will not be,
 Ye seek for that cannot be found.

O death, rock me on sleep,
 Bring me on quiet rest,
 Let pass my very guiltless ghost,
 Out of my careful breast ;
 Toll on the passing bell,
 Ring out the doleful knell,
 Let the sound my death tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I die,

My paines who can express ?
 Alas ! they are so strong,
 My dolour will not suffer strength,
 My life for to prolong ;
 Toll on the passing bell,
 Ring out the doleful knell,
 Let the sound my death tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I die.

Alone in prison strong,
 I wail my destiny ;
 Wo worth this cruel hap that I
 Should taste this misery.
 Toll on the passing bell,
 Ring out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sound my death tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I die.

Farewell my pleasures past,
 Welcome my present pain,
 I feel my torments so increase,
 That life cannot remain.
 Cease now the passing bell,
 Rung is my doleful knell,
 For the sound my death doth tell,
 Death doth draw nigh,
 Sound my end dolefully,
 For now I die.

XVIII.

The doleful death of Queen Jane, Wife to King Henry VIII. and the manner of Prince Edward's being cut out of her womb.

One would think it almost impossible that there should be the least doubt among writers in any point so modern as the fact on which this Ballad is founded, and yet if we search our historians, we shall hardly find any of them agreeing in the story of Queen Jane. We shall not therefore pretend to advance any thing concerning the manner of her death, but shall quote the opinions of some of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themselves.

Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's second queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, King Henry was married the very next day to Lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vast majority) was delivered of a son at Hampton-court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that Prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do constantly run, that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and that she died of the incision the fourth day following." Echard, in his history

of England, is of a very different opinion ; where talking of Prince Edward's birth, he tells us " That the joy of it " was much allayed by the departure of the admirable " queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many writers, " died twelve days after the birth of this prince, having " been well delivered, and without any incision, as others " have maliciously reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history of Henry VIII. asserts, " That the queen " died two days after her delivery." And indeed he has the authorities of Holingshed and Stow to support the assertion. Du Chesne, a native of France, who in his history of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more : talking of these times he goes on thus : " La royne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte et " preste à enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de " l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment and de peine, " qu'il lui fallut fendre le costé par lequel on tira son " fruit le douzieme jour d'Octobre à Windesore——— " Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré au Chateau " de Windsore."

[From the " Crown Garland of Golden Roses.]

WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,
 He had a queen, I understand ;
 Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,
 King Henry's comfort and delight :
 Yet death, by his remorseless pow'r,
 Did blast the bloom of this sweet flow'r ;
 O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies ;
 Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,
 This gallant dame possess'd his bed :
 Where rightly from her womb did spring
 A joyful comfort to her king,
 A welcome blessing to the land,
 Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.

O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained sore
 Full thirty woful days and more,
 And no ways could deliver'd be,
 As every lady wish'd to see :
 Wherefore the king made greater moan,
 Than ever yet his grace had shown.

O mourn, &c.

His being something eased in mind,
 His eyes a slumb'ring sleep did find ;
 Where dreaming he had lost a rose,
 But which he could not well suppose ;
 A ship he had, a rose by name ;
 Oh, no ! it was his royal Jane,

O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,
 A lady to him did repair,
 And said, O king ! show us thy will ;
 The queen's sweet life to save or spill.
 If she cannot deliver'd be,
 Yet save the flow'r, tho' not the tree.

O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee
 For help from heaven prayed he,
 Mean while into a sleep they cast
 His queen, which evermore did last :
 And op'ning then her tender womb,
 Alive they took this budding bloom.

O mourn, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought,
 And cheer'd his father's drooping thought :
 Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
 Graced with virtue, wit, and fame ;
 And when his father left this earth,
 He rul'd this land by lawful birth.

O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n ;
 We from this joy was soon bereav'n :
 Six years he reigned in this land,
 And then obeyed God's command,
 And left his crown to Mary here,
 Whose five years reign cost England dear.

O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
 Fair Europe's pride, and England's star ;
 The world's wonder ; for such a queen
 Under heaven was never seen :
 A maid, a saint, an angel bright,
 In whom all princes took delight.

O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies ;
 Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

XIX.

A princely Song of the six Queens that were married to Henry VIII. king of England.

[From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

WHEN England's fame did ring
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our king,
All the world over :
Such deeds of majesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
Curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth :
Such a tomb did he make,
For his sweet father's sake,
As the whole world may speak
Of his gallant glory.

England's brave monument,
Sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and queens gave consent
To have it there grac'd :
Henry the Eighth was he,
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In his rich chapel.

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To chuse a princely bride,
For his land's honour :
His brother's widow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be
Royal queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,
Many a day, many a day,
Full two-and-twenty year,
Ere they were parted.
From this renowned dame,
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

When as queen Catherine knew
 How the king, how the king,
 Prov'd in love most untrue,
 Thus to forsake her ;
 Good Lord ! what bitter woe,
 Did this fair princess show,
 Unkindly thus to go
 From her sweet husband.

O my kind sovereign dear,
 Said the queen, said the queen,
 Full two-and twenty year
 Have I been married :
 Sure it will break my heart,
 From thee now to depart,
 I ne'er play'd wanton's part,
 Royal king Henry.

All this availed nought,
 Woful queen, woful queen,
 A divorce being wrought,
 She must forsake him :
 Never more in his bed
 Laid she her princely head :
 Was e'er wife so bestead,
 Like to queen Catherine ?

Amongst our Englishmen,
Of renown, of renown,
The earl of Wiltshire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter :
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullen by name,
This virgin was by fame,
Made wife to king Henry.

From this same royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess
England's Elizabeth,
Fairest queen on the earth ;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom

When Anna Bullen's place,
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years space,
More was her sorrow :
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head,
In London's strong Tower.

Then took he to wife lady Jane,
 Lovingly, lovingly,
 That from the Seymours came,
 Nobly descended ;
 But her love bought she dear,
 She was but queen one year ;
 In child-bed she died we hear,
 Of royal king Edward.

England then understand,
 Famously, famously,
 Princes three of this land,
 Thus came from three queens :
 Catherine gave Mary birth,
 Anna Elizabeth,
 Jane. Edward by her death
 All crown'd in England.

After these married he,
 All in fame, all in fame,
 A dame of dignity,
 Fair Anne of Cleve :
 Her sorrow soon was seen,
 Only six months a queen,
 Graees but growing green
 So quickly divorced.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
Woful queen, woful queen !
Two more as well as she,
Married unto king Henry :
To enjoy love's delights,
On their sweet wedding-nights,
Which were her proper rites,
Mournful young princess.

First a sweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Catherine Howard :
But e'er two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last :
Small time of glory !

After her Catherine Parr,
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
Brave English baron.
This lady of renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore the crown
Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you see,
 Gallant dames, gallant dames,
 At command married he,
 Like a great monarch:
 Yet lives his famous name,
 Without spot or defame;
 From royal kings he came,
 Whom all the world fear'd.

XX.

Johnny Armstrong's last Good-night; shewing how John Armstrong with his Eight-score Men fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King, at Edenborough.

The hero of the following ballad's habitation was at no great distance from the river Ewse; there he had a strong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the nearest English, stood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James the Fifth reigned in Scotland, and Henry the Eighth in England, the former, willing to suppress all robbers, levied a small army, marched out against the banditti, and pitched his tents hard by the river Ewse. At this John Armstrong became sensible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace.

Some of the king's officers finding him in this disposition, secretly persuaded him to make his submission; adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly received. Armstrong followed their counsel, and with sixty horsemen unarmed, hastened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with passes, and a safe conduct. Those who had given him this advice, sensible of his error, lay in ambush for, surprized and took him, with his sixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had made them prisoners. Nor was he accused of robbing only, but of having formed a design of delivering up that part of the country to the English; and being condemned, he with fifty-four of his companions was hanged, and the other six were reserved as hostages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet possibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his hero, and therefore rather chose to let him die bravely fighting. Instead of three, he gives him a retinue of eightscore men, and lays the scene in Edinburgh; and these, I think, are the only material points in which he differs from history.

Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself befor our king,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blith as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord we will go most gallantly,
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,
Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me ;
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of your's, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traitor,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,
That was made of the mettle so free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly,
It shall never be said we were hang'd like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy stout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard ;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little wounded but am not slain,
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain,

So there they fought courageously,
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny grissel got away unta'en.

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

My news is bad, lady, he said,
 Which I do bring, as you may see ;
 My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
 And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grissel,
 Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
 And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say.

O then bespoke his little son,
 As he sat on his nurse's knee,
 If ever I live to be a man,
 My father's death reveng'd shall be.*

* The author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel has condescended to borrow the last three lines of this stanza almost verbatim. It doubtless escaped his recollection or he would have pointed it out in his notes. When the Dutchess of Buccleuch is informed of the death of her husband, her lofty pride and determined vengeance disdain to shed an unavailing tear

“ Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,
 And if I live to be a man,
 My father's death revenged shall be.”

XXI.

A Pleasant Ballad shewing how two Valiant Knights, Sir John Armstrong, and Sir Michael Musgrave fell in love with the beautiful Daughter of the Lady Dacres in the North; and of the great strife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

Another poet, willing to conceal the ignominious death of Armstrong, has in this song knighted him, and made his rival kill him; at least we are inclined to believe it is the same Armstrong he is talking of, and for that reason we have inserted it.

As it fell out one Whitsunday,
 The blith time of the year,
 When every tree was clad with green,
 And pretty birds sing clear :
 The lady Dacres took her way,
 Unto the church that pleasant day,
 With her fair daughter fresh and gay,
 A bright and bonny lass.
 Fa la tre dang de do
 Trang trole le trang de do,
 With hey trang trole lo lye,
 She was a bonny lass.

Sir Michael Musgrave in like sort
To church repaired then,
And so did Sir John Armstrong too,
With all his merry men ;
Two greater friends there could not be,
Nor braver knights of chivalry,
Both bachelors of high degree,
Fit for a bonny lass.

They sat them down upon one seat,
Like loving brethren dear,
With hearts and minds devoutly bent,
God's service for to hear ;
But rising from their prayers tho
Their eyes a ranging straight did go,
Which wrought their utter overthrow,
All for one bonny lass.

Quoth Musgrave unto Armstrong then,
Yon sits the sweetest dame,
That ever for her fair beauty
Within this country came.
In sooth, quoth Armstrong presently,
Your judgment I must verify,
There never came unto my eye,
A braver bonny lass.

I swear, said Musgrave, by this sword,
Which did my knighthood win,
To steal away so sweet a dame,
Could be no ghostly sin,
That deed, quoth Armstrong, would be ill,
Except you had her right good will,
That your desire she would fulfil,
And be thy bonny lass,

By this the service quite was done,
And home the people past ;
They wish'd a blister on his tongue,
That made thereof such haste.
At the church door the knights did meet,
The lady Dacres for to greet,
But most of all her daughter sweet,
That beauteous bonny lass.

Said Armstrong to the lady fair,
We both have made a vow,
At dinner for to be your guests,
If you will it allow.
With that bespoke the lady free,
Sir knights, right welcome you shall be,
The happier men therefore are we,
For love of this bonny lass.

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,
Both in one moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair lady gay,
Fair Isabella call'd.
With humble thanks they went away,
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,
One would not to the other say,
They lov'd this bonny lass.

Fair Isabel, on the other side
As far in love was found,
So long brave Armstrong she had ey'd,
Till love her heart did wound :
Brave Armstrong is my joy, quoth she,
Would Christ he were alone with me,
To talk an hour two or three
With his fair bonny lass.

But as these knights together rode,
And homeward did repair,
Their talk and eke their countenance shew'd,
Their hearts were clogg'd with care.
Fair Isabel, the one did say,
Thou hast subdu'd my heart this day,
But she's my joy, did Musgrave say,
My bright and bonny lass.

With that these friends incontinent,
Became most deadly foes,
For love of beauteous Isabel,
Great strife betwixt them rose :
Quoth Armstrong, she shall be my wife,
Although for her I lose my life ;
And thus began a deadly strife,
And for one bonny lass.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow,
These gallant knights between,
While they a wooing both did go,
Unto this beaucous queen.
And she who did their furies prove,
To neither would bewray her love,
The deadly quarrel to remove,
About this bonny lass.

But neither for her fair intreats,
Nor yet her sharp dispute,
Would they appease their raging ire
Nor yet give o'er their suit.
The gentlemen of the North country,
At last did make this good decree,
All for a perfect unity,
About this bonny lass.

The love-sick knights should be set,
 Within one hall so wide,
Each of them in a gallant sort
 Even at a several tide :
And 'twixt them both for certainty,
Fair Isabel should placed be,
Of them to take her choice full free,
 Most like a bonny lass.

And as she like an angel bright,
 Betwixt them mildly stood,
She turn'd unto each several knight
 With pale and changed blood :
Now am I at liberty
To make and take my choice, quoth she ?
Yea, quoth the knights, we do agree,
 Then chuse, thou bonny lass.

O Musgrave, thou art all too hot
 To be a lady's love,
Quoth she, and Armstrong seems a sot,
 Where love binds him to prove ;
Of courage great is Musgrave still,
And sith to chuse I have my will,
Sweet Armstrong shall my joys fulfil,
 And I his bonny lass.

The nobles and the gentles both,
 That were in present place,
 Rejoiced at this sweet record ;
 But Musgrave in disgrace,
 Out of the hall did take his way,
 And Armstrong married was next day,
 With Isabel his lady gay,
 A bright and bonny lass.

But Musgrave on the wedding-day,
 Like to a Scotchman dight,
 In secret sort allured out
 The bridegroom for the fight ;
 And he that will not outbraved be,
 Unto his challenge did agree,
 Where he was slain most suddenly
 For his fair bonny lass.

The news whereof was quickly brought
 Unto the lovely bride :
 And many of young Armstrong's kin
 Did after Musgrave ride ;
 They hew'd him when they had him got,
 As small as flesh into a pot,
 Lo ! thus befel a heavy lot,
 About this bonny lass.

The lady young which did lament,
 This cruel cursed strife,
 For very grief died that day
 A maiden and a wife.
 An hundred men, that hapless day,
 Did lose their lives in that same fray ;
 And 'twixt those names, as many say
 Is deadly strife still biding.

XXII.

" AN ASKEW."

Mrs. Anne Askew was burnt at Smithfield in 1546, for heresy. For a very detailed account of the proceedings against this unfortunate victim, see Fox's *Martyrs*, vol. ii. p. 483 to 490, edition 1684.

I AM a woman poor and blind,
 And little knowledge remains in me,
 Long have I sought, but fain would fain
 What herb in my garden best would be.

A garden I have which is unknown,
 Which God of his goodness gave to me,
 I mean my body, where I should have sown
 The seed of Christ's true verity :

My spirit within me is vexed sore,
My spirit striveth against the same,
My sorrows do encrease more and more,
My conscience suffereth most bitter pain.

I with myself being thus at strife,
Would fain have been at rest,
Musing and studying in mortal life
What things I might do to please God best.

With whole intent and one accord,
Unto a Gardener * that I know,
I desired him for the love of the Lord,
True seed in my garden for to sow.

Then this proud Gardener seeing me so blind,
He thought on me to work his will,
And flatter'd me with words so kind,
To have me continue in my blindness still.

He fed me then with lies and mocks,
For venial sins he bid me go,
To give my money to stones and stocks,
Which was stark lies, and nothing so.

With stinking meat then was I fed,
For to keep me from my salvation,
I had trentals of mass, and balls of lead,
Not one word spoke of Christ's passion.

* Gardiner Bishop of Winchester.

In me was sown all kinds of feigned seeds,
With of Popish ceremonies many a one,
Masses of requiem, with other juggling deeds,
Still God's spirit out of my garden was gone.

Then was I commanded most strictly,
If of my salvation I would be sure,
To build some chapel or chauntry,
To be pray'd for while the world did endure.

Beware of a new learning, quoth he, it lies,
Which is the thing I most abhor,
Meddle not with it in any manner of wise,
But do as your fathers have done before.

My trust I did put in the devil's works,
Thinking sufficient my soul to save,
Being worse than either Jews or Turks,
Thus Christ of his merits I did deprave.

I might liken myself with a woful heart,
Unto the dumb man in Luke eleven,
From whence Christ caused the devil to depart,
But shortly after he took the other seven.

My time, thus good Lord, I quickly spent,
Alas, I shall die the sooner therefore,
O Lord, I find it written in thy Testament,
That thou hast mercy enough in store.

For such sinners as the Scripture saith,
That would glad repent and follow thy word,
Which I'll not deny whilst I have breath,
For prison, fire, faggot, or fierce sword.

Strengthen me, good Lord, in thy truth to stand,
For the bloody butchers have me at their will,
With their slaughter knives ready drawn in their
My simple carcase to devour and kill. [hands,

O Lord, forgive me my offence,
For thee I have offended very sore,
Take therefore my sinful body from hence,
Then shall I, vile creature, offend thee no more.

I would wish of all creatures and faithful friends,
For to keep from this Gardener's hands,
For he will bring them soon unto their ends,
With cruel torments of fierce fiery brands.

I dare not presume for him to pray,
Because the truth of him it was well known,
But since that time he hath gone astray,
And much pestilent seed abroad he hath sown.

Because that now I have no space,
The cause of my death truly to shew,
I trust hereafter that, by God's holy grace,
That all faithful men shall plainly know.

To thee, O Lord, I bequeath my spirit,
 That art the work-master of the same,
 It is thine, Lord, therefore take it of right,
 My carcase on earth I leave, from whence it came.

Although to ashes it be now burned,
 I know thou canst raise it again,
 In the same likeness as thou it formed,
 In heaven with thee evermore to remain.

XXIII.

"THE HOSPITABLE OAKE."

This was written on the decapitation of Admiral Lord Seymour, of Sudley, who was impeached January 19, 1549, and sent to the Tower, attainted of high treason, and convicted "after a very impartial trial in parliament," says Mr. Lodge, and beheaded, March 20, in the protectorate of his severe and unrelenting brother, the Duke of Somerset.

ERST in Arcadia's land much prais'd was found,
 A lusty tree far rearing toward the sky,
 Sacred to Jove, and placed on high ground,
 Beneath whose shade did gladsome shepherds hie,
 Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shun
 Bleak winter's drizzle, summer's parching sun.

Outstretched in all the luxury of ease
They pluck'd rich misletoe, of virtue rare,
Their lip was tempted by each kindly breeze,
That wav'd the branch to proffer acorns fair,
While out the hollow'd root, with sweets inlaid,
The murmuring bee her dainty hoard betray'd.

The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its nest,
Its sturdy side did brave the nipping wind,
Where many a creeping ewe might gladly rest,
Warm comfort here to all and every kind,
Where hung the leaf well sprint with honey dew,
Whence dropt their cups the gambling fairy crew.

But ah, in luckless day what mischief 'gan
'Midst fell debate and maddening revelry,
When tipsy Bacchus had bewitched Pan,
For sober swains so thankless ne'er might be ;
Tho' passing strange 'twas bruited all around,
This goodly tree did shadow too much ground.

With much despight they aim its overthrow,
And sorry jests its wonted gifts deride,
How snaring birdlimes made of misletoe,
Nor trust their flocks to shelter 'neath its side,
It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
A subtle serpent at it's root doth lie.

Eftsoons the axe doth rear its deadly blow,
 Around doth echo bear each labouring stroke,
 Now the ground its lofty head doth bow,
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder spake,
 " On high Olympus next my tree I'll place,
 " Heaven's still unscann'd by such ungrateful race."

XXIV.

" DESCRIPTION OF A MOST NOBLE LADY,

[Queen Mary,]

Advised by John Heywoode."

GIVE place, ye ladies all, begone,
 Shew not yourselves at all,
 For why? behold, here cometh one,
 Whose face yours all blank shall.

The virtue of her looks
 Excels the precious stone,
 Ye need none other books
 To read, or look upon.

In each of her two eyes
There smiles a naked boy,
It would you all suffice
To see those lamps of joy.

If all the world were sought full far,
Who could find such a wight !
Her beauty twinkleth like a star,
Within the frosty night.

Her colour comes and goes
With such a goodly grace,
More ruddy than the rose,
Within her lively face.

Amongst her youthful years,
She triumphs over age,
And yet she still appears
Both witty, grave, and sage.

I think nature hath lost her mould
When she her form did take,
Or else I doubt that nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the phoenix kind,
Whose like hath not been heard
That any now can find.

In life a Dian chaste,
In truth Penelope,
In word and deed stedfast,
What need I more to say ?

At Bacchus' feast none may her meet,
Or yet at any wanton play,
Nor gazing in the open street,
Or wand'ring as a stray.

The mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefastness,
All vices she eschews,
And hateth idleness.

It is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck such honesty,
In her that is so fair.

Great suit to vice may some allure,
That think to make no fault,
We see a fort had need be sure,
Which many doth assault.

They seek an endless way,
That think to win her love,
As well they may assay
The stony rock to move.

For she is none of those
That set not by evil fame,
She will not lightly lose
Her truth and honest name.

How might we do to have a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest they are but chaff,
In praise of her to be.

She doth as far exceed
These women now a days,
As doth the flower the weed,
And more, a thousand ways.

This praise I shall her give
When death doth what he can,
Her honest name shall live
Within the mouth of man.

This worthy lady to bewray,
A king's daughter was she,
Of whom John Heywood list to say
In such worthy degree.

And Mary was name, weet* ye
With these graces endued,
At eighteen years so flourish'd she,
So doth his mean conclude.

* Know.

XXV.

A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Lord Guildford Dudley, and Lady Jane Grey, that, for their parents' ambition, in seeking to make these two young Princes King and Queen of England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.

WHEN as king Edward left this life,
 In young and blooming years,
 Began such deadly hate and strife,
 That filled England full of tears.
 Ambition in those ancient days,
 More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand
 Troubles did arise.

Northumberland being made a duke,
 Ambitiously did seek the crown,
 And Suffolk for the same did look,
 To put queen Mary's title down ;
 That was king Henry's daughter bright,
 And queen of England, England, England,
 And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane
Were wedded by their parents wills ;
The right from Mary so was ta'en,
Which drew them on to farther ill :
But mark the end of this misdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,
For these their parents' haughty aims,
That thinking thus to mount on high,
Their children king and queen proclaims :
But in such aims no blessings be,
When as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
Their shameful endings' sec.

Sweet princes they deserv'd no blame,
That thus must die for father's cause,
And bearing of so great a name,
To contradict our English laws.
Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,
Whose parents do amiss.

Now who more great than they of late ?
Now who more wretched than they are ?
And who more lofty in estate,
Thus suddenly consum'd with care ?
Then princes all set down this rest,
And say the golden, golden, golden
Mean is always best.

Prepar'd at last drew on the day,
Whereon the princes both must die ;
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,
His dearest lady did espy,
Whilst he unto the block did go,
She in her window weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for love e'er-while,
Now blubber'd were with pearled tears,
And every glance and lover's smile
Were turn'd to dole and deadly fears :
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lie,
Expecting angels, angels, angels
Silver wings to mount on high.

His dearest lady long did look,
When she unto the block should go,
Where sweetly praying on her book,
She made no sign of outward woe ;
But wish'd that she had angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the scaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeless body lay,
I come, quoth she, thou flower of men,
For death shall not my soul dismay :
The gates of heaven stand open wide,
To rest for ever, ever, ever,
And thus those princes died.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,
 For climbing thus one step too high :
 Ambitious towers have slippery leads,
 And fearful to a wise man's eye :
 For one's amiss great houses fall ;
 Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
 By this, you gallants all.

XXVI.

The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the
 unkind departure of King Philip, in whose ab-
 sence she fell sick and died.

MARY doth complain,
 Ladies be you moved
 With my lamentations,
 And my bitter moans :
 Philip king of Spain,
 Whom in heart I loved,
 From his royal queen
 Unkindly now is gone ;
 Upon my bed I lie,
 Sick and like to die :
 Help me ladies to lament,

For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear;
 Better can his love content :
Oh, Philip ! most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,
 To leave the daughter of a king :
Gentle prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
 And sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal sake,
 This my country's danger,
And my subjects woes,
 I daily do procure :
My burning love to slake,
 Noble princely stranger,
And the same to move,
 Where it was settled sure,
Divers in this land,
Against my foes did stand,
 Pawning their lives therefore ;
And for the same were slain,
Gentle king of Spain,
 Streets ran down with purple gore.
Forty thousand men,
All in armour then,
 This noble kingdom did provide :
To marry England's queen,
Before thou should'st be seen,
 Or I be made thy gallant bride

But now my great good-will,
 I see is not regarded,
 And my favours kind,
 Are here forgotten quite :
 My good is paid with ill,
 And with hatred rewarded,
 I unhappy queen,
 Left here in woful plight,
 On our English shore,
 Never shall I more
 Thy comely personage behold ;
 For upon the throne,
 Gloriously he shone,
 In purple robes of gold.
 Oh my heart is slain,
 Sorrow, care and pain,
 Dwell within my sobbing breast :
 Death approacheth near me,
 Because thou wilt not cheer me,
 Thou gallant king of all the west.

Those jewels and those rings,
 And that golden treasure,
 First to win my love,
 Thou broughtest out of Spain ;
 Now unto me brings
 No delight, no pleasure,
 But a sorrowful tear.
 Which ever will remain :

Thy picture when I see,
 Much amazeth me,
 Causeth tears a-main to flow,
 The substance being gone,
 Pleasures I have none,
 But lamenting sighs of woe ;
 The chair of state adorn'd,
 Seems as if it mourn'd,
 Binding up mine eyes with weeping,
 And when that I am led
 Unto my marriage-bed,
 Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you ladies kind,
 Bring my gown of sable,
 For I now must mourn,
 The absence of my lord.
 You see my love-sick mind,
 Is no longer able,
 To endure the sting
 Of Cupid's pricking sword :
 My dying heart doth rest,
 In Philip's princely breast,
 My bosom keeps no heart at all :
 But ever will abide,
 In secret by his side,
 And follow him through bower and hall.
 Though I live disdained,
 Yet my love unfeigned

Shall remain both chaste and pure,
 And evermore shall prove
 As constant as the dove,
 And thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
 Ladies so renowned,
 For your queen must die,
 And all her pomp forsake ;
 England now farewell,
 For the fates have frowned,
 And now ready stand,
 My breathing life to take :
 Consume with speed to air,
 Fading ghost prepare
 With my milk-white wings to fly :
 Where sitting on the throne,
 Let my love be shown,
 That for his sake is forc'd to die.
 Be for ever blessed,
 Tho' I die distressed,
 Gallant king of high renown.
 The queen now broken-hearted,
 From this world's departed,
 In the heavens to wear a crown.

XXVII.

The Battle of Corichie on the Hill of Fair, fought
Oct. 28, 1562.

This Ballad is said to have been the production of one
Forbes, a Schoolmaster, at Mary Culter, upon Dieside.

MURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need ;
For thi bonny burn o' Corichie,
His run this day wi' bleid.

This hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant son,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine
His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry ;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan
An' his father auld Huntly,

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him ;
But Murry's slee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar't rayse thi tardy Merns men,
An Angis, an' mony ane mair ;
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Linsay ;
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thusan men ;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They soundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array ;
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terror or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,
An' dyit thi grund wi their bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they pursuit at his backe,
Whan' thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' slaid their brithers an' their fatheris,
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Then Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' speid ;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Then they teuke his twa sones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene ;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi waeful chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man ;
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's sons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist ten score o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' sum o' leigh degree,
Skeenis youngest son, thi pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fiercely faucht
Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
Crystis' fyfteen hundred thriscore yeir
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
 That day the quine did grite her fill,
 For Huntly's gallant stalwart son,
 Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
 Upon thi samen fatal playne ;
 Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
 And see hir lover an' liges slayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
 I wis our country better peice ;
 I wis our lords wid na' discórd,
 I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

XXVIII.

The most Rare and Excellent History of the Dutchess
 of Suffolk's Calamity.

WHEN God had taken for our sin,
 That prudent prince king Edward away,
 Then bloody Bonner did begin
 His raging malice to bewray :
 All those that did God's word profess,
 He persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst our lord on us did lower,
 Many in prison he did throw,
 Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
 Whereby they might the truth forego :
 Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
 Were burning in the fire that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
 And many places more beside,
 At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
 At Worcester eke good Hooper died :
 And to escape this bloody day,
 Beyond sea many fled away.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
 And for their faith in danger stood,
 Lady Elizabeth was chief,
 King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
 Which in the Tower prisoner did lie.
 Looking each day when she should die.

The dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
 Whose life likewise the tyrant sought ;
 Who in the hopes of heavenly bliss,
 Within God's word her comfort wrought :
 For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
 And leave her house most secretly.

Thus for the love of God alone,
Her land and goods she left behind ;
Seeking still for that precious stone,
The word and truth so rare to find :
She with her nurse, husband, and child,
In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
Each one did take a several street,
Thus all along escaping wrong
At Billingsgate they all did meet,
Like people poor in Gravesend barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend town,
With journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the sea-coast came they down,
To pass the seas was their intent :
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
In Flanders they did arrive ;
This was to them great ease of mind,
And from their heart much woe did drive :
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd still disguis'd,
Upon the highway suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpriz'd,
Assailing their small company :
And all their treasures and their store,
They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse, in midst of all their fright,
Laid down the child upon the ground,
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found :
Then did the dutchess make great moan,
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their horses kill'd,
And all their money quite had took,
The pretty babe almost spoil'd,
Was by their nurse also forsook.
And they far from their friends did stand,
And succourless in a strange land.

The sky likewise began to scowl,
It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,
The way was long and wondrous foul,
This I may now full well report,
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutchess bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he ;
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,
All wet-shod both in dirt and mire ;
After much grief, their hearts yet leap ;
For labour doth some rest require :
A town before them they did see,
But lodged there they could not be,

From house to house then they did go,
Seeking that night where they might lie ;
But want of money was their woe,
And still their babe with cold doth cry,
With cap and knee they court'sy make,
But none of them would pity take,

Lo, here a princess of great blood,
Doth pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,
Yet few or none regard her grief,
Her speech they could not understand,
But some gave money in her hand,

When all in vain her speeches spent,
And that they could no house-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the rain and wet :
Then said the dutchess to her dear,
O that we had some fire here !

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals they got with speed :
She sat down by the fire-side,
To dress her daughter that had need :
And whilst she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the sexton thither came,
Finding them there by the fire :
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire ;
And spurned out the noble dame,
Her husband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And struck him so that all the blood
His head run down as he did stand,
Wherefore the sexton presently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the dutchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambs beset with tygers wild,
And to the governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

Then master Bertue, brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech ;
With that a doctor sitting by,
Did know the dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With words abashed at this sight,
Upon them all that then did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright :
Behold within your sight (quoth he)
A princess of most high degree.

With that the governor and all the rest,
Were much amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new-come guest,
With reverence great, and princely cheer :
And afterwards convey'd they were,
Unto their friend prince Cassimere.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,
Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame ;
Her daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards countess of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,
The dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,
By queen Elizabeth's happy reign ;
Whose goodly life and piety,
We may praise continually.

XXIX.

A Joyful Song of the deserved praises of good Queen Elizabeth, how princely she behaved herself at Tilbury Camp in Essex, in 1588, when the Spaniards threatened the Invasion of this Kingdom.

I SING a noble princess,
England's late commanding mistress,
King Henry's daughter, fair Elizabeth :
She was such a maiden queen,
As the like ne'er was seen,
Of any womankind upon the earth,

Her name in golden numbers,
May written be with wonders,
That liv'd belov'd four and forty years :
And had the gift of nature all
That to a princess might befall,
As by her noble virtues well appears.

With majesty admir'd,
Her subjects she requir'd,
 That love for love might equally be shown ;
Preferring more a public peace,
Than any private man's increase,
 That quietly we still may keep our own.

When embassies did come,
From any prince in Christendom,
 Her entertainment was so princely sweet :
She likewise knew what did belong,
To every language, speech and tongue,
 Where grace and virtue did together meet.

No princess more could measure,
Her well beseeming pleasure,
 In open court among her ladies fair :
For music, and for portly gait,
The world afforded not her mate :
 So excellent her carriage was and rare.

Kingly states oppress'd,
And such as were distressed,
 With means and money daily she reliev'd,
As law of nations did her bind,
To strangers she was ever knid ;
 And such as with calamities were griev'd.

And when into this kingdom,
 Bloody wars did threatning come,
 Her highness would be ready with good will,
 As it in eighty-eight was seen :
 When as this thrice renowned queen,
 Gave noble courage to her soldiers still.

This more than worthy woman,
 Like to a noble Amazon,
 In silver-plaited armour bravely went
 Unto her camp at Tilbury,
 With many knights of chivalry,
 Courageously her army to content.

But being there arrived,
 With noble heart she strived,
 To give them all what they desir'd to have :
 A lovely grace of countenance,
 Smiling with perseverance,
 To whom so sweet a countenance she gave.

Upon the drum-head sitting,
 As it was well befitting,
 For such a royal princess thus to speak :
 A soldier I will live and die,
 Fear shall never make me fly,
 Nor any danger leave to undertake.

With that amidst the battle
The musketeers did rattle
 A peal of powder flaming all in fire ;
The cannons they did loudly play,
To please her majesty that day,
 Which she in heart did lovingly desire.

Her highness thus delighted,
She royally requited
 The noble captains and the soldiers all ;
For goldens angels flew amain,
Round about the warlike train,
 Each one rewarded was both great and small.

With that in noble manner,
To England's fame and honour,
 The thund'ring shot began to play again ;
And for this royal princess' sake,
Rattling made the ground to shake,
 In spite of all their enemies of Spain.

The more to be commended,
She graciously befriended
 Full many a worthy gentleman that day,
By knighting him in noble sort,
As it had been in England's court,
 Such gallant graces had she every way.

So freely, kind, and loving,
She was by her approving,
 To rich and poor that came unto her grace ;
Not any one but found her still
A friend to good, a foe to ill,
 And every virtue sweetly would embrace.

But now in heaven's high palace,
She lives in joy and solace,
 Committing all her charge unto the king ;
Of whose admir'd majesty,
Ruling us so quietly,
 Rejoicingly we subjects all do sing.

XXX.

The Life and Death of the famous Lord Stukely,
an English gallant, in the time of Queen Eliza-
beth, who ended his days in a Battle of three
King's of Barbary.

[From "A Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

IN the west of England,
Born there was I understand,
A famous gallant in his days,
By birth a worthy clothier's son,
Deeds of wonders he hath done,
To purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
And lusty Stukely he was call'd in court,
He serv'd a bishop in the west,
And did accompany the best,
Maintaining of himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
 And every where well deemed,
 He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
 Daughter to an alderman,
 Courtis she was called then,
 To whom a suitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spied,
 He could not be denied,
 So brave a gentleman he was to see;
 She was quickly made his wife,
 In weal or woe to lead her life,
 Her father willingly did so agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
 Full many days they measure,
 'Till cruel death with his regardless spite,
 Bore old Courtis to the grave,
 A thing that Stukely wish'd to have,
 That he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
 But Stukely he presumed,
 To spend a hundred pounds that day in waste.
 The bravest gallants in the land
 Had Stukely's purse at their command,
 Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefest braveries,
 Golden angels there flew up and down ;
Riots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night,
 In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By this lawless giving,
 At length he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Courtis left the same to him,
 Which he consumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife sore grieved,
Desired to be relieved,
 Make much of me, dear husband, she did say,
I'll make much more of thee (said he)
Than any one shall verily,
 I'll sell thy cloaths, and so will go away.

Cruelly thus hard-hearted,
Away from her he parted,
 And travell'd into Italy with speed ;
There he flourish'd many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
 And did the pleasures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleasure
To give him gold and treasure,
 To maintain him in great pomp and fame ;
At last came news assuredly
Of a battle fought in Barbary
 And he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble gallant,
Sold both land and talent
 To follow Stukely in this famous fight.
Whereas three kings in person would
Advent'rously with courage bold,
 Within the battle shew themselves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all
Of the king of Portugal,
 Had entertainment like to gentlemen.
The king affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
 And bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did shew his banner,
 Morocco, and the king of Barbary,
Portugal, and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
 And gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thund'ring drums rebounded,
Kill, kill! was all the soldier's cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
The sun likewise was darken'd in the sky.

Heaven was so displeas'd,
And would not be appeas'd,
But tokens of God's wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearful blazing star,
Whereby these kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
Where sixscore thousand fighting men were slain.
Three kings within this battle died,
With forty dukes and earls beside,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woeful arms infolding
Stukely stood beholding
The bloody sacrifice of souls that day :
He sighing said, I, woeful wight,
Against my conscience here do fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
 And with grief oppressed,
 Those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
 With Stukely for to travel forth,
 And venture life for little worth,
 Upon him all did lay their murd'ring hands.

Unto death thus wounded
 His heart with sorrow swooned,
 And to them thus he made his heavy moan,
 Thus have I left my country dear,
 To be thus vilely murder'd here,
 E'en in this place, whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
 Of what to her belonged,
 I vainly spent in idle course of life ;
 What I have done is past I see,
 And bringeth nought but grief to me,
 Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
 And death I see presumeth,
 To change this life of mine into a new :
 Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
 I liv'd and died in love of kings,
 And so brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
 Was after death befriended,
 And like a soldier buried gallantly,
 Where now there stands upon the grave,
 A stately temple builded brave,
 With golden turrets piercing to the sky.

XXXI.

Queen Elizabeth's Champion: or, a Victory obtained by the young Earl of Essex, over the old Emperor of Germany, by sea; in which he took the Emperor's Son, and brought him Prisoner to Queen Elizabeth.

COME sound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,
 And let's go to sea with a valiant good cheer,
 In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,
 The like has not been for this fifty long years,
 Raderer two, tandaro te
 Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.

The queen she provided a navy of ships,
With sweet flying streamers so glorious to see,
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants
Some forty, some fifty brass pieces and three.

They had not sail'd past a week on the seas,
Not passing a week and days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud emperor,
Both him and all his proud company.

When he beheld our powerful fleet,
Sailing along in their glory and pride,
He was amaz'd at their valour and fame,
Then to his warlike commanders he cried.

These were the words of the old emperor,
Saying, Who's this that is sailing to me,
If he be a king that weareth a crown,
Yet am I a better man than he,

It is not a king, nor lord of a crown,
Which now to the seas with his navy is come,
But the young earl of Essex, the queen's lieutenant,
Who fears no foe in Christendom.

Oh! Is that young lord then come to the seas,
Then let's tack about and be steering away,
I have heard so much of his father before,
That I will not fight with young Essex to-day.

Oh ! then bespoke the emperor's son,
As they were tacking and steering away,
Give me, royal father, this navy of ships,
And I will go fight with young Essex to-day,

Take them with all my heart, loving son,
Most of them are of a capital size,
But should he do as his father has done,
Farewell thine honour and mine likewise.

With cannons hot, and thund'ring shot,
These two gallants fought on the main,
And as it was young Essex's lot,
The emperor's son by him was ta'en.

Give me my son, the emperor cried,
Which thou this day has taken from me,
And I'll give thee three keys of gold,
The one shall be of High Germany.

I care not for thy three keys of gold,
Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
But thy son he shall to England sail,
And go before the queen with me.

Then have I fifty good ships of the best,
As good as ever was sent to the sea,
And ere my son into England shall sail,
They shall go all for good company.

They had not fought this famous battle,
They had not fought it hours were three,
Ere some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some lay tumbling in the sea.

Essex he gott his battle likewise,
Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,
Home return'd with a wonderful prize,
And brought the emperor's son to the queen.

Oh ! then bespoke the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter sent straight to the queen,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Raderer two ; tandaro te ;
Raderer, tandorer, tan do-re.

XXXII.

A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on Ash-Wednesday, 1600-1.

[The original Warrant for the execution of Essex is in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford.]

SWEET England's prize is gone,
Welladay, Welladay,
Which makes her sigh and groan
Evermore still:
He did her fame advance,
In Ireland, Spain, and France,
And by a sad mischance
Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous peer,
Welladay, &c.
And was esteemed dear,
Evermore still.
He always lov'd the poor,
Which makes 'em sigh full sore,
His death they did deplore
In every place.

Brave honour grac'd him still,
 Gallantly, gallantly,
 He ne'er did deed of ill,
 Well it is known :
 But envy, that foul fiend,
 Whose malice ne'er doth end,
 Hath thus brought virtue's friend
 Unto this thrall.

At tilt he did surpass,
 Gallantly, &c.
 All men that are and were,
 Evermore still.
 One day as it was seen,
 In honour of the queen,*
 Such deeds have seldom been,
 As he did do.

* This alludes to the tournament held at Windsor in 1590 on Saint Elizabeth's day, intended as a compliment to the Queen. "Theyse sportts weere great and done in costly sort to her Majesty's great lykinge, and theyr great cost. To expres every part with sundry devyses, yt ys more fytt for them that delytethe in theine thene for me who estemethe lyttell such vanyties, I thank God. Then the 19 day, beyng Saint Elizabeth's daye, th' Erle of Comerland, th' Erle of Essex, and my L. Burge, dyd chaleng all comers, sex courses apeace, which was very honorablye performed." See Lodge's Illustrations of British Hist. vol. iii. p. 13.

Abroad and eke at home,
Gallantly, &c.
For valour there was none,
Like him before :
For Ireland, France and Spain,
Still fear'd great Essex's name,
But England lov'd the same,
In every place.

But all would not avail,
Welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not prevail,
More was the pity :
He was condemn'd to die,
For treason certainly,
But God that sits on high,
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morn,
Welladay, &c.
That he to the city came,
With all his troops ;
Did first begin the strife,
And caus'd his loss of life,
And others did the like,
As well as he.

Yet her princely majesty,
Graciously, graciously,
Hath pardon given free
To many of them ;
She hath releas'd them quite,
And given them their right :
They did pray day and night
God to defend her.

Shrove-Tuesday in the night,
Welladay, &c.
With a heavy-hearted spight,
As it is said ;
The lieutenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a-clock that hour,
To him did come.

And said unto him there,
Mournfully, &c.
My lord you must prepare,
To die to-morrow.
God's will be done, quoth he,
Yet shall you strangely see,
God strong in me to be,
Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,
Welladay, &c.
That God may strengthen me
Against that hour.
Then straightway he did call
To the guard under the wall,
And did intreat them all,
For him to pray ;

For to-morrow is the day,
Welladay, &c.
That I a debt must pay,
Which I do owe ;
It is my life I mean,
Which I must pay the queen,
Even so hath justice given,
That I must die.

In the morning was he brought,
Welladay, &c.
Where the scaffold was set up,
Within the Tower,
Many lords were present then,
With other gentlemen,
Which were appointed then,
To see him die.

You noble lords, quoth he,
Welladay, &c.
That must the witness be,
Of this my dream :
Know I ne'er lov'd papistry,
But still did it defy,
And thus doth Essex die,
Here in this place.

I have a sinner been,
Welladay, &c.
Yet never wrong'd my queen,
In all my life :
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end :
May all the rest amend,
I them forgive.

To the state I ne'er meant ill,
Welladay, &c.
Neither wish'd the commons ill
In all my life :
But lov'd with all my heart,
And always took their part,
Whene'er they were desert,
In any place.

Then mildly did he crave,
Mournfully, &c.
He might the favour have,
Private to pray,
He then pray'd heartily,
And with great fervency,
To God that sits on high,
For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,
Mournfully, &c.
God to preserve his queen
From all her foes,
And send her long to reign,
True justice to maintain,
And not to let proud Spain
Once to offend her.

His gown he stript off then,
Welladay, &c.
And put off his hat and band,
And hung them by,
Praying still continually,
To God that sits on high,
That he might patiently
There suffer death.

My headsman that must be,
Then said he chearfully,
Let him come here to me,
That I may see him.
Who kneeled to him then ;
Art thou, quoth he, the man
Who art appointed now,
My life to free ?

Yes, my Lord, he did say,
Welladay, &c.
Forgive me, I you pray,
For this your death :
I here do thee forgive,
And may true justice live,
No foul crimes to forgive,
Within this place :

Then he kneel'd down again,
Welladay, &c.
And was requir'd by some,
There standing by,
To forgive his enemies,
Before death clos'd his eyes,
Which he did in hearty-wise,
Thanking them for't,

That they would remember him,
 Welladay, &c.
 That he would forgive all them
 That had him wrong'd :
 Now I take my leave,
 Sweet Christ my soul receive,
 Now when you will prepare,
 I am ready.

He laid his head on the block,
 Welladay, &c.
 But his doublet let the stroke,
 Some there did say :
 What must be done, quoth he,
 Shall be done presently ;
 Then his doublet off put he,
 And laid down again :

The headsman did his part,
 Cruelly, cruelly,
 He was not seen to start,
 For all the blows :
 His soul is now at rest,
 In heaven among the bless'd,
 Where God send us to rest,
 When it shall please him.

XXXIII.

A Lamentable Ballad on the Earl of Essex's Death.

ALL you that cry O hone, O hone,*
Come now and sing O hone with me,
For why our jewel is from us gone,
The valiant knight of chivalry :
Of rich and poor belov'd was he,
In time an honourable knight,
When by our laws condemn'd to die,
He lately took his last good-night.

Count him not like to Champion,
Those traitorous men of Babington,
Nor like the earl of Westmoreland,
By whom a number were undone :
He never yet hurt mother's son,
His quarrel still maintains the right,
With the tears my face run down,
When I think on his last good night.

* Alas! alas!

The Portugals can witness be,
 His dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,
 And like a knight of chivalry,
 His chain upon the gates he hung :
 I would to God that he would come,
 To fetch them back in order right,
 Which thing was by his honour done,
 Yet lately took his last good-night.

The Frenchmen they can testify,
 The town of Gournay he took in,
 And march'd to Roan* immediately,
 Not caring for his foes a pin :
 With bullets then he pierc'd their skin,
 And made them fly from his sight :
 He there that time did credit win,
 And now hath ta'en his last good-night.

And stately Calcs can witness be,
 E'en by his proclamation right,
 And did command them all straightly,
 To have a care of infants lives,
 And that none should hurt man or wife,
 Which was against their right :
 Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
 Which lately took his last good-night.

* i. e. Rouen. See the Memoirs of Cary, Earl of Monmouth, for some interesting particulars, p. 26, edition 1808.

Wou'd God he ne'er had Ireland known,
Nor set one foot on Flanders ground,
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,
Where now our jewel will not be found,
Which makes our eyes still abound ;
Trickling with salt tears in our sight,
To hear his name in our ears to sound,
Lord Devereux took his last good-night.

Ash-Wednesday, that dismal day,
When he came forth his chamber-door ;
Upon a scaffold there he saw
His headsman standing him before :
The nobles all they did deplore,
Shedding salt tears in his sight,
He said farewell to rich and poor,
At his good-morrow and good-night.

My lords, said he, you stand but by,
To see performance of the law ;
'Tis I that have deserv'd to die,
And yield myself unto the blow ;
I have deserv'd to die I know,
But ne'er against my country's right,
Nor to my queen was ever foe,
Upon my death at my good-night.

Farewel Elizabeth, my gracious queen,
God bless thee, with thy council all ;
Farewel my knights of chivalry,
Farewel my soldiers stout and tall :
Farewel the commons great and small,
Into the hands of men I light,
My life shall make amends for all,
For Essex bids the world good-night.

Farewel dear wife and children three,
Farewel my kind and tender son :
Comfort your selves, mourn not for me,
Altho' your fall be now begun :
My time is come, my glass is run,
Comfort your self in former light,
Sceing by my fall you are undone,
Your father bids the world'good-night.

Derick, thou know'st at Cales I sav'd
Thy life, lost for a rape there done,
As thou thyself canst testify,
Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung,
But now thou see'st my self is come,
By chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out thy blow, that I may know,
Thou Essex lov'd at his good-night.

When England counted me a Papist,
The works of Papists I defy,
I ne'er worshipp'd saint nor angel in heav'n,
Nor the virgin Mary I ;
But to Christ, which for my sins did die,
Trickling with salt tears in his sight,
Spreading my arms to God on high,
Lord Jesus receive my soul this night.

XXXIV.

The Life and Death of Queen Elizabeth.

In England reigned once a king,
Eighth Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bullen queen
Of England in great fame :
Who brought into this country joy,
And to her king delight ;
A daughter that in England made
God's gospel shine most bright.

At Greenwich was the princess born,
That gallant place in Kent,
A house belov'd of kings and queens,
A house of sweet content,
E'en in her childhood she began,
So stor'd with heav'nly grace,
That all estates both high and low,
Her virtues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
In learning so divine,
She had the perfect skilful art,
Of all the muses nine ;
In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew she
Most excellent was known,
To foreign kings ambassadors
The same was daily shown.

Th' Italian, French, and Spanish tongue,
She well could speak or read,
The Turkish and Arabian speech
Grew perfect at her need.
The music made her wonderful,
So cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
In princes ears did sound ;

Yet when her royal parents lives
By death were ta'en away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
To clods of earth and clay ;
Her cruel sister Mary sought
Her lasting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
Upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign queen Mary liv'd,
A Papist in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
A great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful Protestant she was,
At which queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeth's mishaps
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden, by the bishops wills
In prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters
In cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
And her true faith forsake ;
But firm she was, and patiently
Did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith did command
Her diet to be small,
Her servants likewise very few,
Yea, almost none at all :
And also would have ta'en her life,
But that king Philip said,
O queen, thy country will report,
Thou hast the tyger play'd.

The Lord thus put the king in mind
His chosen saint to save,
And also to queen Mary's life
A sudden ending grave :
And so Elizabeth was fetch'd
From prison to a crown,
Which she full four-and-forty years
Possess'd with great renown.

She popery first of all suppress'd,
And in our English tongue,
Did cause God's Bible to be read ;
Which Heaven continue long !
Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,
With plenty in this land,
And still against the foes thereof
Most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this queen abates,
And spiteful Spain keeps under,
And succour'd much Low Country states,
Whereat the world did wonder,
That such a worthy queen as she,
Should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this land,
Than all our former kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines,
In spite of all her foes,
Throughout all parts of Christendom,
Her brave adventure shows :
Her battles fought upon the seas,
Resounded up to heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praise,
Had victory still given.

The Spanish power in eighty-eight,
Which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly, like an Amazon,
Their purposes withstood ;
And boldly in her royal camp,
In person she was seen :
The like was never done, I think,
By any English queen.

Full many a traitor since that time,
She hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all
Her courage could affright :
For mercy join'd with majesty
Still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
To have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
Of rebels in that land,
Though né'er so desperate, bold and stout,
Yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore
But for to hear her name :
She planted peace in that fair land,
And did their wildness tame.

Tho' wars she kept with dangers great,
In Ireland, France, and Spain ;
Yet her true subjects still at home
In safety did remain :
They joy'd to see her princely face,
And would in numbers run,
To meet her royal majesty,
More thick than moats in sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
A swift foot-course did run :
And of this royal maiden queen,
A woful conquest won.
Her death brought fear upon the land,
No words but tales of woe
In subjects ears resounded then,
Where-ever men did go.

But fear exchange'd to present joys,
Sweet comforts loud did ring,
Instead of queen, the people cried,
Long live our royal king ;
Which name of king did seem most strange,
And made us for to muse ;
Because full many a year the name
Of king we did not use.

Yet such a noble king is he,
And so maintains our peace,
That we in that may daily wish
His life may never cease.
Our hopeful and most royal prince,
Good angels still defend,
This is my muse's chief desire,
Her melody to end.

XXXV.

The honour of a London 'Prentice. Being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the King's daughter.

[From a black letter copy by Coles, Vere, and Wright.]

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
 My purpose is to speak,
 And tell his brave adventures
 Done for his country's sake :
 Seek all the world about,
 And you shall hardly find,
 A man in valour to exceed
 A 'prentice' gallant mind.

He was born in Cheshire,
 The chief of men was he,
 From thence brought up to London,
 A 'prentice for to be.
 A merchant on the Bridge,
 Did like his service so,
 That for three years his factor,
 To Turkey he should go,

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen,
Elizabeth his princess,
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy
One day he made to bleed ;
And brought them all unto the ground,
Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present,
To pull this youngster down ;
Who at his father's words
These boasting speeches said,
Thou art a traitor, English boy,
And hast the traitor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traitor,
Thy speeches I defy,
Which here will be revenged
Upon thee by and by,
A London 'prentice still
Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your 'Turkish knights,
Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A box upon the ear.
Which broke his neck asunder,
As plainly doth appear,
Now know, proud Turk, quoth he,
I am no English boy,
That can with one small box o'th' ear
The prince of Turks destroy.

When as the king perceived
His son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted
With more than mortal pain :
And in revenge thereof,
He swore that he should die
The cruell'st death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepar'd
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with hunger,
Ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themselves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew near at hand,
When all the noble ladies
And barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
To see this 'prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
With silks most richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lions given
To staunch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
Not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,
The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd ;
For being faint for food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble force and fortitude,
And courage of this hand :

For when the hungry lions,
Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cries :
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
With all his might and power :

From thence by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the people's wonder.
This I have done, quoth he,
For lovely England's sake,
And for my country's maiden queen,
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lions hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour soon reverts,
And turned all his hate,
Into remorse and love,
And said it was some angel
Sent down from heav'n above.

No, no, I am no angel,
The courteous young man said,
But born in famous England,
Where God's word is obey'd ;
Assisted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly
Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven ;
Believing that no land
Like England might be seen,
No people better govern'd
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
 He pardon'd him his life,
 And gave his daughter to him,
 To be his wedded wife :
 Where then they did remain,
 And live in quiet peace,
 In spending of their happy days
 In joy and love's increase.

XXXVI.

The True Lovers knot unty'd : being the right path whereby to advise princely Virgins how to behave themselves, by the example of the renowned Princess the Lady Arabella, and the second son of the Lord Seymour, late Earl of Hertford.

Lady A. Stuart, cousin to James the First, unconsciously excited his uneasiness on account of Raleigh's conspiracy. Her marriage with Seymour renewed his apprehensions ; she was arrested, made her escape, was retaken, and confined in the Tower. Her misfortunes deranged her intellect, and she died after four years and a quarter's confinement.

As I to Ireland did pass,
 I saw a ship at anchor lay,
 Another ship likewise there was,
 Which from fair England took her way.

This ship that sail'd from fair England,
Unknown unto our gracious king,
The lord chief justice did command,
That they to London should her bring.

I then drew near and saw more plain,
Lady Arabella in distress,
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When near fair London Tower she came,
Whereas her landing place should be,
The king and queen with all their train,
Did meet this lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, said our good king,
Unto this lady straight did say,
Who hath first try'd thee to this thing,
That you from England took your way?

None but myself, my gracious liege,
These ten long years I have been in love,
With the lord Seymour's second son,
The earl of Hertford, so we prove :

Full many a hundred pound I had
In goods and livings in the land,
Yet I have lands us to maintain,
So much your grace doth understand.

My lands and livings so well known
Unto your books of majesty,
Amount to twelvescore pounds a week,
Besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant Derbyshire likewise,
I ninescore beadsmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns and house-rent free,
And every man five marks a year.

I never raised rent, said she,
Nor yet oppress'd the tenant poor,
I never did take bribes for fines,
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do so,
For to maintain the commonalty?
Such multitudes would never grow,
Nor be such store of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,
Or born of some more low degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I liked,
And no man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were some yeoman's child,
For to receive my portion now,
According unto my degree,
As other virgins whom I know.

The highest branch that soars aloft,
 Needs must beshade the myrtle-tree,
 Needs must the shadow of them both,
 Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,
 And from the ground is bore away,
 The lowest tree that there doth stand,
 In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a queen,
 But that I ever did deny,
 I knew your grace had right to th^e crown,
 Before Elizabeth did die.

You of the eldest sister came,
 I of the second in degree,
 The earl of Hertford of the third,
 A man of royal blood was he.

And so good night, my sovereign liege,
 Since in the Tower I must lie,
 I hope your grace will condescend,
 That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, said the king,
 I to your freedom would consent,
 If you would turn and go to church,
 There to receive the sacrament.

And so good night, Arabella fair,
Our king replied to her again,
I will take council of my nobility,
That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to prison must I go,
Lady Arabella then did say,
To leave my love breeds all my woe,
The which will bring my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the heart,
Him whom I love I can't forget,
Tho' from his presence I must part.

The meanest people enjoy their mates,
But I was born unhappily,
For being cross'd by cruel fates,
I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope will end the strife,
Farewel, farewel, my love, quoth she,
Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad meeting she had cause,
In heart and mind to grieve full sore,
After that time Arabella fair,
Did never see lord Seymour more.

XXXVII.

SONG,

“From the Lords Maske, presented in the Banquetting House on the Marriage night of the most High and Mightie Count Palatine and the royally descended the Ladie Elizabeth.”

By Thomas Campion. 1613.

ADVANCE your choral motions now
Your music-loving lights,
This night concludes the nuptial vow,
Make this the best of nights,
So bravely crown it with your beams
That it may live in fame,
As long as Rhenus or the Thames
Are known by either name.

Once more again, yet nearer move
Your forms at willing view,
Such fair effects of joy and love,
None can express but you,
Then revel midst your airy bowers
Till all the clouds do sweat,
That pleasure may be poured in showers
On this triumphant seat.

Long since hath lovely Flora thrown
Her flowers and garlands here,
Rich Ceres all her wealth hath shown
Proud of her dainty cheer.
Chang'd then to human shape, descend,
Clad in familiar weed,
That every eye may here commend
The kind delights you breed.

. “According to the humour of this song, the starres mooued in an exceeding strange and delightful maner, and I suppose fewe have euer seen more neate artifice, then Master Innigoe Jones shewed in contriuing their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belong'd to the whole inuention shewed extraordinarie industrie and skill, which if it be not as liuely exprest in writing as it appeared in view, robbe not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adoring of his arte.”

XXXVIII.

A Servant's Sorrow for the Loss of his late Royal
 Mistress Queen Anne, [Wife to James the First,]
 who deceas'd at Hampton Court the 2d of May,
 1618.

IN dole and deep distress
 Poor soul I sighing make my moan,
 A doom of heaviness
 Constrains my heavy heart to groan.
 Then hapless I
 That thus must cry
 Against those sisters three,
 Which to my pain,
 Her life hath ta'en
 That late did comfort me.
 In sable weeds I mourn,
 My prince's absence to condole,
 Who never can return
 Unto my sad forsaken soul.
 Yet will I show
 The grounds of woe,
 Of such as mourners be,
 For sorrowing care
 Will be my share,
 When none will comfort me.

My golden sun is fled,
 And clearest day beset with clouds,
 A hollow sheet of lead
 My late beloved princess shrouds.
 For whose sweet sake
 This moan I make;
 As all the world may see,
 There is no joy,
 But in annoy;
 Then who can comfort me
 With grief I waste away,
 Remembring of my gracious queen;
 We servants all may say,
 And witness well what she hath been,
 A princess kind,
 Of royal mind,
 Adorn'd with courtesy;
 But now a grave I
 Her grace will have,
 And none will comfort me.

O let my ireful cries
 To sadness court and country move,
 No mourning may suffice
 To tell my dear affecting love,

Nor words of woe
Cannot well show,
The griefs that settled be
Within my breast,
So much distrest,
That none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store
Of kings, of states, and princes high,
Who sadly do deplore
The want of that sweet majesty :
Who spent her days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good, we see :
Her liberal hand
Adorn'd this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My sovereign lord king James,
Lamenting moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-streams
Full many a sad and sorrowful tear :
So as that race
Of royal grace
And blooms of majesty,
Conjoin in one,
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
 With Denmark's most true honoured king,
 Unto sad sorrow's shrine;
 Some sacrificing tears will bring :
 Elizabeth
 Thy mother's death
 A mournful news will be,
 To fill those courts
 With sad reports,
 Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
 And German princes of her kin,
 Possess with sorrow stand,
 And sadly thus their grief begin :
 Farewel, adieu,
 Sweet queen so true,
 Thy life much miss'd will be ;
 For rich and poor
 Fed on thy store,
 But now none comfort me.

Where'er her highness went,
 Sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd,
 The gifts that God her lent,
 Unto the world she nobly show'd :
 With many ways
 Advanc'd her praise,

So full of good was she ;
 The which did move
 All men to love,
 But now none comfort me.

You ladies fair and fine,
 Attendants on this royal queen,
 Her grace is made divine
 On this dull earth not to be seen.
 Her soul is flown
 Up to the throne
 Where angels reigning be,
 Whilst I aspire
 To vain desire,
 For now none comfort me.

Oh blessed be that mould
 Which shall contain so sweet a prize,
 Keep safe the same inroll'd,
 Untouch'd, unseen by mortal eyes.
 Till from this earth
 A second birth
 Of newness framed be,
 And till that hour
 Preserve this flower,
 Whose goodness comforts me.

A queen and mother dear,
 A wife, a daughter to a king,
 A sister royal here,
 And grandam as renown doth ring :
 Which rich born fame
 Hath grac'd her name,
 Though all now buried be,
 Yet after-days
 Shall sound her praise
 Which greatly comforts me.

XXXIX.

An excellent Song made of the successors of King
 Edward IV.

To the tune of—O Man in Desperation.

[From "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses."]

WHEN as the king of England died,
 Edward the Fourth by name ;
 He had two sons of tender years,
 For to succeed the same :
 Then Richard duke of Gloucester
 Desiring kingly sway,
 Devis'd by treason how to make
 His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did closely then contrive
How he unto the English crown
Might happily atchieve :
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This sweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their secret drift,
And wicked treachery ;
But when the duke of Buckingham
To set abroach the thing,
Began a quarrel for the nonce,*
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arrest lord Gray,
The brother to the queen,
Her other brother, lord Rivers,
In durance then was seen :
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise
Did then and there arrest ;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On sudden dispossessed.

* For the nonce, i. e. for the purpose or occasion.

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their sureties be :
But both these dukes would in no case
To his request agree.
In brief, these noblemen were sent
To Pomfret castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone,
To London with great speed,
Using persuasions in such sort,
Not to dislike their deed :
But when to London he was come,
For him they had prepar'd
The bishop's palace there to hold,
But safely under guard.

And then duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king,
Naming himself lord protector,
His purpose about to bring :
Devising how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The cardinal then all in haste
Unto the queen did come,
Using persuasions in such sort,
He got the other son :
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were sent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work these princes death,
Did cause James Tirril's hired men
Full soon to stop their breath :
Miles Forrest and John Dighton * both,
These wicked cruel men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
To work the murder then.

These princes lying in their bed,
Being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm :

* " Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murther before time. To him he joined one John Dighton his owne horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knaue." HOLINSHED.

These villains in their feathered-beds
Did wrap them up in haste,
And with the cloaths did smother them,
Till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murdered,
Where laid no man did know :
But mark, the judgment of the Lord
Did sharp revenge soon show.
Betwixt the dukes within short space,
Such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham, to please the king,
Was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his kingly seat,
No rest nor ease could find,
The murder of his nephews did
So sore torment his mind ;
He never could take quiet rest,
His life he still did fear ;
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the earl of Richmond came
With such a puissant band,
That this usurping king was forc'd
In his defence to stand :

And meeting him in Bosworth field,
They fought with heart full fain,
But God (for shedding princes blood)
Caus'd Richard to be slain,

Then being dead, upon a horse,
Naked as he was born,
His flesh sore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn.
And then earl Richmond worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the Seventh by name,

From whose most royal loins did spring
That famous king of might,
Henry the Eighth, whose worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite :
Who dying left his land and crown
To Edward his sweet son :
Whose gracious reign all England ru'd,
His time so soon was run.

His sister Mary did succeed,
Next princess in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Against God's truth did stand ;

Which caused many a martyr's blood
Be shed in rueful case ;
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth, late queen ;
And she reliev'd her subjects hearts
From grief and sorrow clean :
She spent her days in peace and joy,
And died God's servant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
Likewise of Henry's race,
His majesty with royal right,
Deserves this worthy place ;
Whose progeny God long preserve,
This kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts,
Their sovereign to obey.

XL.

Lord Russell's Farewel, who was beheaded for
High Treason, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21,
1683.

To the tune of—Tender Hearts of London City,

[From a copy printed by Brooksby, in the Pepys Collection.]

PRIDE, the bane of human creatures,
Will corrupt the best of natures,
 When it soars to its full height,
Who can stand it or command it,
 When the object is in sight.

Reason is no more our jewel,
When our dearest thoughts are cruel,
 All her maxims are forgot,
Else what reason was for treason,
 Or this base inhuman plot.

Russell, that enjoy'd the treasure,
 Ev'ry way replete with pleasure,
 Had allegiance quite forgot ;
 Hopes of rising did advise him
 To this base inhuman plot.

What, alas ! could he desire,
 That himself could not require ?
 Pride did only him besot
 To aspire to grow higher
 By a base inhuman plot.

Safely he might have liv'd for ever,
 In a gracious prince's favour,
 And more honour there have got,
 Than his thoughts whate'er they wrought
 By any base inhuman plot.

Those false hopes that did deceive him,
 With his nature will not leave him,
 Nor with his poor body rot,
 Whilst records the world affords
 His treason ne'er will be forgot.

Better be the earl of Bedford
 Than for treason lose his head for 't,
 And to make his name a blot
 In each libel as a rebel
 In a base inhuman plot.

If his prince had ever left him,
Or of any grace bereft him,
 Ere his treason forced his lot
Yet obedience and allegiance
 Should have kept him from this plot.

Treason is a crime 'gainst nature,
Against kings, the higher matter,
 Sure can never be forgot,
He that blames him, does prophane him,
 And his soul is in the plot.

Russell died then unlamented
By all men, but who consented
 To this damned inhuman plot,
To destroy the nation's joy,
 The king and monarchy should rot.

But heavens preserve the crimson royal,
And bring all the rest to trial,
 Who allegiance have forgot,
And confounded be each round-head,
 In this damn'd inhuman plot.

XLI.

YOUNG JEMMY,

OR,

THE PRINCELY SHEPHERD.

[James Stuart, Duke of Monmouth, and natural son of Charles the Second.]

The character of this weak and unfortunate nobleman has been so recently investigated in Fox's History, in the numerous discussions to which that work has given rise, and in the ninth volume of Scott's Dryden, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it here. The duke was beheaded on the 15th of July, 1685. His rebellion cannot be justified by Mr. Fox's own directions on that delicate subject, for he never had a reasonable prospect of success. His temerity was succeeded by an unworthy pusillanimity, which it is easy to censure, but, which it must be allowed, has been sometimes evinced by the bravest spirits, when they have found themselves consigned to the hands of the public executioner. To solicit mercy is not of itself either mean or criminal, and in pronouncing on the propriety of the application in this instance, the near ties of consanguinity must be taken into consideration. Monmouth only sued for what he would have granted to James, but the unre-

lenting tyrant and odious bigot, regardless of the ties of blood, and his particular obligations to Charles the Second, sacrificed Monmouth to state policy, and yet had the audacity to complain of the desertion of a female relation after his own deposition.

YOUNG JEMMY was a lad,
Of royal birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
And every swain exceeding,
A face and shape so wonderous fine,
So charming every part :
That every lass upon the green
For Jemmy had a heart.

In Jemmy's powerful eyes
Young gods of love are playing,
And on his face there lies
A thousand smiles betraying.
But O, he dances with a grace,
None like him ere was seen,
No God that ever fancied was,
Had so divine a mien.

To Jemmy every swain
Did lowly deft his bonnet,
And every lass did strain
To praise him in her sonnet.

The pride of all the youths he was,
The glory of the groves,
The pleasure of each tender lass,
And theme of all their loves.

But oh, unlucky fate,
Ah, curse upon ambition,
The busy fops of state
Have ruin'd his condition :
For glittering hope he left his shade,
His glorious hours are gone,
By flattering fools and knaves betray'd,
Poor Jemmy is undone.

Than Jemmy none more kind,
And courteous had been ever,
Thinking the like to find,
But he as yet did never.
For the false swains that led him forth
To expectations high :
Design'd but to eclipse his worth,
Brave Jemmy to outvie.

But Jemmy saw not this,
When in the groves delighting,
Nor thought to tread amiss
At such a fair inviting.

But Jemmy was mistaken there
For he was led astray,
Whilst each kind swain and nymph so fair,
For Jemmy sigh'd all day.

For Jemmy's loss the streams
Ran hoarse, as if with mourning,
The birds forgot their leams,
And flowers, so late adorning
The pleasant plains, hung down their heads,
As bearing part of the grief,
And wishing he had longer stay'd;
But Jemmy 'd no belief.

For Jemmy's strutting veins
With youthful blood were flowing,
Which made him raise his strains
To his almost undoing.
Though each kind villager did pray
He would again return,
And tread still in the pleasant way;
But Jemmy it did scorn.

For Jemmy in fierce arms
More than his crook delighting,
Despis'd the wood-nymphs charms,
That were so much inviting.

And dreams of digging trenches deep,
Storming each fort and town,
Ambition still disturb'd his sleep,
Whilst Jemmy sought renown.

But Jemmy now may see
That he was led to ruin
By such as glad would be
Of his utter undoing.
Yet that his wandering he'd retrieve
The wish is of the swains,
And in Arcadia happy live,
Where his great father reigns.

XLII.

ENGLAND'S DARLING,

OR,

Great Britain's Joy and Hope on that Noble Prince,
James Duke of Monmouth.

“ Brave Monmouth, England's glory,
Hated of none, but Papist and Tory,
May'st thou in thy noble father's love remain,
Who happily over this land doth reign.”

Tune of Young Jemmy, or Philander.

YOUNG Jemmy is a lad,
That's royally descended,
With every virtue clad,
By every tongue commended,
A true and faithful English heart,
Great Britain's joy and hope,
And bravely will maintain their part,
In spite of Turk and Pope.

Young Jemmy is a lad,
That hates all base pretences,
No Tory masquerade
With Popish sham pretences:
A heart and soul so great and just,
Such conduct and command,
A champion in his country's trust,
Young Jemmy still will stand.

Young Jemmy is a youth,
Who thinks it no transgression
To stand up for the truth,
And Protestant profession ;
But, oh he fights with such success,
All mortal powers obey,
No God of war but must confess,
Young Jemmy bears the sway.

At Jemmy's powerful voice,
The drums and trumpets sounded,
And England did rejoice,
When Jemmy's fate abounded,
Of Jemmy the victorious name
Did through all Europe fly,
And all the nations did proclaim
His matchless gallantry.

In Maestricht and in France,
In Germany and Flanders,
Young Jemmy did advance,
Amongst the chief commanders,
By sea and land his fame did fly,
And all the nations round
Of Jemmy's constant victory,
And valour did resound,

In Scotland Jemmy's hand,
Dispers'd the Whig and Tory,
And Bothwell bridge will stand
To his eternal glory.
There he the rebels fierce withstood,
And did their might oppose,
Both for the king's and country's good,
In spite of all his foes.

But, oh unhappy fates !
A curse on pride and malice,
The Popish plotting states
Have banish'd him the palace.
They turn'd him out of grace of late,
Of dignity and fame,
Of every mighty place of state,
Yet Jemmy's still the same.

Maliciously they plot,
 (Against all sense and reason,)
 'Gainst Shaftesbury and Scot,
 To cloak their Popish treason,
 Tories and Papists all agree
 To blast his spotless fame,
 But spite of all their policy,
 Young Jemmy's still the same.

For still to lose his blood
 Young Jemmy does importune,
 And for his country's good
 To spend his life and fortune,
 For to support the church and state,
 Our liberties and laws
 Against their malice, plots, and hate,
 That would our rights oppose.

Let all good men implore
 For Jemmy's restoration,
 Whose conduct must restore
 The ruins of our nation ;
 That he to Charles's praise may live,
 Our freedom to maintain,
 When Jemmy shall his fame retrieve,
 And be in grace again.

XLIII.

On the Sea Fight off Cape la Hogue in the Year 1692.

The engagement which makes the subject of this very popular ballad, is very accurately described in the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing now :
 All hands aloft, aloft ! let English valour shine,
 Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line,
 Let every hand supply his gun,
 Follow me, and you'll see,
 That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
 To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep ;
 He led the noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral at his feet :
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The boody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire ;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood all of blood,
 Fill'd the scupp'r-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire disturb'd the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore ;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more ;
At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die,
British colours rid the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate ;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate :
For evermore adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun ;
Enough, thou mighty king of war,
Now we sing bless the king !
Let us drink to every English tar.

XLIV.

“The Complaint and Lamentation of Mistresse Arden,
of Feversham, in Kent, who for the Love of one
Mosbie, hired certaine Ruffians and Villaines
most cruelly to Murder her Husband; with the
fatall end of her and her Associats.”

This ballad is reprinted from an old black letter copy. The event upon which it is founded happened in the reign of Henry the Eighth. In the year 1599, a play was written on the subject. For an account of the circumstances of the murder which occasioned both the play and ballad, see Holingshed, and Jacob's History of Feversham.

AH me, vile wretch, that ever I was born,
Making my self unto the world a scorn :
And to my friends and kindred all a shame,
Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a gentleman of wealth and fame,
(One master Arden, he was call'd by name)
I wedded was with joy and great content,
Living at Feversham in famous Kent.

In love we liv'd, and great tranquillity,
Until I came in Mosbie's company,
Whose sugred tongue, good shape, and lovely look,
Soon won my heart, and Arden's love forsook.

And living thus in foul adultery,
Bred in my husband cause of jealousy,
And lest the world our actions should bewray,
We did consent to take his life away.

To London fair my husband was to ride,
But ere he went I poison did provide,
Got of a painter which I promised
That Mosbie's sister Susan he should wed.

Into his broth I then did put the same,
He lik't it not when to the board it came,
Saying, There's something in it, is not sound,
At which enrag'd, I flung it on the ground.

Yet ere he went, his man I did conjure,
Ere they came home, to make his master sure,
And murder him, and for his faith and pain,
Susan, and store of gold, that he should gain.

Yet I, misdoubting Michael's constancy,
Knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my husband bore no great good will,
Sought to incense him his dear blood to spill.

His name was Green ; O master Green (quoth I)
My husband to you hath done injury,
For which I sorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keeps abroad most wicked company,
With whores and queans and bad society :
When he comes home, he beats me, sides and head,
That I do wish that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roar,
I would that I might never see him more :
Green then incenst, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he soon would make an end.

O master Green, said I, the danger's great,
You must be circumspect to do this feat ;
To act the deed your self there is no need,
But hire some villains, they will do the deed.

Ten pounds I'll give them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certain news they bring,
That he is dead ; besides I'll be your friend,
In honest courtesy till life doth end.

Green vow'd to do it ; then away he went,
And met two villains that did use in Kent
To rob and murder upon Shooter's-hill,
The one call'd Shakebag, t' other nam'd Black Will.

Two such like villains hell did never hateh,
For twenty angels they made up the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them swear they'd do it with all speed.

Then up to London presently they hie,
Where master Arden in Paul's church they spy,
And waiting for his coming forth that night,
By a strange chance of him they then lost sight.

For where these villains stood and made their stop,
A prentice he was shutting up his shop,
The window falling light on Black Will's head,
And broke it soundly that apae it bled.

Where straight he made a brabble and a coil,
And my sweet Arden he past by the while ;
They missing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting Michael, thus to him they say :

Thou know'st that we must pack thy master hence,
Therefore consent and further our pretence,
At night when as your master goes to bed,
Leave ope the doors, he shall be murdered.

And so he did ; yet Arden could not sleep,
Strange dreams and visions in his senses creep,
He dreamt the doors were ope, and villains came
To murder him, and 'twas the very same.

SECOND PART.

He rose and shut the door, his man he blames,
Which cunningly he straight this answer frames,
I was so sleepy that I did forget
To lock the doors, I pray you pardon it.

Next day these ruffians met this man again,
Who the whole story to them did explain,
My master will in town no longer stay,
To-morrow you may meet him on the way.

Next day his business being finished,
He did take horse, and homeward then he rid,
And as he rid it was his hap as then,
To overtake lord Cheiney and his men.

With salutations they each other greet,
I am full glad your honour for to meet,
Arden did say ; then did the lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,
I have a suit that must not be denied,
That at my house you'll sup and lodge also,
To Feversham this night you must not go.

Then Arden answered with this courteous speech,
Your honour's pardon now I do beseech,
I made a vow, if God did give me life,
To sup and lodge with Alice, my loving wife.

Well, said my lord, your oath hath got the day,
To-morrow come and dine with me, I pray,
I'll wait upon your honour then (said he)
And safe he went amongst his company.

On Raymon Down, as they pass this way,
Black Will and Shakebag they in ambush lay,
But durst not touch him, cause of the great train
That my lord had : thus were they crost again.

With horrid oaths these ruffians gan to swear,
They stamp'd and curst, and tore their locks of hair,
Saying, some angel surely him did keep,
Yet vow'd to murder him ere they did sleep.

Now all this while my husband was away,
Mosby and I did revel night and day ;
And Susan, which my waiting-maiden was,
My love's own sister, knew how all did pass.

But when I saw my Arden was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heavy head :
To bed he went, and slept secure from harms,
But I did wish my Mosby in my arms.

Yet ere he slept, he told me he must go
To dinner to my lord's, he'd have it so ;
And that same night Black Will did send me word,
What luck bad fortune did to them afford.

I sent him word, that he next day would dine
At the lord Cheinies, and would rise betime,
And on the way their purpose might fulfil,
Well I'll reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morn betimes, before the break of day,
To take him napping then they took their way ;
But such a mist and fog there did arise,
They could not see although they had four eyes.

Thus Arden scap'd these villains where they lay,
And yet they heard his horse go by that way,
I think (said Will) some spirit is his friend,
Come life or death, I vow to see his end.

Then to my house they straight did take their way,
Telling me how they missed of their prey ;
Then presently we did together 'gree,
At night at home that he should murdered be.

Mosby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at tables should with Arden play,
Black Will and Shakebag they themselves should hide,
Until that Mosby he a watch-word cried.

The word was this whereon we did agree,
Now (master Arden) I have taken ye :
Woe to that word, and woe unto us all,
Which bred confusion and our sudden fall.

When he came home, most welcome him I made,
And Judas like, I kist whom I betray'd,
Mosby and he together went to play,
For I on purpose did the tables lay.

And as they play'd the word was straightway spoke,
Black Will and Shakebag out the corner broke,
And with a towell backwards pull'd him down,
Which made me think they now my joys did crown.

With swords and knives they stabb'd him to the heart,
Mosby and I did likewise act our part,
And then his body straight we did convey
Behind the abbey in the field he lay.

And then by justice we were straight condemn'd,
Each of us came unto a shameless end,
For God our secret dealing soon did spy,
And brought to light our shamefull villainy.

Thus have you heard of Arden's tragedy,
It rests to show you how the rest did die :
His wife at Canterbury she was burnt,
And all her flesh and bones to ashes turn'd.

Mosby and his fair sister they were brought
To London for the trespass they had wrought,
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die,
A just reward for all their villainy.

Michael, and Bradshaw, which a goldsmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did pass,
At Feversham were hanged both in chains,
And well rewarded for their faithful pains.

The painter fled, none knows how he did speed,
Shakebag in Southwark he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to scape and run away,
He suddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent, at Osbridge, Green did suffer death,
Hang'd on a gibbet he did lose his breath :
Black Will at Flushing on a stage did burn ;
Thus each one came unto his end by turn.

And thus my story I conclude and end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will send
Upon us all, and keep us all from ill.
Amen say all, if 't be thy blessed will.

XLV.

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore, Governor of Warwick Castle, and the Fair Maid of Dunsmore, as a warning to all Maids to have a care how they yield to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

[From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses.]

IN Warwickshire there stands a down,
 And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,
 Adjoining to a country town,
 Made famous by a maiden's name :

Fair Isabel she named was,
 A shepherd's daughter, as some say;
 To Wigmore's ears her fame did pass,
 As he in Warwick castle lay.

Poor love-sick lord immediately
 Upon her fame set his delight ;
 And thought much pleasure sure did lie
 Possessing of so fair a wight.

Therefore to Dunsmore did repair,
To recreate his sickly mind ;
Where in a summer's evening fair,
His chance was Isabel to find.

She sat amidst a meadow green,
Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a river she was seen
To spend away some evening hours.

There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes.

She thinking not to be espied,
Had laid from her her country tire ;
The tresses of her hair untied,
Hung glistening like the golden wire.

And as the flakes of winter snow,
That lie unmelted on the plains,
So white her body was in show ;
Like silver springs did run her veins.

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still ;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their affections so,
That reason's rules were led away ;
And love the coals of lust did blow,
Which to a fire flamed high.

And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such vehement scorching heat,
That none but she could lend him rest.

Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,
By liking of this dainty dame ;
He call'd a servant of great trust,
Inquiring straight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a shepherd's daughter as you see,
And with her father leads her life,
Whose dwellings by these pastures be ;

Her name is Isabel the fair,
Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,
But to my castle straight her bear,
Her sight hath wounded me full sore.

Thus to lord Wigmore she was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his suit such means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his bed.

This being done, incontinent

She did return from whence she came,
And every day she did invent
To cover her received shame.

But ere three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plain appears ;
Unto lord Wigmore then in haste
She long complain'd with weeping tears.

Lord Wigmore, thus I have defil'd
And spotted my pure virgin's bed ;
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
To which vile folly you me led.

For now this deed that I have wrought
Throughout the country well is known,
And to my woful parents brought,
Who now for me do make great moan.

How shall I look them in the face,
When they my shameless self shall see ?
O cursed Eve, I feel thy case,
When thou hadst tasted of the tree.

Thou hidst thyself, and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found ;
No dark may hide me from God's eye,
But leave my shame still to abound.

Wide open are mine eyes to look
Upon my sad and heavy sin :
And quite unclasped is the book,
Where my accounts are written in.

This sin of mine deserveth death,
But judge, lord Wigmore, I am she,
For I have trød a strumpet's path,
And for the same I needs must die.

Bespotted with reproachful shame
To ages following shall I be,
And in records be writ my blame ;
Lord Wigmore, this is 'long of thee.

Lord Wigmore, prostrate at thy feet,
I crave my just deserved doom,
That death may cut off from the root
This body, blossom, branch, and bloom.

Let modesty accurse this crime,
Let love, and law, and nature speak,
Was ever any wretch yet seen
That in one instant all did break ?

Then Wigmore justice on me shew,
For thus consenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
To such as sin in such a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had perish'd in my birth,
O that same day may darkness have,
Wherein I first drew vital breath!

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the sun upon it shine,
Let misty darkness on it fall,
For to make known this sin of mine!

The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurst with mournful cries,
Let twinkling stars from sky be reav'd,
And clouds of darkness thereon rise!

Because they shut not up their powers,
That gave the passage to my life.
Come sorrow, finish up my hours,
And let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side;
Lucretia's part was rightly shown,
For with the same fair Isabel died.

Whereat lord Wigmore grieved sore,
A heart repenting his amiss,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the flower of maiden's bliss;

But lived long in woful wise,
 Till death did finish up his days,
 And now in Isabel's grave he lies,
 Till judgment comes them both to raise.

XLVI.

THE CRUEL BLACK :

A lamentable Ballad of the tragical End of a gallant Lord and virtuous Lady ; together with the untimely Death of their two Children : wickedly performed by a Heathenish and Blood-thirsty Black-a-moor, their Servant ; the like of which Cruelty and Murder was never heard of before.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed
 A virgin of great fame ;
 A fairer creature never did
 Dame nature ever frame :
 By whom he had two children fair,
 Whose beauty did excel ;
 They were their parents only joy,
 They lov'd them both so well,

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
 The tiger, and the boar ;
 And still for swiftness always took
 With him a black-a-moor ;
 Which black-a-moor within the wood
 His lord he did offend,
 For which he did him then correct,
 In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
 Then homewards he did haste,
 Where with his lady he did rest,
 Until the night was past.
 Then in the morning he did rise,
 And did his servants call,
 A hunting he provides to go,
 Straight they were ready all.

To cause the toil the lady did
 Intreat him not to go :
 " Alas, good lady," then quoth he,
 " Why art thou grieved so ?
 " Content thyself, I will return
 " With speed to thee again."
 " Good father," quoth the little babes,
 " With us here still remain."

“ Farewel, dear children, I will go
“ A fine thing for to buy ;”
But they, therewith nothing content,
Aloud began to cry.
The mother takes them by the hand,
Saying, “ Come, go with me
“ Unto the highest tower, where
“ Your father you shall see.”

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,
Who then did stay behind,
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind :
“ My master he did me correct,
“ My fault not being great ;
“ Now of his wife I’ll be reveng’d,
“ She shall not me intreat.”

The place was moated round about,
The bridge he up did draw ;
The gates he bolted very fast,
Of none he stood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there,
Who when she saw his countenance grim,
She straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes
To think what I must write ;
My senses all begin to fail,
My soul it doth affright :
Yet must I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with speed did will,
His lust forthwith to satisfy,
His mind for to fulfil.
The lady she amazed was,
To hear the villain speak ;
“ Alas,” quoth she, “ what shall I do ?
“ With grief my heart will break.”

With that he took her in his arms,
She straight for help did cry :
“ Content yourself, lady,” he said,
“ Your husband is not nigh :
“ The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
“ Therefore come lie with me,
“ Or else I do protest and vow,
“ Thy butcher I will be.”

The crystal tears ran down her face,
Her children cried amain,
And sought to help their mother dear,
But all it was in vain ;
For that egregious filthy rogue
Her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
He threw her on the ground.

With that she shriek'd, her children cried,
And such a noise did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her laments,
Did seek their parts to take :
But all in vain, no way was found
To help the lady's need,
Who cried to them most piteously,
“ O help ! O help with speed ! ”

Some run into the forest wide,
Her lord home for to call ;
And they that stood still did lament
This gallant lady's fall.
With speed her lord came posting home,
He could not enter in ;
His lady's cries did pierce his heart,
To call he did begin :

" O hold thy hand, thou savage moor,
 " To hurt her do forbear,
 " Or else be sure, if I do live,
 " Wild horses shall thee tear."
 With that the rogue ran to the wall,
 He having had his will,
 And brought one child under his arm,
 His dearest blood to spill.

The child, seeing his father there,
 To him for help did call :
 " Oh father ! help my mother dear,
 " We shall be killed all."
 Then fell the lord upon his knee,
 And did the moor intreat,
 To save the life of this poor child,
 Whose fear was then so great.

But this vile wretch the little child
 By both the heels did take,
 And dash'd his brains against the wall,
 Whilst parents hearts did ake :
 That being done straightway he ran
 The other child to fetch,
 And pluck'd it from the mother's breast,
 Most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
The child within the other ;
And holding it over the wall,
Saying, " Thus shall die thy mother,"
With that he cut the throat of it ;
Then to the father he did call,
To look how he the head did cut,
And down the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall
Into the moat so deep ;
Which made the father wring his hands,
And grievously to weep.
Then to the lady went this rogue,
Who was near dead with fear,
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
Did drag her by the hair ;

And drew her to the very wall,
Which when her lord did see,
Then presently he cried out,
And fell upon his knee :
Quoth he, " If thou wilt save her life,
" Whom I do love so dear,
" I will forgive thee all is past,
" Though they concern me near.

“ O save her life, I thee beseech ;
 “ O save her, I thee pray,
 “ And I will grant thee what thou wilt
 “ Demand of me this day.”
 “ Well,” quoth the moor, “ I do regard
 “ The moan that thou dost make :
 “ If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
 “ I’ll save her for thy sake.”

“ O save her life, and then demand
 “ Of me what thing thou wilt.”
 “ Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
 “ Of her blood shall be spilt.”
 With that the lord presently took
 A knife within his hand,
 And then his nose he quite cut off,
 In place where he did stand.

“ Now I have bought my lady’s life,”
 He to the moor did call ;
 “ Then take her,” quoth this wicked rogue,
 And down he let her fall.
 Which when her gallant lord did see,
 His senses all did fail ;
 Yet many sought to save his life,
 But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did see him dead,
Then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
And lady did complain :
Quoth he, " I know you'll torture me,
" If that you can me get,
" But all your threats I do not fear,
" Nor yet regard one whit.

" Wild horses shall my body tear,
" I know it to be true,
" But I'll prevent you of that pain :"
And down himself he threw.
Too good a death for such a wretch,
A villain void of fear !
And thus doth end as sad a tale,
As ever man did hear.

XLVII.

The Tragedy of Phillis, complaining of the
Disloyal Love of Amyntas.

To a pleasant new court tune.

[From a black letter copy printed for the assigns of
T. Symcocke.]

AMYNTAS on a summer's day,
To shun Apollo's beams,
Was driving of his flocks away,
To taste some cooling streams ;
And through a forest as he went
Unto a river side,
A voice which from a grove was sent
Invited him to bide.

The voice well seem'd for to bewray
Some mal-contented mind :
For oft times did he hear it say,
Ten thousand times unkind :
The remnant of that raging moan
Did all escape his ear,
For every word brought forth a groan,
And every groan a tear.

And nearer when he did repair,
 Both face and voice he knew,
 He saw that Phillis was come there
 Her plaints for to renew :
 Thus leaving her unto her plaints,
 And sorrow-slaking groans,
 He heard her deadly discontents
 Thus all break forth at once.

Amyntas, is my love to thee
 Of such a light account,
 That thou disdain'st to look on me,
 Or love as thou wert wont?
 Were those the oaths that thou didst make,
 The vows thou didst conceive,
 When I, for thy contentment's sake,
 Mine hearts delight did leave ?

How oft didst thou protest to me,
 The heavens should turn to nought,
 The sun should first obscured be,
 Ere thou wouldst change thy thought ?
 Then heaven dissolve without delay,
 Sun, shew thy face no more,
 Amyntas' love is lost for ay,
 And woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had been wise,
 Foreseen what now I find !
 But too much love did fill mine eyes,
 And made my judgment blind :
 But ah, alas ! th' effect doth prove
 Thy drifts were but deceit,
 For true and undissembled love
 Will never turn to hate.

All thy behaviours were (God knows)
 Too smooth and too discreet :
 Like sugar which impoison'd grows,
 Suspect because its sweet :
 Thine oaths and vows did promise more
 Then well thou couldst perform,
 Much like a calm that comes before
 An unexpected storm.

God knows, it would not grieve me much
 For to be kill'd for thee :
 But oh ! too near it doth me touch,
 That thou shouldst murder me ;
 God knows, I care not for the pain
 Can come for want of breath ;
 Tis thy unkindness, cruel swain,
 That grieves me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
If any fault of mine
Hath given thee cause thus to betray
Mine heart's delight and thine ?
No, no, alas ! it could not be,
My love to thee was such,
Unless if that I urged thee,
In loving thee too much.

But ah, alas ! what do I gain,
By these my fond complaints ?
My dolour doubles thy disdain,
My grief thy joy augments :
Although it yield no greater good,
It oft doth ease my mind,
For to reproach th' ingratitude
Of him who is unkind.

With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
Upon her breast she lays,
And seeing that her breath did fail,
She sighs, and then she says,
“ Amyntas ! ” and with that, poor maid,
She sigh'd again full sore,
That after that she never said,
Nor sigh'd nor breath'd no more.

XLVIII.

“ BLEW-CAP FOR ME ;

OR,

A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing,
 Shee'l have bonny Blew-cap, all other refusing.”

“ To a curious new Scottish tune called Blue-cap.”

[From a black letter copy, printed by T. Lambert.]

COME hither, the merriest of all the Nine,
 Come sit thee down by me, and let us be jolly,
 And in a full cup of Apollo's wine
 We'll drown our old enemy, mad Melancholy :
 Which when we have done,
 We'll between us devise
 A dainty new ditty
 With art to comprise ;
 And of this new ditty
 The matter shall be ;
 Gif ever I have a man,
 Blew-cap for me.

There lives a blith lass in Faukeland town,
 And she had some suitors, I wot not how many ;
 But her resolution she had set down,
 That she'd have a Blew-cap, gif ere she had any.
 An English man,
 When our good king was there,
 Came often unto her,
 And loved her dear :
 But still she replied, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be ;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blew-cap for me."

A Welch man that had a long sword by hur side,
 Red prites, red tublet, red coat, and red peard,
 Was make a great shew with a great deal of pride,
 And tell hur strange tale that the like was ne'er
 heard :
 Was reckon her pedigree,
 Long before Prute,
 No body was by hur
 That can her confute :
 But still she replied, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be ;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blew-cap for me."

A Frenchman that largely was booted and spur'd,
 Long lock't with a ribbon, long points and breeches,
 He's ready to kiss her at every word,
 And for further exercise his fingers itches :

“ You be pritty wench,

“ Mitris, par ma foy ;

“ Begar me doe love you,

“ Then be not you coy :

But still she replied, “ Sir,

“ I pray let me be ;

“ Gif ever I have a man,

“ Blew-cap for me.”

An Irish man, with a long skeane in his hose,
 Did think to obtain her it was no great matter,
 Up stairs to her chamber so lightly he goes,
 That she ne'er heard him untill he came at her :

Quoth he, “ I do love you,

“ By fate and by trote,

“ And if you will have me,

“ Experience shall shote :”

But still she replied, “ Sir,

“ I pray let me be ;

“ Gif ever I have a man,

“ Blew-cap for me.”

SECOND PART.

A dainty spruce Spaniard, with hair black as jet,
Long cloak with round cape, a long rapier and
poignard,
He told her, if that she could Scotland forget,
He'd shew her the vines as they grow in the
vineyard.

“ If thou wilt abandon
“ This country so cold,
“ I'll shew thee fair Spain,
“ And much Indian gold.
“ But still she replied, “ Sir,
“ I pray let me be ;
“ Gif ever I have a man,
“ Blew-cap for me.”

A haughty High German of Hamborough town,
A proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes :
He weeps if the lass upon him do but frown,
Yet he's a great fencer that comes to o'ermatch us.

But yet all his fine fencing
 Could not get the lass ;
 She denied him so oft,
 That he wearied was :
 For still she replied, “ Sir,
 “ I pray let me be ;
 “ Gif ever I have a man,
 “ Blew-cap for me.”

A Netherland mariner there came by chance,
 Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting pomwaters ;
 To this canny lass he his suit did advance,
 And as taught by nature he cunningly flatters :
 “ Jack will make thee,” said he,
 “ Sole lady o’th’ sea ;
 “ Both Spaniards and Englishmen
 “ Shall thee obey :”
 But still she replied, “ Sir,
 “ I pray let me be ;
 “ Gif ever I have a man,
 “ Blew-cap for me.”

These sundry suitors of several lands,
 Did daily solicit this lass for her favour,
 And every one of them alike understands,
 That to win the prize they in vain did endeavour :

For she had resolved
 (As I before said)
 To have bonny Blew-cap,
 Or else die a maid.
 Unto all her suppliants
 Still replied she,
 “ Gif ever I have man,
 “ Blew-cap for me.”

At last came a Scottish man (with a blew cap),
 And he was the party for whom she had tarried,
 To get this blith bonny lass 'twas his gude hap,
 They gang'd to the kirk and were presently married;
 I ken not weel whether
 It were lord or leard,
 They caude him some sike
 A like name as I heard,
 To chuse him from all
 She did gladly agree,
 And still she cried Blew-cap,
 Th' art welcome to me.

XLIX.

“ SELDOME COMES THE BETTER :

OR,

An Admonition to all sorts of People, as Husbands, Wives, Masters, and Servants, &c. to avoid mutability, and to fix their Minds on what they possess.”

To the tune of the He-Devil.

YOU men that are well wived,
 And yet do rail on fate,
 As though you were deprived
 Thereby of happy state,
 Learn well to be contented
 With a good wife, if you get her,
 For often when the old wife's dead,
 Seldom comes the better.

I once had a wife,
 O would to God she had lived!
 For while the Lord lent me her life,
 Indifferent well I thrived:
 Yet, 'cause that she would chide at me,
 I wisht that death would set her;
 But since I have got a worse than she,
 For seldom comes the better.

She would tell me for my good,
That I must leave my vice,
But I not rightly understood
Her counsel of high price :
Full glad was I when she was dead,
So much at nought I set her ;
But since I have got a worse in her stead,
For seldom comes the better.

I now have one that's not content
With any thing I do ;
The others tongue did me torment,
This scolds and beats me too.
I thought when I was rid of one,
That Fortune was my debtor ;
But now I see, when one wife's gone,
That seldom comes the better.

That wife would only me reprove
For wasting of my store ;
But this, as well as I, doth love
The good ale pot, and more :
She'll sit at the alehouse all the day,
And if the house will let her,
She'll run on the score, and I must pay ;
Thus seldom comes the better.

The other was a huswife good,
When she a penny spent,
It went from her like drops of blood,
To th' alehouse she ne'er went,
Unless it were to fetch home me,
For which at nought I set her ;
But this wife is quite contrary,
For seldom comes a better.

And if I do rebuke her, as
A husband ought and will,
She'll call me rogue and rascall base,
Her tongue will ne're lie still ;
Nay, much ado I have to shun
Her blows, if much I fret her :
The other quickly would have done :
Thus seldom comes the better.

SECOND PART.

When I consider well of this,
It sore doth vex my mind ;
O then I think what 'its to miss
A wife that's true and kind.
There's many men like me that have
Good wives, yet wish for neater,
And fain would send the old to th' grave,
In hope they shall have better.

But that doth seldom come to pass,
 Though many hope it will:
 Therefore let him that has a good lass,
 Desire to keep her still:
 Nay, though she hath some small defect,
 To chide when he doth fret her,
 Yet let him not her love neglect,
 For seldom comes the better.

Some think that were their old wives dead,
 Such are their fickle minds,
 They should get richer in their stead,
 But few or none that finds
 Their expectation answered.
 Suppose the portion's greater,
 Yet he may say as I have said,
 That seldom comes the better.

There's many lads and lasses young.
 That in good service light,
 And yet they think that they have wrong
 To serve their time out quite:
 They love to shift from place to place,
 To th' little from the greater,
 Till at last they say, in wofull case,
 Faith, seldom comes the better.

Change of pasture makes fat calves,
This is a proverb us'd,
Which for another like it salves,
And helps the first abus'd.
A rolling stone ne'er gathers moss :
So he that is a flitter
From house to house, shall find with loss,
That seldom comes the better.

Likewise some men and women both,
When they have servants true,
To keep them over-long th' are loth,
But still they wish for new :
And having put the old away,
They take some far unfitter,
Which being tried, at last they say,
Faith, seldom comes the better.

And he that hath a perfect friend,
Let him retain his love,
Lest losing th' old, the new i'th' end
A feigned friend do prove :
And so it happens many times,
As some can tell that yet are
Alive, and do lament their crimes,
With seldom comes the better.

Therefore let all, both men and wives,
 Servants and masters all,
 Think on this proverb all their lives,
 The use on't is not small :
 If you are well, yourselves so keep,
 And strive not to be greater ;
 Be sure to look before you leap,
 For seldom comes the better.

L.

LOVE'S LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

“ When true lovers prove unkind,
 Great sorrows they procure,
 And such strange pains the slighted find
 That they cannot endure.”

TENDER hearts of London city,
 Now be mov'd with grief and pity.
 Since by love I am undone :
 Now I languish in my anguish,
 Too, too soon my heart was won.

By him I am strangely slighted,
 In whom I so long delighted,
 He unkindly shews disdain;
 And my grief is past relief:
 Alas! my heart will break with pain.

Damon, you my passion knew well,
 How then could you be so cruel,
 First to set my heart on fire,
 Then to leave me, and deceive me,
 When I've granted your desire.

Come and see me as I'm lying,
 Bleeding for your sake and dying;
 Yet my ghost shall trouble you;
 When I depart with broken heart,
 Then all your comfort bid adieu.

Thou shalt never be contented,
 But by night and day tormented,
 Since thou wert so false to me:
 Celia, dying, thus lay crying,
 I will be a plague to thee.

Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,
 Blaming Damon too, too fickle,
 Till her tender heart was broke;
 Discontented, thus she fainted,
 Yielding to death's fatal stroke.

When this news was to him carried,
 All his joys were spoil'd and marred,
 And his heart was fill'd with pain;
 Still expressing, what a blessing
 He had lost by his disdain.

LI.

FAIR SUSAN OF SOMERSETSHIRE;

OR,

The wronged Lady's Lamentation and untimely
 Death.

SIR William, a knight of six thousand a year,
 He courted fair Susan of Somersetshire,
 The beautifull'st creature that ever was seen,
 A lady by birth, though her fortune was mean:
 What passed between them I'll tell you in brief,
 Who hear it may sigh with a heart full of grief,

To her he pretended the greatest of love,
 And held her in hand for three months and above,
 Inviting her often to feast at his hall;
 At length he to wanton embraces would fall,
 Which when she perceiv'd, she sighing would say,
 "Don't ruin an innocent lady, I pray!"

“ O talk not of ruin, thou joy of my heart,
“ So long as we live, love, we never will part,
“ So sure as I give thee this amorous kiss ;
“ Then let me arrive to the rapture of bliss :
“ If ever I'm false or disloyal to thee,
“ May God's divine vengeance then fall upon me !”

The innocent lady then struck with surprize,
Besought him with sorrowful tears in her eyes,
That he would not tempt her to any such thing,
The which without question her ruin would bring ;
Yet still with new arguments her he assail'd,
Tho' long she resisted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtained his earnest request,
She proved with child ; then with sorrows opprest,
He left her whom once he did seem to adore,
And all his rash vows he regarded no more.
No creature so false and deceitful as he,
That swears to be true, and yet perjurd will be.

The innocent lady, with sorrows opprest,
With tears in her eyes, and with sobs from her breast,
She cried, “ There's no sorrow, no sorrow like mine ;
“ Oh why had sir William so base a design !
“ Before I consented, O that I had died !
“ I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd,” she cried.

" Against you, sir William, I needs must exclaim,
 " You courted for love, and have cloth'd me with shame,
 " A sorrow which I am unable to bear ;
 " My honour is gone, I will die in despair,
 " And haunt you by night with my wand'ring ghost,
 " That you may not have any reason to boast.

" You shall have no pleasure, but constantly find
 " The cries of your conscience, the trouble of mind,
 " Both sleeping and waking, where-ever you go,
 " For seeking my ruin and sad overthrow,
 " And breaking the vows that you solemnly made
 " Before you my innocent virtues betray'd."

Retir'd from friends, her close chamber she kept,
 Where for her misfortune she bitterly wept,
 And finding her folly she no ways could hide,
 With grief she miscarried, in sorrow she died ;
 Whose wand'ring ghost then did often affright
 Her false-hearted lover, and treacherous knight.

Sometimes to his chamber at midnight she came,
 The room being fill'd with a fiery flame ;
 Her trembling ghost near the curtains would stand,
 With either a dagger or sword in her hand,
 As if she would stab her false knight where he lay,
 And then with a shriek she would vanish away.

But once above all a strange groaning he heard,
And straight with a child in her arms she appear'd,
Which then on his bed she lay close on his side ;
It frighted him so that he sicken'd and died
Within a week after the same he beheld.
All he had told it, with wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful condition he lay,
To all his dear friends he was pleased to say :
“ I wronged a lady, I needs must confess,
“ And brought her to sorrow, to shame, and distress,
“ And now since the glass of my life is near run,
“ I'm going to answer for what I have done.

“ I was false to my love, and my oath I have broke,
“ And death he stands ready with one fatal stroke
“ To send me away, but I cannot tell where ;
“ I have done amiss, and must die in despair.
“ Let me be a warning to all that shall hear
“ Of my death, for being so false to my dear.”

LII.

" TIME'S ALTERATION :

OR,

The Old Man's Rehearsal, what brave dayes he knew
a great while agone, when his old Cap was new."

[From a black letter copy printed for the assigns of Thomas
Symcocke.]

WHEN this old cap was new
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
 When he whose means is small,
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new,

Good hospitality
 Was cherish'd then of many :
 Now poor men starve and die,
 And are not help'd by any ;
 For charity waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few :
 This was not in time of old,
 When this old cap was new.

Where ever you travell'd then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave knights and gentlemen,
 Clad in their country gray,
 That courteous would appear,
 And kindly welcome you :
 No puritans then were,
 When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black Jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
 In cups of silver fine ;
 None under the degree of a knight
 In plate drunk beer or wine :
 Now each mechanical man
 Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew ;
 Which was a rare thing then,
 When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
 No simony men did use ;
 Christians did usury scorn,
 Devis'd among the Jews.
 The lawyers to be fee'd
 At that time hardly knew ;
 For man with man agreed,
 When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd
 Nor spent poor soldiers' pay ;
 They were not so abus'd,
 As they are at this day :
 Of seven days they make eight,
 To keep from them their due ;
 Poor soldiers had their right,
 When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest ;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live ;
Lord mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

LIII.

THE MERCHANT'S SON, AND BEGGAR-
WENCH OF HULL.

YOUNG gallants all, I pray draw near,
And you this pleasant jest shall hear,
How a poor beggar-wench of Hull
A merchant's son of York did gull.

One morning on a certain day,
He cloath'd himself in rich array,
And took with him, as it is told,
The sum of sixty pounds in gold.

So mounting on a prancing steed,
He towards Hull did ride with speed,
Where, in his way, he chanc'd to see
A beggar-wench of base degree.

She asked him for some relief,
And said, with seeming tears of grief,
That she had neither house nor home,
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He seemed to lament her case,
And said, "Thou hast a pretty face,
"And if thou'lt lodge with me," he cried,
"With gold thou shalt be satisfied."

Her silence seem'd to give consent,
So to a little house they went :
The landlord laugh'd to see him kiss
The beggar-wench and ragged miss.

He needs would have a supper drest,
And call'd for liquor of the best,
And there they took off bumpers free,
The jovial beggar-wench and he.

A dose she gave him, as 'tis thought,
Which by the landlady was bought ;
For all the night he lay in bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did she put on all his cloaths,
His coat, his breeches, and his hose,
His hat and periwig likewise,
And seiz'd upon the golden prize.

Her greasy petticoat and gown,
In which she rambled up and down,
She left the merchant's son in lieu,
Her bag of bread and bacon too.

Down stairs like any spark she goes,
Ten guineas to the host she throws,
At which he smil'd, she went her way,
And ne'er was heard of from that day.

When he had took his long repose,
He look'd about and miss'd his cloaths,
And saw her rags left in the room,
How he did storm, and fret and fume !

Yet wanting cloaths and friends in town,
Her ragged petticoat and gown,
He did put on, and mounting straight,
Bemoaned his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the dress
Which he was in ; yet, ne'ertheless,
He homewards rid, and often swore
He'd never kiss a beggar more.

LIV.

“The Felon Sowe, and the Freeres of Richmonde”

[in Yorkshire].

The following ballad is taken from the History of Craven by Whitaker, who printed it from a manuscript in his possession. The author, says Mr. Whitaker, has told the story “with great spirit, and in a vein of flowing and harmonious verse. The manners are strictly correct. A mendicant friar would fight for a bacon hog as eagerly as a knight would encounter a wild-boar. The manners of chivalry too are every where kept in view. The circumstances of the poem do not enable me to fix its date. It does not appear when Freer Theobald was warden; and if it did, the poem may have been written long after the incident happened. From the style I should suppose it to be prior to the reign of Henry VII.”

The editor of this collection has subjoined such explanations as appeared to be necessary for the convenience of the general reader. The humour which pervades this ballad is rarely to be found in compositions of the period in which it was written.

YE men that will of aunteers* wyne,
 That late within this land hath been,
 Of one I can you tell ;
 Of a sow that was sae strong,
 Alas, that ever she lived sae long !
 For fell † folk did she whell.‡

She was more than other three,
 The grisliest beast that ever might be,
 Her head was great and grey :

* Aunteers, i. e. adventures. It is proper to inform the reader that Mr. Whitaker prints, as the reading of his MSS.

“ Ye men that wylle of *auncestors* wyne,”

and subjoins a note to state that he “ does not understand this expression.” His only difficulty appears to be about the word *wyne*, which “ he does not understand,”—but which signifies to take amusement, or pleasure in any thing : but the real difficulty is about the word “ *auncestors*,” as given by him ; for it is irreconcilable with the remaining part of the stanza. He prints the first verse of the eighth stanza,

“ These men of *auncestors* were so wight,”

which does not seem defensible. The word is probably contracted in the MSS. and written *auntrs*, which Mr. Whitaker has erroneously converted into “ *auncestors*.” The word *aunteers* is, I presume, the genuine reading ; it has at least the merit of eliciting sense in two stanzas which are otherwise unintelligible, and on this account I have adopted it in the text.

† Many, from the Saxon, *fele*.

‡ Kill.

She was bred in Rokeby wood,
 There were few that thither yood,*
 That came on † live away.

Her walk was endlang ‡ Greta Side,
 Was no barn that could her bide,
 That was frae § heaven to hell,
 Ne never man that had that might,
 That ever durst come in her sight,
 Her force it was so fell.||

Ralph of Rokeby with full good will,
 The freers of Richmond yaf ¶ her tyll,**
 Full well to gar †† them fare ;
 Freer Middleton by name,
 He was sent to fetch her hame, ‡‡
 It rued him syne §§ full sare.

With him took he wight. ||| men two,
 Peter of Dale was one of tho,
 T' other was Bryan of Beare,
 That well durst strike with sword and knife,
 And fight full manfully for their life,
 What time as musters ¶¶ were.

* Went.	† i. e. alive.	‡ Along.
§ From.	Terrible.	¶ Gave.
** To.	†† Make.	‡‡ Home.
§§ Then.	Brave.	¶¶ Needs.

These three men wended at their will,
 This felon * sow gwhy!† they came tyll,‡
 Liggand § under a tree,
 Rugged and rusty was her hair,
 She rose up with a felon fere,||
 To fight against the three.

Grisly was she for to meet,
 She rave the earth up with her feet,
 The bark came from the tree ;
 When freer Middleton her saugh,¶
 Wete ** ye well he list not laugh,
 Full earnsful looked he.

These men of aunters were so wight,
 They bound †† them bauldly ‡‡ for the fight,
 And struck at her full sore,
 Unto a kiln they garred §§ her flee,
 Would God send them the victory,
 They would ask him no more.

The sow was in that kiln hole down,
 And they were on the bank aboon ||||
 For ¶¶ hurting of their feet

- | | | | |
|---|----------|----------|----------|
| * Fierce. | † Till. | ‡ To. | § Lying. |
| Gesture. | ¶ Saw. | ** Know. | |
| †† Bound them, i. e. made themselves ready. | | | |
| ‡‡ Boldly. | §§ Made. | Above. | |
| ¶¶ i. e. for fear of. | | | |

They were so sauted* with this sow,
 That 'mong them was a stalwarth stew,
 The kiln began to reek.

Durst no man nigh her with his hand,
 But put a rope down with a wand,
 And heltered† her full meek.
 They hauled her forth again‡ her will,
 While they came until§ a hill,
 A little from the street.

And there she made them such a fray
 As had they lived until Domesday
 They could it ne'er forget.
 She braded|| up on every side,
 And ran on them gaping full wide,
 For nothing would she let.¶

She gave such hard brades** at the band
 That Peter of Dale had in his hand,
 He might not hold his feet,
 She chased them so to and fro
 The wight men never were so wo,
 Their measure was not mete.

* Assaulted. † Haltered. ‡ Against.

§ Unto. || Started forth or issued with violence.

¶ Stop.

** Assaults.

She bund her boldy for to bide,
 To Peter of Dale she came aside,
 With many a hideous yell;
 She gaped so wide, and cried so high,
 [When Bryan of Beare came her nigh,]*
 As if a fiend of hell.

[The MS. is defective here.]

Thou are comed hither for some train,†
 I conjure thee to go again,
 Where thou art wont to dwell.
 He signed him with cross and creed,
 Took forth a book; began to read,
 Of saint John‡ his gospel.

The sow she would no Latin hear,
 But rudely rushed at the frere,
 That blinked all his ble;§
 And when she would have taken hold
 The freer leapt as I. H. S. would,
 And bealed|| him with a tree.

She was as brim ¶ as any boar,
 And gave a grisly hideous roar,
 To them it was no boot,

* The words within the bracket here, and throughout the ballad, are supplied by the editor of this collection.

† Mischievous purpose; train signifies literally a snare or stratagem.

‡ A portion of Scripture supposed to be peculiarly efficacious on these occasions. § Lost his colour, or became pale.

|| Sheltered.

¶ Fierce or raging.

On tree and busk* that by her stood,
 She venged her as she were woode, †
 And rave them up by the root.

He said, alas that I was freer!
 I shall be lugged asunder here
 Hard is my destiny!
 Y-wist‡ my brethren in this hour,
 That I was set in sik a stour,§
 They would pray for me.

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
 Twan the rope from t'other two
 And then they fled all three;
 They fled away by Watling-street,
 They had no succour but their feet,
 It was the more pity.

FIT THE SECOND.

When freer Middleton came home,
 His brethren were full fain || ilchone ¶
 And thanked God for his life;
 He told them all unto the end,
 How he had foughten with a fiend,
 And went through mickle strife.

* i. e. bush.

† Mad.

‡ Knew.

§ Perilous situation.

|| Glad.

¶ Each one.

And Peter of Dale would never blin,*
 But as fast as he could rint†
 Till he came to his wife :
 The warden said, I am full wo
 That you should be tormented so,
 An had we with you been.

Had we been there your brethren all,
 We would have garred the carl fall,
 That wrought you all this teen.‡
 But Middleton he answered nay,
 In faith you would have run away,
 When most mister§ had been,
 You can all speak wordes at home,
 The fiend would ding|| you down ilk one,
 An it be as I ween.

He looked so grisly all that night,
 The warden said yon man would fight,
 If ye say ought but good :
 The beast hath grieved him so sore,
 Hold your tongues and speak no more,
 He looks as he were woode.¶

The warden waged** on the morn,
 Two boldest men that ever was born,
 I ween, or ere shall be ;

* Stop. † Run. ‡ Grief. § Need.
 || Strike or push down. ¶ Mad. ** Hired.

Th' one was Gilbert Griffin's son,
 Full mickle worship had he won
 Both by land and sea.

T' other a bastard son of Spain,
 Many a Saracen had he slain,
 His dint* had garred them flee.
 These men the battle undertook,
 Against the sow, as saith the book,
 And sealed security,

That they should boldy bide and fight,
 And scomfit† her in main and might,
 Or therefore should they die.
 The warden sealed to them again,
 And said if ye in field be slain
 This condition make I;

We shall for you sing and read,
 Until Doomsday with hearty speed,
 With all our progeny,
 Then the letters were well made,
 The bonds were bound with seals brade‡
 As deed of arms should be.§

* Blows.

† Discomfit.

‡ Broad.

§ The allusions to the ceremonies observed in chivalry are admirably kept up, the indentures of military service were executed with every legal formality.

These men at arms were so wight,
 And with their armour burnished bright,
 They went the sow to see;
 She made at them sike a roar,
 That for her they feared sore,
 And almost bound* to flee.

She came running them again,†
 And saw the bastard son of Spain,
 He braded‡ out his band,
 Full spiteously at her he strake,
 Yet for the fence that he could make,
 She strake it from his hand,
 And rave asunder half his shield,
 And bare him backward in the field,
 He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven [his armour],
 But Gilbert with his sword of war
 He strake at her full sore;
 In her shoulder he held the sword,
 Then was Gilbert sore afraid
 When the blade brake in twang.

And when in hand he had her ta'en,
 She took him by the shoulder bane,§
 And held her hold full fast,

* Prepared. † Against. ‡ Drew out quickly.
 § Bone.

He strave so stifly in that stour,*
 She bit through all his rich armour,
 Till blood came out at last.

Then Gilbert grieved was so sare,
 That he rave off the hide of hair,
 The flesh came from the bone,
 And with force he held her there,
 And wan her worthily in war,
 And band her him alone.

They hoisted her on a horse so heet
 On two [broad banches] of [a] tree,
 And to Richmond anon.
 When they saw the felon come,
 They sang merrily 'Te Deum,
 The freers everichone.

They thanked God and Saint Francis
 That they had won the beast of pris,‡
 And ne'er a man was slain,
 There never did man more manly,
 The knight Marous or sir Guy,
 Nor Lewis of Lorrain.

If you will any more of this
 I th'§ freer|| at Richmond written it is
 In parchment good and fine

* Battle. † High ‡ Value.

§ In the. || Grey Friars

How freer Middleton so hende,*
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend,
In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
That freer Theobald was warden then,
And this fell in his time.
And Christ them bless both far and near,
All that for solace this do hear,
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph of Rokeby, with full good will,
The freers of Richmond gave her till,
This sow, to mend their fare :
Freer Middleton by name,
He would bring the felon hame,
That rued him syne full sare.

* Affable

LV.

“ TRUTH'S INTEGRITY ;

OR,

A curious Northern Ditty, called, Love will find
out the Way.”

To a pleasant new tune.

[From a black letter copy by F. Coules.]

This excellent old song is printed by Percy in a very mutilated state, wanting the whole of the second part, and two stanzas in the first, besides numerous corrections of the text. This however is not to be imputed to the Bishop as a fault, as he candidly informs his readers that he could not obtain a sight of the ancient edition, and has been obliged to print from modern defective copies.

OVER the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are the steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat she dares not venture,
Least herself fast she lay,
But if love come he will enter,
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse,
But if he whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind,
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
 Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east ;
With fear the tigers moved,
 To give over their prey,
But never stop a lover,
 He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
 And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy Earl of Warwick,
 That champion so stout,
With his warlike behaviour,
 Through the world he did stray
To win his Phillis' favour,
 Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
 Bevis so brave,
After adventures
 And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
 His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
 Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knit,
Undo you cannot,
Nor yet break it ;
Make use of your inventions,
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you ne'er so hardy
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors,
In any provinces,
Such is love's power,
There is no resisting,
But him to obey,
In spite of all contesting
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare ;
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Will come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er,
If the seas should o'erthwart him
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent ;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

LVI.

EARLY MARRIAGE RECOMMENDED.

[From Playford's Introduction to Music, 3d edition, 1660.]

GATHER your rose buds while you may,
Old time is still a flying ;
And that same flower that smiles to day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

LVII.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY ;

Containing the lamentable Murder of Horatio
and Bellimperia :- with the pitiful death of old
Hieronimo.

To the tune of Queen Dido.

You that have lost your former joys,
And now in woe your lives do lead ;
Feeding on nought but dire annoys,
Thinking your griefs all griefs exceed :
Assure yourselves it is not so ;
Lo here a sight of greater woe.

Hapless Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long ;
But now her flattering smiles I blame,
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had died in tender years :
Then had not been this cause to fears.

I marshal was in prime of years,
 And won great honour in the field ;
 Until that age with silver'd hairs
 My aged head had overspread.

Then left I war and staid at home,
 And gave my honour to my son.

Horatio, my sweet only child,
 Prickt forth by Fame's aspiring wings,
 Did so behave him in the field,
 That he prince Balthazer captive brings.
 And with great honour did present
 Him to the king incontinent.

The duke of Castile's daughter then
 Desir'd Horatio to relate
 The death of her beloved friend,
 Her love Andrea's woeful fate.

But when she knew who had him slain,
 She vow'd she would revenge the same.

Then more to vex prince Balthazer,
 Because he slew her chiefest friend ;
 She chose my son for her chief flower,
 Thereby meaning to work revenge.

But mark what then did straight befall,
 To turn my sweet to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then to find the cause,
Why that his sister was unkind ;
At last he found within a pause,
How he might sound her secret mind.

Which for to bring well to effect,
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his sight,
He threat'neth for to rid his life ;
Except straightways he should recite,
His sister's love, the cause of strife.
Compell'd, therefore, t'unfold his mind,
Said with Horatio she's combin'd.

The villain, then, for hope of gain,
Did straight convey them to the place
Where these two lovers did remain,
Joying in sight of other's face.
And to their foes they did impart
The place where they should joy their heart.

Prince Balthazer, with his compeers,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my son slain they uprear,
The more to work my greater spite.
But as I lay and took repose,
A voice I heard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senseless form,
The murderers I sought to find,
But missing them, I stood forlorn,
As one amazed in his mind.

And rent and pull'd my silver'd hair,
And curs'd and damn'd each thing was there.

And that I would revenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood :
Swearing to work their woeful bane,
'That so had spoil'd my chiefest good.
And that I would not it forget,
It always at my heart I kept.

SECOND PART.

Then Isabella, my dear wife,
Finding her son bereav'd of breath,
And loving him dearer than life
Her own hand straight doth work her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one ;
My griefs are come, my joys are gone.

Then frantiely I ran about,
Filling the air with mournful groans,
Because I had not yet found out
The murderers to ease my moans.

I rent and tore each thing I got,
And said, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The duke of Castile's house, as then
A letter there I did espy,
Which show'd Horatio's woeful end.
Which Bellimperia forth had flung,
From prison, where they kept her strong.

Then to the court forthwith I went,
And of the king did justice crave ;
But by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my poignard ript the ground.

But false Lorenzo put me out,
And told the king then by and by,
That frantiely I ran about,
And of my son did always cry,
And said, twere good I would resign
My marshal-ship, which griev'd my mind.

The duke of Castile hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his son,
Did send for me to make us friends ;
To stay the rumour then begun.

Whereto I straightway gave consent,
Although in heart I never meant.

Sweet Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my son I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot :

But when we knew each other's mind,
To work revenge a mean I find.

Then bloody Balthazer enters in,
Entreating me to shew some sport
Unto his father and the king :
That to his nuptial did resort.

Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
Because I knew 'twould work their woe.

And from the chronicles of Spain,
I did record Erastus' life ;
And how the Turk had him so slain,
And straight revenge wrought by his wife.

Then for to act this tragedy,
I gave their parts immediately.

Sweet Bellimperia Balthazer kills,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I Lorenzo's blood did spill,
And eke his soul to hell did send.
Then died my foes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to specify my wrongs,
With weeping eyes and mournful heart,
I shew'd my son with bloody wounds,
And eke the murderers did impart.
And said, my son was as dear to me,
As thine, or thine, though kings you be.

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had slain their only sons :
The duke, the viceeroy, and the king,
Upon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they do prepare,
Unless I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did give it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong.
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrows me opprest.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.

Then feigned I my pen was naught,
And by strange signs a knife I sought.

But when to me they gave the knife,
I kill'd the duke then standing by,
And eke myself bereav'd of life,
For I to see my son did hie.

The kings that scorn'd my grief before,
With nought can they their joys restore.

Here have you heard my tragic tale,
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewail,
But that in it the murderers' ends.

For murder God will bring to light,
Though long it be hid from man's sight.

LVIII.

Roman Charity, a worthy example of a Virtuous Wife, who fed her Father with her own milk, he being commanded by the Emperor to be starved to death, but afterwards pardoned.

IN Rome, I read, a nobleman
 The emperor did offend,
 And for that fault he was adjudg'd
 Unto a cruel end :
 That he should be in prison cast,
 With irons many a one,
 And there be famish'd unto death,
 And brought to skin and bone.

And more, if any one were known,
 By night, or yet by day,
 To bring him any kind of food,
 His hunger to allay,
 The emperor swore a mighty oath,
 Without remorse, quoth he,
 They shall sustain the cruellest death
 That can devised be.

This cruel sentence once pronounc'd,
The nobleman was cast
Into a dungeon dark and déep,
With irons fetter'd fast :
Where, when he had with hunger great
Remained ten days space,
And tasted neither meat nor drink,
In a most woeful case ;

The tears along his aged face
Most piteously did fall,
And grievously he did begin
For to complain withal :
O Lord, quoth he, What shall I do,
So hungry, Lord, am I ?
For want of bread, one bit of bread
I perish, starve, and die !

How precious is one grain of wheat,
Unto my hungry soul,
One crust, or crumb, or little piece,
My hunger to controul !
Had I this dungeon heap'd with gold,
I would forego it all,
To buy and purchase one brown loaf,
Yea, were it ne'er so small.

O that I had but ev'ry day
 One bit of bread to eat,
 Tho' ne'er so mouldy, black, or brown,
 My comfort would be great ;
 Yea, albeit I took it up,
 Trod down in dirt and mire,
 It would be pleasing to my taste,
 And sweet to my desire.

Good lord ! how happy is the hind,
 That labours all the day,
 The drudging mule, the peasant poor,
 That at command do stay,
 They have their ordinary meals,
 They take no heed at all,
 Of those sweet crumbs and crusts that they
 Do carelessly let fall.

How happy is that little chick,
 That without fear may go
 And pick up those most precious crumbs
 Which they away do throw :
 O that some pretty little mouse
 So much my friend would be,
 To bring some old forsaken crust
 Into this place to me,

But oh ! my heart, it is in vain,
No succour can I have,
No meat, nor drink, nor water eke,
My loathed life to save :
O bring some bread for Christ his sake,
Some bread, some bread for me ;
I die, I die for want of food,
None but stone walls I see.

Thus day and night he cried out,
In most outrageōus sort,
That all the people far and near
Were griev'd at this report.
And tho' that many friends he had
And daughters in the town,
Yet none durst come to succour him,
Fearing the emperor's frown.

Yet now behold one daughter dear
He had, as I do find,
Who liv'd in his displeasure great,
For matching 'gainst his mind.
Altho' she liv'd in mean estate,
She was a virtuous wife,
And for to help her father dear,
She ventur'd thus her life.

She quickly to her sisters went,
And of them did intreat,
That by some secret means they would
Convey their father meat.
Our father dear doth starve, she said,
The emperor's wrath is such,
He dies, alas ! for want of food,
Whereof we have too much.

Pray, sisters, therefore, use some means
His life for to preserve,
And suffer not your father dear
In prison for to starve.
Alas ! quoth they, what shall we do
His hunger to sustain ?
You know 'tis death for any one
That would his life maintain.

And tho' we wish him well, quoth they,
We never will agree
To spoil ourselves ; we had as lief
That he should die as we.
And, sister, if you love yourself,
Let this attempt alone,
Tho' you do ne'er so secret work,
At length it will be known,

Oh ! hath our father brought us up
And nourish'd us, quoth she,
And shall we now forsake him quite,
In his extremity ?

No, I will venture life and limb,
To do my father good ;
The worst that is, I can but die,
To fit a tyrant's mood.

With that in haste, away she hies,
And to the prison goes,
But with her woeful father dear
She might not speak, God knows ;
Except the emperor would grant
Her favour in that case,
The keeper would admit no wight
To enter in that place.

Then she unto the emperor hies,
And falling on her knee,
With wringed hands, and bitter tears,
These words pronounced she,
My hopeless father, sovereign lord,
Offending of your grace,
Is judg'd unto a pining death,
Within a woeful place,

Which I confess he hath deserv'd,
Yet, mighty prince, quoth she,
Vouchsafe in gracious sort, to grant
One simple boon to me :
It chanced so, I match'd myself
Against my father's mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
As fortune hath assign'd.

And seeing now the time is come,
He must resign his breath,
Vouchsafe that I may speak to him
Before his hour of death :
And reconcile myself to him,
His favour to obtain ;
That when he dies, I may not then
Under his curse remain.

The emperor granted her request
Conditionally, that she
Each day unto her father came,
Should thoroughly searched be.
No meat nor drink she with her brought
To help him there distrest,
But every day she nourish'd him
With milk from her own breast.

Thus by her milk he was preserv'd
A twelvemonth and a day,
And was as fair and fat to see,
Yet no man knew which way :
The emperor musing much thereat,
At length did understand
How he was fed, and not his law
Was broke at any hand.

And much admired at the same ;
And her great virtue shone :
He pardon'd him, and honour'd her
With great preferments known.
Her father ever after that,
Did love her as his life.
And blest the day that she was made
A loving wedded wife.

LIX.

A most notable Example of an ungracious Son, who in pride of his heart denied his own father, and how God for his offence turned his meat to loathsome toads.

To the tune of Lord Derby.

IN searching famous chronicles;
 It was my chance to read,
 A worthy story strange and true,
 Whereto I took good heed :
 Betwixt a father and a son,
 This rare example stands,
 Which well may move the hardest heart
 To weep and wring their hands.

A farmer in the country liv'd,
 Whose substance did excel,
 He sent, therefore, his eldest son,
 In Paris for to dwell.
 Where he became a merchant man,
 And traffick great he used,
 So that he was exceeding rich,
 Till he himself abused :

For having now the world at will,
His mind was fully bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonness,
Till all his goods were spent :
Yet through excessive riotness,
By him was shewed forth,
That he was three times more in debt,
Than all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit was quite crack'd,
And he in prison cast,
And every man against him then
Did set his action fast :
Then he lay lockt in irons strong,
For ever and for aye,
Unable, while his life did last,
This grievous debt to pay.

And living in this woful case,
His eyes with tears he spent,
The lewdness of his former life
Too late he did repent :
And being void of all relief,
Of help and comfort quite,
Unto his father at the last,
He thus began to write :

Bow down awhile your heedful ear,
My loving father dear,
And grant, I pray, in gracious sort,
My piteous plaint to hear;
Forgive the foul offences all
Of your unworthy son;
Which, through the lewdness of his life,
Hath now himself undone :

O my good father, take remorse,
On this my extreme need,
And succour his distressed case,
Whose heart for woe doth bleed :
In direful dungeon here I lie,
My feet in fetters fast,
Where my most cruel creditors
In prison have me cast.

Let pity, therefore, pierce your breast,
And mercy move your mind,
And to relieve my misery,
Some shift, dear father, find :
My chiefest cheer is bread full brown,
The boards my softest bed,
And flinty stones my pillows serve,
To rest my troubled head.

My garments are all worn to rags,
My body starves with cold,
And creeping vermin eat my flesh,
Most grievous to behold :
Dear father, come therefore with speed,
And rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in prison die,
Sith for your help I call.

The good old man no sooner had
Perus'd this written scroll,
But trickling tears along his cheeks
Most plenteously did roll :
Alas, my son, my son, quoth he,
In whom I joyed most,
Thou shalt not long in prison lie,
Whatever it may cost.

Two hundred head of well-fed beast,
He changed into gold,
Four hundred quarters of good corn,
For silver eke he sold :
But all the same could not suffice,
This heinous fact to pay,
Till at the last constrained was,
To sell his land away.

Then was his son released quite,
His debt discharged clean,
And he as like and well to live,
As he before had been :
Then, when his loving father dear,
Who, for to help his son,
Had sold his living quite away,
And eke himself undone :

So that he lived poor and bare,
And in such extreme need,
That many times he wanted food,
His hungry corps to feed.
His son, mean time, in wealth did grow,
Whose substance now was such,
That sure within the city then,
Few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still increase,
And riches it did slide,
So more and more his hardened heart
Did swell in hateful pride.
It fell out upon a time,
When ten years woe was past,
Unto his son he did repair,
For some relief at last.

And being come unto his house,
In very poor array,
It chanced so that with his son
Great store should dine that day.
The poor old man, with hat in hand,
Did then the porter pray,
To shew his son, that at the gate
His father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainful wretch,
With taunting speeches said,
That long ago his father's bones
Within the grave was laid :
What rascal, then, is this ? quoth he,
That staineth thus my state,
I charge thee, porter, presently,
To drive him from my gate.

Which answer when the old man heard,
He was in mind dismay'd,
He wept, he wail'd, and wrung his hands,
And thus at length he said :
O cursed wretch, and most unkind,
And worker of my woe,
Thou monster of humanity,
And eke thy father's foe.

Have I been careful of thy case,
 Maintaining still thy state,
 And dost thou now most doggedly
 Enforce me from thy gate?
 And have I wrong'd thy brethren all,
 From thrall to set thee free,
 And brought myself to beggar's state,
 And all to succour thee!

Woe worth the time that first of all
 Thy body I espied,
 Which hath in hardness of thy heart,
 Thy father's face denied.
 But now, behold, how God that time
 Did shew a wonder great,
 Then, when his son and all his friends
 Were sitting down at meat;

For when the fairest pie was cut,
 A strange and dreadful case,
 Most ugly toads came crawling out,
 And leaped in his face:
 Then did this wretch his fault confess,
 And for his father sent,
 And for his great ingratitude,
 Full sore he did repent.

All virtuous children, learn by this,
 Obedient hearts to shew,
 And honour still your parents dear,
 For God commanded so.
 And think how he did turn his meat
 To poisonous toads indeed,
 Which did his father's face deny,
 Because he stood in need.

LX.

An excellent Ballad of the Mercer's Son of Midhurst,
 and the Clothier's Daughter of Guilford.

To the tune of Dainty, come to me.

THERE was a wealthy man,
 In Sussex he did dwell,
 A mercer by his trade,
 As many yet can tell:
 He had a youthful son,
 Whom fancy did so move,
 He cried night and day,
 Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
Beauty disdaineth me,
The clothier's daughter dear
Works my calamity ;
She hath my heart in hold,
That did most cruel prove,
Thus cried he night and day,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
Fortune so sore doth frown,
The jewel of my heart
Dwelleth in Guilford town :
There lives the lamp of life,
For whom this pain I prove,
Fair Phillis pity me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
And can no comfort find,
The clothier's daughter dear,
Beareth too high a mind :
Sweet beauties paragon,
Fair Venus' silver dove,
Fair Phillis pity me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
 Whilst thou dost laugh and smile,
 Let not thy pleasure be
 True love for to beguile:
 My life lies in your hand,
 Then as it doth behove,
 Slay not the mercer's son,
 Alack, I die for love.

If that my beauty bright
 Doth grieve thy heart (quoth she)
 Then let the mercer's son
 Turn still his face from me:
 I do no man disdain,
 Nor can I cruel prove,
 My heart must still say nay
 Where my heart cannot love.

Where my heart cannot love,
 Lovers all must I shun,
 The clothier's daughter thus
 Answered the mercer's son:
 I bear no lofty mind,
 Yet pity cannot move
 My mind to fancy him,
 Where my heart cannot love.

Where my heart cannot love,
 I must his love deny,
 Although I laugh and smile,
 Yet falshood I defy :
 Thou art too fond a man
 Life danger thus to prove,
 I'll not wed, good friend John,
 Where my heart cannot love.

What good can there befall,
 To that new married wife,
 Where goods and wealth is small,
 Want causeth deadly strife :
 But where wealth is at will,
 Experience oft doth prove,
 Though love at first is small,
 Yet goods increaseth love.

Yet goods increaseth love,
 And I will never wed,
 But where the key of gold
 Opens the door to bed :
 For she may merry be,
 What chance soever hap,
 Where bags of money comes
 Tumbling within her lap.

Tumbling within her lap,
 While she her gold doth tell,
 With such a husband, sir,
 I do delight to dwell :
 Were he young, were he old,
 Deform'd or fair in show,
 My pleasure still should be,
 Where pleasure still doth flow.

Where pleasure still doth flow,
 Is that your mind (quoth he)
 My father will bestow
 As much as comes to thee :
 Hadst thou five hundred pound,
 Five hundred more beside,
 My father will bestow,
 If thou wilt be my bride.

If thou wilt be my bride,
 Thus much I understand ;
 My father will give me
 His house and eke his land :
 So while that he doth live,
 With us he may remain,
 What says my heart's delight,
 Is this a bargain plain ?

This is a bargain plain,
(Quoth she) I am content,
So he perform this thing
I give thee my consent,
And I will merry be,
My mind shall not remove,
Thou shalt be my sweet-heart,
I'll be thy own true love.

I'll be thy own true love,
Then make no more delay,
I greatly long to see
Our marriage happy day.
To Midhurst in all haste
Goeth the mercer's son,
He told his father dear,
His true love he had won.

The old man hearing this,
Conveyed out of hand,
Assurance to his son,
Of all his house and land,
When he had done this deed,
He wept most bitterly,
Saying, my dearest son,
Thou must be good to me :

Well worth two hundred pounds
 This morning was I known,
 But the cloaths of my back
 Now nothing is my own :
 And all this I have done,
 Dear son, to pleasure thee,
 Think on thy father's love,
 And deal thou well with me.

Dear father, (quoth the son)
 If I do not do so,
 God pour upon my head,
 Hot vengeance, grief, and woe.
 The young man wedded was
 To his fair lovely bride,
 But wondrous grief and woe
 Therefore there did betide.

As after you shall hear,
 In the old man's complaint,
 A tale of greater grief
 Cannot your heart attain.
 A warning by this thing
 All men may understand,
 Lest they do come to live
 Under their children's hand.

LXI.

“The Life and Death of the Two Ladies of Finsbury, that gave Moor-fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry Cloaths in.”

To the tune of—Where is my true love?

[From “The Crown Garland of Golden Roses.”]

You gallant London damsels,
 A while to me give ear,
 And be you well contented
 With what you now shall hear ;
 The deeds of two kind ladies
 Before you shall appear :
 Oh maidens of London so fair,

At Finsbury there dyvelled
 A gallant noble knight,
 That for the love of Jesus Christ
 Desired for to fight :
 And so unto Jerusalem
 He went in armour bright :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

And charged both his daughters,
 Unmarried to remain,
 Till he from blessed Palestine
 Returned back again :
 And then two loving husbands
 For them he would attain :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

When he was gone from fair England,
 A knight of Rhodes to be :
 His daughters they were well content,
 Though born of good degree,
 To keep themselves in mean estate,
 Of living orderly :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
 Fair Mary, as is said,
 Who made a secret vow to God,
 To live and die a maid,
 And so a true professed nun,
 Herself with speed array'd :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

Her garments were of mourning black,
 Befitting her desires,
 Where at the house of Bethlehem,
 The abbess she requires
 An entertainment to be made
 To their melodious quires,
 Oh sweet singing maids so fair.

Where in the nunnery she remain'd,
Beloved many a year,
Still spending day and night in prayers,
For her old father dear,
Refusing worldly vanities,
With joy and pleasant cheer,
Oh heavenly blest maidens so fair.

And in the name of Jesus Christ,
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam gate,
Adjoining to Moor-field ;
These be the blessed springing fruits
That chastity doth yield :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

If that England's great royal queen
I should be made, quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
Good ladies, should I be :
There is no life that's half so sweet
As virgin's life, I see :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

Nor will I taste the joys of love,
Belong to marriage bed,
Nor to a king consent to yield
My blooming maidenhead :
Till from my father I do hear,
To be alive or dead :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

So virgin-like she spent her days,
 About this pleasant spring,
 And us'd herself from time to time,
 Upright in every thing,
 Which caus'd the ladies of this land
 Her noble praise to sing :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

The younger of the sisters nam'd
 Dame Annis fair and clear,
 Who framed there a pleasant well,
 By her esteemed dear ;
 Where wives and maidens daily came
 To wash both far and near :
 Oh heaven blest maidens so fair.

In it were all her earthly joys,
 Her comfort and delight,
 About the same remaining still,
 With pleasure day and night ;
 As glorious as the golden sun,
 In all his beams so bright :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

The lovely ladies of the land,
 Unto Dame Annis went,
 Persuading her this single life
 Was not the best content ;
 The married sort doth most command,
 Being still to pleasures bent :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.

And daily troops of London dames
Unto her did repair,
With purest lawn and cambric fine,
To wash both clear and fair :
And rich embroidered furnitures
Of child-bed linen rare :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

Thus lived these two sisters here,
As you have heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
And made them wrinkled old :
Then from their father news was brought,
How he was wrapt in mould :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

For the king of England soon,
The Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem,
With fame and victory ;
And brought their father's heart in lead,
Here buried for to be :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

This heart that spilt his dearest blood,
For Jesus Christ in heaven,
Being thus unto his daughters twain,
In kindness brought and given ;
Was mourned for three hundred days,
From morning unto even :
Oh maidens of London so fair.

And then with lamentations,
 Sweet maidens, being weary,
 Their aged father's noble heart
 Most solemnly did bury,
 And gave the place their father's name,
 As says our English story :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.
 Old sir John Fines, he had the name,
 Being buried in that place,
 Now since then called Finsbury,
 To his renown and grace,
 Which times to come shall not out wear,
 Nor yet the same deface :
 Oh maidens of London so fair.
 And likewise when those maidens died,
 They gave those pleasant fields,
 Unto our London citizens
 Which they most bravely build.
 And now are made most pleasant walks,
 That great contentment yield
 To maidens of London so fair.
 Where lovingly both man and wife,
 May take the evening air,
 And London dames to dry their cloaths
 May hither still repair,
 For that intent most freely given,
 By these two damsels fair,
 Unto the maidens of London for ever.

LXII.

SONG,

“ From the Lords Maske.”

By T. Campion. 1613.

Woo her, and win her, he that can,
 Each woman hath two lovers,
 So she must take and leave a man,
 Till time more grace discovers,
 This doth Jove to show that want,
 Makes beauty most respected,
 If fair women were more skant
 They would be more affected.*

Courtship and music suit with love,
 They are both works of passion,
 Happy is he whose words can move,
 Yet sweet notes help persuasion.
 Mix your words with music then,
 That they the more may enter,
 Bold assaults are fit for men,
 That on strange beauties venture.

* Esteemed, or valued.

LXIII.

CONSTANCY PROTESTED.

By Dr. Hughes.

[From Lawes's Ayres and Dialogues, the third part. 1658.]

[The third part of Lawes's Ayres is very rare.]

OFT have I swore I'd love no more,
Yet when I think on thee,
Alas, I cannot give it o'er,
But must thy captive be.
So many sweets and graces dwell
About thy lips and eyes,
That whosoever once is caught
Must ever be thy prize.

Sure thou hast got some cunning net,
Made by the god of fire,
That doth not only catch men's hearts,
But fixeth their desire ;
For I have laboured to get loose,
Some dozen years and more,
And when I think to be releas'd
I'm faster than before.

Then welcome, sweet captivity,
 I see there's no relief,
 Yet though she steal my liberty,
 I'll honour still the thief,
 And when I cannot hope to see
 Thee mistress of my pain,
 My comfort is that I do love
 Where I am lov'd again.

LXIV.

FREEDOM FROM CHARMS.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

Go, fair enchantress, charm no more,
 But give thy fascinations o'er,
 Since I have found a powerful spell
 That doth thy cunning art excel
 For when I think of thy disdain
 I'm free from witchcraft, or from pain.

When I was young and unbetray'd,
All then was oracle you said,
So innocent I was of guile
I thought love dwelt in every smile :
But now that cloud of youth is spent,
I find you'r all but compliment.
I'll love no more, I'll learn to hate,
I'll study to equivocate,
And all my pleasures now shall be
To cozen those would cozen me,
For love's best music runs (I find)
On fickle changes of the mind.

LXV.

CUPID'S ARTILLERY.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

ALAS, poor Cupid, art thou blind?
Canst not thy bow and arrows find?
Thy mother sure the wanton plays,
And lays them up for holidays.

Then Cupid, mark how kind I'll be,
 Because thou once wert so to me.
 I'll arm thee with such powerful darts,
 Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

My Chloris' arms shall be thy bow,
 Which none but love can bend, you know.
 Her precious hairs shall make the string,
 Which of themselves wound every thing,
 Then take but arrows from her eyes,
 And all you shoot at surely dies.

LXVI.

HOPELESS LOVE CUR'D BY DERISION.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

WHAT wilt thou pine or fall away,
 Because thy Daphne says thee nay?
 Wilt cross thine arms, or willow wear,
 Because that she is so severe?
 Fie, Shepherd, fie, this must not be,
 Thy Daphne then will laugh at thee.

No, if she needs will be unkind,
 On somewhat else divert thy mind.
 Go sport with wanton Amarillis,
 And dance with lovely nut-brown Phillis,
 For love's a shadow will deny,
 To follow thee, until thou fly.

Then, Corydon, do not despair
 For Daphne whom we all know fair,
 Let no proud beauty on your plains
 Destroy thy youth with her disdains,
 But if thou find her scorning thee,
 Think thus, she was not born for me.

LXVII.

A DOUBT RESOLV'D.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

FAIN would I love, but that I fear
 I quickly should the willow wear,
 Fain would I marry, but men say,
 When love is tied he will away,
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do,
 To cure these fears when e'er I woo?

The fair one she's a mark to all,
 The brown one doth each lovely call,
 The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,
 The rest will stoop to any prize,
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do,
 To cure these fears when e'er I woo ?

Young lover know it is not I,
 That wound with fear or jealousy,
 Nor do men ever feel those smarts,
 Until they have confin'd their hearts :
 Then, if you'll cure your fears, you shall
 Love neither fair, black, brown, but all,

LXVIII.

COUNSEL TO A MAID.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

CHLORIS when e'er you do intend
 To venture at a bosom friend,
 Be sure you know your servant well,
 Before your liberty you sell ;
 For love's a fever in young or old,
 That's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
 And men, you know, when e'er they please
 Can soon be sick of this disease,

Then wisely choose a friend that may
 Last for an age, not for a day,
 Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
 But from a mutual sympathy.
 To such a friend this heart engage,
 For he will count thee in old age,
 And kiss thy shallow wrinkl'd brow
 With as much joy as he doth now.

LXIX.

AMINTOR'S WELL-A-DAY.

By Dr. H. Hughes.

[From the third part of Lawes's Ayres.]

CHLORIS now thou art fled away,
 Amintor's sheep are gone astray,
 And all the joy he took to see
 His pretty lambs run after thee
 Is gone, is gone, and he always
 Sings nothing now but well-a-day!

His oaten pipe, that in thy praise
 Was wont to sing such roundelays,
 Is thrown away, and not a swain
 Dares pipe, or sing within his plain,
 'Tis death for any now to say
 One word to him, but well-a-day!

The maypole where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near Amintor since you went.

All that I ever heard him say,
Was Chloris, Chloris, well-a-day!

Upon those banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow,
O Chloris, Chloris, come away,
And hear Amintor's well-a-day!

LXX.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his shoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band ;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet aft her eye, confess'd the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she bless'd his well-tried faith,
Allow'd his tender claim ;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
 Their passion disapprov'd,
 And bad her wed Sir John the Græme,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.

At night they met as they were wont,
 Deep in a shady wood,
 Where on the bank beside the burn,*
 A blooming saugh-tree† stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
 The crafty Donald lay,
 The brother of Sir John the Græme,
 To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began :—My sire
 Your passion disapproves,
 And bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
 So here must end our loves !

My father's will must be obey'd,
 Nought boots me to withstand ;
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
 Shall bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd ;
 But may that happiness be thine
 Which I can never taste.

* Rivulet.

† Willow.

What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?
 Sir James the Ross replied,
 And will Matilda wed the Græme,
 Tho' sworn to be my bride ?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
 Than reave me of thy charms !
 Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
 Fast lock'd within her arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said,
 I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
 The grave shall be my bridal bed,
 Ere Græme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
 In witness of my troth,
 And every plague become my lot,
 That day I break my oath.

They parted thus : the sun was set,
 Up hasty Donald flies,
 And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
 He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
 And soon his sword he drew,
 For Donald's blade before his breast
 Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's slighted love,
 His wrongs sit on my arm :
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,
 And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd
 Frae Donald's head above,
 And thro' the brains and crashing bones
 His sharp edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
 A lump of breathless clay ;
 So fall my foes ! quoth valiant Ross,
 And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hied,
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
 And at Matilda's window stood,
 And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear !
 Awake, my love, awake ;
 Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
 A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
 His blood is on my sword ;
 And distant are my faithful men,
 Nor can assist their lord.

To Sky I'll now direct my way,
 Where my two brothers bide,
 And raise the valiant of the isles
 To combat on my side.

O, do not so ! the maid replies,
 With me till morning stay,
 For dark and dreary is the night,
 And dangerous is the way :

All night I'll watch you in the park,
 My faithful page I'll send,
 To run and raise the Ross's clan,
 Their master to defend.

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
 And wrapt him in his plaid,
 While trembling for her lover's fate,
 At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
 Till in a lowly glen
 He met the furious Sir John Græme,
 With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page ? he said :
 So late who did thee send ?
 I go to raise the Ross's clan
 Their master to defend.

For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear ?
The furious Græme replies,
Dishonour blast my name ! but he
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me, where is Sir James the Ross ?
I will thee well reward ;
He sleeps within Lord Buchan's park ;
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
And scour'd along the lea,
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Græme did say ;
Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night,
Or did he pass this way ?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Ross pass'd by,
He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hie.

By this he is at Edinburgh cross,
If horse and man hold good—
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
Brave Ross ! thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by those very means
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's shriek he heard ;
And up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
But ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man ;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight ;
But Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword ;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And pierc'd him in the side,
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,*
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,
O spare his life ! she cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.

* Hold.

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest denied ;
My race is run !—Adieu my love !
Then clos'd his eyes and died.

The sword yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew ;
I come, Sir James the Ross, she cried,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground
And bar'd her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

LXXI.

THE DOWY DEN.

A lady hearing her lover had fallen in single combat with
his rival, calls to her attendant boy :

O SEE you not yon bonny steed,
That eats beneath the tree ?
O tarry not, my little boy,
But bring him fast to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
Where fed the milk-white steed,
And brought him to the lady fair,
Who mounted him with speed.

The whip she plied—the courser flew,
The dust in clouds did rise,
And soon she spied the dowy* Den
Where her true lover lies.

But now the panting steed she stop'd,
And on the ground she sprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and bushes hung.

* Dowy signifies dismal.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
 And mournful to behold ;
 Above—the winds did doleful blow,
 Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
 Fast by the rueful flood ;
 A breathless corse outstretch'd he lay,
 And all besmear'd with blood.

O sigh of woe ! she cried and ran
 To where her lover lay,
 Then, like an aspin, quiv'ring stood,
 And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breast where oft thou, love-sick maid !
 Hast laid thy languid head,
 Doth now present the ghastly wound
 Made by the deathful blade.

Those yellow locks, that oft with joy
 Thy lily hand hath bound,
 Toss'd by the wind, now loosely flow
 Neglected on the ground.

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
 Where glow'd at morn the rose !
 Those beauteous eyes the sleep of death
 Doth now for ever close.

In silent anguish fix'd she stood,
And o'er the body hung,
Then stooping, grasp'd and kiss'd the hand,
And sighing, thus begun :

Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have
My faithful heart to shake ;
For thee it beat, O much-lov'd boy !
For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think
His sword could us disjoin ?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine ?

Then, haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride ;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and see
How low thy daughter lies ;
From crossing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes rise.

O hapless youth !—But ah ! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could say ;
Then softly sunk upon his breast,
And breath'd her soul away.

LXXII.

DUNCAN. A FRAGMENT.

Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride,
 Red anger in his eye?
 I saw him not, nor care, he cried;
 Red anger frights na' me.

For I have stuid whar honour bade,
 Tho' death trod on his heel:
 Mean is the crest that stoops to fear;
 Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind
 That thro' the ha' did sing?
 Hark! hark! agen: a warlike shout
 The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bold Duncan cried,
 Sic shoutings on the wind:
 Syne up he started frae his seat,
 A thrang o' spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes* mare to fallow me ;
 We 'll meet yon shouters by the burn ;
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speeds sae fast,
 Frae the slaw-marching thrang ?
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
 The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap :
 Then not of peace, I trow :
 My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
 And say these words to you.

Restore agen that bluming rose,
 Your rude hand pluck'd awa' ;
 Restore again his Mary fair,
 Or you shall rue the fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
 And shuik his forward spear :
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassal rout
 Of revel, sport, and play ;
 Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
 Lang ere this rufu' day.

* Once.

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine ;
 Our hearts together grew
 Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k—
 Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped :
 Bold Duncan said, in jeer,
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassel rout,
 Of revel, sport, and play ;
 Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine ;
 Our hearts together grew
 Like twa sweet roses on ae' sta'k—
 Frae hate to love he flew.

He stamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
 And thus in wrath did say :
 God strik my saul if fra this field
 We baith in life shall gae.

He wav'd his hand ; the pipes they play'd,
 The targets clatter'd round,
 And now between the meeting faes
 Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast ?
 Her feet nae stap they find :
 Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud
 Upon the simmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,
 She show'd of lily hue :
 Sae frae the gray mist breaks the sun
 To drink the morning-dew.

Alake, my friends ! what sight is this ?
 Oh, stap your rage, she cried :
 Whar love with honey'd lip should be,
 Mak not a breach sae wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,
 My husband's breast to bleid ?
 Or can my sweet lord do to him
 Sic foul and ruthless deid ?

Bethink ye, uncle, of the time
 My gray-hair'd father died :
 Frae whar your shrill horn shuik the wood,
 He sent for you wi' speed :

My brother, gard my barn, he said :
 She has nae father soon :
 Regard her, Donald, as your ain :
 I'll ask nae ither boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,
 Whar love it cou'd na' be,
 Or wed me to the man I hate ?
 Was this his care of me ?

Can these brave men, who but of late
 Together chas'd the deer,
 Against their comrades bend their bows,
 In bluidy hunting here ?

She spake, while trickling ran the tears
 Her blushing check along ;
 And silence, like a heavy cloud,
 O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
 Threescore his years and three ;
 Yet a' the strength of strongest youth
 In sic an eild had he :

Nae pity was there in his breast ;
 For war alane he lo'd ;
 His gray een sparkled at the sight
 Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What ! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
 Bend to a woman's sang ?
 Or can her words our honour quit
 For sic dishonest wrang ?

For this did a' these warriors come,
 'To hear an idle tale ;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
 Shall silly tears prevail ?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
 They clash'd their steely swords
Like the loud waves of Bara's shore ;
 There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied :
 O uncle ! hear my prayer :
Heed na' that man of bluidy look ;—
 She had nae time for mair ;

For in the midst anon there came
 A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae off her Duncan's targe,
 And strack her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, syne she fell,
 And Duncan see'd her fa' :
Astound he stood ; for in his limbs
 There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
 Stood fix'd within his hand :
His lips, half open, cou'd na' speak :
 His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

Cætera desunt.

LXXIII.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

YE mountains so dreary and dread,
 To whom I so often repair,
 In pity fall down on my head,
 And snatch me at once from despair.

In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,
 Let your thunders avengingly roll,
 And death kindly hush to repose
 The Ætna that bursts on my soul.

Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,
 And honour'd with Beverley's name :
 Yet how has the conjugal bed
 Been steep'd in pollution and shame ?

To the fondest and worthiest youth,
All spotted and perjur'd I stand ;
And this ring, which once swore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour
That first I saw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endless disgrace.

From Time's swiftly-silvering wing
This instant O let it be torn ;
And pluck from Remembrance a sting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's purest ray,
This bosom could consciously heave,
Despise every thought to betray,
And detest every wish to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and rest,
My days held the happiest race ;
And the night saw me equally blest,
In my Beverley's honest embrace :

But now one continued disguise,
I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art,
And teach every glance of my eyes
To conceal every wish of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverley's kiss,
What transport appears in my air !
Tho' his breast once the pillow of bliss,
Swells only with death and despair.

If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms ;
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reason compels my esteem.

Yet how to thy throne shall I run ;
For pardon, how can I exclaim ;
When every renewal of sun
Beholds a renewal of shame !

Nay, now while the guilt I detest,
My conscience so dreadfully wrings ;
This Clerimont grows on my breast,
And insensibly twists round the strings.

Distraction, this instant repair,
And seize the least atom of brain ;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fullness of pain !

Let mercy employ its own time,
 I dare not look upward that way ;
 For unless I desist from my crime,
 'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

LXXIV.

LORD GEORGE AND LADY DOROTHY.

WHEN all was wrapt in sable night,
 And nature sought repose,
 Forth from its grave the restless sprite
 Of Dorothy arose.

Her face was all beset with woe,
 Her cheeks were wan with care,
 Her eyes were parch'd and sunk with grief,
 That once so radiant were.

With solemn pace and awful gloom,
 And train with sorrow hung,
 She wander'd to that fatal room
 From whence her sorrows sprung.

And thrice she gave a piteous groan,
 And all unfurl'd her shroud,
 And thrice she sadly shook her head,
 And thus bespoke aloud :

Oh George, thou author of this scene,
 Thy downy dreams forsake ;
 'Tis injur'd Dorothy that calls,
 Injurious George awake !

Awake and hear that breathless voice,
 Which thy upbraidings brought,
 Awake and see that dreadful shade,
 Which thy ill treatment wrought.

Behold this babe, this embrio babe,
 That scarce has learn'd to live ;
 Say, monster, why did you destroy
 That life you sought to give ?

The means * were horrid as thy soul,
 The will was work divine ;
 That nought from me might ever grieve,
 To be a work of thine.

* By being frequently hurried about in a coach, and as often over-walked, she miscarried, when five months gone with child, and died the next day.

See what a havock thou hast made,
Vile pillager of time,
To blast the fruits that nature gave,
Before their summer prime.

How cou'd you, (none but you could do)
Cut off my morn so soon,
And let my lasting night come on
Before its perfect noon ?

How could you vow a lover's heart,
And yet that vow forsake ?
How could you win a virgin's heart,
Yet cause that heart to break ?

How could you to the prying world
Profess such show of joy,
Yet by your cruel deeds to me
These gilded words destroy ?

How have I strove in others' eyes
To be all chearful seen,
When by your wounding words my heart
Was bleeding all within ?

How have I on my bended knees
Implored your will to know ?
What have I not, to please that will,
Resolved to undergo ?

Why left I all that held one dear,
 (O dire decrees of fate !)
Why gave I pure untainted love
 For undeserved hate ?

When you were absent from my sight
 How restless have I been !
When you appear'd what joys I felt,
 Yet none in you were seen !

Wherein had nature wrought amiss,
 Or what had art defil'd ?
Nor time had any furrows made,
 Or any feature spoil'd.

My face as other faces fair,
 And I as others kind ;
Nor faulty more my eyes than yours,
 The fault was in thy mind.

There grew the beam that overcast
 The gifts which I possess ;
There lodg'd those savage poison'd shafts,
 That pierc'd my bleeding breast.

Why did you, base dissembling man,
 Such treacherous ills impart ?
To me——you only gave your hand,
 To others——gave your heart.

Why was I, wretched, singled out,
To skreen your deathless shame ;
Why was a false-one deem'd as wife,
While I but bore the name ?

With her you spent those pleasing hours
That did to me belong,
She in your eyes did all things right,
While I did all things wrong.

Why for these sufferings was I born,
Perfidious ! tell me why,
Ere I beheld thy faithless face,
Why suffered not to die ?

Nor laws nor human nor divine,
Could stop thy brutal will ;
Think on thy absent brother's wife,
Thy brother's widow still.

Still thou enjoy'st that guilty dame,
In rank incestuous bed ;
Think where will lodge thy guilty soul,
When from thy body fled.

Think on the deadly deeds you've done,
Think on the fatal change ;
Thy crimes rise higher in account
Than justice can avenge.

May spectres stare thee in the face,
May horrors guard thee round !
May conscience on thy footsteps tread,
And all thy thoughts confound.

May Egypt's plagues disturb thy rest,
And every loath'd disease ;
Till thou hast all my wrongs redrest,
May all these plagues increase.

And may the partners of thy joys
Be partners of thy pain ;
Till they have all my sorrows felt,
May pleasures be their bane.

And soft, the glow-worm calls me hence,
And ere it call on thee ;
Atone for every black offence :
Farewell—remember me.

LXXV.

"THE RENUING OF LOVE."

By Richard Edwards.

[From "the Paradise of Dainty Devises."]

IN going to my naked bed,
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
That long before had wept.
She sighed sore and sang full sweet,
To bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still,
In sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch,
And grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it,
Till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, Now have I found
This proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.
Then took I paper, pen and ink,
This proverb for to write,
In register for to remain
Of such a worthy wight:
As she proceded thus in song

Unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight
In place whereat she sat,
And proved plain there was no beast,
Nor creature bearing life
Could well be known to live in love,
Without discord and strife :
Then kissed she her little babe
And sware by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.

She said that neither king ne prince,
Ne lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove
Their manhood and their might.
When manhood shall be matched so
That fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors
Each other to embrace,
And leave their force that failed them,
Which did consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time,
And their full nature out :
Then did she sing as one that thought
No man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish ne fowl,
 Nor beast within her haunt;
 That met a stranger in their kind,
 But could give it a taunt;
 Since flesh might not indure,
 But rest must wrath succeed.
 And force who fight to fall to play,
 In pasture where they feed.
 So noble nature can well end
 The works she hath begun,
 And bridle well that will not cease
 Her tragedy in some ;
 Thus in her song she oft rehearst,
 As did her well behove,
 The falling out of faithful friends
 Renewing is of love.

I marvel much pardy, quoth she,
 For to behold the rout,
 To see man, woman, boy, and beast,
 To toss the world about.
 Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check,
 And some can smoothly smile,
 And some embrace others in arm,
 And there think many a wile.
 Some stand aloof at cap and knee,
 Some humble, and some stout,
 Yet are they never friend indeed
 Until they once fall out :

Thus ended she her song and said
 Before she did remove,
 The falling out of faithful friends
 Renewing is of love.

LXXVI.

THE PLEASURES OF LOVE.

[Attributed to Charles the Second.]

I PASS all my hours in a shady old grove,
 But I live not the day when I see not my love ;
 I survey ev'ry walk now my Phillis is gone,
 And sigh when I think we were there all alone
 O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
 Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bow'er, when I
 find [kind ;
 Where I once have been happy, and she has been
 When I see the print left of her shape in the green,
 And imagine the pleasure may yet come again :
 O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me ;

O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me :

And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

END OF VOL. III.



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