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THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

a

“ WILLIAM DUNBAR, THE GREATEST POET THAT SCOTLAND HAS PRODUCED.”—GEORGE ELLIS.

“ THIS DARLING OF THE SCOTTISH MUSES HAS BEEN JUSTLY RAISED TO A LEVEL WITH CHAUCER BY EVERY JUDGE OF POETRY TO WHOM HIS OBSOLETE LANGUAGE HAS NOT RENDERED HIM UNINTELLIGIBLE.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH NOTES, AND A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

BY DAVID LAING.



VOLUME FIRST.

EDINBURGH: MDCCCXXXIV.

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THE PREFACE.

It has generally been acknowledged that a complete edition of the works of such a Poet as DUNBAR, would form the best monument that could be erected to his genius. As such a tribute of respect to this old distinguished "Makar" is now for the first time offered, it may be proper to briefly point out the sources whence his poems have been collected.

It is well known that the early miscellaneous poetry of Scotland has been preserved to our times chiefly by means of two Manuscript Collections;—the one by GEORGE BANNATYNE, a burghess of Edinburgh, written in 1568,—the other, nearly of a coeval date, by Sir RICHARD MAITLAND of Lethington, a Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. The selections made of DUNBAR's poetry from these MSS. having been published by successive Editors,¹ with varied degrees of accuracy,

¹ The earliest was the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' in his publication of "THE EVERGREEN, being a collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by ALLAN RAMSAY. Edinburgh, Printed by Mr Thomas Ruddiman for the Publisher, at his shop, near the Cross." 1724. 2 vols. 12mo. The latest was JAMES SIEBALD, in his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the 13th Century to the Union of the Crowns." Edinburgh, 1802. 4 vols. 8vo.

it was essentially requisite, in collecting materials for this publication, to have a direct recourse to the originals. An examination was accordingly made of these as well as of such other MSS. as were known to contain any reliques of old Scottish poetry ;² in the course of which I could not overlook the printed fragments which had issued from the press of CHEPMAN and MYLLAR, (by whom printing was first introduced and practised in Scotland, in the year 1507,) as these include several of our Author's poems, printed most likely under his own inspection.

From these several sources I have endeavoured, by careful collation, to make as near an approach as was possible to the true text of the Author. With this view, the text of what seemed the best copy has been adopted, while the principal various readings are given in the Notes. The First Volume contains every Poem ascribed in these early MSS. to DUNBAR, printed entire and without mutilation, in arranging which it was obviously impracticable to attempt any thing like a chronological order, or even to adopt a minute separation of them into several classes. Poems, however, of the same character are brought together as nearly as possible :—that is, those of an Allegorical, Satirical, and Humorous character, are followed by such as have a reference to the Poet himself, whether in the form of Complaints, or of Addresses to James the Fourth for preferment, while his Moral and Devotional pieces form the sequel of the collection.

² Among these may be noticed ASLOANE'S MS., written during the minority of James the Fifth (in 1515), and consequently of an earlier date than any of the other collections. Unfortunately, as appears from the original table of contents, nearly one-half of the volume must have been lost or destroyed, and including evidently several poems by Dunbar. It is preserved in the Library of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck, Baronet.

The Poems in the Second Volume consist of the following divisions :—I. Poems ascribed to Dunbar. II. The *Flyting* of Dunbar and Kennedy. And, III. Poems by Walter Kennedy. I had also intended to have given Selections from the Minor Poets of the Reign of James the Fourth; and, in fact, had inserted a Fourth division, entitled, “Poems by Contemporaries of Dunbar;” but finding that by retaining these the work would necessarily be extended to three volumes, while the propriety of adding such selections might be considered as very questionable, the sheets were, on maturer consideration, cancelled.³

In the NOTES, I was anxious to retain all such as had been made by preceding Editors whenever the text was elucidated by them, contenting myself with making such additions as might explain the occasion upon which the poems were composed, or incidentally throw light on the manners and customs of the age. The GLOSSARY, which is appended, while it has received considerable aid from the Rev. DR JAMIESON’S valuable “*Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*,” may be regarded as little more than an enlargement of that which accompanies LORD HAILES’ volume;⁴ and it has afforded me much satisfaction, in

³ This will account for a break in the numbering of the pages near the middle of the Second Volume.

⁴ This volume is entitled “*ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS*. Published from the MS. of GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1568. Edinburgh: Printed by A. Murray and J. Cochran, for John Balfour, 1770.” 12mo, pp. xii. 332; and reprinted at Leeds, 1817, 8vo. A considerable part of the volume is occupied with Poems by Dunbar. These, without Lord Hailes’ Notes, or any additional poems, were reprinted as the “*Select Poems of Wil. Dunbar*. Part First. From the M.S. of George Bannatyne, Published 1568. Perth: Printed for R. Morison & Son, &c.” 1788. 12mo, pp. 100. No Second Part ever appeared.

having been thus enabled to follow the footsteps of an Editor, who, for learning, research, and judgment, was one of the brightest ornaments of our country during the last century.

During two successive visits to Cambridge, which I found to be requisite for examining MAITLAND'S MS.,⁵ I acknowledge with pleasure how much I was indebted to the politeness of the Rev. WILLIAM CRAWLEY, A.M., and the Rev. JOHN LODGE, A.M. (now principal Librarian to the University), Fellows of Magdalene College, for granting me access to the Pepysian Library, in which that MS. is deposited, and for the time which, in conformity with the restrictions imposed by the founder, these gentlemen alternately and cheerfully spent in attendance, while I was employed in transcribing.

At the same time, I had an opportunity of consulting the MS. collection of early Scottish poetry written by JOHN REIDPETH in 1623,⁶ which fortunately contains several of Dunbar's poems

⁵ There are two volumes preserved in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, but only that in folio contains any Poems by Dunbar. A list of the Contents of these MSS. is subjoined to the collection by JOHN PINKERTON, entitled, "Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print. But now published from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice. Comprising pieces written from about 1420 till 1586." London, 1786. 2 vols. 8vo.

⁶ MSS. More, L l. 5. University Library, Cambridge. The volume, which now consists of 64 leaves, is somewhat mutilated, several leaves having been torn out of the middle. On the first leaf is written, "A me Joanne Reidpeth, septimo Decembris inchoat, 1622 Finis 1623. Ex libris M^{ri}. Cristopheri Cokburne." It consists, with a few exceptions, of poems either by Dunbar or Sir Richard Maitland, and I think it not improbable that Reidpeth obtained the use of Maitland's folio MS. in making his collection, from which, indeed, it might have been

not known to exist elsewhere. The chief part of the volume, indeed, consists of his poetry, which the late eminent antiquary, Mr RITSON, transcribed in 1793, evidently with an intention of publication. After his decease the volume was purchased by the Author of "Caledonia," who proposed to follow up Ritson's design. Having obtained from the late Mr CHALMERS the free use of that transcript, I was thus enabled to compare it with the original; and, subsequently, I have been indebted to his nephew, JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., not only for presenting me with the volume itself, as a memorial of my old friend, his respected relative, but also for the communication of copious notes illustrative of several of Dunbar's poems, the result of his own extensive, accurate, and unwearied research.

I might likewise enumerate the names of other friends to whom I have been indebted for advice and information. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgments to the CURATORS OF THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY during the year 1821, by whose kind indulgence the task of collating and transcribing from BANNATYNE'S MS.⁷ was in every way facilitated. To Dr IRVING, Keeper of the

entirely copied, as it is by no means an improbable conjecture, that any additional poems by Dunbar which it has been the means of preserving might have been contained in some leaves of the earlier MS. which were lost or destroyed before the volume was rebound in Pepys's time.

⁷ A list of the contents of that Manuscript, which I then drew up, has been since printed in the volume entitled "MEMORIALS OF GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1546—1608." Edinburgh, 1829, 4to, and printed for the Members of 'The Bannatyne Club,'—a literary association in Edinburgh, which, under the auspices of its late President, SIR WALTER SCOTT, assumed the name of the compiler of that manuscript for their designation. A similar compliment to SIR RICHARD MAITLAND has been conferred by a like Institution at Glasgow.

Library, my best thanks are likewise due, as I had afterwards frequent occasion to consult that MS. while engaged in preparing the following sheets for the press.

It will thus appear that the materials for this edition were collected several years ago; and were laid aside for a time, partly with a fond hope that further research, or accident, might bring to light additional matter, so as to render the work more worthy of public notice and of Dunbar. Even after the printing of the text was completed, various delays have intervened to retard its appearance, to which I should not have alluded, had it not been for the circumstance that the present volumes, while in an unfinished state, have been quoted in works which were published long previous to this date.

D. LAING.

EDINBURGH,
JANUARY, 1834.



MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

a



MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.



JAMES THE FOURTH ascended the Throne of Scotland, June 1488, in the sixteenth year of his age. His accession was attended by circumstances which were little auspicious to the welfare and peace of the country. Yet, during his reign, for a period of twenty-five years, the nation enjoyed a degree of tranquillity to which it had been long unaccustomed, and which, under a vigorous and wise administration, must have been highly conducive to the general prosperity. It was fortunate, also, for the advancement of learning and various liberal pursuits, that the mind of the Scottish monarch was not wholly bent upon idle and frivolous amusements. For, while James continued to patronise the various branches of literature, as well as whatever might be useful or ornamental in the arts, he, in

an especial manner, loved and encouraged the Muses. Among the individuals who then flourished, eminent for learning or genius, and who have shed so much lustre over that age, the suffrage of criticism has awarded the place of chief eminence to WILLIAM DUNBAR, "the excellent poet," as he has lately by high authority been styled,¹ "unrivalled by any which Scotland ever produced."

Such is the high rank and character of the author, whose poems, after the lapse of three centuries, are now for the first time collected. That such an act of justice should have been so long deferred, is extremely remarkable; but the destiny of the author is altogether so singular, as to be almost without parallel in the annals of modern literature. During his own age, he received the homage due to his genius, and his writings for a time continued to be admired and imitated by succeeding poets;—yet he was doomed to such total and absolute neglect during the long period which elapsed between the year 1530, when Sir David Lyndsay mentions him among the poets then deceased, and the year 1724, when Allan Ramsay published a selection of his poems, that, with one solitary exception,² no allusion, not even so much as the mere mention of his name,³ can be dis-

¹ By SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "Memorials of George Bannatyne," p. 14. Edinburgh, 1829, 4to."

² In the "Adbortation," by Henry Charteris, prefixed to his edition of Lyndsay's Poems, Edinburgh, 1568, 4to, in the following words:

Thocht KENNEDIE and DUNBAR bure the bell
For the large race of rethorik they ran.

³ The name of Dunbar is not mentioned by Bale, Dempster, David

covered in the whole compass of our literature!—If any misfortune had befallen the two nearly coeval manuscript collections of Scottish poetry by Bannatyne and Maitland, the great chance is that it might have been scarcely known to posterity that such a poet as Dunbar had ever existed. His name, it is true, would have been found casually recorded as a poet, but how subdued is the interest that attaches to a mere name;—as, for instance, to that of his contemporaries, Stobo, Quintyne, or Sir John the Ross, whose works have perished. It may therefore excite regret, rather than surprise, to find that the history of a person who is now allowed to hold so conspicuous a place in the literature of his country, should have been entirely neglected; and that, instead of the copiousness and minute details of modern biography, there remains little to gratify any new interest which may be felt respecting him, save the various but obscure hints contained in his own verses. These, however, merit particular attention, as it is very rare to find an early writer leaving so many pieces descriptive of his private feelings and sentiments, suggested as they were by the incidents of his own history, which they fortunately serve to illustrate. But although we may not now be otherwise enabled to throw much light on Dunbar's personal

Buchanan, Sibbald, Mackenzie, or any other early writer on the literary history of Scotland. In Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, 1748, the 'Tabill of Confession,' printed at page 228 of this volume, is the only work attributed to Dunbar!

history, it is some consolation to think that so considerable a number of his poems has been preserved, and that he is likely to enjoy that degree of fame which true genius, amidst all the changes in human affairs, seldom fails to ultimately secure.

The surname of Dunbar is of very considerable antiquity and distinction in Scotland. The founder of the chief family of the name was Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, who, having settled in Scotland immediately after the Norman Conquest, became allied by marriage to Malcolm Canmore, who bestowed on him the manor of Dunbar, and many fair lands in the Merse and Lothian. Earl Waldhve, the fourth in succession, who was one of the hostages for the release of William the Lion from captivity in 1174, was the first of the family who had the title of Earl of Dunbar; while Patrick the eighth Earl was, in 1292, designated Earl of March. That our author's progenitors were connected by immediate descent with this great and powerful family is placed beyond doubt by the testimony of his poetical antagonist, Walter Kennedy. In the 'Flyting,' he not only speaks of Dunbar's 'forbears' or ancestors, as belonging to 'Cospatrick's clan,' which had at an early period 'brought Scotland into confusion,' by joining themselves to the English faction, during the continuous warfare between the two kingdoms, but he also in the most direct terms deduces the poet's descent from the Earls of March, while he expressly denies his connexion with the branch of the

family created Earls of Moray during the fourteenth century, or with the Dunbars of Westfield, who were male descendants of the last Earl of Moray. Now it is obvious, that had our author's relationship to the March family been so remote, as not to be recognised at the time, Kennedy's allusions would have had no meaning, and still less would he have thought it necessary to deny Dunbar's having any connexion with the remote collateral descendants of that family, who happened to be persons of great wealth and influence. The allusions, also, of Kennedy were rendered not the less sarcastic by the contrast of his own opulence and patrimony with the humbled fortunes of his antagonist's family; for it is well known that George, eleventh Earl of March, was attainted in an arbitrary manner by James the First, in the Parliament held at Perth, January 10th, 1434-5,⁴—by which forfeiture the earldom, and such of his lands as were held of the King, became annexed to the Crown; whence the Earl's descendants were at once stripped of their hereditary honours and extensive domains, and doomed to live in a state of comparative dependence.

WILLIAM DUNBAR was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. The precise date of his birth has not been ascertained, but, from circumstances to

⁴ Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 23. Wood's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 172.

be afterwards stated, we may with certainty place it not later than the year 1460. According to the poet's own words,⁵ Dunbar was a native of Lothian. The only branch of the attainted family, of which he is represented as a descendant, retaining property in that district, was Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, a younger son of George the tenth Earl of March. This Sir Patrick signalized himself on many occasions, and was one of the hostages for James the First in 1426; and it also appears from an original charter, dated August 10th, 1440, that one of his sons was named William, who in all probability was either the father or uncle of the poet.⁶ No other persons of the same baptismal name can be traced during the whole of that century, and as such names usually run in families, the circumstance of our author's alleged descent from the Earls of March, in connection with his own avowal respecting his birthplace, adds some strength to the conjecture of his being the grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill.

It has been inferred, from a passage in one of Kennedy's satires, that the village of Salton, in East

⁵ I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis,
Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
Than thou can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Flyting, line 110, vol. ii. p. 69.

⁶ For more minute notices of the family of Dunbar of Beill, during the fifteenth century, see Appendix to this Memoir, No. I. For pointing out the notice of the above charter, which is preserved in the Earl of Roseberry's charter-chest, I am indebted to JOHN RIDDELL, Esq. Advocate.

Lothian, was the place of the poet's birth. Of this, however, there is no evidence, the notion having originated in an error committed by Allan Ramsay in printing this passage,⁷ the sense of which has hitherto been completely misunderstood.

It is probable that Dunbar was very early intended for the church, in which case he must have had the advantage of a university education; for, in a jocular manner, he tells us, that even on his nurse's knee he was 'Dandelely, Bishop, dandelely!' But we are ignorant of the earliest events of his life, and under whose instruction he was first placed. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state, that in the year 1475, when, we presume, our author had at least attained fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was sent to St Andrews, the most flourishing seat of learning and science at that period in Scotland. This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is ascertained from the old registers of the University, in which the name of William Dunbar, is entered, in 1477, among the *Determinantes* or Bachelors of Arts, in St Salvator's College, a degree which students were not entitled to claim until the third year of their attendance at College; and two years later, in 1479, the name of William Dunbar again occurs in the registers as then having taken his degree of Master of Arts.⁸ It may

⁷ See note upon lines 367-370 of the *Flyting*, vol. ii. p. 79.

⁸ *Acta Facultatis Artium S. Andreae*, MS.—For a curious notice regarding St Andrews in 1491, see the note upon Dunbar's poem, (vol. i. p. 199,) said to have been written 'at Oxinfurde.'

also be stated, that he is uniformly styled *Maister* William Dunbar, this designation, till a late period, being exclusively appropriated to persons who had taken that degree at some university.

Whether Dunbar, after finishing his course of study at St Andrew's, might have had the further advantage of prosecuting his studies at some foreign university, appears doubtful; and, indeed, with respect to his subsequent history for nearly twenty years, viz. from 1480 to 1499, we possess no satisfactory information.⁹ We have, however, his own authority for stating, that at an early period of his life he had entered the order of St Francis; and as he had been subsequently employed as an itinerant or preaching friar, he must necessarily have completed his novitiate. It is well known that the order of mendicants, called Franciscan or Grey Friars, were divided into Conventuals and Observantines. The latter had an establishment at Edinburgh, endowed by James the First, about the year 1446, where divinity and philosophy were regularly taught; and here it is highly probable that Dunbar might have spent some of his earlier years. But as he himself informs us that the studies and life of a friar were not suited to his disposition, it is reasonable to infer that his connection with that religious order or community was terminated

⁹ The number of Scottish students who at this period visited France was very considerable, but I have been unsuccessful in more than one attempt to ascertain whether Dunbar was in the number, although the registers of the old University of Paris are still preserved.

at no very advanced period of his life. This information is conveyed to us in his poem of 'The Visitation of St Francis,' written long afterwards. In these verses he relates how a fiend, in the likeness of that saint, appeared to him in a dream, desiring him to assume the friar's habit, and renounce the world; but the poet, in hinting that he should go to heaven with more satisfaction were he invested with the robes of a bishop, adds, "Had it ever been my fortune to become a friar, the time for this is long since past; in the habit of that order have I made good cheer in every flourishing town in England, betwixt Berwick and Calais; in it also have I ascended the pulpit at Dernton and Canterbury; and crossed the sea at Dover, and instructed the inhabitants of Picardy."¹⁰

It might have been to this period of Dunbar's life that Kennedy alludes, when he taunts him with his pilgrimage, as a pardoner, begging in all the churches from Ettrick Forest to Dumfries. It is not known how long he continued to lead such a desultory kind of life, nor in what manner his time was employed after he had relinquished the character of friar, as his poems throw no light on the circumstance which first brought him in connexion with the Scottish Court.

At a later period, when we find Dunbar residing in Edinburgh, and presenting his supplications to

¹⁰ See the Poem, vol. i. p. 28, and Notes, vol. ii. p. 231.

James the Fourth for preferment in the church, he urges his claims not on account of merit, for "alas!" says he, "I can do nothing but brieve (or write) ballads," but as the just recompense to which he was entitled by long and faithful service. In one place he tells the King, that had he been so disposed, he might, in his youth, have obtained employment abroad;¹¹ in another, he urges the King to have regard, and to bestow compensation on his 'auld servi-touris,' no less than on the crowd of idle and worth-less characters who daily importuned 'his Grace;' and speaks of himself as one of those that

Throw all regions hes tein hard tell,
Of quhilk my wrytting witnes beiris.

And when contrasting his own small reward with his long and 'leill service,' he adds,

Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
France, England, Ireland, Almanie,
Bot als be Italie and Spaine,
Quhilk to consider is ane paine!

These allusions to the countries visited by Dunbar, while employed in the King's service, which include the chief parts of Europe, will readily suggest the nature and character of his employment. It is well known that James the Fourth maintained a constant

¹¹ Quhen I wes young, and into ply,

I had been bocht in realmes by,

Had I consentit to be sauld.—Vol. i. p. 149.

and friendly intercourse with the Courts of France, Flanders, Spain, Denmark, and other countries,¹² and that such international relations were carried on by the mission of heralds, envoys, and merchants, as well as in the more solemn way of embassies to foreign courts, including that of England. The most probable conjecture then that can be offered is, that Dunbar was employed in the course of these embassies, as it was usual on such occasions to appoint 'ane clerk;' for it must be considered that the literary attainments of the clergy, who were almost the only class of men who then received any thing like a liberal education, eminently recommended them to the service of foreign negotiations.

The most direct intimations, however, that we possess of Dunbar's having visited foreign lands, occur in his poetical contest, or 'Flyting,' with his friend Walter Kennedy. The date of this singular composition may be placed a few years after 1491. The Flyting commences on the part of Dunbar at a time when he was at some distance from Court. Addressing Sir John Ross, whom he elsewhere commemorates among the Scottish makars or poets, he

¹² That we are unable, from the public registers, to ascertain this more distinctly, we impute to the circumstance, that in the safe-conduct granted for such embassies when passing through England, to go beyond seas, as well as to the English Court, the names only of the two or three leading persons are mentioned, with a specified number of attendants and horses in their train.—See RYMER's *Fœdera and Rotuli Scotiæ*, passim. See also PINKERTON'S Hist. vol. ii. and TYTLER'S Hist. vol. iv.

says, "There is a thing compiled by Kennedy and his commissary Quintyne, lauding each other in the most extravagant terms; but if they had ventured to attempt 'any manace' to occasion strife, however loth I am to be reckoned 'a baird,' being ashamed to use terms of flyting, from which neither honour nor renown are to be gained, nothing should secure them from my wrath, for this would be so terrible, that to hear what I shall write 'with pen and ink,' the earth and firmament would tremble, the devils in hell quake with fear, and the city bell make a noise." To such an unusual mode of address, written with the evident intention of being communicated to the persons who are named, Kennedy answers in a sufficiently insolent and provoking manner, setting Dunbar and his wrath at defiance. This, of course, produces a reply; and the two poets fall by the ears, and abuse one another in good set terms of ribaldry, of which it would not be easy to find a parallel in modern literature.

As this strange performance is full of allusions to the personal history of the writers, it is necessary to examine it with greater attention than it might seem to deserve. It does not appear that either of their friends, Quintyne or Sir John Ross, had taken any share in this trial of skill in the art of scolding; but unless we suppose that considerable intervals of time had elapsed between the writing of the several parts, and that some intermediate portions had been

lost, there is no satisfactory mode of explaining and reconciling the apparent discrepancies, and abrupt transitions.

It is not less necessary to remark that this altercation neither originated nor was carried on in consequence of any personal animosity or dislike, nor does it appear that it had any tendency to interrupt the cordiality of private friendship; but was merely the result of 'illiberal fancy,' of which several examples occur in our literature during the sixteenth century. Kennedy was a person highly connected, being the third son of Gilbert first Lord Kennedy, and as a poet he enjoyed great distinction in his own time. His acquaintance with Dunbar must have been of several years' standing, and of an intimate kind, to have warranted such kind of sport, by which they were alike subjected to general ridicule. That they were of the same age, may be inferred, as their academical studies were contemporaneous, Kennedy having been a student at Glasgow when Dunbar was at St Andrews;¹³ and as this contest tended to the amusement of their friends at Court, and no doubt excited a lively interest at the time, it might be said of them, with equal truth and propriety,

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, *et respondere parati.*

¹³ Records of the University of Glasgow. See the notes upon Kennedy's poems, in vol. ii. p. 87, &c.

Dunbar in his first reply asserts that Kennedy was afraid to show his malice until the sails had been drawn above^T his head, and the boisterous winds, in the dark and moonless time of the year, had driven the vessel out of its reckoning, many hundred miles 'by Holland, Zealand, and the Northway coast,' to deserts where they were almost famished; yet, says he, 'I shall come home, and lay thy boast.' According to another passage in the *Flyting*, it would seem from Kennedy's words, that the vessel in which Dunbar had sailed from Leith had been wrecked on the coast of Zealand, where he was left in such distress as to occasion him often 'to sit supperless,' and to cry *Caritas, pro amore Dei*, from door to door.

Obscure as the *Flyting* is in many of its allusions, there can be no doubt that when the concluding portion by Kennedy was written, Dunbar was residing at Paris; and moreover, the mention of the ship Katherine, when compared with a notice in the Treasurer's Accounts for July 1491,¹⁴ renders it more than probable that he was in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Monypenny, then sent on an embassy to France. As the ambassadors returned at the end of November that same year, Dunbar might have been left behind in Paris, during the winter season, for the purpose of crossing the Alps in the further

¹⁴ See note on line 449 of 'The *Flyting*.'—In July 1491, thirty-six shillings was paid by the Treasurer to 'the Preist that wrayt the instrumentis and otheris letteris that past with the Inbassatours in France.'

prosecution of 'the erandis' of his royal master; for, as Kennedy says, he could not at that time cross Mount Bernard for wild beasts, nor win through Mounts Scarpre, Nicholas, and St Godard, for the snow; and since no lord would take him into his service, he is advised to remain in Paris, with the 'Maister Burreau,' or public executioner, and assist in hanging criminals at the rate of half-a-franc a piece. But after such gratuitous advice, Kennedy thus addresses the King:

Hie, Soverane Lord, lat never this sinfull sot
Do schame, fra hame, unto your Nation;

—words which evidently corroborate the supposition of Dunbar's having been employed in the King's service on some foreign mission.

Without attempting any further illustrations of our Poet's history from this composition, which would be less unintelligible had we been acquainted with the object and destination of his travels, we may safely conclude, that, before the close of the fifteenth century, Dunbar had, on more than one occasion, visited the continent. Little as we know respecting his early life, and the circumstances that led to the development of his genius, there can be no doubt that the advantages he enjoyed from visiting distant lands, must have had considerable influence in imparting greater strength and energy to his poetical conceptions, not only by affording him a wider field for observation of the varied scenery of nature, but by pre-

sending to him more extensive opportunities for studying the diversities of human character.

We are now made acquainted with a new occurrence in the life of Dunbar. In the year¹⁵ 1500 he obtained from the King a yearly pension of ten pounds,¹⁵ which is the first occasion on which we find his name occurring in the public records. This pension might have been granted in consequence of one of his addresses to the King, where he says,

Schir, yet remember as of befoir,
 How that *my youth is done forloir*
In your service, with pane and grief,
 Gude Conscience cryis, ‘*Reward thairfoir!*’

The Treasurer’s Accounts for that year have not been preserved, but the grant appears in the register of the Privy Seal, under the date of August 15th,¹⁶ ordaining that sum to be paid out of the royal coffers by the treasurer, at the half-yearly terms of Whitsuntide and Martinmas, without specifying on what account it was conferred, and with this provision, that the sum should be paid to ‘Maister William Dunbar for all the dayis of his life, OR UNTILL HE BE PROMOTED BY OUR SOVEREIGN LORD TO A BENEFICE OF THE VALUE OF FORTY POUNDS OR MORE YEARLY.’

¹⁵ The sum of ten pounds may appear small; and at that time one pound English money was equivalent to three pounds ten shillings Scottish. But we must be careful not to reckon the value of money in those days by the present standard.

¹⁶ Reg. Secr. Sigill. vol. ii. fol. 9, b. See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II.

The regular payment of this half-yearly salary, with occasional gratuities bestowed on him 'by the King's command,' show, that during the life of James, our author must have resided almost constantly in Edinburgh; and the grant might have been made for the special purpose of retaining him at Court, although its continuance is not made to depend upon any subsequent contingency. As a poet, although surrounded by many competitors, his reputation was at this time established and widely extended; and in 1503, he says of himself, that his heart in former years had rejoiced in making '*sangis under the leavis grene.*' Gawin Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, (himself one of the most eminent of our ancient poets,) in his '*Palice of Honour,*' written in the year 1501, having introduced Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, along with all the great poets of antiquity, as possessing a distinguished place in the '*Court of the Muses,*' adds,

Of this Natioun I knew also anone
 Greit KENNEDIE, and DUNBAR *yit undeid,*
 And QUINTINE with ane ⁺huttock on his heid.¹⁷

From the Treasurer's Accounts, we accidentally learn that Dunbar must have again visited England at the close of the year 1501. Among the half-yearly pensions due at Martinmas, and entered as paid on the

¹⁷ The *Palice of Honour*, reprinted from the edition 1579, p. 28, Edinburgh, 1830, 4to.

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20th of December that year, when Dunbar's name occurs, it is added, 'quhilk wes payit him aftir he came furth of England.' The next date in that division of the Accounts being February 21, 1502, we cannot ascertain precisely the time of his return, which must have been subsequent to the regular term of payment, otherwise such an intimation would have been quite superfluous. This, in itself, would be a circumstance of trivial importance, were it not that it is thus rendered probable that he accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the King's marriage in October 1501, and that he remained to witness the ceremony of affiancing the Princess Margaret, which took place at St Paul's cross, with great solemnity and splendour, on the 25th of January, 1502. Under this supposition we can have little hesitation in believing that Dunbar was the person then styled 'THE RHYMER OF SCOTLAND,' who received L.6, 13s, 4d. in reward from Henry VII. on the 31st of December, 1501, and a similar sum on the 7th of January following.¹⁸

The Princess Margaret remained in England till July 1503, and the minute and interesting account of her progress to Scotland, by John Young, Somerset

¹⁸ Extracts from the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII., printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in Bentley's *Excerpta Historica*, 1831, 8vo. p. 126. If the original accounts, from which these extracts were made during the last century, should be discovered, some further particulars regarding the persons sent from Scotland on this embassy might no doubt be gleaned.

herald, which has been preserved, presents a striking picture of society at that time.¹⁹ Dunbar's poem, the 'Thrissil and the Rois,' was written on the 9th of May, three months previous to the Queen's arrival; in which, by a most beautiful and appropriate allegory, comparing her to the Rose, the queen of flowers, and James to the national emblem, the Thistle, he celebrates the prospect of that alliance which, although not productive at the time of all its expected advantages, yet eventually led to the permanent union of the two kingdoms. The Queen made her public entrance into Edinburgh on the 7th of August, with every demonstration of public rejoicing; and on the day after, the marriage ceremony took place in the Abbey of Holyrood, with a degree of solemnity and splendour which perhaps was never equalled in this part of the kingdom.

The historian of English Poetry asserts, that in consequence of this alliance, a new communication and intercourse were opened between the two courts and kingdoms, which "must have greatly contributed to polish the rude manners, and to improve the language, literature, and arts, of Scotland."²⁰ Such an hypothesis is not borne out by facts; as previous to

¹⁹ Printed in the Appendix to Leland's Collectanea, 3d edit. 1770, vol. iv. p. 258. In addition to the official account by Young, 'who attended the said Princess on her journey,' the Treasurer's Accounts throw considerable light on the magnificent preparations for the nuptials on the part of the Scottish Monarch.

²⁰ Warton's Hist. edit. 1824, vol. iii. p. 96.

this event, James the Fourth, by his personal accomplishments and chivalrous disposition, combined with a love of splendour and profuse liberality little commensurate with his limited means, had attracted to his Court persons of rank and influence, as well as those who were distinguished for learning or genius. Neither the Queen, nor the few English attendants who remained with her, appear to have contributed in any degree towards exciting or fostering intellectual acquirements; and long before her arrival in Scotland, our native poets had raised themselves to a rank far above any of the English followers of Chaucer. In short, the whole tone and character of the literature of that period presents a striking contrast to that of England.

While the Scottish monarch was an avowed patron of literature, in which he himself is allowed to have made some proficiency, the natural gaiety of his disposition led him to encourage all kinds of public amusements. Dunbar, on more than one occasion, insinuates that the Royal attention and bounty were too profusely directed to the support of pantomimic exhibitors, pipers, fiddlers, jesters, and common minstrels, as well as foreign impostors and mere pretenders to science. The Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, while they exhibit numberless instances of his prodigality in encouraging and rewarding those who contributed to the King's own personal gratifications, and present a singular picture of his daily

occupations, at the same time show that the monarch was a munificent encourager of the useful arts, and that his liberality displayed itself in acts of charity and kindness to his domestic servants. He also appears to have expended large sums of money in building or adorning the royal palaces of Holyrood, Linlithgow, Stirling, and Falkland; in the erection of religious foundations, in the prosecution of maritime enterprises, and in the extension of commerce; while the internal prosperity of the country was essentially promoted by a strict and impartial administration of justice.

At this period Dunbar appears to have lived on terms of great familiarity with the King, and to have participated freely in all the gaieties and amusements of the Scottish Court; his sole occupation being that of writing ballads on any passing event which might serve to exercise his fancy or imagination, and thus contribute to the entertainment of his royal master. It is singular that so considerable a number of pieces written by him upon private and obscure individuals should have been thought worthy of preservation, while no doubt many others of more permanent interest were allowed to perish; for it is inconceivable, that a poet in Dunbar's situation would remain silent in regard to many public events which were calculated to call forth some 'melodious song' from one who was daily accustomed to the composition

Off sangis, ballatis, and of playis.

As the limited space of this Memoir will not admit of any detailed account of the persons or events commemorated by Dunbar, occasional illustrations will be found in the Notes upon the respective poems. One class of his poems, however, although of a temporary nature, requires notice in this place, as it consists of supplications and addresses to the King, which fortunately serve to throw some light on the personal history and fortunes of the poet himself. The grand object of Dunbar's ambition was preferment in the church; which, independently of any other claims he might possess, he was entitled to expect from the terms of the grant of his yearly pension. That his continuous and importunate solicitations were attended with little or no advantage, might be inferred from their number and diversified character; but this supposition is discountenanced by the knowledge which we possess of the regular payment of his annual pension. It is somewhat amusing, however, to consider with what ingenuity and address he varies his petitions. In general, he seems to found his chief claims for preferment upon former services which he had rendered, his youth having been spent in the King's employment, while he intimates that his wants would be easily satisfied. But, whether in the form of a satirical or of a pathetic appeal to the King, or simply as a congratulation on the New Year, or whether under some humorous personation he brought forward his request, still the burden of

Dunbar's song was a Benefice! Again, at times he breaks out in a more vehement tone, and uses the language of remonstrance. On observing benefices given to persons who had already enjoyed several others, he asks the King, whether it is more charity to give drink to him who stands in great need of it, or to fill 'a full man till he burst?' while his companion, who is as deserving as he to drink wine is allowed to die of thirst. His virtuous indignation is still more excited on beholding the great abuses which prevailed at Court, and on contrasting his own small reward with the liberal encouragement bestowed on needy adventurers and impostors, he is led, but with no undue degree of vanity, to predict the endurance of his own works.²¹

But the most singular instance of all his supplications is perhaps that, in which he represents himself under the character of a worn-out steed, or an old grey horse, which deserved to be turned out to pasture, and to have shelter provided during the winter season. Attached to this poem is the following reply to the petition, in the form of a mandate addressed to the Treasurer by his Majesty; but whether the words were actually written by the King himself, or added in his name by Dunbar, as an ingenious mode of enforcing his request, the reader must be left to his own conjecture. In modern orthography the lines are :

²¹ See lines 25—34, vol. i. p. 146.

After our writings,²² TREASURER,
 Take in this grey horse, Old DUNBAR,
 Who in my aucht,²³ with service true,
 In lyart²⁴ changed is his hue;
 Gar²⁵ house him now against this Yule,
 And busk²⁶ him like a bishop's mule:
 For, with my hand, I have indost²⁷
 To pay whate'er his trappings cost.

The books of the Lord High Treasurer furnish us with another incident in the life of the Poet. It appears, that on the 17th of March, 1504, he first performed mass in the King's presence, whose offering on the occasion was seven French crowns, or £4, 18s. in Scotch money, a larger sum than was usually given by his Majesty on hearing 'a priest's first mass.' This circumstance is more worthy of notice, as it not only proves that Dunbar was in priest's orders, but likewise serves to refute the idle and unjust insinuations, that his moral conduct must have been the sole cause that prevented the King from bestowing on him any kind of church preferment. The true cause, we should hope, consisted in the King's reluctance to be deprived of his attendance at Court.

It also appears, that at Martinmas 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*, or augmented, the King having ordered it to be increased to the annual sum of £20 ;

²² According to Our mandate.

²³ Possession.

²⁴ Gray-haired.

²⁵ Cause.

²⁶ Dress, or adorn.

²⁷ Indorsed, or signed.

and three years afterwards, as will be stated, it was raised to a much larger amount. But the King was not the only person whom the Poet addressed in order to gain the summit of his ambition. Queen Margaret, in particular, seems to have shown him much compassionate regard, and he expresses an ardent wish that her power to serve him was commensurate with her inclination. The Lord Treasurer, from whom he received his half-yearly pension, he commends on the score of generosity and great punctuality, adding that he knew not what he should have done had his Lordship absented himself at the ordinary term of payment. Again, he assures the Lords of the King's Exchequer, that for his part he has no occasion for reckoning on his fingers the amount of his rents, having none to receive; and as for money, it was all spent, but how he could not tell, and he refers to his empty purse to confirm the truth of what he says. Some of his expressions indeed are not to be taken in too literal a sense; for instance, '*I stand fastand in a nuik,*' or, '*How glaid that ever I dyne or soup,*' as if they implied a state of absolute want,—although it might have happened, that when other men with their purse '*in tune,*' or well filled,

Passes to drink or to disjune,
 Then must I keep ane gravity,
 And say, '*That I'll fast untill noon!*'

Among the events which distinguish the reign of James the Fourth, we cannot fail to reckon those which

were calculated to encourage education, and to extend the benefits of literature by the establishment of a printing press. In 1490 the Scottish Parliament passed an act enjoining, that the eldest sons of all barons and substantial freeholders should be sent to school at the age of eight or nine years, to receive a competent foundation in the Latin language, and afterwards that they should three years attend to the study of 'art and jure,'—or science and jurisprudence, that they might have 'knowledge and understanding of the lawis.' It was not, however, till some years later that the art of printing was introduced into Scotland, but it was under the royal auspices, by a grant of exclusive privileges to Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, issued under the Privy Seal, Sept. 15th, 1507. The extent to which their labours were carried cannot now be ascertained, owing to the almost total destruction of the current literature of the time; but among the few existing specimens of the first Scottish press, it is more especially worthy of notice, that there are several of Dunbar's poems printed with much carelessness, but no doubt under his own inspection. These include the Goldyn Targe, the Flyting, and his Lament for the Makars, which appear to have issued from Chepman's press, in the year 1508,²⁸ in separate sheets, containing one

²⁸ A fac-simile republication in black letter of this singularly interesting collection appeared under the title of "The Knightly Tale of Golagrus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems." Edinburgh, 1827, 4to.

or more poems, sometimes by different authors. Except for the fortunate discovery of these interesting reliques, we should have been inclined to have fixed the date of his Lament for the Makars several years later; but in 1507 or 1508, when it must have been written, the poet was advanced in life, and at the time enfeebled by sickness, which occasioned him to look around with desponding thoughts. All his early friends and brother poets had submitted to the stroke of death, excepting Kennedy, who, he tells us, was then laid on a sick-bed, and not expected to survive; while he who was once ‘so gay and full of health,’ now felt himself standing as it were alone of all his contemporaries. But this feeling of alarm passed away upon his recovery; and as his love of flowers and of external nature remained unimpaired, so we find him ere long ‘brieving ballatis,’ much in the same gay, careless strain as before. Indeed, in the midst of disappointed expectations, or the alternate feelings which the gaieties of the Court and the attentions of the great excited, with his hopes long deferred, and at times, it is to be feared, with but scanty means of subsistence, his buoyancy of spirit seems seldom to have forsaken him. ‘For,’ says he, ‘had I taken to heart the world’s unkindness, or permitted myself to be debarred from my ordinary enjoyments, I had doubtless been dead long ago.’²⁹

The pension, however, which Dunbar had enjoyed

²⁹ Lines 31—35 vol. i. p. 188.

for several years was quite inadequate to satisfy his high and continued expectations; although he might have gladly accepted a benefice worth L.40 per annum, as mentioned in the grant of his pension in 1500; for he says,

And quhen that age now dois me greive,
Ane simple vicar I cannot be!

In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, his wishes must have been so far satisfied by a fresh proof of the King's favour. On the 26th of August, 1510, by a warrant under the Privy Seal, Dunbar's pension was increased from £20 to £30, to be paid as before at the stated terms of Martinmas and Whitsuntide,³⁰ during his life, 'OR UNTIL HE BE PROMOTED TO A BENEFICE OF £100, OR ABOVE.' This prospect being still held out to him may account for the frequency of his urgent appeals to the King for such preferment. But the poet himself, in one of his petitions, says with much truth, 'It has been so long promised, that it might have come in much shorter time from the New found Isle, over the great Ocean-Sea, or from the deserts of India,'—and adds, perhaps with more apparent than real humility, that he had no ex-

³⁰ Reg. Secr. Sig.—See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II. This conditional mode of granting a pension was not unusual. James V. bestowed on Hector Boyce the historian, in 1527, the yearly sum of L.50 Scots, "untill the King promote him to a benefice of 100 marks Scots of yearly value." In May 1513, two of the clerks in King's Chapel of Holyrood, on account of their having each a benefice, received from the Treasurer a smaller sum as their half-yearly pension than the other clerks.

pectations to obtain the revenue of great abbacies, for a church, although scarcely covered with heather, would amply satisfy his desires. With all his cheerfulness of temper and elasticity of spirit, Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt more keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on Court favour, while the promise of some competent provision was held out to him year after year by the King. Had the Scotch monarch not been desirous of retaining Dunbar as a personal attendant, he could have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the King's hands; for it has been well observed that 'It must have been a pure priesthood indeed, to which Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, have done honour.'³¹

Queen Margaret, in the month of May 1511, for the first time, set out to visit the Northern parts of Scotland, and our author must have been in her train; as the poem by Dunbar, descriptive of her reception at Aberdeen, is evidently written by an eye-witness. In the notes upon that poem some account is given of the preparations made by the citizens to receive her Majesty with all due honour and solemnity. Another of his poems, although satirical, is interesting also on account of the locality, being an Address to the Merchants of Edinburgh, written probably about the year 1500; and exhibiting a most curious picture of the state of the Scotch metropolis at that early

³¹ Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, part ii. p. 32.

period. The principal streets crowded with stalls—the confused state of the different markets—the noise and cries of the fishwomen, and of other persons retailing their wares round the Cross—the booths of traders crowded together ‘like a honeycomb’ near the church of St Giles, which was then, and continued till within a very recent period, to be disfigured with mean and paltry buildings stuck round the buttresses on each side of the church—the outer-stairs of the houses projecting into the street—the swarm of beggars—the common minstrels, whose skill was confined to one or two hackneyed tunes—all together form the subject of a highly graphic and interesting delineation.

While this country was continuing to advance rapidly in the course of improvement, the temper of the generous and high-minded Sovereign was in one sad moment doomed to put an end to this state of high national prosperity. No greater calamity could have happened to the Scottish nation than resulted from the King’s impetuosity at Floddon, on the 8th of September, 1513.³² Along with the gallant but

³² I have here added a facsimile of the King’s signature, “JAMES R.” copied from the last page of the Treasurer’s Accounts, August 8th, 1513, and probably the latest specimen of his writing that now exists.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "JAMES R." The letters are fluid and connected, with a long, sweeping tail on the final 'R'.

unfortunate Monarch,³³ several prelates, the chief part of his nobles, and nearly every person who had been intrusted with the management of public affairs, were involved in one common catastrophe; and it is impossible to calculate how much such an unexpected blow must have tended to retard the nation in its progress towards wealth, knowledge, and refinement. The unutterable dismay which was spread over the whole country, with all the disastrous consequences attendant upon the minority of an infant King,—a disputed regency and divided counsels,—the factions of rival nobles,—the intrigues of foreign powers,—the disturbed state of the borders, and the dread of a threatened invasion, are matters of history, and need not be here detailed

This fatal event is also to be considered as inauspicious to the personal fortunes of Dunbar. The royal establishment at Holyrood was doubtless soon broken up, there being neither the means nor any necessity for continuing the festivities and expenses of the Court. But whether any provision was made for those individuals who had been long attached to the King's

³³ Buchanan, in his 'Justa,' consecrated the following lines to the obsequies of this gallant Monarch.

JACOBO IV. REGI SCOTORUM.

Fama orbem replet, mortem sors occulit: at tu
 Dessine scrutari quod tegat ossa solum.
 Si mihi dent animo non impar fata sepulchrum,
 Angusta est tumulo terra Britannia meo.

person cannot now be ascertained. The Treasurer's Accounts, from the 8th of August, 1513, (a month previous to the battle of Floddon,) to the 25th of January, 1515, which might have thrown some light on the subject, have not been preserved; and in those from that date to the 4th of September, 1518, (from which time, to the 5th of June, 1522, there is another blank in the series,) there is no mention of Dunbar's name. We cannot therefore discover the date of the last payment of his pension. But although we now lose all trace of his name in the public records, it by no means follows that his pension was entirely withdrawn: it might either have been transferred to some other branch of the royal revenue, or the Poet might at last have been promoted to a benefice, when consequently his pension would cease.

That Dunbar might have succeeded in obtaining preferment in the church, is indeed rendered highly probable. The Queen Dowager, whom, during the King's life, our Poet styled his '*Advocate bayth fair and sweet,*' could have no difficulty during her regency in providing for his wants; and we cannot believe that she would allow his old age to pine away in poverty and neglect. Even were it otherwise, we are not to suppose that he had no other friends in power who would be unwilling to assist in procuring some adequate and permanent provision for an individual, who had so long contributed by his writings to the amusements of the Court.

What might have been the fate of Dunbar during the closing years of his life can therefore only be surmised, as we are even unable to ascertain how long he survived his Royal master. Several of his poems denote the sedate and contemplative feelings of advanced age; and one of them, written on the occasion of the governor, John, Duke of Albany, passing into France, contains a pathetic lamentation over the distracted state of public affairs in Scotland. This perhaps was one of the latest of his productions, and cannot be assigned to any date prior to the 8th of June, 1517. Lyndsay, who must have been personally acquainted with Dunbar,⁵⁴ in a poem written in the year 1530, after alluding to Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as the great masters ‘of Rethorick,’ ‘*Quhais sweit sentence through Albion bene sung,*’ exclaims,

Or *quha can now* the warkis contrefait
 Off KENNEDIE with termes aureait?
 Or off DUNBAR, *quha language had at large,*
 As may be sene intill his Goldin Targe.

From these words, and from the manner in which Lyndsay laments Bishop Douglas, who died in 1522,

⁵⁴ Lyndsay was at Court during the reign of James the Fourth, but in what capacity is not so certain. In October, 1511, he received a play-coat of blew and yellow taffety “for the play, playit in the King and Quenis presence, in the Abbay.” Addressing James the Fifth, in 1529, he tells his Majesty that he had entered his service ‘*the day of thy nattivitie.*’ James the Fifth was born April 12, 1512, and Lyndsay’s name occurs in the Treasurer’s Accounts of 1512 and 1513, as ‘*Ischar to my Lord Prince,*’ with the yearly salary of L.40.

it may be inferred that our author's decease was previous to that of the prelate; wherefore we cannot greatly err in supposing that he died about the year 1520, when he had attained at least sixty years of age. Having arrived at this conclusion in the Poet's biography, every admirer of genius will regret that we have not decisive evidence to show that DUNBAR was enabled to spend his declining years in the shade of that peaceful and religious retirement, for which he had most earnestly longed. It would also have been gratifying to have ascertained the spot wherein were consigned the mortal remains of the greatest of all Scotland's early MAKARS.

HAVING endeavoured, in the preceding pages, to present as full an account of the personal history of Dunbar as the scanty materials remaining would afford, we may now consider his poetical character, and in what respect he stands distinguished among the earlier poets of Scotland. Although the poets who preceded him were neither few in number, nor inconsiderable in point of genius, there was concentrated in him such a rare association of talents as had not, in Britain at least, been known, except in Chaucer, to whom he looked up with reverence as to his master, who surpassed, he says, all other bards, '*as far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht.*' Of such early Scottish poets of

whose compositions any remains have been preserved, a few words may be requisite in this place.

In THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE, surnamed the Rhymer, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century, we have the earliest acknowledged writer of romance poetry in Britain. Unfortunately the works attributed to this venerable Bard do not possess undoubted claims of genuineness; and, indeed, with the exception of some lines of a Prophecy, in reply to a question of the Countess of Dunbar, in reference to the wars of Edward the First in Scotland, the only work that can be so conceded to him, is the metrical romance of Sir Tristrem.³⁵ Yet as this romance in more than one place expressly mentions the Rhymer in the third person, ‘*With Thomas spak I,*’—‘*As Thomas telles,*’ &c., and as the words of Robert de Brunne, written in 1305,

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale, &c.

usually quoted in support of Thomas being the author of Sir Tristrem, are very obscure, might it not have been a more plausible conjecture, to have inferred that the romance in question was actually composed

³⁵ Sir Tristrem, which was first published in 1804, by Sir Walter Scott, has passed through several subsequent impressions. The lines of the Prophecy referred to, were supposed by him to be of a later date, and to have an application to the wars of Edward the Third,—but they exist in a MS. prior to his reign. See the Appendix to ‘*Select Remains of the Popular Poetry of Scotland,*’ 1822, 4to.

by KENDALE, and that the invention only belonged to Thomas of Erceldoune?

Among the earlier reliques of the Scottish Muse which have been preserved, we may reckon the three curious and interesting romances in alliterative verse on the subject of Sir Gawane. One of these, written in a very peculiar measure, and undoubtedly the most ancient, is still unpublished,³⁶ and probably belongs to the end of the thirteenth century. Wyntown, who wrote about 1420, has mentioned in terms of commendation, a poet of the name of HUCHOWN OF THE AWLE RYALL, or the Royal Hall or palace, who ‘*cunnand wes in literature.*’ Besides, Huchown’s great historical work, described as the ‘*Gest Hystoryale,*’ there are specified among his works, ‘the Gret gest of Arthure,’ ‘the Pystyl of swete Susan,’ and the ‘*Awntere of Gawaue.*’ Dunbar also mentions among the Scottish poets, CLERK OF TRANENT, ‘*that maid the Awnteris of Gawane.*’ It has been suggested that Huchown, or Hugh, might possibly have been the Christian name of Clerk of Tranent.³⁷ This, it

³⁶ This romance of Gawane and the Grene Knight, preserved in an ancient MS. in the Cottonian Library, has been announced for publication by Sir Frederick Madden, to the gratification of all who feel interested in such valuable reliques of ancient literature. I am happy to say that Sir F. Madden informs me that he has discovered in MS. ‘the Gret Gest of Arthure,’ attributed to Huchown, and which cannot fail to be a most desirable acquisition to our early romance poetry.

³⁷ See Macpherson’s Notes to Wyntown, vol. ii. p. 463. He elsewhere says, ‘Huchown perhaps was King’s Poet.’

must be confessed, is no very probable conjecture. On the other hand, it has been asserted that Huchown was the same person with SIR HUGH DE EGLINTOUN, whom Dunbar has enumerated among the early Scottish Makars.³⁸ This seems to be not much more probable. When we consider the high official rank and distinction of Sir Hugh Eglintoun of Eglintoun, who had been allied by marriage to King Robert the Second, and the minuteness with which Wyntown usually designates the persons whom he names, it is hardly credible that he would on more than one occasion speak of Sir Hugh Eglintoun, who appears to have had no permanent situation at Court, simply as Huchown. A poem in alliterative verse on the subject of Susanna, answering the description of the 'Pistill' ascribed to Huchown, is still preserved, and from similarity of style, one or other of the later romances of Gawane may be assigned to the same author. Another curious specimen of alliterative poetry, which probably belongs to an early period of our literature, is the 'Taill of Rauf Coilyear.'³⁹ But in forming any opinion regarding the age or authorship of such

³⁸ See introductory notice to the 'Pistill of Susan,' which is printed in the collection already quoted in Note 35, and Chalmers' *Lyndsay*, vol. i. p. 132. Some farther account of Sir Hugh de Eglintoun will be found in the Notes upon Dunbar's poem, vol. i. p. 213.

³⁹ 'Imprintit at Sanct Androis be Robert Lekprevick, 1571,' and reprinted in the volume of 'Select Remains,' &c., 1822, 4to.

ancient remains, much must necessarily rest upon mere conjecture.

The work next to be mentioned, is one of great and deserved celebrity, being the *Life and Acts of Robert Bruce*, which was written by JOHN BARBOUR, Arch-deacon of Aberdeen, in the year 1375. He was also the author of a historical poem on the *Genealogy of the Kings of Scotland*, frequently referred to by *Wyn-town*, but which is not known to be preserved. Barbour was fortunate in the subject of his *Robert the Bruce*, and in that work, while we are made sensible of the charms of romantic narrative, there is also found in his spirited descriptions, a more than ordinary adherence to the correctness of historical detail.⁴⁰

ANDREW OF WYNTOWN, prior of the Monastery of *St Serfe* in *Lochlevin*, between the years 1410 and 1420, compiled a *Metrical Chronicle*, which is valuable not only for its minuteness and precision in

⁴⁰ The most genuine edition of Barbour's *Bruce*, is that edited by the Rev. Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1489. Edinburgh: 1820, 4to. That MS. was supposed to be the only one in existence; but, in the Library of *St John's College*, Cambridge, there is another, dated 1488, which would be worthy of collation, although unluckily it wants several leaves at the beginning. It has also been generally asserted that the edition by Hart, in 1616, 8vo, was the earliest of Barbour's poem, but I am possessed of one in small 4to, black-letter, (which has lost the title-page,) apparently printed at Edinburgh, about the year 1570, which may explain the allusion made by Patrick Gordon, in 1615, to 'the printed book.'

point of dates, but likewise for the curious traits of ancient manners which it incidently elucidates. But this Chronicle, while it entitles the author to the reputation of an original historical writer, displays none of the genius which adorns the truly national poem of Wyntown's predecessor.⁴¹

The poet next in succession is one of higher distinction, not only for rank, but also for genius; and it is singular that Dunbar, while he mentions the names of several obscure poets, as we must now consider them, in his Lament for the Makars, should have overlooked that of KING JAMES THE FIRST. The King's Quair,⁴² written by the captive Prince, to solace his weary hours during his residence in Windsor castle, is remarkable for a degree of grace and elegance which seems till then to have been unknown to our earlier writers. Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness with which he describes his feelings on beholding in the garden below the tower where he was confined, the lady Jane Beaufort, (whom he afterwards married,) as she was coming forth to her morning orisons. The humorous popular ballads in the verna-

⁴¹ That part of Wyntown's Chronicle relating to Scotland, was published with not less care and ability than elegance, by the late Mr David Maepheron. London: 1795. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

⁴² First published by William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, in 1783, 8vo, and more recently by Mr Thomson of Ayr Academy, in 1824, and by Mr George Chalmers, in his 'Poetical Remains of the Scottish Kings.' London: 1824. 8vo.

cular dialect which have been attributed to the same Royal author, undoubtedly belong to a much later age.

During the reign of James the Second, there flourished at least two poets of some note. The one was a priest of the name of HOLLAND, an adherent of the noble family of Douglas, who appears to have continued an attached follower during their misfortunes. He was the author of a curious allegorical poem, the *Buke of the Howlat*, written about 1453, which displays some invention and descriptive powers, although greatly obscured by the style of its alliterative verse.⁴³

The other poet was SIR GILBERT HAY, Chamberlain to Charles the Sixth, King of France, who appears to have devoted much of his leisure to translations from the works of French authors. He is entitled to notice on account of the recent discovery of his unpublished version of the very voluminous, but popular metrical French romance of Alexander the Great,⁴⁴—a translation extending to upwards of

⁴³ The *Buke of the Howlat* or Owl, is preserved in the MSS. of Asloane and Bannatyne. From the latter MS. it was included in a collection of 'Scotish Poems,' edited by John Pinkerton. London: 1792. vol. 3, 8vo. A more accurate text, from the earlier MS. of Asloane, was printed as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. Edin.: 1823. 4to.

⁴⁴ In the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ormelie. The MS. is slightly imperfect at the beginning, and evidently appears to have been transcribed sometime before 1579, from a copy of 'this noble buik,' written in 1499, which was probably also imperfect. Dr George Mackenzie, in his *Life of Sir Gilbert Hay*, describes a MS. then in his possession, being

20,000 lines, and probably completed about the year 1460. This work is not to be confounded with 'the Foray of Gaderis,' and other supplementary branches of the romance of Alexander, also translated from the French by an anonymous author, in 1438.⁴⁵

Nearly coeval with Holland and Hay, but survivors at the close of the fifteenth century, were two poets who have still better claims on our regard. One of these was ROBERT HENRYSON, who, during the latter portion of his life, acted as a notary publick, and as preceptor in the Benedictine Convent at Dunfermline. To him we are indebted for the beautiful pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne, (the earliest of this class of compositions in our language,) and for several other poems and fables, which, while they breathe a fine strain of morality and poetical sentiment, are enriched with a freshness and facility of description, indicating a clear and animated perception of the beauties of nature.⁴⁶

a translation from the French into prose of Bonnet's 'Buke of Armys, or the Flour of Batailes,' made by Sir Gilbert Hay, at the request of William, Earl of Orkney, at Roslin Castle, in the year 1456. The fate of that MS. is not known.

⁴⁵ No MS. of this anonymous translation has been discovered. It was printed at Edinburgh by Alexander Arbuthnot about the year 1580; and the only copy of this volume known to exist, is in the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Panmure. A reprint of the volume (which is not quite perfect) has been executed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

⁴⁶ Henryson's Poems and Fables have hitherto been printed only in

The other poet was HENRY THE BLIND MINSTREL, who owes much of his fame to the subject of his well-known work, the *Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace*.⁴⁷ The Minstrel has referred to the ‘gret gestis,’ which had been previously made ‘of the gud dedis and manheid’ of our ‘illuster and vailzeand campion :’ what these consisted of, cannot now be ascertained. But it is somewhat singular that his own work should have usually been regarded in the light of an original composition, when it is evident from the concluding address, that it was, in a great measure, a translation from the Latin. That this metrical history should have been eminently successful, was owing, perhaps much less to its poetical merits, than to the name of its great and patriotic hero. Even the frequent extravagance of the narrative, which partakes more of the character of romantic fiction than is suitable to heroic verse, might have no less contributed, for upwards of three centuries, to its uninterrupted and almost unequalled degree of popular esteem.

We now arrive at the reign of James the Fourth, a period which seems to have been peculiarly fertile in

detached forms; but a collected edition, in a volume uniform with the present work, is in immediate preparation for the press.

⁴⁷ An edition uniform with *The Bruce*, mentioned in note 40, was edited by Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1488. No other MS. has yet been discovered; but some fragments exist of an edition supposed to have come from the press of Walter Chepman before 1520.

productions of genius. But with regard to the many poets who then flourished, it is remarkable that, with the exception of our author and of Gawin Douglas, their works have almost wholly perished. Dunbar, in his Lament for the Makars, written about 1507, has enumerated at least twelve poets, who were his contemporaries, of whose compositions either no remains, or only very inconsiderable ones, have been discovered. Among these were Stobo, Alexander Traill, Sir Mungo Lockhart, Sir John Ross, Quintyne Schaw, Patrick Johnstone, the two Rowlls, and James Affleck.⁴⁸ We might have concluded that the preservation of Dunbar's own works was owing to their being more admired than those of other poets, were it not that both Douglas and Lyndsay speak of Quintyne and Kennedy in equal terms of commendation. Yet not a single work of Quintyne is known to be preserved, while the poems of Kennedy which still exist do not display such powers as would warrant the epithet 'GREAT' which was attached to his name. It must, however, be remembered, that most of our native bards have been doomed to a peculiarly hard fate; and that if Dunbar and Douglas have been more fortunate in this respect than others, it was only because their works were more numerous and important; for it will be seen that Quintyne is not the

⁴⁸ See the notes upon the 'Lament for the Makars,' vol. i. p. 211, and the 'Poems by Dunbar's Contemporaries,' in vol. ii., for some additional particulars regarding these poets.

only poet whose name has been recorded, while his works have perished.

It certainly would not be easy to refer the loss which our vernacular literature has sustained to any single cause. It might have proceeded no less from popularity at one time than from neglect at another, as large impressions of works seem to have been bought up, and actually worn out in the course of frequent and extensive perusal.⁴⁹ But the literature of a period previous to the introduction of printing, must have suffered greatly by the burnings and ravages of the English forces during the first half of the sixteenth century, as well as by the excesses committed at the period of the Reformation, which it is to be feared was the main cause of the destruction of monastic and other libraries.

In the case of DUNBAR, the reproach to our literature in allowing such an author to fall into the obscurity which has been alluded to, was in part taken away by the selections of his poems from Bannatyne's manuscript, which were published successively by Allan Ramsay in 1724, and by Lord Hailes in 1770. In availing himself of these selections, Warton, the classical historian of English poetry, was enabled, in

⁴⁹ Even of volumes of considerable bulk, such as Henry's Wallace, Barbour's Bruce, the Romance of Alexander, Rolland's Sevin Sages, and his Court of Venus, and the editions of Lyndsay's Works, printed in Scotland before 1600, no second copies of most of them are known to be preserved.

1778, to present an analysis of what was then considered to be the author's three chief productions, and by the estimate which he formed of his genius, to render Dunbar's name in some degree familiar to the English reader. After his analysis of the *Daunce*, he says, "I have been prolix in my citations and explanations of this poem, because I am of opinion that the imagination of Dunbar is not less suited to satirical than sublime allegory; and that he is the first poet who has appeared with any degree of spirit in this way of writing since *Piers Plowman*. His *Thistle and Rose*, and *Golden Targe*, are generally and justly mentioned as his capital works; but the natural complexion of his genius is of the moral and didactic cast."⁵⁰

The subsequent additions made to Dunbar's poems by Mr Pinkerton in 1786, from Sir Richard Maitland's manuscript, presented fresh proofs of the peculiar richness and copiousness of our Poet's genius. This last editor cautions his reader, that Warton's estimate "must not be taken too strictly." For, as he suggests, "the *Golden Targe* is moral; and so are many of his smaller pieces; but humour, description, allegory, great poetical genius, and a vast wealth of words, all unite to form the 'complexion' of Dunbar's poetry. He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's hu-

⁵⁰ Hist. of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 278; 8vo edit. vol. iii. p. 109.

mour, poetry, and knowledge of life ; the allegory of Gower ; the description of Lydgate.”⁵¹ Elsewhere he adds, that “ His short moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force, only inferior to those of Horace.”

In like manner, a late elegant writer says, “ Mr Warton, who has bestowed great commendations on Dunbar, observes, that his genius is peculiarly ‘ of a moral and didactic cast ;’ and it is certainly in such pieces that he is most confessedly superior to all who preceded, and to nearly all who have followed him ; but his satires, his allegorical and descriptive poetry, and his tales, are all admirable, and full of fancy and originality.”⁵²

This is high praise, but it is supported by the opinion of other eminent writers.⁵³ Sir Walter Scott, in particular, with that liberality of sentiment which so well became a distinguished author, on several occasions expressed his admiration of our old ‘ Makkar.’ “ This darling of the Scottish Muses (he observes) has been justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry, to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible. In brilliancy of fancy, in force of description, in the power of conveying moral precepts with terseness,

⁵¹ Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. vol. i. p. xciv.

⁵² Ellis’s Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. i. p. 377.

⁵³ Among these may be mentioned Mr Malcolm Laing, (in his continuation of Dr Henry’s History,) Dr Irving, Mr Gilchrist, Rev. Dr Nott, Mr T. Campbell, Dr Drake, and Mr Fraser Tytler.

and marking lessons of life with conciseness and energy, in quickness of satire, and in poignancy of humour, the Northern Makar may boldly aspire to rival the Bard of Woodstock. In the pathetic, Dunbar is Chaucer's inferior, and, accordingly, in most of his pieces he rather wishes to instruct the understanding, or to amuse the fancy, than to affect the heart."⁵⁴ Elsewhere he says, "Dunbar, the Scottish Chaucer, appeared at Court, with a power both of heroic and humorous poetry no way unworthy the Bard of Woodstock." And again, "The genius of Dunbar and Gawain Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance."⁵⁵

In instituting a comparison of our author with the father of English poetry, we cannot assert that he has left us such a gorgeous piece of colouring, blended with such fine touches of pathetic and natural sentiment, as the 'Knights Tale,' far less that he has produced any thing as a whole to be placed in competition with the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, which, in its vivid description of the persons brought together in pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas of Becket, presents such a graphic picture of English life and manners as never has been surpassed. Yet in all the essential characteristics of Chaucer's

⁵⁴ Memoirs of George Bannatyne, p. 14, Edin. 1829, 4to.—a volume printed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

⁵⁵ History of Scotland, (Lardner's Cyclopædia,) vol. i. pp. 333 and 351.

genius, Dunbar will not shrink from comparison.⁵⁶ With perhaps higher inventive powers, and greater terseness of style, he has exhibited the same discrimination of character, derived from acute and extensive observation, the same rich vein of humour, and clear perception of the ludicrous, with equal picturesqueness of language and imagery.

Of Dunbar's immediate contemporaries, there is no one who has left us sufficient evidence of the extent or fertility of his genius, to be placed in any point of comparison with our author. GAWIN DOUGLAS,⁵⁷ Bishop of Dunkeld, is indeed a poet of a high order, but he has displayed neither the versatility nor the original powers of Dunbar. In the former we find laboured and high-wrought descriptions, in place of

⁵⁶ "It is evident (says Dr Drake) that a union of talents of this wide range must necessarily be of rare occurrence; nor can we wonder that a century should elapse before a poet in any high degree approaching the genius of Chaucer made his appearance in this island. Not, indeed, until DUNBAR arose in the sister kingdom, had we another instance of the combination of first-rate abilities for humour and comic painting, with an equally powerful command over the higher regions of fiction and imagination."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 5.

⁵⁷ A complete and uniform edition of Douglas's works would undoubtedly be a desirable publication. Probably the best MS. of his celebrated translation of Virgil, is one preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and which has never been collated. It was written, I should suppose, about 1525, and has the autograph of "Johannes Daneylston, Rector a Dysert," and is said to have been "the first correk copy nixt efter the translacioun wrytin be inaster Matho Geddes, scribe or writar to the Translatar."—(MSS. GALE, O. 3. 12.)

that vividness of representation which Dunbar produces by a few masterly touches; the fancy and learning of Douglas having been more exercised in allegorical abstractions, and classical allusions, than in attempting to produce actual sketches of human life and character. Some striking compositions of this age are unfortunately anonymous, as it would have conferred honour upon any poet to have been the ascertained author of such a poem as the *Freirs of Berwick*, which is usually ascribed to Dunbar.⁵⁸

With one exception, the poets of the reign of James the Fifth made no very important additions to the stock of our vernacular literature. SIR DAVID LYND-SAY, to whom our allusion applies, was assuredly entitled to no ordinary praise, whatever regret we may feel for the occasional coarseness and vulgarity which disfigure his verses. It was not till a mature period of life that he commenced his career as an author—his earliest work being written in 1529. He enjoyed the King's special protection, which was fortunate for him, as the plain homeliness of his style, together

⁵⁸ See it inserted in vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes. Among other anonymous productions of the same period, deserving of notice, may be mentioned,—“*Clariodus, a Metrical Romance*,” printed for the Members of the Maitland Club. Edin. 1830. 4to. “*The Buke of the Chess*,” printed at the Auchinleck Press, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, from Asloane's MS., 1818. 4to. “*The Tailis of the Thrie Preists of Peblis*,” and “*The Murning Maiden*.” Both reprinted in “*Early Metrical Tales*,” Edin. 1826. 12mo. And “*the Buke of the Sevin Sages*,” a version hitherto unprinted.

with the bold, open, and uncompromising tone, by which he was so eminently qualified for the task of exposing the prevailing abuses, whether in church or state, could not fail to raise against him many enemies. This familiarity and freedom of expression, which rendered his verses intelligible to the lower classes, contrasts well with his strong and pointed satire, and might have contributed at the time as well to the efficacy of his writings, as to their extensive and long-continued popularity.⁵⁹

The poetical writers of the subsequent reigns were altogether an inferior race in point of talent, while such of those of the seventeenth century, who are entitled to particular notice, belong to the class of English poets, having nothing of the tone and character peculiar to the Scottish Muse.

Nearer our own time, the poet of all others in the higher walks of genius, with whom Dunbar might be best compared, was ROBERT BURNS.⁶⁰ Although the

⁵⁹ The only complete edition of Lyndsay's Works is that edited by the late Mr Chalmers. Lond. 1806. 3 vols. 8vo.

⁶⁰ Such a comparison has, in fact, been ably drawn by Dr Drake, in an essay, entitled, "Chaucer, Dunbar, and Burns compared."—"Where shall we find such another concentration of varied talent, such a blending of satire and humour and characteristic delineation, with the higher faculties subservient to passion, imagination, and lofty description, as we have just pointed out in the instances of Chaucer and Dunbar? Where, I will venture to reply, but in the person of BURNS? who, it may safely be asserted, has rivalled those poets in humour, description, and moral satire, and even surpassed them in the pathetic, the terrible, and sublime."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 1.

little we possess by Burns, of what might be termed pure invention—his *Tam o' Shanter*, for instance—is truly admirable, for expressive personation and allegorical imagery (agreeably to the taste and manners of his age), Dunbar was certainly preeminent. For strength of satire, richness of humour, vivid description of external nature, and characteristic delineations of life and manners, it would be difficult to say which of these poets is entitled to the highest praise. Most of Burns's pieces are essentially lyrical—a style of writing which must be deemed of a less ancient date than the era of the elder poet, who, notwithstanding, is not less remarkable for ease and harmony of versification. This form of composition might perhaps have led Burns to the habitual expression of intense and varied feeling, wherein he greatly exceeded, not only Dunbar, but almost every other poet, whether of ancient or of modern times.⁶¹

⁶¹ But as in extent of genius, so in their fate, the two Scottish poets might not be unaptly compared. Dunbar's fame was established before he had been brought into immediate connexion with the court of Holyrood; and it is impossible to say how far the idleness and frivolity of such a mode of life, and his continued dependence upon royal favour, which he might have felt as a kind of degradation, must have withdrawn his mind from higher and more noble exertions. It is far more certain, that the distinction and public notoriety attendant upon Burns's first visit to the metropolis, was any thing but fortunate either for his personal happiness, or as a spur to his genius. In his earliest volume, published before that event, we find several—nearly all—of his finest compositions, displaying so much natural purity of taste, and vigour of conception, that it might have been well for him had circumstances never raised him beyond his original sphere

The sentiments, already quoted, of persons so well qualified to pronounce on the merits of our earlier writers, ought to render any thing like minute and detailed criticism, in regard to the general character of Dunbar as a poet, superfluous. But it will be proper now to consider how far his acknowledged compositions may be supposed to bear upon his moral character. From the entire ignorance which has prevailed concerning his personal history, and his own unceasing supplications to James the Fourth for a benefice, it has been rashly concluded that such preferment was withheld in consequence of moral disqualification. It cannot be with truth asserted that Dunbar has, on every occasion, kept his muse within the bounds of decency and propriety—or that he has always exhibited himself in a light consistent with our notions of what was becoming his profession of the priesthood—yet the freedom and levity displayed in some of his verses was not likely to prejudice the mind of such a monarch as James the Fourth against the author; and preferment to the highest dignities

of life. And what was the result? He was flattered for a time by persons of wealth and fashion—he was courted, or rather seduced, by individuals wholly undeserving of his familiarity, into idle and dissipated habits—and at length, his high and manly spirit was bowed down by the necessity of accepting an inadequate, and, in his own estimation, a degrading situation. It may, however, be questioned whether, in the neglect which has obscured Dunbar's personal history, he has not been thus more fortunate than Burns, in escaping the exposure and exaggeration of every failing, as if there were a gratification experienced in degrading the memory of the dead.

in the Church, was not the reward either of personal fitness or of purity of conduct. Accordingly, such admissions do not necessarily infer, on the part of Dunbar, an abandonment of all moral restraint, but rather a charge of depraved taste ; for we ought to distinguish between the actual conduct of the Poet, and his delineations of the passions and actions of others. In this point of view, candour must allow, that Dunbar's faults were rather those of the age, than of the individual ; nor should he be singled out as peculiarly deserving of reprobation for faults which he had in common with others, perhaps even to a much smaller extent. By far the coarsest of his productions is the *Flyting* ; yet there is every reason to believe that the equal share which Kennedy had in this poetical contest, and in which he at least rivals Dunbar for scurrility, had no effect whatever in lowering his own character, or in preventing him from obtaining preferment in the church. Hence, as we ought not to judge of the manners of Dunbar's age by our own, it would be manifestly unjust were we to sit in judgment upon him by the same standard of morality to which we ourselves may be subjected.

Fortunately, there is no necessity to undertake a defence of our Author for merely presumed inconsistencies of conduct. All we know respecting his mode of life is derived from his own writings, and these furnish us with no substantial proofs wherewith to impeach his moral character. But some apology may be deemed requisite for the publication of his coarser

pieces, wherein will be found the occasional violations of decency and good taste to which we have alluded. Had the present Editor consulted his own inclination, he would have made occasional retrenchments; but the appearance of such a castigated edition might have excited notions far more prejudicial to the Poet's reputation than is likely to attend the actual production of the most objectionable passages. Dunbar is in no respects so outrageously offensive as Chaucer. He is even far less offensive than Lyndsay, and others of a later age, who professed a purer faith, and were instrumental in overthrowing the altars of Popery.

Of all Dunbar's poems, the tale of the Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo, is most liable to the charge of immodest description. The poet pretends to overhear three females, who are seated in a green arbour, drinking rich wines, while they relate to each other their experience of a married life. This they do with all possible freedom, and (as Dr Irving remarks) "the sentiments which they utter, are as profligate as can well be imagined. It is to be hoped (he adds) that Dunbar did not intend this as a general representation of the ladies of his own age and nation." This tale is evidently an early production, and one of the few of his works in which we trace direct imitation, as he must have had in his eye Chaucer's Prologue to the Wife of Bathe's tale. As the Scottish poet presents in it a singular picture of life and manners, interspersed with some beautiful sketches of scenery, we might regret that he should have adopt-

ed an antiquated style, were it not that the subject of the poem is best veiled in such obscurity. Another poem, which has occasioned much of the outcry raised against him, is an address to the Queen, in which he exposes the licentious conduct of some of her servants on the eve of Lent; indicating very plainly the coarse manners of the age, which could admit of such language being submitted to a personage so exalted. Now, it is obvious, that the poet never would have presumed to write in such a strain, had it been deemed at the time so peculiarly offensive; and this poem only furnishes an additional proof that females, even of the highest rank, at that time, were not remarkable for that sensitive delicacy which belongs to a more refined state of society. Several of his other effusions are mere pleasantries, flowing from a mind alive to the peculiarities of character and situation presented to his view by individuals well known at court, and written without any design of gratifying a spirit of malevolence. Such are his verses on James Doig, his Testament of Andrew Kennedy, his allusions to the King's amours, his ballad of the Freir of Tungland, and his Dance in the Queen's chamber. In this Dance he scruples not to hold himself up to ridicule, by representing himself⁶² dancing in no very decorous attitude, and as the avowed lover of Mistress Musgraif, one of the Queen's ladies of ho-

⁶² Of Dunbar's personal appearance, no kind of description has been preserved; nor is any portrait of him known to be in existence. I have also searched in vain to discover some specimen of the Poet's handwriting.

nour, who had come in her train from England. But no person, in delineating Dunbar's character from his own writings, would be so absurd as to imagine that he meant to avow himself chargeable with all, or even a tithe of the enormities, contained in his Table of Confession; which is a mere *modus confitendi*, intended, according to the forms of the Romish ritual, to suggest to every class of penitents, the particular points applicable to each individual case in confession. The *Flyting with Kennedy*, though now the most obscure of all his poems, was probably one of the most popular, and met with several imitators during the sixteenth century.⁶³ But the delicate reader need fear no great contamination from its perusal, for while it exhibits a remarkable proof of the copiousness and fertility of our language in scurrilous and sarcastic epithets, it requires more than ordinary skill to be fully sensible of the caustic nature of its raillery. His *Tournament of the Soutar and Tailor*, is also a very coarse, but it is likewise a highly ludicrous picture. It is, however, a pleasure to turn from such a species of vituperative amusement, to consider the grave reflective cast of his moral and devotional poems; nor will the reader among these forbear (in the words of an elegant writer) 'to admire the sweet moral pathos which has given an undying charm to the beautiful stanzas on *Winter*.'⁶⁴

It has been supposed that the pageants and inter-

⁶³ See Notes upon the *Flyting*, in vol. ii.

⁶⁴ *Drake's Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 8.

cludes of that age must have quickened Dunbar's invention in forming his grotesque groups—but we might enquire who were the writers of such pageants and interludes? Dunbar himself informs us that he was in the constant habit of exercising his fancy in such compositions,—although the exact nature of these plays and interludes cannot be well ascertained, as probably few, if any, of them now exist. They might be short compositions, either for recitation, like 'the Droichis part of the play,'⁶⁵ or, written in dialogue, for a species of acting during the intervals of dancing, or in the disguisings, with the exhibition of which the Scottish monarch seems to have been delighted. One of the most striking features, at least, of Dunbar's genius, is his power of allegorical invention. The old poets carried this species of composition to excess, almost every thing being conveyed in the form of abstract or moral personification, with a prolixity not adapted to compensate for the want of interest in such cold and fanciful abstractions. In the *Goldyn Terge*, Dunbar's most elaborate work of the kind, the poet

⁶⁵ This singular poem, in which the Genius of Wealth is represented as a pigmy or dwarf, boasting, however, of his great prowess and strength, although now 'cryned' in through age, undoubtedly belongs to the reign of James IV. It is written in the same measure with the ballad of the *Freir of Tungland*, and it might have been included in the class of 'Poems attributed to Dunbar.' Having printed it, however, in a previous collection, ("Select Remains," &c., 1822, 4to,) which it is contemplated to republish uniform with the present work, it has not been inserted in these volumes.

has presented a favourable and striking specimen of this style of writing, the characters who are attendants on Lady Beauty, being not incongruous with the personages of heathen mythology who are introduced, while the verses display the greatest richness of description and imagery. It is, notwithstanding, to be regretted, that Dunbar and other contemporary poets should have shown such a marked predilection for allegory, instead of cultivating more assiduously the narrative style of composition, which admitted of vivid and spirited delineations of individual character being blended with scenes drawn from familiar life,—such, for instance, as we find in the admirably managed tale of the Freirs of Berwick.⁶⁶

In conclusion it may be observed, that we ought perhaps to consider those works of Dunbar which have been preserved, more as manifestations of what the author was capable of producing, than as presenting to us the full and matured fruits of his genius. It cannot fail to strike the reader how great a proportion of his poems are of a mere temporary nature, referring to passing events of no permanent interest, or to circumstances of no further importance, except as illustrations of his own personal fortunes. Whether the poet ever applied himself to any great achievement in the walks of literature, cannot be ascertained; but we can easily conceive that some, if not many

⁶⁶ See vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes to the Poem.

of his more valuable productions, might have shared the destructive fate which has deprived us of so much of the coeval literature. Yet although we have no power to

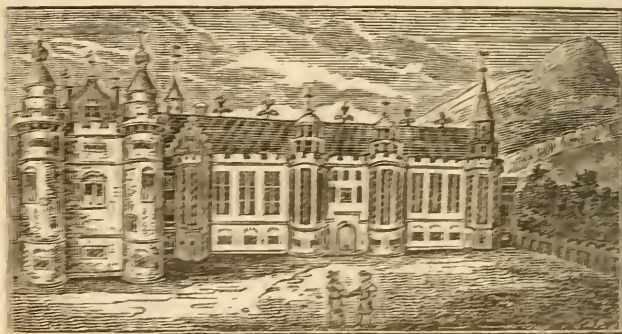
— call up him who left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold,

there is a possibility that some additional fragments of Chepman's press, or some neglected manuscript collection may yet be discovered, that will increase our present stores. The zeal of our early collectors, unfortunately, was not regulated by the taste and judgment of later times; and while such poems as the *Flyting* and the *Tournament* are preserved in various forms, the *Thrissil and Rois*, the *Queen's Reception at Aberdeen*, and the *Satire on Edinburgh*, have severally been discovered in single manuscripts; and the *Welcome to Lord Aubigny on his arrival in Scotland*, exists only in a mutilated printed form.

We need, however, no proofs in addition to what are furnished by the poems in this volume, to show that Dunbar possessed in no common degree, one peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of every great poet,—a certain transparency or purity of language, which at once conveys to the mind of the reader the exact image or conception that is intended, and which implies energetic brevity of expression. These poems, also, afford a striking proof of the singular variety and diversified nature of our author's compositions, evincing that his genius was of no ordinary kind.

When we reflect, therefore, on the greatness and variety of Dunbar's powers, it is impossible to divine what such a mind as his, under favourable circumstances, was capable of producing. He who could, with the view of enlivening the sports of Holyrood, produce such a living picture as the Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,—and then pass, without effort, to conjure up in the infernal regions an exhibition of such broad and coarse humour as the mock-tournament between a Tailor and a Soutar, might truly be regarded as a poet, whose imagination was capable of any effort whatever:—at one time, revelling uncontrolled in the fields of allegory;—upon other occasions rising from some homely exhibition of the ordinary events of life, and reaching even 'the brightest heaven of invention.'



THE HOTEL—HOTEL DE ROYAL—HOTEL—HOTEL.

APPENDIX
TO THE MEMOIRS OF DUNBAR.



APPENDIX.—NO. I.

NOTICES OF THE DUNBARS OF BEILL, DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



OSPATRICK, Earl of Northumberland, maternal grandson of Ethelred, King of England, settled in Scotland after the Norman Conquest. As stated in the Memoir of the Poet, (p. 6,) he was the ancestor of the EARLS OF DUNBAR and

MARCH. In tracing the descent of that ancient and very powerful family, our Peerage writers, Crawford, Douglas, and Wood, have varied in several particulars; and considerable difficulty occurs in such an investigation, owing to the persons in succession being often of the same Christian name, and not sufficiently distinguished in the charters of the 13th and 14th centuries. In collecting some detached notices of a particular branch of that family, during the 15th century, it may be sufficient to observe that,

GEORGE, Tenth Earl of DUNBAR and MARCH, married Christian, daughter of Sir William Seton, and died in 1420, aged upwards of 82. In a charter, 20, Rob. III. (1392) Wawan, Colin, Patrick, and John, are mentioned as brothers

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of George, afterwards Eleventh Earl. There was also a younger brother, Sir David, who was slain at Perth in 1437. The eldest son, George, Eleventh Earl, was attainted in Jan. 1434, after which, along with his son Patrick, he retired to England; whose descendants, deprived of their titles and hereditary possessions, existed for a time in comparative obscurity, when contrasted with the former splendour of the family.

SIR PATRICK DUNBAR OF BEILL, mentioned in the charter 1392, was fourth son of George, tenth Earl. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Homildon, 1402; was one of the hostages for King James the First, 1424; married previous to 1426, when a safe-conduct was granted to his wife and four servants to repair to him in the Tower of London; and was appointed ambassador to England in 1429. Two charters of Geo. de Dunbar, Earl of March, granted to Sir Patrick Dunbar of Biel, of several lands in Berwickshire, were confirmed, April 24, 1452, by King James the Second. (Reg. Magni Sig. IV. 236.)

GEORGE, WALTER, AND WILLIAM DUNBAR, are described as sons of 'Patrick of Dunbar of Bele,' in an original charter or obligation by George of Dunbar, Earl of March, to Robert of Levingston, burgess of Lythgow, dated August 10, 1440. To another deed, (being a resignation of the lands of Middle Binning, Linlithgowshire,) dated July 3, 1440, The same William Dunbar appears as a witness thus: 'Magistro Willielmo de Dunbar.' (The original deeds are preserved in the charter chest of the Earl of Rosebery, according to information communicated by JOHN RIDDELL, Esq. Advocate.)

DAVID DUNBAR OF BELE, who is styled “air to umquhile Alexander Dunbar of Bele, his brother,” and “Annabella Boid, spous of umquhill Patrik Dunbar, brother of the said umquhile Alexander,” are mentioned in a law proceeding regarding part of the lands of Mersinton in Berwickshire, Oct. 10, 1488. (*Acta Auditorum*, p. 114.)

HUGO DE DUNBAR DE BELE, Sept. 12, 1489; in the following charter: “164. REX concessit armigero suo Roberto Lauder de Edringtonne et heredibus suis—terras de Bele—Johnesclewche,—et le Clyntis,—cum turri, fortificio et molendino de Bele,—in baronia de Dunbar, infra constabulariam de Hadingtounne, et vic. de Edinburghe;—necnon terras et molendinum de Mersintounne,—cum superiore et inferiore toftis et pertinen. earundem, infra vic. de Berwik:—quas Hugo de Dunbar de Bele resignavit.” (*Reg. Magni Sig.*)



APPENDIX.—NO. II.

NOTICES OF WILLIAM DUNBAR, FROM THE PUBLIC RECORDS OF SCOTLAND.

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. ii. fol. 9.

1500. A Lettre maid to Maister Williame Dunbar of
Aug. 15. the gift of ten li. of penfionne to be pait to him
of our Souerane Lordis cofferis, be the The-
gratis. faurare, for al the dais of his life, or quhil he
be promovit be oure Souerane Lord to a bene-
fice of xl li or abone, &c. de data, xv^{to} Auguftj,
et regni Regis xij, [1500.] Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

1501. Item, to Maister William Dunbar in his penfion
May 23. of Mertymes bipaft, be command of ane pre-
cept, v li.
July 20. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfion of
the Witfonday terme bipaft, be command of
ane precept, v li.
Dec. 20. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, quhilk was
payit to him efter he com furth of Ing-
land, v li.
1502. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, sic like, [his
July 9. penfion of Witfonday terme bipaft,] v li.

1502. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 Nov. 12. of the said terme of Mertymes, . . . v fi.
1503. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his half 5eris
 June 14. penfioun of the said terme [of Witfonday
 last], v fi.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 of Mertymes sic lyke, v fi.
- 1503-4. Item, the xvij day of March, to the Kingis of-
 March 17. ferand at Maister William Dunbar's first mes,
 vij fr. cr. Sm. iijj fi. xvijš.
1504. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 May 28. sic like, [of the terme of Witfonday bipaft,] v fi.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister Dunbar, his penfioun siclike,
 [of the terme of Mertymes bipaft,] v fi.
1505. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 May 4. siclike, [of the terme of Witsunday,] v fi.
- Aug. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
 command, xlijš.
- Nov. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 of Mertymes, v fi.
- 1505-6. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
 Jan. 27. command, for caus he wantit his gown at
 3ule, v fi.
1506. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 June 2. of terme foresaid, [of Witfonday,] v fi.
- Aug. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
 command, v fi.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun of
 the said terme [of Mertymes], v fi.
- 1506-7. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, in recompen-
 Jan. 4. sation for his gown, v fi.
1507. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his half 5eris
 May 23. penfioun of the said terme [of Witfonday], v fi.

1507. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun of
 Nov. 12. the said terme [of Mertymes], . x ti.
 & new ekit.
- 1507-8. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
 March 15. command, v ti.
1508. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 June 15. of the said terme [of Witsonday], . x ti.
26. Item, the xxij day of Junij, to Maister William
 Dunbar, be the Kingis command, iij ti. x š.

The Treasurer's Accounts from August 1508 to August 1511, have not been preserved.

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. iv. fol. 80.

1510. A Lettre maid to Maister William Dunbar, of the
 Aug. 26. gift of ane 5eirly penfioun of iiij^{xx} [four-score]
 ti. to be pait to him at Mertymes and Witson-
gratis. day of the Kingis cofferis, be the Thesaurar that
 now is, and beis for the tyme, or quhill he be
 promouit to [ane] benefice of j^c [one hun-
 dred] ti. or abone, &c.; with command to the
 said Thesaurar to pay the famyn, and to the
 Auditouris of chekker to allow, &c. At Edin-
 burgh the xxvj day of August the 5ere forsaid
 [anno regni Regis xxij, 1510.]

Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

- 1511, Nov. } Item, to Maister William Dunbar takand
 1512, May, } termlic fourtj ti. of Martimes and Wit-
 foundaylast, Sm. lxxx ti.

- 1511-12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, for his ȝule
 Jan. 23. leveray, vj elnis ane quartar Parise blak to be
 hyme ane gowne, price eln xl š. Sm. xij ti. x š.
 Item, allowit to the said Maister William, attour
 his leveray was tane at ȝule in anno V^{cxj}.
 [1511], v. quartaris scarlete, price iij ti. ij š. vj d.
1512. Item, the xxiiij day of December, to Maister
 Dec. 24. William Dunbar his Mertymes fee, be the
 Kingis command, xl ti.
1513. Item, the first day of Aprile, to Maister William
 April 1. Dunbar, xlij š.
14. Item, the xiiij day of Aprile, gevin to Maister
 William Dunbar, xlij š.
- May 14. Item, the xiiij day of Maij, to Maister William
 Dunbar in his pensoun, lvj š.

The Treasurer's Accounts, from Aug. 8, 1513, to June, 1515, have not been preserved. In those of a subsequent date, Dunbar's name does not appear.



POEMS

BY

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

A

THE THRISSILL AND THE ROIS.

QUHEN Merch wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lufty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt :

In bed at morrow, fleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day, 10
And halfit me, with visage pail and grene ;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your flomering,
Sé how the lufty morrow dois up spring.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed up stude, 15
In weid depaynt of mony divers hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of manfuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys ; 20
Quhyll all the houe illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho faid, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt ;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To raife up lumaris with confort and delyt ; 25
 Yit nocht increffis thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I up ryfe at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I fing ; 30
 Thai haif moir caufe to weip and plane thair forrow ;
 Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng ;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring :
 So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne. 35

With that this Lady fobirly did finyle,
 And faid, Upryfe, and do thy obfervance ;
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lufly quhyle,
 For to difcryve the Rois of moft plesance.
 Go fé the birdis how thay fing and dance, 40
 Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
 Annamyllit richely with new afure lycht.

Quhen this wes faid, departit scho, this Quene,
 And enterit in a lufly gairding gent ;
 And than me thoct, full heftely befene, 45
 In ferk and mantill [eftir hir] I went
 In to this garth, moft dulce and redolent,

Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis fueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid, 50
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin fkyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone fo wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his fresche and blisfull face, 55
Doing all fable fro the hevynniss chace.

And as the blisfull foune of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht ;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht, 60
And welcum day that confortis every wicht ;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To ferfs Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld, 65
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris [fneil] nor blastis cawld
Effray fuld flouris nor fowlis on the fold :
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the fky,
That scho the hevin fuld keip amene and dry. 70

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beift
Befoir hir Hienes fuld annone compeir,

And every flour of vertew, most and leift,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir, 75
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone scho fend the fuyft Ro
 To bring in beiftis of all condition ;
 The restles Suallow commandit scho also 80
 To feche all foull of small and greit renown ;
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
 Quhilk did furth fwirk als swift as ony arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane é, 85
 Baith beift, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene ;
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy contenance and kene,
 Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne, 90
 With visage bawld, and corage leonyne.

This awfull beift full terrible wes of cheir,
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliverance, 95
 Reid of his callour, as is the ruby glance ;
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With flour-de-lycis firculit lustely.

This Lady liftit up his clavis cleir,
 And leit him liftly lene upone hir kné, 100
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to fé;
 Saying, The King of Beiftis mak I thé,
 And the cheif protector in woddis and schawis;
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis. 105

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
 And lat no small beift suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beiftis that bene of moir pifcence;
 Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis, *+ wild oye or*
 And lat no bowgale with his busteous hornis 110 *buttal*
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryde,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyde.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
 All kynd of beiftis in to thair degré,
 Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy, 115
 And till his feit fell with humilité;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewté;
 And he did thame reffais with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis, 120
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,
 As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
 And mak á law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;

And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay, 125
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
Difcirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris :
Upone the awfull THRISSILL scho beheld,
And faw him kept with a busche of speiris ; 130
Confiderring him so able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif :

And fen thow art a King, thow be discreit ;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew, and of odour fueit ;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlichenefs,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilnefs : 140

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
As the fresche ROIS, of cullour reid and quhyt :
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
Confiderring that no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt, 145
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignité.

Than to the ROIS scho turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,

Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage, 150
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 Bot ony spot or macull doing spring :
 Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
 For oure the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coiftly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht, 155
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclois
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht ;
 Quhairfoir me thocht the flouris did rejois,
 Crying, attonis, Hail be thow richeft Rois !
 Hail hairbis Empryce, hail freschest Quene of Flouris,
 To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull foun wes mervelus to heir ;
 The mavyis fang, Hail Rois most riche and richt,
 That dois up flureifs undir Phebus speir ; 165
 Hail plant of yowth, hail Princes dochtir deir,
 Hail blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall :

The merle scho fang, Hail Rois of most delyt,
 Hail of all flouris quene and foverane : 170
 The lark scho fang, Hail Rois both reid and quhyt,
 Most plesand flour, of nichty cullouris twane :
 The nyctingail fang, Hail Naturis suffragane,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnefs,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnefs. 175

The commoun voce up raife of birdis small,
 Apon this wyis, O bliffit be the hour
 That thow wes chofin to be our principall;
 Welcome to be our Princés of honour,
 Our perle, our plefans, and our paramour, 180
 Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;
 Chryft thé conferf frome all adverfité.

Than all the birdis fong with fic a fchout,
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnyt me about 185
 To fé this court; bot all wer went away:
 Then up I lenyt, halflingis in affray,
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
 Off lufly May upone the nynt morrow.

THE GOLDYN TARGE.

BRYGHT as the stern of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by a rosere did me rest ;
Up sprang the goldyn candill matutyne,
With clere depurit bemes cristallyne, 5
Glading the mery foulis in thair nest ;
Or Phebus was in purpur cape reveft
Up raise the lark, the hevyns menstrale fyne
In May, in till a morow myrthfullest.

Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris 10
Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris,
Apparalit quhite and red, wyth blomes fuede ;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris ;
Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete 15
To part fra Phebus, did Aurora grete ;
Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the flouris,
Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis, 20
With curiouse notis, as Venus chapell clerkis :
The rofis yong, new spreding of thair knoppis,

War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,
 Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis ;
 The skeyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis, 25
 The purpur hevyn oure scailit in filvir floppis
 Ouregilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

Doun throu the ryce a ryvir ran wyth stremys,
 So lustily agayn thai lykand lemys,
 That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht, 30
 Quhilk schadoutit all about wyth twynkling glemis ;
 That bewis bathit war in fecund bemys
 Throu the reflex of Phebus visage brycht ;
 On every fyde the hegeis raife on hicht,
 The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys,
 The stanneris clere as sternis in frosty nycht.

The cristall air, the fapher firmament,
 The ruby skeyes of the orient,
 Keft beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene ;
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent, 40
 With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent
 Arayed was, by dame Flora the quene,
 So nobily, that joy was for to fene ;
 The roch agayn the ryvir resplendent
 As low enlumynit all the leves schene. 45

Quhat throu the mery foulis armony,
 And throu the ryveris foun that ran me by,
 On Florais mantill I slepit as I lay,
 Quhare fone in to my dremes fantasy

I saw approach agayn the orient sky, 50
 A faill, als quhite as bloffum upon spray,
 Wyth merse of gold, brycht as the stern of day ;
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustily,
 As falcoun swift defyruse of hir pray.

And hard on burd unto the blomyt medis, 55
 Amang the grene rispis and the redis,
 Arrivit scho, quhar fro anon thare landis
 Ane hundreth ladyes, lusty in to wedis,
 Als fresch as flouris that in May up spredis,
 In kirtillis grene, withoutyn kell or bandis : 60
 Thair brycht hairis hang gletering on the strandis
 In tressis clere, wyppit wyth goldyn thredis,
 With pappis quhite, and mydlis small as wandis.

Discrive I wald, bot quho coud wele endyte
 How all the feldis wyth thair lilies quhite 65
 Depaynt war brycht, quhilk to the hevyn did glete :
 Noucht thou, Homer, als fair as thou coud wryte,
 For all thine ornate stilis so perfyte ;
 Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhois lippis suete
 Off rethorike did in till termes flete : 70
 Your aureate tongis both bene all to lyte,
 For to compile that paradife complete.

Thare saw I Nature, and als dame Venus quene,
 The fresch Aurora, and lady Flora schene,
 Juno, [Latona,] and Proserpyna, 75
 Dyane the goddesse chaste of woddis grene,

My lady Cleo, that help of Makaris bene,
 Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
 Fair feynit Fortune, and lemand Lucina,
 Thir mychty Quenis in crounis mycht be fene, 80
 Wyth bemys blith, bricht as Lucifera.

There faw I May, of myrthfull monethis quene,
 Betnix Aprile, and June, her fister schene,
 Within the gardyng walking up and down
 Quham of, the foulis gladdith al be dene ; 85
 Scho was full tender in hir yeris grene.
 Thare faw I Nature present hir a gown
 Rich to behald, and nobil of renoun,
 Off eviry hew undir the hevin that bene
 Depaynt, and braid be gude proporcioun. 90

Full lustily thir ladyes all in fere
 Enterit within this park of most plesere,
 Quhare that I lay oure helit wyth levis ronk ;
 The mery foulis, blisfullest of chere,
 Saluft Nature, me thocht, on thair manere, 95
 And eviry blome on branch, and eke on bonk,
 Opnyt and fpred thair balmy levis donk,
 Full low enclynyng to thair Quene fo clere,
 Quham of thair nobill norifing thay thonk.

Syne to dame Flora, on the famyn wyfe, 100
 Thay falufe, and thay thank a thousand fyfe ;
 And to dame Venus, lufis mychty quene,
 Thay fang ballettis in lufe, as was the gyfe,

With amoroufe notis lufty to devife,
 As thay that had lufe in thair hertis grene; 105
 Thair hony throtis, opnyt fro the splene,
 With werblis fueete did perfe the hevinly fkyes,
 Quhill loud refownyt the firmament ferene.

Ane othir court thare faw I confequent,
 Cupide the king, wyth bow in hand ybent, 110
 And dredefull arowis grundyn fcharp and fquare :
 Thare faw I Mars, the god armypotent,
 Aufull and fterne, ftrong and corpolent ;
 Thare faw I crabbit Saturn ald and haire,
 His luke was lyke for to perturb the aire ; 115
 Thare was Mercurius, wife and eloquent,
 Of rethorike that fand the flouris faire ;

Thare was the god of gardingis, Priapus ;
 Thare was the god of wildernes, Phanus ;
 And Janus, god of entree delytable ; 120
 Thare was the god of fludis, Neptunus ;
 Thare was the god of wyndis, Eolus,
 With variand luke, rycht lyke a lord unfable ;
 Thare was Bachus the gladdir of the table ;
 Thare was Pluto, the elrich incubus, 125
 In cloke of grene, this court unfit no fable.

And eviry one of thir in grene arayit,
 On harp or lute full merily thai playit,
 And fang ballettis with mighty notis clere :
 Ladyes to dance full foberly affayit, 130

Endlang the lusty ryvir so thai mayit :
 Their observance rycht hevynly was to here ;
 Than crap I throu the levis, and drew nere,
 Quhare that I was richt fudaynly affrayit,
 All throu a luke, quhilk I have boucht full dere.

And fchortly for to speke, be Lufis Quene
 I was aspyit, fcho bad hir archearis kene
 Go me arrest ; and thay no time delayit ;
 Than ladyes fair lete fall thair mantillis grene,
 With bowis big in tressit hairis schene, 140
 All fudaynly thay had a felde arayit ;
 And yit rycht gretly was I noucht affrayit,
 The party was so plesand for to sene,
 A wonder lusty bikkir me assayit.

And first of all, with bow in hand ybent, 145
 Come dame Beautee, rycht as fcho wald me schent ;
 Syne folowit all hir dameselis yfere,
 With mony diverse aull instrument,
 Unto the pres, Fair Having wyth her went,
 Fyne Portrature, Plesance, and lusty Chere. 150
 Than come Refoun, with schelde of gold so clere,
 In plate and maille, as Mars armypotent,
 Defendit me this nobill chevallere.

Syne tender Youth come wyth hir virgyns ying,
 Grene Innocence, and schamefull Abaising, 155
 And quaking Drede, wyth humble Obedience ;
 The GOLDYN TARGE harmyt thay no thing ;

Curage in thame was noucht begonne to spring ;
 Full fore thay dred to done a violence :
 Suede Womanhede I faw cum in prefence, 160
 Of artilyé a warld fcho did in bring,
 Servit wyth ladyes full of reverence.

Scho led wyth hir Nurture and Lawlynes,
 Contenance, Pacience, Gude Fame and Stedfastnes,
 Difcretioun, Gentrife, and Confiderance, 165
 Levell Company, and Honeft Befynes,
 Benigne Luke, Mylde Chere, and Sobirnes :
 'All thir bure ganyeis to do me grevance ;
 But Refon bure the TARGE wyth fik conftance,
 Thair fcharp affayes mycht do no dures 170
 To me, for all their afull ordynance.

Unto the pres perfewit Hie Degree,
 Hir folowit ay Eftate and Dignitee,
 Comparifoun, Honour, and Nobill Array,
 Will, Wantonnes, Renoun, and Libertee, 175
 Richeffe, Freedome, and eke Nobilitee :
 Wit ye thay did thair baner hye difplay ;
 A cloud of arowis as hayle fchour loufit thay,
 And fchot, quhill waftit was thair artilye,
 Syne went abak reboytit of thair pray. 180

Quhen Venus had perfavit this rebute,
 Diffymulance fcho bad go mak perfute,
 At all powere to perfe the GOLDYN TARGE ;
 And fcho that was of doubilnes the rute,

Afkit hir choife of archeris in refute. 185

Venus the beft bad hir go wale at large ;
 Scho take Prefence plicht ankers of the barge,
 And Fair Callyng that wele a flayn coud fchute,
 And Cherifing for to complete hir charge.

Dame Hamelynes fcho take in company, 190

That hardy was, and hende in archery,
 And broucht dame Beautee to the felde agayn ;
 With all the choife of Venus chevalry
 Thay come, and bikkerit unabaitfly :
 The fchour of arowis rappit on as rayn ; 195
 Periloufe Prefence, that mony fyre has flayne,
 The bataill broucht on bordour hard us by,
 The falt was all the farar futh to fayn.

Thik was the fchote of grundyn dartis kene ;
 Bot Refoun with the Scheld of Gold fo fchene, 200
 Warily defendit quho fo evir affayit ;
 The afull ftoure he manly did fustene,
 Quhill Prefence keft a pulder in his ene,
 And than as drunkyn man he all forwayit :
 Quhen he was blynd the fule wyth hym thay playit,
 And banyft hym among the bewis grene ;
 That fory ficht me fudaynly affrayit.

Than was I woundit to the deth wele nere,
 And yoldyn as a wofull prifonnere
 To lady Beautee, in a moment fpace ; 210
 Me thought fcho femyt luftiar of chere,

Efter that Refoun tynt had his eyne clere,
 Than of before, and luftiare of face :
 Quhy was thou blyndit, Refoun ? quhy, allace !
 And gert ane hell my paradife appere, 215
 And mercy feme, quhare that I fand no grace.

Diffymulance was befy me to file,
 And Fair Calling did oft apon me fmyle,
 And Cherifing me fed wyth wordis fair ;
 New Acquayntance enbracit me a quhile, 220
 And favouryt mee, quhill men mycht go a myle,
 Syne tuk hir leve, I faw hir nevir mare :
 Than faw I Dangere toward me repair,
 I coud efchew hir prefence be no wyle,
 On fyde fcho lukit wyth ane fremyt fare. 225

And at the laft departing coud hir drefse,
 And me delyverit unto Hevynesse
 For to remayne, and fcho in cure me tuke ;
 Be this the Lord of Wyndis, wyth wodenes,
 God Eolus, his bugill blew I gefse ; 230
 That with the blaft the levis all to fchuke,
 And fudaynly, in the fpace of a luke,
 All was hyne went, there was bot wildernes,
 Thare was no more bot birdis, bank, and bruke.

In twynkling of ane eye to fchip thay went, 235
 And fwyth up faile unto the top thay ftent,
 And with fwift courfe atour the flude thay frak ;
 Thay fyrit gunnis wyth powder violent,

Till that the reke raife to the firmament,
 The rochis all refownyt wyth the rak, 240
 For reird it femyt that the rayn bow brak ;
 Wyth fpirit affrayde apou my fete I fprent
 Among the clewis, fo carefull was the crak.

And as I did awake of my fueving,
 The joyfull birdis merily did fyng 245
 For myrth of Phebus tendir bemes fchene ;
 Suete war the vapouris, foft the morowing,
 Halefum the vale, depaynt wyth flouris ying ;
 The air attemperit, fobir, and amene ;
 In quhite and rede was all the felde befene, 250
 Throu Naturis nobil fresch anamalyng,
 In mirthfull May, of eviry moneth Quene.

O reverend Chaucere, rofe of rethoris all,
 As in oure tong ane flour imperiall,
 That raife in Britane evir, quho redis rycht, 255
 Thou beris of Makaris the tryumph riall ;
 Thy fresch anamalit termes celicall
 This matir coud illumynit have full brycht :
 Was thou noucht of oure Inglifch all the lycht,
 Surmounting eviry tong terrestriall, 260
 Alls fer as Mayes morow dois mydnycht.

O morall Gower, and Lydgate laureate,
 Your fugurit lippis and tongis aureate,
 Bene to oure eris caufe of grete delyte ;
 Your angel mouthis moft mellifluate 265

Our rude langage has clere illumynate,
And faire oure gilt our speche, that imperfyte
Stude, or your goldyn pennis schupe to write ;
This Ile before was bare, and defolate
Off rethorike, or lusty fresch endyte. 270

Thou lytill Quair, be ever obedient,
Humble, subject, and sымple of entent,
Before the face of every connyng wicht :
I know quhat thou of rethorike hes spent ;
Off all hir lusty rosis redolent 275
Is none in to thy gerland sett on licht ;
Escame thar of, and draw thé out of sicht !
Rude is thy wede, disteynit, bare, and rent,
Wele aucht thou be aferit of the licht.

BEWTY AND THE PRESONEIR.

SEN that I am a Prefoneir
Till hir that faireft is and beft,
I me commend, fra yeir to yeir,
In till hir bandoun for to reft ;
I govit on that gudlieft, 5
Sa lang to luk I tuik lafeir,
Quhill I wes tane withouttin teft,
And led furth as a Prefoneir.

Hir Sweit Having, and Frefche Bewté,
Hes wondit me but fwerd or lance ; 10
With hir to go commandit me,
On till the Castell of Pennance.
I faid, Is this your govirnance,
To tak men for thair lukiing heir ?
Frefche Bewty fayis, Ya, Schir, perchance
Ye be my Ladeis Prefoneir.

Thai had me bundin to the yett,
Quhair Strangenefs had bene porteir ay ;
And in deliverit me thairat,
And in thir termis can thai fay, 20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
 Quoth Strangeness unto the porteur,
 On till my Lady, I dar lay,
 Ye be to pure a Prefoneir.

Thai kest me in a deip dungeoun, 25
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne ;
 The capitane hecht Comparefone,
 To luke on me he thocht greit deyne :
 Thocht I was wo, I durft nocht pleyne,
 For he had fetterit mony affair ; 30
 With peteous voce thus cuth I fene,
 Wo is a wofull Prefoneir !

Langour wes weche upon the wall,
 That nevir fleipit, bot evir wouke ;
 [And] Skorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35
 And oft on me his babill sehuke ;
 Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.—
 Quhat is he yone, that methis us neir ?
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,
 To be my Ladeis Prefoneir. 40

Gud Howp [then] rownit in my eir,
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill ;
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,
 With Fair Schervice fend it hir till :
 I wouk and wret hir all my will. 45
 Fair Schervice fure withouttin feir,

Sayand till hir, with wirdis still,
Haif pety on your Presoneir.

Than Lawlinefs to Petie went,
And faid till hir, in termis fchort,— 50
Lat we yone Presoneir be fchent
Will no man do to us fupport ;
Gar lay ane fege unto yone fort !
Than Petie faid, I fall appeir.
Thocht fayis, I hecht, wun I ourthort, 55
I houp to lowfs the Presoneir.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
And ay the wawart kepit Thocht ;
Luft bure the benner to the wall,
And Biffinefs the grit gyn brocht. 60
Skorne cryis out, fayis, Wald ye ocht ?
Luft fayis, We wald haif entré heir.
Comparifone fayis, That is for nocht,
Ye will nocht wyn the Presoneir.

Thai thairin fchup for to defend, 65
And thai thairfurth failyeit ane hour :
Than Biffinefs the grit gyn bend,
Straik doun the top of the foir tour.
Comparifone began to lour,
And cryit furth, I yow requeir, 70
Soft and fair, and do favour,
And tak to yow the Presoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliverly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangeneſs, quhair that he did ly, 75
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Luſtely thay lakit bot a Juge,
 Sik ſtraikis and ſtychling wes on ſteir;
 The ſemelieſt wes maid aſſège,
 To quhome that he wes Prefoneir. 80

Thruch Skornes noſe thai put a prik,
 This he wes baniſt and gat a blek;
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his nek;
 Thai failyeit faſt all the fek, 85
 Luſt chaſit my Ladeis chalmirleir,
 Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek,
 Thus ranſomit thai the Prefoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luſt had undone
 His ennemeis, him aganis 90
 Aſſemblit ane ſemely fort full ſone,
 And raifs and rowttit all the planis;
 His cuſing in the Court remanis,
 Bot Jalouſe folkis and Geangleiris,
 And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95
 Blew out on Luvis Prefoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king
 Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,

And all enermit without lesing,
 Chest Sklander to the West Sé cost ; 100
 Than was he and his lineage lost,
 And Matremony, withouttin weir,
 The band of freindschip hes indoft
 Betuix Bewty and the Presoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famifs air, 105
 And cummyne to continuatioun,
 And to the Court maid his repair,
 Quhair Matremony than voir the crowne ;
 He gat ane confirmatioun,
 All that his Modir aucht but weir : 110
 And baid still, as it wes reffone,
 With Bewty and the Presoneir.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT Rois of vertew and of gentilnes,
Delytsum Lyllie of everie lustyness,
 Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
 And everie vertew that is [held most] deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercylefs. 5

In to your garthe this day I did perfew,
Thair saw I flowris that fresche wer of hew ;
 Baithe quhyte and reid moist lusty wer to feyne,
 And halfum herbis upone stalkis grene ;
Yit leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew. 10

I dout that Merche, with his cauld blastis keyne,
Hes flane this gentill herbe, that I of mene ;
 Quhois petewous deithe dois to my heart sic pane
 That I wald mak to plant his rute againe,
So confortand his levis unto me bene. 15

THE VISITATION OF ST FRANCIS.

THIS nycht befor the dawing cleir
Me thoct Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
 With ane religiouse abbeit in his hand,
 And faid, In this go cleith thé my fervand,
Refuifs the warld, for thow mon be a Freir. 5

With him and with his abbeit bayth I skarrit,
Lyk to ane man that with a gaift wes marrit:
 Me thoct on bed he layid it me abone;
 But on the flure delyverly and fone
I lap thair fra, and nevir wald cum nar it. 10

Quoth he, Quhy skarris thow with this holy weid?
Cleith thé thairin, for weir it thow most neid;
 Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
 Sall now be freir, and in this abbeit preiche;
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid. 15

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be thé till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
 To me, that of thy claitthis are so kynd;
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
Sweit Confessour, thow tak it nocht in ill. 20

In haly legendis haif I hard allevin,
 Ma sanctis of bifchoppis, nor freiris, be sic fevin ;
 Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis I reid ;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bifchoppis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my faule yeid unto hevin. 25

My brethir oft hes maid thé supplicationis,
 Be epiftillis, fermonis, and relationis,
 To tak this abbeit ; bot thow did postpone ;
 But furder proces, cum on thairfoir anone
 All circumstance put by and excufationis. 30

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir ;
 For in to every lusty toun and place,
 Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Kalice,
 I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir. 35

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit.
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury ;
 In it I past at Dover oure the ferry,
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle ;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter ;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

The freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
 Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir ;
 He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk ;
 With him me thocht all the house end he towk,
 And I awoik as^t wy that wes in weir. 50

the same as a 'wicht' from 'wig' (Gothic)
 fit for war adult.

DUNBAR'S DREAM.

THIS hinder nycht half-sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht my chalmer in ane new aray
 Was all depaynt with many divers hew,
 Of all the nobill stouris ald and new,
Sen oure first father formed was of clay. 5

Me thocht the lift all bricht with lampis lycht,
And thair in enterrit many lustie wicht,
 Sum young, sum old, in findry wyfe arayit,
 Sum sang, sum danceit, on instrumentis sum playit,
Sum maid disportis with hartis glaid and lycht. 10

Than thocht I thus, this is ane felloun phary,
Or ellis my witt rycht wondroullie dois varie ;
 This feimes to me ane guidlie companie,
 And gif it be ane freindlie fantafie,
Defend me Jhesu, and his moder Marie ! 15

Thair pleafant sang, nor yett thair pleafant toun,
Nor yett thair joy did to my heart redoun ;
 Me thocht the drierie damiefall Distres,
 And eik hir forie sifter Hevinefs,
Sad as the leid, in bed lay me abone. 20

And Langour fatt up at my beddis heid,
 With instrument full lamentable and deid ;
 Scho playit fangis so duilfull to heir,
 Me thocht ane houre feimeit ay ane yeir ;
 Hir hew was wan and wallowed as the leid. 25

Than com the ladyis, danceing in ane trace,
 And Nobilnes befor thame come ane space,
 Saying, with cheir bening and womanly,
 I fé ane heir in bed oppreffit ly,
 My fisteris go and help to get him grace. 30

With that anon did start out of a dance
 Twa fisteris, callit Confort and Pleafance,
 And with twa harpis did begin to sing,
 Bot I thair of mycht tak na rejoicing,
 My Hevinefs opprest me with sic mischance. 35

Thay saw that I nocht glaidder wax of cheir,
 And thair of had thai winder all but weir,
 And said ane lady that Perfaveing hicht,
 Of Hevinefs he feillis sic a wecht,
 Your melody he pleiffis nocht till heir. 40

Scho and Distres hir fister dois him greve :
 Quod Nobilnes, Quhow fall he thame eschow ?
 Than spak Discretioun, ane lady richt bening,
 Wirk eftir me, and I fall gar him sing,
 And lang or nicht gar Langour tak hir leve. 45

And then said Witt, Giff thai work nocht be thé,
 But onie dout thai fall not work be me.
 Difcretioun said, I knaw his malady,
 The strok he feillis of melancholie,
 And Nobilnefs, [his] lecheing lyis in thé. 50

Or evir this wicht at heart be hail and feir,
 Both thou and I must in the court appeir ;
 For he hes lang maid service thair in vaine :
 With sum rewaird we mane him quyt againe,
 Now in the honour of this guid new yeir. 55

Weill worth thé, fister, said Considerance,
 And I fall help for to mantene the dance.
 Than spak ane wicht callit Blind Effectioun,
 I fall befor yow be, with mine electioun,
 Of all the court I have the governance. 60

Than spak ane constant wycht callit Reffoun,
 And said, I grant yow hes beine lord a fessioun,
 In distributioun, bot now the tyme is gone,
 Now I may all distribute myne alone ;
 Thy wrangous deidis did evir man enchefoun. 65

For tyme war now that this man had sum thing,
 That lange hes bene ane servand to the King,
 And all his tyme nevir flatter couthe nor faine,
 Bot humblie in to ballat wyfe complaine,
 And patientlie indure his tormenting. 70

I counfall him be mirrie and jocound ;
 Be Nobilnefs his help mon firft be found.

Weill spokin, Reffoun, my brother, quoth Difcretioun,
 To fett on deifs with lordis at the ceffioun,
 In to this realme yow war worth mony ane pound. 75

Than fpak anone Anoportunitie,
 Ye fall nocht all gar him fpeid without me,
 For I ftand ay befor the Kingis face ;
 I fall him deiff, or ellis my felf mak chace,
 Bot gif that I befor him fervit be. 80

Ane befy askar foonner fall he fpeid,
 Na fall twa befy fervandis out of dreid,
 And he that askis, nocht tynes bot his word,
 Bot for to tyne lang fervice is no bourd,
 Yett thocht I nevir to do fic folie deid. 85

Than com anone ane callit Schir Johne Kirkepakar,
 Off many cures ane nichtie undertaker,
 Quod he, I am poſſeft in kirkis fevin,
 And yitt I think thai grow fall till ellevin,
 Or he be fervit in ane, yone ballet maker. 90

And then fchir Bet-the-kirk, fa mot I thryff,
 I haif of buſie fervandis foure or fyve,
 And all directit unto findrie ſteidis,
 Ay ſtill awaitingt upoun kirk-menes deidis,
 Fra quhom my tithingis will I heir belyff. 95

Quod Refoun than, The ballance gois unevin,
 That thow allace to ferff hes kirkis fevin,
 And fevin als worth kirk, nocht haifand ane,
 With gredines I fie this world ourgane,
 And fufficiency dwellis nocht bot in heavin. 100

I have nocht wyt thairof, quod Temperance,
 For thocht I hald him evinlie the ballance ;
 And, but ane cuir, full [evin] micht till him wey,
 Yett will he take ane uther and gar it fuy :
 Quha best can rewill wald maist have governance. 105

Patience to me, My friend, said, mak guid cheir,
 And on the prince depend with hevynely feir,
 For I full weill dois knaw his nobill intent ;
 He wald nocht, for ane bishopprikis rent,
 That yow war unrewardit half ane yeir. 110

Than as ane fary thai to duir did brak,
 And schot ane gone that did fo rudlie rak,
 Quhill all the aird did raird the rane bow under,
 On Leith fandis me thocht scho brak in founder,
 And I ainon did walkin with the crak. 115

THE BIRTH OF ANTICHRIST.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nycht,
The hevin all being full of sternis bricht,
 To bed I went ; bot thair I take no rest,
 With hevie thoct fo foir I wes opprest,
That fair I langit eftir the dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
That scho to me stude fo contrariously ;
 And at the last, quhen I had turnyt oft
 For weirines, on me ane flummer soft
Come, with ane dremyng and a fantesfy. 10

Me thoct deme Fortoun, with ane fremmit cheir,
Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir :
 Thow suffir me to wirk gif thow do weill,
 And preifs thé nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and steir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne unto the licht,
And makis als mony full law down to licht ;
 Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treist weill thy trouble is neir at ane end, 19
Seing thir takinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht.

Thy trublit gait fall neir moir be degeft,
 Nor thow in to no beuifice poſſeft,
 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,
 And as ane falcone fair fro eaſt to weſt. 25

He fall aſcend as ane horrible griphoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane ſcho dragoun ;
 Thir terrible monſteris fall togidder thriſt,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechriſt,
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair puyſoun. 30

Undir Saturnus fyrie regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit thame, and Mahoun ;
 And Merlyne, at the mone, fall hym be bydand ;
 And Jonet the weido, on ane buſſome rydand,
 Off wichis with ane wondir gareſoun. 35

And fyne thay fall diſcend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryſtis impyre ;
 Be than it fall be neir this warldis end.
 With that this Lady ſone fra me did wend :
 Sleipand and walkand wes fruſtrat my deſyre. 40

Quhen I awoik my dreame it wes ſo nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce ;
 Quhill I hard tell, be mony ſuthfaſt wy,
 Flé wald ane Abbot up in to the ſky,
 And all his fethreme maid wes at deuyce. 45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone,
Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis ar done :
Full weill I wift to me wald never cum thrift,
Quhill that twa monis wer fene up in the lift,
Or quhill an Abbot flew aboif the mone. 50

OFF THE FENYEIT FREIR
OF TUNGLAND.

As ying Aurora, with hir cristall hale,
In orient schew hir vifage pale,
A swevyng swyth did me affale,
 Off sonnis of Sathanas feid ;
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary 5
Come out of the land of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
 Full lang in waith-man weid.

Fra baptifing for till eschewe,
Thar a religiouse man he flewe, 10
And cled him in his habit newe,
 For he couth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his dissimilans,
And all his curfit govirnans,
For feir he fled, and come in Fraunce, 15
 With litill of Lombard leid.

To be a leche he feynit him thar,
Quhilk mony a man mycht rew evir mar ;
For he left nothir feike nor fair
 Unflane, or he hyne yeid. 20

Vane organis he full clenly kervit ;
 Quhen of his straik fo mony stervit,
 Dreid he had gottin that he defervit,
 He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than, the narrest way, 25
 He come, his cunnyng till assaye,
 To sum man thar it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.

In potingary he wrocht gret pyne,
 He mureft in to medicyne ; 30
 The Jowe was of a gret ingyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

In lechecraft he was homicide,
 He wald haf for a nycht to byd,
 Ane haknay and the hurt mannis hyd, 35
 So mekle he was of myans.

His irnis was rude as ony rauchtir,
 Quhar he leit blude it was no lauchtir,
 Full mony instrumentis for flauchtir
 Was in his gardyvians. 40

He couth gif cure of laxatif,
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyf ;
 Quha evir assay wald, mau or wyf,
 Thar hippis yeid liddy-giddy.
 His praktikis nevir war put to preif 45
 Bot sudand deid, or gret mischeif ;

He had purgacioun to mak a theif
To dé without a wedye.

Unto no mefs preiffit the prelat,
For found of facrying bell nor fkellat ; 50
As blak smyth brukit was his pellant,
For battiring at the study.

Thocht he come hame a newe maid channoun,
He had dispenfit with matinnis cannoun,
On him come nothir stole nor fannoun, 55
For smwking of the smedye.

Me thocht feir fassounis he affalyeit,
To mak the quinteffence, and failyeit ;
And quhen he saw that nocht avalyeit,
A federem on he tuke : 60
And fchupe in Turkey for to flé ;
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All fowlis farlet quhat he fuld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus, 65
Sum the Mynataur mervalufs,
Sum Mertis blak smyth Vulcanus,
And fum Saturnus cuk.
And evir the cuchettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70
The huditt crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The hevin he nicht nocht bruke.

The Myttane and Sanct Mertynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay fet upone him with a yowle, 75
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.

The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffettis quhill he bled ;
 The spar halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt. 80

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
 A flanchell hang in ilk a lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint ;
 The bissart, biffy but rebuik, 85
 Scho was so cleverus of hir cluik,
 His bawis he nicht nocht langer bruik,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
 In battell him about :

Thay nybillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raife to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy ! 95
 His lyfe was in to dowl.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk ;

The egill strong at him did stryke,
 And rawcht him mony a rout : 100
 For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
 Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre his feddereme that was schene, 105
 And flippit owt of it full clene,
 And in a myre, up to the ene,
 Amang the glar did glyd.
 The fowlis all at the fedderem dang
 As at a monfter thame amang, 110
 Quhill all the pennis of it owtsprang
 In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair ;
 The crawis him socht, with cryis of cair, 115
 In every schaw befyde.
 Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
 Thay had him revin all with thair cluikis :
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde. 120

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
 That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
 With skryking, skrymning, and with scowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.

I walknit with the noyis and fchowte, 125
So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
Sen fyne I curfe that cankerit rowte
 Qhair evir I go or ryde.

THE DEVILL'S INQUEST.

THIS nycht in my fleip I wes agast,
Me thoct the Devill wes tempand fast
 The people, with aithis of crewaltie ;
Sayand, as throw the mercat he past,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 5

Me thoct as he went throw the way,
Ane priest fweirit braid, be God verey,
 Quhill at the alter reffavit he.
Thou art my clerk, the Devill can say,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 10

Than fwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
Be Chryftis woundis bludy and wyd,
 And be his harmes wes rent on tré.
Than spak the Devill, hard him befyd,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did fell,
Renuncit his pairt of hevin and hell.
 The Devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
Thow fall be merchand for my fell,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 20

Ane goldfmyth faid, The gold is fa fyne
 That all the workmanfchip I tyne;
 The feind reffaiſ me gif I lie.
 Think on, quoth the Devill, that thow art myne,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour faid, In all this toun,
 Be thair ane better weil maid gown,
 I gif me to the feynd all fre.
 Gramercy, tailyour, faid Mahom,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 30

Ane fowttar faid, In gud effek,
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,
 Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be.
 Fy, quoth the feynd, thou fairis of blek,
 Ga clenge thé clene, and cum to me. 35

Ane baxftar fayd, I forſaik God,
 And all his werkis, evin and od,
 Gif fairar ſtuff neidis to be.
 The Devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 40

Ane flefchour fwoir be the ſacrament,
 And be Chryſtis blud maift innocent,
 Nevir fatter flefch ſaw man with é.
 The Devill faid, Hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 45

The maltman sayis, I God forfaik,
 And mot the devill of hell me taik,
 Gif ony better malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik :
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 50

Ane browstar fwoir the malt wes ill,
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me ;
 Ane boll will not fex gallonis fill : *a boll is 12 gallons*
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 55

Be Goddis bluid, quoth the tavernnier,
 Thair is sic wyne in my felleir,
 Hes never come in this cuntrie.
 Tut, quoth the Devill, thou fellis our deir,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 60

The smyth fwoir be rude and raip,
 In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thré,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip :
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 65

Ane menstrall faid, The feind me ryfe,
 Gif I do ocht but drink and fwyfe ;
 The Devill faid, Than I counfall thé,
 Exerfe that craft in all thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 70

Ane dyfour faid, with wirdis of stryfe,
 The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
 Bot he keft up fair fyifis thré ;
 The Devill faid, Endit is thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 75

Ane theif faid, God that evir I chaip,
 Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,
 Bot I in hell for geir wald be.
 The Devill faid, Welcum in a raip,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 80

The fische wyffis flett, and fwoir with granis,
 And to the Feind faule, flefche and banis
 Thay gaif thame, with ane fchowt on lie.
 The Devill faid, Welcum all attanis,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me. 85

The rest of craftis grit aithis fwair,
 Thair wark and craft had na compair,
 Ilk ane into thair qualitic.
 The Devill faid, Than withoutin mair,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me. 90

THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN
DEIDLY SYNINIS.

OFF Februar the fyiftene nycht,
 Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
 I lay in till a trance ;
 And than I faw baith Hevin and Hell :
 Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5
 Mahoun gart cry ane Dance
 Off Schrewis that wer nevir fchrevin,
 Aganis the feift of Fafternis evin,
 To mak thair obfervance ;
 He bad gallandis ga graith a gyifs, 10
 And kait up gamountis in the fkyifs,
 As varlotis dois in France.

.

Heilie Harlottis on hawtane wyifs,
 Come in with mony findrie gyifs,
 Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun, 15
 Quhill preiftis come in with bair fchevin nekkis ;
 Than all the Feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
 Blak-belly and Bawfy-Broun.

Lat fé, quoth he, now quha begynnis.
 With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis 20
 Begowth to leip at anis.
 And first of all in Dance wes PRYD,
 With hair wyld bak, and bonet on fyd,
 Lyk to mak vaistie wanis ;
 And round about him, as a quheill, 25
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
 His kethat for the nanis :
 Mony proud trumpour with him trippit,
 Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay skippit
 Thay gyrnd with hyddoufs granis. 30

Than YRE come in with sturt and stryfe ;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir :
 Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
 Eftir him passit in to pairis, 35
 All bodin in feir of weir ;
 In jakkis, and scryppis, and bonettis of steill,
 Thair leggis wer cheneyt to the heill,
 Frawart wes thair affeir :
 Sum upoun uder with brandis best, 40
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
 With knyvis that fcherp coud fcheir.

Nixt in the Dance followit INVY,
 Fild full of feid and fellony,
 Hid malyce and dispyte : 45

For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit ;
 Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
 With fenyteit wordis quhyte :
 And flattereris in to menis facis ;
 And bak-byttaris in secreit placis, 50
 To ley that had delyte ;
 And rownaris of fals lesingis,
 Allace ! that courtis of noble kingis
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Nixt him in Dans come CUVATYCE, 55
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir coud be content :
 Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris, 60
 All with that warlo went :
 Out of thair throttis thay fshot on udder
 Hett moltin gold, me thocht, a fudder
 As fyre-flawcht maist fervent ;
 Ay as thay tumit thame of fshot,
 Feyndis fild thame new up to the thrott 65
 With gold of allkin prent.

Syne SWEIRNES, at the fecound bidding,
 Come lyk a fow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunyie :
 Mony fweir bumbard belly huddroun, 70
 Mony flute daw, and slepy duddroun,
 Him fervit ay with founyie ;

He drew thame furth in till a chenye,
 And Belliall with a brydill renyie,
 Evir lascht thame on the lunyie : 75
 In Dance thay war so flaw of feit,
 Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
 And maid them quicker of counyie.

Than LICHERY, that lathly corse,
 Came berand lyk a bagit horse, 80
 And Ydilnefs did him leid ;
 Thair wes with him ane ugly fort,
 And mony stynkand fowll tramort,
 That had in fyn bene deid :
 Quhen thay wer enterit in the Dance, 85
 Thay wer full strenge of countenance,
 Lyke tortchis byrnand reid ;
 Ilk ane led uthair be the tarffis ;
 Suppoifs thay fyleit with thair arffis,
 It mycht be no remeid. 90

Than the fowll monstir GLUTTONY,
 Off wame unfaifable and gredy,
 To Dance he did him drefs :
 Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
 In surffet and excefs ;
 Full mony a waifstlefs wally-drag,
 With wamis unweildable, did furth wag,
 In creifche that did increfs :

Drynk ! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip, 100
 The Feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
 Their leveray wes na lefs.

.
 Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowt,
 For glé-men thair wer haldin owt,
 Be day, and eik by nycht ; 105
 Except a menstrall that slew a man,
 Swa till his heretage he wan,
 And enterit be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane :
 Syne ran a Feynd to feche Makfadyane, 110
 Far northwart in a nuke ;
 Be he the Correnoch had done schout,
 Erfche men so gadderit him abowt,
 In Hell grit roume thay tuke :
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter, 115
 Full lowd in Erfche begowth to clatter,
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
 The Devill fa devit wes with thair yell,
 That in the depest pot of hell
 He smorit thame with smuke. 120

THE JUSTIS BETUIX THE TAILYEOUR
AND SOWTAR.

NIXT at a Tornament was tryit,
That lang before in Hell was cryit,
 In prefens of Mahoune ;
Betuix a Tailyeour and a Sowtar,
A prikloufs and a hobbill clowtar, 5
 Thair barrafs was maid boune.
The Tailyeour, baith with fpeir and fcheld,
Convoyit was unto the feld,
 With mony a lymmer lowne ;
Of feme bytaris, and beist gnapparis, 10
Of stomok ftelaris, and clayth knapparis
 A gracelefs garifoun.

His baner borne him was before,
Quharin war cloutis a hundreth fcore,
 Ilk ane of divers hew ; 15
And all ftollyn owt of fyndry webbis,
For, quhill the fé flude fillis and ebbis,
 Tailyeouris will nevir be trewe.
The buthman on the barrafs blent ;
Allace ! he tynt all hardyment, 20
 For feir he changit hew :

Mahoune him comfort, and maid him knycht,
 No ferly thocht his hart was licht,
 That to sic honour grew.

He hecht hiely before Mahoune, 25
 That he fuld dyng the Sowtar doun,
 Thocht he war wicht as mast ;
 Bot quhen he on the barrafs blenkit,
 The Tailyeouris corage a litill schrenkit,
 His hart did all oure cast : 30
 And quhen he saw the Sowtar cum,
 Off all sic wordis he was dum,
 Full fair he was agast ;
 For he in hart take sic a scunnir,
 A rak of fartis lyk ony thunnir, 35
 Went fra him, blast for blast.

The Sowtar to the feld him drest,
 He was convoyit out of the west,
 As a defendour stowt :
 Suppois he had no lusty varlot, 40
 He had full mony lowfy harlot,
 Fast rynnand him abowt.
 His banir was a barkit hyd,
 Quharin Sanct Girnyga did glyde,
 Before that rebald rowt : 45
 Full Sowtar-lyk he was of laitis,
 For ay betwene the harnas platis,
 The oyle brifit out.

Apon the Tailyeour quhen he did luke,
 His hart a litill dwalmyng tuke, 50
 Uneifs he mycht upfit ;
 In till his stomok was sic a steir,
 Of all his dyner that cost him deir,
 His breft held never a bit.
 To comfort him, or he raide forthir, 55
 The Devill of knyght-hed gaf him ordir ;
 For stynk than he did spit ;
 And he about the Devillis nek
 Did spewe agane a quart of blek,
 So knyghtlie he him quyt. 60

Than forty tymes the Feynd cryit, Fy !
 The Sowtar furth affraitlye,
 Unto the feld he focht :
 Quhen thai war servit with thair speris,
 Folk had a feile be thair efferis, 65
 Thair hartis was baith on flocht.
 Thai spurrit apon athir syd,
 The hors attour the grene did glyd,
 And tham togiddir brocht ;
 The Tailyeour was no thing wele fittin, 70
 He left the fadill all beschittin,
 And to the ground he focht.

His birnes brak and maid a bratill,
 The Sowtaris horse fearrit with the rattill,
 And round about did reile ; 75

This beift that was affrayit full evill,
 Ran with the Sowtar to the Devill,
 And thar rewardit him wele.
 Sum thing fra him the Feynde efchewit,
 He trowit agane to be befpewit, 80
 So ftrenyt he was in ftele:
 He thocht he wald agane debait him,
 He tordned his erfs and all bedrait him,
 Quyte our fra nek to hele.

He lowfit it with fic a rerd, 85
 Baith horfe and man flawe to the erd,
 He fartit with fic a feir:
 Now, haif I quyit thé! quoth Mahonn;
 The new maid knyght lay into fwoun,
 And did all armes forfweir. 90
 The Devill gart thaim to dungeoun dryf,
 And tham of knyght-hed to depryf,
 Difcharging tham all weir;
 And maid tham harlotis agane for evir,
 Quhilk ftyle to kepe thai had fer levir 95
 Na ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin,
 Had nocht the Sowtar bene befchittin,
 With Beliallis arfs unblift;
 Bot that fa gud a bourd, me thocht, 100
 Sic folace to my hart it wrocht,
 For lauchtir neir I brift.

Quhar throw I walkinnit of my trauns ;
To put in to rememberans,
 Micht no man me refist,
To dyte how all this thing befell
Before Mahoune, the heir of hell :
 Schirris, trow it gif ye list.

105

Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,
But ye can hyd thame : blift be ye. 20

And Tailyeuris with weil maid clais,
Can mend the werft maid man that gais,
 And mak him femely for to fé :
 Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht God mak ane miffaffonit man, 25
Ye can him all fchaip new agane,
 And faffoun him bettir be fie thré :
 Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak,
Haif ye a gude crafty Tailyeur, quhat-rak, 30
 That can it caver with craftis flie !
 Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnefs may ye claime,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
 Supportand faltis with your fupplie : 35
 Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth fie mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye fal be Sanctis full cleir,
 Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntré :
 Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, blift be ye. 40

THE TUA MARYIT WEMEN
AND THE WEDO.

APON the Midsumer evin, mirriest of nichtis,
I muvit furth allane, neir as midnight wes past,
Befyde ane gudlie grene garth, full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge licht, with hawthorne treis ;
Quhairon ane bird, on ane bransche, so birst out hir notis
That never ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde :
Qulhat through the fugarat found of hir fang glaid,
And through the favour fanative of the fueit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyk to dirkin eftir myrthis ;
The dew donkit the daill, and dynarit the foulis. 10

I hard, under ane holyn hevinlie grein hewit,
Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis ;
With that in haist to the hege so hard I inthraug
That I was heildit with hawthorne, and with heynd leivis :
Throw pykis of the plet thorne I presandlie luikit, 15
Gif ony persoun wald approche within that plesand
garding.

I saw Thré gay Ladeis sit in ane grene arbeir,
All grathit in to garlandis of fresche gudlie flouris ;
So glitterit as the gold wer thair glorius gilt tressis,
Quhill all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis ; 20

Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiouffie fched
 Attour thair fchulderis doun fchyre, fchyning full bricht ;
 With curches, caffin thame abone, of kirfp cleir and thin :
 Thair mantillis grein war as the grefs that grew in May
 feffoun,

Fetrit with thair quhyt fingaris about thair fair fydis : 25
 Off ferlifful fyne favour war thair faceis meik,
 All full of flurift fairheid, as flouris in June ;
 Quhyt, feimlie, and foft, as the fweit lillies ;
 New up fpreed upon spray, as new fpynist rofe,
 Arrayit ryallie about with mony rich wardour, 30
 That Nature, full nobillie, annamalit fine with flouris
 Off alkin hewis under hevin, that ony heynd knew ;
 Fragrant, all full of frefche odour fynest of fmell ;
 Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befoir thai Thré Ladeis,
 With ryale cowpis apon rawis full of ryche wynis : 35
 And of thir fair Wlonkes, with Tua [that] weddit war
 with Lordis,

Ane wes ane Wedow, I wift, wantoun of laitis.
 And, as thai talkit at the tabill of mony tail funde,
 Thay wauchtit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wourdis ;
 And fyne thai fpak more fpedelie, and fparit no materis. 40

Bewrie, faid the Wedo, ye weddit wemen ying,
 Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, fen ye war menis wyffis ;
 Reveill gif ye rewit that rakles condition ?
 Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upone lyf mair
 Nor thame that ye your fayth hes feffinit for ever ? 45
 Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better ?

Think ye it nocht ane blift band that bindis fo fast
That none unto it adew may fay bot the deithe alane ?

Than fpak ane luffly belyf, with luffty effeiris ;
It, that ye call the blift band that bindis fo fast, 50
Is bair of blis, and bailfull, and greit barrat wirkis.
Ye fpeir, had I fré chois, gif I wald cheis better ?
Chenyeis ay ar to efchew ; and changeis ar fueit :
Sic curfit chance till efchew, had I my chois anis,
Out of the chenyeis of ane churle I chaip fuld for ever. 55
God gif matrimony were made to mell for ane yeir !
It war bot monftrous to be mair, bot gif our myndis plefit :
It is agane the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,
Togiddir hartis to ftrene, that ftryveis with uther :
Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be meikill, 60
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik ;
And fangis thame ane frefche feyr, unfulyeit, and con-
ftant ;
And lattis thair fulyeit feiris flie quhair thai pleis.
Chryft gif fic ane confuetude war in this erth holdin !
Than weill war us wemen, that ever we may be fré ; 65
We fuld have feiris as frefche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
My felf fuld be full femlie with filkis arrayit ;
Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyus, and gentryce,
I fuld at fairis be found, new faceis to spy ; 70
At playis, and preichingis, and pilgrimages greit,
To fchaw my renoun, royaly, quhair preis was of folk ;
To manifft my makdome to multitude of pepill,

And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony ;
 That I nicht cheis, and be chofin, and change quhen me
 lykit : 75

Than fuld I wail ane full weill, oure all the wyd realme,
 That fuld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht ;
 And when I gottin had ane grume, ganest of uther,
 Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw ;
 Fra I had preivit his pith the first plesand moneth, 80
 Than fuld I cast me to keik in kirk, and in markat,
 And all the cuntré about, kyngis court, and uther,
 Quhair I ane galland nicht get aganis the nixt yeir,
 For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen failyeit the tother :
 A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forfy in draucht ; 85
 Nothir febill, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour ;

Bot als fresche of his forme, as flouris in May ;
 For all the fruit fuld I fang thocht he the flour burgeoun.
 I have ane wallidrag, ane worme, ane auld wobat carle,
 A waiftit wolroun, na worth bot wourdis to clatter ; 90
 Ane bumbart, ane dron bee, ane bag full of flewme,
 Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpioun, ane scutarde behind :
 To see him fcart his awin skyn grit fcunner I think.

Quhen kissis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my forow ;
 As birfs of ane brym bair, his berd is als stif, 95
 Bot soft and foupill as the silk is his fary lwme :

He may weill to the fyu assent, bot fakles is his deidis.
 With gor is his tua grym ene gladderrit all about,
 And gorgeit lyk twa gutaris that wer with glar floppit ;
 Bot quhen that glourand gaisst grippis me about, 100
 Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes ;

Than ma na fainyne me fave fra that auld Sathane ;
 For, thocht I wofe me all cleine, fra the croun down,
 He will my corfe all beelip, and clap to his breift.
 Quhen fchaffyn is that ald fchalk with a fcharp rafour,
 He fchowis on me his fhewill mouth, and fchedis my
 lippis ;

And with his hard hurcheone fkyn fa heklis he my chekis,
 That as a glemand gleyd glowis my chaftis ;
 I fchrenk for the fcharp ffound, bot fchout dar I nought,
 For fchore of that auld fhrew, fhame him betide ! 110
 The luf blenkis of that bogill, fra his blerde ene,
 As Belzebub had on me blent, abafit my fpreit ;
 And quhen the fmy on me fmyrkis, with his fmake fmolet,
 He fepillis like a farcy aver, that flyrit on a gillot.

Quhen that the found of his faw sinkis in my eris, 115
 Than ay renewis my noy, or he be neir cumand :
 Quhen I heir nemmyt his name, than mak I nyne crocis,
 To keip me fra the cummerans of that carll mangit,
 That full of eldnyng is, and anger, and all evill thewis .
 I dar nought luk to my luf for that lene gib, 120
 He is fa full of jelufy, and engyne fals ;
 Ever ymagynyng in mynd materis of evill,
 Compafand and caftand cakis a thoufand
 How he fall tak me, with a trawe, at trift of ane othir :
 I dar nought keik to the knaip that the cop fillis, 125
 For eldnyng of that ald fhrew that ever on evill thynkis ;
 For he is waiftit, and worne fra Venus werkis,
 And may nought beit worth a bene in bed of my myftirs.
 He trowis that young folk I yerne yeild, for he gane is,

Bot I may yuke all this yeir, or his yerd help. 130
 Ay quhen that caribald carll wald clym on my wambe,
 Than am I dangerus, and dane, and dour of my will ;
 Yit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betueene,
 To flyle my flescche, na fumyll me, without a fee gret ;
 And thocht his pen purly me payis in bed, 135
 His purse pays richely in recompense efter :
 For, or he clym on my corse, that carybald forlane,
 I have conditioun of a curche of kerfp all ther fynest ;
 A gown of engranyt claith, right gaily furrit ;
 A ring with a ryall stane, or other riche jowell, 140
 Or rest of his roufty raid, thocht he wer rede wod :
 For all the buddis of Johne Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,
 Me think the baid deir aboucht fa baweh ar his werkis ;
 And thus I fell him solace, thocht I it four think :
 Fra sic a fyre, God yow faif, my fueit Sisteris deir! 145

Quhen that the Semely had faid her sentence to end,
 Than all thai leuch apon loft, with laitis full mery ;
 And raneht the cop round about full off riche wynis,
 And ralyeft lang, or thai wald rest, with ryatus speche.

The Wedo to the tothir Wlonk warpit thir wordis ; 150
 Now, fair Sister, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
 Sen man first with matrimony yow menkit in kirk,
 How haif ye farne be your faith ? confefs us the treuth :
 That band to blifs, or to ban, quhilk yow best thinkis ?
 Or how ye like lif to leid in to leill spoufage ? 155
 And fyne my self ye exeme on the famyn wise,

And I fall fay furth the futh, diffymyland no word.

The Plefand faid, I proteft, the treuth gif I fchaw,
 That of your toungis ye be traift : The tothir twa grantit ;
 With that fprang up hir fpreit be a fpan hechar. 160
 To fpeik, quoth fcho, I fall nought fpair ; ther is no fpyneir :
 I fall a ragment reveil fra the rute of my hert,
 A rouft that is fa rankild quhill rifis my ftomok ;
 Now fall the byle all out brift, that beild has fo lang ;
 For it to beir on my brift wes burdin our hevvy : 165
 I fall the venome devoid with a vent large,
 And me affuage of the fwalme, that fuellit wes gret.

My husband wes a hur maifter, the hugeaft in erd,
 Tharfoir, I hait him with my hert, fa help me our Lord !
 He is a young man ryght yaip, bot nought in youthis flouris ;
 For he is fadit full far, and feblit of ftrenth :
 He wes as flurifing frefche within thir few yeris,
 Bot he is fulyeit full far, and falyeid in labour ;
 He has bene lychour fo lang quhill loft is his natur,
 His lume is waxit larbar, and lysis in to fwoune : 175
 Wes never fugeorne wer fet na on that fnaill tyrit,
 For efter feven oulkis reft, it will nought rap anys ;
 He has bene waiftit apon wemen, or he me wif cheifit,
 And in adultre, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft :
 And yit, he is als brankand with bonet on fyde, 180
 And blenkand to the brichtest that in the burgh duellis,
 Alfe curtly of his clething, and kemmyng of his hair,
 As he that is mair valyeand in Venus chalmer ;
 He femys to be funtling worth, that fyphyr in bour,

He lukis as he wald luffit be, thocht he be litill of valour;
 He dois as dotit dog that damys on all buffis,
 And liftis his leg apon loft, thocht he nought lift pifche;
 He has a luke without luft, and lif without curage;
 He has a forme without force, and feffoun but vertu,
 And fair wordis but effect, all fruster of dedis; 190
 He is for ladyis in luf a richt lusty fchadow,
 Bot in to derne, at the deid, he falbe drup fundin;
 He railyeis, and makis repet with ryatus wordis,
 Ay rufing him of his radis, and rageing in chalmer;
 Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he fo thra fpekis: 195
 And how it fettis him fo fyde to fege of sic materis.
 Bot gif him self, of fum evin, myght ane fay amang thaim,
 Bot he nought ane is, bot nane of naturis poffefforis.

Scho that has ane auld man nought all is begylit;
 He is at Venus werkis na war na he femys: 200
 I wend I josit a gem, and I haif ane geit gottin;
 He had the glemying of gold, and wes bot glafe fundin:
 Thought men be ferfe, wele I fynd, fra failye thair curage,
 Thar is bot eldnyng, or anger thair hertis within.
 Ye speik of birdis on beuch: of blife may thai fing, 205
 That, on fanct Valentynis day, ar vacandis ilk yeir:
 Hed I that plesand prevelege to part quhen me likit,
 To change, and ay to cheife agane, than, Chastité, adew!
 Than fuld I haif a fresch feir to fang in myne armes:
 To hald a freke, quhill he faynt, may foly be callit. 210

Apone sic materis I muse, at mydnyght, full oft,
 And murnys so in my mynd, I murdris my selfin;
 Than ly I walkand for wa, and walteris about.

Wariand off my wickit kyn, that me away cast,
 To sic a craudonne, but curage, that knyt my clér bewté;
 And ther fo mony kene knyghtis this kenrik within :
 Than think I on a femelyar, the futh for to tell,
 Na is our fyre be sic fevin ; with that I fych oft :
 Than he ful tenderly dois turne to me his tume perfoun,
 And with a yoldin yerd, dois yolk me in armys ; 220
 And fays, My foverane fueit thing, quhy fleip ye no
 better ?

Me think ther haldin yow a hete, as ye sum harme ailyt.
 Quoth I, My hony, hald abak, and handill me nought fair ;
 A hathe is happinit hastely at my hert rut.

With that I feme for to fwounne, thought I na fwerf tak ; 225
 And thus beswik I that fwane, with my fueit wordis :
 I cast on him a crabbit é, quhen cleir day is cummyn,
 And leitis it is a luf blenk, quhen he about glemys,
 I turne it in a tender luke, that I in tene warit,
 And him behaldis hamely, with hertly smyling. 230

I wald a tender peronall, that myght na put thole,
 That hatit men with hard geir, for hurting of flesch,
 Had my gud man to hir gest ; for I dar God fuer,
 Scho fuld not stert for his straik a stray breid of erd.
 And fyne, I wald that ilk band, that ye fo blif call, 235
 Had bund him fo to that bryght, quhill his bak werkit ;
 And I wer in a bed broght with berne that me likit,
 I trow, that bird of my blis fuld a bourd want.

Onone quhen this Amyable had endit hir speche,
 Loudly lauchand the laif allowit hir mekle : 240

Thir gay Wiffis maid game amang the grene leiffis ;
 Thai drank, and did away dule, under derne bewis ;
 Thai fwapit of the fueit wyne, thai swan quhit of hewis,
 Bot all the pertlyar in plane thai put out thair vocis.

Than said the Weido, I wis ther is no way other ; 245
 Now tydis me for to talk ; my tail it is nixt :

God my fpreit now in spir, and my speche quykkin,
 And fend me sentence to fay, substantious, and noble ;
 Sa, that my preching may pers your perverst hertis,
 And mak you mekar to men in maneris and conditionis.

I schaw you, Sisteris in schrift, I wes a schrew evir,
 Bot I wes schene in my schrowd, and schew me innocent ;
 And thought I dour wes, and dane, dispitois, and bald,
 I wes diffymblyt futtelly in a sanctis liknes :
 I femyt sober, and fueit, and fempill without fraud, 255
 Bot I couth sexty dissaif that futtillar wer haldin.

Unto my lesson ye lyth, and leir at me wit,
 Gif you nought list be forleit with losingeris untrew :
 Be constant in your governance, and counterfeit gud ma-
 neris,

Thought ye be kene, and inconstant, and cruell of mynd ;
 Thought ye as tygris be terne, be tretable in luf ;
 And be as turtoris in your talk, thought ye haif talis
 brukill ;

Be dragonis baithe and dowis, ay in double forme,
 And quhen it nedis you, onone, note baith ther strantlis ;
 Be anyable with humble face, as angellis apperand, 265
 And with a terrebill tail be flangand as edderis ;

Be of your luke like innocentis, thought ye haif evill myndis ;
 Be courtly ay in clething, and costly arrayit,
 That hurtis yow nought worth a hen ; your husband pays
 for all.

Twa husbandis haif I had, thai held me baith deir, 270
 Thought I dispytit thaim agane, thai spyit it na thing :
 Ane wes ane hair hogaert, that hostit out flewme ;
 I hatit him like a hund, thought I it hid prevé :
 With kissing, and with clapping, I gert the carill fon ;
 Weil couth I claw his cruke bak, and keme his cowit
 noddill, 275

And with a bukky in my cheik bo on him behind ;
 And with a bek gang about, and bler his ald é ;
 And with a kyind countenance kys his crynd chekis ;
 In to my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,
 Trowand me with trew lufe to treit him so fair : 280
 This couth I do without dule, and na difes tak,
 Bot ay be mery in my mynd, and myrthfull of cheir.

I had a luffummar leid, my lust for to flokyn,
 That couth be secrete and sure, and ay faif my honour,
 And few bot at certayne tymes, and in sicir placis ; 285
 Ay when the ald did me anger, with akword wordis,
 Apon the galland for to goif it gladit me agane.
 I had sic wit that for wo weipit I bot litill ;
 Bot leit the fueit ay the four to gud sefone bring.
 Quhen that the chuf wald me chid, with girnand chaftis,
 I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and cheris him so mekill ;
 That his cheif chymys had chevist to my sone,
 Suppois the churll wes gane chaift, or the child wes gottin :

As wife woman ay I wrought, and nought as wod fule,
For mair with wylis I wan na wichtnes of handis. 295

Syne maryit I a merchand, myghti of gudis :
He was a man of myd eld, and of mene statur ;
Bot we na fallowis wer in frendfchip and blud,
In fredome, na furth bering, na fairnes of perfoune ;
Quhilk ay the fule did foryet, for febilnes of knowlege ;
Bot I fa oft thocht him on quhill angrit his hert,
And quhilum I put furth my voce, and Pedder him callit :
I wald ryght tuichandly talk, be I wes tuyfe maryit,
For endit wes my innocence with my ald husband :
I wes apperand to be pert within perfit eild ; 305
Sa fais the curat of our kirk, that knew me full ying :
He is our famous to be fals, that fair worthy prelot ;
I falbe laith to lat him lé, quhill I may luke furth.
I gert the buthman obey, ther wes no bute ellis ;
He maid me ryght hie reverens, fra he my rycht knew :
For, thocht I fay it my self, the severance was mekle,
Betuix his bastard blude, and my birth noble.
That page wes never of sic price for to presome anys
Unto my persone to be peir, had peté nought grantit.
Bot mercy in to womanheid is a mekle vertu : 315
For never bot in a gentill hert is generit ony ruth.
I held ay grene in to his mynd that I of grace tuk him,
And for he couth ken him self I curtassy him lerit :
He durst not fit anys my summondis ; for, or the secund
charge,
He wes ay redy for to ryu ; so raid he wes for blame. 320

Bot ay my will wes the war of womanly natur ;
 The mair he loutit for my luf, the les of him I rakit ;
 And eik, this is a ferly thing, or I him faith gaif,
 I had sic favour to that freke, and feid fyne for ever.

Quhen I the cur had all clene, and him our cummyn haill,
 I crew abone that craudone, as cok that wer victour ;
 Quhen I him saw subject, and sett at myn bydding,
 Than I him lichtlyit as a lowne, and lathit his maneris.
 Than woxe I fa unmerciablie to martir him I thought,
 For, as a beist, I broddit him to all boyis laubour : 330
 I wald haif ridden him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,
 Wer not ruffill of my renoune, and rumour of pepill.
 And yit hatrent I hid within my hert all ;
 Bot quhill it hepit so huge, quhill it behud out :
 Yit tuk I nevir the wosp clene out of my wyde throte, 335
 Quhill I oucht wantit of my will, or quhat I wald desir.
 Bot quhen I severit had that fyre of substance in erd ;
 And gottin his biggingis to my barne, and his burrow
 landis ;

Than with a stew stert out the stoppell of my hals,
 That he all stynyft throu the stound, as of a stele wappin.
 Than wald I, efter lang, first sa fane haif bene wrokin,
 That I to flyte wes als fers as a fell dragoun.
 I had for flattering of that fule fenyeit so lang,
 Mi evidentis of heritagis or thai wer all felit ;
 My breift that wes gret beild, bowdyn wes fa huge, 345
 That neir my baret out brist or the band makin ;
 Bot quhen my billis, and my bauthles wes all braid felit,
 I wald na langar beir on bridill, bot braid up my heid ;

Thar myght na molet mak me moy, na hald my mouth in :
 I gert the renyeis rak, and rif in to fondir ; 350
 I maid that wif carll to werk all womenis werkis,
 And laid all manly materis, and menfk in this eird.
 Than faid I, to my cumaris, in counfall about,
 Sé how I cabeld yone cout with a kene brydill !
 The cappill, that the crelis keft in the caf mydding, 355
 Sa curtafly the cart drawis, and kennis na plungeing,
 He is nought fkeich, na yit fker, na fcippis nought on fyð :
 And thus the feorne and the fcaith fcapit he nothir.

He wes no glaidfum geft for a gay lady,
 Tharfoir, I gat him a game that ganyt him bettir ; 360
 He wes a gret goldit man, and of gudis riche ;
 I leit him be my lumbart to lous me all mifteris,
 And he wes fane for to fang fra me that fair office,
 And thocht my favoris to fynd through his feill giftis.
 He grathit me in a gay filk, and gudly arrayis ; 365
 In gownis of engranyt clayth, and gret goldin chenyeis ;
 In ringis ryally fet with riche ruby stonis,
 Quhill hely raife my renoune amang the rude peple ;
 Bot I full craftely did keip thai courtly wedis,
 Quhill eftir dede of that drupe, that docht nought in
 chalmer : 370
 Thought he of all my clathis maid coft and expenfe,
 Ane othir fall the worfchip haif, that weildis me efter ;
 And thocht I likit him bot litill, yit for the luf of otheris,
 I wald me prunya plesandly; in precius wedis,
 That luffaris myght apon me luke, and ying lufy gal-
 landis, 375

That I held more in daynté, and derer be ful mekill,
 Ne him that drestit me so dink : full dotit wes his heyd.
 Quhen he wes heryit out of hand, to hie up my honoris,
 And payntit me as pako, proudest of fedderis,
 I him miskennyt, be Christ ; and cukkald him maid ; 380
 I him forleit as a lad, and lathlyit him mekle :
 I thought my self a papingay, and him a plukit herle ;
 All thus enforfit he his fa, and fortifyit in strenth,
 And maid a stalwart staff to strik him selfe doune.

Bot of ane bowrd in to bed I fall yow breif yit : 385
 Quhen he ane hail year wes hanyt, and him behuffit rage,
 And I wes laith to be loppin with sic a lob avoir,
 Alsé lang as he wes on loft, I lukit on him never ;
 Na leit never enter in my thought that he my thing perfit.
 Bot ay in mynd ane other man ymagynit that I haid ; 390
 Or ellis had I never mery bene at that myrthles raid.
 Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of natur,
 Me thought him gracelese on to goif, sa me God help :
 Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his substance,
 Me thought his wit wes all went away with the laif ; 395
 And so I did him dispise, I spittit quhen I saw
 That super spendit evill spreit, spulyeit of all vertu.
 For, weill ye wait, Wiffis, that he that wantes riches,
 And valyeandnes in Venus play, is ful vile haldin :
 Full fruster is his fresch array, and fairnes of persoune, 400
 All is bot frutlese his effeir, and falyeis at the up with.

I buskit up my barnis like baronis sonniss,
 And maid bot fulis of the fry of his first wif :
 I banyft fra my boundis his brether ilkane ;

His frendis as my fais I held at feid ever ; 405
 Be this, ye beleif may, I luffit nought him felf,
 For never I likit a leid that langit till his blude :
 And yit thir wifemen, thai wait that all wiffis evill
 Ar kend with thair conditionis, and knawin with the
 famin.

Deid is now that dyvour, and dollin in erd : 410
 With him deit all my dule, and my drery thoghtis ;
 Now done is my dolly nyght, my day is upspringin,
 Adew dolour, adew ! my daynté now begynis :
 Now am I a wedow, I wis, and weill am at ese ;
 I weip as I wer woful, bot wel is me for ever ; 415
 I bufk as I wer bailfull, bot blith is my hert ;
 My mouth it makis murnyng, and my mynd lauchis ;
 My clokis thai ar cairfull in colour of fabill ;
 Bot courtly and ryght curyus my corfe is ther undir :
 I drup with a ded luke, in my dule habit, 420
 As with manis dail I had done for dayis of my lif.

Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cair weidis,
 As foxe in a lambis fleife fenyé I my cheir ;
 Than lay I furth my bright buke on breid on my kné,
 With mony lufty letter ellummynit with gold ; 425
 And drawis my klok forthwart our my face quhit,
 That I may fpy, unafpyit, a fpace me beside :
 Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blynis of devotioun,
 To fé quhat berne is beft brand, or bredest in felhulderis,
 Or forgeit is maift forcely, to furnyfe a bancat 430
 In Venus chalmer, valyeandly, withoutin vane rufe :
 And, as the new mone, all pale, oppreffit with change,

Kythiſ quihiliſ her cleir face, through cluddiſ of fable,
 So keik I through my klokis, and caſtiſ kynd lukis
 To knyghtiſ, and to cleirkis, and courtly perſoniſ. 435

Quhen frendiſ of my huſbandiſ behaldiſ me on fer,
 I haif a water ſpunge for wa, within my wyde klokis,
 Than wring I it full wylely, and wettiſ my chekiſ ;
 With that watteriſ myn ene, and welteriſ doune teriſ.
 Than fay thai all, that fittiſ about, Sé ye nought, allace !
 Yone luſtleſe leid ſo lelely ſcho luſſit hir huſband :
 Yone iſ a peté to enprent in a princis hert,
 That ſic a perle of pleaſance fuld yone pane dré !
 I fane me aſ I war ane ſanct, and ſemys ane angell ;
 At langage of lichory I leit aſ I war crabit : 445
 I ſich, without fair hert, or ſeikneſ in body ;
 According to my fable weid I mon haif ſad maneriſ,
 Or thai will fé all the ſuth ; for certis, we wemen
 We ſet uſ all fra the ſyght to ſyle men of treuth :
 We dule for na evill deid, ſa it be derne haldin. 450

Wife women haſ wayiſ, and wonderfull gydingiſ
 With gret engyne to bejaip ther jelyuſ huſbandiſ ;
 And quyetyly, with ſic craft, convoyiſ our materiſ
 That, under Chriſt, no creatur kenniſ of our doingiſ.
 Bot folk a cury may miſcuke, that knowledge wantiſ, 455
 And haſ na colouriſ for to cover thair awne kindly fautiſ ;
 Aſ doiſ thir damyſſelliſ, for derne dotit luſe,
 That dogoniſ haldiſ in dainté, and deliſ with thaim ſo lang,
 Quhill all the cuntré knaw ther kyndneſ, and faith :
 Faith haſ a fair name, bot falſheid ſariſ better : 460
 Fy on hir that can nought feyne her fame for to faif !

Yet am I wife in sic werk, and wes all my tyme ;
 Thocht I want wit in warldlynes, I wylis haif in luf,
 As ony happy woman has that is of hie blude :
 Hutit be the halok lafe a hunder yeir of eild ! 465

I have ane secrete fervand, rycht fobir of his tong,
 That me supportis of sic nedis, quhen I a fyne mak :
 Thocht he be fypill to the sicht, he has a tong fickir ;
 Full mony femelyar sege wer service dois mak :
 Thought I haif cair, under cloke, the cleir day quhill
 nyght, 470

Yit haif I folace, under ferk, quhill the fone ryfe.

Yit, am I haldin a haly wif our all the hail schyre,
 I am sa peteoufe to the pur, quhen thair is perfonis mony
 In passing of pilgrymage I pride me full mekle,
 Mair for the prese of peple, na ony perdoun wynyng. 475

Bot yit, me thiuk, the best bourd, quhen baronis and
 knychtis,

And othir bachilleris, blyth blumyng in youth,
 And all my luffaris lele, my lugeing persewis ;
 And fillis me wyne wantonly, with weilfair and joy :
 Sum rownis ; and sum ralyeis ; and sum redis ballatis ; 480
 Sum raiffis furth rudly with riatus speche ;
 Sum plenis, and sum prayis ; sum praisis my bewté,
 Sum kissis me ; sum clappis me ; sum kyndnes me proferis ;
 Sum kerffis to me curtalli ; sum me the cop giffis ;
 Sum stalwardly steppis ben, with a stout curage, 485
 And a stif standand thing stais in my neiff ;
 And mony blenkis ben our, that but full fer fittis,
 That mai nought, for the thik thrang, thrif as thai wald.

Bot, with my fair calling, I comfort thaim all :
 For he that fittis me nixt, I nip on his finger ; 490
 I ferf him on the tothir fyde on the famin fasson ;
 And he that behind me fittis, I hard on him lene ;
 And him befor, with my fut fast on his I stramp ;
 And to the bernis far but fueit blenkis I cast :
 To every man in speciall speke I sum wordis, 495
 So wisly, and so womanly, quhill warmys thair hertis.

Thar is no liffand leid fo law of degré
 That fall me luf unluffit, I am fo loik hertit ;
 And gif his lust fo be lent, into my lyre quhit,
 That he be lost or with me lig, his lif fall nocht haif
 danger ; 500
 I am fo mercifull in mynd, and menys all wichtis,
 My fely faull, falbe saif, quhen sa bot all jugis.
 Ladyis leir thir lessonis, and be no lassis fundin :
 This is the Legeand of my lif, thought Latyne it be nane.

Quhen endit had her ornat speche this eloquent Wedow,
 Lowd thai leuch all the laif, and loiffit hir mekle ;
 And said, thai fuld exampill tak of her soverane teching,
 And wirk efter hir wordis, that woman wes fo prudent.
 Than culit thai thair mouthis with comfortable drinkis ;
 And carpit full cummerlik, with cop going round. 510

Thus draif thai our that deir night, with danceis full noble,
 Quhill that the day did up daw, and dew donkit the flouris ;
 The morow myld wes and meik, the mavis did sing,
 And all remuffit the myst, and the meid finellit ;

Silver schouris doune schuke, as the schene cristall, 515
 And birdis schoutit in schaw, with thair schill notis ;
 The goldin glitterand gleme, so gladit thair hertis,
 Thai maid a glorius glé amang the grene bewis.
 The soft fouch of the fwyr, and soune of the stremys,
 The sueit favour of the fward, and singing of foulis, 520
 Myght confort ony creatur of the kyn of Adam ;
 And kindill agane his curage thocht it wer cald floknyt.
 Than rais thir ryall roifis, in thair riche wedis,
 And rakit hame to thair rest, through the rise blumys ;
 And I all prevely past to a plesand arber, 525
 And with my pen did report thair pastance most mery.

Ye Auditoris, most honorable, that eris has gevin
 Onto this uncouth Aventur, quhilk airly me happinnit ;
 Of thir Thré Wantoun Wiffis, that I haif writtin heir,
 Quhilk wald ye wail to your Wif, gif ye fuld wed one?

THE TWA CUMMERIS.

Rycht airle on Aft Weddinſday,
Drynkand the wyne fatt Cummeris Tway :
The tane cowth to the tother complene ;
Graneand, and fuppand cowth ſcho fay,
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 5

On cowth, befyd the fyre ſcho fatt,
God wait gif ſcho wes grit and fatt,
Yit to be feble ſcho did hir fene ;
And ay ſcho faid, Latt preif of that :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 10

My fair ſweit Cummer, quoth the tuther,
Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muther ;
All wyne to teft ſcho wald diſdane
But mavafy, ſcho bad nane uther :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 15

Cummer, be glaid, both even and morrow,
Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow ;
Fra our lang faſting ye yow refrene,
And latt your huſband dré the ſorrow :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 20

Your counfale, Cummer, is gud, quoth fcho,
All is to tene him that I do ;

In bed he is nocht wirth a bene :
Fill fow the glafs, and drynk me to :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 25

Off wyne, out of ane choppyne fowp,
Thay drank twa quartis, fowp and fowp ;
Off drowth sic excefs did thame confrene ;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp :
That Lentren fuld nocht mak thame lene. 30

THE TOD AND THE LAMB.

THIS hindir nycht in Dumfermeling,
To me wes tawld ane windir thing,
That lait ane Tod wes with ane Lame,
And with hir playit, and maid gud game;
 Syne till his breift did hir imbrace, 5
And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane Rame ;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braifit hir bony body fweit,
And halfit hir with [his] fordir feit,
Syne sehuk his taill, with quhing and yelp; 10
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp ;
 Syne lowrit on growfe, and askit grace.
And ay the Lame cryd, Lady, help !
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod wes nowder lene nor skowry, 15
He wes ane lusty reid-haird lowry,
Ane lang taid beift, and grit withall ;
The filly Lame wes all to small,
 To sic ane tribbill to hald ane bace :
Scho fled him nocht ; fair mot hir fall ! 20
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod was reid, the Lame wes quhyte,
 Scho wes ane morfall of delyte ;
 He lovit na yowis auld, teuch and sklender :
 Becaus this Lame wes yung and tender ; 25

 He ran upoun hir with a race,
 And scho sehup nevir for till defend hir :
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the west,
 And handlit hir as he had heft ; 30

This innocent that nevir trespast,
 Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast,
 And lute him kifs hir luffy face :
 His girnand gamis hir nocht agast ;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace. 35

He held hir till him be the hals,
 And spak full fair, thocht he wes fals ;
 Syne said, and fwoir to hir be God,
 That he suld nocht twich hir prene-cod.
 The filly thing trowd him, allace ! 40
 The Lame gaif creddece to the Tod ;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no lesingis put in verse,
 Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherfs ;
 Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45
 Quhen licht wes owt, and durris wes bard,
 I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace ;

Bot all the hollis wes stoppit hard ;
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maist far, 50
Sone cumis wo or thay be war ;

Quhen carpand wer thir two most crowfe,
The Wolf he ombefett the house,

Upoun the Tod to mak ane chace :
The Lamb than cheipit lyk ane mowfe ; 55
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plat down on growf ;
And in the filly Lambis skin,
He crap als far as he nicht win ; 60

And hid him thair ane weill lang space ;
The yowis befyd thay maid na din,
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the Tod wes hard no peip,
The Wowf went all had bene on fleip ; 65
And quhill the Tod had strikkin ten,
The Wowf hes drest him to his den,

Protestand for the secound place :
And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace. 70

DUNBAR'S DIRIGE
TO THE KING AT STIRLING.

WE that ar heir in Hevins glory,
To yow that ar in Purgatory,
Commendis us on our hairtly wyifs,—
I mene we folk in Parradyifs,
In Edinburgh with all mirrinefs, 5
To yow in Strivilling in distrefs,
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apostill wrytis.

O Ye Heremeitis, and Hankerfaidillis,
That takis your pennance at your tabillis, 10
And eitis nocht meit restorative,
Nor drynkis no wyne confortative,
Bot aill, and that is thyn and small;
With few courfis in to your hall,
But cumpany of Lordis or Knychtis, 15
Or ony uder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing but stok and stone ;
Out of your panefull Purgatory,
To bring yow to the blifs of glory, 20

Off Edinburgh, the mirry toun,
 We fall begyn ane cairfull foun ;
 Ane DIRIGE devoit and meik,
 The Lord of blifs doing befeik
 Yow to delyver out of your noy, 25
 And bring yow sone to Edinburgh joy,
 For to be mirry amang us :
 And sa the DIRIGE begynis thus.

LECTIO PRIMA.

The Fader, the Sone, and Haly Gaist,
 The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaift, 30
 Of Angellis all the ordouris nyne,
 And all the Hevinly Court devyne,
 Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
 Of Strivilling, every court manis fo,
 Agane to Edinburghs joy and blifs, 35
 Quhair wirfchep, walth, and weifair is,
 Play, plesance, and eik honesty :
 Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

Tak consolatioun in your pane,
 In tribulatioun tak consolatioun, 40
 Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
 Tak consolatioun in your paine.
 Out of distrefs of Strivilling toun
 To Edinburghs blifs, God mak yow boun !

LECTIO SECUNDA.

Patriarchis, Profeitis, and Appostillis deir, 45
 Confessouris, Virgynis, and Marteris cleir,
 And all the Saitt Celestiall,
 Devotely we upoun thame call,
 That sone out of your panis fell,
 Ye may in Hevin heir with us dwell ; 50
 To eit swan, cran, pertrik, and plever,
 And every fische that swymis in rever ;
 To drynk with us the new fresche wyne,
 That grew upoun the rever of Ryne ;
 Fresche fragrant Clairettis out of France, 55
 Of Angerfs, and of Orliance,
 With mony ane course of grit dyntie :
 Say ye Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

God and Sanct Jeill, heir yow convoy
 Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill, 60
 To sonce and feill, folace and joy,
 God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy.
 Out of Strivilling panis fell,
 In Edinburghs joy, son mot ye dwell !

LECTIO TERTIA.

We pray to all the Sanctis of Hevin, 65
 That are aboif the sterris fevin,
 Yow to deliver out of your pennance,

That ye may sone play, sing, and dance
 Heir in to Edinburgh, and mak gud cheir.
 Qubair welth and weilfair is but weir, 70
 And I, that dois your panis discryve,
 Thinkis for to viffy yow belyve ;
 Nocht in desert with yow to dwell,
 Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell,
 Dois go betwene, fra Hevinis glory, 75
 To thame that ar in Purgatory,
 And in thair tribulatioun,
 To gif thame consolatioun,
 And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past
 Thay fall till Hevin cum at last ; 80
 And how nane defervis to haif sweitnefs,
 That nevir taiftit bitternefs :
 And thairfoir, how fuld ye confiddir
 Of Edinburghs blifs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
 But gif ye taiftit had befoir 85
 Of Strivilling toun, the panis foir ?
 And thairfoir, tak in patience
 Your pennance, and your abstinence,
 And ye fall cum, or Yule begin,
 In to the blifs that we ar in : 90
 Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie !
 Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling,
 Frome hyddoufs Hell cum hame and dwell,

Quhair fifehe to fell is non bot fpirling, 95
 Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Strivilling :
 Sed libera nos a malo ejufdem.
 Requiem Edinburgi dona eis, Domine,
 Et lux ipfius luceat eis.
 A porta triftitiæ de Strivilling,
 Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.
 Credo guftare vinum Edinburgi,
 In villa vinentium.
 Requiefcant statim in Edinburgo. Amen.
 Domine, exaudi orationem meam :
 Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

OREMUS.

Deus qui juftos et corde humiles ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es, libera famulos tuos apud villam de Strivilling verfantes a pœnis et triftitiis ejufdem, et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas. Amen.

NEW YEARS GIFT TO THE KING.

My Prince in God gif thé guid grace,
Joy, glaidnes, confort, and solace,
Play, pleafance, myrth, and mirrie cheir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

God gif to thé ane bliffed chance, 5
And of all vertew aboundance,
And grace ay for to perfeveir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

God give thé guid prosperitie,
Fair fortoun and felicitie, 10
Evir mair in earth quhill thow ar heir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

The heavinlie Lord his help thé fend,
Thy realme to reull and to defend,
In peace and justice it to steir, 15
In hanfell of this guid [New] Yeir.

God gif thé blis quhair evir thow bownes,
And fend thé many Fraunce crownes,
Hie liberall heart, and handis nocht fwear,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir. 20

OF THE LADYIS SOLISTARIS
AT COURT.

THIR Ladyis fair,
That makis repair,
And in the Court ar kend,
Thré dayis thair,
Thay will do mair, 5
Ane mater for till end,
Than thair gud men
Will do in ten,
For ony craft thay can ;
So weill thay ken, 10
Quhat tyme and quhen,
Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

With littill noy
Thay can convoy 15
Ane mater fynaly,
Richt myld and moy,
And keip it coy,
On evyns quyetly ;
Thay do not mis,
Bot gif thay kifs, 20
And keipis collatioun,

Quhat rek of this ?
 Thair mater is
 Brocht to conclusioun.

Ye may wit weill, 25
 Thay haif grit feill
 Ane mater to folist ;
 Trest as the steill,
 Syne nevir a deill

Quhen thay cum hame ar mist. 30
 Thir lairdis ar
 Me think richt far
 Sic Ladyis behaldin to,
 That fa weill dar
 Go to the bar, 35

Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir I reid,
 Gif ye haif pleid,
 Or mater in to pley,
 To mak remeid, 40
 Send in your steid

Your Ladyis graithit up gay :
 Thay can defend,
 Evin to the end,
 Ane mater furth exprefs ; 45
 Suppois thay spend,
 It is unkend,

Thair geir is nocht the lefs.

In quyet place,	
Thocht thay haif fpace,	50
Within lefs nor twa howris,	
Thay can, percaice,	
Purchefs fum grace	
At the compositouris ;	
Thair compositioun,	55
Without fuspitioun,	
Thair fynallie is endit,	
With expeditioun,	
And full remiffioun,	
And thair feilis to ar pendit.	60
Alhail almoift,	
Thay mak the coift,	
With fobir recompens ;	
Richt littill loft,	
Thay get indoift,	65
Alhail thair evidens ;—	
Sic Ladyis wyfe,	
Thay ar to pryis,	
To fay the veretie,	
Swa can devyifs,	70
And nocht fuppryifs	
Thame, nor thair Honeftie.	

IN PRAIS OF WEMEN.

Now of Wemen this I fay for me,
Off ertly thingis nane may bettir be :
Thay fuld haif wirschep and grit honoring
Off men, aboif all uthir ertly thing ;
Rycht grit dishonour upoun himself he takkis 5
In word or deid quha evir Wemen lakkis ;
Sen that of Wemen cumin all ar we,
Wemen ar Wemen, and sa will end and dé :
Wo wirth the fruct wald put the tré to nocht !
And wo wirth him rycht so that fayis ocht 10
Off Womanheid, that may be ony lak,
Or sic grit schame upone him for to tak !
Thay us confais with pane, and be thame fed,
Within thair breiftis thair we boun to bed :
Grit pane, and wo, and murnyng mervelluís, 15
Into thair birth thay suffir fair for us ;
Than, meit and drynk, to feid us get we nane,
Bot that we fowk out of thair breiftis bane :
Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,
Thair may no man be till us half so deir : 20
Thay ar our verry nest of nurriffing.
In lak of thame, quha can fay ony thing,
That fowll his nest he fylis ! and for thy
Exylit he fuld be of all gud cumpany ;

Thair fuld na wyifs man gif audience, 25
To sic ane without intelligence.
Chryft to his Fader, he had nocht ane man :
Sé quhat wirschep Wemen fuld haif than !
That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of Kingis,
In Hevin and Erth his Majestie ay ringis ! 30
Sen scho hes borne him in hir halines,
And he is well and grund of all gudnes,
All Wemen of us fuld haif honoring,
Service, and lufe aboif all uthir thing !

Sa litill polefie to work 20
 In hurt and sklander of your Name !

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and filk
 Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk ;
 And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
 Panfches, pudingis of Jok and Jame : 25

Think ye nocht schame,
 Sen as the world fayis that ilk
 In hurt and sklander of your Name !

Your commone Menstrallis hes no tone,
 Bot Now the day dawis, and Into Joun; 30
 Cuningar men man scherve Sanct Cloun,
 And nevir to uther craftis clame :

Think ye nocht schame,
 To hald sic mowaris on the mounne,
 In hurt and sklander of your Name ! 35

Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,
 The fairest of your streitis dois fyll ;
 And merchandis at the stinkand Styll
 Ar hamperit in ane hony came :

Think ye nocht schame, 40
 That ye have nether witt nor wyll
 To win your selff ane bettir Name !

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest,
 To schout thai fwenyouris will nocht rest ;

All honest folk they do molest, 45
 Sa piteullie thai cry and rame :

Think ye nocht schame,
 That for the poore hes no thing drest,
 In hurt and sclander of your Name !

Your proffeit daylie dois increfs 50
 Your godlie workis lefs and lefs ;
 Through streittis nane may mak progress,
 For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame :

Think ye nocht schame,
 That ye sic substance dois posses, 55
 And will nocht win ane bettir Name !

Sen for the Court and the Sessioun,
 The great repair of this regioun
 Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
 To mend all faultis that ar to blame, 60
 And eschew schame ;

Gif thai pas to ane uther Toun
 Ye will decay, and your great Name !

Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,
 Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit, 65
 And gar your Merchandis be difereit,
 That na extortionnes be proclaime,

Awfrand ane schame :
 Keip ordour, and poore nyctbouris beit,
 That ye may gett ane bettir Name ! 70

Singular proffeit fo dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind :
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jerufalem ;

And gar yow schame !

75

That sum tyme reffoun may yow bind,
For to [reconqueis] yow guid Name.

OF SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

BE dyvers wayis and operatiounis
 Men makis in Court thair folistationis :
 Sum be service, and diligence ;
 Sum be continewale residence ;
 Sum on his substance dois abyde, 5
 Quhill Fortoun do for him provyde ;
 Sum singis ; sum dancis ; sum tellis storyis ;
 Sum lait at evin bringis in the moreis ;
 Sum flyerdis ; sum fenyeis ; and sum flattiris ;
 Sum playis the fulle, and all owt clattiris ; 10
 Sum man, mufand with the wa,
 Luikis as he mycht nocht do with à ;
 Sum standis into a nuike, and rownis ;
 For covatyce ane uther neir fwownis ;
 Sum beiris as he wald ga wod 15
 For heit defyir off warldis guid ;
 Sum at the mefs leivis all devotioun,
 And besy labouris for promotioun ;
 Sum hes thair advocattis in chamir,
 And takis thame selffe thairoff no glamir. 20
 My fympilnes, amang the laiff,
 Wait of na way, sa God me saiff!
 Bot, with ane humbill cheir and face,
 Referris me to the Kyngis grace :
 Me thinkis his gracious countenance, 25
 In ryches is my sufficence.

TYDINGIS FRA THE SESSIOUN.

ANE Murlandis Man of uplandis mak,
At hame thus to his Nychtbour spak,
Quhat Tydingis, Goffep, peax or weir ?
The tother rownit in his eir,
I tell yow this undir confessioun, 5
Bot laity lichtit of my meir,
I come of Edinburgh fra the Sessioun.

Quhat Tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow ?
The tother aufwerit, I fall fay yow :
Keip this all secreit, gentill brother, 10
Is na man thair that trestis ane uther :
Ane commoun doar of transgressioun,
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher :
Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleifs 15
That wald for invy byt of his neifs ;
His fa sum by the oxstar leidis ;
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
That hes his mynd all on oppressioun ;
Sum beakis full law, and sehawis bair heidis, 20
Wald luke full heich war nocht the Sessioun.

Sum bydand the law, layis land in wed ;
 Sum fuper expendit gois to his bed ;
 Sum fpeidis, for he in court hes menis ;
 Sum of parcialitie complenis, 25
 How feid and favour flemis difcretioun ;
 Sum fpeikis full fair, and falsly fenis :
 Sic Tythingis hard I at the Sefsioun.

Sum caftis fummondis, and fum exceptis ;
 Sum ftandis befyd, and fkauld law keppis ; 30
 Sum is continwit ; fum wynnis ; fum tynis ;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ;
 Sum is put owt of his poffeffioun ;
 Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis :
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sefsioun. 35

Sum fweiris, and [fum] forfaikis God ;
 Sum in ane lamb-fkin is ane tod ;
 Sum in his toung his kyndnes turfis ;
 Sum cuttis throttis, and fum pykis purfis ;
 Sum gois to galloufs with proceffioun ; 40
 Sum fanis the fait, and fum thame curfis :
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sefsioun.

Religious men of divers placis
 Cummis thair to wow, and fé fair facis ;
 Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45
 Cummis thair to genuer and get ma freiris,
 And ar unmindfull of thair profeffioun ;

The yungar at the eldar leiris :

Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Thair cummis yung monkis of hé complexioun, 50

Of devoit mynd, luv, and affectioun ;

And in the Courte thair hait flesche dantis,

Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis ;

Thay ar fo hummill of intercessioun,

All mercyfull wemen thair errandis grantis : 55

Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

WELCOME
TO THE LORD TREASURER.

I THOCHT lang quhile fum Lord come hame,
Fra whom faine kyndnefs I wald clame ;
His name of confort I will declair,
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

Befoir all raik of this regioun, 5
Under our Roy of moft renoun,
Of all my mycht, thocht it war mair,
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thefaurair.

Your nobill payment I did affay,
And ye hecht fone without delay, 10
Againe in Edinburgh till repair ;
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

Ye keipit tryft fo winder weill,
I hald you trew as ony steill ;
Neidis nane your payment till dispair ; 15
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

Yett in a pairt I was agaft,
Or ye the narrest way had paf,

Fra town of Stirling to the air :
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thefaurair ! 20

Thane had my dyt beine all in duill,
 Had I my wage wantit quhill Ynill ;
 Quhair now I fing with heart on fair,
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

Welcum, my benefice, and my rent, 25
 And all the lyflett to me lent ;
 Welcum, my penfioun most preclair ;
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

Welcum, als heartlie as I can,
 My awin dear maister to your man ; 30
 And to your fervand fingulair,
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thefaurair !

ANE HIS AWIN ENNEMY.

HE that hes gold and grit riches,
And may be into mirrynefs,
 And dois glaidnefs fra him expell,
And levis in to wretchitnefs,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 5

He that may be but fturt or ftryfe,
And leif ane lufty plefand lyfe,
 And fyne with mariege dois him mell,
And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 10

He that hes for his awin genyie
Ane plefand prop, bot mank or menyie,
 And fehuttis fyne at ane uncow fchell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 15

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But varians or uder flewth,
 Dois evir mair with ane maifter dwell,
That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
 He wirkis forrow to him fell. 20

Now all this tyme lat us be mirry,
And fet nocht by this warld a chirry :
Now quhill thair is gude wyne to fell,
He that dois on dry breid wirry,
I gif him to the Devill of Hell.

25

TO THE LORDIS OF THE KINGIS
CHACKER.

My Lordis of Chacker, pleis yow to heir
My coumpt, I fall it mak yow cleir,
 But ony circumstance or fonyie ;
 For left is neither corce nor cunyie
Off all that I tuik in the yeir. 5

For rekkyuning of my rentis and roumes,
Ye neid nocht for to tyre your thowmes ;
 Na, for to gar your countaris clink,
 Nor paper for to spend, nor ink,
In the reffaveing of my fumes. 10

I tuik fra my Lord Thesaurair
Ane foume of money for to wair :
 I can nocht tell yow how it is spendit,
 Bot weill I waitt that it is endit ;
And that me think ane coumpt our fair ! 15

I trowit, in tyme, quhen that I tuik it,
That lang in burgh I fould have bruikit,
 Now the remanes are eith to turfs ;
 I haif na preiff heir, bot my purfs,
Quhilk wald nocht lie, and it war luikit. 20

OF JAMES DOIG, KEIPER OF THE
QUENIS WARDROP.

TO THE QUENE.

THE Wardraipper of Venus boure,
To giff a dowblett he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute fyd frog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I fchawe to him your markis, 5
He turnis to me again, and barkis,
As he war wirriand ane hog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I fchawe to him your writing,
He girnis that I am red for byting ; 10
I wald he had ane havye clog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I fpeik till him freindlyk,
He barkis lyk ane midding tyk,
War chaiffand cattell through a bog : 15
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

He is ane maftyf, mekle of mycht,
To keip your wardroippe over nycht,

Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog:
 Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog! 20

He is owre mekle to be your meffan,
 Madame, I reid you get a lefs ane,
 His gang garis all your chalmeris fchog:
 Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog!

OF THE SAID JAMES,

QUHEN HE HAD PLEISIT HIM.

O GRACIOUS Princes, guid and fair!
 Do weill to James your Wardraipair;
 Quhais faithfull bruder maift freind I am:
 He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

Thocht I in ballat did with him bourde, 5
 In malice fpak I nevir ane word,
 Bot all, my Dame, to do you game:
 He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

Your Hienes can nocht get ane meter,
 To keip your wordrope, nor difcreter, 10

To rule your robbis, and drefs the fame :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

The wyff, that he had in this innys,
 That with the tangis wald break his fchynniss,
 I wald fcho drownit war in a dam : 15
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

The wyff that wald him kuckold mak,
 I wald fcho war, bayth fyd and bak,
 Weill batteret with ane barrow tram :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam. 20

He hes fa weill doin me obey
 In till all thing, thairfoir I pray,
 That nevir dolour mak him dram :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

TO THE KING.

THAT HE WAR JOHNE THOMSOUNIS MAN.

SCHIR, for your Grace bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man!

For war it so, than weill war me, 5
Bot benifice I wald nocht be ;
My hard fortoun war endit than :
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

Than wald sum reuth within you rest,
For faik of hir fairest and best, 10
In Bartane, fyn hir tyme began ;
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

For it nicht hurt in no degré,
That one, so fair and gude as sche,
Throw hir virtew sic wirfchip wan, 15
As you to mak Johne Thomfounis man.

I wald gif all that evir I haif
To that conditioun, so God me saif,

That ye had vowit to the Swan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomfounis man. 20

The merfy of that fweit meik Rois,
Suld sofft yow Thrifill, I suppois,
Quhois pykis throw me fo reuthles ran;
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and fweit, 25
The hale rejosing of my spreit,
Wald speid in to my errandis than;
And ye war anis Johne Thomfounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow harde or dour,
Or mercyles in my succour, 30
Than pray I God, and fweit Sanct An,
Gif that ye war Johne Thomfounis man!

TO THE QUENE.

MADAME, your Men said thai wald ryd,
And latt this Fastrennis evin ower flyd :
 Bot than thair Wyffis come furth in flockis,
And baid thame betteis foun abyd
 At hame, and lib thame of the pockis. 5

Now propoifs thai, fen ye dwell ftill,
Off Venus feift to fang ane fill,
 Bot in the felde preiv thai na cockis ;
For till haif riddin had been lefs ill
 Nor latt thair wyffis breid the pockis. 10

Sum of your men sic curage had,
Dame Venus fyre fa hard thame fted,
 Thai brak up durris, and raiff up lockis,
To gett ane pampholet on ane pled,
 That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis. 15

Sum, that war ryatoufs as rammis
Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
 And fettin doun lyk farye crockis ;
And hes forfaikin all sic gammis,
 That men call libbing of the pockis. 20

Sum, thocht thame felffis stark, lyk gyandis,
 Ar now maid weak lyk willing wandis ;
 With schinnis fcharp, and small lyk rockis ;
 And gottin thair bak in bayth thair handis,
 For ower off libbing of the pockis. 25

I faw cow-clinkis me befyd
 The young men to thair howffis gyd,
 Had better liggit in the stockis ;
 Sum fra the bordell wald nocht byd,
 Quhill that thai gatt the Spanyie pockis. 30

Thairfor, all young men, I yow pray,
 Keip yow fra harlottis nycht and day ;
 Thay fall repent quha with thame yockis :
 And be war with that perrelloufs play,
 That men callis libbing of the pockis. 35

COMPLAINT AGANIS MURE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, I complane of injuris :
A ryfeing fone of rakyng MURIS
Hes mangellit my makking, throw his malifs,
And present it in to your Palifs :
 Bot, fen he plesis with me to pleid, 5
I fall him knawin mak hyne to Califs,
 Bot giff your Hienefs it remeid.

That fulle difmemberit hes my meter,
And poyfound it with strang faltpeter,
With rycht defamoufs speiche off Lordis, 10
Quhilk with my collouris all difcordis :
 Quhois crewall felanderis fervifs deid ;
And in my name all leis recordis,
 Your Grace befeik I of remeid.

He hes indorsit myn indytting 15
With verfis off his [awin] hand writting ;
Quhairin baith felander is and tressoun :
Off ane wod fuill far owt off fefsoun,
 He wanttis nocht bot a roundit heid,
For he hes tynt baith wit and reffoun : 20
 Your Grace befeik I off remeid.

Puneifs him for his deid culpabill ;
Or gar deliver him ane babil,
That Cuddy Ring the Drumfrefs fuill,
May him refave agane this Yuill,
 All roundit into yallow and reid ;
That laddis may bairt him lyk a buill :
 For that to me war fum remeid.

25

Than cam in DUNBAR the Makkar ;
 On all the flure thair was nane frakkar,
 And thair he daunsit the Dirrye dantoun ;
 He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun, 25
 For luiff of Musgraiffe, men tellis me ;
 He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Than cam in Maistris MUSGRAIFFE ;
 Scho mycht haiff lernit all the laiffe ; 30
 Quhen I saw hir fa trimlye dance,
 Hir guid convoy and countenance,
 Than, for hir faik, I wiffit to be
 The grytaft erle, or duik, in France :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee. 35

Than cam in Dame DAUTIEBOUR ;
 God waitt giff that scho loukit four !
 Scho maid sic morgeounis with hir hippis,
 For lauchter nane mycht hald thair lippis ;
 Quhen scho was danceand bisselye, 40
 Ane blast of wind foun fra hir slippis :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Quhen thair was come in fyve or sax,
 The Quenis DOG begowthe to rax ;
 And of his band he maid a bred, 45
 And to the danceing foun he him med ;
 Quhow mastive lyk about yeid he !
 He stinckit lyk a tyk, sum faid :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

TO A LADYE.

QUHEN HE LIST TO FAYNE.

My Hartis Trefure, and fwete affured fo,
The finale endar of my lyfe for ever ;
The creuell brekar of my hart in tuo,
To go to deathe, this I defervit never :
O man flayar ! quhill faule and life diffever ; 5
Stynt of your flauchter ; Allace ! your man am I,
A thowfand tymes that dois you mercy cry.

Have mercie, Luif ! have mercie, Ladie bricht !
Quhat have I wrocht aganis your womanheid,
That ye [fuld] murder me, a faiklefs wicht, 10
Trefpaffing never to yow in word nor deid ?
That ye confent thairto, O God forbid !
Leif creuelte, and faif your man for fchame,
Or throucht the warld quyte lofit is your name.

My deathe chafis my lyfe fo befallie 15
That wery is my goift to flé fo fast ;
Sic deidlie dwawmes fo mifcheifailie
Ane hundrethe tymes hes my hairt ovirpaff ;
Me think my fpireit rynnys away full gaff,
Befeikand grace, on kneis yow befoir, 20
Or that your man be loft for ever moir.

Behald my wod intollerable pane,
 For ever moir quhilk salbe my dampnage !
 Quhy, undir traift, your man thus have ye flane ?
 Lo ! deithe is in my breift, with furious rage, 25
 Quhilk may no balme, nor tryacle affuage,
 But your mercie, for laik of quhilk I dé :
 Allace ! quhair is your womanlie pitie !

Behald my deidlie passiou dolorous !
 Behald my hiddowfs hew, and wo, allace ! 30
 Behald my mayne, and murning mervalous,
 Withe sorrowfull teris falling from my face !
 Rewthe, Luif, is nocht, helpe ye nocht in this cace,
 For how fould ony gentill hart indure
 To fé this fycht on ony creature ! 35

Quhyte Dow, quhair is your fobir humilnes ?
 Swete gentill Turtour, quhair is your peté went ?
 Quhair is your rewthe ? the frute of nobilnes,
 Off womanheid the trefour, and the rent ;
 Vertue is never put out of meik intent, 40
 Nor out of gentill hart is fundin petie ;
 Sen mercyles may no wycht nobill be.

In to my mynd I fall yow mercy cry,
 Quhill that my toung sall fail me to speik ;
 And quhill that Nature me in fycht deny ; 45
 And quhill my ene for pane include and steik ;
 And quhill the Dethe my hart in sowndir breik ;
 And quhill my mynd may think, and towng may steir ;
 And syne, Fair weill, my hartis Ladie deir !

OF ANE BLAK-MOIR.

LANG haif I maid of Ladyes Quhytt,
Now of ane Blak I will indytt,
That landit furth of the laft fchippis ;
Quhowe fain wald I defcryve perfytt,
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 5

Quhow fcho is tute mowitt lyk an aip,
And lyk a gangarall unto graip ;
And quhow hir fchort catt nois up fkippis ;
And quhow fcho fchynes lyk ony faip ;
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 10

Quhen fcho is clad in reche apparrall,
Scho blinkis as brycht as ane tar barrell ;
Quhen fcho was born, the fone tholit clippis,
The nycht be fain faucht in hir quarrell :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 15

Quhai for hir faik, with fpeir and fcheild,
Preiffis maift mychtelye in the feild,
Sall kifs, and withe hir go in grippis ;
And fra thyne furth hir luiff fall weild :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 20

And quhai in feilde receavis schame,
And tynis thair his knychtlie name,
Sall cum behind and kifs hir hippis ;
And nevir to other confort clame :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis.

OF SIR THOMAS NORRAY.

Now lythis of ane gentill Knycht,
SCHIR THOMAS NORRAY, wyfe and wicht,
And full of chivalrie ;
Quhais Father was ane Grand Keine,
His Mother was ane Farie Queine, 5
Gottin be fossery.

Ane fairer Knycht nor he was ane,
On ground may nether ryd nor gang,
Na beir bucklar nor brand ;
Or cum in this Court but dreid ; 10
He did full mony valyeant deid
In Rofs, and Murray land.

Full many Catherein hes he cheift,
And cummered many Helland gait,
Amang thai dully glennis : 15
Off the Glen Quhettane twenti scoir
He drave as oxin him befoir ;
This deid thocht na man kennis.

At feiftis and brydallis up-aland,
He wan the grie, and the garland ; 20

- Danceit non fo on deifs :
 He hes at warflingis beine ane hunder,
 Yett lay his body nevir at under :
 He knawis gif this be leis.
- Was never weild Robeine under Bewch, 25
 Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinklewch,
 So bauld a bairne as he ;
 Gy of Gyfburne, na Allane Bell,
 Na Simones fonnes of Quhynfell,
 At schot war nevir fo flie. 30
- This anterous Knycht, quhaire ever he went,
 At justinge, and at tornament,
 Evir moir he wan the gree ;
 Was never of halff fo great renoun
 Schir Bewis the knycht of South Hamptoun : 35
 I fehrew him gif I lie.
- Thairfoir Quhentyne was bot ane lurdane,
 That callit him ane full plum Jurdane,
 This wyfe and worthie knycht ;
 He callit him foullar than ane fule, 40
 He said, He was ane licherufs bull,
 That crooned bayth day and nyecht.
- He wald have maid him Curries knaiff ;
 I pray God better his honour faiff,
 Na to be lichtleit fua ! 45

Yett this far furth I dar him prais,
He fyld never fadell in his dayis ;
And Currie befyld twa.

Quhairfoir, ever at Pasche and Yule,
I cry him Lord of everie fuill,
That in this regioun dwellis ;
And, verralie, it war great rycht :
For, of ane hie renowned knyght,
He wantis no thing bot bellis.

50

ON HIS HEID-AKE.

TO THE KING.

My heid did yak yesternicht,
This day to mak that I na micht,
 So fair the magryme dois me menyie,
 Perfeing my brow as ony ganyie,
That fcant I luik may on the licht. 5

And now, Schir, laitlie, eftir Mefs,
To dyt, thocht I begowthe to drefs,
 The fentence lay full evill till find,
 Unfleipit in my heid behind,
Dullit in dulnefs and diftreff. 10

Full oft at morrow I upryfe,
Quhen that my curage fleipeing lyis,
 For mirth, for menftrallie and play,
 For din, nor danceing, nor deray,
It will nocht walkin me no wife. 15

WELCUM TO BERNARD STEWART,
LORD OF AUBIGNY.

RENOWNIT, ryall, right reverend and ferene,
Lord hie tryumphing in wirfchip and valoure,
Fro kyngis downe most Cristin knight, and kene,
Most wyfe, most valyeand, most laureat hie victour,
Unto the fterris upheyt is thyne honour ; 5
In Scotland Welcum be thyne Excellence
To King, Queyne, lord, clerk, knight and fervatour,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in ftour most ftong, incomparable knight,
The fame of armys, and floure of vaffalage ; 10
Welcum in weir mofte worthy, wyfe and wight ;
Welcum the foun of Mars of mofte curage ;
Welcum mofte luftybranche of our linnage,
In every realme our fcheild, and our defence ;
Welcum our tendir blude of hie parage, 15
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in weir the fecund Julius,
The prince of knightheyd, and flour of chevalry ;
Welcum moft valyeant and victorius ;
Welcum invincible victour mofte wourthy ; 20

Welcum our Scottis chiftane moft dughty ;
 Wyth fowne of clarioun, organe, fong and fence,
 To thé atonis, Lord, Welcum all we cry ;
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum our indeficient adjutorie, 25
 That evir our Natioun helpit in thare neyd ;
 That never faw Scot yit indigent nor fory,
 Bot thou did hym fupport, with thy gud deid ;
 Welcum, therfor, abufe all livand leyd,
 Withe us to live, and to maik recidence, 30
 Quhilk never fall funyhé for thy faik to bleid :
 To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Is none of Scotland borne faithfull and kynde,
 Bot he of naturall inclinacione
 Dois favour thé, withe all his hert and mynde, 35
 Withe fervent, tendir, trew intencion ;
 And wald of inwart hie effectioun,
 But dreyd of danger, dé in thy defence,
 Or dethe, or fchame, war done to thy perfoun ;
 To quham be honour, lawde and reverence. 40

Welcum thou knight, moft fortunate in feild ;
 Welcum in armis moft aunterus and able,
 Undir the foun that beris helme or fcheild ;
 Welcum thou campiou, in fecht unourcumable ;
 Welcum moft dughty, digne, and honorable, 45
 And moift of lawde, and hie magnificence,

Nixt undir kingis to stand incomparable ;
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Throw Scotland, England, France, and Lumbardy,
Fleyis on wyng thy fame, and thy renoune ; 50
And oure all cuntreis, undirnethe the sky,
And oure all strandis, fro the sterris doune ;
In every province, land, and regioun,
Proclomit is thy name of excellence,
In every ceté, village, and in toune, 55
Withe gloire and honour, lawd and reverence.

O feyrfe Achill, in furius hie curage !
O strong invincible Hector, undir scheild !
O vailyeant Arthur, in knyghtly vassalage !
Agamemnon, in governance of feild ! 60
Bold Henniball, in batall to do beild !
Julius, in jupert, in wisdom and expence !
Most fortunable chiftane, bothe in yhouth and eild,
To thé be honour, lawde and reverence !

At parlament thow fuld be hie renownit, 65
That did so mony victoryse opteyn ;
Thy cristall helme with lawry fuld be crownyt,
And in thy hand a branche of olyve greyn ;
The fueird of conquis, and of knyghtheid keyn,
Be borne fuld highe before thé in presence, 70
To represent sic man as thou has beyn ;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Hie furius Mars, the god armipotent,
 Rong in the hevin at thyne nativité ;
 Saturnus doune, with fyry eyn, did blent, 75
 Throw bludy vifar, men menasing to gar dé ;
 On thé frefche Venus keist hir amouroufe é ;
 On thé Marcurius furtheyet his eloquence ;
 Fortuna Major did turn hir face on thé ;
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence. 80

Prynce of fredom, and flour of gentilnes,
 Sweyrd of knightheid, and choife of chevalry,
 This tyme I lese, for grete prolixitnes,
 To tell quhat feildis thou wan in Pikkardy,
 In France, in Bertan, in Naplis, and Lumbardy ; 85
 As I think eftir, withe all my diligence,
 Or thow departe, at lenthe for to discry ;
 With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

B, in thy name, betaknis batalrus ;
 A, able in feild ; R, right renoune most lie ; 90
 N, nobilnes ; and A, for aunterus ;
 R, ryall blude ; for dughtines, is D ;
 V, valyeantnes ; S, for strenewité ;
 Quoife knyghtly name, fo schynyng in clemence,
 For wourthlines in gold fuld writtin be ; 95
 With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

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ELEGY ON THE
DEATH OF BERNARD STEWART,
LORD OF AUBIGNY.

ILLUSTER LODOVICK, of France most Cristin King,
Thow may complain with fighis lamentable,
The death of BERNARD STEWART, nobill and ding,
In deid of armis most anterous and abill ;
Most mychty, wyfe, worthie, and comfortable, 5
Thy men of weir to governe and to gy :
Fortun, allace ! now may thow weir the sabill,
Sen he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

Complaine fould everie nobill valiant Knycht
The Death of him that douchtie was in deid ; 10
That many ane fo in feild hes put to flycht,
In weiris wicht, be wifdome and manheid ;
To the Turk sey all land did his name dreid,
Quhois force all France in fame did magnifie ;
Of so hie price fall nane his place posseid, 15
For he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

O duilfull Death ! O Dragon dolorous ;
Quhy hes thow done so dulfullie devoir
The prince of knychtheid, nobill and chevalrous,
The witt of weiris, of armes and honour, 20

The cropt of curage, the strent of armes in flour,
 The fame of France, the fame of Lombardy,
 The choifs of cheiftanes, most awfull in armour,
 The charbuckell cheif of every Chevalrie !

Pray now for him, all that him loveit heir ! 25
 And for his faull mak interceffioun
 Unto the Lord, that hes him bocht so deir,
 To gif him mercie and remiffioun ;
 And namelie We of Scottis natioun,
 In till his lyff quhom most he did affy, 30
 Foryett we nevir in to our Orifoun
 To pray for him, the Flour of Chevalrie

AGANIS TREASON.

ANE EPITAPH FOR DONALD OWRE.

IN vice most vicious he excellis
That with the vice of Treffone mellis ;
Thocht he remiffioun
Haif for prodiffioun,
Schame and fuffiffioun Ay with him dwellis. 5

And he evir odious as ane owle,
The falt fa filthy is and fowle ;
Horrible to Natour
Is ane tratour,
As feind infratour Undir a cowle. 10

Quha is a tratour, or ane theiff,
Upoun him felff turnis the mifcheiff ;
His frawdfull wylis
Him felf begylis
As in the Ilis Is now a preiff. 15

The fell ftrong Tratour DONALD OWYIR,
Mair faltett had nor udir fowyr ;
Rownd Ylis and Seyis
In his fuppleis,
On gallow treis, Yitt dois he glowir. 20

Falfett no feit hes, nor deffence,
 Be power, practik, nor pufcence,
 Thocht it fra licht
 Be smord with flicht,
 God fchawis the richt, With foir vengence ! 25

Off the falis fox diffimulatour,
 Kynd hes every theiff and tratour,
 Eftir refpyt
 To wirk difpyt,
 Mair appetyt He hes of Natour. 30

War the fox tane a thowfand fald,
 And grace him gevin ay quhen he wald ;
 War he on plane,
 All war in vane,
 Frome hennis agane Micht non him hald. 35

The murtherer ay murthour mais,
 And evir, quhill he be flane he flais ;
 Wyvis thus makis mokkis,
 Spynnand on rokkis,
 Ay rynniss the fox Quhill he fute hes. 40

THE TESTAMENT
OF MR ANDRO KENNEDY.

- I MAISTER ANDRO KENNEDY,
Curro quando sum vocatus,
Gottin with sum incuby,
Or with sum freir infatuatus ;
In faith I can nought tell redly, 5
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.
- Cum nichill fit certius morte,
We mon all dé, quhen we haif done, 10
Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,
Na blind Allaue wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
This nyght I myght nocht sleip a wink ;
Licet æger in corpore, 15
Yit wald my mouth be wet with drink.
- Nunc condo testamentum meum,
I leiff my faull for evermair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
In to my Lordis wyne cellair ; 20

Semper ibi ad remanendum,
 Quhill domifday, without diffever,
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
 With fueit Cuthbert that luffit me never.

Ipfe eft dulcis ad amandum, 25
 He wald oft ban me in his breith,
 Det michi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgif him laith and wraith :
 Quia in cellario cum cervifia,
 I had lever lye baith air and lait, 30
 Nudus folus in camifia,
 Na in my Lordis bed of ftait.

A barrell bung ay at my bofum,
 Of warldis gud I had na mair ;
 Et corpus meum ebriofum, 35
 I leif in to the toune of Air ;
 In a draff mydding for ever and ay
 Ut ibi fepeliri queam,
 Quhar drink and draff may ilka day
 Be caffyne fuper faciem meam : 40

I leif my hert that never wes fickir,
 Sed femper variabile,
 That never mair wald flow nor flickir,
 Conforti meo Jacobe :
 Thought I wald bynd it with a wickir, 45
 Verum Deum renui ;

Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
Hoc pactum femper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aecht I bocht,
Quod est Latinum propter caupe, 50
To hede of kyn, bot I wait nought
Quis est ille, than I sehrew my seawpe :
I callit my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,
We wer als sib as feve and riddill, 55
In una filva quæ creverunt.

Omnia mea folatia
Thay wer bot lefingis all and ane,
Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
I leif the maister of Sanct Antane ; 60
Willelmo Gray, sine gratia,
Myne awne deir cufing, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
But quhen the holyne growis grene.

My fenyeing, and my fals wynnyng, 65
Relinquo falsis fratribus ;
For that is Goddis awne bidding,
Disperfit, dedit pauperibus.
For menis faulis thay say and sing,
Mentientes pro muneribus ; 70
Now God gif thaim ane evill ending,
Pro fuis pravis operibus.

- To Jok Fule, my foly fré
 Lego post corpus sepultum ;
 In faith I am mair fule than he, 75
 Licet ostendit bonum vultum :
 Of corne and catall, gold and fé,
 Ipse habet valdè multum,
 And yit he bleris my Lordis é
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80
- To Master Johne Clerk fyne,
 Do et lego intimè,
 Goddis [braid] malifone and myne :
 Ipse est causa mortis meæ.
 War I a dog and he a fwyne, 85
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fuld ger that lurdane quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes sine de.
- Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my Lord fall haif, 90
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Adé, Kytté, and all the laif.
 In faith I will na langar raif :
 Pro sepultura ordino
 On the new gys, fa God me faif, 95
 Non sicut more solito.
- In die meæ sepulturæ
 I will nane haif bot our awne gyng,

-
- Et duos rusticos de rure
 Berand a barell on a ftyng ; 100
 Drynkand and playand cop out, evin,
 Sicut egomet solebam ;
 Singand and gretand with hie stevin,
 Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.
- I will na Preiftis for me fing, 105
 Dies illa, Dies iræ ;
 Na yit na bellis for me ring,
 Sicut femper solet fieri ;
 Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng,
 Et unum ail wosp ante me ; 110
 In stayd of baneris for to bring
 Quatuor lagenas cervisiæ :
 Within the graif to set sic thing,
 In modum crucis juxta me.
 To flé the feyndis, than hardely fing 115
 De terra plasmasti me.

DUNBAR'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE KING.

COMPLAINE I wald, wift I quhom till,
Or unto quhom direct my bill ;
Quhidder to God, that all thing fteiris,
All thing feis, and all thing heiris,
And all thingis wrocht in dayis fevin ; 5
Or till his Mothir, Quein of Heaven ;
Or unto Worldlie Prince heir doun,
That dois for justice weir a crown ;
Off wrangis, and of great injures
That nobillis in thair dayis indures, 10
And men of vertew, and cunning,
Of witt, and wifdom in gyding,
That nocht can in this Court conqueifs
For lawtie, love, or lang fchervice.
Bot fowll, jow-jowrdane-yhedit jevellis, 15
Cowkin-kenseis, and culroun kevellis ;
Stuffettis, ftekouris, and stafifche ftrummellis ;
Wyld hafchbaldis, haggerbaldis, and hummellis ;
Druncardis, dyfouris, dyouris, drevellis,
Mifgydit memberis of the divellis ; 20
Mifmaid mandragis of maftyf ftrynd,
Crawdones, couartis, and theiffis of kynd ;

Blait mowit blaidyeanes, with bleddir cheikis,
 Club-faceit cluccanes, with cloutit breikis,
 Cluff-midding churllis, cuming off cart fillaris, 25
 Great glafchew-heidit gorge millaris,
 Evill horrible monstouris, fals and foull ;
 Sum caufles cleikis till him ane cowll,
 Ane gryt convent fra fyn to tyce ;
 And he him felff example of vyce : 30
 Enterand for geire, and no devotioun,
 The divell is glaid of his promotioun ;
 Sum ramyis ane rokkat fra the Roy,
 And dois ane dastart defstroy ;
 And fum that gettis ane perfonage, 35
 Thinkis it ane present for a page ;
 And on na wayis content is he,
 My Lord quhill that he callit be.
 Bot how is he contentit, or nocht,
 Deme ye about in to your thocht! 40
 The lerit sone of Erll or Lord,
 Upoun this ruffie to remord,
 That with ald castingis hes him claid,
 His errandis for to ryn and red ?
 And he is maister native borne, 45
 And all his eldaris him beforne ;
 And mekle mair cunning be sic thrie,
 Hes to posseid ane dignitie,
 Saying his odius ignorance
 Panting ane prelottis countenance, 50
 Sa far abone him fett at table

That wont was for to muk the stable :
 Ane pyk-thank in ane prelottis clais,
 With his wauld feitt, and wirrok taifs,
 With hopper hippis, and hanches narrow, 55
 And baufy handis to beir ane barrow ;
 With lut schulderis, and luttaird bak,
 Quhilk nature maid to beir ane pak ;
 With gryddy mynd, and glafchand game,
 Mell heidit lyk ane mortar ftane, 60
 Fenyeing the feiris of ane Lord,
 And he ane strumbell, I ftand ford ;
 And evir moir as he dois ryfe,
 And nobillis of bluid he dois difpyfe,
 And helpis for to hald tham downe, 65
 That they ryfe nevir to his renowne.
 Thairfoir, O PRINCE, maift honorable !
 Be in this mater merciabile,
 And to thy old fchervandis have an é,
 That lang hes lippinit into Thé ; 70
 Gif I be ane of thay my fell,
 Throw all Regionnes hes tein hard tell,
 Of quhilk my wryting witnes beiris ;
 And yett thy danger ay me deiris :
 Bot eftir danger cummis grace, 75
 As hes bein herd in mony place.

DUNBAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, ye have mony fervitouris,
And officiaris of dyvers curis ;
Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftifmen fyne ;
Doctouris in jure, and medicyne ;
Divinouris, rethoris, and filosofhouris, 5
Astrologis, artiftis, and oratouris ;
Men of armes, and vailyeand knychtis,
And mony uther gudlie wichtis ;
Muficianis, menftralis, and mirrie fingaris ;
Chevalouris, callandar, and [Frenfhe] flingar ;
Cunyouris, carvouris, and carpentaris,
Beildaris of barkis, and ballingar ;
Mafounis, lyand upon the land,
And fchip wrichtis hewand upone the ftrand ;
Glafing wrichtis, goldfmythis, and lapidar, 15
Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingar ;
And all of thair craft cumming,
And all at anis lawboring,
Quhilk pleifand ar and honorable ;
And to your Hienes profitable ; 20
And richt convenient for to be,
With your hie regale Majeftie ;

Deslerving of your Grace most ding
 Bayth thank, rewarde, and cheriffing.

And thocht that I, amang the laif, 25
 Unworthy be ane place to have,
 Or in thair nummer to be tald,
 Als lang in mynd my wark fall hald !
 Als haill in everie circumstance,
 In forme, in mater, and substance, 30
 But wering, or confumtioun,
 Rouft, cankar, or corruption,
 As ony of thair werkis all,
 Suppois that my rewarde be small !

Bot ye sa gracious ar, and meik, 35
 That on your Hienes followis eik
 Ane uthir fort, more miserabill,
 Thocht thay be nocht sa profitable :
 Fenyecouris, fleichouris, and flatteraris ;
 Cryaris, craikaris, and clatteraris ; 40
 Sonkaris, gronkaris, gledaris, gunnaris ;
 Monfouris of France, gud clarat cunnaris ;
 Innoportoun askaris of Yrland kynd ;
 And meit revaris, lyk out of mynd ;
 Scaffaris, and scamleris in the nuke, 45
 And hall huntaris of draik and duik ;
 Thrimlaris and thriftaris, as thay war woid,
 Kokenis, and kennis na man of gude ;
 Schulderaris, and schowaris, that hes no schame,
 And to no cunning that can clame ; 50
 And can non uthir craft nor curis

Bot to mak thrang, Schir, in Your duris,
 And rusche in quhair thay counsale heir,
 And will at na man nurtir leyr :
 In quintifcence, eik, ingynouris joly, 55
 That far can multiplie in folie ;
 Fantastik fulis, bayth fals and gredy,
 Off toung untrew, and hand evill dredie :
 Few dar of all this last additioun,
 Cum in tolbuyth, without remiffioun. 60
 And thocht this nobill cunning fort,
 Quhom of befoir I did report,
 Rewardit be, it war bot reffoun,
 Thairat fuld no man mak encheffoun :
 Bot quhen, the uthir fulis nyce, 65
 That feifitit at Cokelbeis gryce,
 Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,
 Than on this fals warld I cry, Fy !
 My hart neir bristis than for teyne,
 Quhilk may nocht suffer nor sustene 70
 So grit abusfioun for to fé,
 Daylie in Court befoir my é !
 And yit, more panence wald I have,
 Had I rewarde amang the laif ;
 It wald me sum thing satiffie, 75
 And lefs of [my] malancolie
 And gar me mony falt ouerfé,
 That now is brayd befoir myn é :
 My mynd so fer is fet to flyt,
 That of nocht ellis I can indyt ; 80

For owther mane my hart to breik ;
Or with my pen I man me wreik ;
And fen the tane moft nedis be,
In to malancolie to dé,
Or lat the vennim ifche all out,—
Be war, anone, for it will fpout,
Gif that the tryackill cum nocht tyt
To fwage the fwalme of my dispyt !

TO THE KING.

THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR.

Now Lufferis cummis with largefs lowd,
Quhy fould not Palfrayis thane be proud,
Quhen Gillettis wilbe fchomd and fchroud,
That ridden ar baith with lord and lawd ?
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald, 5
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Quhen I was young and into ply,
And wald caft gammaldis to the fky,
I had beine bocht in Realmes by,
Had I confentit to be fauld. 10
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

With gentill horfs quhen I wald knyp,
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip,
To colleveris than man I fkip, 15
That fcabbit ar hes cruik and cald.
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Thocht in the stall I be nocht clappit,

As curfouris that in filk beine trappit, 20
 With ane new houfs I wald be happit,
 Aganis this Cryftinmes for the cald.
 Schir lett it nevir in town be tald,
 That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Suppois I war ane auld yaid aver, 25
 Schott furth our clewchis to pull the claver,
 And had the ftrenth off all Stranaver,
 I wald at Yuill be houfit and ftald.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
 That I fuld be ane Yuillis yald ! 30

I am ane Auld Horfe, as ye knaw,
 That evir in duill dois dring and draw ;
 Great court horfe puttis me fra the ftaw,
 To fang the fog be frith and fald.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 35
 That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

I haif run lang furth in the feild,
 On pafouris that ar plane and peild ;
 I mycht be now tane in for eild,
 My beikis ar spruning hé, and bauld. 40
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
 That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

My mane is turned in to quhytt,
 And thair of ye have all the wytt !

Quhen uther horfe had bran to bytt 45

I gat bot grifs, knip gif I wald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,

That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

I was nevir dautit into stable,

My lyf hes bene fo miserable, 50

My hyd to offer I am able,

For evill fchom ftrae that I reive wald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,

That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

And yitt, fuppois my thrift be thyne, 55

Gif that I die your aucht within,

Latt nevir the Soutteris have my fkin,

With uglie gumes to be gnawin.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,

That I fould be ane Yuillis yald ! 60

The Court hes done my curage cuill,

And maid me [ane] forriddin Muill ;

Yett, to weir Trappouris at this Yuill,

I wald be fpurrit at everie fpald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 65

That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

RESPONSIO REGIS.

EFTIR OUR WRETTINGIS, TREASURER,
TAK IN THIS GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR,
QUHILK IN MY AUCHT, WITH SCHERVICE TREW,
IN LYART CHANGEIT IS HIS HEW ;
GAR HOWSE HIM NOW AGANIS THIS YUILL,
AND BUSK HIM LYK ANE BISCHOPPIS MULL :
FOR, WITH MY HAND, I HAVE INDOST
TO PAY QUHAT EVIR HIS TRAPPOURIS COST.

THE QUEINIS RECEPTION
AT ABERDEIN.

BLYTH ABERDENE, thow beriall of all tounis,
The lamp of bewtie, bountie, and blythnes ;
Unto the heaven [ascendit] thy renown is,
Off vertew, wifdome, and of worthines ;
Hé nottit is thy name of nobilnes, 5
In to the Cumming of Oure Lustie Quein,
The wall of welth, guid cheir, and mirrines :
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And first Hir mett the burges of the touu,
Richelie arrayit as become thame to be, 10
Of quhom they chefit four men of renoun,
In gounes of velvot, young, abill, and lustie,
To beir the pail of velvet cramafé
Abone Hir heid, as the custome hes bein ;
Gryt was the found of the artelerie : 15
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

Ane fair proceffioun mett hir at the Port,
In a cap of gold and filk, full pleafantlie,
Syne at hir Entrie, with many fair difport,
Reffavit hir on streittis lustilie ; 20

Quhair first the Salutatioun honorabilly
 Of the sweitt Virgin, guidlie mycht be feine ;
 The found of menstrallis blawing to the sky :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And fyne thow gart the Orient Kingis thrie 25
 Offer to Chryft, with benyng reverence,
 Gold, fence, and mir, with all humilitie,
 Schawand him King with most magnificence ;
 Syne quhow the Angill, with sword of violence,
 Furth of the joy of Paradice putt clein 30
 Adame and Eve for innobedience :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And fyne the Bruce, that evir was bold in flour,
 Thow gart as Roy cum rydand under croun,
 Richt awfull, strang, and large of portratour, 35
 As nobill, dreidfull, nichtie campioun :
 The [nobill Stewarts] fyne, of great renoun,
 Thow gart upspring, with branches new and greine,
 Sa gloriouflic, quhill glaided all the toun :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein. 40

Syne come thair four and twentie madinis ying,
 All claid in greine of mervelous bewtie,
 With hair detressit, as threidis of gold did hing,
 With quhyt hattis all browderit rycht bravelie,
 Playand on timberallis, and syngand rycht sweitlie ;
 That feimlie fort, in ordour weill besein,

Did meit the QUEIN, hir saluand reverentlie :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

The streittis war all hung with tapestrie,
Great was the pres of peopill dwelt about, 50
And pleasant padyheanes playit prattellie ;
The legeifs all did to thair Lady loutt,
Quha was convoyed with ane royall routt
Off gryt barrounes and lustie ladyis [schene] ;
Welcum, Our QUEIN! the commons gaif ane schout :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

At Hir cumming great was the mirth and joy,
For at thair Croce abundantlie rane wyne ;
Untill hir ludgeing the Toun did hir convoy ;
Hir for to treit thay fett thair hail ingyne, 60
Ane riche present thay did till hir propyne ;
Ane costlie coup that large thing wald contene,
Coverit and full of cunyeitt gold rycht fyne :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

O potent PRINCESS, pleasant, and preclair, 65
Great caus Thow hes to thank this nobill Toun,
That for to do Thé honour, did nocht spair
Thair geir, riches, substance, and persoun,
Thé to ressave on maist fair fasoun ;
Thé for to pleis thay focht all way and mein ; 70
Thairfoir, sa lang as QUEIN thow beiris Crown,
Be thankfull to this burgh of Aberdein.

TO THE KING.

QUHEN MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

SCHIR, at this feist of benefyce,
Think that small partis makis gryt fervice,
 And equall diftributioun,
 Makis thame content that hes reffoun ;
And quha hes nane ar plefit na wyfs. 5

Schir, quhidder is it almefs mair
To gif him drink that thristis fair ;
 Or fyll ane full man quhyll he brift ;
 And latt his fallow die for thrist
Quhylk wyne to drink als worthie wer ? 10

It is no glaid collatioun
Quhair ane makis mirrie, ane uther lukis downe ;
 Ane thristis, ane uthair playis cope out :
 Lat anis the cope go round about,
And wein the covanis bennifoun. 15

TO THE KING.

SANCT Salvatour fend filver forrow ;
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
Chafing fra me all cheritie ;
It makis me all blythnes to borrow ;
My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 5

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis brief,
Langour thairto givis me no leif ;
War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
My verry corps for cair wald cleif ;
My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 10

Quhen I fett me to fing or dance,
Or go to plefand pafance,
Than panfing of penuritie,
Revis that fra my remembrance ;
My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 15

Quhen men that hes purffis in tone,
Paffis to drynk or to difjone,
Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
And fay, That I will fast quhill none ;
My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 20

My purs is maid of sic ane lkyn,
Thair will na corfes byd it within ;
 Strait as fra the Feynd thay fé,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win ;
 My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 25

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
Could mak on it ane conjuratioun,
 To gar silver aye in it be,
The Devill fuld haif no dominatioun,
 With pyne to gar it prikill me. 30

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
 And all men sayis, My Lord, that ye
Can best remeid for this mal-eifs,
 That with sic panis prikillis me. 35

TO THE KING.

OFF benefyce, Schir, at everie feift,
Quha monyest hes makis maift requeift :
Get thay nocht all, thay think ye wrang thame ;
Ay is the ouer-word of the gairt,
Giff thame the pelf to part amang thame. 5

Sum fwaillis fwan, sum fwaillis duik,
And I stand fastand in a nuike,
Quhill the effect off all thay fang thame :
Bot, Lord ! how petewoullie I luike,
Quhen all the pelf thay pairt amang thame. 10

Off sic hie feiftis of Sanctis in glorie,
Baithe off commoun and proper storie,
Quhair lordis war patronis, oft I fang thame
Caritas pro Dei amore ;
And yit, I gat na thing amang thame. 15

This blynd warld ever fo payis his dett,
Ryche befoir pur spraidis ay thair net,
To fische all wateris dois belang thame :
Quha na thing hes can na thing get,
Bot ay as fypher sett amang thame. 20

Swa fome the kirk had in thair cure,
Thay fors bot lytill how it fure,
Nor of the buikis, nor bellis quha rang thame:
Thay panse nocht off the parrochin pure,
Had thay the pelf to part amang thame. 25

So variant is this warldis rent,
That men of it ar nevir content,
Off dethe quhyll that the dragoun stang thame ;
Quha maist hes than fall maist repent,
And hes maist compt to part amang thame. 30

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
How that my yowth is done forloir
In your service, with pane and greif,
Gud Consciens cryis, Reward thairfoir !
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 5

Your Clerkis ar servit all about,
And I do lyk ane Reid Halk schout,
To cum to lure that hes no leif,
Quhair my plummyis begynis to brek out :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 10

Foryett is ay the Falconis kynd ;
But evir the Mittane is hard in mynd,
Of quhome the Gled dois prectikis preif ;
The gentill Goishalk gois unkynd :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 15

The Pyet with hir pretty cot,
Fenyeis to sing the Nychtingalis not ;
Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
For harshness of hir carlich throt :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 20

Ay fareft faderis hes farreft Fowlis ;
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
 In filver caigis thay fit at cheif ;
 Kynd natyve neft dois clek bot Owlis :
 Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 25

O gentill Egill, how may this be,
 That of all fowlis dois heeft flé !
 Your leigis quhy will ye nocht releif,
 And chereifs eftir thair degré ?
 Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 30

Quhen fervit is all uthir man,
 Gentill and fempill off every clan,
 Kyne of RAUF COLYEAR, and JOHNE THE REIF,
 Na thing I get, nor conqueis can :
 Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 35

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
 And haif few vertewis for to rufs ;
 Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
 And fane wald leif as utheris dois :
 Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 40

Or I fuld leif in fic mifchance,
 Gife it to God war no grevance,
 To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
 For thay in warld wantis no plefans :
 Excefs of thoct dois me mifcheif. 45

In sum parte on my self I plenyé ;
 Quhen uthir folkis dois flattir and fenyé,
 Allace ! I can bot Ballattis breif ;
 Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 50

I grant my fervice is bot licht ;
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
 I ask yow, Schir, no man to greif,
 Sum medecyne gife that ye might :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 55

May nane remeid my malady
 Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly ;
 For with a Benefice ye may preif,
 And gif I mend nocht heftely :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 60

I wes in yowth on nureifs kné,
 Dandely ! Bifchop, dandely !
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
 Ane fempill Vicar I can nocht be :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 65

Jok that wes wont to keip the firakis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirakis,
 With ane fals cairt in to his fleif,
 Worth all my Ballattis undir the birakis :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 70

Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,
 With difpenfationis bund in a knitchell ;
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
 He playis with totum, and I with nichell !
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 75

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
 Nor yit with Benefice am I blandit,
 I fay nocht, Schir, yow to repreif !
 Bot doutlefs I ga rycht neir hand it :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 80

As faule is heir in Purgatory,
 Leving in pane and houp of glory ;
 So is my felf ye may beleif,
 In howp, Schir, of your adjutory :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 85

OF DISCRETIOUN IN ASKING.

OF every Asking followis nocht
Rewaird, bot gif sum cause war wrocht ;
 And quhair cause is, men weill may fie,
And quhair nane is, it wilbe thocht
 In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 5

Ane fule, thocht he haif caufs or nane,
Cryis ay, Gif me, in to a drene ;
 And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as ftane :
 In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 10

Sum askis mair than he defervis ;
Sum askis far les than he fervis ;
 Sum schames to ask, and braidis of me,
And all withowt reward he stervis :
 In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 15

To ask but service hurtis gud fame,
To ask for service is nocht to blame ;
 To ferve and leif in beggartie,
To man and maister is baith schame :
 In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 20

He that dois all his best fervyifs,
 May spill it all with crakkis and cryis,
 Be fowll inoportunitie ;
 Few wordis may fuffyis the wyifs ;
 In Asking fowld Difcretioun be. 25

Nocht neidfull is men fowld be dum,
 Na thing is gottin but wordis fum,
 Nocht fpeid but diligence we fé ;
 For na thing it allane will cum :
 In Asking fowld Difcretioun be. 30

Asking wald haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, lafour, and fpace ;
 But haift or preifs of grit menyie,
 But hairt abafit, but tounge rekles :
 In Asking fowld Difcretioun be. 35

Sum nicht haif Yea, with littill cure,
 That hés oft Nay, with grit labour ;
 All for that tyme nocht byd can he,
 He tynis baith errand and honour :
 In Asking fowld Difcretioun be. 40

Suppois the fervand be lang unquit,
 The Lord fum tyme rewaird will it !
 Gif he dois nocht, quhat remedy ?
 To fecht with Fortoun is no witt :
 In Asking fowld Difcretioun be. 45

OF DISCRETIOUN IN GEVING.

- To speik of Giftis or almoufs deidis :
Sum gevis for mereit, and fum for meidis ;
 Sum wardly honour to uphie ;
Sum gevis to thame that no thing neidis ;
 In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 5
- Sum gevis for pryd, and glory vane ;
Sum gevis with grugeing and with pane ;
 Sum gevis on prattik for fupplé ;
Sum gevis for twyifs als gud agane :
 In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 10
- Sum gevis for thank, and fum for threit ;
Sum gevis money, and fum gevis meit ;
 Sum gevis wordis fair and flé ;
And giftis fra fum ma na man treit :
 In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 15
- Sum is for gift fa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crevar be fo tyred,
 That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is frufrat and expyred :
 In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 20

Sum gevis fo littill full wretchitly,
 That all his giftis ar nocht fet by,
 And for a huid-pyk haldin is he,
 That all the warld cryis on him Fy!
 In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 25

Sum in his geving is fo large,
 That all our-laidin is his barge;
 Than vyce and prodigalitie,
 Thair off his honour dois difchaarge:
 In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 30

Sum to the riche gevis his geir,
 That nicht his giftis weill forbeir;
 And thocht the peur for falt fould dé,
 His cry nocht enteris in his eir:
 In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 35

Sum gevis to strangeris with face new,
 That yifterday fra Flanderis flew;
 And to auld fervandis list nocht fé,
 War thay nevir of fa grit vertew:
 In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 40

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie;
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
 Sum gevis to men of honestie,
 And haldis all janglaris at difdenyie:
 In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 45

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
To fweir all that his maifter fayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he ;
Ar mony fic now in thir dayis :
In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 50

Sum gevis to gud men for thair thewis ;
Sum gevis to trumpouris and to fehrewis ;
Sun gevis to knaw his awtoritie ;
Bot in thair office gude fundin few is :
In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 55

Sum gevis parrochynnys full wyd,
Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
The people to teiche, and to owirfie,
Thocht he na wit hes thame to gyd :
In Geving fowld Difcretioun be. 60

OF DISCRETIOUN IN TAKING.

EFTIR Geving I speik of Taking,
Bot littill of ony gud forfalking ;
 Sum takkis our littill awtoritie,
And fum our-mekill, and that is glaiking :
 In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 5

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Petir, and fum of Sanct Paullis ;
 Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
Suppois the Devill tak all thair fawlis :
 In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 10

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
All fruitt that growis on the feure,
 In mailis and gorfomes raifit our hie,
And garris thame beg fra dure to dure :
 In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 15

Sum merchandis takis unleiffim win,
Quhilk makis thair pakis oft tymes full thin ;
 Be thair fuceffioun as ye may fie,
That ill win geir riches nocht the kin :
 In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 20

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
And on the peure oppreffioun makkis,
And nevir rememberis that he mon die,
Quhyll that the gallowis gar him rax :
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 25

Sum takis be fie, and fum be land,
And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré ;
And fyne thay gar him undirftand,
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 30

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir ;
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him fee ;
To tak than fowld he nevir forbeir :
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 35

Sum wald tak all this warld on breid ;
And yit nocht fatisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt unfatiable and gredie ;
Sum wald tak littill, and can nocht speid ;
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 40

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
Ar fet full famous at the Sessioun,
And peur takaris are hangit hie,
Schanit for evir, and thair fuceffioun :
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 45

INCONSTANCY OF LUVE.

QUHA will behald of Luve the chance,
With sueit diffavyng countenance,
In quhais fair diffimulance,

May none assure :

Quhilk is begun with inconstance, 5
And endis nocht but variance ;
Scho haldis with continewance
No ferviture.

Discretioun and Confiderance 10
Ar both out of hir governance ;
Quhairfoir, of it the schort plesance
May nocht indure.

Scho is so new of acquaintance,
The auld gais fra remembrance ;
Thus I gife our the observans 15
Of Luvis cure.

It is ane point of ignorance
To lufe in sic distemperance,
Sen tyme mispendit may avance
No creature : 20

In Luve to keip allegiance,
It war als nyse an ordinance
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,
In sepulture.

OF MEN EVILL TO PLEIS.

FOUR maner of folkis ar evill to pleis ;
Ane is, that riches hes and eifs,
Gold, silver, corne, cattell, and ky,
And wald haif part fra utheris by,

Ane uther is of land and rent, 5
So great ane lord, and fo potent,
That he may nother it rewill nor gy ;
And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

Ane is that hes of nobill bluid 10
Ane lusty lady, fair and gude,
Boith verteous, wyfe, and womanly ;
And yit wald haif ane uther by.

Ane uther dois fo dourlie drink,
And aill and wyne within him sink,
Quhill in his wame no roume be dry ; 15
And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

In earth no wicht I can perfaif,
Of gud fo great aboundance haif,
Nor in this world fo welthfull wy,
Yit he wald haif frome utheris by. 20

Bot yitt of all this gold and guid,
Or uther cunyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it haif, it is nocht I ;
 It gois frome me to utheris by.

And namelie at this Chryftis mefs, 25
Quhair evir Schir Gold maid his regrefs,
Off him I will no Largefs cry ;
 He yeid fra me till utheris by.

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OF COVETYCE.

FREDOME, honour, and nobilnefs,
Meid, manheid, mirth, and gentilnefs,
Ar now in court reput as vyce,
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

All weilfair, welth and wantonefs, 5
Ar chengeit into wretchitnefs,
And play is fett at littill pryce ;
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Halking, hunting, and fwift horfe rynnng, 10
Ar chengeit all in wrangus wynnyng ;
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce,
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Honorable houfe-haldis ar all laid down ;
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
That leidis him eftir his devyce ; 15
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

In burghis to landwart and to fie,
Quhair was plefour and grit plentie,
Vennefoun, wyld-fowill, wyne, and fpice,
Ar now decayid thurh Covetyce. 20

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,
 Cattell and corne to fell and ete,
 Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce ;
 And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

Honest yemen in every toun, 25
 War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
 Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce ;
 And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

And lairdis in filk harlis to the dill,
 For quhilk thair tennentis fauld fommer meill, 30
 And leivis on rutis undir the ryce ;
 And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
 And leivis in pece and cheretie,
 Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce ; *nicais 35*
 And all for caufs of Covetyce.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,
 And upoun peur men gadder fowmis,
 Is now ane active man and wyice ;
 And all for caufs of Covetyce. 40

Man, pleifs thy Makar, and be mirry,
 And sett nocht by this warld a chirry ;
 Wirk for the place of Paradyce,
 For thairin ringis na Covetyce.

GUDE COUNSALE.

Be ye ane luvar, Think ye nocht ye fuld
Be weill advyfit in your governing ?
Be ye nocht fa, it will on yow be tauld ;
Be war thairwith for dreid of mis-demyng : [5
Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in your spending ;
Be layth alway to do amifs or schame ;
Be rewlit rycht, and keip [weill] this doctring,
Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all ;
Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als evill ; 10
Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall ;
Be now and ay the maiftir of your will ;
Be nevir he that leifing fall proclame ;
Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be ftill ; 15
Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abafit for no wicket tung ;
Be nocht fa fet as I haif faid yow heir ;
Be nocht fa large unto thir faw is fung ;
Be nocht our proud, thinkand ye haif no peir, 20

Be ye fo wyifs that utheris at yow leir ;
Be nevir he to fklander, nor defame ;

Be of your lufe nor preichour as a freir ;
Be fecreit, trew, increffing of your name.

REWL OF ANIS SELF.

To dwell in court, my freind, gife that thow list,
For gift of Fortoun invy thow no degré ;
Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest,
In mekle speich is part of vanitie ;
And for no malyce preifs thé nevir to lie : 5
Als trubill nevir thy self foir be no tyd,
Uthiris to rewill, that will nocht rewlit be :
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

Be war quhome to thy counfale thou discure,
For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris ; 10
Put nocht thyne honour in to aventure,
Ane freind may be thy fo as Fortoun steiris ;
In cumpany cheifs honourable feiris,
And fra vyld folkis draw thé far on fyd,
The Pfalme fayis, Cum sancto sanctus eris ; 15
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

Haif pacience thocht thow no lordschip posseid,
For hie vertew may stand in law estait ;
Be thow content, of mair thow hes no neid,
And be thow nocht, desyre fall mak debait ; 20
Evirmoir till deth fay to thé than chakmait,
Thocht all war thyne this world within so wyd,

Quha can resist the serpent of dispyt?
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

Flé from the fallowfchip of sic as ar defamit, 25
And fra all fals tungis fullfild with flattry,
Als fra all schrewis, or ellis thow art eschamit;
Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany:
Flé perrellus taillis foundit of invy;
With wilfull men son argown thow no tyd, 30
Quhome no resfōne may feis nor pacify:
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

And be thow nocht ane roundar in the nuke,
For gif thow be, men will hald thé suspect;
Be nocht in countenance ane skornar, nor by luke, 35
Bot dowt siclyk fall stryk thé in the neck:
Be war also to counfal or coreck
Him that extold hes far him self in pryd,
Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effeck;
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd. 40

And sen thow feyis mony thingis variand,
With all thy hart treit biffines and cure;
Hald God thy friend, evir stabill be him stand,
He will thé confort in all misaventure;
And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure 45
Nor to no man do wrang at ony tyd;
Quho so dois, this sicker I yow assure,
He rewlis weill, that fa weill him can gyd.

OF DEMING.

MUSING allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
 Within ane garth undir a tré,
I hard ane voce, that faid on hicht,
 Ma na man now Undemit be : 5

For thocht I be ane crownit King,
Yit fall I nocht eschew Deming ;
 Sum callis me guid, sum fayis thay lie,
Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
 So fall I nocht Undemit me. 10

Be I ane Lord, and nocht lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purf-pyk
 Sayis, Landis war bettir warit on me ;
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a tyk,
 Yit can he nocht lat Deming be. 15

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
With gentill men makand repair,
 Than will thay say, baith scho and hie,
That I am jaipit lait and air ;
 Thus fall I nocht Undemit be. 20

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,
 Honeftly cled eftir my mycht,
 Ane prydfull man than call thay me ;
 Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,
 That can nocht lat fic Deming be. 25

Be I bot littill of ftature,
 Thay call me catyve createure ;
 And be I grit of quantetie,
 Thay call me monftrowis of nature ;
 Thus can thay nocht lat Deming be. 30

And be I ornat in my fpeiche,
 Than Towfy fayis, I am fa freiche,
 I fpeik nocht lyk thair houfs menyie ;
 Suppois her mowth mifteris a leiche,
 Yit can fcho nocht lat Deming be. 35

Bot wift thir folkis that uthir Demis,
 How that thair fawis to uthir femis,
 Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
 Thair tratling tungis that all furth tumis,
 Sum [tyme] wald lat thair Deming be. 40

War nocht the mater wald grow the mair,
 To wirk vengeance on ane Demar,
 But dout I wald caus mony dé ;
 And mony cative end in cair,
 Or fum tyme lat thair Deming be. 45

Gude JAMES THE FERD, our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In sentens said full subtillie,
DO WEILL, AND SETT NOCHT BY DEMING,
FOR NO MAN SALL UNDEMIT BE. 50

And fo I fall with Goddis grace,
Keip his command in to that cace,
Befeiking ay the TRINITIE,
In Hevin that I may haif ane place,
For thair fall no man Demit be. 55

HOW SALL I GOVERNE ME !

How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs,
I wald fum wyifs man wald devyifs ;
 I can nocht leif in no degré,
Bot fum will my maneris dispyis ;
 Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 5

Gif I be galland, lusty and blyth,
Than will thay fay on me full swyth,
 That out of mynd yone man is he,
Or fum hes done him confort kyth :
 Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 10

Gife I be forrowfull and fad,
Than will thay fay that I am mad,
 I do bot drowp as I wold die ;
Thus will they fay baith man and lad :
 Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 15

Be I liberall, gentill, and kynd
Thocht I it tak of nobill strynd,
 Yit will thay fay, baith he and fche,
Yon man is lyk out of his mind :
 Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 20

Gife I be lufty in array,
Than lue I paramouris thay fay,
Or in my hairt is prouwd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 25

Gife I be nocht weill als befene,
Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man, trewlie ;
Lo ! be his claithis it may be fene :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 30

Gife I be fene in court our lang,
Than will thay murmour thame amang,
My frends ar nocht worth a flé,
That I fa lang but guerdon gang :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 35

In court rewaird than purchefs I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And fecreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me sclander prevely :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 40

I wald my gyding war devyfit ;
Gife I spend littill I am dispyfit,
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fré,
A prodigall man I am so pryfit :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 45

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,

And I may no manis tung hald still,

To do the best my mynd falbe ;

Latt every man fay quhat he will,

The gracious God mot governe me !

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

FULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,
How this fals Warld is ay on flocht,
 Qubair no thing ferme is nor degeft ;
And when I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best. 5

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary ;
 Na tyme but turning can tak rest,
For quhois fals change fuld none be fary ;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 10

Wald men confiddir in mynd rycht weil,
Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,
His fall lefs panefull he fuld feill ;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 15

Quha with this warld dois warfill and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
 Thocht he in lordschip be posseft,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 20

Off warldis gud and grit richefs,
 Quhat fruct hes man but mirrinefs?
 Thocht he this warld had eift and west,
 All wer povertie but glaidnefs :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 25

Quho fuld for tynfall drowp or dé,
 For thyng that is bot vanitie ;
 Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left,
 Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 30

Had I for warldis unkyndnefs
 In hairt tane ony havinefs,
 Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
 I had bene deid lang fyne dowllefs :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 35

How evir this warld do change and vary,
 Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary,
 Bot evir be reddy and addrest,
 To pafs out of this frawfull fary :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 40

OF CONTENT.

QUHO thinkis he hes sufficiency,
And of gudis hes no indigence ;
 Thocht he have nowthir land nor rent,
Great mycht, nor hie magnificence,
 He hes anewch that is content. 5

Quho had all the riches unto Ynd,
And wer nocht satisfeit in mynd,
 With povertie I hald him schent ;
Off covatyce sic is the kynd :
 He hes anewch that is content. 10

Thairfoir I pray yow, breider deir,
Nocht to delyt in daynteis feir ;
 Thank God of it is to thé sent,
And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir :
 He hes anewch that is content. 15

Defy the warld, fenyteit and fals,
With gall in hart, and hunyit hals :
 Quha maist it fervis fall sonast repent :
Off quhais subchettis four is the fals :
 He hes anewch that is content. 20

Gif thow hes mycht, be gentill and fré ;
 And gif thow standis in povertie,
 Off thine awin will to it consent ;
 And riches fall return to thé :
 He hes anewch that is content. 25

And ye and I, my bredir all,
 That in this lyfe hes lordfchip fmall,
 Lat languour nocht in us imprent ;
 Gif we nocht clym we tak no fall :
 He hes anewch that is content. 30

For quho in warld moft covatus is
 In world is puireft man, I wys,
 And moift neidy of his intent ;
 For of all gudis no thing is his,
 That of no thing can be content. 35

ADVICE
TO SPEND ANIS AWIN GUDE.

MAN, fen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy tyme unficker and the place,
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne, thy felf it ufis, 5
Gif it be nocht, thé it refusis ;
Ane uthir of it the proffeit hes ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend, 10
And heftely to morne fra it wend,
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to braifs ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space, fé thow difpone,
That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
No wicht ane uthir flay nor chace ; 15
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane,

And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace. 20

Syne cumis ane uther glaid of his forrow,
 That for him prayit nowthir evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it fpairis, 25
 And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
 That his auld thrift fettis on an ace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
 And nocht all that on thé dependis, 30
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace.

Trest nocht ane uther will do thé to,
 It that thy felf wald nevir do ;
 For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace ; 35
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muther,
 And tak example be nane uther,
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes fpace. 40

NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT
GLAIDNES.

BE mirry, Man, and tak nocht far in mynd
The wavering of this wrechit Warld of forrow ;
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nyctbouris glaidly len and borrow ;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow ;
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyfe men it hes bene said aforrow,
Without Glaidnés availis no Treffour.

Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé fendis,
For Warldis wrak but weifair nocht availis ; 10
Na gude is thyne, faif only [that] thow fpendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis :
Seik to solace quhen fadnes thé affailis ;
In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure,
Quhairfoir of confort fet up all thy failis ; 15
Without Glaidnés availis no Treffour.

Follow on petie, flé truble and debait,
With famous folkis hald thy cumpany ;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
For Warldly honour leftis bot a cry ; 20

For truble in erd tak no mallancoly;
 Be riche in pacience, gif thow in gudis be pure,
 Quho levis mirry he levis nichtely;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Thow feis thir wrechis fett with forrow and cair, 25
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space;
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes:
 Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quhilk of thy wyning no labour had nor cure, 30
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirrinefs;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
 Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
 Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a sicht, 35
 Yit to the Juge thow fall gif compt of all;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small:
 Be just and joyus, and do to none injure,
 And Trewth fall mak thé strang as ony wall;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour. 40

NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
And kyth my kairis ane or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo ;
For in this Warld may none assure. 5

Lord! how fall I my dayis dispone,
For lang service rewarde is none;
And fchort my lyfe may heir indure;
And loffit is my tyme bygone :
In to this Warld may none assure. 10

Oft Falfett rydis with ane rowt,
Quhen Trewth gois on his fute abowt,
And lak of fpending dois him fpur ;
Thus what to do I am in dowl :
In to this Warld may none assure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit doun ;
And nane bot juft men tholis injure,
Sa Wit is blindit and Reffoun :
In to this Warld may none assure. 20

Vertew the Court hes done dispyifs ;
 Ane rebald to renoun dois ryifs,
 And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
 And bumbardis brukis the benifyifs :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 25

All Gentrice and Nobilitie
 Ar passit out of hé degré ;
 On Fredome is laid foirfaltour ;
 In Princes is thair no pety ;
 For in this Warld may none assure. 30

Is none fo armit in to plait,
 That can fra truble him debait ;
 May no man lang in welth indure,
 For wo that evir lysis at the wait :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 35

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,
 And Falfett with the Lordis dois roum ;
 And Trewth standis barrit at the dure ;
 And Honour exul is of the toun :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 40

Fra everilk mowth fair wurdis proceidis,
 In every hairt disceptioun breidis,
 Fra everilk é gois luke demure,
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 45

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhail bone,
 And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt stone ;
 And ene of amiable blyth afure,
 And handis of adamant laith to dispone :
 In to this Warld may nane assure. 50

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answer Deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befor the Juge future ;
 Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,
 Quha fuld in to this Warld assure ? 55

No thing bot Deth this fchortly cravis,
 Quhair Fortoun evir as fo difflavis,
 With freyndly smylingis of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wynd hyne wavis :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 6

O ! quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppreffioun,
 Quhen the Angell blawis his bugill sture ?
 Quhilk unrestorit helpis no confessioun :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis fevin,
 Quhen na houfs is bot Hell and Hevin,
 Palice of licht, or Pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble stevin .
 In to this Warld may none assure. 70

Ubi ardentēs Animæ,
 Semper dicentes Væ! Væ!
 Sall cry, Allace! that wemen thame bure;
 O quantæ funt istæ tenebræ!
 In to this World may none assure. 75

Than quho fall wirk for Warldis wrak,
 Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
 Ana trely frustir feild and fure,
 With tempest kene and hiddous crak?
 In to this World may none assure. 80

Lord! fen in tyme fa fone to cum,
 De terra surrecturus sum,
 Reward me with non erdly cure,
 Bot me receave in regnum tuum:
 In to this World may none assure. 85

LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT
GUID LYFE.

WRITTEN AT OXINFURDE.

To speik of science, craft, or sapience,
Off vertew, morall cunnyng, or doctryne ;
Off jure, of wifdome, or intelligence ;
Off everie study, lair, or discipline ;
All is bot tynt, or reddie for to tyne, 5
Nocht using it as it shoud usit be ;
The craift exerceing, confiddering nocht the fyne :
Ane paralous feiknes is Vain Prosperité.

The curious probatioun logical ;
The eloquence of ornat rethorie ; 10
The naturall science philosophicall ;
The dirk apperance of Astronomie ;
The Theologis fermoun ; the fablis of Poetrie ;
Without Guid Lyfe all in the self dois dé,
As Mayis flouris dois in September dry : 15
A paralous lyfe is Vain Prosperitie.

Quhairfoir, ye Clerkis gritest of constance,
Fullest of science and of knowlegeing,
To us be myrroris in your governance ;

And in our darknes be lampis in fehyning : 20
Or thane in fruftar is all your lang learning ;
Gif to your fawis your deidis contrair be,
Your maift accufar falbe your awin cunning ;
A peralous feiknes is Vaine Prosperitie.

OF THE WARLDIS VANITY.

O WRECHE, be war ! this Warld will wend thé fro,
 Quhilk hes begylit mony greit estait ;
Turne to thy freynd, beleif nocht in thy fo,
 Sen thow mon go, be grathing to thy gait ;
 Remeid in tyme, and rew nocht all to lait ; 5
Provyde thy place, for thow away mon pafs
 Out of this vaill of trubbill and diffait :
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Walk furth Palgrime, quhill thow hes dayis lycht,
 Drefs fro defert, draw to thy dwelling place ; 10
Speid home, for quhy ? anone cummis the nycht
 Quhilk dois thé follow with ane ythand chaife !
 Bend up thy fail, and win thy port of grace ;
For and the Deith ourtak thé in trespas,
 Then may thow fay thir wourdis with Allace ! 15
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Heir nocht abydis, heir standis no thing stabill,
 [For] this fals Warld ay flittis to and fro ;
Now day up bricht, now nycht als blak as fabill,
 Now eb, now flude, now freynd, now cruell fo ; 20

Now glaid, now fad, now weill, now in to wo ;
Now cled in gold, diffolvit now in afs ;

So dois this Warld [ay] tranfitorie go :
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

OF THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I SEIK about this Warld unftabill,
To find ane fentence conveneabill ;
 Bot I can nocht in all my wit,
 Sa trew ane fentence find of it,
As fay it is diffaveabill. 5

For yeftirday, I did declair
Quhow that the tym was faft and fair,
 Come in als frefche as pacock feddar ;
 This day it ftangis lyk ane eddar,
Concluding all in my contrair. 10

Yeftirday fair up fprang the flouris,
This day thay ar all flane with fchouris ;
 And fowlis in forreft that fang cleir,
 Now weipis with ane dreirie cheir,
Full cauld ar bayth thair bedis and bouris. 15

So nixt to Symmer, Wynter bein ;
Nixt eftir confort, cairis kein ;
 Nixt eftir dark nycht, the mirthfull morrow ;
 Nixt eftir joy, ay cummis forrow :
So is this Warld, and ay hes bein. 20

OF THE WARLDIS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand Warldis wretchedness,
The failyeand and fruitless biffiness,
The mispent tyme, the service vaine,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The flydand joy, the glaidness schort, 5
The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
The sweit abayd, the slichtfull trane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The fugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra,
The figurit speiche, with faceis tua, 10
The plefand toungis, with hartis unplane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The leill labour lost, and leill service,
The lang availl on humill wyfe,
And the lytill rewarde agane, 15
For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I fay all be this Cuntré,

-
- France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
Bot all be Italie and Spane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 20
- The change of Warld fra weill to wo,
The honourable use is all ago,
In hall, in bour, in burgh and plane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.
- Beleif dois hoip, traift dois nocht tarie, 25
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie,
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.
- Gude rewill is banischt our the Bordour,
And rangat ringis bot ony ordour, 30
With reird of rebaldis, and of swane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.
- The pepill so wickit ar of feiris,
The frutless erde all witness beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane ; 35
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.
- The temporall stait to gryp and gather,
The sone differis wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 40

Kirkmen fo halie ar and gude,
 That on thair confcience, rowne and rude,
 May turn aucht oxin and ane wane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

I knaw nocht how the Kirk is gydit, 45
 Bot Beneficis ar nocht leill devydit ;
 Sum men hes fevin, and I nocht ane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And fum, unworthy to brouk ane stall,
 Wald clym to be ane Cardinall, 50
 Ane Bifchoprik may nocht him gane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Unworthie I, amang the laif,
 Ane Kirk dois craif, and nane can haif ;
 Sum with ane thraif playis paffage plane ; 55
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It cumis be King, it cumis be Quene,
 Bot ay sic fpace is us betwene,
 That nane can felut it with ane flane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 60

It might have cummin in fchortar quhyll
 Fra Calyecot and the new-fund Yle,
 The partis of Traufmeridiane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It nicht, be this, had it bein kynd, 65
 Cummin out of the defertis of Ynde,
 Our all the grit fé Oceane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It nicht have cummin out of all airtis,
 Fra Paris, and the Orient partis, 70
 And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It is fo lang in cuming me till,
 I dreid that it be quyt gane will,
 Or bakwart is turnit agane ; 75
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
 Bayth unicornis, and crownis of wecht,
 Quhen it dois eum all men dois frane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 80

I wait [it] is for me provydit,
 Bot fa done tyrefum it is to byd it,
 It brekis my hairt, and briftis my brane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Greit Abbais grayth I nill to gather, 85
 Bot ane Kirk scant coverit with hadder ;
 For I of lytill wald be fane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And for my Curis in findrie place,
With help, Schir, of your nobill Grace, 90
My fillie faule fall never be flane ;
Na for sic fyn to suffer pane.

Experience dois me so infpyre,
Of this fals failyeand World I tyre,
That ever moir fittis lyk ane phane ; 95
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The formest hoip yit that I have
In all this World, fa God me save,
Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne,
Quhilk is ane leffoun of my pane. 100

ERDLY JOY RETURNIS IN PANE.

OFF Lentren in the first mornyng,
Airly as did the day up spring,
Thus fang ane bird with voce upplane,
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

O Man! haif mynd that thow mon pafs; 5
Remembir that thow art bot afs,
And fall in afs return agane :
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth, 10
Devoring fruct and flowring grane :
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane : 15
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May fo fresche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene ;

Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 20

Evermair unto this Warldis joy,
 As nerrest air fuceidis noy ;
 Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,
 His verry air fuceidis pane ;

Heir Helth returnis in Seiknefs ; 25
 And Mirth returnis in Havinefs ;
 Toun in defert, forrest in plane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in Wrechitnefs,
 And Trewth returnis in Dowbilnefs, 30
 With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane ;
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into Vyce,
 And Honour into Avaryce ;
 With Cuvatyce is Consciens flane ; 35
 All Erdly joy returnis in paine.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that leftis evir ;
 For uther joy is all bot vane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 40

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS.

QUHEN HE WES SEIK.

I THAT in heill wes and glaidnefs,
Am trublit now with gret feiknefs,
And feblit with infirmitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory, 5
This fals World is bot tranfitory,
The flescche is brukle, the Feynd is flé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The ftait of Man dois change and vary, 10
Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary,
Now danfand mirry, now like to die ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No Stait in Erd heir standis ficker ;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
So wavis this Warldis vanité ; 15
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Deid gois all Eftaitis,
 Princis, Prellattis, and Potestaitis,
 Baith riche and puire of all degré ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 20

He takis the Knychtis in to feild,
 Anarmit under helme and fcheild ;
 Victour he is at all mellie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand 25
 Takis on the Mutheris breift fowkand
 The Bab, full of benignité :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Campioun in the ftour,
 The Capitane clofit in the tour, 30
 The Lady in bour full of bewtie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He fpairis no Lord for his pifcence,
 Nor Clerk for his intelligence ;
 His awfull fraik may no man flé ; 35
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art Magicianis, and Aftrologgis,
 Rethoris, Logicianis, Theologgis,
 Thame helpis no conclufionis flé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 40

In Medicyne the most Practicianis,
 Leichis, Surrigianis, and Phificianis,
 Thame felf fra Deth may nocht supplé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I fee that MAKARIS amang the laif 45
 Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif ;
 Spairit is nocht thair faculté :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done peteoufflie devour,
 The noble CHAWCER of Makaris flour, 50
 The MONK OF BERY, and GOWER, all thré ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Schir HEW OF EGLINTOUN,
 ETRIK, HERYOT, and WYNTOUN,
 He hes tane out of this Cuntré ; 55
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That Scorpioun fell hes done infek
 Maister JOHNE CLERK, and JAMES AFFLEK,
 Fra ballat making and tragedé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 60

HOLLAND and BARBOUR he has berevit ;
 Allace ! that he nocht with us levit
 Schir MUNGO LOKERT of the Lé :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

CLERK of Tranent eik he hes tane, 65
 That maid the awnteris of Gawane ;
 Schir GILBERT HAY endit hes he :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes BLIND HARY, and SANDY TRAILL
 Slaine with his schot of mortall hail, 70
 Quhilk PATRIK JOHNSTOUN mycht nocht fé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft MERSEIR his endyte,
 That did in luvè so lifly write,
 So schort, so quyk, of sentence hie : 75
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane ROULL of Abirdene,
 And gentill ROULL of Corstorphine ;
 Two bettir fallowis did no man fé :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 80

In Dumfermelyne he hes tane BROUN,
 With Maister ROBERT HENRISOUN ;
 Schir JOHNE THE ROSS embraift hes hé :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laft of aw, 85
 Gud gentill STOBO and QUINTYNE SCHAW,
 Of quhome all wichtis hes petie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

-
- Gud Maifter **WALTER KENNEDY**,
In poynt of dede lyis veraly, 90
Gret reuth it wer that so fuld be ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- Sen he hes all my Brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif alane,
On forfe·I mon his nyxt pray be ; 95
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- Sen for the Deid remeid is non,
Best is that we for deid dispone.
Eftir our deid that leif may we
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 100

THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAILL.

IN May, as that Aurora did up spring,
With cristall ene chafing the cluddis fable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing
A sang of luvè, with voce rycht comfortable,
Agane the Orient bemis amiable, 5
Upone a blifsful brenche of lawryr grene ;
This wes hir fentens fueit and delectable,
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

Undir this brench ran down a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew, 10
Agane the hevinly aifure skeyis licht ;
Quhair did, upone the tothir fyd, perfew
A Nychtingaill, with fuggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone :
This wes hir song, and of a fentens trew, 15
All Luvè is lost bot upone God allone.

With notis glaid, and glorious armony,
This joyfull Merle so salust scho the day,
Quhill rong the woddis of hir melody,
Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris of this May ; 20

Lo fresche Flora hes flureft every fpray,
 As Nature hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,
 The feild bene clothit in a new array :
 A lufy lyfe in Luvis fervice bene.

Nevir fuetar noys wes hard with levand man 25
 Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
 Hir found went with the rever as it ran
 Out throw the fresche and flureift lufy vail :
 O Merle ! quoth scho, O fule ! ftynt of thy tail,
 For in thy fong gud fentens is thair none, 30
 For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill
 Of every Luve bot upone God allone.

Seifs, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingaill :
 Sall folk thair yowth fpend in to holines ?
 Of yung fanctis growis auld feyndis but fable. 35
 Fy ! Ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnes,
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois exprefs,
 That crukit aige makis one with yowth ferene,
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverfs :
 A lufy lyfe in Luvis fervice bene. 40

The Nychtingaill faid, Fule, remembir thé,
 That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
 The luve of God moft deir to man fuld be ;
 That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
 And deit him felf fro deid him to fuccour ; 45
 O quhithir wes kythit thair trew luve or none ?

He is most trew and steidfast paramour,
And Luve is lost bot upone him allone.

The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewté
In ladeis, with sic womanly having, 50
Bot gif he wald that thay fuld luvit be?
To luve eik Natur gaif thame inclynnyng;
And He of Natur that wirker wes and king,
Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene,
In to his creature of his awin making: 55
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

The Nychtingaill said, Nocht to that behufe
Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,
That scho fuld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
Bot He the wirker, that put in hir sic grace; 60
Off bewty, bontie, richefs, tyme, or space,
And every gudness that bene to cum or gone,
The thank redoundis to Him in every place:
All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

O Nychtingaill! it wer a story nyce 65
That luve fuld nocht depend on cherité;
And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than luve mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;
For ay to luve invy mone contrair be:
God bad eik luve thy nichtbour fro the splene, 70
And quho than ladeis suetar nychtbouris be?
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

The Nychtingaill faid, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,
 Him to foryet that hir sic vertew gaif, 75
 And for his hevin raffaif hir cullour quhyt :
 Hir goldin treffit hairis redomyt,
 Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay fchone,
 Suld nocht him blind fro luvè that is perfyt ;
 All Luvè is loft bot upone God allone. 80

The Merle faid, Luvè is caufe of honour ay,
 Luvè makis cowardis manheid to purchafe,
 Luvè makis knychtis hardy at affey,
 Luvè makis wrechis full of lergenefs,
 Luvè makis fueir folkis full of biffinefs, 85
 Luvè makis fluggirdis fresche and weill befene,
 Luvè changis vyce in vertewis nobilnefs ;
 A lufy lyfe in Luvis fervice bene.

The Nychtingaill faid, Trew is the contrary ;
 Sic fruftir luvè it blindis men fo far, 90
 In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary ;
 In fals vane glory thai fo drunken ar,
 Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
 Fame, guddis, and ftrenth : quhairfoir weill fay I dar, 95
 And Luvè is loft bot upone God allone.

Thau faid the Merle, Myne errour I confefs ;
 This fruftir luvè all is bot vanité ;

Blind Ignorance me gaif sic hardiness,
 To argone fo agane the varité : 100
 Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he
 With luvè nocht in the feindis net be tone,
 Bot luvè the Luvè that did for his luvè dé :
 All Luvè is loft bot upone God allone.

Than fang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir : 105
 The Merle fang, Man, luvè God that hes thé wrocht.
 The Nychtingaill fang, Man, luvè the Lord moft deir,
 That thé and all this warld maid of nocht.
 The Merle faid, Luvè him that thy lufe hes socht,
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flefche and bone. 110
 The Nychtingaill fang, And with his deid thé bocht:
 All Luvè is loft but upone Him allone.

Thane flew thir birdis our the bewis fchene,
 Singing of luvè amang the levis fmall ;
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene, 115
 Bothe fleping, walking, in rest, and in travaill :
 Me to reconfort moft it dois avall
 Agane for luvè, quhen luvè I can find none,
 To think how fong this Merle and Nychtingaill,
 All Luvè is loft bot upone God allone. 120

OF LUVE ERDLY AND DIVINE.

Now culit is Dame Venus brand ;
Trew Luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to undirstand,
In feynit luv quhat foly bene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 5
 And true Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld ;
So as the ta luv waxis auld,
The tothir dois increfs moir kene : 10
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And true Luve ryfis fro the splene.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat plefans is in luv perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit luv delyt, 15
Thair kyndnes is fo contrair elene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or ony wayis his hairt consent, 20

To turne to trew luvè his intent,
 And still the quarrell to susteine :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene.

I haif experience by my fell ; 25
 In Luvè court anis did I dwell,
 Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
 I culd of truble tell fyftene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene. 30

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
 Now haif I confort for to speid ;
 Quhair I had maugré to my meid,
 I trest rewaird and thankis betwene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 35
 And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair luvè wes wont me to displeis,
 Now find I in to luvè grit eis ;
 Quhair I had denger and difeis,
 My breift all confort dois contene : 40
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,
 And wald no luvè wer bot I ;
 Now quhair I luvè I wald all wy 45

Als weill as I luvit I wene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir quhair I durft nocht for schame

My love describe, nor tell hir name ; 50

Now think I wirschep wer and fame,

To all the world that it war fene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir no wicht I did complene, 55

So did her denger me derene ;

And now I fett nocht by a bene

Hir bewty, nor hir twa fair ene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene. 60

I have a love fairar of face,

Quhom in no denger may haif place,

Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,

And mercy ay quhen I me mene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 65
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,

Nor wairis a luvit thocht in vane ;

I salbe als weill luvit agane,

Thair may no jangler me prevene : 70

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Ane luvè fo fare, fo gud, fo fueit,
So riche, fo rewthfull, and discret,
And for the kynd of man fo meit, 75
Nevir moir falbe, nor yit hes bene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Is none fa trew a luvè as he,
That for trew luvè of us did dé ; 80
He fuld be luvit agane, think me,
That wald fa fane our luvè obtene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Is none but grace of God I wis, 85
That can in Yowth confiddir this ;
This fals dissavand Warldis blifs,
So gydis Man in flouris grene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene. 90

THE MANER OF PASSYNG TO
CONFESSION.

O SYNFULL Man, thir ar the fourty dayis
That every man fuld wilfull pennence dré ;
Oure Lorde Jhesu, as haly writ fayis,
Fastit him self oure exampill to be,—
Sen sic ane mighty King and Lorde as he, 5
To fast and pray was so obedient,
We synfull folk fulde be more deligent.

I reid thé, Man, of thi tranfgressioun,
With all thi hert, that thou be penitent ;
Thow scharive thé clene, and mak confessioun, 10
And fé thairto [that] thou be deligent,
With all thi fynnes into thi mynde present,
That every syn be the selfe beschawin,
To thyne confessioun it ma be kend and knawin.

Apon thi body gif thou hes ane wounde 15
That cauffis thé gret panis for to feill,
Thair is no leiche ma mak thé hail and founde,
Quhill it be sene, and clengit every deill ;
Richt sua thi scharift, bot it beschawin weill,

Thow art nocht abill remiffioun for to get, 20
 Wittandlie and thow [fuld] ane fyn foryet.

Off tuenty woundis, and ane be left unhelit
 Quhat avalis thé leiching of the laif?
 Rycht fua thi fchrift, and thair be oucht concelit,
 It avalis nocht thi fely faule to faif; 25
 Nor yit of God remiffioun for to haif:
 Of fyn gif thow wald have deliverance,
 Thow fulde it tell with all the circumftance.

Sa that thi Confeffour be wyfs and difcreit,
 Than can thé difcharge of every doute and weir, 30
 And power hes of thy fynnes compleit:
 Gif thow can nocht fehaw furth thi fynnes perqueir,
 And he be blynde, and can nocht at thé fpeir,
 Thow ma rycht weill in thi mynde confydder
 That ane blynde man is led furth be ane uther. 35

And fa I halde, that ye ar baith begylde;
 He can nocht fpeir, nor thow can nocht him tell,
 Quhen, nor how, thi confcience thow hes fylde;
 Thairfor, I reid, that thow excufe thi fell,
 And rype thi mynde how every thing befell, 40
 The tyme, the place, and how, and in quhat wyis,
 So that thi confeffioun ma thi fynnes pryce.

Avyfs thé weill, or thou cum to the Preift,
 Off all thi fynnes, and namelie of the maift,

- That thai be reddy prentit in thi breift ; 45
 Thow fulde nocht cum to schryfe thé in [gret] haift,
 And fyne fit down abasit as ane beift :
- With humyll [hairt] and fad contrytioun,
 Thow fuld cum to [mak] thine confessioun.
- With thine awin mouth thi fynnes thow fuld tell ; 50
 Bot fit and heir the Preift hes nocht ado,
 Quha kennes thi fynnes better na thi fell ?
 Thairfor, I reid thé, tak gude tent thairto ;
 Thow knawis best quhair bindis thé thi scho ;
- Thairfor, be wyfe afor or thow thair cum, 55
 That thow schaw furth thi fynnes all and fum.
- Quhair feldin compt is tane, and hes a hevvy charge,
 And fyne is reklefs in his governance,
 And on his conscience he takis all to large,
 And on the end hes no remembrance, 60
 That man is abill to fall ane gret mischance :
- The fynfull man that all the yeir our settis,
 Fra Pasche to Pasche, rycht mony a thing foryettis.
- I reid thé, Man, quhill thow art stark and young,
 With pith and strenth into thi yeiris grene, 65
 Quhill thow art abill baith in mynde and tounge,
 Repent thé, Man, and kepe thi conscience clene ;
 Till byde till age is mony perrell sene :
- Small merit is of fynnes for to irke
 Quhen thow art ald, and ma na wrangis wyrke. 70

THE TABILL OF CONFESSIOUN.

To Thé, O mercifull Salviour, Jhesus,
My King, my Lord, and my Redemar sweit,
Befoir thy bludy figour dolorus,
I fchir me cleyne, with humill heart contreit,
That evir I did unto this hour compleit, 5
Baith in werk, in word, and eik in entent ;
Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

To Thé, my meik sweit Salviour, I me fchryve,
And dois me in thy mercy maist excelleng, 10
Off the wrang spending of my Wittis Fyve,—
In Hering, Seeing, Gusting, Twitching, and Smelling,
Ganestanding, greving, offending, and rebelling
Aganis my God and Lord omnipotent ;
With teiris of forrow from my ene distilling, 15
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I wretchit fynner vyle, and full of vyce,
Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois me fchryve,—
Off Pryde, off Yre, Invy, and Covetyce,
Off Lichery, Gluttony, with Slewth ay till our dryve,

Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
 For quihilk, allace ! I fervit to be schent :
 Rew on me, Jhefu, for thy woundis fyve !
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I schryve me, Lord ! that I abufit haif 25
 The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
 The hungry meit, nor thrifty drink I gaif,
 Nor veseit the feik, nor did redeme the thrall,
 Herbreit the wilfum, nor naikit cled att all,
 Nor yit the deid to bery tuke I tent : 30
 Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
 To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
 Synnaris correctioun, nor destitut counfall, 35
 Na unto wofull wretchis conforting,
 Nor unto faulis support of my preiching,
 Nor was to ask forgifnefs penitent,
 Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending ;
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent. 40

Lord ! I haif done full litill reverence
 Unto the Sacramentis Sevin of gret renoun,—
 Thy Haly Supper for my fyn recompence,
 Baptifing, Penance, and Confirmacioun,
 Matrimony, Ordour, and Extreme Uncioun ; 45
 Heiroff, als fer as I wes negligent,

With hairt contreit, and teiris falling down,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Thy Ten Commandis,—A God for till honour,
Nocht tane in vane his name, na flayar to be, 50
Fader and moder to wirfchip at all hour,
To be no theif, the haly day to uphie,
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witnefs for to flé,
To leif adultré, to covet na manis rent;
In all thir, Lord! culpable knaw I me; 55
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

The Artickillis of Treuth,—A God to trow,
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
And in his haly bliffit Sone, Jhefu,
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell difcendit, 60
The thrid day ryfing, to the Fader ascendit,
Off quick and deid to cum, and hald Jugement;
In to thir poynttis, O Lord! quhair I have offendit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I trow in to the bliffit Haly Spreit, 65
And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
And to thy dome that we fall ryfe compleit
And tak our flesch againe, baith feit and handis,
All to be faiff in flait of grace that standis;
Plane I revoik in thir quhair I miswent, 70
Befoir the Juge and Lord of see and landis,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnit, Lord ! that nocht being strong as wall,
 In Howp, in Faith, in fervent Cheretie ;
 Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75
 Aganis vycis fure enarmyng me,
 With Fortitude, Prowdence, Temperance, thir thré
 With Justice ever in werk, word, or entent ;
 To Thé, Chryft Jhesu, casting up myne é,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent. 80

The Sevin Commandis of the Kirk,—that is to say,
 Thy teind to pay, and cursing to eschew,
 To keipe the festuall and the fasting day,
 The mefs on Sunday, the parroche kirk perfew,
 To proper Curat to mak confessioun trew, 85
 Anis in the yeir to tak the Sacrament ;
 In thir pointis, quhair I offendit, fair I rew ;
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Off fyn also aganis the Haly Spreit,
 Off scharif postponit, of fyn aganis nateur, 90
 Off incontricioun, of confessioun indiscreit,
 Off ressaist finfull of Thé my Salvatour,
 Off undone pennance, and satisfacioun sure,
 Off the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaift me sent,
 Off Pater nofter, and Sevin Peticionis pure ; 95
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Nocht thanking Thé of gratitude nor grace,
 That thow me wrocht, and bocht me with thi deid ;

Off this fchort lyfe remembring nocht the fpace,
 The hevinnis blifs, the hellis hiddeoufs feid, 100
 But more trespafs, my fynnis to remeid,
 Concluding nevir all thruch in myne entent ;
 O Thow, quhois blude on rude for men ran reid,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I know me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable, 105
 In aithis fweiring, leifing, and blafpheming,
 Off frufrat fpeiking in court, in kirk, and tabill,
 In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming,
 Preyffing my felf, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
 And fo in ydilnefs my dayis I haif fpent ; 110
 Thow that wes rent on rude for my redeming,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I fynnit in confaving thochtis jolye,
 Up to the hevin extolling myn ententioun,
 In hé exaltit arrogance, and folye, 115
 Prowdnefs, derifiom, fcorne, and vilipentioun,
 Prefumptioun, inobedience, and contemptioun,
 In fals vane gloir, and deidis negligent ;
 O Thow, that deit on rude, for my redemptioun,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent. 120

I fynnit als in reif, and in oppreffion,
 In wrangufs gudis taking and poffeding,
 Contrar gud reffoun, confcience, and discretioun,
 In prodigall fpending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,

In fowll difceptiounnis, in fals inventionis breiding, 125
 To conqueifs honor, trefor, land, and rent,
 In flefhly luft aboif mefure exceiding ;
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off mynd diffymulat, Lord ! I me confefs,
 Off feid undir ane freindly countenance, 130
 Off parciall jugeing, and perverfs wilfulnefs,
 Off flattering wordis for fynding of fubftance,
 Off fals folifting for wrang deliverance
 At Counfale, Sefsioun, and at Parliament ;
 Off everilk guilt, and wicket govirnance, 135
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I fehryve me of all curfit company,
 In all tyme, witting and unwitting me,
 Off criminall caufes, off deid of felony,
 Off tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie, 140
 Off hurt or flawchter, culpable gif I be,
 In ony wife, deid, counfale, or confent ;
 O deir Jhefu ! that for me deit on tré,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy precious feit to kifs, 145
 As had the Magdelene, quhen fcho did mercy craif,
 I fall as fcho, weip teiris for my mifs,
 And every morrow feik Thé at thy graif ;
 Thairfoir, forgife me, as thow hir forgaif,
 That feis my hert, as fynner penitent !

Thy precious body, in breift I refaif ;
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thow mak me, Jhefu, on Thé to remember !
I ask thy Paffioun in me fo to habound, 150
Quhill nocht of me unmanyeit be a member,
Bot fall in wo, with Thé, of every wound ;
And every ftraik mak throu my hert aftound,
That evir did ftrenye thy fair flefche innocent ;
Sa that no part of my body be found, 155
Bot crying Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off all thir fynnis that I did heir expreme,
And als foryet, to Thé, Lord! I me fchryve,
Appeling fra thy Justice court extreme,
Unto thy court of Mercy exulyife ; 160
Thow mak my fchip in bliffit port arryve,
That failis heir in ftormis violent,
And faif me, Jhefu! for thy woundis fyve,
That cryis Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

ANE ORISOUN.

SALVIOUR, suppois my fensualitie,
Subject to fyn, hes maid my faull oft fyis,
Sum spark of licht and spiritualitie,
Walkins my witt, and reffoun bidis me ryis ;
My corrupt conscience askis, clipis and cryis, 5
First grace, fyn space, for to amend my myfs ;
Substance with honour doing nane suppryis,
Freindis prosperitie, heir peax, fyn heavins blyfs.

OF LYFE.

QUHAT is this Lyfe bot ane straucht way to deid,
Quhilk hes a tyme to pas, and nane to duell ;
A slideing quheill us lent to feik remeid ;
A fré chois gevin to Paradice or Hell ;
A pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell ; 5
A schoirt torment for infinite gladness,
Als schoirt ane joy for leftand hevyness !

OF THE NATIVITIE OF CHRIST.

RORATE Cœli defuper!

Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
For now is riffin the brycht day-ster,
Fro the Roifs Mary, flour of flouris :
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5
Surmunting Phebus in the est,
Is cumin of his hevinly touris ;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir, 10
And all ye hevinly operationis,
Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
To Him gife loving, most and left,
That come in to so meik maneir ; 15
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
And thank your Makar hairtfully;
For He, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
To yow is cumin full humly, 20

Your faulis with his blud to by,
 And loufs yow of the feindis arrest,
 And only of his awin mercy ;
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him inclyne, 25
 And bow unto that barne benyng,
 And do your obfervance devyne,
 To him that is of kingis-King ;
 Enfence his altar, reid, and fing
 In haly kirk, with mynd degeft, 30
 Him honouring attour all thing,
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celestiall fowlis in the air,
 Sing with your nottis upoun hicht ;
 In firthis and in forreftis fair 35
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
 For paffit is your dully nycht ;
 Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
 The fonè is riffiu with glaidfum lycht,
 Et nobis Puer natus est. 40

Now fpring up flouris fra the rute,
 Revert yow upwart naturaly,
 In honour of the bliffit frute,
 That raifs up fro the Rois Mary ;
 Lay out your levis luftely, 45
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the left,

In wifchip of that Prince wirthy,
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Syng Hevin imperiall, moft of hicht,
 Regions of Air mak armony ; 50
 All Fifche in flud, and Foull of flicht,
 Be myrthfull and mak melody :
 All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
 Hevin, Erd, Sé, Man, Bird, and Best,
 He that is crownit above the Sky, 55
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY.

HAILE, sterne superne ! Haile, in eterne,
In Godis ficht to fchyne !
Lucerne in derne, for to difcerne
Be glory and grace devyne ;
Hodiern, modern, fempitern, 5
Angelicall Regyne !
Our tern inferne for to difpern,
Helpe rialeft rofyne.
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
Haile, frefche flour femynne ! 10
Yerne us, guberne, Virgin matern,
Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

Haile, yyng, benyng, frefche flurifing !
Haile, Alphais habitakle !
Thy dyng of fpring maid us to fyng 15
Befor his tabernakle ;
All thing maling we doune thring,
Be ficht of his signakle ;
Quhilk King us bring unto his ryng,
Fro dethis dirk umbrakle. 20
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !

Haile, Modir and Maid but makle !
 Bricht fygn, gladyng our languiffing,
 Be nicht of thi mirakle.

Haile, bricht, be ficht, in hevyn on hicht ! 25

Haile, day fterne orientale !
 Our licht moft richt, in clud of nycht,

Our darknefs for to feale :

Haile, wicht, in ficht, puttar to ficht

Of fendis in battale ! 30

Haile, plicht, but ficht ! Haile, mekle of mycht !

Haile, glorious Virgine, haile !

Ave MARIA, gratia plena !

Haile, gentill nychttingale !

Way ftricht, cler dicht, to wilfome wicht, 35

That irke bene in travale.

Haile, Quene ferene ! Haile, moft amene !

Haile, hevinlie hie Empryfs !

Haile, fchene, unfeyne with carnale eyne !

Haile, Rois of Paradyfs ! 40

Haile, clene, bedene, ay till conteyne !

Haile, fair frefche flour-de-lyce !

Haile, grene dafeyne ! Haile, fro the fplene,

Of Jhefu genetrice !

Ave MARIA, gratia plena ! 45

Thow bair the Prince of Pryfs ;

Our tryne to meyne, and go betweyne,

As humile Oratrice.

- Haile, more decore, than of before,
 And fwetar be sic fevyne, 50
 Our glore, forlore, for to restore,
 Sen thow art Quene of Hevyne !
 Memore of fore, stern in Aurore,
 Louit with Angellis stevyne ;
 Implore, adore, thow indeflore, 55
 To mak our oddis evyne.
 Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
 With lovingis lowde ellevyn,
 Quhill store and hore, my youth devore,
 Thy name I fall ay nevyne. 60
- Empryce of pryfe, Imperatrice,
 Brycht polift precious ftane ;
 Victryce of vyce, hie genitricce
 Of Jhesu, Lord foverayne :
 Our wyfe pavyfe fro enemyis, 65
 Agayne the feyndis trayne ;
 Oratrice, Mediatrice, Salvatrice,
 To God gret fuffragane !
 Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
 Haile, sterne meridiane ! 70
 Spyce, flour-de-lice of Paradyfe,
 That bair the gloryus grayne.

Imperiall wall, place palestrall,
 Of peirlefs pulcritude ;

Tryumphale hall, hie trone regall 75
Of Godis celfitude ;
Hospitall riall, the Lord of all
Thy clofet did include ;
Bricht ball, cristall, rois virginall,
Fulfillit of angell fude. 80
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
Thy birth has with his blude,
Fra fall mortall, originall,
Us ranfomid on the rude.

OF THE PASSIOUN OF CHRIST.

AMANG thir Freiris, within a closter,
I enterit in ane Oratory,
And knellit doun with ane Pater nofter,
Befor the nichti King of glorye,
Having his Passioun in memorye; 5
Syne till his Mudir I did inclyne,
Hir halving with ane gaudé-floré;
And sodanely I flepit fyne.

Me thoct Judas with mony a Jow
Take bliffit Jhesu, our Salvatour, 10
And schot him furth, with mony a schow,
With schamefull wordis of dishonour;
And lyke ane theif, or ane tratour,
Thai led that hevinlie Prince most hie,
With mannasing attour mesfour, 15
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Falfly condampnit befor ane Juge,
Thai spittit in his visage fair;
And, as lyonis with awfull ruge,
In yre thai harlit him heir and thair, 20

And gaf him mony buffatis fair,
 That it was forrow for to fé;
 And of his claithis thai tirvit him bair,
 O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé.

Thai tyrandis to revenge thair teyne, 25
 For fcorne thai clad him in to quhyte;
 And hid his bliffull glorius eyne,
 To fé quhom Angellis had delyte;
 Dispituosly fyne did him fmyte,
 Saying, Gif Sone of God thow be, 30
 Quha ftraike thé now, thow tell us tyte?—
 O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

In teyne, thai tirvit him agane,
 And till ane pillar thai him band;
 Quhill blude out briftit at every vane, 35
 Thai feurgit him baith fute and hande:
 At every ftraik ran furth a ftrand,
 Mycht have ranfomit warldis thré;
 He baid in ffound quhill he mycht fstand,
 O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé. 40

Nixt all in purpour thai him cled,
 And fyne with thornis fcharpe and kene;
 His faiklefs blude agane thai fched,
 Perfing his hed with pykis grene;
 Uneifs with lyf he mycht fustene 45
 That croune, on thrung with creuelte,

Quhill flude of blude blyndit his eyne,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Ane croce that was baith gret and lang,
To beir thai gaf that bliffit Lord; 50
Syne furiously, as theif to hang,
Thai harlit him furth with raipe and corde;
With blude and fwait was all deflord
His face, the fude of angellis fré;
His feit with ftanis war revin and fcord, 55
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Agane thai tirvit him bak and fyde,
Als brym as ony baris wod;
The claith that claif to his clere hyde,
Thai raif away with ruggis rude, 60
Quhill ferfly followit flefche and blude,
That it was peté for to fé;
Na kynd of torment he ganestood,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Unto the croce of breid and lenth, 65
To gar his lymmis largear wax,
Thai ftraitit him with all thair ftrenth,
Quhill to the end thai gart him rax;
Syne tyt him up with gret irne tax,
And him all nakit on a tré 70
Thai raifit on loft, be houris fax,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Quhen he was bendit all on breid,
 Quhill all his vanys britt and brak,
 Till gar his cruell pane exceed, 75
 Thai leit him fall doune with a fwak,
 Quhill corfs and corps and all did crak ;
 Agane thai raifit him on hie,
 Redy mair torment for to tak,
 O Mankynd, for the luf of thé. 80

Betuix twa theiffis the spreit he gaif,
 Unto his Father most of mycht ;
 The erd did trymble, the cragis raif,
 The sone obfcurit of his licht ;
 The day wox dirk as ony nycht, 85
 Deid bodyis raifs in the cité :
 Godis deir Sone all thus was dicht,
 O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

In weir that he was yit on lyf,
 Thai ran a rude fpeir in his fyde, 90
 And did his precious body ryf,
 Quhill blude and wattir did furth glyde :
 Thus Jhefu with his woundis wyde,
 As martir fuffirit for to dé,
 And tholit to be crucifyid, 95
 O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

DONE is a battell on the Dragon blak,
Our campioun Chryft confoundit hes his force ;
The yettis of Hell ar brokin with a crak,
The figne triumphall rafit is of the Croce,
The Divillis trymmillis with hiddoufs voce, 5
The faulis ar borrowit, and to the blifs can go,
Chryft with his blud our ranfoms dois indoce :
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall ferpent with the mortall ftang ; 10
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
Qubilk in a wait hes lyne for us fo lang,
Thinking to grip us in his clowis strang ;
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer fo,
He maid him for to felye of that fang : 15
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro.

He for our faik that fufferit to be flane,
And lyk a lamb in facrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riffin up agane,
And as gyane [hes] raxit him on hicht : 20

Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
 On loft is gone the glorius Appolló,
 The bliffull day departit fro the nycht :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is riffin on hicht, 25
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit ;
 The sone that vox all pail now schynis bricht,
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit ;
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit ;
 The Christins ar deliverit of thair wo, 30
 The Jowis and thair error ar confoundit :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The fo is chafit, the battell is done ceifs,
 The presone brokin, the jvellouris fleit and flemit ;
 The weir is gone, confermit is the peifs, 35
 The fetteris lowfit, and the dungeoun temit,
 The ranfoum maid, the presoneris redemit ;
 The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
 Dispulit of the trefure that he yemit :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro. 40

OF MANIS MORTALITIE.

MEMENTO, Homo, quod cinis es !

Think, Man, thow art bot erd and afs ;
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow prefs,
For as thow come, so fall thow pafs,
Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs : 5
Synne glydis all thy tyme that heir is ;
Think, thocht thy bodye war of brafs,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Worthye Hector, and Hercules,

Forcye Achill, and strong Sampfone, 10
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
Meik David, and fair Abfolone,
Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
At will of God, that all thing steiris :
Think, Man, exceptioun thair is none ; 15
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,

Fairest and plesandest of port,
Yet may thow be, within ane yeir,
Ane ugfum, uglye [fowll] tramort : 20
And sen thow knawis thy tyme is schort.

And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
 Think, Man, amang all uthir sport,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thy lufty bewté, and thy youth, 25
 Sall faid as dois the fomer flouris,
 Syne fall thé fwallow with his mouth
 The dragone Death, [that all devouris ;]
 No castell fall thé keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall feik thé with thy feiris ; 30
 Thairfore, remembir at all houris,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht all this warld thow did posseid,
 Nocht eftir death thow fall posses,
 Nor with thé tak, but thy guid deid, 35
 Quhen thow dois fro this warld thé drefs :
 So speid thé, Man, and thé confes,
 With humill hart and fobir teiris,
 And fadlye in thy hart imprefs,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris. 40

Thocht thow be taklit nevir fo sure,
 Thow fall in deathis port arryve,
 Quhare nocht for tempest may indure,
 Bot ferflé all to speiris [dryve ;]
 Thy Ranfomer, with woundis fyve, 45
 Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,
 To hald thy faule with him on lyve,
 Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

ANE ORISOUN.

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

THow that in Hevin for our salvatioun,
Maid iustice, mercie, and pietie, to agré ;
And Gabriell fend with the Salutatioun
On to the Mayd of maist humilité ;
And maid thy Sone to tak humanité, 5
For our demereittis to be of Marie borne ;
Haif of us pietie, and our protectour be !
For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

O hie supernale Father of sapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois everie folie chais, 10
Ane spark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nouthar wit nor reffoun hes !
In quhais heartis no prudence can tak place,
Exemple, nor experience of beforne ;
To us, fynnaris, ane drop fend of thy grace ! 15
For, but thy help, our Kynrick is forlorne.

We ar so beiftlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudeness may nocht lichtlie be correctit ;
Bot Thow, that art of mercy militant,

Thy vengeance feifs on us to fyn subjectit, 20
 And gar thy justice be with reuth correctit;
 For quyt away so wyld fra us is worne,
 And in folie we ar so far infectit,
 That, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranfomit and redemit, 25
 Rew on our fyn, befoir your sicht decydit;
 Spair our trespas, quhilk may nocht be expremit,
 For breif of justice, for we may nocht abyd it,
 Help this pure Realme, in partyis all devydit!
 Us succour fend, that wair the crown of thorne, 30
 That with the gift of grace it may be gydit!
 For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Lord! hald thy hand, that strikken hes so soir;
 Haif of us pietie, eftir our punytioun;
 And gif us grace Thé [for] to greif no more, 35
 And gar us mend with penance and contritioun;
 And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
 As Thow that of michtis may to morne,
 Fra cair to confort thow mak restitution:
 For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne. 40

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

IN to thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhen fabill all the Hevin arrayis,
 With myftie vapouris, cluddis and skyis,
 Nature all curage me denyis
Off fangis, ballattis, and of playis. 5

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,
With wind, with hail, and havie fchouris,
 My dule fpreit dois lurk forfchoir ;
 My hairt for languor dois forloir,
For laik of Summer with his flouris. 10

I walk, I turne, fleip can I nocht,
I vexit am with havie thocht ;
 This Warld all our I caft about,
 And ever the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have focht. 15

I am affayit on everie fyde,
Dispair fayis ay, In tyme provyde,
 And get fum thing quhairon to leif ;
 Or with grit troubill and mifcheif,
Thow fall in to this Court abyde. 20

Than Patience fayis, Be nocht agaft :
 Hald Hoip and Treuthe within thé fast ;
 And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
 Quhen that no Rafoun may affuage,
 Quhill that hir glafs be run and paf. 25

And Prudence in my eir fayis ay,
 Quhy wald thow hald that will away ?
 Or craif that thow may have no fpace
 Thow tending to an uther place,
 A journey going everie day ? 30

And than fayis Age, My freind cum neir,
 And be nocht ftrange, I thé requer :
 Cum, Brudir, by the hand me tak,
 Remember thow hes compt to mak
 Off all the tyme thow fpendit heir. 35

Syne Deid caftis up his yettis wyd,
 Saying, Thir oppin fall ye byd ;
 Albeid that thow were never fo flout,
 Undir this lyntall fall thow lowt :
 Thair is nane uther way befyd. 40

For feir of this all day I drowp ;
 No gold in kift, nor wyne in cowp,
 No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
 May lat me to remember this :
 How glaid that ever I dyne or fowp. 45

Yit, quhan the nycht begynnis to fchort,
It dois my fpreit fum part confort,

Off thocht oppreffit with the fchouris.

Cum, luftie Symmer ! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in fum difport.

50





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