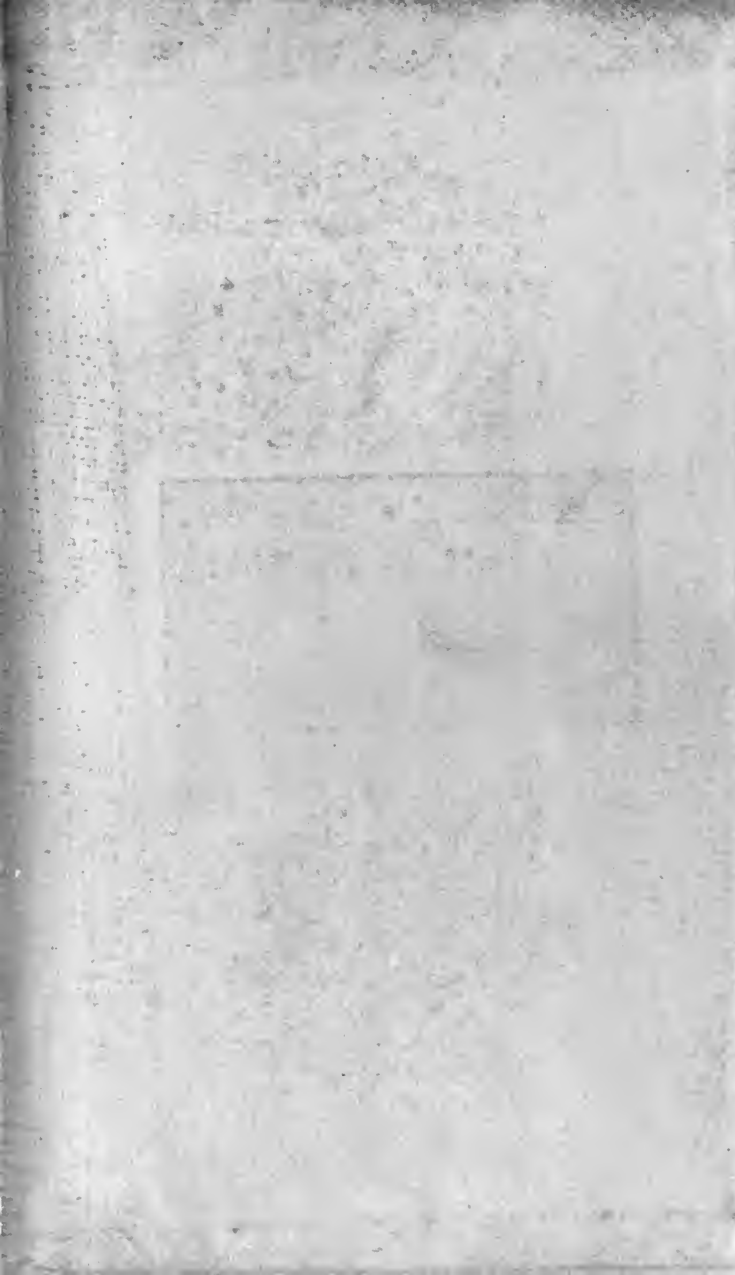




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REMAINS OF THE

Early Popular Poetry of  
England ;

COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



LONDON:  
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,  
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## INTRODUCTION.

**A**FTER about eighteen months' delay, the editor has at length the satisfaction of offering to the public a second and third volume, which, with a fourth in the press, will complete, so far as his present intentions go, this collection of the Early Popular Poetry of his native country.

The extraordinary and almost incredible negligence, with which such descriptions of literary labour have been for the most part executed hitherto, has rendered his task more onerous than he at all anticipated at setting out. He regrets to be obliged to include in this general criticism many names of high repute in the antiquarian world.

The notes are absolutely without pretension to any method or importance. As was stated in the prefatory remarks to the first volume, they are simply and purely such as occurred to the editor in the course of his desultory reading, and as, in preparing the various texts for the press, he conceived might be of service in elucidating or illustrating the passages, to which they are attached.

Weever, in his *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to his *Ancient Funerall Monuments*, 1631, has a passage which might be borne in mind by any editor of early writings. "I likewise write the Orthographie," he says, "of the old English as it comes to my hands, and if by the copying out of the same it be any manner of wayes modified, it is much against my will, for I hold originalls the best."

In these Remains, the editor has reproduced the whole of the volume published by Ritson in 1791 under the title of *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, with the additional poem, "Sir Peny," added to the impression of 1833. He has selected the best portions of Harts-horne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*,<sup>1</sup> of Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*,<sup>2</sup> and of Halliwell's *Nugæ Poeticæ*. He has also taken two articles from Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, six from *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, two from *Anecdota Literaria*, and three from Halliwell's *Contributions to Early English Literature*; besides these, he has brought together between twenty and thirty hitherto uncollected productions.

There is not a single instance, throughout these four

<sup>1</sup> *A Tale of Robin Hood* has been re-edited in a very superior manner by Gutch, and others have reproduced, with immeasurably greater exactness, *Florice and Blancheflour*, *William and the Werwolf*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Isembras*, *Sir Tryamouré*, and *Sir Degoré*, which constitute the principal portion of Mr. Utterson's second volume, have been published since 1817 from better texts. *Sir Gowgther* is merely another version of *Roberte the Dewyll*, and some specimens of it are given in the notes to that romance.—See vol. i. p. 217 *et seqq.*

volumes, where the original edition or MS. of a composition was accessible to him, in which the editor has omitted to collate it for his purpose, and the result has been too often to establish the utter want of common care on the part of previous editors of our old poetry.

From the following statement it will appear that the work now offered to the lovers of early English literature contains almost as much as all the preceding collections of the kind united:—

	Date.	No. of Pieces.
Ritson's Popular Poetry . . . . .	1791	8
Ritson's Metrical Romances . . . . .	1802	12
Utterson's Select Pieces, &c. . . . .	1817	9
Hartshorne's Metrical Tales . . . . .	1829	12
Laing's Owain Miles, &c. . . . .	1837	6
Halliwell's Nugæ Poeticæ . . . . .	1844	4
Laing's Ancient English Poetry <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	1857	10

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The Remains embrace 57 pieces, of which many are of considerable length.

Here the reader may find many of the popular tracts which once, according to Laneham, enriched the study of the immortal Captain of Coventry. Not to be sure in their venerable quaint black-letter clothing, but, as a set off against that, made to speak better English very often, by the light of MSS. and a little severer editorship than awaited such ephemerides in the Captain's day or long after. The pieces common to Laneham's list and to these pages are:—

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<sup>1</sup> Edited for the Abbotsford Club.

The Squyr of Lowe Degre.  
 The Knight of Curtesy.  
 The King and the Tanner [or Barker].  
 Adam Bel, &c.  
 The Wife Lapt in Morels Skin.  
 The Sarjeaunt that wolde become a Frere.  
 The Frere and the Boye.  
 The Notbrowne Mayde.  
 Stans Puer ad Mensam.  
 The High Waye to the Spyttel hous.  
 The Proud Wyues Paternoster.  
 Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit.

*A C. Mery Talys, The Jestes of Scogin, The xii. Mery Jestes of the Wydow Edith, and The Sackful of Newes,* which Lancham also saw, he says, *penes Cox*, are reprinted in *Old English Jest-Books*, 1864.

The poem of *Stans Puer ad Mensam* ought to have found a place in volume the second, but the editor has been obliged to insert it rather late in the series, in consequence of having kept it back with the hope of procuring some collations at Cambridge. They were of no peculiar literary or textual moment, but *Stans Puer ad Mensam* was kept from the press for some time in expectation of their arrival. It was, in point of fact, the editor's wish to compare the MS. here given with the printed copies in Caxton's and W. de Worde's types, the former of which is inaccurately given by Dibdin in his edition of Ames.

*The Defence of Women*, by Edward More, 1560, was written upon the republication of the *Scholehouse*

of *Women* in that year, and was designed as an answer to that satire on the sex. But it was not considered worth reprinting again, being as dull a performance as can well be imagined. Utterson gave it in his selection, and, as usual, not too accurately.

Puttenham, author of the *Arte of English Poesie*, printed in 1589, but written many years before, lets us into the fact that he himself was accustomed to write little romances, historical ditties, and such things, in short or long metre, for the purpose of being sung to the harp. At the period when Puttenham flourished the old professional bards were disappearing fast, and gentlemen, it seems, were to some extent becoming their own composers and minstrels.

All the tracts published to the disadvantage of the fair sex have been placed by themselves, excepting *Ragman Roll*, which was inadvertently allowed to fall out of its proper order. The literature of the seventeenth century abounds with invectives against women, most of them very coarse, a few very amusing, all of them more or less illustrative. There are numerous specimens in *Witts Recreations*, 1640, *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655, and *Wit Restor'd*, 1658 (republished together in 1817 in two volumes), not to mention several separate compositions, both of earlier and later date.

The limited class of readers which a publication like the one here offered is expected to find, can scarcely feel the want of a glossary which, however, if his leisure had permitted, the editor was purposing to supply. It is sufficiently well known that no pecu-

niary advantage attends this description of labour, and the time and research bestowed upon these volumes have been already very much in excess of what the editor contemplated at the outset, or could properly, indeed, afford.

The editor has once more to render his warm thanks to George Waring, Esq., of Oxford, for the unflagging kindness and zeal which he has displayed throughout in supplying information, and in enabling the editor to make these present texts as accurate and satisfactory as possible, so far as the treasures of the Bodleian Library are concerned.

Mr. Waring forwarded to the editor a set of the highly curious woodcuts to the *History of Tom Thumbe*, 1630, beautifully executed in pen-and-ink facsimile. It was the editor's hope that he might have had them cut in wood and introduced here, and he regrets that he has been precluded from doing so by the consideration of cost, a very necessary one, where the publishing price of a work is so moderate.

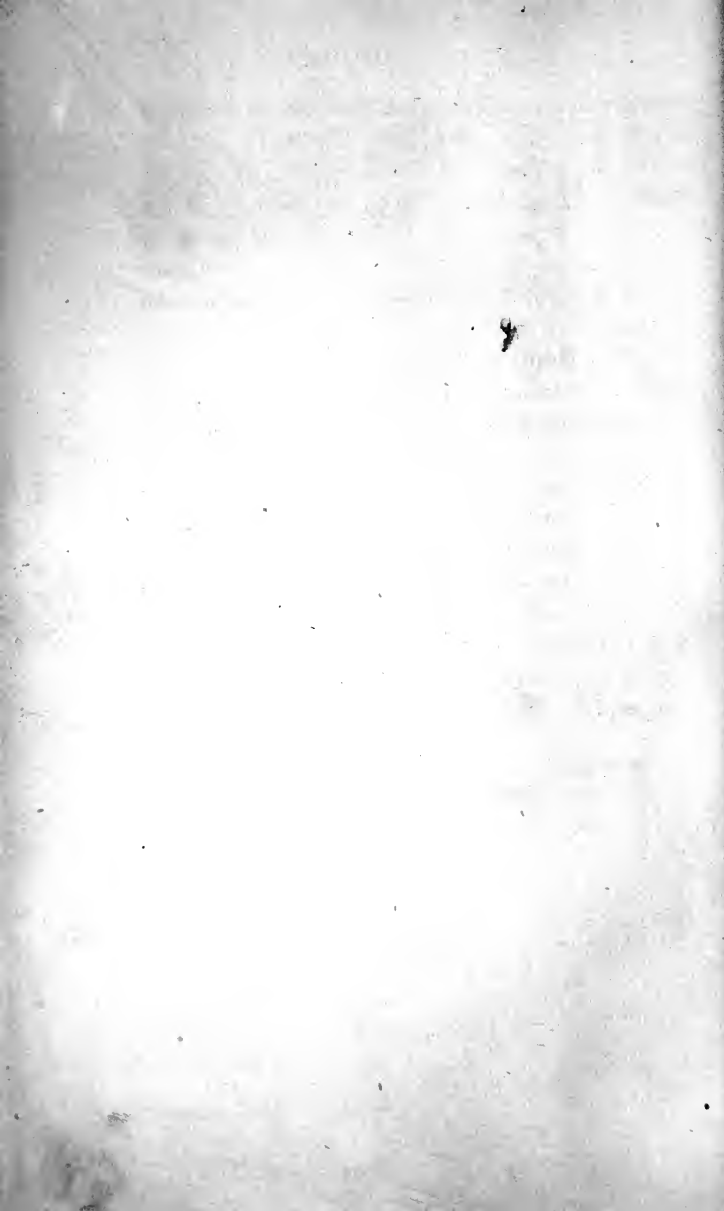
The cuts which occur in the second, third, and fourth volumes will, it is trusted, be found genuine facsimiles of the objects which they purport to represent; but they have been unavoidably reduced in size, in some cases, to suit the dimensions of the page. A few of them have been taken from the originals in the British Museum, but the better part were furnished by Mr. Waring, who made pen-and-ink tracings, at the editor's request, of the title-pages, &c, wherever a copy of the old black letter tract happened to be preserved in the Bodleian.



The editor has to add, that, owing to the absence of the Duke of Devonshire from London, he has been unable to gain access to the unique fragment in his Grace's library of the *Booke in Meter of Robin Conscience*, consisting of A. ij and iij, and belonging to an older impression of the tract, as is stated elsewhere, than that in the Bodleian among the books of Selden. If it had been a volume, there would have been no difficulty in finding it, but it is a mere fragment of two leaves; and his Grace obliging'y informed the editor that he did not even know he was possessed of such a thing, and that he had no clue whatever to its whereabouts (being probably preserved in some drawer or portfolio). His Grace was kind enough to say that a general search should have been undertaken at Devonshire House, upon his arrival in town, and the editor much regrets the necessity for dispensing with a collation of the piece, in consequence of the already long delay which has taken place in the completion of this work.

Kensington,  
January, 1866.







## Piers of Fullham.

THE present performance has been published by Mr. Hartshorne in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829, from a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The text now offered to the reader is formed from a collation of two MSS. in the Bodleian: James MS., 43, fol. 2, *recto*, and Rawlinson MS., C. 86, fol. 100, *recto*. But the moral with which the poem concludes occurs in the latter only.

A very imperfect idea of *Piers of Fullham* will be gathered, probably, by such as have had no opportunity of perusing it elsewhere than in Mr. Hartshorne's book, where the text abounds with errors. There is a second and very superior MS. at Cambridge, which Mr. Hartshorne did not consult.

Some very curious verses occur in the present MS. of *Piers of Fullham*, with which they have of course no connexion whatever. A specimen is subjoined:—

*Incipit ffortuna secundum christi domini nativitatem.*  
the Sunday.

Now lysteneth all vnto me,  
Off this mater here schall ye,  
Lordynges, I warne yow by forne,  
Yf the day that christ was borne  
Fall upon a Sunday;  
That yere wyntyꝛ schalbe good aye,  
But grete wyndes a lofte schall be,  
The somer drye and fayr to see.  
Schyp and beys schall multiplie  
But othyr vetayle schall hastyly deye;

The kyndys skyl with owten lees;  
 Thorow owt the lond yt schall be pees,  
 And good time good wurkes to don,  
 But who so stelyth oght schalbe takyn sone,  
 And what chyld on that day boorn be,—Off gret worschyp schall  
 he be.

Perdimus Angvillam manibus dum stringimus illam.

bayne conceptes of solysche lohe vnder colour of fyscheng  
 and fowlyng.<sup>1</sup>



MAN, that lovyth fyscheng and fowlyng bothe,  
 ofte tyme that game schall hym be lothe,  
 of that crafte all thoghe he can the scole,  
 yn the see, in rever, in ponde, or yn pole;  
 Al thoghe hys nettes nere so wyde streeche,  
 yet happethe hym ofte ryght noght to kache.  
 what ffysche ys more slyppyr then an elle?  
 whan thow hym grypest, and wenest wele  
 ffor to haue hym sekyr; yet for all thy lyste  
 Thow faylyst of hym, for he ys owt of thy fyste. 10  
 Also sumtyme where samons vsen for to haunte,  
 Lampreys, luges, or pykkes plesaunte,  
 wenyth the fyscher suche fysche to fynde,  
 There comythe a noyes norweste wynde,  
 And dryvyth the fysche in to the depe,  
 And cawsyth the draght not worthe a leke.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. used by Mr. Hartshorne this exordium is ampler, as follows:—Loo worshipfull Sirs here after ffolleweth a gently-māly Tretyse full conveyent for contemplatiff louers to rede and understond made by a noble Clerke Piers of ffulhā sum tyme ussher of Venus Schole, whiche hath brieflye compyled many praty conceytis in loue under covert termes of ffysshyng and fflowlyng.

But in stede of sturgen or lamprons,  
 he drawyth vp a gurnerd or gogeons :  
 kodlynges, konger, or suche queyse fysche  
 As wolwyche roches that be not worthe a rusche. 20  
 Suche fortune often with fyschers falle,  
 Thoghe they to petyr bothe pray and calle ;  
 Yt profytyth lytyll, and skylly ys whye,  
 ffor they went fyscheng with envye,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ande pull yt owt of hyrnys and hoollys,  
 There as they fynd the fatte soollys ;  
 And gon yn to the waren al be nyght,  
 evyn a non aftyr the owle flyght,  
 when trew men schulde be at her reste.  
 They brybe and stele what they may of the best, 30  
 That soiowrne and kept byn in stewe,  
 ffor store that nothyng schulde hem remewe,  
 ffor all the good man that owyth the gouenauns  
 off thys costlew chatell and purvyauns,  
 And schulde be seuerall oonly for hym selve,  
 There vsyn now to angle ten or twelve  
 wyth gynnes and on hem bayttes of delyte,  
 That makyth the fysches to com owt and byte.  
 To breke trunkes also these theves vse :  
 The sely fysche can hym selfe not excusse, 40  
 when yt ys spyttyd lyke a sprote ;  
 but the good man knowyth of yt not a grote  
 That payeth for all, thogh he be blynde,  
 So hys fyll of fysch alway he may fynde ;  
 Yt suffysethe he seyth no man dothe yt stele.

---

<sup>1</sup> This line is written in the margin of the MS.

Thus berdes byn made al day full feele  
 wyth anglers, and also ouer all  
 Ther may no manys stew stonde seuerall,  
 Thogh yt seme ryght well to be closyd a bowte ;  
 Ther fore stonde j cler owt of dowte 50  
 That y schall none pondes with pykes store,  
 Breme, perche, ne with tenche none the more,  
 But yn renyngre revers that be comene.  
 There wyll j fysche, and take my fortune  
 wyth nettes and also with angle hokes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And lay gynnys and wylles in blynde brokes  
 ffor loches and googeons and goode game.  
 Y wyll stele no manys fysche, by seynt jame !  
 ffor who lyeth vsyng that lyfe to and too,  
 hys grete fortheryngre in fyscheng ys doo : 60  
 ffor they drown or dyen sodenly,<sup>2</sup>  
 or put yn preson full onhappyly ;  
 And therfore let trew men leue in pees,  
 And neythyr to stroye her stewes nor fysche their prees.<sup>3</sup>  
 Vse suche thynges as ys leffull to the,  
 And encroche thou neuyr in seueralte :  
 Be wyse and ware how that ye wende,  
 ffor of ontrew fyschengre folowyth a fowle ende :  
 Be alwey squaymous of suche sklaunders. 70  
 Comyth ther not al day owt of hollond and flaundre  
 Off fatte eles full many a showte,  
 And good chepe, who that wayteth the tyddys about ?

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *wokes*. Rawl. MS. reads *hookys*.

<sup>2</sup> ffor Dome they drownen and deyn sodenly.—*Rawlinson MS.* 86.

<sup>3</sup> Stroy not her stewes, stele not hire fishe.—*Rawlinson MS.*

But now men on deyntes so hem delyte,  
 To fede hem vpon the fysches lyte,  
 As flowndres, perches and suche pykyng ware,  
 Thes can no man gladly now a day spare  
 To suffyr theym wex vnto resonable age :  
 They schalbe endyttyd for suche damage :  
 eteth of the fysche and be not so lykerows, 80  
 Lett the yong leve that woll be so plenteous,<sup>1</sup>  
 ffor thogh the bottomles belyes be not ffyllyd with such  
 refete,

Yett the savor of sauze may make yt good mete.  
 lett the yong fysche leve tyll syrten yeres,  
 And payne vs to fysche owre oold weres ;  
 But stynkyng [fyshe]<sup>2</sup> on sesonable  
 Lett passe away, and suche as ys able  
 Spaare no man, but loke no waste  
 Be seen, when ye suche fysche taste :  
 ffor in fysches fatte ther ys felt no bon, 90  
 But he that a bowt suche game schall gon,  
 Off gouernauns he behovyth to haue a name,  
 And j avyse no man to fysche in others game.

*ffistula dulce canit volucrum dum decipit Auceps*

ffull swetely sowneth the pype and syngeth,  
 Whyll the fowler with hys deseyttes bryngeth  
 The gentyll fowles in to hys false crafte.  
 Yett sum fowlynge were goode to be lefte :  
 Ther may no manes snares by othyr stond,

<sup>1</sup> And etith the olde fische and leueth the yonge  
 Thougth that the be tethir vndir the tonge—*Rawlinson MS.*

<sup>2</sup> Supplied from *Rawlinson MS.*

The panters pyght by watyr ne by lond, 100  
 There as comyn fowlyng ofte hathe byn seyne,  
 jn snowe, in froste, in hayle, and yn rayne.  
 There may no man aye hys gynnes kepe,  
 ffor sum tyme nedys a man muste slepe,  
 And wayt at hys game at serten tyme ;  
 At morow, at none, or elles at pryme ;  
 To see yf any fowlys were in hem leyghte,  
 As many al wey be takyn by that fleyghte.  
 But ofte tyme happeth that an other,  
 The whyche that a man trustyth as hys brother, 110  
 Not levyng hys lvste, but folowyth the same,  
 often tyme stelyth a wey hys game ;  
 And that the tyddyst and feyreste of the floke,  
 eneffyng therfore hys felow with a more coke,  
 And seyth sobyrly, felow, j haue mervayle  
 That yowr panters cachen no pullayle !  
 And j haue byrdes the fattyst that euer ye felte :  
 j trow yowr gynnes byn oftyn ontylte,  
 Or elles they byn to feble or to fele folde,  
 Or elles yowr complexsion ys to colde, 120  
 Or els othyr maketh that all thys fowle ys myne,  
 Supposyng that my bayte ys bettyr than thyne.  
 Thow mayest well se be all thys store,  
 here ys j nowgh for me and moche more ;  
 Take of the beste that ys here wyth in ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Serve me of the same, when happyth well thy gynne.<sup>2</sup>  
 He ys a gloton that wold haue all :  
 ffor sum tyme suffysen yt schall.

<sup>1</sup> here ys by me.—*Rawlinson MS.*

<sup>2</sup> And gyue of the same an other tyme.—*Rawlinson MS.*



A queynt ys vsyd a quayle pype  
 Yn somer, or the corne ys wex rype ; 130  
 Makeynge a noyse<sup>1</sup> in suche manere,  
 Wenying the quayle yt were hyr fere :  
 Seweng the sown all of hir make,  
 Tyll that sche be vndyr a net y-take,  
 And gyltles begyllyd in suche a guyse.  
 But yf fysches and fowllys were wyse,  
 They myght euer leve in pees ;  
 but hunger yt make wyth owten lees,  
 And bayte suche as men for hem do legge ;  
 Cawsyth hem to be takyn and abygge<sup>2</sup> 140  
 Wyth many dyuers gynnes and jnstrumentes,  
 That a gentyll byrd takyn can no defense,  
 Save wrastyll and wrynge with the tale a lyte ;  
 but pyes and crowys can skratte and byte :  
 kyttles, bossardes, and suche boystous fowllys :  
 hyt comyth hem of kynde, and also owllys.  
 yt passyth my wyt in euery wyse  
 The crafte of fowlyng for to devyse ;  
 off fyscheng and fowlyng j am to lere.  
 But men that medyll hem of such matere, 150  
 owther to fysche or to fowle lakyng wytt,  
 And with rudenes to mesure yt :<sup>3</sup>  
 knowyng where fowlys be wonte to lyght  
 ffor ther fedying be day or be nyght,  
 And frayen the fowllys from her plase,

<sup>1</sup> Makyng a ledon.—*Rawlinson MS.*

<sup>2</sup> take or they be flege.—*Rawlinson MS.*

<sup>3</sup> Do fishe and foule and faylen wite

With rudenesse to mis vsen it.—*Rawlinson MS.*

ffare well her dysporte for lake of grace !  
 ffor wyld fowles that were neuer tame  
 Yt ys a good crafte to kache in game,  
 And when they be caght to holde hem faste ;  
 And but ye them plese when they ben paste, 160  
 Yowr panters and nettes they woll for sake,  
 And to all othyr byrdes her complayntes make,  
 That all gentyll fowlys schall yow lothe,  
 And so may ye lese yowr game and othyr bothe.  
 Yowre lyme twyges to yow lyttyll schall awayle ;  
 Thus onkonnyng may all craftys quayle.  
 But an olde fowle that hath snarys scapyd,  
 May cawse many othyr to be beiaped.<sup>1</sup>  
 Who that can suche olde fowlles plese,  
 Ofte tyme in honggre yt doyth grete esse 170  
 But many men byn nowe so lekerous  
 That they can not leve by store of howse,  
 As brawne bakyn or powderd beef :  
 Suche lyvelod now ys no man leef.  
 But venyson, wyldfowle or heronsewes,  
 So newfanggell be these men of her thewes ;  
 Moche medyld wyne all day men drynke ;  
 j haue wyste wyldfowle sum tyme stynke ;  
 When yt ys new kaght, whos can yt knowe  
 by lokeyng, but yf he taste ryght lowe ? 180  
 And ye fynde chaffed that chaffare ;  
 Yt betokenyth new takyn owt of the snare.  
 Yf theyre condiciouns contenew, yt wyll caw[s]e debate :  
 ffor j here say that men of symple estate  
 haue more happe to thys game and arte,

<sup>1</sup> Ridiculed, made sport of. *Beraped*—*Rawlinson MS.*

Of partryches and plovors to haue ther parte,  
whan lordes laken ; and that ys wronge.

But fowllys syngen yn her songe :

where bayte ys best there wyll we abyde,

And love owr profet for any pryde.

190

wherfore, my soverayns, j yow ensure

wyth fyscheng and fowlyng j may not endewre.

My last wyll schalbe now for euer more,

whan deyntes lakyn, to take me to store.

A malard of the downghyll ys good y nogh for me  
wythe plesaunt pykle, or yt ys elles poyson, perde.

My complexeyon a cordyth to eny mete ;

But resopers j refowse, lest j shuld surfett.

Gouernauns ys best who so yt vse can.

peers of fulham was a well gouerned man :

200

he knew the condyseyon of euery bryde ;<sup>1</sup>

Ther was no husbondry from hym hyde,

off fyschyng and of fowlyng he nolde fayle,

hys paymentes ben scored on the countretayle,<sup>2</sup>

so hys cyres vsen yet at thys day.

Yt ys full hard bothe to pyche and paye :

An empty purs may evyll accomptes yelde ;

Therefore j woll my crafte owteelde.

My gynnes, my jappys j woll resyngne

To fellowes and to fryndes of myne,

210

That haue felyng in fyschyng and fowlyng eke ;

ffor suche fantases haue made me seke.

By thys crafte<sup>3</sup> may no man cache estate,

<sup>1</sup> Orig. reads *byrde*.

<sup>2</sup> Scored in the taile.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>3</sup> James MS. has *chaste*. I follow *Rawl. MS.*

but he that laboryth bothe erly and late ;  
 And therefore j yeve vp all my gere,  
 Prayng yow j may yowr byrdys bere.  
 Thy offes wyll serue me at the fulle,  
 To helpe to ete hem rooste or pulle ;  
 Yt suffysyth yf ye woll me thus avauns,  
 ffor passyd ys fro me all suche plesauns.<sup>1</sup> 220  
 Dyuers fowlys haue dyuers taste :  
 But many men myshappen all for haste.  
 Yowth sparyth no mete, thoghe yt be rawe,<sup>2</sup>  
 And yet suche lykerusnes ys not worthe an hawe,  
 Yowr stommak with corrupcion t' encombre :  
 ffor all the leches from dovyr and vnto humbre  
 Ne myght yow save, so myght yt happe.  
 Yn tyme therfore tye vp yowr tryacle tappe ;  
 Let not to long thy fawset renne ;  
 Kepe alwey sum ynke in thy pene 230  
 To wryte with all thynges<sup>3</sup> that bere charge :  
 off a lyttyll lyvelode be neuer to large,  
 Lest ye lake whan ye lothest were.<sup>4</sup>  
 he that knowyth the sooth nedyth not to enquire :  
 Oft tymys bargeynes ben y drevyn,  
 but when non earnest ther on ys yevyn,  
 All ys lost that ye haue byn a bowte ;  
 ffor a nodyr ys in when thow art owte.  
 A thry[f]ty bargayne schuld not be taryed,  
 Aftyr couenaunt made but lyghtly caryed 240

<sup>1</sup> all my penaunce.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>2</sup> yt be straw.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>3</sup> write smale thinges.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>4</sup> whan ye levest were.—*Rawl. MS.*

jn to a serten plase there to resseyve the paye :  
 No luschbowrns but money of fyne asaye :  
 Ne noblys, nor grottes, ne no coigne yclyppyd,  
 but full payment and nothyng euer hyppyd.  
 A trew payer may bargeyn when hym lyste,  
 But tylers <sup>1</sup> of money be not for to tryste ;  
 ffor the tolls of yt they schuld taken.  
 So the merchautes they be <sup>2</sup> forsaken,  
 And all ys cawse of covenaut brokyn.  
 A man schuld not contrarye that hys mowth had  
 spokyn : 250

The tyde taryeth no lenger then hym lyste :  
 An hundreth men ben harmed with had j wyste ;  
 ffor soden wyndes that sum tyme blowe  
 Make mastes to bowe and lye full lowe ;  
 for in sum havyn wyll non aneres holde ;  
 The takelynge <sup>3</sup> bygyneth to crake the gere to folde ;  
 So myry and so moyste ys the grownde,  
 That ther lakyth lyne where with to sownde,  
 And he ys begylyd that standyth at y<sup>e</sup> sterne :  
 ffor the lode man a bove that schuld sownd yerne 260  
 Lakyth brayn, and also the lanterne ys owt.  
 what <sup>4</sup> worde for to sey he ys yn dowl :  
 eyther, war the looff, or fall, or bye,  
 but ys chasyd owt of the chaynell sodenly :  
 Then can he non helpe but stryke the sayle.  
 Therefore know j non so redy arryvayle,  
 As ys the redd clyfe in the warine wose.

<sup>1</sup> Tellers.—*Rawl. MS.*      <sup>2</sup> merchaunt therof.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>3</sup> Kebell.—*Rawl. MS.*

<sup>4</sup> *Rawl. MS.* has *what that*; *James MS.* reads *that*.

There mayste thow saffely, as j suppose,  
 A hyde for any wynde that can blowe :  
 hyt ys an opyn havyn that well men knowe ; 270  
 And seelde ben there schypys seen go to wrakke,  
 but yn a lethye maste lyeth ther grete lakke.  
 A man must hys takyll mesure,  
 Aftyr that the vessell may endure ;  
 And for to rowe in a barge with a skulle  
 Avayleth not but the flud be at full :  
 ffor and the streme stond styfe agayn,  
 All thy labyr than ys but yn vayne :  
 As well in steryng or to be bessy with takle :  
 A galey rower schuld not be to rake : 280  
 But kepe hys kowrse as yt comyth a bowt,  
 ffor an onredy man may schend all a rowt.  
 As well in fyschyng as on fowlyng to fare,  
 Trothe wolde that euery man schuld spare  
 hys fryndes game for to leve in pees.  
 Stroy not ther stewes, rob not ther panters.

**Explysyt peers of fulham**

[Here after follewyt the moralyte off this lytill processe  
 in a fewe goode wordys. If any man and woman that  
 hath a deuocyon to heire hit they shall haue peraben-  
 ture for theire meede nat past 4 dayes of pardon.]<sup>1</sup>

Som<sup>2</sup> men ben so long absent from there play,  
 That others come and take there game away ;

<sup>1</sup> Only in the MS. used by Hartshorne.

<sup>2</sup> The remainder of the Poem is taken from Rawlinson MS.  
 In James MS. the moral does not occur.

And therfor it is said in wordes few, 290  
 how that long absence is a sherew,  
 ffor loves myghti violence  
 Apalled is with long absence ;  
 And thus full oft the game goth,  
 That first was lief it makith loth.  
 ffor loue stant in no certeyn  
 Of folke that ben seldom sayn  
 And eke, as I rehesse can,  
 The tide of love abidith no man.  
 Looke them that ben furthest from the stronde : 300  
 Who aryveth best cometh first to londe.  
 Men rehercyn in there saw :  
 hard is to stryve with wynde or wawe,  
 Whether it do ebbe or flowe.  
 But he that in loues boutte doth rowe,  
 zef that he to long abyde  
 To cast an anker at his tide,  
 And faileth of his lodemonage,  
 To waite vpon his assure passage  
 A tyme sett that he not faile 310  
 In depe to make his aryvayle,  
 Whan the water is moch and stile,  
 Where ther be no wyndes ille  
 That contrarius will heve and blow  
 To make his rivaile to be know,  
 At redclif in his saile to show.  
 In such a caas absence is a sherew,  
 Absence haue will in mynde,  
 And settith fele folke oft behynde ;  
 And loueship goith ay to warke, 320

Where that presence is put a bake.  
 But he that is of costom ney,  
 And of his porte queynt and slye,  
 That erst was leif it makyth loth,  
 That absence trusteth vpon oth ;  
 ffor men haue seyn here to foryn,  
 That loue laughet when men be for sworn.  
 Lappewynkes playnly, it is no fable,  
 In their hertes ben so vnstable,  
 Whether they ben old or yong of age, 330  
 Vpon the tyde of their corage,  
 What thyng that cometh ffirst to honde  
 It ys welcom vnto the stronde :  
 Of kynde they haue suche apetyte  
 ffor to fulfill their delyte :  
 Whiche hath cawsed here to forn  
 That many a man hath had an horn,  
 And into suche myscheyf falle  
 That he vnware hath lost his galle,  
 To make hym sure that he not drowne, 340  
 Nor with sodeyn wawes sowne,  
 Whiche, as clerkys determyne,  
 Is right a perfyte medicine,  
 Both on ffreshe water and on see,  
 That folke shall not drowned be :  
 I mene hosbondes yong and old  
 That beren the name of cokwold.  
 They ben ensured from all such rage  
 Of maryners the fel passage.  
 Concluding to speke in wordes fewe, 350  
 That long absence is a shrew ;



ffor thorow the yere som folkys lyvyng  
haue herd the cockoo freshe syng  
In contreyes many mo than one :  
God saue such foules euerichon !  
The lampwynkes and thise calmewes  
That sweme on wawes whan it flowes,  
And som tyme on the sondis gone,  
That can make and put a bone  
In the hoodis of their hosbondes,  
Whan they be goon fer oute of londe,  
And can shew their goodly cherys  
To knowen folke that ben datyff :  
Their purches be called ablatif :  
They haue their izen vocatif  
That folke that by name genetyf.  
An erbe is called of all this rage,  
In owre tong called culrage.

360

Explicit Piers of fullham.



## The Knyght and his Wyfe.

THE following short tale, which exists in a MS. of the XVth century, usually known as the *Porkington MS*, was first printed by Mr. Halliwell in his *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, 4to (only 75 copies printed). It is a composition of considerable merit and interest, and is, like the *Chyld of Bristow* and the *Smith and his Dame*, an embodiment of one of the popular religious notions prevalent in this country during and after the mediæval period. Of the three pieces mentioned, indeed, it may be predicated, with equal truth, that their value does not depend on their ancient date, or on any philological illustrations which they may contain, but on their intrinsic curiosity and worth, as literary monuments of the superstitions, for the most part in connexion with mariolatry and demonology, which were once very widely diffused through the kingdom.



HERE was a knyzt in a cunttré,  
That ryche man was wont to be ;  
And eche zere was wont to mak  
A gret fest for oure lady sake  
But he spyndyt so largely,  
That in poverte he fel in hye.  
A god woman he had to wyfe,  
And lovet oure lady al here lyve :

The fynd tyl hure hade myche tene,<sup>1</sup>  
 As hit was a sterfull we seme. 10  
 Tyme come this knyzt his fest schuld make,  
 But he had nozt uppon to take,  
 Therefor he durst not byde at home,  
 But to the wod he went for schame,  
 There to dweyl, aye be hyme oone,  
 Tyl the fest tyme were i-gone :  
 This fend saw this knyzt sorry,  
 And to his wyfe he had envye,  
 But he myzt not come here nyere  
 For holly lyve and good prayere ; 20  
 But to here lord he come in haste,  
 There he walkyd in woddus waste,  
 In mannys lyknes, and askyd hyme whye  
 That he walkyd there so sorry :  
 I had, he sayd, rechese good wone,  
 But nowe is alle cleyne fro me gonne !  
 A fest was I wont to make,  
 But now have I nozte werone to take !  
 Therefor dare the thinke no ferly,  
 Thowze I be nowe ful sorrye. 30  
 The fend answerd and sayd hyme to,  
 Yffe thou me graunte my wylle to do,  
 I wylle the zeyve of reches more  
 Thenne ever thow haddyst before :

<sup>1</sup> i. e. trouble or sorrow. It is of the commonest occurrence in ancient texts; but it grew out of fashion at a later period, and it is not often found even in Elizabethan writers. Shakespeare, however, has it in a passage of the *Tempest*, Act i. scene 2. It is more usually spelled *tene*. In the "Chester Plays," it occurs in the sense of *attention*, perhaps, by a slip of the pen, for *tent*.

Go to that place I bede the,  
 And gold schalt thou fynd gret plenté,  
 And hedyre come and speke with me,  
 And brynge thi wyfe hedyre with the ;  
 Forgeyt here nowzt to bryng with the,  
 That day to yow I wylle me hye. 40  
 And he answerd and sayde hyme tulle ;  
 The knyzt hyzt to do his wylle ;  
 The knyzt wyst nowzt he was a fynde,  
 But toke his leve and home gane wende ;  
 He came and fond gret gold there layde,  
 Ryzte as the fend to hyme sayde.  
 This knyzt was fayne of his fyndynge,  
 And thouzt to fulfyl his hettynge ;  
 He mad fest, and cleypyd thereto  
 Wel mo then he was wont to do. 50  
 When day come this fende had sete,  
 This knyzt to comme there he furst mete,  
 He bade his wyfe forthe with hyme wende,  
 As he had hyzte unto the fende.  
 His wyfe of hyme was adrede,  
 And mad here reydy as he bade,  
 And one here palfray forth they rede,  
 And a chapel they come besyde ;  
 This lady unto here lorde spake,  
 And sayd, Syre, I rede we make 60  
 In this chapel oure prayers,  
 That God us kepe both in ferrus.  
 The knyzt was fulle of gollytté,  
 And of prayere no force made he ;  
 He sayde, Well mot thou lyzte and praye,

For I wyl wend forthe one my waye :  
 But, and thou abyd longe, waxe I wrothe.  
 Syre, schoe sayd, that were me lothe.  
 Into the chappelle sche went in hyc  
 Byfor an emage of oure Ladye, 70  
 And fylle one slepe byfor the auttere,  
 But here may ȝe gret wondyre here ;  
 For oure Lady, as sche there laye,  
 Come sonne and steye one here palfraye  
 In here lyknyys, and they rode  
 Unto the knyzt there he aboode :  
 This knyzt wend ful wytterly <sup>1</sup>  
 Hit were his wyfe that hyme rode by :  
 When he comme there the steyyne was set,  
 With this fend sone he mete, 80  
 But when the fend saue oure Lady,  
 He knew her welle and mad a crye  
 Uppone this knyzt, and sayd ful sone,  
 Alase ! trayter, what hast thou done ?  
 I bad the brynge thi wyfe with the,  
 And Crystyse modyre here I see !  
 Hanngyte be thou by the halse,  
 For nowe to me thou art fals !  
 Sore aferred was this knyzt,  
 And of his palfray doune he lyzte ; 90  
 He fel adoune to oure Lady fete,  
 He askyd mercy and fast gane weppe :  
 He up stod as a knyzte unhende,

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. truly. So, in the *Lyfe of Seynt Kateryn* :—  
 “ And beleve ryghte wyttyrly  
 That He toke flesche of Mary.”

For he made forward with the fende :  
 But here after, sche sayd, be wyese,  
 And be bessy in Godis servys,  
 And do away the fendys gyfte,  
 And God schalle welle thi cattayl lyfte.  
 When this wase sayd, sche was awaye,  
 And this knyzt leppe one his palfraye ; 100  
 To the chappel he rode, and fond  
 Before the chapel autter his wyf slepand.  
 He thankyde Mary inwardlye,  
 That sawyd hym inwardlye fro hie. . . .  
 By this tale may we see alle,  
 That who so wylle one Mary calle,  
 Sche helppythe heme in alle here nede,  
 And scheld heme fro the fendis dred :  
 Pray we fore theme that have myse-spede,  
 Owre lyfe in peynnanse for to lede, 110  
 And at oure ende to zeyf us mede  
 In heywyne bleyse for oure god dede.

AMEN, ETC.



## The Squyr of Lowe Degre.

*Fluellin.*—"—— You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a *squire of low degre.*"—*Henry V*, act 5, sc. 1.

¶ HERE begynneth Undo Your Dore. [Imprinted by Wynkyn de Worde. 4°].

\*.\* The title of this edition, which is *between* two woodcuts, corresponds with the *colophon* of that printed by Copland. No perfect copy is known.

¶ THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE. [This title is *over one* large and rough woodcut]. No place, printer's name, or date, 4°, black letter, 21 leaves, A 1 blank. [Copland's *colophon* on the last leaf].

*The Squyr of Lowe Degrè*, the original foundation of which may not improbably be found in some of the versions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, though I have not met with it in any which have fallen in my way,<sup>1</sup> is a remarkably interesting pro-

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<sup>1</sup> There is some kind of resemblance between the *Squyr of Low Degre* and the story of *Emperor Polemus*, related in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Madden, p. 32, but after the opening of the tale, the two narratives greatly differ, except in the conclusion, which is favourable to the lovers in both cases.

duction, and is one of the very few pieces of its class which will at all bear revival at a period when a more healthy and discriminating spirit is evincing itself in respect to our love and culture of early English literature. The fashion has gone by and, it is to be sincerely hoped, will never return, for ponderous metrical romances of 20,000 or 30,000 lines, which, reproduced in modern types, are destitute even of those twin charms, black letter and uniqueness, the latter too often a "Cynthia of the minute." The comparatively short tales, corresponding to the French *fabliaux*, are, however, very frequently of great merit, and, not including those which are merely translations from other languages, the existing number of these compositions is exceedingly limited. On the whole, the *Squir of Lowe Degre* deserves to be regarded as one of the best and least tedious of them. It was included by Ritson in his "Ancient English Metrical Romances," 1802, that gentleman taking it from the Garrick copy of Copland's edition; but it was found, on a fresh collation of the latter, that the reprint of 1802 presented more than *an hundred* departures from the original text, arising, it may be conjectured, from the employment of a negligent scribe.

The only edition of this romance, at present known to be extant in a complete state, is that from the press of Copland; and the only copy of it yet discovered is the same which once belonged to Garrick, and which has been preserved, since Mr. Garrick's bequest, in the British Museum, where it lay uncatalogued for forty years! Perhaps it was one of the books which the authorities at Dulwich College suffered the British Roscius to put into his pocket in the course of his visits to the institution.

The *Squir of Lowe Degre* was licensed to John Kyng on the 10th of June, 1560, with several other articles; but no impression by King has hitherto come to light.

In the second volume of the *History of English Poetry*, ed. 1824, the curious reader will find some account of this romance-poem, with several learned observations and comments on it by Warton and his Editors.

The title conferred on this interesting specimen of home-grown popular literature was probably recommended by its popularity at the time, for the expression occurs in the *Nutbrown Maide*, where that famous personage, a baron's daughter, sup-



poses she is bestowing her hand on "a squier of low degree," who turns out, however, to be the son of an earl.

Spenser in his *Faery Queene*, 1590, employs the phrase "damself of low degree."



T was a squier of lowe degre  
That loued y<sup>e</sup> kīgs doughter of Hūgrè,  
The squir was curteõ and hēd,  
Ech man him loued and was his frēd ;

He serued the kyng her father dere,  
Fully the tyme of seuen yere ;  
For he was marshall of his hall,  
And set the lords both great and smal.

An hardy man he was, and wight,  
Both in batayle and in fyght ;

10

But euer he was styl mornyng,  
And no man wyste for what thyng ;  
And all was for that lady,  
The kynges doughter of Hungry.

There wyste no wyghte in christentè  
Howe well he loued that lady fre.  
He loued her more then seuen yere,  
Yet was he of her loue neuer y<sup>e</sup> nere.

He was not ryche of golde and fe,  
A gentyll man forsoth was he.

20

To no man durst he make his mone,  
But syghed sore hym selfe alone.

And euermore, whan he was wo,  
Into his chambre would he goo ;  
And through the chambre he toke the waye,  
In to the gardyn, that was full gaye ;

And in the garden, as I wene,  
 Was an arber fayre and grene,  
 And in the arber was a tre,  
 A fayrer in the world might none be ; 30  
 The tre it was of cypresse,  
 The fyrst tre that Jesu chose ;  
 The sother-wood, and sykamoure,  
 The reed rose and the lyly-floure,  
 The boxe, the beche, and the larel-tre,  
 The date, also the damysè,  
 The fylbyrdes hangyng to the grōūd,  
 The fygge-tre, and the maple round,  
 And other trees there was mané one,  
 The pyany, the popler, and the plane, 40  
 With brode braunches all aboute,  
 Within the arbar, and eke withoute ;  
 On euery braunche sate byrdes thre,  
 Syngyng with great melody,  
 The lauorocke,<sup>1</sup> and the nightyngale,  
 The ruddocke,<sup>2</sup> the woodwale,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The lark. Compare the extensive enumeration of birds in the *Parlyament of Byrdes*, *Armony of Byrdes*, and in Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe*.

<sup>2</sup> The redbreast. In the *Assemblè of Foules* he figures as the "tame ruddocke."—(Bell's *Chaucer*, iv. 204.)

<sup>3</sup> The witwall, a kind of thrush. See Bell's *Chaucer*, vii. 34. A *song-bird* is clearly intended here:—

"For there was many a bridde syngyng,  
 Thoroughout the yerde al thringyng,  
 In many places were nyghtyngales,  
 Alpes, fynches, and wodewales,  
 That in her swete song deliten,  
 In thilke places as they habiten,

The pee, and the Popiniaye,<sup>1</sup>  
 The thrustele saynge both nyght and daye,  
 The marlyn, and the Wrenne also,  
 The Swalowe whippyng to and fro, 50  
 The iaye iangled them amonge,  
 The Larke began that mery songe,  
 The sparowe spredde her on her spraye,  
 The Mauys<sup>2</sup> songe with notes full gaye,  
 The nuthake<sup>3</sup> with her notes newe,  
 The Sterlyng set her notes full trewe,  
 The goldefynche made full mery chere,  
 Whan she was bente vpon a brere,  
 And many other foules mo,  
 The Osyll,<sup>4</sup> and the thrusshe also ; 60  
 And they sange wyth notes clere,  
 In confortyng that squyere ;  
 And euermore, whan he was wo,  
 In to that arber wolde he go,  
 And vnder a bente he layde hym lowe,  
 Ryght euen vnder her chambre wyndowe ;  
 And lened hys backe to a thorne,

---

Ther myght men see many flokkes  
 Of turtles and *laverokkes*."

*Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose.*

In Cornwall, the *woodwall*, or *woodwale* is the *green woodpecker*. See Mr. Couch's *Glossary*, p. 21. <sup>1</sup> The parrot.

<sup>2</sup> A smaller variety of the throstle or thrustle. It is still, as Mr. Bell points out (*Chaucer, ubi supra*), known as the maywish in Norfolk; elsewhere, as *the storm-cock*. <sup>3</sup> The nuthatch

<sup>4</sup> The blackbird. In East Cornwall *ozell* is used to signify the windpipe, and thence the bird may have had its name, as Mr. Couch has suggested to me.

And sayd, alas, that I was borne !  
 That I were ryche of goldy and fe,  
 That I might wedde that lady fre ! 70  
 Of golde good, or some treasure,  
 That I myght wedde that lady floure !  
 Or elles come of so gentyll kynne,  
 That ladyes loue that I myght wynne.  
 Wolde god that I were a kynges sonne,  
 That ladyes loue that I myght wonne !  
 Or els so bolde in eche fyght,  
 As was syr Lybius<sup>1</sup> that gentell knyght,  
 Or els so bolde in chyualry,  
 As syr Gawayne, or syr Guy 80  
 Or els so doughty of my hande  
 As was the gyaunte syr Colbrande !<sup>2</sup>  
 And [it] were put in ieopedè.  
 What man shoulde wynne that lady fre,  
 Than should no man haue her but I,  
 The kinges doughter<sup>3</sup> of Hungry.

---

<sup>1</sup> The romance, which is vulgarly entitled *Lybeaus Disconus*, i. e. *Le Beau Disconnu*. It has been printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Romances*.

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated giant, who is often mentioned in the old romances. In the following passage he is found in company with Goliah and Samson:—

“Who is this? noble Hector of Troy? sayth the thirde;  
 No, but of the same nest (say I) it is a birde,  
 Who is this? greate Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrande?  
 No (say I), but it is a brute of the Alie lande.”

*Ralph Roister Doister*, ed. Cooper, p. 9.

An account of Colbrand may be found in Mr. Turnbull's Introduction to the Abbotsford Club edition of *Sir Guy of Warwick*, 1840.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *goughter*.

But euer he sayde, wayle a waye !  
 For pouerte passeth all my paye !  
 And as he made thys ruffull chere,  
 He sowned downe in that arbere. 90  
 That lady herde his mournyng all,  
 Ryght vnder the chambre wall ;  
 In her oryall<sup>1</sup> there she was  
 Closed well with royall glas,  
 Fulfilled it was with ymagery,  
 Euery wyndowe by and by,  
 On eche syde had there a gynne,  
 Sperde with many a dyuers pynne.  
 A none that lady, fayre and fre  
 Undyd a pynne of yuerè, 100  
 And wyd the windowes she open set,  
 The sunne shone in at her closet,  
 In that arber fayre and gaye  
 She sawe where that squyre lay.  
 The lady sayd to hym anone,  
 Syr, why makest thou that mone?  
 And whi thou mournest night & day ?

---

<sup>1</sup> "An Oriël seems to have been a recess in a chamber, or hall, formed by the projection of a spacious bow-window from top to bottom. Rot. Pip. an. 18 Hen. iii. 'Et in quâdam capellâ pulchrâ et decenti faciendâ ad caput Orioli camere regis in castro Herefordie, de longitudine xx. pedum.' This Oriël was at the end of the king's chamber, from which the new chapel was to begin. Again, in the castle of Kenilworth, Rot. Pip. an. 19 Hen. iii:—'Et in uno maguo Oriollo pulchro et competententi ante ostium magne camere regis in castro de Kenilworth faciendo vii. xvis. iud. per Brev. regis.'—*Warton*. In the Cornish fishing villages, there is usually a flight of steps leading from the ground-floor on the outside to the first story, and at the head stands a projecting porch, called an *orrel*.

Now tell me, squyre, I thee pray ;  
 And, as I am a true lady,  
 Thy counsayl shall I neuer dyscry ; 110  
 And, yf it be no reprefe to thee,  
 Thy bote of bale yet shall I be :  
 And often was he in wele and wo,  
 But neuer so well as he was tho.  
 The squyer set hym on his kne,  
 And sayde, lady, it is for thee,  
 I haue thee loued this seuen yere,  
 And bought thy loue, lady, full dere.  
 Ye are so ryche in youre aray,  
 That one word to you I dare not say, 120  
 And come ye be of so hye kynne,  
 No worde of loue durst I begynne.  
 My wyll to you yf I had sayde,  
 And ye therwith not well apayde,  
 Ye might haue bewraied me to the kinge,  
 And brought me sone to my endynge.  
 Therefore my lady fayre and fre,  
 I durst not shewe my harte to thee ;  
 But I am here at your wyll,  
 Whether ye wyll me saue or spyll ; 130  
 For all the care I haue in be  
 A worde of you might comfort me ;  
 And, yf ye wyll not do so,  
 Out of this land I must nedes go ;  
 I wyll forsake both lande and lede,  
 And become an hermyte in vncouth stede ;  
 In many a lande to begge my bread,  
 To seke where Christ was quicke and dead ;

A staffe I wyll make me of my spere,  
 Lynen cloth I shall none were ; 140  
 Euer in travayle I shall wende,  
 Till I come to the worldes ende ;  
 And, lady, but thou be my bote,  
 There shall no sho come on my fote ;  
 Therefore, lady, I the praye,  
 For hym that dyed on good frydaye,  
 Let me not in daunger dwell,  
 For his loue that harowed hell.  
 Than sayd that lady milde of mode,  
 Ryght in her closet there she stode, 150  
 By hym that dyed on a tre,  
 Thou shalt neuer be deceyued for me ;  
 Though I for thee should be slayne  
 Squyer, I shall the loue agayne.  
 Go forth, and serue my father the kyng,  
 And let be all thy styl mournynge ;  
 Let no man wete that ye were here,  
 Thus all alone in my arbere ;<sup>1</sup>  
 If euer ye wyll come to your wyll,  
 Here and se, and holde you styll, 160  
 Beware of the stewarde, I you praye,  
 He wyll deceyue you and he maye ;  
 For, if he wote of your woyng,  
 He wyl bewraye you vnto the kyng ;  
 Anone for me ye shall be take,  
 And put in pryson for my sake ;  
 Than must ye nedes abyde the lawe,  
 Peraenture both hanged and drawe

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *arbery*.

That syght on you I would not se,  
 For all the golde in christentè. 170  
 For, and ye my loue should wyne,  
 With chyualry ye must begynne,  
 And other dedes of armes<sup>1</sup> to done,  
 Through whiche ye may wyne your shone  
 And ryde through many a peryllous place,  
 As a venterous man to seke your grace,  
 Ouer hylles and dales, and hye mountaines,  
 In wethers wete, both hayle and raynes,  
 And yf ye may no harbroughe se,  
 Than must ye lodge vnder a tre, 180  
 Among the beastes wyld and tame,  
 And euer you wyll gette your name ;  
 And in your armure must ye lye,  
 Euery nyght than by and by ;  
 And your meny euerychone,  
 Til seuen yere be comen and gone ;  
 And passe by many a peryllous see,  
 Squyer, for the loue of me,  
 Where any war begynneth to wake,  
 And many a batayll vndertake, 190

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<sup>1</sup> So, in the legend of Sir Guy [of Warwick] printed by Chappell, p. 171-2, the lady refuses to entertain the suit of her lover till he has performed certain feats of valour in distant countries, as a trial of his knighthood and constancy:—

“Was ever knight for lady’s sake so tossed in love as I, sir Guy,  
 For Phillis fair, that lady bright as ever man beheld with eye?  
 She gave me leave myself to try the valiant knight with shield  
 and spear,

Ere that her love she would grant me, which made me venture far and near.”



Through out the land of Lumbardy,  
 In euery cytie by and by ;  
 And be auised, whē thou shalt fight,  
 Loke that ye stand aye in the right ;  
 And, yf ye wyll take goode hede,  
 Yet all the better shall ye spede ;  
 And whan the warre is brought to ende,  
 To the rodes<sup>1</sup> then must ye wende ;  
 And, syr, I holde you not to prayes,  
 But ye there fyght thre good frydayes ;                   200  
 And if ye passe the batayles thre,  
 Than are ye worthy a knyght to be,  
 And to bere armes than are ye able  
 Of gold and goules sete with sable ;  
 Then shall ye were a shelde of blewe,  
 In token ye shall be trewe,  
 With vines of golde set<sup>2</sup> all aboute,  
 Within your shelde ād eke without,  
 Fulfylled with ymagery,  
 And poudred with true loues by and by.                   210  
 In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set  
 A ladyes head, with many a frete,  
 Aboute the head wrytten shall be

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<sup>1</sup> *Rhodes*, which was usually called *the Rhodes*, or rather *the rodes*, by early writers. It was one of the places which the knights errant, palmers, &c, visited, almost as a matter of course, in their peregrinations. Thus in the *Four P.P.* by John Heywood (Dodsley's O. P. ed. 1825, i. 55), the *Palmer* says:—

“Then at the Rodes I was,  
 And rounde aboute to Amias.”

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *yet*.

A reason for the loue of me,  
 Both O and R shall be ther in,  
 With A and M it shall begynne.  
 The baudryke, that shall hange therby,  
 Shall be of white sykerly,  
 A crosse of read therin shall be,  
 In token of the trynytè. 220  
 Your basenette shall be burnysshed bryght,  
 Your ventall shalbe well dyght,  
 With starres of gold it shall be set,  
 And couered with good veluet.  
 A corenall clene coruen newe,  
 And oy[s]tryche fethers of dyuers hewe.  
 Your plates vnto you[r] body shalbe enbraste,  
 Sall syt full semely in your waste.  
 Your cote armoure of golde full fyne,  
 And poudred well with good armyne. 230  
 Thus in your warres shall you ryde,  
 With syxe good yemen by your syde,  
 And whan your warres are brought to ende,  
 More ferther behoueth to you to wende,  
 And ouer many perellous streme,  
 Or ye come to Jerusalem,  
 Through feytes, and feldes, and forestes thicke,  
 To seke where Christe were dead and quycke ;  
 There must you drawe your swerde of were,  
 To the sepulchre ye must it bere, 240  
 And laye it on the stone,  
 Amonge the lordes euerychone ;  
 And offre there florences fyue,  
 Whyles that ye are man on lyue ;

And offre there florences thre,  
 In tokenyng of the trynytè;  
 And whan that ye, syr, thus have done,  
 Than are ye worthy to were your shone;  
 Than may ye say, syr, by good ryght,  
 That you ar proued a venturous Knyght. 256  
 I shall you geue to your rydinge  
 A thousande pounde to your spendinge;  
 I shall you geue hors and armure,  
 A thousande pounde of my treasure;  
 Where through that ye may honoure wynn,  
 And be the greatest of your kynne.  
 I pray to god and our lady,  
 Sende you the whele of vycory,  
 That my father so fayne may be,  
 That he wyll wede me unto thee, 260  
 And make the King of this countrè,  
 To haue & holde in honestè,  
 Wyth welth and wynne to were the crowne,  
 And to be lorde of toure and towne;  
 That we might our dayes endure  
 In parfyte loue that is so pure;  
 And if we may not so come to,  
 Other wyse then must we do;  
 And therefore, squyer, wende thy way,  
 And hye the fast on thy iournay, 270  
 And take thy leue of kinge and quene,  
 And so to all the courte by dene.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Another form of this word is *be-dene*. Its signification in the present passage may be *immediately* or *presently*; but, like

Ye shall not want at your goyng  
 Golde, nor syluer, nor other thyng.  
 This seuen yere I shall you abyde,  
 Betyde of you what so betyde ;  
 Tyll seuen yere be comen and gone  
 I shall be mayde all alone.<sup>1</sup>

The squyer kneled on his kne,  
 And thanked that lady fayre ād fre ;  
 And thryes he kyssed that lady tho,  
 And toke his leue, ād forth he<sup>2</sup> gan go.  
 The kinges steward stode full nye,  
 In a chambre fast them bye,  
 And hearde theyr wordes wonder wele,  
 And all the woyng euery dele.

280

He made a vowe to heauen kyng,  
 For to bewraye that swete thyng,  
 And that squyer taken shoulde be,  
 And hanged hye on a tre ;

290

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many expressions found in early English compositions, it appears to have been frequently employed by embarrassed rhymesters to make out a line. See *Ludus Coventriæ*, ed. 1841, *Prologue* :—

“In the secunde pagent, by Godys myth,  
 We thenke to shewe and play, *be-dene*,  
 In the other sex days, by opyn syth,  
 What thenge was wrought ther xal be sene.”

<sup>1</sup> Compare the story of “Emperor Polemus” (*Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Madden, p. 32). Thenne the knyzt was glad, and saide, “I mot visite the holy lond; and therefore zif me thi truthe, and thou shalt haue myne, that I shal not this vij. zere haue no wife but the, ne thou none husbond but me this vij. zere; and if I come not azen this vij. zereday, I wolle that thou take an husbond where the shal best like.”

<sup>2</sup> This word was omitted by Ritson.

And that false stewarde full of yre,  
 Them to betraye was his desyre ;  
 He bethought him nedely,  
 Euery daye by and by,  
 How he might venged be  
 On that lady fayre and fre,  
 For he her loued pryuely,  
 And therefore dyd her great enuye.  
 Alas ! it tourned to wroth her heyle  
 That euer he wyste of theyr counsayle.

300

But leue we of the stewarde here,  
 And speke we more of that Squyer,  
 Howe he to his chambre wente,  
 Whan he paste from that lady gent.<sup>1</sup>  
 There he araied him in scarlet reed,  
 And set his chaplet vpon his head,  
 A belte about his sydes two,

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<sup>1</sup> Courteous, gallant. The word is of very common occurrence in early books: and occasionally occurs in poems, &c, of the time of James the First. Thus, in the ballad introduced into W. Wager's play, *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, we have:—

“ There was a maid came out of Kent,  
 Fair, proper, small, and gent,  
 As ever on the ground went.”

In the ensuing passage, the word signifies *thorough-bred*, or of *true breed*:—

“ I see the faucan *gent* sumtyme will take delight,  
 To seeke the solace of hir wing, and dallie with a kite.”

*Gascoigne's Posies*, 1575, p. 211.

The old French word *gent*, which is of such frequent occurrence in the *Cent Nouvelles* and elsewhere, is the original of this expression.

With brode barres to and fro ;  
 A horne about his necke he caste ;  
 And forth he went at the last 310  
 To do hys office in the hall  
 Among the lordes both great and small.  
 He toke a white yeard in his hande,  
 Before the kynge than gane he stande,  
 And sone he sat hym on his knee,  
 And serued the kynge ryght royally,  
 With deyntye meates that were dere,  
 With Partryche, Pecoke, and Plouere,  
 With byrdes in bread ybake,  
 The Tele, the Ducke, and the Drake, 320  
 The Cocke, the Corlewe, and the Crane,  
 With Fesauntes fayre, theyr were no wane,  
 Both Storkes and Snytes ther were also,  
 And venyson freshe of Bucke and Do,  
 And other deyntés many one,  
 For to set afore the kynge anone :  
 And when the squyer had done so,  
 He serued the<sup>1</sup> hall to and fro,  
 Eche man hym loued in honestè,  
 Hye and lowe in theyr degrè, 330  
 So dyd the kyng full sodenly,  
 And he wyst not wherfore nor why.  
 The kynge behelde the squyer wele,  
 And all his rayment euery dele,  
 He thoughte he was the semelyest man  
 That euer in the worlde he sawe or than.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *they*.

Thus sate the kyng and eate ryght nought,  
 But on his squyer was all his thought.  
 Anone the stewarde toke good hede,  
 And to the kyng full soone he yede, 340  
 And soone he tolde vnto the kyng  
 All theyr wordes and theyr woynge ;  
 And how she hyght hym lande and fe,  
 Golde and syluer great plentye,  
 And how he should his leue take,  
 And become a knight for her sake :  
 " And thus they talked bothe in fere,  
 And I drewe me nere and nere,  
 Had I not come in verayly,  
 The squyer had layne her by, 350  
 But whan he was ware of me,  
 Full fast away can he fle ;  
 That is sothe : here [is] my hand  
 To fight with him while I may stād."  
 The kyng sayd to the steward tho,  
 I may not beleue it should be so ;  
 Hath he be so bonayre & benyngne,  
 And serued me syth I was younge,  
 And redy with me in euery nede,  
 Bothe true of word, and eke of dede, 360  
 I may not beleue, be nyght nor daye,  
 My doughter dere he wyll betraye,  
 Nor to come her chambre nye,  
 That fode to long with no foly ;  
 Though she would to hym consente,  
 That louely lady fayre and gente,  
 I truste hym so well withouten drede,

That he would neuer do that dede ;  
 But yf he myght that lady wyne,  
 In wedlocke to welde withouten synne, 370  
 And yf she assent hymtyll,  
 The squyer is worthy to haue none yll.  
 For I haue sene that many a page  
 Haue become men by mariage ;  
 Than it is semely that the squyer  
 To haue my doughter by this manere,  
 And eche man in his degre,  
 Become a lorde of ryaltye,  
 By fortune and by other grace,  
 By herytage and by purchace : 380  
 Therefore, stewarde, beware here by,  
 Defame hym not for no enuy :  
 It were great reuth he should be spylte,  
 Or put to death withouten gylte ;  
 And more ruthe of my doughter dere,  
 For chaungyng of that ladyes chere ;  
 I woulde not for my crowne so newe,  
 That lady chaunge hyde or hewe ;  
 Or to put thyselve in drede,  
 But thou myght take hym with the dede. 390  
 For yf it may be founde in thee,  
 That thou them [de]fame for enuyte,  
 Thou shalt be taken as a felon,  
 And put full depe in my pryson,  
 And fetered fast vnto a stone,  
 Tyl xii. yere were come and gone,  
 And drawen wyth hors throughe the cytè,  
 And soone hanged vpon a tre ;



And thou may not thy selfe excuse,  
 This dede thou shalt no wise refuse ; 400  
 And therefore, steward, take good hed,  
 How thou wilt answeere to this ded.  
 The stewarde answered with great enuy,  
 That I haue sayd that I wyll stand therby ;  
 To suffre death and endlesse wo,  
 Syr kyngc, I wyl neuer go therfro ;  
 For, yf that ye wyll, graunt me here  
 Strength of men and great power,  
 I shall hym take this same nyght,  
 In the chambre with your doughter bright ; 410  
 For I shall neuer be gladde of chere,  
 Tyll I be venged of that squyer.  
 Than sayd the kyngc full curteysly  
 Vnto the stewarde, that stode hym by,  
 Thou shalte haue strength ynough with the,  
 Men of armes xxx. and thre,  
 To watche that lady muche of pryce,  
 And her to kepe fro her enemyes.  
 For there is no knyght in chrystentè,  
 That wold betray that lady fre, 420  
 But he should dye vnder his shelde  
 And I myght se hym in the feldde ;  
 And therefore, stewarde, I the pray,  
 Take hede what I shall to the say ;  
 And if y<sup>e</sup> squiere come not to night,  
 For to speke with that lady bryght,  
 Let hym say what soeuer he wyll,  
 And here and se and holde you styll ;  
 And herken well what he wyll say,

Or thou with him make<sup>1</sup> any fray ; 430  
 So he come not her chambre win,  
 No bate on hym loke thou begyn,  
 Though that he kysse that lady fre,  
 And take his leaue ryght curteysly,  
 Let hym go, both hole and sounde,  
 Without wemme or any wounde ;  
 But yf he wyl her chamber breke,  
 No worde to hym that thou do speke,  
 But yf he come with company,  
 For to betraye that fayre lady. 440  
 Loke he be taken soone anone,  
 And all his meyné euerychone,  
 And brought with strength to my pryson,  
 As traytour, thefe, and false felon ;  
 And yf he make any defence,  
 Loke that he neuer go thence ;  
 But loke thou hew hym al so<sup>2</sup> small,  
 As flesshe whan it to the potte shall.  
 And yf he yelde hym to thee,  
 Brynge him both saufe and sounde to me. 450  
 I shall borowe, for seuen yere  
 He shall not wedde my doughter dere :  
 And therfore, stewarde, I thee praye,  
 Thou watche that lady nyght and daye.  
 The stewarde sayde the kynge vntyll,  
 All your bidding<sup>3</sup> I shall fulfyll.  
 The stewarde toke his leaue to go,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *made*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *also*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *bydgdyng*.

The Squyer came fro chambre tho :  
 Downe he went into the hall,  
 The officers sone can he call, 460  
 Both vssher, Panter, and Butler,  
 And other that in office were ;  
 There he them warned sone anone  
 To take vp the bordes euerychone.  
 Than they dyd his commaundement,  
 And sythe vnto the kyng he went ;  
 Full lowe he set hym on his kne,  
 And voyded his borde full gentely ;  
 And whan the squyre had done so,  
 Anone he sayde the kynge vnto, 470  
 As ye are lorde of chyualry,  
 Geue me leue to passe the sea,  
 To proue my strenthe with my ryght hande,  
 On Godes enemyes in vncouth land ;  
 And to be knowe in chyualry,  
 In Gascoyne, Spayne, and Lumbardy ;  
 In eche batayle for to fyght,  
 To be proued a venterous knyght.  
 The Kyng sayd to the squyer tho,  
 Thou shalt haue good leue to go ; 480  
 I shall the gyue both golde and fe,  
 And strength of men to wende with thee ;  
 If thou be true in worde and dede,  
 I shall thee helpe in all thy nede.  
 The squyer thanked y<sup>e</sup> kyng anone,  
 And toke his leue and forth can gone ;  
 With ioye, and blysse & muche pryde,  
 With all his meyny by his syde.

He had not ryden but a whyle,  
 Not the mountenaunce of a myle, 490  
 Or he was ware of a vyllage,  
 Anone he sayde vnto a page,  
 Our souper soone loke it be dyght,  
 Here wyll we lodge all to nyght.  
 They toke theyr ynnes in good entente,  
 And to theyr supper soone they wente.  
 Whan he was set, and serued at meate,  
 Than he sayd he had forgete  
 To take leue of that lady fre,  
 The kynges doughter of Hungrè. 500  
 Anone the squyer made him ayre,  
 And by hym selfe forth can he fare,  
 Without strength of his meynè,  
 Vnto the castell than went he.  
 Whan he came to the posterne gate,  
 Anone he entred in thereat,  
 And his drawen swerd in his hande,  
 There was no more with him wolde stande :  
 But it stode with hym full harde,  
 As ye shall here nowe of the stewarde. 510  
 He wende in the worlde none had bene  
 That had knowen of his pryuitè,  
 Alas ! it was not as he wende,  
 For all his counsayle the stewarde [kende].  
 He had bewrayed him to the kyng  
 Of all his loue and his woyng ;  
 And yet he laye her chambre by,  
 Armed with a great company,  
 And be set it one eche syde,

For treason walketh wonder wyde. 520  
 The squyer thought on no mystruste  
 He wende no man in the worlde had wyste,  
 But yf he had knowen ne by saynt John  
 He had not come theder by his owne ;  
 Or yf that lady had knowen his wyll,  
 That he should haue come her chamber tyll,  
 She would haue taken hym golde and fe,  
 Strength of men and royaltè ;  
 But there ne wyst no man nor grome  
 Where that squyer was become ; 530  
 But forth he went hymselfe alone  
 Amonge his seruauntes euerychone.  
 Whan that he came her chambre to,  
 Anone, he sayde, your dore undo !  
 Vndo, he sayde, nowe, fayre lady !  
 I am beset with many a spy.  
 Lady, as whyte as whalës bone,<sup>1</sup>  
 There are thyrty agaynst me one.

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<sup>1</sup> This expression, which would not now be regarded as peculiarly felicitous, was with our early poets a rather favourite simile. Thus Barnfield, in his "Affectionate Shepheard," 1594, 48, sign. C. b. says:—

" I have a pleasant noted nightingale,  
 That sings as sweetly as the silver swan,  
 Kept in a cage of bone, as white as whale."

And the simile is again used in a ballad printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* :—

" For yff ye have a paramowre,  
 And sche be whyte as whales bone,  
 Ful fayre of face and favowre,  
 More plesant to yow there may be none ;

Vndo thy dore ! my worthy wyfe,  
 I am besette with many a knyfe. 540  
 Vndo your dore ! my lady swete,  
 I am beset with enemyes great ;  
 And, lady, but ye wyll aryse,  
 I shall be dead with myne enemyes.  
 Vndo thy dore ! my frely floure,  
 For ye are myne, and I am your.  
 That lady with those wordes awoke,  
 A mantell of golde to her she toke ;  
 She sayde, go away, thou wicked wyght,  
 Thou shalt not come here this nyght ; 550  
 For I wyll not my dore vndo  
 For no man that cometh therto.  
 There is but one in christentè  
 That euer made that forwarde with me ;  
 There is but one that euer bare lyfe,

Sche says to yow sche ys trew as stone,  
 Butte truste here noȝt, for sche can ly :  
 Y have fownd them by one and one,  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly."

Indeed, nothing can be much commoner than this form of expression. It may be suggested, however, that "white as whale bone" would not be treated at the present day as a synonyme for whiteness, since the bone of the fish is not white at all, and Mr. Prior remarks in a note to the ballad of "Sir Norman and Christine" (*Ancient Danish Ballads*, iii. 292), that "whale-fish bone more probably means ivory from the East, the origin of which was unknown to the ancient ballad-makers." Ritson, however (*Ancient English Metrical Romances*, iii. 343), thought that the *tooth* of the *Narwhal*, or *sea-unicorn*, was intended. In the present text *whales* is a dissyllable, and so Shakespeare makes it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, when Biron speaks of "teeth as white as whale's bone."

That euer I hight to be his wyfe ;  
 He shall me wedde by mary bryght,  
 Whan he is proued a venterous knyght ;  
 For we haue loued this seuen yere,  
 There was neuer loue to me so dere. 560  
 There lyeth on me both Kyng and knyght,  
 Dukes, erles, of muche might.  
 Wende forth, squyer, on your waye,  
 For here ye gette none other praye ;  
 For I ne wote what ye should be,  
 That thus besecheth loue of me.  
 I am your owne squyr, he sayde,  
 For me, lady, be not dismayde.  
 Come I am full pryuely  
 To take my leaue of you, lady. 570  
 Welcome, she sayd, my loue so dere,  
 Myne owne dere heart and my squyer ;  
 I shall you geue kysses thre,  
 A thousande pounde vnto your fe,  
 And kepe I shall my maydenhede ryght,  
 Tyll ye be proued a venturous knyght.  
 For yf ye should me wede anone,  
 My father wolde make slee you soone.  
 I am the Kynges doughter of Hungrè,  
 And ye alone that have loued me, 580  
 And though you loue me neuer so sore,  
 For me ye shall neuer be lore.  
 Go forth, and aske me at my kynne,  
 And loke what graunt you may wynne ;  
 Yf that ye gette graunte in faye,  
 My selfe therto shall not say nay ;

And yf ye may not do so,  
 Otherwyse ye shall come to.  
 Ye are bothe hardy, stronge & wight,  
 Go forth & be a venterous knight. 590  
 I pray to god and our lady,  
 To send you the whele of Victory,  
 That my father so leue he be,  
 That [he] wyll profer me to thee.  
 I wote well it is lyghtly sayd,  
 Go forth, and be nothyng afrayde.  
 A man of worshyp may not do so,  
 He must haue what neds him vnto ;  
 He must haue gold, he must haue fe,  
 Strength of men and royaltè. 600  
 Golde and syluer spare ye nought,  
 Tyll to manhode ye be brought ;  
 To what batayll soeuer ye go,  
 Ye shall haue an hundreth pounce or two ;  
 And yet to me, syr, ye may saye,  
 That I woulde fayne haue you awaye,  
 That profered you golde and fe,  
 Out of myne eye syght for to be.  
 Neuerthelesse it is not so,  
 It is for the worshyp of vs two. 610  
 Though you be come of symple kynne,  
 Thus my loue, syr, may ye wynne,  
 Yf ye haue grace of victory,  
 As euer had syr Lybyus, or syr Guy,  
 Whan the dwarfe and mayde Ely  
 Came to Arthoure kyng so fre,  
 As a kyng of great renowne,



That wan the lady of Synadowne.  
 Lybius was graunted the batayle tho,  
 Therefore the dwarfe was full wo, 620  
 And sayd, Arthur, thou arte to blame  
 To bydde this chylde go sucke his dame,  
 Better hym semeth, so mote I thryue,  
 Than for to do these batayles fyue  
 At the chapell of Salebraunce.  
 These wordes began great distaunce,  
 The sawe they had the victory,  
 They kneled downe and cryed mercy ;  
 And afterward, syr, verament  
 They called hym knyght absolent : 630  
 Emperours, Dukes, knyghtes, and quene,  
 At his commaundement for to bene.  
 Suche fortune with grace now to you fall,  
 To wynde the worthyest within the wall,  
 And thynke on your loue alone,  
 And for to loue that ye chaunge none.  
 Ryght as they talked thus in fere,  
 Theyr enemyes approched nere and nere,  
 Foure and thyrty armed bryght  
 The steward had arayed hym to fyght. 640  
 The steward was ordeyned to spy,  
 And for to take them vtterly.  
 He wende to death he should haue gone,  
 He felled seuen men agaynst hym one ;  
 Whan he had them to grounde brought,  
 The stewarde at hym full sadly fought,  
 So harde they smote together tho,  
 The stewardes throte he cut in two,

And sone he fell downe to the grounde,  
 As a traitour untrewe with many a wound. 650  
 The squyer sone in armes they hente,  
 And of they dyd his good garmente,  
 And on the stewarde they it dyd,  
 And sone his body therin th[e]y hydde,  
 And with their swordes his face they share,  
 That she should not know what he ware,  
 They cast hym at her chambre-dore,  
 The stewarde that was styffe and store.  
 Whan they had made that great affraye,  
 Full pryuely they stale awaye ; 660  
 In arme the take that squyer tho,  
 And to the kynges chambre can they go,  
 Without wemme or any wounde,  
 Before the kyng bothe hole and sounde.  
 As soone as the kyng him spyed with eye,  
 He sayd, welcome, sonne, sykerly !  
 Thou hast cast thee my sonne to be,  
 This seuen yere I shall let thee.

Leue we here of this squyer wight,  
 And speake we of that lady bryght, 670  
 How she rose, that lady dere,  
 To take her leue of that squyer ;  
 Also naked as she was borne,  
 She stod her chambre dore beforne.  
 Alas, she sayd, and weale away !  
 For all to long now haue I lay ;  
 She sayd, alas, and all for wo !  
 Withouten men why came ye so ?  
 Yf that ye wolde haue come to me,

Other werninges there might haue be. 680  
 Now all to dere my loue is bought,  
 But it shall neuer be lost for nought ;  
 And in her armes she toke hym there,  
 Into the chamber she dyd hym bere ;  
 His bowels soone she dyd out drawe,  
 And buryed them in goddes lawe.  
 She sered that body with specery,  
 With wyrgin waxe and commendry ;  
 And closed hym in a maser tre,  
 And set on hym lockes thre. 690  
 She put him in a marble stone,  
 With quaynt gynnes many one ;  
 And set hym at hir beddes head,  
 And euery day she kyst that dead.  
 Soone at morne, whan she vprose,  
 Vnto that dead body she gose,  
 Therefore wold she knele downe on her kne,  
 And make her prayer to the trynite,  
 And kysse that body twyse or thryse,  
 And fall in a swowne or she myght ryse. 700  
 Whan she had so done,  
 To chyrche than wolde she gone,  
 Than would she here masses fyue,  
 And offre to them whyle she myght lyue :  
 " There shall none knowe but heuen kyng  
 For whome that I make myne offrynge."  
 The kyng her father anone he sayde :  
 My doughter, wy are you dysmayde ?  
 So feare a lady as ye are one,  
 And so semely of fleshe and bone, 710

Ye were whyte as whalës bone,  
 Nowe are ye pale as any stone ;  
 Your ruddy read as any chery,  
 With browes bent & eyes full mery ;  
 Ye were wont to harpe and syng,  
 And be the meriest in chambre comyng ;  
 Ye ware both Golde and good veluet,  
 Clothe of damaske with saphyres set ;  
 Ye ware the pery on your head,  
 With stones full oryent, whyte and read ; 720  
 Ye ware coronalles of Golde,  
 With diamoundes set many a foulde ;  
 And nowe ye were clothes of blacke,  
 Tell me, doughter, for whose sake ?  
 If he be so poore of fame,  
 That ye may not be wedded for shame,  
 Brynge him to me anone ryght,  
 I shall hym make squyer and knight ;  
 And, yf he be so great a lorde,  
 That your loue may not accorde, 730  
 Let me, doughter, that lordyng se ;  
 He shall haue Golde ynoughe with thee.  
 “ Gramercy, father, so mote I thryue,  
 For I mourne for no man alyue.  
 Ther is no man, by heuen kyng,  
 That shal knowe more of my mournyng.”  
 Her father knewe it every deale,  
 But he kept it in counsele :  
 “ To morowe ye shall on hunting fare,  
 And ryde, my doughter, in a chare, 740  
 It shalbe couered with veluet reede,

And clothes of fyne golde al about your hed,  
 With damske, white, and asure blewe,  
 Wel dyapred<sup>1</sup> with lyllyes newe ;  
 Your pomelles shalbe ended with gold,  
 Your chaynes enameled many a folde ;  
 Your mantel of ryche degre,  
 Purpyl palle and armyne fre ;  
 Jennettes of spayne, that ben so wyght, 750  
 Trapped to the ground with veluet bright ;  
 Ye shall have harp, sautry and songe,  
 And other myrthés you amonge ;  
 Ye shall haue rumney and malmesyne.  
 Both ypocrasse and vernage<sup>2</sup> wyne,

<sup>1</sup> "This term, which is partly heraldic, occurs in the Provisor's rolls of the Great Wardrobe, containing deliveries for furnishing rich habiliments at tilts and tournaments, and other ceremonies. 'Et ad faciendum tria harnesia pro Rege, quorum duo de velveto albo operato cum garteriis de blu et *disasprez* per totam compedinem cum nodelnuses.'—Ex. comp. J. Coke clerici, Provisor. Magn. Gardrob. ab ann. xxi. Edw. iii. de 23 membran. art. ann. xxiii. memb. x. I believe it properly signifies embroidering on a rich ground, as tissue, cloth of gold, &c. This is confirmed by Peacham. '*Diapering* is a term in drawing. It chiefly serveth to counterfeit cloth of gold, silver, damask, braucht velvet, camblet, &c.'—Compl. Gent. p. 345." —*Warton*.

<sup>2</sup> The descriptions of wines, which occur in early poems and plays, bear a strong resemblance to each other, and the same kinds appear to have remained in favour during some centuries. In his account of the wines of which JANUARY partook on the night of his marriage with MAY, Chaucer speaks of "ypocras, clarrè, and vernage." Some passages illustrative of this subject may be found in the metrical *Morte Arthure*, ed. 1847, and see also *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, ed. Hazlitt, p. 113, and *Collier's Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 177.

Mountrose and wyne of greke,  
 Both algrade and respice eke,  
 Antioche and bastarde,  
 Pymment<sup>1</sup> also and garnarde ;  
 Wyne of Greke and muscadell,  
 Both claré, pymment and rochell. 760  
 The reed your stomake to defye,  
 And pottes of osey set you by.  
 You shall haue venison ybake,  
 The best wylde foule y<sup>t</sup> may be take.  
 A lese of Grehound with you to streke,  
 And hert and hynde and other lyke.  
 Ye shalbe set at such a tryst  
 That herte and hynde shall come to your fyst.  
 Your dysease to dryue you fro,  
 To here the bugles there yblow, 770  
 With theyr bugles in that place,  
 And seuenscore raches at his rechase.  
 Homward thus shall ye ryde,  
 On haukyng by the ryuers syde,

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<sup>1</sup> "Sometimes written *pimeate*. In the romance of *Sir Beuys*, a knight just going to repose takes the usual draught of *pimente*, which, mixed with spices, is what the French romances call *vin du coucher*, and for which an officer, called *Espicier*, was appointed in the old royal household of France. . . . See Carpentier, Suppl. Gloss. Lat. Du Cange, tome iii. p. 842. . . . Some orders of monks to abstain from drinking *pigmentum*, or *piment*. Yet it was a common refection in the monasteries. It is a drink made of wine, honey, and spices. . . . In the register of the Bishop of Nivernois, under the year 1287, it is covenanted that, whenever the bishop shall celebrate mass in S. Mary's Abbey, the abbess shall present him with a peacock and a cup of piment. Carpentier, ubi supra, vol. iii. p. 277."—*Warton*.

With Goshauke and with gentyll fawcon,  
 With Egle horne and merlyon.  
 Whan you come home, your men amonge,  
 Ye shall haue reuell, daunces and songe ;  
 Lytle chyldren, great and smale,  
 Shall syng, as doth the nyghtyngale. 780  
 Than shall ye go to your euensong,  
 With tenours and trebles a mong ;  
 Threscore of copes, of damaske bryght,  
 Full of perles th[e]y shalbe pyght ;  
 Your aulter clothes of taffata,  
 And your sieles all of taffetra.  
 Your sensours shalbe of Golde,  
 Endent with asure many a folde.  
 Your quere nor organ songe shall wante  
 With countre note and dyscant, 790  
 The other halfe on orgayns playeng,  
 With yonge chyldren full fayre syngyng.  
 Than shall ye go to your suppere,  
 And sytte in tentes in grene arbere,  
 With clothes of aras pyght to the grounde,  
 With saphyres set and dyamonde.  
 A cloth of Golde a bought your heade,  
 With popiniayes pyght with pery reed,  
 And offycers all at your wyll :  
 All maner delightes to bryng you tyll. 800  
 The nightingale sitting on a thorne  
 Shall syng you notes both euen & morne.  
 An hundreth knightes truly tolde  
 Shall play with bowles in alayes colde,  
 Your disease to driue awaie :

To se the fisshes in poles plaie ;  
 And then walke in arbere vp and downe,  
 To se the floures of great renoune :  
 To a draw brydge than shall ye,  
 The one halfe of stone, the other of tre ; 810  
 A barge shall mete you full ryght  
 With xxiiii. ores full bryght,  
 With trompettes and with claryowne,  
 The fresshe water to rowe vp and downe.  
 Than shall ye go to the salte fome,  
 Your maner to se, or ye come home,  
 With lxxx. Shyppes of large towre,  
 With dromedaryes of great honour,  
 And carackes with sayles two,  
 The swetest that on water may goo, 820  
 With Galyes good vpon the hauen,  
 With lxxx. ores at the fore stauen.  
 Your maryners shall synge arowe  
 Hey how and rumbylawe.  
 Than shall ye, doughter, aske the wyne,  
 With spices that be good and fyne,  
 Gentyll pottes with genger grene,  
 With dates and deynties you betwene.  
 Forty torches breynge bryght,  
 At your brydges to brynge you lyght. 830  
 Into your chambre they shall you brynge  
 With muche myrthe and more lykyng.  
 Your costerdes couered with whyte and blewe,  
 And dyapred with lylés newe.  
 Your curtaines<sup>1</sup> of camaca all in folde,

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *curtianses*.



Your felyoles all of Golde.  
 Your fester pery at your heed,  
 Curtaines with popiniayes white & reed.  
 Your hyllynges with fures of armyne,  
 Powdred with Golde of hew full fyne. 840  
 Your blankettes shall be of fustyane,  
 Your shetes shall be of clothe of rayne.  
 Your head shete shall be of pery pyght,  
 With dyamondes set and rubyes bryght.  
 Whan you are layde in bedde so softe,  
 A cage of Golde shall hange a lofte,  
 With longe peper fayre burnning,  
 And cloues that be swete smellyng,  
 Frankensence and olibanum,  
 That whan ye slepe the taste may come. 850  
 And yf ye no rest may take,  
 All night minstrelles for you shall wake.  
 Gramercy, father, so mote I the,  
 For all these thinges lyketh not me.  
 Vnto her chambre she is gone,  
 And fell in sownyng sone anone,  
 With much sorow and sighing sore,  
 Yet seuen yeare she kept hym thore.  
 But leue we of that lady here,  
 And speake we more of that squyer, 860  
 That in pryson so was take  
 For the Kinges doughters sake.  
 The kyng hym selfe upon a daye  
 Full pryuely he toke the waye,  
 Vnto the pryson sone he came,  
 The squyer sone out he name,

And anone he made hym swere  
 His cōūsayl he should neuer discure.  
 The squyer there helde vp his hande,  
 His byddyng neuer he should withstande. 870  
 The Kyng him graunted ther to go  
 Vpon his Iorney to and fro,  
 And brefely to passe the sea,  
 That no man weste but he and he,  
 And whan he had his iurnay done,  
 That he wolde come full soone ;  
 And in my chambre for to be,  
 The whyles y<sup>t</sup> I do ordayne for thee ;  
 Than shalt thou wedde my doughter dere,  
 And haue my landes both farre and nere. 880  
 The squyer was full mery tho,  
 And thanked the kyng, and forth gan go.  
 The kyng hym gaue both lande and fe.  
 Anone the squyer passed the se.  
 In tuskayne and in Lumbardy,  
 There he dyd great chyualry.  
 In Portyngale nor yet in spayne,  
 There myght no man stan[d] hym agayne ;  
 And where that euer that knyght gan fare,  
 The worshyp with hym away he bare : 890  
 And thus he trauayled seuen yere  
 In many a land both farre and nere ;  
 Tyll on a day he thought hym tho  
 Vnto the sepulture for to go ;  
 And there he made his offerynge soone,  
 Right as the kinges doughter bad him don.  
 Than he thought hym on a day

That the Kyng to hym dyd saye.  
 He toke his leue in lumbardy,  
 And home he came to Hungry. 900  
 Vnto the kyng soone he rade,  
 As he before his couenaunce made,  
 And to the kyng he tolde full soone  
 Of batayles bolde that he had done,  
 And so he did the chyualry  
 That he had sene in Lumbardy.  
 To the kyng it was good tydande ;  
 Anone he toke him by the hande,  
 And he made him full royall chere,  
 And sayd, welcome, my sonne so dere ; 910  
 Let none wete of my meynè  
 That out of prison thou shuldest be,  
 But in my chamber holde the styll,  
 And I shall wete my daughters wyll.  
 The kyng wente forth hym selfe alone,  
 For to here his daughters mone,  
 Right vnder the chambre window,  
 There he might her counseyle knowe.  
 Had she wyst, that lady fre,  
 That her father there had be, 920  
 He shulde not withouten fayle  
 Haue knowen so muche of her counsayle,  
 Nor nothing she knew that he was there,  
 Whan she began to carke and care.  
 Vnto that body she sayd tho,  
 Alas that we should parte in two !  
 Twyse or thryse she kyssed that body,  
 And fell in sownynge by and by.

Alas! than sayd that lady dere,  
 I haue the kept this seuen yere, 930  
 And now ye be in powder small,  
 I may no lenger holde you with all.  
 My loue, to the earth I shall the brynge,  
 And preestes for you to reade and synge.  
 Yf any man aske me what I haue here,  
 I wyll say it is my treasure.  
 Yf any man aske why I do so ;  
 For no theues shall come therto :  
 And, squyer, for the loue of the,  
 Fy on this worldes vanytè! 940  
 Farewell golde pure and fyne ;  
 Farewell veluet and satyne ;  
 Farewell castelles and maners also ;  
 Farewell huntynge and hawkyng to ;  
 Farewell reuell, myrthe and play ;  
 Farewell pleasure and garmentes gay ;  
 Farewell perle and precyous stone ;  
 Farewell my Iuielles euerychone ;  
 Farewell mantell and scarlet reed ;  
 Farewell crowne vnto my heed ; 950  
 Farewell hawkes and farewell hounde ;  
 Farewell markes and many a pounce ;  
 Farewell huntynge at the hare ;  
 Farewell harte and hynde for euermare.  
 Nowe wyll I take the mantell and y<sup>e</sup> rynge,  
 And become an ancesse in my luyng :  
 And yet I am a mayden for thee,  
 And for all the men in chrystentè.  
 To Chryst I shall my prayers make,

Squyer, onely for thy sake ; 960  
 And I shall neuer no masse heare,  
 But ye shall haue parte in feare :  
 And euery daye whyles I lyue,  
 Ye shall haue your masses fyue,  
 And I shall offre pence thre,  
 In tokenyng of the trynyte.  
 And whan this lady had this sayde,  
 In sownyng she fel at a brayde.  
 The whyle she made this great mornynge,  
 Vnder the wall stode har father the kyng. 970  
 Doughter, he sayde, you must not do so,  
 For all those vowes thou must forgo.  
 Alas, father, and wele awaye,  
 Nowe haue ye harde what I dyde saye.  
 Doughter, let be all thy mournynge,  
 Thou shalt be wedede to a kyng.  
 I wys, father, that shall not be  
 For all the golde in christentè ;  
 Nor all the golde that euer God made  
 May not my harte glade. 980  
 My doughter, he sayde, dere derlyng,  
 I knowe the cause of your mournyng :  
 Ye wene this body your loue should be,  
 It is not so, so mote I the.  
 It was my stewarde, syr Maradose,  
 That ye so longe haue kept in close.  
 Alas ! father, why dyd ye so ?  
 For he wrought you all thys wo ;  
 He made reuelation vnto me,  
 That he knewe all your pryuytè ; 990

And howe the squyer, on a day,  
 Vnto her chambre toke the way,  
 And ther he should haue lyen you bi,  
 Had he not come with company ;  
 And howe ye hyght hym golde and fe,  
 Strengthe of men and royaltè ;  
 And than he watched your chambre bryght,  
 With men of armes hardy and wyght,  
 For to take that squyer,  
 That ye haue loued this seuen yere ; 1000  
 But as the stewarde strong and stout  
 Beseged your chambre rounde about,  
 To you your loue came full ryght,  
 All alone about mydnight,  
 And whan he came your dore vnto,  
 And lady, he sayde, undo ;  
 And soone ye bade hym wende awaye,  
 For there he gate none other praye :  
 And as he talked thys in fere,  
 Your enemyes drewe them nere and nere, 1010  
 They smote to him full soone anone,  
 There were thyrty agaynst hym one :  
 But with a bastarde large and longe  
 The squyer presed in to the thronge ;  
 And so he bare hym in that stounde,  
 His enemyes gaue hym many a wounde.  
 With egre mode and herte full throwe,  
 The stewardes throte he cut in two ;  
 And than his meyné all in that place  
 With their swordes they hurte his face, 1020  
 And than they toke him euerichone

And layd him on a marble stone  
 Before your dore, that ye myght se,  
 Ryght as your loue that he had be.  
 And some the squier there they hent,  
 And they dyd of his good garment,  
 And did it on the stewarde there,  
 That ye wist not what he were :  
 Thus ye haue kept your enemy here  
 Pallyng more than seuen yere.

1030

And as the squyer there was take,  
 And done in pryson for your sake.  
 And therefore let be your mourning,  
 Ye shalbe wedded to a kyng,  
 Or els vnto an Emperoure,  
 With golde & syluer & great treasure.  
 Do awaye, father, that may not be,  
 For all the golde in chrystentè.  
 Alas ! father, anone she sayde,  
 Why hath this traytour me betrayd ?

1040

Alas ! she sayd, I haue great wrong  
 That I haue kept him here so long.  
 Alas ! father, why dyd ye so ?  
 Ye might haue warned me of my fo ;  
 And ye had tolde me who it had be,  
 My loue had neuer be dead for me :  
 Anone she tourned her fro the kyng,  
 And downe she fell in dead sownyng.  
 The kyng anone gan go,  
 And hente her in his armes two ;

1050

Lady, he sayd, be of good chere,  
 Your loue lyueth and is here ;

And he hath bene in Lombardy,  
 And done he hath great chyualry ;  
 And come agayne he is to me,  
 In lyfe and health ye shall him se.  
 He shall you wede, my doughter bryght,  
 I haue hym made squier and knyght ;  
 He shalbe a lorde of great renowne,  
 And after me to were the crowne. 1060  
 Father, she sayd, if it so be,<sup>1</sup>  
 Let me soone that squyer se.  
 The squyer forth than dyd he brynge,  
 Full fayre on lyue ād in lykyng.  
 As sone as she saw him with her eye,  
 She fell in sownyng by and by.  
 The squyer her hente in armes two,  
 And kyssed her an hundreth tymes and mo.  
 There was myrth and melody  
 With harpe, getron and sautry, 1070  
 With rote, ribible and clokarde,  
 With pypes, organs & bumbarde,  
 With other mynstrelles them amonge,  
 With sytolphe and with sautry songe,  
 With fydle, recorde and Dowcemere,  
 With trompette & with claryon clere,  
 With dulcet pipes of many cordes :  
 In chambre reuelyng all the lordes,  
 Vnto morne that it was daye,  
 The kyng to his doughter began to saye, 1080  
 Haue here thy loue and thy lyking,  
 To lyue and ende in gods blessinge ;

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<sup>1</sup> Original reads, *it be so.*



And he that wyll departe you two,  
 God geue him sorow and wo.  
 A trewe[r] loue[r] than ye are one  
 Was neuer fleshe ne bone ;  
 And but he be as true to thee,  
 God let him neuer thryue ne thee.  
 The kyng in herte he was full blithe,  
 He kissed his daughter many asythe. 1090  
 With melody and muche chere,  
 Anone he called his messengere,  
 And commaunded him soone to go  
 Through his cities to and fro,  
 For to warne his cheualry  
 That they should come to hungry,  
 That worthy wedding for to se,  
 And come vnto that mangerè.  
 That messenger full sone he wente,  
 And did y<sup>e</sup> kinges commāūdemente. 1100  
 Anone he commaunded bothe olde & yonge  
 For to be at that weddyng,  
 Both dukes and erles of muche myght,  
 And ladyes that were fayre and bryght.  
 As soone as euer they herde the crye,  
 The lordes were full soone redy ;  
 With myrth and game and muche playe  
 They wedded them on a solempne daye.  
 A royall feest there was holde,  
 With dukes and erles and barons bolde, 1110  
 And knyghtes and squyers of that countre,  
 And sith with all the comunaltè :  
 And certaynly, as the story sayes,

The reuell lasted forty dayes ;  
 Tyll on a day the Kyng him selfe  
 To hym he toke his lordes twelfe,  
 And so he dyd the squyer  
 That wedded his doughter dere,  
 And euen in the myddes of the hall  
 He made him Kyng among them al ; 1120  
 And all the lordes euerychone  
 They made him homage sone anon ;  
 And sithen they reuelled all that day,  
 And toke theyr leue, and went theyr way,  
 Eche lorde vnto his owne countrè,  
 Where that hym [thought] best to be.  
 That yong man and y<sup>e</sup> quene his wyfe,  
 With ioy and blysse they led theyr lyfe  
 For also farre as I haue gone,  
 Suche two louers sawe I none : 1130  
 Therefore blessed may theyr soules be,  
 Amen, amen, for charytè!

*Finis.*<sup>1</sup>

¶ Thus endeth vndo your doore ; otherwise  
 called the squyer of lowe degre.

¶ Imprinted at London, by me W<sup>illiam</sup>  
 Copland.

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<sup>1</sup> This, and what follows, was unaccountably omitted by Ritson.



## The Knight of Curtesy and the Fair Lady of Faguell.

¶ **H**ERE begynneth a litell treatise of The Knight of  
Curtesy and the lady of Faguell.

[Colophon]. Imprinted at London by me Willyam Copland.  
4<sup>o</sup>, n. d., black letter, 10 leaves.

This tale might be judged from the title to have some connection, at least, with that of *Le Chastellaine de Couci*; but, beyond the common points of resemblance which are found in all pieces of romantic fiction of similar date, such is not the case. The present is an entirely different story from "Le Chatelaine de Vergy," printed in Barbazan's *Fabliaux et Contes*, iv. 296, ed. 1808, and of which a paraphrase is printed in Way's Collection, edit. 1796-1800, ii. 131. The *Knight of Curtesy* is destitute of all affinity with the legend of Couci, except that it bears a somewhat similar title, and that the scene is in both cases laid at Faguell or *Faiel*, near St. Quintin. Whoever the author of the English version printed by Copland may have been, he evidently determined not to follow any particular original, but allowed himself to be governed, to a large extent, by the dictates of his own imagination, unless, indeed, Copland's book should happen to be a translation from some French version no longer known or hitherto identified. But this, it must be added, is not particularly probable. The tale, which was included by Ritson in his *Romances*, 1802, is now republished from a careful collation of the black letter copy preserved in the Bodleian Library. The impression by Copland is the only one known,

and of that it seems that not more than one copy is extant. Ritson's text is by no means accurate, and the four concluding lines of the piece, with the colophon, are altogether omitted by that gentleman.

Under the circumstances, it would be a perfectly useless occupation of space and time to dwell on the venerable and affecting legend of the *Chastelain de Couci*, with which, as already mentioned, the English tale has next to nothing in common. But it may be well to refer the reader to *Howell's Letters*, ed. 1754, p. 258, where the writer, in a letter to Ben Jonson, dated 3 May, 1635, gives an interesting account of an interview which he had then recently had with "one Captain Coucy," who was at that time keeper of the *Chateau de Couci*. Howell thought that this narrative was "choice and rich stuff, which Jonson might put upon his loom, and make a curious web of." Fairholt, in his *Miscellanea Graphica*, 1857, 42, plate 23, fig. 4, has engraved a *Miséricorde* or dagger of mercy, said to have belonged to Raoul de Coucy.

The catastrophe of this story closely resembles that excessively popular one of *Guiscard and Sigismunda*, which is related by Boccaccio in the First Novel of the Fourth Day of the *Decameron*, and which has been reproduced in almost every variety of shape since Boccaccio's time. To the early English reader it was made familiar through a poetical paraphrase by William Walter, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1532, and again from a different press in 1597, and through Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, where it is the 39th Novel of the First Tome. The author of the pleasing little romance before us was, it seems likely enough, indebted for the idea of the lover's heart served up to his mistress to Walter's production. The tragedy of *Guiscard and Sigismunda* was brought upon the English stage in 1568, two years after its appearance as a prose narrative in the *Palace of Pleasure*.



N Faguell, a fayre countrè,

A great lorde somtyme dyd dwell,

Which had a lady so fayre and fre

That all men good of her dyd tel.

Fayre and pleasaunt she was in sight,  
Gentyl and amyable in eche degre,  
Chaste to her lorde, bothe day and nyght,  
As is the turtyll upon the tre.

All men her loued, bothe yonge and olde,  
For her vertue and gentylnesse. 10  
Also in that lande was a knight bolde,  
Ryght wyse, and ful of doughtinesse.

All men spake of his hardynesse,  
Ryche and poore of eche degre,  
So that they called him, doutlesse,  
The noble knyght of curtesy.

This knight so curteys<sup>1</sup> was and bolde,  
That the lorde herde ther of anone,  
He sayd that speke with him he wolde,  
For hym the messengere is gone, 20

Wyth a letter unto this knight,  
And sayd, Syr, I pray god you se ;  
My lorde of Faguell you sendeth ryght  
An hundred folde gretynge by me.

He praieth you in all hastynge  
To come in his court for to dwell,  
And ye shal lake no maner of thyng,  
As townes, towres, and many a castèll.

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *curtesy*.

The curteyse knight was sone content,  
 And in all dilygence that might be  
 Wyth the messyngere anone he went  
 This lorde to serve with humylitè.

30

Fast they rode bothe day and nyght,  
 Tyll he unto the lorde was come ;  
 And whan the lorde of hym had a sight,  
 Right frendly he did him welcome.

He gauē hym towenes, castelles and towres,  
 Whereof all other had enuye,  
 They thought to reue him his honoures  
 By some treason or trechery.

40

This lady, of whome I spake before,  
 Seyng this knight so good and kynde,  
 Afore all men that euer were bore  
 She set on hym her herte and minde.

His paramour she thought to be,  
 Hym for to loue wyth herte and minde,  
 Nat in vyce but in chastytè,  
 As chyldren that together are kynde.

This knight also curteyse and wyse,  
 With herte and mynde both ferme and fast, 50  
 Loued this lady wythouten vyse,  
 Whyche tyll they dyed dyd euer laste.

Both night and day these louers true  
 Suffred great paine, wo and greuaunce,

How eche to other theyr minde might shewe ;  
Tyll at the last, by a sodaine chaunce,

This knight was in a garden grene,  
And thus began him to complayne,  
Alas! he sayd, with murnynge eyen,  
Now is my herte in wo and payne. 60

From mournynge can I nat refrayne,  
This ladyes loue dothe me so wounde,  
I feare she hath of me disdayne:  
With that he fell downe to the grounde.

The lady in a wyndowe laye,  
With herte colde as any stone,  
She wyst nat what to do nor saye,  
Whan she herde the knightes mone.

Sore sighed that lady of renowne,  
In her face was no colour founde, 70  
Than into the gardein came she downe,  
And sawe this knight lye on the grounde.

Whan she sawe hym lye so for her sake,  
Her hert for wo was almost gone,  
To her comforte coude she none take,  
But in swoune<sup>1</sup> fell downe hym vpon,

So sadly that the knyght awoke,  
And whan that he sawe her so nere,

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *swonue*.

To hym comforte anone he toke,  
 And began the lady for to chere. 80

He sayd, Lady and loue, alas,  
 Into this cure who hath you brought?  
 She sayd, My loue and my solas,  
 Your beauté standeth so in my thought,

That, yf I had no worldly make,  
 Neuer none should haue<sup>1</sup> my herte but ye.  
 The knyght sayd, Lady, for your sake  
 I shall you loue in chastytè.

Our loue, he sayde, shal be none other  
 But chaste and true, as is betwene 90  
 A goodly syster and a brother,  
 Fro luste our bodyes to kepe clene,

And where so euer mi body be,  
 Bothe day and night, at euery tyde,  
 My simpele herte in chastitè  
 Shall euer more, lady, with you abide.

This lady, white as any floure,  
 Replete with feminine shamefastnesse,  
 Begayn to chaunge her fare coloure,  
 And to hym sayd, My loue, doubtesse, 100

Under suche forme I shal you loue  
 With faythful herte in chastitè,

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<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *heue*.



Next vnto god that is aboue,  
Bothe in welthe and aduersytè.

Eche of them kyssed other truely,  
But, euer alas! ther was a fo  
Behynde the wall, them to espye,  
Which after torned them to muche wo.

Out of the gardyn whan they were gone,  
Eche from other dyd departe, 110  
Awaye was all theyr wofull mone,  
The one had lyghted the others herte.

Than this spye, of whome I tolde,  
Whyche stode behinde the garden wall,  
Wente unto his lorde ful bolde,  
And sayd, Syr, shewe you I shall,

By your gardyn as I was walkynge,  
I herde the knight of curtesye,  
Which with your lady was talkinge  
Of loue unlawfull pryuely : 120

Therefore yf ye suffre him for to procede,  
Wyth your lady to haue<sup>1</sup> his joye,  
He shal bee lede fro you in dede,  
Or elles they bothe shal you distroye.

Whan than the lorde had understande  
The wordes that the spye him tolde,

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<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *loue*.

He sware he would rydde him fro that [lande],  
 Were<sup>1</sup> he neuer so stronge and bolde.

He sware an othe, by god almyght,  
 That he should neuer be glade certayne,      130  
 While that knight was in his sight,  
 Tyl that he by some meane were slaine.

Than let he do crye a feest,  
 For euery man that thider wolde come,  
 For euery man bothe moost and leest,  
 Thyder came lordes bothe olde and yonge.

The lorde was at the table set,  
 And his lady by him that tide,  
 The knight of curtesy anone was fet,  
 And set downe on the other syde.      140

Theyr hartes should haue be wo begone,  
 If they had knowen the lordes thought ;  
 But whan that they were styll echone,  
 The lorde these wordes anone forth brought :

My thinke it is fyttinge for a knight  
 For auentures to enquiryre,  
 And nat thus, bothe day and night,  
 At home to sojourne by the fyre.

Therefore, syr knight of curtesye,  
 This thinge wyl I you counseyll,      150

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *where*.

To ryde and go throughe the countrè,  
To seke aduentures for your auayle.

As unto Rodes for to fight,  
The christen fayth for to mayntayne,  
To shewe by armes your force and myght,  
In Lumbardy, Portyngale, and in Spayne.

Than spake the knyght to the lord anone,  
For your sake wyl I auenture my lyfe,  
Whether euer I come agayne or none,  
And for me ladyes sake, your wyfe ;

160

If I dyd nat I were to blame.  
Than sighed the lady with that worde,  
In doloure depe her hirte was tane,  
And sore wounded as wyth a sworde.

Than after dyner the knight did go  
His horse and harneyse to make redy,  
The woful lady came him vnto,  
And to him sayd right pyteously :

Alas ! yf ye go, I must complayne  
Alone as a wofull creature,  
If that ye be in batayle slayne,  
On lyue may I not endure.

170

Alas, unhappy creature !  
Where shal I go, where shal I byde ?  
Of dethe sothely nowe am I sure,  
And all worldly joye I shal set a syde.

A payre of sheres than dyd she take,  
 And cut of her here bothe yelow and bright ;  
 Were this, than sayd she, for my sake,  
 Upon your helme, moche cu[r]tayse knigh[t]. 180

I shall, dere lady, for your sake,  
 This knyght sayd, with styl morninge :  
 No comforte to him coude he take,  
 Nor absteine him fro perfounde syghinge.

For grete pytiè I can not wryte  
 The sorowe that was betwene them two ;  
 Also I have to small respyte  
 For to declare theyr payne and wo.

The wofull departinge and complaynt,  
 That was betwene these louers twayne, 190  
 Was neuer man that coude depaynt,<sup>1</sup>  
 So wofull[y] did they complayne.

The teres ran from theyr eyen twayne,  
 For doloure whan they did departe ;  
 The lady in her castell did remayne,  
 Wyth langour replenysshed was her herte.

Now leue we here this lady bryght,  
 Within her castel makinge her mone,  
 And tourne we to the curteys knyght,  
 Whyche on his journey forth is gone. 200

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *detaynt*.

Unto hymself this knight sayd he,  
 Agaynst the chrysten I wyl not fyght,  
 But to the Rodes wyl I go  
 Them to susteyne with all my myght.

Than did he her heere vnfolde,  
 And onc his helme it set on hye,  
 Wyth rede thredes of ryche golde,  
 Whiche he had of his lady.

Full richely his shelde was wrought,  
 Wyth asure stones and beten golde, 210  
 But on his lady was his thought,<sup>1</sup>  
 The yelowe heare whan he dyd beholde.

Than forth he rode by dale and downe,<sup>2</sup>  
 After auentures to enqyre,  
 By many a castel, cyté and towne,  
 All to batayl was his desyre.

In euery justyng where he came  
 None so good as he was founde,  
 In euery place the pryce he wan,  
 And smote his aduersaryes to the grounde. 220

So whan he came to Lumberdye,  
 Ther was a dragon ther aboute,

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *tohught*.

<sup>2</sup> This is a very common expression in romance poetry, and was, doubtless, recommended by the facilities it offered to any one at a loss for a rhyme.

Whyche did great hurt and vylanye,  
 Bothe man and beste of hym had doubte.

As this knight rode there alone,  
 Sane onely his page by his syde,  
 For his lady he began to mone,  
 Sore syghynge as he did ride.

Ala[s]! he sayd, my lady swete,  
 God wote in what case ye be ;  
 God wote whan we two shal mete,  
 I feare that I shal neuer you se.

230

Than as he loked hym a bouthe,  
 Towarde a hyll that was so hye,  
 Of this dragon he harde a shoute,  
 Yonder is a feast, he sayd, truly.

The knight him blessyd, and forthe dyd go,  
 And sayd, I shall do my trauayle,  
 Betyde me well, betyde me wo,  
 The fyers fynde I shal assayle.

240

Than wyth the dragon<sup>1</sup> dyd he meate,  
 Whan she him sawe she gaped wyde,  
 He toke good hede, as ye may wete,  
 And quykely sterted a lytle a syde.

---

<sup>1</sup> Adventures with dragons and other preternatural monsters are favourite incidents in romantic fiction, and date from remote antiquity.

He drewe his swerde like a knyght,  
 This dragon fyersly to assayle,  
 He gaue her strokes ful of myght,  
 Stronge and mortall was the batayle.

The dragon gaue this knight a wounde  
 Wyth his tayle upon the heed, 250  
 That he fell downe unto the grounde,  
 In a sowne as he had ben deed.

So at the last he rose agayne,  
 And made his mone to god almyght,  
 And to our lady he dyd compleyne,  
 Theyr helpe desyrynge in that fyght.

Than starte he wyth a fayrse courage  
 Unto the dragon without fayle,  
 He loked so for his aduauntage,  
 That [quyekely] he smote of her tayle. 260

Than began the dragon for to yell,  
 And tourned her upon her syde,  
 The knight was ware of her right well,  
 And in her bodi made his sworde to slyde.

So that she coud nat remeue searte[n]ly,  
 The knight, that seinge, approched nere,  
 And smote her heed of lyghtly,  
 Than was he escaped that daungere.

Than thanked he god of his grace,  
 Whiche by his goodnes and mercye, 270

Hym had preserued in that place,  
 Through vertue of hys deytè.

Than went he to a nonrye there besyde,  
 And there a surgeand<sup>1</sup> by his arte  
 Heled his woundes that were so wyde,  
 And than fro thens he dyd departe

To warde the Rodes, for to fyght  
 In bataill as he had undertake,  
 The fayth to susteyne with all his might,  
 For his promysse he wil not breke.

280

Than of Sarazyns there was a route,  
 Al redy armen and in araye,  
 That syeged the Rodes round aboute,  
 Fyersly agaynst the good fredaye.

The knight was welcomed of echone,  
 That wìthin the cityé were,  
 They prouided forth batayle anone:  
 So for this time I leue them there,

And tourne to his lady bryght,  
 Which is at home wyth wofull mone,  
 Sore morned [she] both day and night,  
 Sayenge, Alas ! my loue is gone.

290

Alas ! she sayd, my gentyl knight,  
 For your sake is my herte ful sore,

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *surgè and.*



Myght I ones of you have a syght  
Afore my dethe : I desyre no more.

Alas ! what treson or enuye  
Hat made my loue fro me to go ?  
I thynke my lorde for ire truley  
By treason him to deth hathe do.

300

Alas ! my lorde, ye were to blame  
Thus my loue for to betraye,  
It is to you a right great shame,  
Sythe that our loue was c[h]ast alwaye.

Our loue was clene in chastytè,  
Without synne styl to endure,  
We neuer entended vylanye :  
Alas, moost curteyse creature !

Where do ye dwell ? where do ye byde ?  
Wold god I knewe where you to fynde !  
Wher euer ye go, where euer ye ride,  
Loue, ye shall neuer out of my mynde.

310

A, deth, where art thou so longe fro me ?  
Come and departe me fro this paine,  
For dead and buried tyl I be,  
Fro morning can I nat refraine.

Fare wel, dere loue, where euer ye be,  
Bi you pleasure is fro me gone ;  
Unto the time I may you se,  
Without comforte still must I mone.

320

Thus this lady of coloure clere  
 Alone mourninge did complaine,  
 Nothinge coulde her comforte ne chere,  
 So was she oppressed with wo and paine.

So leue we her here in this traine,  
 For her loue mourning alwaye,  
 And to the knight tourne we againe,  
 Which at Rodes abideth the day

Of bataile. So whan the daie was come,  
 The knightes armed them eche oue,  
 And out of the citie wente all and some,  
 Strongly to fight with goddes fone.

330

Faire and semely was the sight,  
 To se them redy unto the warre,  
 There was many a man of might,  
 That to that bataile was come full farre.

The knight of curtesy came into the felde,  
 Well armed right fast did ride,  
 Both knightes and barans him behelde,  
 How comely he was on eche side.

340

Aboue the helme upon his hede,  
 Was set with many a precious stone  
 The comely heare as golde so rede;  
 Better armed than he was none.

Than the trumpettes began to sounde,  
 The speres ranne and brake the raye ;

The noise of gonnes did rebounde,  
In this metinge there was no plaie.

Great was the bataile on everi side,  
The knight of curtesy was nat behinde, 350  
He smote all downe that wolde abide,  
His mache coulde he no where finde.

There was a Sarazin stronge and wight,  
That at this knight had great envye,  
He ran to him with all his might,  
And sayd, Traitour, I thee defie.

They ranne together with speres longe,  
Anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde,  
The knight drewe out his sworde so stronge,  
And smote his head of in that stounde. 360

Than came twelve Sarazins in a rought,  
And the knight did sore assaile,  
So they beset him rounde aboute,  
There began a stronge bataile.

The knight kest foure unto the grounde,  
With foure strokes by and by,  
The other gave him many a wounde,  
For ever they did multiplie.

They laide on him on every side,  
With cruell strokes and mortall, 370  
They gave him woundes so depe and wide,  
That to the grounde downe did he fall.

The Sarazins went, and let him lye,  
 With mortall woundes piteous to se,  
 He called his page hastely,  
 And said, My time is come to die.

In mi herte is so depe a wounde  
 That I must dye without naye,  
 But, or thou me burye in the grounde,  
 Of one thinge I thee praie :

380

Out of mi body to cut my herte,  
 And wrappe it in this yelowe here,  
 And, whan thou doest from hence departe,  
 Unto my lady thou do it bere.

This promise thou me without delay,  
 To berey my lady this present,  
 And burie mi body in the crosse waie.  
 The page was sory and dolent.

The knight yelded up the goost anone,  
 The page him buried as he had him bad,  
 And towarde Faguell is he gone,  
 The herte and here with him he had.

390

Somtime he went, sometime he ran,  
 With wofull mone and sory jest,  
 Till unto Faguell he came,  
 Nere to a castell in a forest.

The lorde of Faguell, without let,  
 Was in the forest with his meynè,

With this page anone he met :

Page, he said, what tidinges with thee ? 400

With thi maister how is the case ?

Shew me lightly, or thou go,

Or thou shalt never out of this place.

The page was a fearde whan he said so.

The page for feare that he had,

The herte unto the lorde he toke tho,

In his courage he was full sad,

He toke the heere<sup>1</sup> to him also.

He tolde him trothe of everi thinge,

How that the knight in bataile was slaine, 410

And how he sent his lady that thinge,

For a speciall token of love certaine.

The lorde therof toke good hede,

And behelde the herte, that high presente ;

Their love, he said, was hote in dede,

They were bothe in great torment.

Than home is he to the kechin gone :

Coke, he said, herken unto me ;

Dresse me this herte, and that anone,

In the deintiest wise that may be ; 420

Make it swete and delycate to eate,

For it is for my lady bryght,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *herte*.

If that she wyst what were the meate,  
 Sothely her herte wolde not be lyght.

Therof sayd the lord full trewe,  
 That meat was dolefull and mortall,  
 So though[t] the lady whan she it knewe.  
 Than went the lorde into the hall.

Anone the lorde to meate was set,  
 And this lady not farre him fro,  
 The hert anone he made be fet,  
 Wherof proceded muche wo.

430

Madame, eate hereof, he sayd,  
 For it is deynteous and plesaunte,  
 The lady eate, and was not dismayde,  
 For of good spyce there dyd none wante.

Whan the lady had eaten wele,  
 Anone to her the lorde sayd there,  
 His herte have ye eaten, every dele,  
 To whom you gave your yelowe here:

440

Your knight is dead, as you may se,  
 I tel you, lady, certaynly,  
 His owne herte eaten have ye:  
 Madame, at the last we all must dye.

Whan the lady herde him so say,  
 She sayd, My herte for wo shall brast;

Alas, that ever I sawe this day!  
Now may my lyfe no longer last.

Up she rose, wyth hert full wo,  
And streight up into her chambre wente, 450  
She confessed her devoutly tho,  
And shortely receyved the sacrament.

In her bed mournyng she her layde,  
God wote, ryght wofull was her mone:  
Alas! myne owne dere love, she sayd,  
Syth ye be dead my joye is gone.

Have I eaten thy herte in my body?  
That meate to me shal be full dere,  
For sorowe, alas, now must I dye:  
A, noble knight, withouten fere! 460

That herte shal certayne with me dye,  
I have rec[e]jued theron the sacrament,  
All erthly fode here I denye,  
For wo and paine my life is spent.

My husbände, full of crueltè,  
Why have you done this cursed dede?  
Ye have him slaine, so have ye me,  
The hie god graunte to you your mede!

Than sayd the lord, My lady fayre,  
Forgive me if I have misdome; 470  
I repent; I was not ware  
That ye wolde your herte oppresse so sone

The lady sayd, I you forgive,  
 Adew, my lorde, for evermore ;  
 My time s come, I may not live,  
 The\orde sayd, I am wo therfore.

Great was the sorowe of more and lesse,  
 Bothe lordes and ladyes that were there,  
 Some for great wo swouned doubtlesse ;  
 All of her dethe full wofull were.

480

Her complaynt pyteous was to here,  
 Adieu, my lorde, nowe muste we discover,  
 I dye to you, husbände, a true wedded fere,  
 As any in Faguell was found ever.

I am clene of the knight of curtesy,  
 And wrongfully are we brought to confusion ;  
 I am clene for hym, and he for me,  
 And for all other save you alone.

My lorde, ye were to blame truely,  
 His herte to make me for to eate,  
 But sythe it is buryed in mi body,  
 On it shall I never eate other meate.

490

Theron have I recyved eternall fode,  
 Erthly meate wyll I never none ;  
 Now Jesu that was don on the rode,  
 Have mercy on me, my lyfe is gone !

Wyth that the lady, in all theyr syght,  
 Yelded up her spyrit, making her mone :



The hyghe god moost of myght  
On her have mercy and us echone!<sup>1</sup> 500

And brynge us to that gloryous trone,  
To se the ioye of Paradyse,  
Whyche god graunte to vs echone,  
And to the reders and herers of this treatyse.

¶ Thus en[d]ethe thys litle treatyse of the  
Knight of curtesy and of the fayre lady  
of Faguell.

¶ Emprynted at London by me Wyllyam  
Copland.

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<sup>1</sup> Ritson omits all after this.





## The Batayle of Egyngecourte.

TO the *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, by Sir Harris Nicolas, third edition, 1833, 8vo, the reader may be referred for copious and accurate particulars of the great historical event, of which the piece, now reprinted from the unique black letter original, preserved among Selden's books at Oxford, is a short metrical narrative; and the late Mr. Hunter has also devoted a pamphlet to the subject.<sup>1</sup>

The volume in which "Ye batayll of Egyngecourte" occurs is known as C. 39 Arch. Seld. 4to. It contains, besides the present, five-and-twenty articles, all bound up together. A detailed description of such an extraordinary assemblage of rarities may not be unacceptable, and it is here given, as forwarded to me by my friend Mr. Waring, with only an addition or two of my own between brackets.

1. "Kynge richarde cuer du lyon." Title within a riband, over a woodcut of the king on horseback, attended by a squire. This metrical romance has several woodcuts. It ends on the third leaf after sig. Q, 13. On the reverse of last leaf Wynkyn de Worde's device No. 6. [Of this celebrated romance there have been several editions in English].

2. "Syr Bevis of Hampton." Title over woodcut of knight

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<sup>1</sup> "Agincourt. A Contribution towards an Authentic List of the Commanders of the English Host in King Henry the Fifth's Expedition to France, in the third year of his reign." By Joseph Hunter. Lond. 1850, sm. 8vo.

on horseback, with three attendants. Several curious cuts in the piece. It ends on reverse of 1st leaf after sig. I. 3. Imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse. No date. [Lowndes does not record the undermentioned impressions of this romance:—London, by Wynkyn de Worde, n. d. 4to: London, by William Stansby, n. d. 4to, 34 leaves: London, 1662, 4to: Aberdene, by Edward Raban, for David Melvil. 1630. 16mo].

3. "Syr Degore." Over a rude cut of a knight in full gallop. 1560. Contains 16 leaves. Imprinted at London by John King.

4. "Syr Tryamouré." Over a woodcut of Syr Roger slaying the yeoman in the wood. 24 leaves. No date. Imprinted at London by William Copland. [I had an intention of reprinting this interesting romance, but want of space compelled me to relinquish it].

5. "Syr Eglamouré of Artoys." Over a cut of a rider galloping with a drawn sword. 20 leaves. No date. Imprinted at London by William Copland.

6. "[A] Mery Iest of Dane Hew, Munk of Leicestre." Over a curious woodcut in compartments descriptive of the worthy's adventures. 6 leaves. Imprinted at London at the long shop adioyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie, by John Alde, n. d. [Reprinted here].

7. "[Here beginneth a litell Treatise of the] Knight of Curtesy and the lady of Faguell." Over a woodcut of the couple looking very lackadaisical. 10 leaves, n. d. Imprinted at London by me Wyllyam Copland. [Reprinted here].

8. "[Here after foloweth y<sup>e</sup>] Batayll of Egyngécourte, and the Great sege of Rone," &c. &c. No title-page. Poem begins immediately after the title, "God that all this worlde dyde make." 6 leaves, n. d. colophon. "Thus endeth ye batayll of Egyncourt. Imprinted at Lond<sup>o</sup>, in Foster lane, in saynt Leonardes parysshe, by me Johñ Skot." It is curious that Dibdin, who first described the 39 Arch. Seld., so completely overlooked this impression of the romance, that he almost refuses to acknowledge its existence.—Typ. Ant. vol. 3. p. 77. [Reprinted here].

9. "Edward the fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth. A merrie, pleasant, and delectable Historie, &c. &c." Over a cut

of two men on horseback. Under this is: Printed at London by John Danter, 1596. 6 leaves. [Reprinted, from an older text, here].

10. "Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudele." Over a woodcut of the heroes. Beneath this is: At London. Printed by James Roberts, Anno Domini 1605. 17 leaves. [Reprinted, from Copland's edit., in these Remains].

11 & 12. "[A ryght plesaunt and merye Historie of the] Mylner of Abyngton, &c. [wherevnto is adioyned another merye jest of a Sarjeaunt that woulde haue learned to be a fryar] 14 leaves. Imprinted at London by Richarde Jhones. [Reprinted in these Remains].

13. "[A Mery Jest of the] Frier and the Boy." Imprinted at London by Edward Alde. 8 leaves. [Reprinted in these Remains].

14. "[A Treatyse of the] Smyth and his Dame." 10 leaves (one is wanting). [Reprinted in these Remains].

15. "[A Mery Jest of a] Wyfe lapped in Morel's skyn." 22 leaves, 4to. [Reprinted in these Remains].

16. "The vnluckie firmentie." (1st part wanting). Finis, "quoth G. Kyttes."

"The Defence of women." By Edward More. 1560. 12 leaves (two wanting). Imprinted at London, in Paules Church yearde, at the Sygne of the Swane, by John Kynge.

[17. "The Schole house of women." Anonymous. Printed by John Alde. 1572. (Reprinted here)].

18. "Jyl of breyntfords Testament." Newly compiled. This title is over a cut of man and woman turning to, and apparently addressing each other. On the back of the title figures of [a] man and two women; in riband over first figure, Fantasy; in riband over second, M. Jyllyan. 8 leaves. Woodcut on title-page repeated on recto of sig. B 3. Imprinted at London in Lothbury, ouer agaynst Saint Margarytes church, by me Wyllyam Copland, n. d. [Copland printed this twice].

19. "XII. Mery iestes of the Widdow Edith." [Col.] Imprinted at London in Fleet-lane. By Richard Johnes. 1573. [Reprinted in "Old English Jest-Books," iii].

20. "The Proude Wyues Paternoster." [Reprinted here.]

21. "Spare your good." Over a cut of a lady on a bed, two figures, male and female, sitting by the bedside. 4 leaves. Im-

printed at London in Poules churche yarde by Anthony Kytson. The colophon is over a woodcut of Gemini. A title-page from a different impression has been bound up with this tract. Here "Spare y[our good]" is over two men standing, with a tree between them. Beneath is written, "Taken from one of Bishop Tanner's books, where it was a fly-leaf. [Wynkyn de Worde printed an edition of this piece in 4to, without date. See Dibdin's *Ames*, ii. 377; but his seems to have had for title "Syr's spare your Good"].

22. "This boke called the Tēple of glasse is in many places amended, and late diligently imprinted." Over a fine woodcut of Fortune standing on her wheel, with figures crowned and in armour. At the back of title another equally superior cut, [in which] a lady [is] offering some fruit to a knight in a garden. 26 leaves. Thus endeth the temple of Glasse. Emprinted at Lōdō in Fletestrete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet, nere to the Cundite, at the sygne of Lucrece. Cum priuilegio.

23. "[The] Booke in meeter of Robin Conscience." Imperfect. [Reprinted here, the defect being partly supplied from another copy].

24. "Wyl bucke his Testament." Imprinted at London, by Wyllyam Copland. In a beautiful border with a variety of figures, ten 7-line stanzas, and the remainder of the tract prose, n. d. [Reprinted in "Literature of the 16th and 17th Centuries, illustrated," 1851].

25. "Here foloweth the 'Churle and the byrde.'" Over woodcut of two men, [with] a tree between them, on which is perched the bird. 8 leaves. "Thus endeth the treatyse called churle and the byrde." Printed at Cantorbury in Saynte Paules parysshe, by Johan Mychel, n. d. [Dibdin, *Ames*, ii. 327, in his account of the edition of the "Chorle and the Birde," printed by W. de Worde, observes that at vol. iii. p. 1779, "he [Herbert] notices an edition of it without date, printed by one Johan Nychel (not 'Nychol'), on the authority of a MS. note by Ritson." The name, however, is Mychel, not Nychel or Nychol].

26. "The Parliament of Byrdes." 7 leaves. Imprinted at London for Anthony Kytson, n. d. [Reprinted here].

There is a song on the Battle of Agincourt in the "Crown Garland of Goulde[n] Roses," ed. 1612. See also "Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques," by E. F. Rimbault, 1850, p. 60.

Among the Earl of Charlemont's MSS, sold in August, 1865 was one entitled "The Sege of Rone." It was a poem, exhibiting a different narrative of the same event which is commemorated in the following pages, and the commencement (which I subjoin) discloses the interesting fact that the writer was an eyewitness of the stirring incidents which he has described. The composition is in rhyming couplets, and is contained on twenty-three leaves of paper, large 4to, the handwriting tolerably legible, and of the period. The MS. is supposed to be in the hand of Gregory Skinner, Lord Mayor of London in 1451.<sup>1</sup> On some accounts, I should have preferred introducing it into these pages instead of the printed narrative; but it was too lengthy and prolix. See the Catalogue of Lord Charlemont's Books and Manuscripts, sold by Sotheby and Co., August 11th, 1865, No. 230.

This MS. of the "Sege of Rone," here described, is supposed to be unique; it is without any regular title; and at the end there is merely "Explicit the Sege of Rone."

Here is the first page, with part of the second, as a specimen:—

GOD that dyde a pon a tre,  
 And bought vs w<sup>h</sup> hys blode soo fre,  
 To hys blys tham brynge  
 That lystenythe vnto my tallynge,  
 Oftyn tymys we talle of trauayle,  
 Of sante sege and of grete batayle,  
 Bothe in Romans and in ryme,  
 What hathe ben done be fore thys tyme,  
 But y wylle telle you nowe present,  
 Vnto my tale yf ye wylle tent,  
 Howe the V. Harry oure lege  
 W<sup>t</sup> hys ryaltè he sette a sege  
 By fore Rone that ryche Cyttè,  
 And endyd hyt at hys owne volontè.

---

<sup>1</sup> It must have been written about two years, however, after the battle, as the author speaks throughout of Thomas, Earl of Dorset, as Duke of Exeter, to which dignity he did not attain till 4 Henry V.

A more solempne sege was neuyr sette  
 Syn Jerusalem and Troy was gotte.  
 So moche folk was neuyr sene,  
 One kynge w<sup>t</sup> soo many, vndyr heuyne.  
 Lystenythe vnto me a lytylle space  
 And I shalle telle you howe hyt was;  
 And the better telle I may:  
 Ffor at that sege w<sup>t</sup> the kyng I lay.  
 And thereto I toke a vyse,  
 Lyke as my wyt wolde suffice.  
 Whenne Pountlarge w<sup>t</sup> sege was wonne,  
 And ouyr sayne then  
 The Duke of Exceter that hende,  
 To Rone in sothe oure kyng hym sende  
 Herowdys w<sup>t</sup> hym vnto that Cytte,  
 To loke yf that they yoldyn wolde be,  
 And all soo for to se that grounde,  
 That was a boutte the Cytte rounde.  
 Howe our kyng myght y<sup>t</sup> at a sege,  
 Yf they wolde not obey to oure lege.

Sir H. Nicolas has printed the present poem in the Appendix to his History; and also a poem by Lydgate on the subject from one of the lost Cottonian MSS., as given by Hearne at the end of his edition of Elmham's Life of Henry V.



¶ Here after foloweth ye batayll of Epyngecourte & the  
 great sege of Rone by kyng Henry of Mon-mouthe the  
 fyfthe of the name that wan Gasconye  
 and Spenne and Normandye.



**G**OD that all this worlde dyde make,  
 And dyed for vs vpon a tree,  
 Saue england for mary thy mothers sake,  
 As y<sup>u</sup> art stedfast god in trynyte;  
 And saue k̄yge H̄ery soule, I besече the,  
 That was full gracyouse and good with all,

A courtyous knyght and kynge ryall.  
 Of Henry the fyfthe, noble man of warre,  
 Thy dedes may neuer forgotten be,  
 Of knyghthod thou were the very lodestarre; 10  
 In thy tyme Englande flowred in prosperyte.  
 Thou mortall myrour of all cheualry,  
 Though thou be not set amonge y<sup>e</sup> worthyes  
     nyne,  
 Yet wast thou a conqueroure in thy tyme.  
 Our kynge sende in to Fraunce full rathe,  
 His harraude that was good and sure;  
 He desyred his herytage for to haue,  
 That is, Gascoyne and Gyen and Normandye;  
 He bad the Dolphyne<sup>1</sup> delyuer it shulde be his,  
 All that belongyd to the fyrst Edwarde, 20  
 And yf he sayd me nay I wys,  
 I wyll get it with dent of swerde.  
 But than answered the Dolphyne bolde,  
 By our inbassatours sendyng agayne,  
 Me thynke that your kynge is not so olde  
 Warres great for to mayntayne.  
 Grete well, he sayd, your comely kynge,  
 That is bothe gentyll and small,  
 A tun full of tenys balles I wyll hym send,  
 For to play hym therwithall. 30  
 Than bethought our lordes all  
 In Fraunce they wolde no lenger abyde,

---

<sup>1</sup> The Dauphin of France, afterwards Charles VII. He took advantage of his father's insanity, and seized the reins of government.



They toke theyr leue bothe greate & small,  
 And home to Englande gan they ryde.  
 To our kynge they tolde theyr tale to the ende,  
 What that the Dolphyne dyde to them saye.  
 I wyll hym thanke, than sayd the kynge,  
 By the grace of god, yf I may.  
 Yet by his owne mynde this Dolphyne bolde  
 To our kynge he sent agaynne hastely, 40  
 And prayed him trewes for to holde,  
 For Jesus loue that dyed on a tree.  
 Nay, than sayd our comely kynge,  
 For in to Fraunce wyll I wynde,  
 The Dolphyne angre I trust I shall,  
 And suche a tenys ball I shall hym sende  
 That shall bere downe the hye rofe of his hall.  
 The kynge at Westmynster lay that tyme,  
 And all his lordes euerychone ;  
 As they dyde set them downe to dyne, 50  
 Lordynges, he sayd, by saynt Johñ,  
 To Fraunce I thynke to take my waye,  
 Of good counsell I you praye ;  
 What is your wyll that I shall done  
 Shewe me shortly without delay :  
 The duke of Clarence<sup>1</sup> answered sone,  
 And sayd, my lege, I counsell you soo,  
 And other lordes sayd, we thynke it for the best

---

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, Earl of Albemarle and Duke of Clarence, second son of Henry IV, d. 1421. He indented to serve with 2 bannerets, 14 knights, 222 men-at-arms, and 720 archers. See Mr. Hunter's Tract, p. 21.

With you to be ready for to goo,  
 While that our lyues may endure & lest. 60  
 Gramerey, syrs, the kynge gan say,  
 Our ryght I trust than shalbe wonne,  
 And I wyll quyte you yf I may,  
 Therefore I warne you, bothe olde & yonge,  
 To make you redy, without delay,  
 To Southampton to take your waye,  
 At saynt Peters tyde at Lammas ;  
 For, by the grace of god and yf I maye,  
 Ouer the salte see I thynke to passe.  
 Great ordynauce of gunnes the kynge let make, 70  
 And shypte them at London all at ones,  
 Bowes and arowes in chestes were take,  
 Speres and bylles with yren gunstones,  
 And armynge dagars made for the nones,  
 With swerdes & bucklers that were full sure,  
 And harneys bryght that strokes wolde endure.  
 The kynge to Southampton than dyde ryde  
 With his lordes, for no lenger wolde he dwell.  
 Fyftene C. fayre shyppes there dyde hym abyde,  
 With goodly sayles and topcastell. 80  
 Lordes of Fraunce our kynge they solde,  
 For a myllyant of golde as I harde say,  
 By Englande lytell pryse they tolde,  
 Therefore theyr songe was welawaye.  
 Bytwene hampton and the yle of wyght  
 These goodly shyppes lay there at rode,  
 With mastyardes a crosse full semely of syght,  
 Ouer all the hauen sprede a brode ;  
 On euery paues a crosse rede,

The wastes decked with serpentynes stronge, 90  
 Saynt Georges stremers sprede ouer hede,  
 With the armes of Englande hangynge all alonge.  
 Our kynge full hastely to his shyppe yede,  
 And all other lordes of euery degree ;  
 Euery shyp wayed his anker in dede,  
 With the tyde to hast them to the see,  
 They hoysed theyr sayles sayled a lofte :  
 A goodly syght it was to see ;  
 The wynde was good and blew, but softe,  
 And fourth they wente in the name of the trynnye ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Theyr course they toke towarde Normandy, 101  
 And passed ouer in a daye and a nyght :  
 So, in the seconde mornonge yerly,  
 Of that contrye they had a syght.  
 And euer they drewe nere the coste,  
 Of the day glad were they all.  
 And whan they were at the shore almost,  
 Euery shyp his anker let fall,  
 With theyr takyls they laūched many a longe bote,  
 And ouer hache threw them in to the streame,  
 A thousande shortly they sawe a flote, 111  
 With men of armes that lyth<sup>2</sup> dyde leme.<sup>3</sup>  
 Our kynge landed at Cottaunses<sup>4</sup> w<sup>t</sup>out delay,

<sup>1</sup> Henry sailed from Southampton, August 10, 1415.

<sup>2</sup> *Bright*, from A. S. hlut.

<sup>3</sup> *Shine*, from A. S. lyman. The latter form *leame* is found very frequently in early writers.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Clef de Caus, three miles from Harfleur. It was at Clef de Caus, at all events, that Henry landed, August 14, 1415. See Nicolas, ed. 1833, p. 50-1.

On our lady euen thassumpeyon ;  
 And to Hartflete<sup>1</sup> they toke the way,  
 And mustered fayre before the towne.  
 Our kynge his banner there dyde splay  
 With standerdes bryght and many penowne,  
 And there he pyght his tente adowne,  
 Full well broydered with armory gaye ; 120  
 Fyrst our comely kynges tente with the crowne,  
 And all other lordes in good aray.  
 My brother Clarence, the kynge dyde say,  
 The toures of the towne wyll I kepe,  
 With her doughters and her maydens gay,  
 To wake the frenchemen of theyr slepe ;  
 London,<sup>2</sup> he sayd, shall with hym mete,  
 And my gunnes that lyeth fayre vpon the grene,  
 For they shall playe with Harfflete  
 A game at tennys, as I wene ; 130  
 Goo we to game, for goddes grace,  
 My chyldren, be redy euerychone :  
 For euery great gunne that there was  
 In his mouthe he had a stone.  
 The Captayne of Herfflett soone anone  
 Vnto our kynge he sent hastely,  
 To knowe what his wyll was to done,  
 For to cume thyther with suche a meny.  
 Delyuer me the towne, the kynge sayd.  
 Nay, sayd y<sup>e</sup> Capytaine, by god & by saynt Deny  
 Than shall I wyne it, sayd our kynge, 141

<sup>1</sup> Harfleur.<sup>2</sup> A large gun so named.

By the grace of god and of his goodnes ;  
 Some hard tennys balles I haue hyther brought,  
 Of marble and yren made full rounde,  
 I swere by Jesu, that me dere bought,  
 They shall bete the walles to the grounde.  
 Than sayd the greate gunne,  
 Bolde felowes, we go to game :  
 Thanked be Mary, and Jesu her sone,  
 They dyde the frenchemen moche shame. 150  
 Fyftene afore, sayd London: tho  
 Her balles full fayre she gan out throwe ;  
 Thyrtty, sayd y<sup>e</sup> seconde gun, I wyll wyn & I may.  
 There as the wall was moost sure  
 They bare it downe without nay ;  
 The kynges doughter<sup>1</sup> sayd, herken this playe,  
 Harken, maydens, nowe this tyde,  
 Fyue and forty we have, it is no nay,  
 They bete downe the walles on euery syde.  
 The Normandes sayd, let vs not abyde, 160  
 But go we in haste by one assent  
 Where so euer the gunstones do glyde ;  
 Our houses in Herfflete is all to rent,  
 The englysshemen our bulwarkes haue brent ;  
 And women cryed, alas ! that euer they were borne.  
 The frenchemen sayd, now be we shent,  
 By vs now the towne is forlorne ;  
 It is best nowe theyrfore,  
 That we beseche this englysshe kyng of grace  
 For to assayle vs no more, 170

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<sup>1</sup> I presume that one of Henry's guns was thus christened.

Leste he dystroye vs in this place ;  
 Than wyll we byd the Dolphyne make hym redy,  
 Or elles this towne delyuered must be.  
 Messengers went fourth by and by,  
 And to our kyng come they ;  
 The lorde Corgeaunte<sup>1</sup> certaynly,  
 For he was Captayne of the place,  
 And Guillaume<sup>2</sup> Bowser with hym dyde hye,  
 With other lordes more and lasse ;  
 And whan they to our kyng come were, 180  
 Full lowly set them on theyr kne :  
 Hayle ! comely kyng, gan they saye,  
 Cryste saue the from aduersyte ;  
 Of truse we wyll beseche the,  
 Vntyll that it be sunday noone,  
 And yf we may not recouered be,  
 We will delyuere the towne.  
 Than sayd our kyng full soone,  
 I graunte you grace in this tyde ;  
 One of you shall fourthe anone, 190  
 And the reñant shall with me abyde.  
 Theyr Captayne toke his nexte waye,  
 And to Rone faste gan he ryde.  
 The Dolphyne he had thought there to founde,  
 But he was gone, he durste not abyde ;  
 For helpe the Captayne besought that tyde,<sup>3</sup>  
 Herfflete is lost for euer and aye !

---

<sup>1</sup> A French lord, one of the defenders of Harfleur.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. has *Gelam*. For *Bowser* we ought, perhaps, to read *Bourchier*. Compare line 262.

<sup>3</sup> Original has *tede*.

The walles ben beten downe on euery syde,  
 That we no lenger kepe it may :  
 Of counseyll all he dyde them pray, 200  
 What is your wyll that I may done ?  
 We must ordeyne the kyngte batayll by sonday,  
 Or elles delyuer hym the towne.  
 The lordes of Rone to gyther dyde rowne,  
 And bad the towne shulde openly yelde ;  
 The kyng of englande fareth as a lyon,  
 We wyll not mete with hym in the felde.  
 The Captayne wolde than no lenger abyde,  
 And towarde Harfflete came he ryght :  
 For so faste he dyde ryde 210  
 That he was there the same nyght ;  
 And whan he to oure kyngte dyde come,  
 Lowly he set hym on his kne ;  
 Hayle ! comely prynce, than dyde he say,  
 The grace of god is with the ;  
 Here haue I brought the keys all  
 Of Harfflete, that is so royall a cytye,  
 All is yours, bothe chambr[e] and hall,  
 And at your wyll for to be.  
 Thanked be Jesu, sayd our kyngte, 220  
 And Mary his mother truely ;  
 Myne oncle Dorset<sup>1</sup> without lettyngte  
 Captayne of Herfflete shall he be,  
 And all that is within the cytye ;  
 A whyle yet they shall abyde

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, created Duke of Exeter,  
 4 Hen. V.

To amende the walles in euery degre,  
 That is beten downe on euery side ;  
 'And after that they shall out ryde  
 To other townes ouer all,  
 Wyfe nor chylde shall not there abyde, 230  
 But haue them forthe, bothe great & small.  
 One and twenty M. men myght [ye] se  
 Whan they went out full sore [they] dyde wepe.  
 The great gunnes and ordynaunce truely  
 Was brought in to Herfflete ;  
 Great sykenes amonge our hoste was in good fay,  
 Whiche kyllled many of our englysshemen ;  
 There dyed by yonde. vii. score vpon a day,  
 Alyue there was lefte but thousandes . x.  
 Our kynge hym selfe in to the castell yede, 240  
 And rested hym there as longe as his wyll was.  
 At the laste he sayd, lordes, so god me spede,  
 Towarde Calayes I thynke to passe.  
 After that Herfflete was gotten that royall cytye,  
 Through the grace of god omnypotente,  
 Our comely kynge made hym redy soone,  
 And towarde Calayes fourthe he wente.  
 My brother Glocestre,<sup>1</sup> veramente  
 Here wyll we no lenger abyde ;

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<sup>1</sup> Humphrey, Earl of Pembroke and Duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV, by Mary de Bohun, ob. 1446. This was the celebrated Duke Humphrey. He was one of the earliest benefactors of the Bodleian Library. In 1600, Christopher Middleton published a metrical life of him, on the plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, under the title of *The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*. "His [the D. of G.'s] indenture of service," observes



And Cosyn of yorke,<sup>1</sup> this is oure entent 250  
 With vs fourth ye shall this tyde ;  
 My Cosyn Huntyngdon<sup>2</sup> with vs shall ryde,  
 And the Erle of Oxenforde<sup>3</sup> with you thre,  
 The duke of Southfolke<sup>4</sup> by our syde  
 He shall come fourthe with his meny ;  
 And the Erle of Deuounshire<sup>5</sup> sykerly,  
 Syr thomas harpynge<sup>6</sup> that neuer dyde fayle,  
 The lorde Broke<sup>7</sup> that come hartely,  
 And syr Johñ<sup>8</sup> of cornewall,  
 Syr Gylberde Umfrey<sup>9</sup> that wolde vs auayle, 260

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Mr. Hunter, "has not been found, but his indenture of jewels remains, and from this we collect that he had indented to serve with 129 lances and 600 archers. There is also a muster-roll of his contingent, taken at Mikilmarch, near Rumsay, on the 16th of July, by Sir Richard Redman, knight, and John Strange, clerk; this roll, however, contains no more than 668 names."

<sup>1</sup> Edward, Duke of York, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III, and cousin-german to the King. "He indented," as Mr. Hunter shows, "on April 29th, to serve with 1 banneret, 4 knights, 94 squires, and 300 mounted archers."

<sup>2</sup> John [Holland], Earl of Huntingdon, cousin-german to the king.

<sup>3</sup> Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Indented to serve with 30 men-at-arms, and 100 archers.

<sup>4</sup> Michel de la Pole, *Earl of Suffolk*. His indentures were, 2 knights, 37 esquires, and 120 archers. But he died on 17th September, at Harfleur; and on the field of Agincourt, 25th October, perished his successor.

<sup>5</sup> Edward Courtenay, *Earl of Devon*.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Thomas Erpingham. See Hunter, pp. 34-5.

<sup>7</sup> (?) Robert Lord Willoughby de Broke. See Hunter, p. 32.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. Sir John Cornewall. He brought 29 lances and 80 archers.

<sup>9</sup> Sir Gilbert de Umfravile, a banneret. He brought 29 men-at-arms, and 90 archers.

And the lorde clyfforde,<sup>1</sup> so god me spede,  
 Syr wylliam Bouser<sup>2</sup> that will not fayle ;  
 For all thy wyll helpe, yf it be nedc.  
 Our kynge rode fourth, blessyd mought he be,  
 He spared neyther dale ne downe,  
 By waters greate fast rode he,  
 Tyll he cam to the water of sene ;  
 The frenchemen threwe the brydge adowne,  
 That ouer the water they myght not passe ;  
 Our kynge made hym redy than 270  
 And to the towre of Turreyn wente more & lasse ;  
 The frenchemen our kynge about becaste  
 With batayles stronge on euery side ;  
 The duke of Orlyauce<sup>3</sup> sayd in haste,  
 The kynge of Englande shall abyde.  
 Who gaue hym leue this waye to passe ?  
 I trust that I shall hym begyle,  
 Full longe or he come to Calays.  
 The duke of Burbone answeryd sone,  
 And [I] swere by god and by saynt Denys, 280  
 We will play them euerychone,  
 These lordes of Englande, at the tenys ;  
 Theyr Gentylnen, I swere by saynt Jhoñ,  
 And archers we wyll sell them greate plentye,  
 And so wyll we ryd them sone,

<sup>1</sup> John, Lord Clifford. See Hunter, p. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Bouchier. He brought 29 lances, and 90 archers.

<sup>3</sup> Charles, second Duke of Orleans, succeeded, in 1407, his father Louis, first duke, who was second surviving son of Charles V. of France. The dukes of Orleans and Bourbon were taken in battle.

Sir, for a peny of our monye.  
 Than answered the duke of Bare,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wordes that were of greate pryde ;  
 By god, he sayd, I will not spare  
 Ouer all the englsshemen for to ryde, 290  
 If that they dare vs abyde,  
 We wyll ouerthrowe them in fere,  
 And take them prysoners in this tyde,  
 Than come home agayne to our dynere.  
 Henry our kynge, that was so good,  
 He prepared there full ryally,  
 Stakes he let hewe in a wood,  
 And set them before his archers verely.  
 The frenchemen our ordynaunce gan espye ;  
 They that we ordeyned for to ryde 300  
 Lyghted adowne with sorowe truely  
 So on theyr fote fast gan abyde ;  
 Our kynge wente vp vpon an hyll hye,  
 And loked downe to the vales lowe ;  
 He sawe where the frenchemen came hastely,  
 As thyecke as euer dyde hayle or snowe ;  
 Than kneled our kynge downe in that stounde,  
 And all his men on euery syde,  
 Euery man made a crosse, and kyssed the grounde,  
 And on theyr fete fast ganne abyde. 310  
 Our kynge sayd, syrs, what tyme of the day ?  
 My lege, they sayd, it is nye pryme.  
 Than go we to our iourney :  
 By the grace of Jesu, it is good tyme ;

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<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Bar, with the dukes of Alençon and Brabant, fell on the day of Agincourt.

For sayntes that lye in theyr shryne  
 To god for vs they be prayenge ;  
 All the relygouse of Englande in this tyme  
 Ora pro nobis for vs they synge.  
 Saynt George was sene ouer our hoste,  
 Of very trouthe this syght men dyde se ; 320  
 Downe was he sente by the holygoste  
 To gyue our kynge the vycory.  
 Than blewe the trompetes merely ;  
 These two batayles to gyther yede ;  
 Our archers stode vp full hartely,  
 And made the frenchemen fast to blede ;  
 Theyr arrowes went fast without ony let,  
 And many shot they through out,  
 Thorough habergyne, brestplate & bassenet ;  
 A xi. M. were slayne in that route. 330  
 Our gracyouse kynge, as I well knowe,  
 That day he fough[t] with his owne hande ;  
 He spared neyther hye ne lowe ;  
 There was neuer kynge in no lande  
 That euer dyd better on a daye.  
 Wherfore Englande may synge a songe,  
 Laus deo may we say,  
 And other prayers euer amonge.  
 The duke of Orlyauce without nay  
 That day was taken prysonere ; 340  
 The duke of Burbone also in fere,  
 And also the duke of Bare truely ;  
 Syr Bursegaud<sup>1</sup> he gan hym yelde,

<sup>1</sup> Seneschal of France. His captor was William Wolf, esquire to Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey. Orig. has *Bergygaunte*.

And other lordes of Fraunce many.  
 Lo! thus our comely kynge conquered the fyld,  
 Be the grace of god omnypotent;  
 He toke his presoners, bothe olde and yonge,  
 And to warde Calayes fourth he went;  
 He shypped there with good entent.  
 To Cauntorbury full fayre he passed, 350  
 And offered to saynt Thomas shryne,  
 And through Kent he rode in haste;  
 To Eltam he cam all in good tyme,  
 And ouer blackeheth as he was rydyng,  
 Of the Cytye of London he was ware.<sup>1</sup>  
 Hayle! ryall Cytye, sayd our kynge,  
 Cryste kepe the euer from sorowe & care!  
 And than he gaue that noble Cyte his blessyng,  
 He prayed Jesu it myght well fare.  
 To westmynster dyde he ryde, 360  
 And the frenche prysoners with hym also;  
 He raunsommed them in that tyde,  
 And agayne to theyr contrye he let them goo.  
 Thus of this matter I make an ende,  
 To theeffecte of the batayll haue I gone;  
 For in this boke I cannot comprehende  
 The greatest batayll of all, called y<sup>e</sup> sege of Rone,<sup>2</sup>  
 For that sege lasted. iii.yere and more;  
 And there a rat was at. xl.pens,

<sup>1</sup> Henry entered London on the 23rd of November, 1415.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. misprints *Rome*. Henry crossed over to Calais, for the third time, in August, 1417, with a much larger army than he had led to Agincourt, and the siege of Rouen was formed on the 30th July, 1418.

For in the Cytye the people hongered sore ;      370  
 Women and chyldren for faute of mete were lore,  
 And some for payne bare bones were gnawynge,  
 That at her brestes had .ii. chyldren soukyng.  
 Of the sege of Rone it to wryte were pytye,  
 It is a thyng so lamentable ;  
 Yet eüery hye feest our kyng, of his charytye,  
 Gaue them meate to theyr bodyes comfortable,  
 And at the laste the towne wanne w<sup>t</sup> out fable.  
 Thus of all as now I make an ende,  
 To the blysse of heuen god our soules sende.      380

Thus endeth ye batayll of Egyngcourt.  
 Impryntyd at Londõ in Foster lane  
 in saynt Leonardes parysse,  
 by me John Skot.

**FINIS.**





## The Justes of the Moneths of May and June.

¶ **H**ERE Begynneth The Justes Of The Moneth of Maye Parfurnysshed And Done By Charles brandon, Thomas knyuet, Gyles Capell, and Wyllyam Hussy. The xxii yere of the reygne of our souerayne lorde Kynge Henry the seuenth.

¶ Here Begynneth The Justes And tourney Of y<sup>e</sup> Moneth Of June, Parfurnysshed And Done By Rychard Gray, erle Of Kent, By Charles brandon, w<sup>t</sup> Theyr Two Aydes Agaynst All Comers. The xxii yere Of the reygne of our Souerayne lorde Kynge Henry y<sup>e</sup> Seuenth.

No place, printer's name, or date, 4to, black letter, 10 leaves, the last page being blank.

May and June, it is to be remarked, were months which our ancestors set apart for exercises connected with the lists and for athletic sports generally, and Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, ed. 1845, p. xxviii, cites (with appalling inaccuracy) from Harl. MS. 69 [fol. 5, *verso*], a passage in which these expressions occur:—"And bycause it is well knowen, that as yet I mean the monethes of maie and June, all such disports [hawking, hunting, &c.] be not convenient . . . . wherfore, in eschewing of idlenes, the ground of all vice,' and to exercise that thing that shalbe hono<sup>r</sup>able, and to the body healthfull and profitable: I now most humble manere beseech your most noble highnes two gentlemen, assosyatying to them two other gentlemen to be their

aides, to give vs your gracious licence to furnish certaine articles concerning the feate of armes hereafter ensewing:—Ffirst, There shalbe a greene tree sett vp in the lawnde of Grennich parke, the xxii of maie, whervppon shall hange, by a greene lace, Vergescu Blanke; which white shield it shalbe lawfull to any Gentleman that will aunswear this chalenge ensewing to subscribe his name; And the said two gent<sup>n</sup>, with their two aides, shalbe redye on the said xxiii daie of Maie, being Thursdaye, and Mondaye then next ensewing, and so eu<sup>r</sup>ye Thursdaye and mondaye till the xxth daye of June, armed for the foote, to aunswear all gentlemen comers, at the feate called the Barriers, with the casting speare, and the Targett, and with the bastard sword, after this maner following, that is to saie, from vi. of the clocke in the forenoone till sixe of the clocke in the afternoone during the tyme.—And the said two gent<sup>n</sup> with their two aiders, or one of them, shall there be redye at the said place, the daye and dayes afore rehearsed, to deliver any of the gentlemen answerers of one cast with the speare hedded with the morne, and vii. strokes with the sword, point and edge rebated, without close, or griping one another with handes, vppon paine of punishment as the judges for the tyme being shall thinke requisite.—And it shall not be lawfull to the Challengers, nor to the Answerers, with the bastard sword to giue or offer any ffoyne to his match, vpon paine of like punishment.—And the Challengers<sup>1</sup> shall bringe into the ffield, the said dayes and tymes, all manner weapons concerning the said feate, that is to saie, casting speares headed with mornes, and bastard swordes point and edge rebated; and the aunswerers to haue the first choise.’”

The MS. here cited<sup>2</sup> gives an account of various tournaments, commencing with those held in celebration of the marriage of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV, to Anne Mowbray, daughter and sole heir of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and Earl Marshal of England. A narrative of the marriage, &c,

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<sup>1</sup> The two parties to a wager of battle were the *Defendant* and the *Appellant* or *Challenger*.

<sup>2</sup> It formerly belonged to Ralph Starkey, and has his autograph, “Ra. Starkey, 1617.”



is printed from Ashmole MS. 856, in *Illustrations of Ancient State and Chivalry*, 1840.

The present tract, a copy of which is preserved in the Pepysian library at Cambridge, is instructing in a biographical and historical point of view. It has reference to an incident in the life of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, brother-in-law to Henry VIII, and in that of Richard Gray, Earl of Kent. The duke lost his first wife (the king's sister, Mary, widow of Louis XII. of France) in 1533,<sup>1</sup> and married, secondly, Catherine, daughter and heiress of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, by which lady he had two sons, Henry and Charles. The Duke of Suffolk died in 1545, and both his sons fell victims to the sweating sickness in 1551.<sup>2</sup> A memoir of them was written by one of their tutors, Dr. Thomas Wilson, and was printed, with elegies, &c, on their death by several of the writers of the day,<sup>3</sup> in the same year.

Of Charles Brandon the elder, who died in 1545, as already stated, some particulars will be found in *Archæologia, Excerpta Historica*, 1831, and *Calendars of State Papers, Dom. Ser.*, Nov. 3-6, 1559. In a copy of a *Survey of the Armoury of the Tower*

<sup>1</sup> Weever's *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, ed. 1631, p. 726. In 1507, Mary, the king's sister, was espoused to the son of the Emperor Maximilian, but the match was broken off. An account of the solemnities and triumphs celebrated on the occasion of the betrothal was printed by Pynson in 4to, without date, and the same typographer also published the *Fædus Matrimonii*, 1508, 4to, of which a copy is at Cambridge. But the Jousts described (rather obscurely, it must be confessed) in the piece before us, appear to have been unconnected with the occasion. See *Archæologia*, xviii. 33.

<sup>2</sup> It was this fatal epidemic which formed the inducement to Dr. Caius, the eminent physician, to publish his *Boke or counsell against the disease commonly called the sweate, or sweatynge sicknesse*, 1552, 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> *Vita et Obitus Duorum Fratrum Suffolciensium Henrici et Caroli Brandoni*, &c. Londini, Anno Domini MDLI, 4to. But some copies have no imprint. See also *Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, ed. Ellis, p. 12 (Camden Soc.).

of London (Arch. xi. 100,) the duke's horse armour is thus described:—"An armor compleate, cap a pe white and plaine, the horse furniture a shaffroone, brest-plate, and buttocke of the same; one sadle, bitt, and bridle."

In the 3rd vol. of the same valuable miscellany, is printed Sir Joseph Ayloff's *Description of an Ancient Picture at Windsor Castle*, representing the interview of Henry VIII. and Francis I, between Guines and Ardres, in 1520. In this pamphlet there is the following description of the Duke of Suffolk:—"Immediately after the king follow four of the principal persons of his court, riding abreaste. That [i. e. the figure] on his right is Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, wearing the collar of the order of the garter, and mounted on a white horse, richly caparisoned." It was very probably in some such array that he took part in the jousts celebrated in the following pages, and which were held in the months of May and June, 1507.

For a careful and accurate transcript of this valuable relic the editor is indebted to Henry Bradshaw, Esq. of King's College, Cambridge, who, at the request of his friend C. H. Cooper, Esq. F.S.A, most kindly undertook the task of copying the tract from the original, and of collating the text in proof.

The *Justes of the Moneths of May and June* was probably printed by *Wynkyn de Worde* in 1507, or the following year; but the absence of imprint and colophon renders it difficult to speak with much confidence as to the press from which the piece issued, inasmuch as the types of De Worde were not at all un-similar to those used by contemporary printers, more particularly Pynson and Michel.


The former portion of this poetical volume was included by Mr. Hartshorne in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829. From the way in which the *Justes of the Moneth of Maye* is noticed in the *Book Rarities of the University of Cambridge*, published in the same year by Mr. Hartshorne, and from the circumstance of that gentleman not mentioning the *Justes of the Moneth of June* in his *Metrical Tales*, it seems pretty clear that he regarded the two parts of the book in question as separate works, and was not aware that, in reproducing (with woful blunders) only the *Justes of Maye*, he was presenting the public with an imperfect production.

The reader, who desires information as to the laws which re-

gulated ancient tournaments in this country, may be referred to a curious paper on the subject printed in the first volume of Park's edition of the *Nuga Antiquæ*. Of the tournaments which were held on various occasions during the reign of Henry VIII, and in many of which Charles Brandon, the first Duke of Suffolk of that family, was a prominent participator, there are some interesting particulars in Sir Henry Ellis's "Collection of Original Letters, illustrative of English History," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1755, and in Maclean's *Life of Sir Peter Carew*, 1857.

In the *Epigrammata* of Robert Whittinton the grammarian, 1519, 4to, are some verses to Charles Brandon the elder, and he is mentioned with applause in the *Philosopher's Banquet*, by W. B. Esquire, second edition, 1614, 8vo.

¶ Here begynneth the Justes of the moneth of  
 Maye, parfurnysshed & done by Charles  
 Brandon. Thomas knyuet. Gyles Capell &  
 Wyllyam Hussy. The .xxii. yere of the  
 regne of our souerayne lorde Kynge Henry  
 the seuenth.<sup>1</sup>

¶  HE moneth of May with ameraus beloued  
 Plasauntly past wherin there hath ben  
 proued  
 Feates of armes and no persones repropud  
 That had courage

¶ In armoure bryght to shewe theyr personage  
 On stedes stronge sturdy and corsage  
 But rather prayسد for theyr vassellage  
 As reason was

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<sup>1</sup> Below this heading occurs a woodcut of two knights with spears.

- ¶ In whiche season thus fortunéd the cace  
 A lady fayre moost beautyuous of face 10  
 With seruauntes foure brought was into a place  
 Staged about
- ¶ Wheron stode lordes and ladyes a grete route  
 And many a knyght, and squyer also stoute  
 That the place was as full as it be mought  
 On euery syde
- ¶ That to beholde the Justes dyde abyde  
 Tyll that the pryse by the Judges was tryed  
 And by the herodes that trouthe wel espyed  
 Therfore puruayde
- ¶ Thus these foure seruauntes of this lady foresayd 21  
 Entred the felde/ therefor to be assayde  
 Gorgyously apparayled and arrayde  
 And for pleasaunce
- ¶ And in a maner for a cognysaunce  
 Of Mayes month they bare a souenaunce  
 Of a verte cocle was the resemblaunce  
 Tatched ryght fast
- ¶ About theyr neckes as longe as May dyde laste  
 But about theyr neckes it was not caste 30  
 For chalenge/ but they weere it tyll May was past  
 Redy to Just
- ¶ Theyr armure clere relucen without ruste  
 Theyr horses barded trottynge on the duste  
 Procured gentyll hertes vnto luste  
 And to solace

¶ Specyally suche as Venus dyde embrace  
 Or as of Cupyde folowed the trace  
 Or suche as of Mars desyred the grace  
 For to attayne 40

¶ And as touchynge this lady souerayne  
 Had suche beaute/ it wolde an herte constrayne  
 To serue her/ though he knewe to lese his payne  
 She was so shene

¶ She and her seruauntes clad were all in grene  
 Her fetures fresshe none can dyscryue I wene  
 For beaute she myght well haue ben a quene  
 She yonge of aege

¶ Was set moste goodly hye vpon a stage  
 Under a hauthorne made by the ourage 50  
 Of Flora that is of heuenly parage  
 In her hande was

¶ Of halfe an houre with sande rennyng a glas  
 So contryued it kepte truely the space  
 Of the halfe houre and dyde it neuer passe  
 But for to tell

¶ How this lady that so ferre dyde excell  
 Was named yf I aduyse me well  
 Lady of May she hyght/ after Aprell 59  
 Began her reygne

¶ Whose tyme duryng her seruauntes toke grete payne  
 Before her to shewe pleasure souerayne  
 So that in felde who that came them agayne  
 In armoure bryght

- ¶ On horsbacke mounted for to proue theyr myght  
 Two seruauntes of this lady of delyte  
 Sholde be mounted/ armed/ and redy dyght  
 At atyltes ende
- ¶ That to parfurnyssh theyr chalyge dyde entende  
 Fyrst one of them halfe houre sholde dyspende 70  
 With hym that came fyrste in felde to defende  
 With coronall
- ¶ With grete speres that were not shapen small  
 And whan a spere was broken forthe withall  
 The trompettes blewe with sounes musycall  
 Half houre done
- ¶ Another chalenger was redy sone  
 With another defendaunt to rone  
 And so the defendauntes one after one  
 Each day ly twayne 80
- ¶ Chalengers answered were to theyr grete payne  
 And artycled it was in wordes playne  
 That yf a chalenger ony hurte dyde sustayne  
 Another myght
- ¶ Of his felowes come to felde redy dyght  
 To maynteyne his felowes chalyge and ryght  
 Theyr artycles also dyde it recyte  
 Thus who came there
- ¶ Horsed and in armoure burnysshed clere  
 As a defendaunt he sholde chose his spere 90  
 And rynne halfe houre with a chalengere  
 Whiche season doone

¶ A trumpet blewe to gyue warnynge ryght soone  
Thus the Justes helde frome twayne after none  
Tyll syxe was strycke of clockes mo than one  
Whiche houres past

¶ The defendauntes the tylte about compast,  
And with trumpettes out of the felde they past  
The chalengers in the felde abode laste  
Euery eche day 100

¶ And one of them the lady dyde conuaye  
That named was the yonge lady of May  
Frome her hye stage with floures made so gaye  
And there redy

¶ Was his felawe hym to accompany  
Thus the chalengers melodyously  
About the tylte rode also ryght warrely  
In theyr armure

¶ Complete saue of theyr heed peces pure  
And in this wyse they made departure 110  
Accompanied with many a creature  
Yonge and lusty

¶ On horses gambawdynge wonderously  
That it semed as to a mannes eye  
That they wolde haue hanged styll in the skye  
Other there were

¶ That were Joly and gorgyas in theyr gere  
And whan they lyst coude well handle a spere  
That came eche day to serue other men there  
On eche party 120

- ¶ And dyde in eche thyng inderferently  
 It came be ye sure of ryght grete curtesy  
 Of the chalengers I shall you certefy  
 How they were prest
- ¶ Twyse in the weke in the felde redy drest  
 Duryng the May and chosen for dayes best  
 Were sondaye and thursday and metelyest  
 To shewe pleasure
- ¶ With speres grete them to auenture  
 And who in presence of this lady pure 130  
 Brake moost speres a golde rynge sholde recure  
 Of this lady
- ¶ And agayne on the party contrary  
 Yf the defendaunt on his party  
 Of speres alowed breke not so many  
 As chalengere
- ¶ Or he went thens humbly he sholde apere  
 Before this lady moost comly of chere,  
 And to present vnto her a rynge there  
 This ordre set 140
- ¶ Was with artycles moo wherof to treat  
 Sholde be to longe but who best had the feate,  
 Was gladdest man / but he the pryce dyde gete  
 That speres brake
- ¶ Most in the felde yet other had no lake  
 Of speres brekyng for to here the crake  
 Wolde cause ony lusty herte pleasure to take  
 What with the brute



¶ Of trumpettes and many an other flute  
 Of taboryns and of many a douce lute 150  
 The mynstrelles were proprely clade in sute  
 All this deuysse

¶ Was worthy prayse after my poore aduysse  
 Syth it was to no mannes preiudysse  
 To passe the tyme this merciall exercysse  
 Was commendable

¶ Specyally for folkes honourable  
 And for other gentylmen therto able  
 And for defence of realmes profytable  
 Is the vsage 160

¶ Therefore good is to haue parfyght knowlage  
 For all men that haue youth or metely age  
 How with the spere theyr enemyes to outrage  
 At euery nede

¶ And how he sholde also gouerne his stede  
 And for to vse in stede of other wede  
 To were armure complete from fote to hede  
 Is ryght metely

¶ It encourageth also a body  
 Enforcynge hym to be the more hardy 170  
 And syth it is so necessary

¶ I them commende  
 That to defende  
 Them selfe pretende

Valyauntly

- ¶ And dyscommende  
 Them that dyspende  
 Theyr lyfe to ende  
                                   In vayne foly
- ¶ Some reprehende  
 Suche as entende  
 To condescende  
                                   To chyualry
- ¶ God then amende  
 And grace them sende  
 Not to offende  
                                   More till they deye.

¶ Chende of the Justes of Maye.



¶ Here begynneth the Justes and tourney of þe moneth of June parfurnysshed and done by Rycharde Graue erle of Kent, by Charles brandon w<sup>t</sup> theyr two aydes agaynst all comers. The .xxii. yere of the reygne of our Souerayne lorde Kynge Henry þe Seventh.<sup>1</sup>

¶ **F**OR as moche as yonge folke can not deuyse  
 To passe tyme in more noble excersyse  
 Than in the aunteyent knyghtes practyse  
 Of dayes olde.

¶ That were in tyme of Arthur kynge mooste bolde  
 That this realme than named Brytayne dyde holde  
 Of whose rounde table and noble housholde  
 Were knyghtes good

¶ And dyuers of them borne of ryall blode  
 And other that were of ryght manly mode 10  
 That auentred bothe through forest and flode  
 To gete honoure

¶ Remembraunce wherof sholde in euery houre  
 Be vnto vs dayly a parfyte myrroure  
 So that we sholde enforce vs to our powre  
 To wynne suche lose

¶ As these knyghtes that were vycoryose  
 And though that it be now more sumptuose  
 Than/ than syth Mayes seruauntes gracyose  
 Hath put in vre 20

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<sup>1</sup> Underneath occurs a cut of two knights with swords.

- ¶ Of aunterose the olde auenture  
 Called somtyme cheualrous pleasure  
 Wherby they haue wonne of eche creature  
 Laude in this Maye
- ¶ Durynge the moneth of June euery sonday  
 Two chalengers in blewe dyde them assaye  
 Of horse and man fyrst day was theyr araye  
 Sarcenet blue
- ¶ And theyr armoure paynted of the same hue  
 At the felde ende was pyght for to say true 30  
 A pauyllyon on the grasse fresshe and nue  
 Wherin these twayne
- ¶ Chalengers for to arme them dyde remayne  
 Whan they were armed at ease without payne  
 They yssued to begyn with all theyr mayne  
 Theyr chalenge there
- ¶ Ageynst all defendauntes that wolde appere  
 After the entre as is the manere  
 About the felde they were brought euery where  
 That was all playne 40
- ¶ Without a tylte abydyngge tyme certayne  
 By the kynge assygned our prynce souerayne  
 With sporres sharpe two courses to sustayne  
 In blanke armure.
- ¶ Ageynst eche comer that lyst to aduenture  
 The courses done with swerdes sherpe and sure  
 Saue onely of theyr poyntes rebature  
 They dyde tourney

- ¶ Full strokes syx eche other to assaye  
 And eche man dyde his best I dare well say 50  
 Eueryche of them thought to bere the pryce away  
 Theyr strokes done
- ¶ The defendaunt presented hym selfe soone  
 Before a pryncesse that of this regyon  
 Hath to fader Kynge and Emperoure alone  
 Whose vycory
- ¶ Hye magesty with tryumphaut regally  
 And noble fame of prudent polycy  
 Knowen is in euery realme vulgarely  
 To his honoure 60
- ¶ And to oures of whome he is gouernoure  
 Frome this royall reed rose and stately floure  
 And frome the whyte of all vertue myrroure  
 This yonge lady
- ¶ This comfortable blossome named Mary  
 Spronge is to all Englonde's glory  
 With bothe roses ennued moost swetely  
 By dame nature
- ¶ That euery thyng lyuyng hath in her cure  
 But whan she made this propre portrayture 70  
 She dyde that myght be done to creature  
 And not onely
- ¶ For excellent byrthe but surmountyng beauty  
 In the worlde of her aege moost womanly  
 Lyke to be to pryncesses exemplary  
 For her vertue

- ¶ Vnto whiche prynesse the defendautes dyde sewe  
 Beschyng her grace to haue syx strokes newe  
 To whose request this prynesse fresshe of hewe  
 Ryght soone dyde graunte
- ¶ Whiche had, they retourned on horses pyssaunt 81  
 And gaue syx strokes the chalengers to daunt  
 But who dyde best I make none auant  
 But thus it was
- ¶ Pyeces of harneys flewe in to the place  
 Theyr swerdes brake they smote thycke and a pace  
 They spared not cors/ armyt/ nor yet vambrace  
 They lyst not sporte
- ¶ For there were none of all the lusty sorte  
 That scaped fre and he the trouthe reporte 90  
 To all beholders it dyde grete conforte  
 And fyrst of all
- ¶ To se the speres fle in tronchons small  
 And to here the trompettes so musycall  
 It was an armony moost specyall  
 The tourney done
- ¶ Dyuers defendautes touched theyr challenge sone  
 In the kynges presence though I name none  
 That for the same had made prouysyon  
 Thus this day paste 100
- ¶ **T**HE nexte Sonday the chalengers in hast  
 Entre the felde and by the kynge they past  
 And obeysauntly doune theyr heedes they cast  
 And theyr araye

- ¶ Was blue bawdekyn of horse and man that daye  
 The trompettes and other dyde them conuey  
 About the felde and frome them went away  
 In for to brynge
- ¶ The defendauntes that made shorte taryenge  
 On horses barded ryght ryche to my semynge 110  
 Whiche made after theyr in comyng  
 Theyr obeysaunce
- ¶ Vnto the kyng both of Englonde and of Fraunce  
 And twayne to them with speres dyde auaunce  
 And who that fyrst sholde proue his valyaunce  
 He chose his spear
- ¶ The other to a chalenger one dyde bere  
 Shortly with them togyder they ranne there  
 As though neyther of them other dyde fere  
 And so they ran 120
- ¶ Tyll they had had two courses euery man  
 And than the tornay sharpely they began  
 And as they dyde the fyrste day they dyde than  
 Valyauntly
- ¶ The artycles dyde also specyfy  
 The chalengers sholde haue in company  
 Aydes twayne that sholde be there redy  
 And so they had
- ¶ That to armes were desyrous and glad  
 And it appered by theyr strokes sad 130  
 Theyr armes ought not to be called bad  
 Who toke good hede

¶ This day a challenger was hurte in dede  
 For whiche an ayde came that daye in his stede  
 To byd hym hast hym doubte not it was no nede  
 To the turnay

¶ It were to longe to tell all done that day  
 Therfor I wyll it for this tyme delay  
 And parte I wyll shewe of the last sonday  
 That Justes were

140

¶ The challengers and theyr aydes in fere  
 Were all present and gorgyas in theyr gere  
 Blewe clothe of golde that were costly and dere  
 Both horse and man.

¶ And to be shorte yf they the fyrst day wan  
 Eche man honour in lyke wyse they dyd than  
 They were commended of suche as tell can  
 Therof the guyse.

¶ Though foles vnconnyng lyst some despyse  
 And one of them sholde suche a thyng enterpryse  
 I deme he wolde be a symple prentyse  
 To chyualry

151

¶ Yet suche that lewde be / be moost besy  
 To reporte of gentylnen vylany  
 And yet wyse men there beyng seeth not why  
 Lay that aparte

¶ And of theyr chalenge I wyll you aduerte  
 In asure beyng a whyte ennelde herte  
 Bytwene .R. and .H. playn and ouerte  
 Whiche were applyed

60



- ¶ To Roy Henry / and eke it sygnefyed  
 In stedfast asure a colour constant tryed  
 That the whyte herte w'out spot sholde abyde  
 Euer in one
- ¶ This was therof the hole entencyon  
 Though ony after his opynyon  
 To the chalengers reprehensyon  
 Lyst other say
- ¶ Thus in blewe clad they wente the fyrst sonday  
 In sygne as the colour of theyr aray 170  
 Betokened so wolde they be alway  
 Stedfast and true
- ¶ And thoughe eche sonday they were chaunged newe  
 In theyr apparayle yet the coloure blewe  
 Of theyr chalenge was the lyurey and hue  
 In whiche coloure
- ¶ Theyr hertes whyte and pure in euery houre  
 Shall truely reste for ony storme or shoure  
 And to serue euer truely to theyr powre  
 Our kynge royall 180
- ¶ That is our souerayne and prynce naturall  
 Whose noble actes and faytes mercyall  
 Shall be had in remembraunce immortall  
 The worlde through out.
- ¶ And for to speke now of this lusty route  
 With spere and swerde they were sturdy and stoute  
 As I am enfourmed without doute  
 Further also

- ¶ Artycles made there were many one mo  
 But as it lyked the kynge / all was do 190  
 And reason was also it sholde be so  
 For for his sake
- ¶ This thyng of pleasure was there vndertake  
 For in his presence thys pastyme to make  
 Was to cause solace in hym to awake  
 This theyr<sup>r</sup> entente
- ¶ Was verely after my Jugement  
 And fyrst of all of Rycharde erle of Kent  
 And in lyke wyse of all the remanent  
 And in party 200
- ¶ For to say true I exsteme verely  
 Euery man of them was the more redy  
 Perceyunge that our yonge prince Henry  
 Sholde it beholde
- ¶ Whiche was to them more conforte manyfolde  
 Than of the worlde all the treasure and golde  
 His presence gaue theym courage to be bolde  
 And to endure
- ¶ Syth our prynce moost comly of stature  
 Is desyrous to the moost knyghtly vre 210  
 Of armes to whiche marcyall auenture  
 Is his courage
- ¶ Notwithstondyng his yonge and tender aege  
 He is moost comly of his parsonage  
 And as desyrous to this ourage  
 As prynce may be

¶ And thoughe a prynce / and kynges sone be he  
 It pleaseth hym of his benygnyte  
 To suffre gentylmen of lowe degre  
 In his presence 220

¶ To speke of armes and of other defence  
 Without doynge vnto his grace offence  
 But and I sholde do all my delygence  
 Yet in no wyse

¶ Can I determyne who that wanne the pryce  
 For eche man dyde the best he coude deuysel  
 And therefore I can none of them dyspyse  
 They dyde so well

¶ The Juges that marked it best can tell  
 And the herodes that wrote euery dell 230  
 Who wan the gree to me it is counsell  
 But in this wyse

¶ This weerly vsage and martes entrepryse  
 These monthes twayne yonge folke dyde exercyse  
 Not onely therof to haue the practyse  
 But the chyef thyng

¶ Was to shewe pleasure to our souerayne the kyng  
 Henry of that name the seuenth in rekenyng  
 After the conquest / for whose preseruyng  
 Lete vs still pray 240

¶ That he may lyue prosperously alway  
 And after this lyfe that he also may  
 Joye amonge aungelles for euer and ay  
 And his yssue

¶ After hym longe to reygne and contynue  
 And that theyr subjectes to them may be true  
 And that they may perceuer in vertue  
 And come to blysse

¶ Perpetuall

Where euer is  
 Hath be and shall  
 Joye eternall  
 Amen say we  
 For charyte

250

¶ Some are so accustomed euyl to reporte  
 That with grete payne / skantly they can say well  
 For and one were stronge / as Sampson le forte  
 As manly as Hector / that dyde excell  
 As wyse as sage Salamon in counsell  
 Or had wonne conquestes / as dyde Alexandre 260  
 Yet false tonges wolde be redy to sklaundre

¶ Lyke wyse yf they / that dyde Just and tourney  
 Had done as well / as Launcelot du lake  
 Some of enuy dysdeynously wolde say  
 The entrepryse was fondly vndertake  
 But it was done but onely for the sake  
 Of kynge Henry our naturall souerayne lorde  
 And of the prynce / who lysted it to remorde





## Adam Bel Clym of the Cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudesle.

¶ Adam bel Clym of the cloughe and wyllyam of cloudesle.<sup>1</sup>  
[Colophon.] Inprinted at London in Lothburye by Wyllyam  
Copland.

Other editions: 1605, 4to; 1616, 4to; 1632, 4to; 1648, 4to;  
1668, 4to; 1683, 4to; 1698, 18mo; by A. M, for W. Thack-  
eray, at the Angel in Duck Lane, n. d., 4to, 11 leaves.<sup>2</sup>

In 1605, a continuation, called the "Second Part," was first added; but it is unworthy of the subject, and was probably penned by some hack-writer of the day. This second part was republished in 1616, 4to; but not afterwards, it seems. Besides these editions, there is a fragment of a very old one in the possession of Mr. Collier, which that gentleman believes to be more ancient than Copland's. At the editor's request, Mr. Collier, with characteristic kindness and promptitude, placed his fragment in his hands for inspection and collation, and the editor feels satisfied that Mr. Collier is right in his opinion. The text is far more accurate and genuine than that of Copland, which may be said to abound in corruptions; and the

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<sup>1</sup> This title is over a woodcut of three archers, which was subsequently employed without much discrimination for other purposes. It occurs on the title-page of *A True Tale of Robbin Hood*, by Martin Parker, 1632, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> There is an edition, Newcastle, 1772, 12mo, with a woodcut on the title-page representing an ancient Morris-dance, and wholly unconnected with the present story.

type is clearly older. It is very like Wynkyn de Worde's type, and a comparison with a tract printed by the latter in 1533 tempts the editor to form a conclusion that Mr. Collier's edition of *Adam Bel*, &c, came from that press, or from Robert Copland's. R. C. was De Worde's apprentice, and probably printed books as early as 1520.

In the *Registers of the Stationers' Company* are the following particulars relative to this performance:—

“[1557-8.] To John Kynge, to prynte this boke Called Adam bell, &c, and for his lycense he geveth to the howse. . . [no sum].”

On the 15th January, 1581-2, John Charlwood obtained a licence to reprint this and other fugitive tracts, and in August, 1587, a similar right was granted to Edward White in favour of “a ballad of William Cloudisley, *never printed before*,” which was, very probably, the present production, since, indeed, Cloudesley, and not Bell, is the principal character in it. On the other hand, it may have been a ballad confined to the story about Cloudesley and the apple.<sup>1</sup>

Of these impressions there does not seem to be any longer the slightest trace. Mr. Collier (*Extracts from Registers of the Stationers' Company*, i. 15) seems to think that King may have resigned his interest in the work to [W.] Copland, and this supposition may be strengthened by King having apparently paid nothing to the Company.

This charming story which, in one of its leading features, bears a close resemblance to the traditional account of an

<sup>1</sup> The legend is alluded to under the title of *Clym of the Clough* alone by Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*, by John Davies in an eclogue attached to W. Browne's *Shepherds Pipe*, 1614, and by Drayton. Drayton's words are:—

“Come, sit we downe under this Hawthorne tree;  
The morrowes light shall lend us daie enough—  
And tell a tale of Gawen or Sir Guy,  
Of Robin Hood, or of good Clem of the Clough.”

*Idea. the Shepherds Garland*, 1593.

But in all the impressions which have passed under the editor's notice there is the same order of precedence as regards the heroes' names.

adventure which befel the Swiss patriot William Tell about the commencement of the fourteenth century, was printed, not at all accurately, by Ritson in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, from the only known copy of Copland's edition, preserved among Garrick's books in the National Library. The present republication has been formed from a careful collation of the original edition from Copland's press, with a few readings, as has been already observed, taken from an imperfect exemplar of a possibly still older impression in the library of Mr. Collier. It is proper to apprise the reader that, in Copland's edition, there is no punctuation.

The late Mr. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 245,<sup>1</sup> has shown that an annuity of £4 10s., issuing out of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hunter's own words are as follow:—"King Henry the Fourth, by letters enrolled in the Exchequer in Trinity term, in the seventh year of his reign, and bearing date the 14th day of April, granted to one *Adam Bell* an annuity of £4 10s., issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in the forest of Sherwood, together with the profits and advantages of the vesture and herbage of the garden called the Halgarth, in which the manor house of Clipston is situated.

"Now, as Sherwood is noted for its connection with archery, and may be regarded also as the *patria* of much of the ballad poetry of England, and the name Adam Bell is a peculiar one, this might be almost of itself sufficient to shew that the ballad had a foundation in veritable history. But we further find that this Adam Bell violated his allegiance by adhering to the Scots, the King's enemies; whereupon this grant was virtually resumed, and the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire accounted for the rents which would have been his. In the third year of King Henry the Fifth the account was rendered by Thomas Hercy, and in the fourth year by Simon Leak. The mention of his adhesion to the Scots leads us to the Scottish border, and will not leave a doubt in the mind of the most sceptical that we have here one of the persons some of whose deeds (with some poetical license, perhaps) are come down to us in the words of one of our popular ballads."—*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 245-6. Compare Gutch's *Lytell Geste*, &c. i. 318.

fee-farm of Clipston, in Sherwood, Notts, was granted to one *Adam Bel*, temp. Henry IV. The great Scottish poet Dunbar (*Poems*, i. 126) who probably died about 1515, must allude to our outlaw in the following passage from his poem of "Sir Thomas Norray:"—

" Was never weild Robeine under Bewch,  
Nor yit Roger of Clekkinskewch,  
So bauld a bairne as he;  
Gy of Gysburne, na *Allane Bell*,  
Na Simones sonnes of Quhynsell,  
At schot war nevir so slie."

Laneham, in his Kenilworth Letter, 1575, includes "Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudele" in his catalogue—real or fictitious—of the light literature for which Captain Cox had such a peculiar relish.

In the address "To the Christian Reader" before Edward Dering's *Briefe and Necessary Catechisme*<sup>1</sup> there is the following highly curious passage condemnatory of the literary frivolities of the age:—

" For in these dayes, in which there is so great licenciousnes of printing bookes, as in deed it maketh vs al the worse, who can blame it that hath any tast or sauour of goodnes, be it neuer

The writer of "Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage," in Ritson's book, commits an unlucky anachronism where he says of Robin Hood's father, a forester according to this gentleman:—

" The father of Robin a forrester was,  
And he shot in a lusty strong bow;  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.  
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,  
And William of Clowdelslé,  
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,  
And the forrester beat them all three."

Of comparatively modern trash, like this specimen, the Robin Hood ballads largely consist!

<sup>1</sup> Maister Derings Workes, n. p. or d. 8vo. (circa 1576).



so simple? If it had no other fruit, yet this is great & plentiful, that in reading it, we should kepe our eyes fro much godlesse & childish vanity that hath now blotted so many papers. We see it all, and we mourne for greefe so many as in spirit and truth doe loue the Lord: what mul[t]itude of Bookes full of all sinne and abominations haue now filled the world! Nothing so childish, nothing so vaine, nothing so wanton, nothing so idle, which is not both bouldly printed, and plausibly taken, so that herein we haue fulfilled the wickednesse of our forefathers, and ouertaken them in their sinnes. They had their spirituall enchantmentes, in which they were bewitched: Beuis of Hampton, Guy of Warwicke, Arthur of the [r]ounde Table, Huon of Burdaux, Oliuer of the Castell, the four sons of Aymon, and a great many other of such childish follie. And yet more vanity then these: the witlesse deuises of Gargantua, Howleglasse, Esope, Robin hood, *Adam Bell*, Fryer Rush, the fooles of Gotham, and a thousande such other."

Although *Adam Bel* occupies the foremost place in the title of the poem, the first place is unquestionably due to William of Cloudesle, the author of the feat with the apple.

Still, for some unknown reason, the place of honour has always been accorded to *Bel*, and in *Much Adoe about Nothing*, Act i. scene 1, where Shakespeare alludes to the old tale, his name is introduced singly as that of a prince among archers. The passage may be, perhaps, quoted for the convenience of the reader:—

"*Don Pedro*—Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

"*Bene*—If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called *Adam*."

And in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, Act ii. scene 1, Mercutio says:—

"Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young *Adam* Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

No doubt can be entertained that of this poem many of the old impressions have altogether disappeared. In the *Cobler of*

*Canterburie*, 1590, the Cobbler, in his "Address to the Gentlemen Readers," speaks of the "old wiuies that wedded themselves to the profound histories of Robin Hood, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH, and worthie Sir Isembras." Perhaps, indeed, the writer was careless in giving the title of the tract; but, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the booksellers, to impart an appearance of novelty to the publication, on it being reprinted, occasionally varied the title from "Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough," &c, to *Clym of the Clough*, or *William of Cloudeslé*, alone.

This poem appears to have continued popular in the time of Taylor the water-poet who, in his *Goose*, 1621, 4to, celebrates our heroes in the ensuing terms:—

"Our English yeomen, in the days of old,  
Their names and fames haue worthily extol'd;  
Witnesse that Leash, that stout admired three—  
Braue Adam Bell, Clim Clough, Will Cloudeslee."

And they are commemorated in the preface to a prose version (by Richard Johnson) of the *History of Tom Thumb*, 1621, 12mo, as "those bold yeomen of the North, those ancient Archers of all England."

In "A Song in Praise of Christmas," printed in the last edition (1859) of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 196, "Clym of the Clough" appears to be introduced by the writer merely to signify a countryman, the popularity of the name recommending, doubtless, its selection:—

"The shepherd and swain do highly disdain  
To waste out their time in care,  
And *Clym of the Clough* hath plenty enough  
If he but a penny can spare."

And the same seems to be the case in the subjoined passage from Gascoigne's *Memories (Posies, 1575, xxxvii.)*:—

"Next these commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe,  
- Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, 'tis time for him to creepe."

But Nash, in his *Pierce Penillesse*, 1592, addresses the devil—whimsically enough—in one passage as "Clim of the Clough."

It is to be presumed that the writer looked on *clough* as a synonym for a *pit* or *great hollow cavity*, and to which he was tempted by the peculiar familiarity of his readers with the name.

Mr. Gutch, in his *Lytell Geste of Robyn hode*,<sup>1</sup> &c. 1847, ii. 41, has printed entire from the Harl. MS. "A Tale of Robin Hoode, Dialouge-wise," in the nature of a burlesque, in which Adam Bel is introduced as an abbot and Robin Hood as a bishop. It appears to have been composed soon after the Reformation, or even while that was in progress. The anonymous writer puts into the mouth of one of the interlocutors:—

"Of Robin Hoode I cann thee tell,  
With Little John and Adam Bell."

The piece is of no importance as regards the present poem beyond the bare allusion, unless it may show that the author conceived Adam Bel and the great Sherwood hero to be cotemporaries, and, more than that even, comrades, in the same manner as the compiler of the *second part* of Adam Bel, 1605 and 1616.

M. Thierry (*Conquest of England by the Normans*, transl. by W. Hazlitt, ii. 229) most assuredly errs in supposing that the poem was composed in the *eleventh* century. It is not older than the *Lytell Geste of Robyn hode*, which may perhaps be assigned to the fifteenth. But in the later French editions the mistake has been rectified probably.

Dr. Rimbault, in his Musical Illustrations to Percy's *Reliques*, 1850, 8vo, p. 60, has furnished the tune to which Adam Bel, &c. seems to have been sung; and the editor has copied it below. Dr. Rimbault observes:—"The tune to which this ballad was sung the editor was fortunate enough to discover on the fly-leaf to a copy of an old music-book called 'Parthenia Inviolata; or, Mayden Musick for the Virginnalls and Bass-Viol. Printed for John Pyper [circa 1620].' Oblong 4to."

It is interesting even to *hope* that what follows may be the original tune for *Adam Bel*, &c. The music-book to which it was found attached appeared nearly a century later than the poem itself, even supposing that there were no earlier editions than the one from Copland's press, which, looking at the types of Mr. Collier's fragment, can scarcely be considered likely.

<sup>1</sup> One of the most wretchedly edited books in the language.

Me-ry it was in grene fo-rest, A -

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3 and B3. The system concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

- - monge the le-vès grene, Where-as men hunt east,

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the upper staff has a more active rhythm with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The system ends with a final note on the upper staff.

north and west, With bowes and ar-rowes kene.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page. It consists of two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the upper staff concludes with a final cadence. The bass line also concludes with a final cadence. The system ends with a double bar line.



ME-ry it was in grene forest,<sup>1</sup>

Amonge the leues grene,

Where that men walke both east and west,

Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

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<sup>1</sup> The ballad of "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne" opens somewhat similarly:—

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,  
 Such sightes as hath ofte bene sene ;  
 As by th[r]e yemen of the north countrey :  
 By them is as I meane.  
 The one of them hight Adam bel,  
 The other Clym of the Clogh,<sup>1</sup> 10  
 The thyrd was william of Cloudesly,  
 An archer good ynough.  
 They were outlawed for Venyson,  
 These thre yemen evere chone ;  
 They swore them breth[r]en upon a day,  
 To Englysshe wood<sup>2</sup> for to gone.  
 Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,  
 And that of myrthes loveth to here :  
 Two of them were singele men,  
 The third had a wedded fere. 20

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"Whan shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,  
 And leaves both large and longe,  
 Itts merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest  
 To heare the small birdes songe ;"

if, at least, this piece is *genuine*, which I doubt—that is to say, as a whole. The story is ancient unquestionably, for Guy of Gisborne is cited by Dunbar, who died about 1515, an old man. The corruptions in the Robin Hood ballads, as they are printed by Ritson and others, are innumerable.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Clement of the valley or ravine. Cloughe is no doubt cleugh, from *cleave*, *cleft*. *To clewe* is given in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary* as an old form of *to cleave*.

<sup>2</sup> The "Englysshe wood" mentioned in v. 16, &c, is Englewood or Inglewood, an extensive forest in Cumberland, which was sixteen miles in length, and reached from Carlisle to Penrith.—*Ritson*. Perhaps Engwood, Co. Durham, is a corruption of *Engle-wood*, which may have anciently extended thus far.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,  
 Muche more then was hys care ;  
 He sayde to hys breth[r]en upon a day,  
 To Carelel he would fare,  
 For to speke with fayre Al[i]se hys wife,  
 And with hys chyldren thre.  
 By my trowth, sayde Adam bel,  
 Not by the counsell of me :  
 For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,  
 And from thys wylde wode wende, 30  
 If the justice mai you take,  
 Your lyfe were at an ende.  
 If that I come not to morowe, brother,  
 By pryme<sup>1</sup> to you agayne,  
 Truste not els but that I am take,  
 Or else that I am slayne.  
 He toke hys leaue of hys breth[r]en two,  
 And to Carlel he is gon,  
 There he knocked at hys owne windowe,  
 Shortlye and a none. 40  
 Where be you,<sup>2</sup> fayre Alyce my wyfe ?  
 And my chyldren three ?  
 Lyghtly let in thyne husbände,  
 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.  
 Alas, then sayde fayre Alyce,

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. noon. It is commonly used by early writers in this sense. In the *Four P.P.*, by John Heywood, circa 1540, the apothecary says:—

“If he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,  
 By the masse, he is in heven or even songe tyme.”

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *your*.

And syghed wonderous sore,  
 Thys place hath ben besette for you,  
 Thys halfe yere and more.  
 Now am I here, sayde Cloudesle,  
 I<sup>1</sup> woulde that I in were;— 50  
 Now feche us meate and drynke ynoughe,  
 And let us make good chere.  
 She feched hym meat and drynke plenty,  
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe,  
 And pleased hym wyth that she had,  
 Whome she loued as her lyfe.  
 There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
 A lytle besyde the fyre,  
 Whych Wyllyam had found of cherytye  
 More then seuen yere; 60  
 Up she rose, and walked full styll,  
 Euel mote she spede<sup>2</sup> therefoore:  
 For she had not set no fote on ground  
 In seuen yere before.  
 She went vnto the justice hall,  
 As fast as she could hye:  
 Thys nyght is come vnto this town  
 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.  
 Thereof the Iustice was full fayne,  
 And so was the shirife also; 70  
 Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame, fore nought,  
 Thy meed thou shalt haue, or thou go.  
 They gaue to her a ryght good goune,  
 Of scarlat it was as I herde say[n]e,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *In*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *spende*.

She toke the gyft and home she wente,  
 And couched her downe agayne.  
 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,  
 In all the hast that they can,  
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,  
 As fast [as] they myght gone. 80  
 Theyr they besette that good yeman,  
 Round a bout on euery syde,  
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
 That heyther ward [they] hyed.  
 Alyce opened a shot <sup>1</sup> wyndow,  
 And loked all a bout,  
 She was ware of the Justice and the Shriffe bothe,  
 Wyth a great full great route.  
 Alas, treason, cryd Alyce,  
 Euer wo may thou be ! 90  
 Gy into my chambre, my husband, she sayd,  
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle.  
 He toke hys sward and hys bucler,  
 Hys bow and hy[s] chyldren thre,  
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,  
 Where he thought surest to be.  
 Fayre Alice folowed him <sup>2</sup> as a lover true,  
 With a pollaxe in her hande :  
 He shal be dead that here cometh in  
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand. 100  
 Cloudesle bent a welgood bowe,  
 That was of trusty tre,  
 He smot the Justise on the brest,

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *shop*

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *he*.



That hys arrowe brest in thre.  
 Gods curse on his hartt, saide William,  
 Thys day thy cote dyd on,  
 If it had ben no better then myne,  
 It had gone nere thy bone.  
 Yelde the, Cloudesle, sayd the Justise,  
 And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110  
 Gods curse on hys hart, sayde fair Al[i]ce,  
 That my husband councelleth so.  
 Set fyre on the house, saide y<sup>e</sup> Sherife;  
 Syth it wyll no better be,  
 And brenne we therin William, he saide,  
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.  
 They fyred the house in many a place,  
 The fyre flew vp on <sup>1</sup> hye ;  
 Alas, than cryed fayr Alece,  
 I se we shall here dy. 120  
 William openyd hys backe wyndow,  
 That was in hys chambre on hye,  
 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,  
 And hys chyldren thre.  
 Have here my treasure, sayde William,  
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre ;  
 For Christes loue do them no harme,  
 But wreke you all on me.  
 Wylyyam shot so wonderous well,  
 Tyll hys arrowes were all gon, 130  
 And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,  
 That hys bo stryng brent in two.

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *open*.

The spercles brent, and fell hym on,  
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle !  
 But than was he a wofull man,  
 And sayde, thys is a cowardes death to me,  
 Leuer I had, sayde Wyllyam,  
 With my sworde in the route to renne,  
 Then here among myne enemyes wode,  
 Thus cruelly to bren. 140

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,  
 And among them all he ran,  
 Where the people were most in prece,  
 He smot downe many a man.  
 There myght no man stand hys stroke,  
 So fersly on them he ran ;  
 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,  
 And so toke that good yeman.  
 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
 And in depe dongeon hym cast : 150

Now, Cloudesle, sayd the hye Justice,  
 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.  
 One vow shal I make, sayde the sherife,  
 A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,  
 And the gates of Caerlel shalbe shutte,  
 There shall no man come in therat.  
 Then shall not helpe Clim of the cloughe,  
 Nor yet [shall] Adam bell,  
 Though they came with a thousand mo,  
 Nor all the deuels in hell. 160

Early in the mornyng the Justice vprose,  
 To the gates fast gan he gon,  
 And commaunded to be shut full cloce

Lightile everychone,  
 Then went he to the market place,  
 As fast as he coulede hye,  
 A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp set,  
 Besyde the pyllory.

A lytle boy stod them amonge,  
 And asked what meaned that gallow tre ; 170  
 They sayde : to hange a good yeaman,  
 Called Wylyyam of cloudesle.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne heard,  
 And kept there Alyce swyne,  
 Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the wodde,  
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a creues in the wall,  
 And lightly to the wood dyd gone,  
 There met he with these wight yonge men,  
 Shortly and a none. 180

Alas, then sayde that lytle boye,  
 Ye tary here all to longe;  
 Cloudesle is taken and dampned to death,  
 Allreadye for to honge.

Alas, then sayde good Adam bell,  
 That ever we see thys daye;  
 He myght her with vs have dwelled,  
 So ofte as we dyd him praye.

He myght have taryed in grene foreste,  
 Under the shadowes sheene, 190  
 And have kepte both hym and vs in reaste,  
 Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
 A great hart sone had he slayne :

Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,  
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.  
 Now go we hence, sayed these wight yong men,  
 Tary we no lenger here ;  
 We shall hym borowe,<sup>1</sup> by gods grace,  
 Though we bye it full dere. 200  
 To Caerlel went these good yemen  
 On a mery mornyng of Maye.  
 Here is a fyt of Cloudesli,  
 And another is for to saye.



AND when they came to mery Carelell,  
 In a fayre mornyng tyde,  
 They founde the gates shut them vntyll,  
 Round about on euery syde.  
 Alas, than sayd good Adam bell,  
 That euer we were made men: 210  
 These gates be shut so wonderly<sup>2</sup> well,

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<sup>1</sup> *To borrow*, in the sense of *to take*, and *to guard* or *to protect*, is so common in early English, that it is unnecessary to bring forward any illustration of its use in this way. So the word *lend* formerly stood for *give*, and was very rarely employed in its modern acceptation. Udall, in his play of *Ralph Roister Doister*, not unfrequently uses *to borrow* as a synonym for *to guard*, or *shield*. Thus in act iiij. sc. 7 :

“*M. Mery.* Now, saint George to borow. Drum dubbe a dubbe afore.”

And in the next scene, Merygreek again exclaims :

“What then? saint George to borow, our Ladies knight.”

<sup>2</sup> Copland's ed. reads *wonderō*; I have followed Mr. Collier's copy; but it may be observed that *wonderous*, *wonderly*, *wonder-*

That we may not come here in.  
 Than spake him<sup>1</sup> Clym of the Clough :  
 Wyth a wyle we wyl vs in bryng ;  
 Let vs. saye we be messengers,  
 Streight comen<sup>2</sup> from oure kyng.  
 Adam said : I haue a lettre writtē wel,  
 Now let us wysely werke,  
 We wyl saye we haue the kīges seales,  
 I holde the portter no clerke.<sup>3</sup>  
 Than Adam bell bete on the gate,  
 With strokes greate and stronge,  
 The porter herde suche noyse therate,  
 And to the gate faste<sup>4</sup> he throng.

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*ful*, and *wonder*, (as adjectives), are used almost indiscriminately in early texts.

<sup>1</sup> Not in Mr. Collier's fragment.

<sup>2</sup> So Mr. Collier's copy; Copland's ed. has *come nowe*.

<sup>3</sup> Porters do not seem to have enjoyed, at any period, a character for the possession of superfluous intelligence. Chaucer alludes to their stupidity in *Troilus and Cresseide* :—

“Come forth, I wol unto the yate go ;  
 These portours ben unkonnyng everemo.”

<sup>4</sup> Not in Copland's ed. It is here inserted from Mr. Collier's ed. *Throng* is the preterite of the obsolete word *thring*, which was formerly in use both as a verb and a noun. It is here put for *pressed* or *hastened forward*; but, like many old words, its signification is elastic. We still describe a number of persons as *a throng*, and where they are concentrating themselves on any given point, they are said *to throng*. But *thring* is no longer found. Lyndsay, in his *Complaynt of the Papingo* (Works, by Chalmers, i. 305) introduces *thingis* [things] as a synonym for *thrusts* :—

“Bot, maist redoutit daylie scho *doun thingis*  
 Not sparing paipis conquerouris nor kingis.”

But Lyndsay also has *throng* in its modern acceptation.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,  
 That maketh all thys knockynge?  
 We be two messengers, sayde clymme of y<sup>e</sup> clough,  
 Be comen streyght frome our kynge.  
 We haue a letter, sayd adam bel,  
 To the Justyce we must it bryng; 230  
 Let vs in our message to do,  
 That we were agayne to our kynge.  
 Here commeth no man<sup>1</sup> in, sayd y<sup>e</sup> porter,  
 By him that dyed on a tre,  
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
 Called Wylliam of Cloudesle.  
 Then spake y<sup>e</sup> good yeman Clym of y<sup>e</sup> clough,  
 And swore by Mary fre,  
 If that we stande longe wythout,  
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be. 240  
 Lo here we haue the kynges seale;  
 What, lordeyne, art thou wode?  
 The porter had wende it had ben so,  
 And lyghtly dyd of hys hode.  
 Welcome be my lordes seale, sayd he,<sup>2</sup>  
 For that shall ye<sup>3</sup> come in.  
 He opened the gate ryght<sup>4</sup> shortlye,  
 An euyl openynge for hym.  
 Now are we in, sayde adam bell,  
 Thereof we are full faine, 250  
 But Christ knoweth, that herowed hell,

<sup>1</sup> Copland's ed. has *none*. I follow Mr. Collier's text.

<sup>2</sup> So Mr. Collier's ed. Copland's ed. has *he saide*.

<sup>3</sup> So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *ye shall*.

<sup>4</sup> So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *full*.

How we shall come oute agayne.  
 Had we y<sup>e</sup> keys, sayd clym of y<sup>e</sup> clough,  
 Ryght wel than sholde we spede ;  
 Then might we cōe out wel ynough,  
 When we se tyme and nede.  
 They called the porter to a counsell,  
 And wronge hys necke in two,  
 And keste him in a depe dongeon,  
 And toke the keys hym fro. 266  
 Now am I porter, sayde adam bel,  
 Se, broder, the keys haue we here,  
 The worste porter to mery Carlell,  
 That they had thys hondreth yere :  
 And now<sup>1</sup> wyll we our bowes bend,  
 Into the towne wyll we go,  
 For to delyuer our dere broder,  
 Where he lyueth in care and wo.  
 They bent theyr bowes [then full wel,]  
 And loked theyr striges were round, 270  
 The market place of mery Carlyll  
 They beset in that stound ;  
 And as they loked them besyde,  
 A paire of new galowes there they se,  
 And the<sup>2</sup> Justice with a quest of swerers,<sup>3</sup>  
 That had juged Cloudesle there hāged to be.

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<sup>1</sup> So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *Now*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *they*.

<sup>3</sup> So Mr. Collier's copy. Copland's ed. has *squyers*. A *swerer* is a juryman. This is only one of the important readings of the Collier text. In line 272, Copland's ed. omits the word *in*.

And Cloudesle himselve lay redy in a carte,  
 Fast bounde<sup>1</sup> both fote and hand,  
 And a stronge rope aboute hys necke,  
 All redy for to be hangde.<sup>2</sup> 280  
 The Justice called to hym a ladde,  
 Cloudesles clothes sholde he haue,  
 To take the mesure of that yeman,  
 And therafter to make hys graue.  
 I have sene as great a merveyll, said Cloudesli,  
 As betwyene thys and pryme,  
 He that maketh thys graue for me,  
 Hymselfe may lye therin.  
 Thou spekest proudli, sayd y<sup>e</sup> Justyce,  
 I shall hange the with my hande. 290  
 Full wel that herde hys bretheren two,  
 There styll as they dyd stande.  
 Than Cloudesle cast hys eyen asyde,  
 And saw hys two breth[r]en stande<sup>3</sup>  
 At a corner of the market<sup>4</sup> place,  
 With theyr good bowes bente in ther hand,  
 Redy the Justice for to chace.<sup>5</sup>  
 I se good<sup>6</sup> comfote, sayd Cloudesle,

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<sup>1</sup> Copland's ed. omits this word.

<sup>2</sup> Copland's ed. has *to hange*.

<sup>3</sup> This word, which is necessary to complete the sense and metre, is supplied from Mr. Collier's copy. It has dropped out of Copland's edition.

<sup>4</sup> Old eds. have *marked*.

<sup>5</sup> Copland's ed. has *chaunce*.

<sup>6</sup> This word seems to have dropped out of Copland's ed. It is here given from Mr. Collier's copy.



Yet hope I well<sup>1</sup> to fare ;  
 If I might haue my handes at wyll,  
 Ryght lytle wolde I care. 300  
 Then spake good adam bell  
 To clyme of the clough so fre :<sup>2</sup>  
 Brother, se ye marke the Justyce wel,  
 Lo yonder ye may him see ;  
 And at the sheryf shote I wyll  
 Strongly with arowe kene,  
 A better shotte in mery Carlyll  
 Thys seuen yere was not sene.  
 They loused<sup>3</sup> theyr<sup>4</sup> arowes bothe at ones,  
 Of no man had they drede, 310  
 The one hyt the Justice, the other the sheryf,  
 That both theyr sydes gan blede.  
 All men voyded, that them stode nye,  
 When the Justece fell to the grounde,  
 And the sherife fell nyghe hym by,  
 Eyther had his dethes wounde.  
 All the Citezeyns fast gan fle,  
 They durst no lenger abyde,  
 Than lyghtly they loused Cloudesle,  
 Where he with ropes lay tyde. 320

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *will*.

<sup>2</sup> *Free* is here used in a not uncommon signification. It means to say *good* or *brave*. In *Ludus Coventriæ* the Saviour is, rather oddly, made to speak of Lazarus as "my frende so fre;" and in the *Chester Plays* (ed. Wright, i. 17), Lucifer addresses Lightborne as "my frinde fayer and freey."

<sup>3</sup> Discharged.

<sup>4</sup> Copland's ed. has *the*. I follow Mr. Collier's valuable text.

Wyllyam sterte to an offycer of y<sup>e</sup> towne,  
 Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,  
 On eche syde he smote them downe,  
 Hym thought he taryed to long.<sup>1</sup>  
 Wyllyam sayd to hys bretheren two:  
 Let us togyder lyue and deye,<sup>2</sup>  
 If euer you have nede, as I haue now,  
 The same shall ye fynde by me.  
 They shot so well in that tyde,  
 For theyr strynges were of sylke ful sure, 330  
 That they kepte y<sup>e</sup> stretes on euery syde,<sup>3</sup>  
 That batayll dyd longe endure.  
 They<sup>4</sup> fought togyder as bretheren true,  
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,  
 Many a man to the grounde they threwe,  
 And made many an herte colde.  
 But whan they arowes were all gon,  
 Men presyd to them full fast,  
 They drewe theyr swerdes than anone,  
 And theyr bowes from them caste. 340  
 They wente lyghtlye on theyr waye,  
 Wyth swerdes and buckelers rounde,  
 By that it was the myddes<sup>5</sup> of the daye,

<sup>1</sup> Copland's ed. has *all to long*.

<sup>2</sup> Copland's ed. has:—

“Thys daye let us lyue and dye.”

I follow Mr. Collier's ed.

<sup>3</sup> Copland's ed. has *sede*.

<sup>4</sup> Copland's ed. has *the*.

<sup>5</sup> Copland's ed. has *mus*, and Ritson altered it to *myd*. I follow the Collier text.

They had made mani a wound.  
 There was many an oute horne in Carlyll blowen,  
 And the belles bacewarde did they ryng,<sup>1</sup>  
 Many a woman sayd, alas,  
 And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.  
 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,  
 And with hym a full grete route, 350  
 These thre yomen dredde hym full sore,  
 For theyr lyues stode in doubte.<sup>2</sup>  
 The mayre came armed a full greate pace,  
 With a polaxe in hys hande,  
 Many a stronge man wyth hym was,  
 There in that stowre to stande.  
 Ye mayre smote at cloudesle w̄ his byll,  
 Hys buckeler he brast in two,

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<sup>1</sup> " Ringing the bells backward " was anciently a practice to which the authorities of towns, &c, resorted as a sign of distress, or as an alarm to the people. The custom seems to have escaped the notice of Brand and his editors. Cleveland (*Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 50) employs the term metaphorically. It was also the practice in some parts of Italy, and in other continental countries, to ring the church bells backward when a fire broke out, in order to summon assistance, as every one on such an occasion was formerly, and is still in the majority of foreign towns, bound to lend his aid. In the English *Gesta Romanorum* there is a story (No. 18 of Madden's edit.) shewing how " Antonius was a wise Emperoure regnyng in the citè of Rome, the which ordeynede for a law, that what tyme there was any fyre in that citè, there shulde be a bidelle y-ordeined for to avajte hit, and to make an highe proclamacione in the citè, seying, 'O! there is fire in suche a place in the citè; by thou to ryng your bellis,' &c."

<sup>2</sup> So Mr. Collier's ed. Copland's ed. has:—

" For of theyr lyues they stode in great doute."

Full many a yoman w̃ grete yll,  
 Alas, treason! they cryed for wo. 360  
 Kepe we the gates fast they bad,  
 Y<sup>t</sup> these traytours thereoute not go.  
 But all for nought was that they wrought,  
 For so fast they downe were layde,  
 Tyll they all thre that so manfulli fought,  
 Were goten without at a brayde.  
 Haue here your keys, sayd adam bel,  
 Myne<sup>1</sup> offyce I here forsake,  
 Yf you do by my counsell,  
 A newe porter y<sup>e</sup>2 make. 370  
 He threwe the keys there at theyr heads,  
 And bad them euyll to thryue,  
 And all that letteth<sup>3</sup> ony good yoman  
 To come and comforte hys wyue.  
 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,  
 As lyght as lefe<sup>4</sup> on lynde,  
 They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,<sup>5</sup>  
 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.  
 Whan they came to Inglys wode,  
 Under theyr trusty tre, 380

<sup>1</sup> In Copland's ed., as pointed out by Ritson, this line and the following are transposed; but in Mr. Collier's fragment, the text stands as above. In line 366, Copland's ed. omits *at*.

<sup>2</sup> Copland's ed. has *do we*.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. prevents, forbids.

<sup>4</sup> Copland's edition has:—

“*And lyghtly as left on lynde.*”

<sup>5</sup> Copland's ed. reads:—

“*The lough an, &c.*”

There they founde bowes fulle gode,  
 And arrowes greate plentè.  
 So helpe me god, sayd adam bell,  
 And clymme of the clough so fre,  
 I would we were nowe in mery Carlell,  
 Before that fayre meyne.  
 They set them downe and made good chere,  
 And eate and drynke full well.  
 Here is a fytt<sup>1</sup> of these wyght yong men,  
 And another I shall you tell.

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AS they sat in Inglyswode  
 Under theyr trysty tre,  
 They thought they herd a womā wepe,  
 But her they myght not se.  
 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce,  
 And sayde, alas that euer I se thys daye:  
 For now is my dere husbonde slayne:  
 Alas and wel awaye!<sup>2</sup>  
 Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere breth[r]en,  
 Wyth eyther of them twayne,  
 [To lerne a none what of hym hath become]<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Copland's ed. has *set*.

<sup>2</sup> A common form of lamentation. In the *Chester Plays*, i. 70, the expression is *wayle-a-waye*, which was probably the original phrase, and affords no clue to its etymology.

<sup>3</sup> A line appears to have dropped out of the old eds.; and in his *Anc. Pop. Poetry*, a line was supplied by Ritson from a modern edition to complete the metre. But unluckily this interpolation was made without any regard to the sense or context.

My hart were out of payne,  
 Cloudele walked a lytell besyde,  
 And loked vnder the grenewodde lynde,  
 He was ware of hys wife and his chyldren thre,  
 Full wo in hart and mynde.

Welcome, wife, than sayd wyllyam,  
 Under this<sup>1</sup> trysty tre ;

I had wende yester daye, by swete saynt John,  
 Thou sholde me never have<sup>2</sup> se. 410

Now wele is me, she sayde, that ye be here,  
 My herte is out of wo.

Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,  
 And thanke my bretheren two.

Hereof to speke, sayd adam bell,  
 I wis it is no bote ;

The meat that we must supp withall  
 It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they down into a launde,<sup>3</sup>

These noble archares all thre, 420

Eche of them slew a harte of grece,<sup>4</sup>

The best they could there se.

Haue here the best, Alyce my wife,

Sayde wyllyam of cloudele,

By cause ye so bouldly stode me by

<sup>1</sup> Copland's ed. has *thus*. Mr. Collier's fragment has *this*.

<sup>2</sup> Copland's ed. has *had*.

<sup>3</sup> Lawn.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. a fat hart. The fat of a buck or doe was usually called its *grease* or *grese*.

“I bequeth my grece to the fermetè potte ;  
 Also the remanent, that is past abele.”

*Wyl Bucke his Testament.*

When I was slayne full nye.  
 Then whent they to theyr souper  
 Wyth suche mete as they had,  
 And thanked god of theyr fortune ;  
 They were bothe mery and glad. 430  
 And when they had souped well,  
 Certayne withouten leace<sup>1</sup>,  
 Cloudesle sayd : we will to our kynge,<sup>2</sup>  
 To get vs a chartre of peace ;  
 Alyce shal be at soiournynge,  
 In a nunry here besyde,  
 My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,  
 And ther they shall abyde.  
 Myne eldest sonne shall go with me,  
 For hym haue I no care, 440  
 And he shall you breng worde agayne  
 How that we do fare.  
 Thus be these yemen to London gone,  
 As fast as they maye hye,  
 Tyll they came to the kynges palays,<sup>3</sup>  
 There they woulde nedes be.  
 And whan they came to the kynges courte,  
 Unto the palays gate,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,  
 But boldly went in therat. 450  
 They preceed prestly into the hall,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. without any falsehood.

<sup>2</sup> ? Henry IV.

<sup>3</sup> Copland's ed. has *pallace*. I have adopted the orthography of Mr. Collier's older copy.

<sup>4</sup> Here I am sorry to say that Mr. Collier's fragment breaks off. It has been of very essential service to me in amending the faulty text of Copland's ed.

Of no man had they dreade,  
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,  
 And with them began to chyde.  
 The Ussher sayed : yemen, what wold ye haue ?  
 I pray you tell me ;  
 You myght thus make offycers shent,  
 Good syrs, of whence be ye ?  
 Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,  
 Certayne without any leace, 460  
 And hether we be come to our kyng,  
 To get vs a charter of peace.  
 And whan they came before the kyng,  
 As it was the lawe of the lande,  
 The[y] kneled downe without lettyng,  
 And eache helde vp his hand.<sup>1</sup>  
 The[y] sayd : Lord, we beseche the here,  
 That ye wyll graunt vs grace :  
 For we haue slaie your fat falow der  
 In many a sondry place. 470

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<sup>1</sup> *To hold up the hand* was formerly a sign of respect or concurrence, or a mode of taking an oath ; and thirdly, as a signal for mercy. In all these senses it has been employed from the most ancient times ; nor is it yet out of practice, as many savage nations still testify their respect to a superior by holding their hand over their head. *Touching the hat* appears to be a vestige of the same custom. In the present passage the three outlaws may be understood to kneel on approaching the throne, and to hold up each a hand, as a token that they desire to ask the royal clemency or favour. In the lines which are subjoined it implies a solemn assent to an oath :—

“ This swore the duke and all his men,  
 And al the lordes that with him lend,  
 And tharto to held thai up thaire hend.”



What is your nams? than said our kig,  
 Anone that you tell me.  
 They sayd: Adam bel, clim of the clough,  
 And wyllyam of Cloudesle.  
 Be ye those theues, thē sayd our kyng,  
 That men haue tolde of to me?  
 Here to god I make a vowe,  
 Ye shalbe hanged al thre;  
 Ye shalbe dead withoute mercy,  
 As I am kyng of this lande. 480  
 He commanded his officers everichone  
 Fast on them to lay hand.  
 There they toke these good yemen,  
 And arested them all thre.  
 So may I thryue, sayd Adam bell,  
 Thys game lyketh not me.  
 But, good lorde, we beseche you now,  
 That you graunt vs grace,  
 Insomuche as we be to you comen;  
 Or els that we may fro you passe 490  
 With suche weapons as we haue here,  
 Tyll we be out of your place;  
 And yf we lyue this hundreth yere,  
 We wyll aske you no grace.  
 Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng,  
 Ye shalbe hanged all thre.  
 That were great pitye, then sayd the Quene,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Joanna of Navarre we are to presume, if Mr. Hunter's discovery really refers to the Adam Bell of the ballad; she became Henry's second wife in 1403. See *The Noble Birth, &c. of Robin Hood*, p. 23, (Thoms' E. P. R., 1828, ii.) It is popularly known as the episode of *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow*.

If any grace myght be.  
 My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande,  
 To be your wedded wyfe, 500  
 The fyrst bowne that I wold aske,  
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe ;  
 And I asked neuer none tyll now :  
 Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.  
 Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,  
 And graunted shall it be.  
 Then, good my lord, I you beseche,  
 The yemen graunt ye me.  
 Madame, ye myght have asked a bowne,  
 That shuld have ben worth them all three : 510  
 Ye myght have asked towres and towne,  
 Parkes and forestes plenty.  
 None soe pleasaunt to mi pay,<sup>1</sup> she said,  
 Nor none so lefe to me.  
 Madame, sith it is your desyre,  
 Your askyng graunted shalbe ;  
 But I had leuer have geuen you  
 Good market townes thre.  
 The Quene was a glad woman,  
 And sayd : lord, gramarcy, 520  
 I dare undertake for them  
 That true men shal they be.

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<sup>1</sup> I have had occasion elsewhere to explain this phrase, which is by no means uncommon in early English poetry. So Gower:—

“ And thus what thing unto his pay  
 Was most pleasant, he lefte none.”

*Confessio Amantis*, lib. vi.

But, good lord, speke som mery word,  
That comfort they may se.

I graunt you grace, then said our kīg,  
Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle,  
Certayne, without lesynge,  
There came messēgers out of the north,  
With letters to our kyng.

530

And whan the[y] came before the kyng,  
The[y] kneled down vpon theyr kne,  
And sayd: lord, your offycers grete you wel  
Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.

How fare[s] my Justice, sayd the kyng,  
And my Sherife also?

Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,  
And many an officer mo.

Whohath them slayne? sayd the kyng,  
Anone thou tell me.

540

Adam bel, and Clime of the clough,  
And wyllyam of Cloudesle.

Alas, for rewth, then sayd our kyng,  
My hart is wonderous sore,

I had leuer [th]an a thousand ponde,  
I had knowne of thys before;

For I hav y-graunted them grace,  
And that forthynketh me;

But had I knowne all thys before,  
They had been hanged all thre.

550

The kyng opened the letter anone,  
Hymselfe he red it tho,

And founde how these thre outlawes had slane

Thre hundred men and mo ;  
 Fyrst the Justice and the Sheryfe,  
 And the mayre of Caerlel towne,  
 Of all the Cōstables and catchipolles  
 Alyue were left not one ;  
 The baylyes and the bedyls both,  
 And the sergeauntes of the law, 560  
 And forty fosters<sup>1</sup> of the fe,  
 These outlawes had y-slaw ;  
 And brokē his parks, & slaine his dere ;  
 Ouer all they chose the best,  
 So perelous outlawes, as they were,  
 Walked not by easte nor west.  
 When the kyng this letter had red,  
 In hys harte he syghed sore :  
 Take vp the table, anone he bad :  
 For I may eate no more. 570  
 The kyng called hys best archars  
 To the buttes wyth hym to go ;  
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,  
 That in the North haue wrought this wo.  
 The kynges bowmen buske<sup>2</sup> them blyue,  
 And the Quenes archers also,  
 So dyd these thre wyght yemen ;  
 With them they thought to go.  
 There twyse or thryse they shote about,

<sup>1</sup> Foresters.

<sup>2</sup> *To busk* is a very old word for *to hie* or *to betake oneself*.  
 It occurs in Minot:—

“ Fals wretche and forsworn, whider wilton fare,  
 Busk the unto brig, and abide thare.”

*Poems* (ed. 1825), p. 7.

For to assay theyr hande, 580  
 There was no shote these yemen shot,  
 That any prycke myght them stand.  
 Then spake wylyyam of Cloudesle :  
 By god that for me dyed,  
 I hold hym neuer no good archar,  
 That shuteth at buttes so wyde.  
 Wher at? then sayd our kyng,  
 I pray thee tell me.  
 At suche a but, syr, he sayd,  
 As men vse in my countree. 590  
 Wylyyam went into a fyeld,  
 And his to brothren with him,  
 There they set vp to hasell roddes,  
 Twenty score paces betwene.  
 I hold him an archar, said Cloudesle,  
 That yonder wande cleueth in two.  
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,  
 Nor none that can so do.<sup>1</sup>  
 I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudesle,  
 Or that I farther go. 600  
 Cloudesly with a bearyng arow<sup>2</sup>  
 Clauē the wand in to.  
 Thou art y<sup>e</sup> best archer, thē said y<sup>e</sup> kīg,

<sup>1</sup> This passage reads like an imitation of a passage in the *Kyng & the Hermyt* (vol. i. p. 31). Of the latter, however, no early printed edition is known.

<sup>2</sup> So in *Robin Hood and Queen Katherine* :—

“ Robin Hood hee led about ;  
 Hee shot it underhand ;  
 And Clifton *with a bearing arrow*  
 Hee clauē the willow wand.”

Forsothe that euer I se.  
 And yet for your loue, sayd wylliam,  
 I wyll do more maystry.  
 I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde ;  
 He is to me full deare ;  
 I wyll hym tye to a stake,  
 All shall se, that be here, 610  
 And lay an apele vpon hys head,  
 And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
 And I my selfe with a brode arow  
 Shall cleue the apple in two.  
 Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,  
 By hym that dyed on a tre,  
 But yf thou do not as y<sup>u</sup> hest sayde,  
 Hanged shalt thou be.  
 And thou touche his head or gowne.  
 In syght that men may se, 620  
 By al the sayntes that be in heavē,  
 I shall hange you all thre.  
 That I haue promised, said william,  
 I wyl it neuer forsake ;  
 And there euen, before the kyng,  
 In the earth he droue a stake,  
 And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
 And bad hym stande still therat,  
 And turned the childes face fro him,  
 Because he shuld not sterte. 630  
 An apple vpon his head he set,  
 And then his bowe he bent,  
 Syxe score paces they were out met,  
 And thether Cloudesle went ;

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe ;  
 Hys bowe was great and longe ;  
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
 That was both styffe and stronge ;  
 He prayed the people that was there,  
 That they would styll stande : 640  
 For he that shooteth for such a wager,  
 Behoneth a stedfast hand.  
 Muche people prayed for Cloudesle,  
 That hys lyfe saued myght be,  
 And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
 There was many a weping eye.  
 Thus Cloudesle clefted the apple in two,  
 That many a man myght se ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ouer gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
 That thou shote at me ; 650  
 I geve the xviii. pence a day,  
 And my bowe shalt thou beare,  
 And ouer all the north countre  
 I make the chyfe rydere.  
 And I geve the xvii. pence a day, said y<sup>e</sup> quene,  
 By god and by my fay,  
 Come feche thy payment, when thou wylt,  
 No man shall say the nay.  
 Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman  
 Of clothyng and of fe, 660  
 And thi two breth[r]en yemen of my chambre :

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<sup>1</sup> This portion of the story follows very closely the romantic legend of William Tell; but the incident of the child and the apple is older even than Tell's time.

For they are so semely to se ;  
 Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,  
 Of my wyne seller shal he be,  
 And whan he commeth to mannes estate,  
 Better auauanced shall he be.  
 And, wylliam, bring me your wife, said y<sup>e</sup> quene,  
 Me longeth her sore to se,  
 She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,  
 To gouerne my nursery. 670  
 The yemen thanketh them full curteously,  
 And sayde: to some bysshop wyl we wend,  
 Of all the synnes that we have done  
 To be assoyld at his hand.  
 So forth be gone these good yemen,  
 As fast as they myght hye,  
 And after came and dwelled wyth the kynge,<sup>1</sup>  
 And dyed good men all thre.  
 Thus endeth the liues of these good yemen,  
 God send them eternall blysse. 680  
 And all that with hande bowe shoteth,  
 That of heauen [they] may neuer mysse.

**Finis.<sup>2</sup>**

¶ Imprinted at London, in Lothburge,  
 by Wyllyam Copland.

<sup>1</sup> The extension of the royal pardon to the offending outlaw, or outlaws, is a customary feature in this class of piece. It occurs in *King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield*, in the *Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, *Robin Hood and Queen Catherine*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> This, with the remainder of the colophon, was omitted by Ritson. On the title there is no imprint whatever.





## Tom Thumbe.

“**T**OM THUMBE, his Life and Death: Wherein is declared many Maruailous Acts of Manhood. full of wonder, and strange merriments: Which little Knight liued in King Arthurs time, and [was] famous in the Court of Great Brittain. London printed for John Wright. 1630.” Sm. 8vo, black letter, 12 leaves, with cuts; and on the title-page a woodcut of the hero on the King’s horse. On the back of the title is a representation of some figures in ecclesiastical garb, with the heads of animals.

“Tom Thumbe, His Life and Death, wherein is declared many marvelous acts of manhood, full of wonder and strange merriment, which little Knight lived in King Arthur’s time, in the Court of Great Britain.” London, Printed for F. Coles, n. d. sm. 8vo, with cuts.

Another edition appeared—“London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.” n. d. sm. 8vo, with cuts.

There is also an impression, Edinburgh, 1682, 18mo. See *Bibl. Heber.* part iv. Noes, 1739, 1743.

The “Life and Death of Tom Thumb” was probably in existence before 1584; for Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, printed in that year, enumerates our hero among the spirits and goblins, “who made people afraid of their own shadows;” and Nash, a few years later only (1592), in his *Pierce Penilesse His Supplication to the Deuill*, complains that if “euerie grosse brainde idiot . . . set foorth a pamphlet of the praise of pudding pricks, or write a *Treatise of Tom Thumme*, or the exploits of Vntrusse, it is bought vp thicke and threefolde, when better things lye dead.” The edition of 1630, however, now reprinted, is the earliest at present known to exist; and even of it the copy bequeathed by the author of the *Anatomy of Milancholy*

to the Bodleian Library is supposed to be unique. There are two later impressions, both printed in black letter and adorned with cuts, but both undated. In 1621, Richard Johnson turned the book into prose, and added a preface, in which he passes in review the various works of the same sort which were then in vogue.<sup>1</sup>

Hearne, in his diary, under date of May 21, 1734, notes:—  
 “I begin to think that [Andrew] Borde was author of the *History of Tom Thumb*. It relates to some dwarf, and he is reported to have been King Edgar’s dwarf, but we want history for it, and I fear the author Borde (or whoever he was) had only tradition, the original being perhaps lost before Henry VIII’s time.” On the following day he made a further entry on the same subject, which seems to have interested him. “What makes me think,” he says, “that *Tom Thumb* is founded upon history is the method of those times of turning true history into little pretty stories, of which we have many instances, one of which is ‘Guy of Warwick’”<sup>2</sup>

It is strange that Hearne, who expressly mentions<sup>3</sup> the Bodleian copy of the edition of 1630, should thus speak of Tom Thumb as King *Edgar’s* dwarf, without any explanation or qualifying remark, since, in the edition of 1630, as well as indeed in Johnson’s prose narrative which, with the exception of a few anachronistic interpolations, follows very closely its original, Tom Thumb is styled King *Arthur’s* dwarf. Hearne had the opportunity of examining the edition of 1630 for himself; yet that he never did so is tolerably plain; and Ritson, after all, may be partly right in supposing that he was misled in this instance by the author of *Thomas Redivivus*, 1729,

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<sup>1</sup> “The History of Tom Thumbe the Little, for his small stature surnamed King Arthurs Dwarfe: Whose Life and adventures containe many strange and wonderfull accidents, published for the delight of merry Time-spenders. Imprinted at London for Tho: Langley, 1621, 12mo. bl. 1.” A copy was in the Heber Collection. It subsequently belonged to Mr. E. V. Utterson, at whose sale it was purchased by Mr. Halliwell.

<sup>2</sup> *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, p. 822.

<sup>3</sup> See *Rel. Hearn.* p. 798.

folio.<sup>1</sup> But even here the only difference is that the story is absurdly amplified with a second and third part, in which it is related how Tom Thumb, *after* his adventures at King Arthur's Court, and death in the service of that prince, returns to the earth, becomes dwarf to King *Edgar*, &c.

Ritson, who printed this entertaining little piece (not very correctly,) in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, observes:—"It is needless to mention the popularity of the following story. Every city, town, village, shop, stall, man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, can bear witness to it."

In *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jest*s, 1628, it is related "how King Oberon called Robin Goodfellow to dance." "Obreon tooke Robin by the hand, and led him a dance; their musician was little Tom Thumb: for hee had an excellent bag-pipe made of a wrens quill, and the skin of a Greenland louse; this pipe was so shrill and so sweete, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, it would no more come neere it, then a Jewes-trump doth to an Irish harpe."

Again, in the chapter relating "how the fairyes called Robin Goodfellow to dance with them, and how they shewed him their severall conditions," we are told that "Robin Goodfellow, being walking one night, heard the excellent musicke of Tom Thumbs brave bagpipe; he, remembering the sound (according to the command of King Obreon), went toward them. They, for joy that he was come, did circle him in, and in a ring did dance round about him. Bobin Goodfellow, seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them, and sung them this song, to the tune of *To him Bun* :—

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<sup>1</sup> "Thomas Redivivus: or, a compleat history of the life and marvellous actions of Tom Thumb. In three tomes. Interspers'd with that ingenious comment of the late Dr. Wagstaff: and annotations by several hands. To which is prefix'd historical and critical remarks on the life and writings of the author. London, 1729. Fol." It may not be out of place to register the title of another publication of recent date, devoted to the achievements of our hero:—"The History of the Good Knight Sir Thomas Thumb, with divers other matters concerning the Court of Good King Arthur of Britain; with Illustrative Notes. By Miss Yonge. Lond. 1855, 4to."

## The Song.

“Round about, little ones, quick and nimble,  
 In and out wheele about, run, hop, or amble.  
 Joyne your hands lovingly : well done, musition !  
 Mirth keepeth man in health like a phisition.  
 Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyes  
 That doe filch, blacke, and pinch mayds of the dairyes ;  
 Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,  
 Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,  
 Goe you together,

For you can change your shapes  
 Like to the weather.

Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,  
 You all have trickes, too :

Little Tom Thumb that pipes  
 Shall goe betwixt you.

Tom, tickle up thy pipes  
 Till they be weary :

I will laugh, *ho, ho, hoh !*  
 And make me merry.

Make a ring on this grasse  
 With your quicke measures :

Tom shall play, I will sing  
 For all your pleasures.

The moone shines faire and bright,  
 And the owle hollows,

Mortals now take their rests  
 Upon their pillows :

The bats abroad likewise,  
 And the night raven,

Which doth use for to call  
 Men to Deaths haven.

Now the mice peepe abroad,  
 And the cats take them,

Now doe young wenches sleepe,  
 Till their dreames wake them.

Make a ring on the grasse  
 With your quicke measures :

Tom shall play, I will sing  
 For all your pleasures.”

During the reigns of James I, Charles I, and Charles II, *Tom Thumb* remained in the enjoyment of unabated popularity. In *Laugh and be Fat, or a Commentary upon the Oldcombian Banquet* (1611), are these lines:—

“This author 'mongst the rest in kindnesse comes  
To grace thy Trauels with a world of *Toms*.  
*Tom Thumbe, Tom foole, Tom piper, and Tom-asse.*”

Taylor the Water Poet quotes *Tom Thumb* among the authorities consulted in his *Sir Gregory Nonsense His Newes from No Place*, 1622.<sup>1</sup> And the same author, in his *Motto*, 1621, has these lines:—

“For no booke to my hands could euer come,  
If it were but the treatise of *Tom Thumb*,  
Or *Scoggin's Jests*, or any simple play.”

Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, 1624, 4to, says:—

“Or you may have come  
In, Thomas Thumb,  
In a Pudding fat,  
With Doctor Rat.”<sup>2</sup>

And in some lines prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, by James Field, he is coupled with Tom Piper:—

“Tom Thumbe is dumbe, vntill the pudding creepe,  
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe.  
Tom Piper is gone out, and mirth bewailes,  
He neuer will come in to tell vs tales.”<sup>3</sup>

Drayton, in his *Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy*, printed with “The Bataile of Agincourt, and other Poems,” 1627, folio, introduces *Tom Thumb* as the fairy page despatched by Pigwiggen to Queen Mab with

“A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,  
A thing, he thought, that she would prize.”

Pigwiggen, a fairy knight, was in love with Queen Mab, and made amorous advances to her majesty, duly resented by King Oberon. The latter, accompanied by his relative Tomalin, en-

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's *Works*, ii. 77.      <sup>2</sup> *Works*, ed. Gifford, viii. 78.

<sup>3</sup> *Crudities*, ed. 1776, vol. i. sign. l. 4, or Taylor's *Works* 1630, *ubi suprâ*.

counter, after much search, Pigwiggen and his page, Tom Thumb:—

“Stout Tomalin came with the king,  
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,  
That perfect were in everything  
To single fights belonging.”

A furious conflict ensues, which is only prevented from becoming fatal to one or both of the parties engaged by the timely interposition of Proserpine (!) and Queen Mab. The latter raise a smoky mist, in which the combatants lose each other:—

“So that the knights each other lost,  
And stood as still as any post,  
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast  
Themselves of any other.”

They conclude by drinking a liquor proffered to them by the ladies, which turns out to be Lethe water, and they all forget what has occurred:—

“Tom Thum had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,  
Yet had their brains so sure lock'd up  
That they remember'd nothing.”

Shakespeare had managed this better in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It should be observed that the Tom Thumb of the *Nymphidia* is Drayton's own creation; and the same remark applies to his Oberon, who is not the Oberon of Shakespeare.

In *Harry White His Humour* (1640), by Martin Parker, we find the ensuing dictum:—“Item, he [videlicet, Harry White] is of this opinion, that if the histories of Garraguntua and TOM THUMB be true, by consequence, Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's Jests must needs bee authenticall.”

The mention of him by later writers is not quite so frequent. The following extract is from the *Poems of Ben Johnson Junior*, by W. S. 1672, 12mo. p. 59:—

“Rouze they that list the *Lyon* in his den,  
A brisk and *Bonny-Tale* flows from my pen;  
Like the idle *dreams* fantastique *Poets* faign,  
Or those fond *Fables* *Midwives* entertain  
Over a smiling cup of simpering *Ale*  
Of tall *Tom Thumb*, and doughty *Jack o' th' Vale*.”

In that most extraordinary of books, *CANIDIA, OR THE WITCHES*, by R. D. 1683, 4to, v. 86, the author enumerates our hero among the attractions offered in his days at Bartholomew and other fairs. See also Part iii. p. 99 :—

“ Jack in a Lanthorn, Whipping Tom,  
Will of the Wisp, and TOM THUMB.  
Women Dancers, Puppet Players,  
At Bartholomew and Sturbridge Fairs.”

And again, at p. 105 of the same book, Dixon says, alluding to the fruitlessness of dealing with “atheists that are mad,” &c :—

“ ’Tis better to play upon Tabor and Drum,  
To sing Ballads, or cry, Come Pudding, come,  
Tell a Tale of *Robbin Hood* or *Tom Thumb*.”

In an old ballad, entitled “The Devil and the Scold,” quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his *Notices of Popular Histories*, our hero is thus mentioned :—

“ Tom Thumb is not my subject,  
Whom fairies oft did aide.  
Nor that mad spirit Robin,  
That plagues both wife and maid.”

And an allusion to him also occurs in the *Second Part of the Friar and the Boy* :—

“ The merry tales of Robin Hood,  
Tom Thumb, and Little John,  
Cannot compare with this little book,  
Which I present to you.”

Mr. Halliwell, in the *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 6th edition, p. 18, has printed a piece called “Tom Thumb’s Alphabet,” beginning :—

“ A was an archer, and shot at a frog ;”

and at p. 240 of the same entertaining work occurs the following little poem, which is manifestly borrowed from the ancient legend of *Tom Thumb* :—

“ I had a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb,  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,  
 That galloped up and down ;  
 I bridled him, and saddled him,  
 And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters  
 To garter up his hose,  
 And a little handkerchief  
 To wipe his pretty nose."

Tom Thumb is the Swaine Tomling of early Danish folklore. But the myth is common to many languages. In Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales* (1849), p. 94, is an article on "Tom Thumb," with extracts from Doctor Wagstaffe's *Comment* on the subject (1711). As the editor has not the *Comment* at hand, he may perhaps be excused for transferring from Mr. Halliwell's book a portion of the passage taken by him from Wagstaffe:—

"It was my good fortune, some time ago, to have the library of a schoolboy committed to my charge, where, among other undiscovered valuable authors, I pitched upon Tom Thumb and Tom Hickathrift; authors indeed more proper to adorn the shelves of Bodley or the Vatican, than to be confined to the retirement and obscurity of a private study. I have perused the first of these with an infinite pleasure, and a more than ordinary application, and have made some observations on it, which may not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the public."

The thumb is in Cheshire, Sussex, and other counties, known at the present day as *Tom Thumbkin*, which forms an additional testimony to the general diffusion and singular ce'lebrity of the story in this country.

Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, mentions a chap-book called *The Travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales*; of course this is Dodsley's, who merely adopted the title for the nonce.

The present edition is carefully republished from that of 1630, many errors in Ritson's text being corrected, and the division into chapters and eight-line stanzas, which that antiquary set aside, restored; so that, in fact, the reader has now, for the first time, an opportunity of perusing the tale in its genuine shape.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The cut of a mock procession, consisting of seven figures in church vestments with heads of animals is on the back of the original title, as it is given in the facsimile.



# Tom Thumbe,

## His Life and Death:

Wherein is declared many Maruailous  
Acts of Manhood, full of wonder,  
and strange merriments:

Which little Knight liued in King *Arthurs* time, and  
famous in the Court of *Great Brittain*e.



UTTING.

London Printed for *Iohn Wright*. 1630.



UTTINC.

## Tom Thumbe, his Life and Death,

¶ Of the Birth, Name, and bringing up of  
Tom Thumbe, with the merry prankes that hee  
did in his childehood.<sup>1</sup>



N Arthurs court Tom Thumbe did liue,  
a man of mickle might,  
The best of all the table round,  
and eke a doughty knight:

His stature but an inch in height,  
or quarter of a span ;  
Then thinke you not this little knight,  
was prou'd a valiant man ?<sup>2</sup>

His father was a plow-man plaine,  
his mother milkt the cow, 10  
But yet the way to get a sonne  
this<sup>3</sup> couple knew not how,

<sup>1</sup> This, and all other headings throughout the book, were omitted by Ritson.

<sup>2</sup> Ritson, for some reason, divided the poem into four-line stanzas, but in the original the stanzas are of eight lines.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *these*. This reading was adopted by Ritson.

Untill such time this good old man  
 to learned Merlin goes,  
 And there to him his deepe disires  
 in secret manner showes,

How in his heart he wisht to haue  
 a childe, in time to come,  
 To be his heire, though it might be  
 no bigger then his thumb. 20  
 Of which old Merlin thus foretold,  
 that he his wish should haue,  
 And so this sonne of stature small  
 the charmer to him gaue.

No blood nor bones in him should be,  
 in shape and being such,  
 That men should heare him speake, but not  
 his wandring shadow touch :  
 But so vnseene to goe or come  
 whereas it pleasd him still ; 30  
 Begot and borne in halfe an houre,  
 to fit his fathers will :

And in foure minutes grew so fast,  
 that he became so tall  
 As was the plowmans thumb in height ;  
 and so they did him call  
 TOM THUMBE, the which the Fayry-Queene  
 there gave him to his name,  
 Who, with her traine of Goblins grim,  
 vnto his christning came. 40

Whereas she cloath'd him richly braue,  
 in garments fine and faire,  
 Which lasted him for many yeares  
 in seemely sort to weare.  
 His hat made of an oaken leafe,  
 his shirt a spiders web,  
 Both light and soft for those his limbes  
 that were so smally bred ;

His hose and doublet thistle downe,  
 togeather weau'd full fine ; 50  
 His stockins of an apple greene,  
 made of the outward rine ;  
 His garters were two little haire.  
 pull'd from his mothers eye,  
 His bootes and shoes a mouses skin,  
 there tand most curiously.

Thus, like a lustie gallant, he  
 aduentured forth to goe  
 With other children in the streets,  
 his pretty trickes to show. 60  
 Where he for counters, pinns and points,  
 and cherry stones did play,  
 Till he amongst those gamesters young  
 had lost his stocke away.

Yet could he soone renue the same,  
 when as most nimbly he  
 Would diue into the Cherry-baggs,  
 and there a taker be,

Unseene or felt by any one,  
vntill a scholler shut

70

This nimble youth into a boxe,  
wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reueng'd, he tooke  
(in mirth and pleasant game)

Black pots and glasses, which he hung  
vpon a bright sunne-beame.

The other boyes to doe the like,  
in pieces broke them quite;

For which they were most soundly whipt,  
whereat he laught outright.

80

And so Tom Thumbe restrained was  
from these his sports and play,  
And by his mother after that  
compel'd at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,  
his father a hog had kil'd,

And Tom to <sup>1</sup> see the puddings made,  
[he] fear'd that <sup>2</sup> they should be spil'd.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This elliptical form of speech would not be admissible in modern writing; but in early English composition it often occurs. The meaning in the present passage is of course [set himself] to, &c. Ritson altered *to* to *would*.

<sup>2</sup> So old ed.; but Ritson very injudiciously changed *fear'd that* into *for fear*, which is a comparatively modern expression.

<sup>3</sup> In the old ed. this chapter is separated from the next one by a square woodcut representing Tom seated on the rim of the pudding bowl; the cow swallowing him; the raven of great strength flying off with Tom in its beak.

¶ How Tom Thumbe fell into the Pudding  
Boule; and of his escape out of the Tinkers  
Budget.

HE sate vpon the Pudding-Boule,  
the candle for to hold ; 90  
Of which there is vnto this day  
a pretty pastime told :  
For Tom fell in, and could not be  
that euer after found,  
For in the blood and batter he  
was strangely lost and drownd.

Where searching long, but all in vaine,  
his mother after that  
Into a pudding thrust her sonne,  
instead of minced fat. 100  
Which pudding of the largest size,  
into the kettle throwne,  
Made all the rest to fly thereout,  
as with a whirlle-wind blowne.

For so it tumbled vp and downe,  
within the liquor there,  
As if the Deuill had there been boyl'd ;  
such was his mothers feare,  
That vp she tooke the pudding strait,  
and gaue it at her doore 110

Vnto a tinker, which from thence  
in his blacke budget bore.

But as the tinker climb'd a stile,  
by chance he let a cracke :  
Now gip,<sup>1</sup> old knaue, out cride Tom Thumbe,  
there hanging at his backe :  
At which the tinker gan to run,  
and would no longer stay,  
But cast both bag and pudding downe,  
and thence hyed fast away.

120

From which Tom Thumbe got loose at last  
and home return'd againe,

<sup>1</sup> The expression *gip*, which does not occur in the new ed. of Nares, or (in this sense) in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, is equivalent in import to *for shame*, or *fie*. Thus Deloney, in the History of Thomas of Reading (1597), ed. Thoms, p. 10, says:—"Whereupon great controuersie grew betweene them in such sort, that when they were most restrained, then they had most desire to worke their wills: now gip (quoth they), must we be so tyed to our taske that wee may not drinke with our friends?"

The word is used in a similar way at page 35 of the same curious work; but in the proverb, *Gip with an ill rubbing, quoth Badger, when his mare kicked*, it seems to be equivalent to a *plague* in its interjectional sense. In the *Prince d'Amour*, 1660, p. 71, there are the following lines:—

"Sweet Lady, since my heart  
By no means can renounce you,  
One friendly look impart,  
*Gep*, Gillian, I will frounce you."

*Gep* is the same as *gip*. See also Dyce's *Skelton*, i. 28.



Where he from following dangers long  
 in safety did remaine.  
 Untill such time his mother went  
 a milking at her Kine,  
 Where Tom vnto a thistle fast  
 she linked with a twine.

¶ How Tom Thumbe was tyed to a Thistle,  
 and how his Mothers Cow eate him vp:  
 with his strange deliberance out of the Cowes  
 belly.

A THREAD that helde him to the same,  
 for feare the blustring winde 130  
 Should blow him thence, that so she might  
 her sonne in safety finde.  
 But marke the hap, a cow came by,  
 and vp that Thistle eate.  
 Poore Tom withall that, as a docke,  
 was made the red cowes meate :

Who being mist, his mother went  
 him calling euery where,  
 Where art thou, Tom? where art thou, Tom?  
 quoth he: Here, mother, here, 140  
 Within the red cowes belly here  
 your sonne is swallowed vp.  
 The which into her feareful heart  
 most carefull dolours put.

Mean while, the cowe was troubled much,  
 in this her tumbling wombe,  
 And could not rest, vntil that she  
 had backward cast Tom Thumbe :  
 Who all besmeared as he was,  
 his mother tooke him vp, 150  
 To bear him thence, the which poore lad  
 she in her pocket put.

Now after this, in sowing time,  
 his father would him haue  
 Into the field to driue his plow,  
 and therevpon him gaue  
 A whip made of a barly straw,  
 to driue the cattle on :  
 Where, in a furrow'd land new sowne,  
 poore Tom was lost and gon.

¶ **H**ow Tom Thumbe was carried away by a  
 rauen, and how he was swallowed by a  
 Giant, with other strange accidents that befell  
 him.<sup>1</sup>

**N**OW by a raven of great strength 160  
 away he thence was borne,

---

<sup>1</sup> In the old ed. a woodcut, of which the purport is not particularly clear, but which may be supposed to stand for the Giant's castle-top, fills up the remainder of the page.

And carried in the carrions beake  
euen like a graine of corne,  
Unto a giants castle top,  
in which he let him fall,  
Where soone the giant swallowed vp  
his body, cloathes and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumbe  
so great a rumbling make,  
That neither day nor night he could 170  
the smallest quiet take,  
Untill the gyant had him spewd  
three miles into the sea,  
Whereas a fish soone tooke him vp  
and bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught  
and to king Arthur sent,  
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarfe,  
whereas his dayes he spent,  
Long time in liuely iollity, 180  
belou'd of all the court,  
And none like Tom was then esteem'd  
among the noble sort.

Amongst his deedes of courtship done,  
his highnesse did command,  
That he should dance a galliard braue  
vpon his queenes left hand.  
The which he did, and for the same  
the king his signet gaue,

Which Tom about his middle wore  
 long time, a girdle braue.<sup>1</sup> 190

Now after this the king would not  
 abroad for pleasure goe,  
 But still Tom Thumbe must ride with him,  
 plac't on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time, when as it rain'd,  
 tom Thumbe most nimbly crept  
 In at a button hole, where he  
 within his bosome slept.

And being neere his highnesse heart, 200  
 he crau'd a wealthy boone,  
 A liberall gift, the which the king  
 commanded to be done,  
 For to relieue his fathers wants  
 and mothers, being old ;  
 Which was so much of siluer coyne  
 as well his armes could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,  
 with three pence on his backe,  
 A heauy burthen, which might make 210  
 his wearied limbes to cracke.  
 So traueilling two dayes and nights,  
 with labour and great paine,  
 He came into the house, whereas  
 his parents did remaine ;

---

<sup>1</sup> This line is followed by two woodcuts, one representing Tom dancing on the queen's hand; the second, on the next page, the king on horseback.

Which was but halfe a mile in space  
from good king Arthurs court,  
The which in eight and forty houres  
he went in weary sort.

But comming to his fathers doore, 220  
he there such entrance had  
As made his parents both reioice,  
and he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron tooke  
her gentle sonne in haste,  
And by the fier side, within  
a walnut shell, him plac'd :  
Whereas they feasted him three dayes  
vpon a hazell nut,

Whereon he rioted so long, 230  
he them to charges put;

And there-upon grew wonderous sicke,  
through eating too much meate,  
Which was sufficient for a month  
for this great man to eate.  
But now his businesse call'd him forth,  
king Arthurs court to see,  
Whereas no longer from the same  
he could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops, 240  
which settled in the way,  
His long and weary iourney forth  
did hinder and so stay,

Until his carefull father tooke  
 a birding trunke in sport,  
 And with one blast blew this his sonne  
 into king Arthurs court.<sup>1</sup>

¶ Of Tom Thumbe runing at Tilt, with dibers  
 other Knightly exercises by him performed.

NOW he with tilts and turnaments  
 was entertained so,  
 That all the best of Arthurs knights 250  
 did him much pleasure show.  
 As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake,  
 sir Tristram and sir Guy;  
 Yet none compar'd with braue Tom Thum  
 for knightly chialry.

In honour of which noble day,  
 and for his ladies sake,  
 A challenge in king Arthurs court  
 tom Thumbe did brauely make.  
 Gainst whom these noble knights did run, 260  
 sir Chinon and the rest :  
 Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles might  
 did beare away the best.

---

<sup>1</sup> This line is, in the old ed., followed by a square woodcut of Tom riding at tilt, which is repeated on the title-page, of which a facsimile has been given.

At last, sir Lancelot of the Lake  
in manly sort came in,  
And with this stout and hardy knight  
a battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all agast:  
for there that valiant man

Through Lancelots steed, before them all, 270  
in nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with speare and shield,  
as hardly he was seene,

But onely by king Arthurs selfe  
and his admired queene,

Who from her finger tooke a ring,  
through which Tom Thumb made way,

Not touching it, in nimble sort,  
as it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest haire 280  
from his faire ladies head,

Not hurting her, whose euen hand  
him lasting honors bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts,  
in Arthurs court there showne,

As like in all the world beside  
was hardly seene or knowne.

¶ How Tom Thumbe did take his sicknesse  
and of his Death and Buriall.

NOW at these sports he toyld himselfe  
that he a sicknesse tooke,  
Through which all manly exercise 290  
he carelesly forsooke.  
Where lying on his bed sore sicke,  
king Arthurs doctor came,  
With cunning skill, by physicks art  
to ease and cure the same.<sup>1</sup>

His body being so slender small,  
this cunning doctor tooke  
A fine prospective glasse, with which  
he did in secret looke  
Into his sickened body downe, 300  
and therein saw that Death  
Stood ready in his wasted guts  
to sease his vitall breath.

His armes and leggs consum'd as small  
as was a spiders web,  
Through which his dying houre grew on:  
for all his limbes grew dead.

---

<sup>1</sup> Beneath this line, and preceding the stanza which follows, there is, in the original, a woodcut of the king and the doctor, who is reporting to his majesty the state of the patient.



His face no bigger than an ants,  
 which hardly could be seene ;  
 The losse of which renowned knight 310  
 much grieu'd the king and queene.

And so with peace and quietnesse  
 he left this earth below ;  
 And vp into the Fayry Land  
 his ghost did fading<sup>1</sup> goe.  
 Whereas the Fayry Queene receiu'd,  
 with heauy mourning cheere,  
 The body of this valiant knight,  
 whom she esteem'd so deare.

For, with her dancing Nimphes in gréene, 320  
 she fetcht him from his bed,  
 With musicke and sweet melody,  
 so soone as life was fled.  
 For whom king Arthur and his knights  
 full forty daies did mourne ;  
 And, in remembrance of his name  
 that was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,  
 and yeare by yeare did come  
 To celebrate the mournfull day, 330  
 and buriall of Tom Thum.

---

<sup>1</sup> We appear to have a sort of illustration here of *Hamlet*, i. 1, where Marcellus says of the King's Ghost :—

“ It faded on the crowing of the cock.”

Whose fame still liues in England here,<sup>1</sup>  
 amongst the countrey sort ;  
 Of whom our wives and children small  
 tell tales of pleasant sport.

**Finis.**<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> "There is a certain quidlibet audendi belonging to poets, or a man would think, that, when Robin Whood (or anybody else) is once dead, and buried, and a good hard stone laid upon his belly, nothing would fetch him to life again but a miracle. And yet, here, you see, Robin Whood is revived! Why, yes. *Tom Thumb lived in the days of King Arthur, and revived in the days of King Edgar.*"—See Gutch's *Robin Hood*, ii. 404. The resurrection of Tom Thumb seems to be supported by tradition.

<sup>2</sup> Beneath this word is a woodcut of a dead body being carried on a bier. On the last leaf is a woodcut of a countryman, "Tom Thumbes Father" being printed over his head; on the reverse, a country-woman, "Tom Thumbes Mother" being printed over it, at the top of the page.



## The History of Tom Thumb.

In Three Parts.

“THE Famous History of Tom Thumb, wherein is declared his Marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonderful Merriment. Part the First.”

“The Famous History of Tom Thumb, wherein is declared his Marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonderful Merriment: performed after his first return from Fairy Land. Part the Second.”

“The History of Tom Thumb, wherein is declared his Marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonderful Merriment: performed after his second return from Fairy Land. Part the Third.”

Printed and sold in London, n. d., 12mo.

Editions of TOM THUMB, in its *augmented* shape, have been printed in all the towns throughout the kingdom. That from which the present text is taken came from the Derby press.

The excessive popularity of this story must plead as an excuse for introducing here the more modern version, of which 30 copies were printed by Mr. Halliwell in 1860 from an edition issued early in the last century.

From some similarities of style and in the mode of expression, the editor is inclined to assign this version of the history to Humphrey Crouch, author of the *Welch Traveller*, 1670, and certain other tracts of a fugitive character.

Founded on this amplified version is a corrupt prose chap-

book entitled: "The Comical and Merry Tricks of Tom Thumb the Wonderful."

It is necessary to observe that the original edition exhibits a large number of typographical blunders, and an extremely faulty punctuation; and it was thought desirable to subject both the text and the pointing to revision in incorporating the piece with the present collection.

Mr. Halliwell remarks, at p. 43 of the *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 6th ed., that "a project for the reprinting of *Tom Thumb*, with marginal notes and cuts, is mentioned in the old play of *The Projectours* [by J. Wilson], 1665, p. 41."

## The First Part of the Life of Tom Thumb.

¶ Of the Parentage, Birth & education of Tom  
Thumb, with all the merry Pranks he played  
in his Childhood.



N Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live,<sup>1</sup>

A man of mickle might,  
The best of all the Table Round,<sup>2</sup>  
And eke a worthy Knight.

<sup>1</sup> In a copy of the First Part of this poem, printed in Mr. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 6th ed. p. 43, there are many variations, sometimes for the better. The editor purposes, therefore, to collate the two texts, and introduce numerous improved readings from the *N. R.*, distinguishing the latter text and the present as eds. A and B respectively. The copy of *Tom Thumb* in the *Nursery Rhymes*, though occasionally modernized, bears marks of considerable antiquity, a circumstance apparently overlooked by Mr. Halliwell.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has:—

"Who was the best of the Table Round."

In stature but an inch in height,  
Or quarter of a span,  
How think you this courageous Knight  
Was prov'd a valiant man?

His father was a ploughman plain,  
His mother milk'd the cow,  
And yet the way to get a Son 10  
This couple knew not how.

Until the time the good old man  
To learned Merlin goes,  
And there to him his<sup>1</sup> deep desires,  
In secret manner shews,

How in his heart he'd wish to have  
A Child, in time to come  
To be his heir, tho' it might be  
No bigger than his thumb. 20

Of which<sup>2</sup> old Merlin then foretold,  
How he his wish should have;  
And so a son of stature small  
This charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,  
His shape it being such,  
That men<sup>3</sup> should hear him speak, but not  
His wandering shadow touch.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *in*, and for *desires*, *distress*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *this*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *he*.

But so unseen to go or come <sup>1</sup>  
 Whereas <sup>2</sup> it pleas'd him still, 30  
 Begot <sup>3</sup> and born in half an hour,  
 For to fit his father's will ;

And in four minutes grew so fast,  
 That he became so tall,  
 As was the ploughman's thumb in length,  
 And so they <sup>4</sup> did him call

*Tom Thumb*, the which the Fairy Queen  
 Did give him to his name,  
 Who, with her train of gobblings grim,  
 Unto the christening came. 40

Whereas she <sup>5</sup> cloathed him richly brave <sup>6</sup>  
 In garments fine <sup>7</sup> and fair,  
 The which did serve him many years  
 In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,  
 His shirt a spider's webb,  
 Both light and soft for those his limbs, <sup>8</sup>  
 Which were so smally bred.

His hose and doublet thistle-down,  
 Together weav'd full fine ; 50

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *overcome*.    <sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *whereat*, and for *still*, *well*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *begat*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *she*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *when they*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *so fine and gay*.

<sup>7</sup> Ed. B has *rich*.

<sup>8</sup> Ed. B has *his small limbs*.

And stockings of the apple green,  
Made of the outer rhine.

His garters were two little hairs,  
Pluck'd from his mother's eye ;  
His shoes made of a mouse's skin,  
And tann'd most curio[u]sly.

Thus, like a lusty <sup>1</sup> Gallant, he  
Adventured <sup>2</sup> forth to go  
With other children in the street,  
His pretty pranks to show ;

60

Where he <sup>3</sup> for counters, pins and points,  
And cherry stones, did play,  
Till he, amongst the gamsters young,  
Lost all his stock away.

Yet could he soon <sup>4</sup> the same renew,  
When as most nimbly he  
Would dive into the cherry bags,  
And there partaker be,

Unseen or felt by any one,  
Until a scholar shut  
This <sup>5</sup> nimble youth into a box,  
Wherein his pins were put.

70

Of whom to be reveng'd he took,  
In mirth and pleasant game,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *valiant*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed B has *does venture*.

<sup>3</sup> So ed. B.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B reads *he could not*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *the*.

Black pots and glasses which he hung  
Upon a light sun-beam.

The other boys to <sup>1</sup> do the same,  
In pieces broke <sup>2</sup> them quite,  
For which they were most soundly <sup>3</sup> whipt,  
Which made him laugh outright. 80

So poor Tom Thumb restrained was  
From this his sport and play,  
And by his mother after that  
Compell'd at home to stay.

Whereas, about Christmas time, <sup>4</sup>  
His mother a hog had kill'd,  
And Tom would see the pudding made,  
For fear it should be spil'd. <sup>5</sup>

### ¶ Of Tom's falling into the Pudding Bowl, and his Escape out of the Tinker's Budget.

**H**E sat upon the pudding bowl,  
The candle for to hold, <sup>6</sup> 90  
Of which there is unto this day  
Some pretty stories told.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *did*.    <sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *tore*.    <sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *severely*.

<sup>4</sup> A good deal of what follows is omitted in ed. A.

<sup>5</sup> So ed. 1630.

<sup>6</sup> So ed. 1630. An absurd corruption has crept into the modern eds., which read :

“He sat, the candle for to *light*,  
Upon the pudding bowl—”



For Tom fell in, and could not be  
For some time after found :  
For in the blood and batter he  
Was lost, and almost drown'd.

But she, not knowing of the same,  
Directly after that  
Into the pudding stir'd her son,  
Instead of mincing fat.

100

Now this pudding of the largest size,  
Into the kettle thrown,  
Made all the rest to jump thereout,<sup>1</sup>  
As with a whirlwind blown.

But so it tumbled up and down  
Within the liquor there,  
As if the devil had been boil'd ;  
Such was the mother's fear,

That up she took the pudding strait,  
So gave it at the door  
Unto a Tinker, which from thence  
He in his budget bore.

110

But as the Tinker climb'd a stile,  
He chanc'd to let a crack :  
How ! good old man, cry'd Tom Thumb,  
Still hanging at his back.

Which made the Tinker for to run,  
And would no longer stay,

---

<sup>1</sup> Modern eds. have *about*. So ed. 1630.

But cast both bag and pudding too  
Over the hedge away.

120

From whence poor Tom got loose at last,  
And home return'd again,  
Where<sup>1</sup> he from great dangers long  
In safety did remain.

Untill such time his mother went,  
A-milking of<sup>2</sup> her kine,  
Where Tom unto a thistle fast  
She linked with a line.

¶ **Of Tom Thumb being tied to a Thistle; of his  
Mother's Cow eating him up; with his strange  
Deliberance cut of the Cow's Belly.**

**A** THREAD that held him to the same,  
For fear the blustering wind  
Would blow him thence, so as she might  
Her son in safety find.

130

But mark the hap! a cow came by,  
And up the Thistle eat,  
Poor Tom withal who, as a dock,  
Was made the red cows meat.

Who,<sup>3</sup> being mist, his mother went,  
Calling him every where ;

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1630. Modern eds. have *For*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *for to milk*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *But*.

Where art thou, Tom? where art thou, Tom?<sup>1</sup>  
 Quoth he: here, mother, here. 140

In the red Cows Belly here  
 Your Son is swallow'd up;  
 All which within her fearful heart  
 Most<sup>2</sup> careful dolours<sup>3</sup> put.

Mean time, the cow was troubled sore  
 In this her rumbling womb,  
 And could not rest, until that she  
 Had backwards cast Tom Thumb.

Now all besmeared as he was,<sup>4</sup>  
 His mother took him up, 150  
 And home to bear him hence, poor lad,  
 She in her apron put

¶ Tom Thumb is carried away by a Raven, and swallowed up by a Giant; with several other strange accidents that befel him.

**N**OW after this, in sowing time,  
 His father would him have  
 Into the field to drive the plough,  
 And therewithal him gave

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in ed. B.

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1630. Modern eds. have *Much*.

<sup>3</sup> This phrase, though not remarkably elegant, is better than the "woeful cholar" of ed. B.

<sup>4</sup> This stanza is not in ed. A, which also takes great liberties with the preceding one. Ed. B is more faithful.

A whip made of a barley straw,  
 For to drive the cattle on,  
 There, in a furrow'd land new sown,  
 Poor Tom was lost and gone.

160

Now, by a raven of great strength  
 Poor Tom away was born,  
 And carried in the<sup>1</sup> carrion's beak,  
 Just like a grain of corn,

Unto a giants castle top,  
 Whereon he let him fall,  
 Where<sup>2</sup> soon the giant swallowed up  
 His body, cloaths and all ;

But in his Belly Tom Thumb did  
 So great a rumbling make,  
 That neither night nor day he could  
 The smallest quiet take,

170

Until the giant him had spew'd  
 Full three miles in the sea ;  
 Whereas a Fish<sup>3</sup> soon took him up,  
 And bore him thence away.

Which<sup>4</sup> lusty Fish was after caught,  
 And to King Arthur sent,  
 Where Tom was found, and made his Dwarf,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whereas his days he spent<sup>6</sup>

180

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *a*.<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *and*.<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *There a large Fish, &c*, and in the next line it has *hence*.<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *The*.<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *kept, being a dwarf*.<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *Until his time was spent*.

Long time in lively jollity,<sup>1</sup>  
 Beloved of the Court,  
 And none like Tom was then<sup>2</sup> esteem'd  
 Amongst the better sort.

**¶ Tom Thumb by the Command of King Arthur  
 dances a Galliard upon the Queen's left hand.**

**A**MONG his<sup>3</sup> deeds of courtship done,  
 His Highness did command,  
 That he should dance a galliard brave  
 Upon the Queen's left-hand.

The<sup>4</sup> which he did, and for the same  
 Our King his signet gave,  
 Which Tom about his middle wore  
 Long time, a girdle brave.

190

Behold! it was a rich reward,  
 And given by the King,  
 Which to his Praise and worthiness  
 Did lasting honour bring.

For while he lived in the court,  
 His pleasant pranks were seen,  
 And he, according to Report,  
 Was favoured by the Queen.

200

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *he liv'd in loyalty.*

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *so.*

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *the.*

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *all.*

## ¶ Tom rides a hunting with the King.

NOW, after that, the King would not  
 Abroad for Pleasure go :  
 But still Tom Thumb must ride<sup>1</sup> with him,  
 Plac'd on his saddle bow.

Where<sup>2</sup> on a time, when as it rain'd,  
 Tom Thumb most nimbly crept  
 In at a button-hole, where he  
 Within<sup>3</sup> his bosom slept,

And, being near his Highness heart,  
 Did crave a wealthy boon :  
 A noble gift, the which the King  
 Commanded should be done.

210

For to relieve his father's wants  
 And mother's, being old,  
 Which<sup>4</sup> was as much of silver coin  
 As well his arms could hold.

And so<sup>5</sup> away goes lusty Tom  
 With three-pence at his back :  
 A heavy burden, which did make  
 His wearied limbs<sup>6</sup> to crack.

220

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *be*, and for *But, Yet*. In the line before, *he would* for *would not*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *But*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *All in*, and in line 207, *Into his* for *In at a*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *It*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *So then*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *very bones*.

So travelling two days and nights,  
 In labour and great pain,  
 He came unto the house, whereat  
 His parents did remain ;

Which was but half a mile in space  
 From good King Arthur's Court ;  
 The which,<sup>1</sup> in eight and forty hours,  
 He went in weary sort.

But, coming to his father's door,  
 He there such entrance had, 230  
 As made his parents both rejoice,  
 And<sup>2</sup> he thereat was glad.

His<sup>3</sup> mother in her apron put  
 Her gentle son in haste,  
 And, by the fire-side, within  
 A walnut shell him plac'd,

Whereas<sup>4</sup> they feasted him three days  
 Upon a hazel nut,  
 On which he rioted so<sup>5</sup> long,  
 He<sup>6</sup> them to charges put. 240

And thereupon grew wonderous sick,  
 Through<sup>7</sup> eating so much meat,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *All this*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *For*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *So his*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *and then*.

<sup>5</sup> Not in ed. B.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *And*.

<sup>7</sup> Ed. B has *In*.

That was sufficient for a month  
For this great man to eat.

But now,<sup>1</sup> his business call'd him forth,  
King Arthur's court to see,  
Whereas<sup>2</sup> no longer from the same  
He could a stranger be ;

But yet a few small<sup>3</sup> April drops,  
Which settled on the way,  
His long and weary journey forth<sup>4</sup>  
Did hinder and so stay,

250

Until his careful father<sup>5</sup> took  
A birding trunk in sport,  
And withone blast blew this his<sup>6</sup> son  
Into King Arthur's court.

† Of Tom's running at Tilt; with other Exercises performed by him.

NOW he at tilt and tournaments  
Was entertained so,  
That all the rest of Arthur's Knights  
Did him much pleasure show.

260

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *So when*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has:—

“From which no longer Tom it's said,  
Could now a stranger be.”

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *a few moist*.

<sup>4</sup> Not in ed. B.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *mother*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *her*.



And good Sir Launcelot du Lake,  
 Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy:  
 Yet none compar'd to brave Tom Thumb<sup>1</sup>  
 For knightly<sup>2</sup> chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,  
 And for his lady's sake,  
 A challenge in King Arthur's court  
 Tom Thumb did bravely make.

'Gainst whom these noble Knights run,  
 Sir Khion<sup>3</sup> and the rest; 270  
 But yet Tom Thumb, with matchless<sup>4</sup> might,  
 Did bear away the best.

At last, Sir Launcelot du Lake  
 In manly sort came in,  
 And with this stout and hardy Knight  
 A Battle did begin;

<sup>1</sup> Byron, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, thus apostrophizes Thalaba, the hero of Southey's poem:—

“Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,  
 Arabia's monstrous, wild and wondrous son;  
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
 Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,  
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!”

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *In acts of cavalry*, which even in the sense of horsemanship, could scarcely be the word intended by the author. Indeed, in Ed. A (which follows ed. 1630), we read as above.

<sup>3</sup> In the metrical *Morte Arthure*, ed. Halliwell, 1847, frequent mention is made of *Syr Cayone the Kene*. But the name is more generally spelled *Cayons* (Cains).

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *all his*.

Which made the courtiers all aghast :  
 For there this valiant man  
 Thro' Launcelot's steed before them all  
 In<sup>1</sup> nimble manner ran ;

280

Yea, horse and all, with spear and Shield,  
 As hardly he<sup>2</sup> was seen,  
 But only by King Arthur's self  
 And his beloved Queen,

Who from her Finger took a ring,  
 Thro' which Tom did make way,  
 Not touching it in nimble<sup>3</sup> sort,  
 As it had been in play.

He also cleft the smallest hair  
 From the fair lady's head,  
 Not<sup>4</sup> hurting her, whose even hand  
 Him lasting Honours bred.

290

Such were his deeds and noble Acts,  
 In Arthur's court were shewn ;  
 The like in all the world beside  
 Before was never known.

¶ Tom is taken sick and dies.

**T**HUS at his sports Tom toil'd himself,  
 That he a sickness took,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *with*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *e'er*. Ed. A reads *hardy*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *simple*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *From*.

Thro' which all manly exercise  
He carelessly forsook ; 300

Where, lying on his bed sore sick,  
King Arthur's Doctor<sup>1</sup> came,  
By cunning skill and physick's art  
To ease and cure the same,

His body being so slender small,<sup>2</sup>  
The cunning doctor<sup>3</sup> took  
A fine perspective glass, through which  
He<sup>4</sup> took a careful look

Into his sickened<sup>5</sup> body down,  
And therein saw, that death 310  
Stood ready in his wasted Guts,  
To seize his vital Breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small,  
As was a spider's web,  
Thro' which his dying hour<sup>6</sup> grew,  
For<sup>7</sup> all his Limbs were dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,  
Which hardly could be seen ;

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *Doctors*. In ed. B, lines 299-300, read :

“Thro' all which manly exercise  
His strength had him forsook.”

<sup>2</sup> In ed. B the line stands:—

“He being both slender and tall.”

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *doctors*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *they*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *sickly*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *hours*.

<sup>7</sup> Ed. has *and*.

The Loss of which<sup>1</sup> renowned Knight  
 Much griev'd the King and Queen.

320

And so with peace<sup>2</sup> and quietness  
 He left the earth below,  
 And up into the Fairy Land  
 His Ghost<sup>3</sup> did fading go;

Where as<sup>4</sup> the Fairy Queen receiv'd,  
 With heavy mournful chear,  
 The body of this valiant Knight,  
 Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For, with her dancing<sup>5</sup> nymphs in green,  
 She took him from his bed  
 With musick sweet and melody,  
 As soon as Life was fled.

330

For whom King Arthur and his Knights  
 Full forty days did mourn,  
 And in<sup>6</sup> remembrance of his name,  
 That was so<sup>7</sup> strangely born,

He built a tomb of marble grey,  
 And year by year did come,  
 To celebrate y<sup>e</sup> mournful death<sup>8</sup>  
 And burial of Tom Thumb.

340

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *their*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *grief*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *His fading Ghost did go*.

<sup>4</sup> Not in ed. B.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *flying*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *In the*.

<sup>7</sup> Ed. B has *strangely thus was*.

<sup>8</sup> Ed. B has *day*.

Whose fame still lives in England here,<sup>1</sup>  
 Amongst the country sort,  
 Of whom our<sup>2</sup> wives and children small,<sup>3</sup>  
 Tell tales of pleasant sport.<sup>4</sup>

But here's a wonder come at last,  
 Which some will scarce believe,  
 After two hundred years were past,  
 He did new life receive.

The Fairy Queen she lov'd him so,  
 As you shall understand, 350  
 That once again she let him go  
 Down from the Fairy Land.

The very time that he return'd  
 Unto the Court again,  
 It was, as we are well assur'd,  
 In good King Arthur's reign.

Where, in the presence of the King,  
 He many wonders wrought,  
 Recited in the second part,  
 Which now is to be bought 360

In Irongate, in Derby Town,  
 Where are sold fine Histories many,  
 And pleasant tales [as] e'er was told,  
 For purchase of One Penny.

### ¶ The End of the First Part.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has:—

“ Whose fame lives here in England still.”

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *the*.    <sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *dear*.    <sup>4</sup> Ed. B has:—

“ Tell pretty tales in sport.”

¶ The Second Part of the Life of  
Tom Thumb.

¶ Of Toms Return from Fairy Land; he falls into the Firmity; and of the sad Misfortunes that attended him.

WHEN good King Arthur he did reign,  
With all his Knights about him,  
Tom Thumb he then did entertain:  
For he could not do without him.

Behold he made right pretty sport,  
Which pleased passing well;  
And therefore in King Arthur's court  
He was allow'd to dwell.

His Parents were of small account,  
And he was small of growth,  
Yet they on Fortune's Wings did fly;  
She did befriend them both.

10

For many long and pleasant years,  
He was belov'd by all;  
The royal court, both prince and peers,  
Wept to see his funeral.

The longest Time will ended be,  
So was Tom's life at last;  
The mourning court did weep to see  
His breath was but a blast:

20

So, mounting to the Fairy Queen,  
She did her love express  
By giving him a robe of green,  
A sweet and comely dress.

In the Elesian shades he reign'd  
Two hundred years and more ;  
So by the Queen it was ordain'd,  
That he her scepter bore

As King of all the Fairy Land,  
And had continued still, 30  
But that, as you may understand,  
It was her gracious will

To send him to the lower world  
In triumph once again ;  
So with a puff or blast him hurl'd  
Down with a mighty pain ;

With mighty force it happened he  
Did fall, as some report,  
Into a pan of firmity,  
In good King Arthur's court. 40

The cook, that bore it then along,  
Was struck with a surprise :  
For with the fall the firmity  
Flew up into his eyes.

The cook was running on full tilt,  
When Tom fell from the air ;

The pan of firmity was spilt,  
O, what a sight was there !

The cook was frighted to the heart,  
Tom Thumb he sprawling lay ;  
No one was there to take his part,  
Alack and a well-a-day!

50

His coat of green was then besmear'd  
With firmity all o'er ;  
Likewise another death he fear'd ;  
His bones were sore all o'er.

He got out of the firmity,  
As well as he was able ;  
They dragged him immediately  
Before King Arthur's table,

60

Where he in pomp at dinner sat  
With wine and music sweet :  
For many noble Knights were met  
To taste a royal treat,

With clubs and staves, forks and prongs,  
He guarded was, unpitied,  
To answer for the mighty Wrongs,  
Which he had there committed.

Now as they enter'd in the Hall  
With Tom, that little sprite,  
O, how the multitude did bawl  
To shew their hateful spite !

70



Some said he was a Fairy Elf,  
 And therefore did deserve to die ;  
 But Tom secur'd himself,  
 As you'll find by and by.

For, just as they began to vote  
 What Death he should endure,  
 He jumped down a Miller's throat,  
 And there he lay secure,

80

Not one of all the multitude  
 Perceiv'd the Way he went ;  
 Thus, tho' his Death they then pursu'd,  
 Tom did the same prevent,

They look'd about, but could not find  
 Tom Thumb in any place ;  
 Wherefore, like men perplex'd in mind,  
 Each suffered sad disgrace.

¶ Tom torments a Miller while he lays in his  
 Paunch ; and of other wonderful Things that  
 happened.

**T**HEN did the multitude depart,  
 Like dogs that burnt their Tails, 90  
 Each being vexed to the heart,  
 O, how they gnaw'd their nails!

To think they had their prisoner lost  
 In presence of the King ;  
 Never was man so strangely crost ;  
 It was a grievous thing.

The Miller too, above the rest  
 He scowred like a ferrit :  
 Still crying out he was possest  
 With some familiar Spirit.

100

Tom often pinch'd him by the tripes,  
 And made the Miller roar,  
 Alas ! alas ! ten thousand stripes  
 Could not have vex'd him more.

Ah ! wo is me, the miller cry'd,  
 Good-lack, good-lack a-day !  
 Some spiteful imp does in me bide,  
 Which does the antick play.

For help he to the doctor sought,  
 Being distracted nigh ;  
 But the Miller little thought  
 Poor Tom was in his Belly.

110

When he before the Doctor came,  
 And told him every thing  
 Which he had suffered, Tom by name  
 Did whistle, dance and sing.

The Doctor he was thunder struck,  
 To think what he should be :  
 I fear, said he, some evil lurks ;  
 Sure Satan speaks in thee.

120

You lie, quoth Tom, and then he sung  
 A short but pleasant song,

Your latin and your lying tongue  
Does many people wrong.

I was a courtier, 'tis well known,  
Two hundred years ago,  
When good King Arthur had the crown,  
As thousands then did know.

And am I called a Devil now,  
Who never did no harm, 130  
I solem[n]ly protest and vow,  
I'll be reveng'd on you.

The Doctor then affrighted was  
Worse than he was before,  
And sent for twenty learned men  
The Miller to restore.

So being come into the hall,  
Strait to their great surprise,  
Tom for a cup of sack did call,  
And musick too, likewise. 140

The miller being fast asleep,  
And sitting in his chair,  
All people strait began to weep,  
When they his voice did hear.

With much ado they rous'd him then,  
So on his feet he stood :  
For they were understanding men,  
Who came to do him good.

By turns they strait examined him,  
 How he [h]is life did square: 150  
 For they were certain, that a limb  
 Of Lucifer was there.

Says one: I am persuaded you  
 Have often play'd the thief,  
 In taking more than was your due,  
 Which causes all your grief.

So then the Miller did confess,  
 What he had said was true:  
 Yet, all my friends, nevertheless  
 My father did so too; 160

And eke my grandsire, who in mould  
 Is sleeping now full low:  
 For he this very Mill did hold  
 One hundred years ago.

If they did so, why may not I  
 One bushel take of two?<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Droll stories of the roguery of millers are scattered about in old books. See *Old English Jest Books*, i. 23, 31, 129; ii. 22-3.

Take also the following specimen (a metrical version of a much older tale):—

One told me of a miller that had power  
 Sometimes to steal fivē bushels out of fourē.  
 As once a windmill (out of breath) lack'd winde,  
 A fellow brought fourē bushels there to grinde;  
 And hearing neither noyse of knap or tiller,  
 Laid downe his corne, and went to seeke the miller.  
 Some two flight-shoot to th' alehouse he did wag,  
 And left his sacke in keeping with his Nag;

Tom Thumb cry'd out immediately :  
A hopeful thievish crew !

You must leave off, they all did cry,  
Steal not in time to come ; 170  
A voice immediately reply'd :  
Why, don't you know Tom Thumb ?

So said, they all began to run  
In a distracted case,  
And left the Miller all alone,  
Who, in a little space,

Ran to a mighty river side,  
To ease his body there,

The miller came a by-way vp the hill,  
And saw the sacke of corne stand at the mill ;  
Perceiuing none that could his theft gaine-say,  
For toll tooke bagge and grist, and all away.  
And a crosse-way vnto the Alehouse hy'd him,  
Whereas the man that sought him, quickly spide him.  
Kind miller (quoth the man), I left but now  
A sacke of wheat, and I intreat that thou  
Wilt walke vp to the mill, where it doth lye,  
And grinde it for me now the winde blowes hye.  
So vp the hill they went, and quickly found  
The bagge and corne stolne from the ground vngroun'd.  
The poore man with his losse was full of grieffe,  
He and the miller went to seeke the *Thiefe*,  
Or else the corne ; at last, all tyr'd and sad  
(Seeking both what he had not, and he had),  
The miller (to appease or ease his paine)  
Sold him one bushell of his owne againe.  
Thus out of foure the man fiue bushels lost,  
Accounting truely all his corne and cost.

*An Arrant Thiefe*, by John Taylor, 1622.

And turn'd Tom Thumb into the tide,  
 Who swam I know not where ;

180

But, as the ancient writers say,  
 Near to the Northern Pole,  
 Where many a lusty salmon lay,  
 Who swallowed him up whole.

¶ Tom being swallowed up by a Salmon, is caught by a Fishman; and of the Sport he made in the Fishs Belly.

A FISHERMAN came out of Rye  
 With nets and other geer ;  
 The seas were rough, the winds were high  
 Yet he his course did steer

'Midst foaming billows that did roar,  
 Until he came at last,  
 Where he had fish'd not long before  
 And there his net he cast,

190

And drew it up with great success,  
 Which made the fish[er]man laugh,  
 Having, as near as he could guess,  
 One dozen at a draught,

Unto his net so fast they throng,  
 Which did him<sup>1</sup> much surprise :  
 For some of them were<sup>2</sup> large and long,  
 Others of a smaller size.

200

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *then*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *was*.

At length, as I the truth may tell,  
He with that salmon met,  
Which had gotton poor Tom Thumb,  
And almost broke his net.

Says he: I never in my life  
Had such a one before;  
I'll home to honest Joan my wife,  
And let her know my store.

So having stow'd them in his boat,  
He home began to steer,  
Singing a sweet and pleasant note  
For this his happy cheer.

210

So, near the pleasant town of Rye  
His freighted boat was blow'd;  
Blyth Joan she came immediately  
And smil'd to see the load.

His fish up to the market place  
They brought in state and pride;  
But O! the salmon was the best  
Of all the fish beside.

220

The people flocked far and near,  
To buy some fish of him,  
Because he had, as did appear,  
As good as e'er did swim.

Amongst the rest a steward came,  
Who would the salmon buy,

And other fish that he did name,  
But he would not comply.

The steward said : are you so proud,  
If so, I'll not b[u]y any ;  
So then bespoke Tom Thumb aloud :  
Sir, give the other penny.

230

At this they all began to stare,  
To hear his sudden joke ;  
Nay, some were<sup>1</sup> frighted to the heart,  
And thought the dead fish spoke.

It was a strange and sudden touch ;  
So the Fisherman, and they  
Who heard him speak, wondered much,  
And had no more to say.

240

As they were standing in amaze  
At what they then had heard,  
Tom again his voice did raise,  
And spoke with good regard,  
Saying : the like in all the Land  
Before was never seen ;  
Present this Salmon out of hand  
Unto the King and Queen.

So the steward made no more ado,  
But bid a penny more ;  
Because he said he never knew  
A fish to speak before :

250

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *was*.



So the steward's Master by report  
 Was made a noble Lord ;  
 He sent the Salmon to the court  
 In hopes of a great reward.

Having no<sup>1</sup> worthy present  
 To make the Lord amends,  
 The King returns a compliment,  
 And so the chapter ends.

260

Which fairly leads us to the next,  
 The compliment was poor ;  
 The noble Lord was sorely vex'd,  
 To find he had no more.

¶ The Kings Cook sticks a Fork in Toms  
 Breech, and carries him to the King ; and of  
 his happy Deliberance.

**T**WO noble Knights a wager laid  
 About I know not what ;  
 Some say they at a fencing play'd,  
 And some assure us not.

Some say it was a game at bowls,  
 One morning in the forest ;

270

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *a*. There are one or two other places where the text might be amended. The author of the Second and Third Parts was not trammelled by rhythm, grammar, or geography.

Tho' both of them were honest Men,  
The same was won and lost.

The court was full of wagers then,  
Some laid an hundred pound ;  
Dukes, lords and worthy gentlemen  
Much sport and pastime found.

The King, it seems, amongst the rest,  
A noble dinner lost ;  
The salmon then was to be drest,  
Which so much money cost.

280

The cook was then to dress the same,  
And then by chance he saw  
The little man, *Tom Thumb* by name,  
Within the salmon's maw.

He started strait, and said : Alas !  
How came this fellow here ?  
Strange things I find are brought to pass,  
He shall not now get clear,

Because he vow'd to go thro' stich,  
And him to Justice bring,  
He stuck a fork into his breech,  
And bore him to the King,<sup>1</sup>

290

Who being then at council board  
About some state affairs,

---

<sup>1</sup> King *Edgar* must be here understood.

He could not very well afford  
To lay aside his cares

For such a slender cause as this ;  
Wherefore, as many say,  
He did the busy Cook dismiss  
Until another day.

300

So the Cook, it seems, did bear in mind  
His old supposed wrong ;  
Therefore poor Tom must be confin'd  
Close in a prison strong ;

But ne'er a prison was secure :  
When others were asleep,  
For little Tom they might be sure  
He'd thro' the key-hole creep.

Therefore they bound him hand and foot ;  
So cruel was his fate,  
And in a mouse-trap he was put,  
To peep between the grate.

310

Alas ! he made lamentable moan,  
And oft would sigh and say,  
Because that he was all alone,  
Alack and well-a-day !

He labour'd, but could not get loose  
By all that he could do ;  
The mouse-trap wires were so close,  
Poor Tom could not get thro'.

320

When he had lain a week or more,  
 Bathed in melting tears,  
 Under a guard he came before  
 The King and all his peers.

Poor Tom was in a piteous trim,  
 And seem'd to blush for shame ;  
 The Lords and Knights requir'd him  
 To tell from whence he came.

Now, it may please your Majesty,  
 Our prisoner reply'd,  
 I will rehearse my pedigree,  
 Nothing shall be deny'd.

330

And thereupon he did report  
 The manner of his Birth,  
 And how, in good King Arthur's court,  
 He lived till his death.

Tom Thumb they call'd me in those days,  
 As you shall understand ;  
 Lords, Dukes and Earls did speak my praise,  
 And Princes of the land.

340

They gave him then a smiling look,  
 And pardon'd him also,  
 Declaring they had read his book  
 Many long years ago.

Tom Thumb the King did entertain,  
 That he new sport might make,

And therefore Knighted him again  
For good King Arthur's sake.

Thus Tom [again] in favour grew,  
Having all these things told ; 350  
The King, believing it was true,  
Gave him a ring of gold.

¶ Tom rides a Hunting with the King on a  
Mouse ; a Farmers Cat takes them both in  
her Mouth, and runs to the Top of a Tree  
with them.

**T**OM'S troubles being at an end,  
Now, without any more ado,  
Our King did for a Taylor send,  
For to cloath him anew.

All enemies were vanish'd quite,  
That look'd so fierce and grim :  
Now he appear'd a worthy Knight,  
They were in Love with him. 360

The manner of his worthy dress  
In brief I will relate,  
And then I think you needs must guess,  
How this little man was great.

His shirt was cut out of the wings  
Of a fair butterfly,

His breeches, coat, and other things  
All pleasing to the eye :

Upon his legs likewise he had  
Boots made of chicken leather ;  
Like any jolly noble lad,  
He wore his hat and feather.

370

A taylor's needle was his sword,  
His head-piece was a thimble,  
And when he fought, upon my word  
He made the giants tremble.

Now [when] he was accoutred<sup>1</sup> thus,  
His Majesty reply'd :  
Tom, will you take a course with us,  
We shall a hunting ride

380

Together with the greatest part  
Of Nobles of our court.  
Yes, yes, quoth Tom, with all my heart,  
I ever lov'd such sport.

The King, with many Noblemen,  
Did gloriously appear,  
For having put his Courtiers then  
To chace the nimble deer.

But poor Tom was at a loss,  
His nimble limbs they were so small :

390

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *accosted*, (an evident misprint).

For he was loath to ride a horse,  
For fear that he should fall.

A little mouse they did provide,  
And set him on the same,  
O, then he did in safety ride,  
As he pursu'd the game.

The King and his Nobility,  
As they did ride with speed,  
They could not chuse but laugh to see  
Tom's little prancing steed.

400

They rode like Nobles of renown,  
Thro' many a park and plain,  
And just before the sun set down,  
Each homeward turn'd again.

But coming near a farmer's house,  
Just by a forest side,  
A cat jump'd out, and caught the mouse  
Whereon Tom Thumb did ride.

She took him up between her jaws,  
And scower'd up a tree,  
And as she scratch'd him with her claws,  
He cried out : Woe is me !

410

He laid his hand upon his sword,  
And run her thro' and thro' ;  
And he, for fear of falling, roar'd ;  
Puss likewise cry'd out mew.

It was a sad and bloody fight  
Between the Cat and he ;  
Puss valu'd not this worthy Knight,  
But scratch'd him bitterly.

420

The King and all his noble Peers  
Were overcome with grief ;  
They heard his cries, and saw his tears,  
But could not yield relief.

But at the length she let him drop,  
And they by meer good hap,  
As he did tumble from the top,  
Did catch him in a cap.

His coat was tatter'd like a rag,  
And he look'd like a moam ;  
They put him in a hawking bag,  
And so they brought him home,

430

But Puss had claw'd and scratch'd him so,  
Making his veins to bleed,  
That he could neither stand nor go,  
But took his bed with speed ;

Where many dying groans he sent  
Up to the Fairy Queen,  
Alas, his tears of discontent  
By her were fairly seen.

440

She griev'd to see him how he lay,  
And sent a glorious train  
Of little Fairies to convey  
Him to her court again.



¶ The Fairy Queen, finding his Troubles,  
sends for him to Court, where he now remains.

**B**OTH far and near the tidings flew  
Of Tom's unhappy Fate,  
And learned Doctors came to view  
His present dying state.

Not one of them could do him good,  
Or keep him safe from death :  
For by their skill they understood  
He'd die for want of breath.

450

Within a Box of ivory  
They made a downy bed ;  
The King and Nobles wept to see  
His life was almost fled.

Young virgins watch'd to keep him warm  
For six or seven nights ;  
At length appear'd a mighty swarm  
Of pretty Fairy Sprites,

460

With mourning garlands on their heads ;  
His bed they compass'd round,  
And, folding down the Coverlid,  
Sir Tom Thumb there they found.

How he was bruis'd in every limb,  
Which wrought his life's decay ;

And having all saluted him,  
Without the least delay

They put him in a winding-sheet,  
More white than Lillies fair,  
These Fairies all with music sweet  
Did mount the lofty air.

470

And soon they vanish'd out of sight,  
Up to the Fairy Queen,  
And from this time the worthy Knight  
Was never after seen.

The virgins posted to the King  
With tears of discontent,  
And having told him every thing,  
The court in mourning went.

480

And to his memory they built  
A monument of Gold  
Upon King Edgar's dagger hilt,  
Most glorious to behold.

His worthy deeds recorded are,  
That ages yet to come  
May to their children young declare  
The deeds of brave Tom Thumb ;

And pass away each winter's night  
By a good Fire side  
With tales of mirth and much delight,  
At every Christmas tide.

490

Altho' a second time he's gone  
 Unto the gloomy shade :  
 Yet after that his life was fled,  
 He many a Frolick play'd

Amongst the Nobles of the court,  
 Tho' in another Age,  
 Affording them delightful sport,  
 And was King Thunstan's Page. 500

As you may read in Part the Third,  
 And Fancy satisfy :  
 For, loving friends, upon my word,  
 Altho' he seem'd to die,

Death's fatal arrows prov'd in vain,  
 As you shall understand :  
 For he was hurried back again  
 Down from the Fairy Land.

¶ End of the Second Part.



¶ The Third Part of the Life of  
 Tom Thumb.

¶ In what strange Manner Tom Thumb came  
 back a Third Time, and unfortunately fell  
 into a Close=Stool.

**I**N woeful manner Tom thus left  
 The King and all his Court;

Of all their Mirth they were bereft,  
He yielded them such Sport.

Unto his Memory was paid,  
For all his actions past,  
Another monument was made,  
That should for ever last.

Now in the Elesian Fields he reigns,  
King of the Fairy Land,  
Where he the love of all obtains,  
Ready at his command.

10

He to the Fairy Queen relates  
His mighty acts below,  
His wonderful adventures great,  
As Edgar's court did shew.

In joyful sort he reign'd above,  
As he had done before ;  
The Fairy Queen, to shew her love,  
Again he her scepter bore :

20

Until such time it pleas'd her, that  
She'd send him once again,  
And as all histories do agree,  
It was in Thunston's reign.

She cloathed him all o'er in green,  
And without more delay,  
But with her great majestic mein,  
She hurry'd him away.

Where he descended thro' the air,  
 This poor unhappy man, 30  
 By sad mishap, as you shall hear,  
 Fell in a close-stool pan.

So, all besmear'd in piteous wise,  
 Poor Tom was almost drown'd :  
 For in the filth he could not rise,  
 Or scarce be ever found.

He then did cry : ah, wo is me !  
 My misery don't decay :  
 Which caus'd the men to flee away ;  
 'Twas death, they could not stay. 40

Then all the people thronged fast,  
 Such miracles to see,  
 There was he almost spent at last,  
 For none durst set him free.

But he at last delivered was,  
 When thousands did resort,  
 Brought in this piteous woeful case  
 Unto King Thunston's court.

¶ Tom is brought before the King, with an  
 Account of his Actions.

**I**N shameful sort Tom Thumb appear'd  
 Before his Majesty, 50  
 But grown so weak, could not be heard,  
 Which caus'd his malady.

All that beheld him stood amaz'd,  
And knew not what to say ;  
Some did endeavour him to seize,  
'Fore life did quite decay.

The doctor then with speed was call'd,  
His vitals to restore :  
For, in the excrement thus maul'd,  
He did their help implore.

60

That if his Majesty would grant,  
He would in humble sort  
Declare the cause of all their want  
Of knowledge of the court.

At length the King resolved was,  
For to grant him his request,  
And from his presence he should pass,  
For to ease himself and rest.

And that the doctor should take care  
For to bring him on demand ;  
So they Tom Thumb away did bear,  
For to wait the King's command.

70

The doctor thought to let him blood,  
But some did him oppose ;  
Others said it was not good,  
And a dispute arose.

Till one, a grave experienc'd man,  
Did all they say disanul :

For, if his vessels they could scan,  
There's not a thimble full.

80

At last, upon a learn'd debate,  
It was resolv'd by all,  
How they would trust his life to fate,  
And wait his rise or fall.

But fortune proved yet his friend,  
As his life shews before ;  
Altho' she left him in the end  
His miseries to deplore.

For at the last he rais'd his Head  
In presence of them all,  
And cry'd : my life is not yet fled,  
My spirits I recal,

90

That I may answer for the wrong,  
Which now is done to me ;  
And clear myself, e'er it be long,  
Before his Majesty.

His speech did cause a great surprise,  
They knew not what to say,  
For on a sudden Tom did rise,  
At which they fled away.

100

But his poor guardian trembling stood  
Betwixt great hope and fear ;  
But Tom cry'd in a merry mood :  
Unto the King we'll steer.

His trial at the last drew near,  
 Great preparations made,  
 For the King and Nobles stood in fear :  
 Yet seemed not dismay'd :

For by his Majesty's command  
 Poor Tom Thumb must appear,  
 For to answer such questions, and  
 How he himself should clear.

110

When to their presence he was brought,  
 He did amaze the court,  
 He paid obeysance, where he thought  
 Fit to yield them sport.

So the King ask'd him, whence he came,  
 The way he liv'd, and where,  
 He also then requires his name,  
 Who caus'd this pannick fear.

120

Tom then relates his Actions past,  
 How he had liv'd before,  
 And the reason of his being cast  
 Down to the earth once more.

All that of them he did implore,  
 To search the records past ;  
 How sumptuously he was before,  
 None might his memory blast.

For deeds renowned I was fam'd,  
 Now in oblivion lost ;

130



Sir Tom Thomb I then was nam'd,  
Tho' fame my life hath crossed.

The which the King no sooner heard,  
But from his throne did rise,  
And said: Sir Tom Thomb, for thy fame,  
None can thee equalize.

Thy birth, thy parentage is known,  
Traditions do make clear;  
All people do you great renown  
In joyful memory bear;

140

So that from hence you need not fear,  
My favour you shall have;  
To me your memory is dear,  
Henceforth you need not crave

For lodgings. Now the King resolv'd  
A palace should be fram'd;  
The walls of this most stately place  
Were lovely to behold.

For workmanship it was a plan,  
Like gold that had been try'd;  
The height thereof was but a span,  
And doors but one inch wide.

150

The inward parts were all japan,  
Which was for him so neat,  
The workmanship so fine thereon,  
Nothing was more compleat;

That Tom now lives in pleasant sort,  
 Who was belov'd of all ;  
 He yielded them much mirth and sport,  
 All waited on his call.

160

The King did him admire so,  
 The wonder of the age ;  
 His bounty farther to bestow,  
 Thunston made him his page.

¶ Tom grows in favour with the King, who buys  
 him a Coach drawn by six Mice.

ALL troubles now are vanished,  
 In peace Tom Thomb did live,  
 No cares disturb his peace by night,  
 No miseries survive.

The greatest Storms will have an end,  
 When calm succeeds again,  
 Fortune her bounty now did lend,  
 And eas'd him of all pain.

170

All recreation thought could have,  
 Or life could e'er afford,  
 All earthly joys that he could crave  
 At his desire or word.

No mirth without him now might please,  
 All to him did resort ;  
 So he did live in splendid ease,  
 Beloved by the court,

180

So that the King so pleased was,  
 As for his ease and sake  
 Thro' his dominions he might pass,  
 Or recreation take.

Of smallest mice that might be found,  
 For to draw his Coach appears,  
 Such stately steeds his wish did crown,  
 Long tails with cropped ears.

So he enjoys his whole desire,  
 Forgets his miseries past, 190  
 Ambition makes him still aspire,  
 Which fatal proves at last.

For his desires were lustful grown  
 Against her Majesty,  
 Finding of her one day alone,  
 Which prov'd his tragedy.

### ¶ Tom attempts to ravish the Queen.

**S**OME sacred solitary thought  
 Had now possess'd the Queen ;  
 She for some pleasant harbour sought,  
 Both pleasant and serene. 200

Which having found, she laid her down,  
 In hopes to ease her mind,  
 With soft repose her cares to drown ;  
 Nought seem'd to prove unkind.

Now with the thoughts, that did molest  
 Her breast, she laid her head  
 Upon the flowers in hopes of rest ;  
 Her anxious cares were fled.

For pleasant and delightful dreams  
 Did all her sorrows drown ;  
 The God of Sleep his image frames,  
 No power on her might frown,

210

Unknown or seen by any one,  
 Tom Thumb observ'd the Queen,  
 And, thus perceiving her alone,  
 There he lay hid unseen.

A snail out of her shell did come,  
 For to seek food and air,  
 Which being marked by Tom Thumb,  
 He takes possession there ;

220

Where for a time he lay conceal'd,  
 Seen by no mortal eye,  
 From out of which he does creep out,  
 A wonderous prodigy.

Where, unto his ravish'd<sup>1</sup> view,  
 The Queen was left alone ;  
 His lustful thoughts now to pursue  
 He was resolved on.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *lavished*.

His resolution then he arms,  
Resolved to pursue, 230  
He some short time beheld her charms,  
Which did his flame renew.

But now approaching to the place  
Of his desired haven,  
[He], not fearing the least disgrace,  
By eagerness was driven.

But all his hopes were vanquish'd quite ;  
The Queen, surpriz'd, awoke  
In great confusion and affright ;  
At length, these words she spoke : 240

What villain dare invade my rest,  
Or rob me of repose ?  
Of which Tom Thumb makes but a jest,  
And laughed, as he rose.

The Queen, with rage and fury fir'd,  
To see herself abus'd,  
That of the King she then desir'd,  
Tom Thumb might be accus'd.

That nothing would her wrath appease,  
To free her from all strife, 250  
Or set her mind at perfect ease,  
Until she had his life.

¶ Of Toms Escape on a Butter-Fly, and the  
Manner in which he was taken Prisoner.

NOW all the court stood in amaze,  
To hear the Queen relate :  
For some did Tom's fam'd actions praise,  
While others urg'd his fate.

After debates they did agree,  
How he should there appear ;  
But their designs Tom did foresee,  
Which caus'd his pannick fear.

260

Perceiving now a mighty throng  
Approaching near the place,  
Ready to seize him ; but e'er long,  
[He] retir'd with nimble pace

Into his shell, where safe he lay,  
And unperceiv'd by all,  
And made them search in vain all day,  
Such as design'd his fall.

But, finding all retir'd and gone,  
His hunger<sup>1</sup> to suffice  
In cautious sort he moves along ;  
Nature wants some Supplies.

270

But all in vain ; no food he finds,  
His joys are turn'd to grief.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *anger*.

Fortune, that once seem'd to be kind,  
Now yields him no relief.

So long he wandered, but in vain ;  
No Prospect yet appears,  
Which did involve him in such Pain,  
As captivates his fears,

280

At last, with grief he laid him down  
His miseries to deplore :  
For no expedient was found,  
For to gain nature's Store.

At last, a Butterfly he espy'd,  
The which he seized in haste ;  
Upon his back he got astride,  
With care himself he placed.

So, with expanded wings she mounts :  
For he was plac'd secure,  
His tender limbs lay all so soft,  
No hardships could endure.

290

As Providence ordained all things,  
To each one his own nature,  
Tom's steed from tree to tree still climbs ;  
His miseries were greater.

From Post to Pillar now he's tost,  
Again upon the ground,  
And now aloft thus was he crost,  
No respite could be found.

300

But mark his fate ! Tom's winged steed  
Did now direct his course,  
As if by chance of fate decreed,  
With all his might and force

Unto the court, and hovering round,  
A banquet was prepared,  
Where all in joy they do abound ;  
No other sound was heard.

But, in the middle of the sport,  
Tom Thumb they did espy,  
How he was riding round the court  
Upon a Butterfly,

310

The which in vain they strove to seize,  
Till, [by] his unhappy lot,  
As on him stedfastly they gaze,  
He fell in a white Pot.

When, searching long, at last they found,  
Tom in a piteous case ;  
He with the fall was almost drown'd,  
Such was his sad disgrace.

320

But, not regarding of the moan,  
Away they did him bring,  
Where for his crimes he must atone  
Before the Queen and King.



¶ Of Tom's being brought before the King, with  
his Behaviour during the Time of his Trial.

**A**T last the mournful day is come,  
In which Tom must appear  
Before the King to have his doom,  
His plaint no more would hear.

For their Aversion was so great,  
None would plead his cause, 330  
But rather hasten'd<sup>1</sup> on his fate,  
To gain the Queen's applause.

Unto all they said this little man  
Made no reply at all,  
For fear his words they should trepan,<sup>2</sup>  
Which rais'd their spleen and gall.

Unto all which the King did swear,  
By all his pomp and power,  
That, if himself he did not clear,  
He should be hang'd that hour, 340

So he did raise his little head,  
And said: ah, woe is me!  
My vital spirits are just fled,  
So pass your last decree.

For here no respite can I find,  
But one continual strife;

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *usher'd*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *trapan*.

Exert your power, glut your mind,  
And take my wretched life.

This valiant answer mov'd the court,  
All but the angry Queen ;  
Her rage and fury did [her] transport,  
No one could intervene.

350

Some pleaded hard that they would give  
Him present Punishment,  
Unto some more remoter place,  
Should be his banishment.

But still in vain ; they would not hear ;  
No pity should be shown,  
Since for the fact he must pay dear,  
His life must it atone.

360

So the King his sentence he declar'd,  
How hanged he should be,  
And that a Gibbet should be rear'd,  
And none should set him free.

After his sentence thus was past,  
Unto a Prison he was led ;  
So in a Mouse-trap they made him fast,  
He had no other bed.

His tender limbs, not us'd to such,  
Did bruise in piteous wise,  
In his past life he suffered much,  
Yet none regards his cries.

370

His liberty now to regain,  
 His Prison [he] strives to break,  
 Where long he laboured with great pains ;  
 His life was now at stake.

Nothing but death appears in view,  
 Which did his thoughts employ :  
 Yet for no Pardon would he sue,  
 No[r] life again enjoy.

380

Tom, thus secur'd, was left alone ;  
 For death he does prepare ;  
 In piteous sort he makes his moan,  
 Being driven to despair.

At last by chance a cat him spy'd,  
 And for a mouse did take,  
 She him attacked on each side,  
 And did his Prison break.

¶ Tom in endeavouring to make his Escape  
 falls into a Spiders Web; and of his un-  
 expected Death.

**T**HE cat perceiving her mistake,  
 Away she fled with speed,  
 Which made poor Tom to flight betake,  
 Being thus from Prison freed.

390

Resolving there no more to dwell,  
 But break the King's decree,

Into a spider's web he fell,  
 And could not thence get free.

The spider, watching for his Prey,  
 Tom took to be a fly,  
 And seized him without delay,  
 Regarding not his cry. 400

The blood out of his body drains,  
 He yielded up his breath ;  
 Thus he was freed from all Pains  
 By his unlook'd for death.

Thus you have heard his actions all,  
 Likewise his actions great,  
 His Rise, his Progress, and his fall,  
 Thus ushered in by fate.

Although he's dead, his Memory lives,  
 Recorded ever sure ; 410  
 His very name some pleasure gives,  
 And ever will endure.

**FINIS.**



## The Lovers Quarrel ;

or

## Cupids Triumph.

“THE Lovers quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read.” London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, 1677, 12mo. black letter, twelve leaves, including one of woodcuts before title.

F. Coles and his partners printed another edition without date. In the Pepysian Library at Cambridge is an impression in black letter, without date, described in Hartshorne's *Book Rarities* (p. 258), as “printed by J. M. ;” and amongst Mr. Utterson's books was an edition, of which the following are the particulars:—“The Lovers Quarrel, or Cupids Triumph, being the Pleasant History of fair Rosamond of Scotland, being Daughter to the Lord *Arundel*, whose Love was obtained by the Valour of *Tommy Pots*, who conquered the Lord *Phenix*, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his Wife. Being very delightful to Read.” London, Printed by A. P. for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright, 12mo. n. d. black letter, twelve leaves, including one of woodcuts on both sides, preceding title, as in ed. 1677. It is, or at least was, common as a penny history, and Ritson printed in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, a different version of

the tale.<sup>1</sup> The subject is one which would necessarily be very popular.

*The Lovers Quarrel* was republished from the edition of 1677, a copy of which is in the Ashmolean Museum, in Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, collated with the undated impression, a copy of which, with many other tracts of a similar kind, was bequeathed to Ritson by his friend Baynes. It passed, after Ritson's death, into the Heber Collection. In the *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, part iv. four or five editions of this story are specified. See *Bibl. Heber.* iv. 1738-9, 1743. The present text is formed from a collation of Utterson's copy with ed. 1677.

The present performance may, perhaps, be classed with "The Chyld of Bristow," and "The Squyr of Lowe Degre." The scene is laid in Scotland; and it reads like a border legend. In the edition of 1677, the language is scarcely more ancient, for the most part, than that of the period when it was published; but no doubt it was a modernised version; though, unless we assume very great liberties to have been taken with the text, the tale does not seem to bear the mark of very high antiquity.

In some of the Chapmen's editions the title was altered to "Tommy Potts, or the Lovers' Quarrel."

*The Lovers Quarrel* has participated in the general fate of popular stories, in the annexation, after a certain interval, of a Second Part, narrating the subsequent history of the hero and heroine. It is difficult to tell exactly when this sequel was incorporated with the original tale; but it appears in an impression which was formerly in Mr. Halliwell's Collection, and which was published at Newcastle about 1760. It is there entitled, "The Lovers' Loyalty; or the Happy Pair, giving an account of the happy lives of Tommy Potts (now Lord Arundel)<sup>2</sup> and the Fair Rosamond, his charming bride, who loved and lived in peace and unity all their days. The Second Book."

<sup>1</sup> See Halliwell's *Notices of Popular English Histories*, p. 17-18. In the British Museum are three chapmen's editions, and there is an old impression, "printed by A. P. for G. Cosy," &c.

<sup>2</sup> ? Arrandale. But all the names of persons and places in this poem are fictitious. *Lord Phœnix*, Harvy's-town, Guildford-Green, Strawberry-Castle, &c. are, as Mr. David Laing has

¶ The Lovers Quarrel or Cupids Triumph.  
Being the Pleasant History of fair Rosamond of Scotland. This may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewel.<sup>1</sup>

**O**F all the Lords in Scotland fair,  
And Ladies that been so bright of blee,  
There is a noble Lady among them all,  
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright,  
And of her colour very fair,  
She's Daughter to Lord Arundel,  
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

Ile see this bride, Lord Phenix said,  
That Lady of so bright a blee,  
And if I like her countenance well,  
The heir of all my lands she'st be.

10

But when he came the Lady before,  
Before this comely Maid came he,  
O, God thee save, thou Lady sweet,  
My heir and Parand thou shalt be.

Leave of your suit (the Lady said),  
As you are a Lord of high degree,

---

remarked to the editor, unknown to Scottish history and topography. So with *lord Arundel* or *Arrandale*.

<sup>1</sup> This second heading is not in Ritson. That editor has been guilty of other sins of omission and commission.

You may have Ladies enough at home,  
 And I have a Lord in mine own Country ;      20

For I have a Lover true of mine own,  
 A Serving-man of low degree,  
 One Tommy pots it is his name,  
 My first love and last that ever shall be.

If that Tom pots [it] is his name,  
 I do ken him right verily,  
 I am able to spend forty pounds a Week,  
 Where he is not able to spend pounds three.

God give you good of your gold, she said,  
 And ever God give you good of your fee,      30  
 Tom pots was the first love that ever I had,  
 And I do mean him the last to be.

With that Lord phenix soon was mov'd,  
 Towards the Lady did he threat,  
 He told her father, and so it was prov'd,  
 How his Daughters mind was set.

O Daughter dear, thou art my own,  
 The heir of all my lands to be,  
 Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,  
 If that thou mean to be heir to me.      40

O father dear, I am your own,  
 And at your command I needs must be,  
 But bind my body to whom you please,  
 My heart, Tom pots, shall go with thee.



Alas! the Lady her fondnesse must leave,  
 And all her foolish<sup>1</sup> wooing lay aside,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> time is come, her friends hath appointed,  
 That she must be Lord Phenix bride.

With that the Lady began to weep,  
 She knew not well then what to say, 50  
 How she might Lord Phenix deny,  
 And escape from Marriage quite away.

She cal'd unto her little Foot-page,  
 Saying: I can trust none but thee,  
 Go carry Tom Pots this Letter fair,  
 And bid him on Gilford-green meet me:

For I must marry against my mind,  
 Or in faith well prov'd it shall be;  
 And tell to him I am loving and kind,  
 And wishes<sup>2</sup> him this Wedding to see. 60

But see that thou note his countenance well,  
 And his colour, and shew it to me;  
 And go thy way and high<sup>3</sup> thee again,  
 And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smile now with his lips,  
 His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart,

<sup>1</sup> The rhythm requires a monosyllable. Perhaps *fond* would be a preferable reading.

<sup>2</sup> Either the author of this piece wrote, or Tommy Potts' mistress spoke, very bad English. By reading *do wish* metre and grammar might be at once reconciled.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *hie*.

Then may I seek another true Love,  
 For of Tom Pots small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,  
 Then in his heart he will sorry be,  
 Then to his vow he hath some grace,  
 And false to him I will never be. 70

Away this lacky boy he ran,  
 And a full speed forsooth went he,  
 Till he came to Strawberry<sup>1</sup>-Castle,  
 And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the Letter in his hand,  
 Before that he began to read,  
 He told him plainly by word of mouth,  
 His love was forc'd to be Lord Phenix bride. 80

When he look'd on the Letter fair,  
 The salt tears blemished his eye,  
 Sayes: I cannot read this Letter fair,  
 Nor never a word do<sup>2</sup> see or spy.

My little boy, be to me true ;  
 Here is five marks I will give thee,  
 And all these words I must peruse,  
 And tell my Lady this from me :

By faith and troth she is my own,  
 By some part of promise, so it's to be found, 90

<sup>1</sup> *Strayberry*—Utterson's copy.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *to*.

Lord Phoenix shall not have her night nor day,  
 Except he can win her with his own hand.

On Guildford-Green I will her meet ;  
 Say that I wish her for me to pray,  
 For there I'll lose my life so sweet,  
 Or else the Wedding I mean to stay.

Away this Lackey-boy he ran  
 Even so fast as he could hie,  
 The Lady she met him two miles of the way,  
 Says : why hast thou staid so long, my boy? 100

My little boy, thou art but young,  
 It gives me at heart thou'll mock and scorn ;  
 He not believe thee by word of Mouth,  
 Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

Now by this book, the boy did say,  
 And Jesus Christ be as true to me,  
 Tom pots could not read the Letter fair,  
 Nor never a word to spy or see.

He says, by faith and troth you are his own,  
 By some part of promise, so it's to be found, 110  
 L Phenix shal not have you by night nor day,  
 Except he win you with his own hand.

On Guildford-green he will you meet,  
 He wishes you for him to pray,  
 For there he'll lose his life<sup>1</sup> so sweet,  
 Or else the Wedding he means to stay.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Wife*—Utterson's copy.

If this be true, my little boy,  
 These tidings which thou tellest to me,  
 Forty Shillings I did thee promise,  
 Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

My Maidens all, the Lady said,  
 That ever wish me well to prove,  
 Now let us all kneel down and pray,  
 That Tommy pots may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win,  
 As I pray to Christ in Trinity,  
 He make him the flower of all his kin,  
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.

### ¶ The Second Part.

**L**ETS leave talking of this Lady fair,  
 In prayers full good where she may be; 130  
 Now let us talk of Tommy pots,  
 To his Lord and Master for aid went he.

But when he came Lord Jockey before,  
 He kneeled lowly on his Knee,  
 What news? what news? thou Tommy pots,  
 Thou art so full of courtesie.

What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy pots?  
 Thou art so full of courtesie;

Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,  
Or wrought to me some villany.

140

I have slain none of my fellows fair,  
Nor wrought to you no villany,  
But I have a love in Scotland fair,  
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

If you'l not believe me by word of mouth,  
But read this Letter, and you shall see,  
Here by all these suspitious words  
That she her own self hath<sup>1</sup> sent to me.

But when he had read the Letter fair,  
Of all the suspitious words in it might be ;  
O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,  
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

150

For thou'st have forty pounds a week,  
In gold and silver thou shalt row,  
And Harvy Town I will give thee,  
As long as thou intend'st to wooc.

Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,  
And forty horses to go with thee,  
Forty of the best Spears I have,  
And I myself in thy company.

160

I thank you, master, said Tommy pots,  
That proffer is too good for me ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *had*.

But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,  
My own hands shall set her free.

God be with you, master, said Tommy pots,  
Now Jesus Christ you save and see ;  
If ever I come alive again,  
Staid the Wedding it shall be.

O god be your speed, thou Tommy pots,  
Thou art well proved for a man,  
See never a drop of blood thou spil,  
Nor confound yonder Gentleman.<sup>1</sup>

170

See that some truce with him you take,  
And appoint a place of liberty ;  
Let him provide him as well as he can,  
As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,  
And there had walkt a little aside,  
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,  
And Lady Rosamond his bride.

180

Away by the bride then Tommy pots went,  
But never a word to her did say,  
Till that he came Lord Phenix before,  
He gave him the right time of the day.

O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy pots,  
Thou serving-man of low degree,  
How doth thy Lord and Master at home,  
And all the Ladies in that country ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Old eds. have *yonder Gentleman confound*.

My Lord and Master is in good health,

I trust, since that I did him see ;

190

Will you walk with me to an out-side,

Two or three words to talk with me ?

You are a noble man, said Tom,

And born a Lord in Scotland free,

You may have Ladies enough at home,

And never take my Love from me.

Away, away, thou Tommy Pots,

Thou serving-man, stand thou aside ;

It is not a serving-man this day,

That can hinder me of my bride.

200

If I be a Serving-man, said Tom,

And you a Lord of high degree,

A spear or two with you I'll run,

Before I'll lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place, I will thee meet,

Appoint a place of liberty,

For there I'll lose my life so sweet,

Or else my Lady I'll set free.

On Guildford-green I will thee meet,

No man nor boy shall come with me,

210

As I am a man, said Tommy Pots,

I'll have as few in my company.

And thus staid the marriage was,

The bride unmarried went home again,

Then to her Maids fast did she laugh,  
 And in her heart she was full fain.

My Maidens all, the Lady said,  
 That ever wait on me this day,  
 Now let us all kneel down,  
 And for Tommy Pots let us all pray.

220

If it be his fortune the better to win,  
 As I trust to God in Trinity,  
 He make him the flower of all his kin,  
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.

### † The Third Part.

**W**HEN Tom Pots came home again,  
 To try for his love he had but a week,  
 For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,  
 For four days that he fell sick.

With that his Master to him came,  
 Says, pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt,  
 Whether thou hast gotten thy gay Lady,  
 Or thou must go thy love without.

231

O Master, yet it is unknown,  
 Within these two days will try'd it must be,  
 He is a Lord, I but a Serving Man,  
 I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

I prethee, Tom pots, get thee on thy feet,  
 My former promises kept shall be;



As I am a Lord in Scotland fair,  
Thou'st never lose her with poverty. 240

For thou'st have the half of my Lands a year,  
And that will raise thee many a pound,  
Before thou shalt out-braved be,  
Thou shalt drop Angels with him on the ground.

I thank you, Master, said Tommy pots,  
Yet there is one thing of you I would fain,  
If that I lose my Lady sweet,  
How I'st restore your goods again?

If that thou win the Lady sweet,  
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me, 250  
If thou locest thy Lady, thou locest enough:  
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,  
You keep them all both frank and free,  
Amongst them all there's an Old White horse  
This day would set my Lady free;

That is an old Horse with a cut tail,  
Full sixteen years of age is he;  
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,  
Then could I win her easily. 260

That's a foolish opinion, his Master said,  
And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee;  
Thou'st have a better than ever he was,  
Though forty pounds more it cost me.

O, your choice horses are wild and tough,  
 And little they can skill of their train ;  
 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
 They are so wild they'l ne'r be tain.

Thou'st have that horse, his Master said,  
 If that one thing thou wilt tell me.<sup>1</sup>  
 Why that horse is better than any other,  
 I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.

270

That horse is old, of stomach bold,  
 And well can he skill of his train,  
 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
 He'l either stand still, or turn again.

Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,  
 And my Plate Coat of silver free,  
 An hundred men to stand at thy back,  
 To fight, if he thy Master be.

280

I thank you, Master, said Tommy Pots,  
 That proffer is too good for me,  
 I would not for ten thousand pounds  
 Have man or boy in my company.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots ;  
 Now as you are a man of Law,  
 One thing let me crave at your hand,  
 Let never a one of my fellows know :

For if that my fellows they did wot,  
 Or ken of my extremity,

290

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *me tell*.

Except you keep them under a lock,  
Behind me I am sure they would not be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,  
He walked<sup>1</sup> hours two or three,  
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,  
And four Men in his company.

You have broken your vow, said Tommy Pots,  
That vow which you did make to me,  
You said you would bring neither man nor boy,  
And now has brought more then 2 or 3. 300

These are my men, Lord Phenix said,  
Which every day do wait on me ;  
If any of these dare proffer to strike,  
I'le run my spear through his body.

I'le run no race now, said Tommy Pots,  
Except now this may be,  
If either of us be slain this day,  
The other shall forgiven be.

I'le make that vow with all my heart,  
My men shall bear witness with me ; 310  
And if thou slay me here this day,  
In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be.

They turn'd their horses thrice about,  
To run the race so eagerly ;  
Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,  
And ran Tom Pots through the thiek o' th' thigh.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Waited*—Ed. 1677.

He bor'd him out of the Saddle fair,  
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully.  
 For the loss of my life I do not care,  
 But for the loss of my fair Lady.

320

Now for the losse of my Lady sweet,  
 Which once I thought to have bin my wife,  
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,  
 For with thee I would end my life.

Tom Pots was but a Serving-man,  
 But yet he was a Doctor good,  
 He bound his handkerchief on his wound,  
 And with some kind of words he stanct his blood.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the cure of wounds by charms, which is not extinct. The same kind of charm is employed for the staunching of blood arising from any cause. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales," 1849, p. 210, furnishes the subjoined example:—

“ Jesus was born in Bethlem,  
 Baptized in the river Jordan;  
 The water was wild and wood,  
 But he was just and good;  
 God spake, and the water stood,  
 And so shall now thy blood.”

And a little farther on (p. 213), the same writer cites from Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, the following:—

“ In the bloud of Adam death was taken,  
 In the bloud of Christ it was all to-shaken,  
 And by the same bloud I doo thee charge,  
 That thou doo runne no longer at large.”

*Vervain* was supposed to have great virtue in staunching blood; but it was necessary to exercise particular care in gathering it. This herb is said, however, by Macer (*Herball*, ed. Wyer, n. d. 8vo. sign. O 2 verso) to be of peculiar efficacy as an antidote to poison and a *nostrum* for the tertian ague.

He leapt into his saddle again,  
The blood in his body began to warm, 330  
He mist Lord Phenix body fair,  
And ran him through the brawn of the arm.

He bor'd him out of his Saddle fair,  
Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;  
Says, prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,  
Or yield my Lady unto me.

Now for to fight I cannot tell,  
And for to fight I am not sure ;  
Thou hast run me throw y<sup>e</sup> brawn o' th' arm,  
That with a spear I may not endure. 340

Thou'st have the Lady with all my heart,  
It was never likely better to prove  
With me or any Nobleman else  
That would hinder a poor man of his love.

Seeing you say so much, said Tommy Pots,  
I will not seem your butcher to be,  
But I will come and stanch your blood,  
If any thing you will give me.

As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,  
Lord ! in his heart he did rejoyce ; 350  
I'le not take the Lady from you thus,  
But of her you'st have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,  
At either end we set will be,

The Lady shall stand us among,  
Her own choice shall set her free.

If thou'ld do so, Lord Phenix said,  
To lose her by her own choice 'tis honesty,  
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,  
Forty pounds I will give thee.

360

But when they in that lane were<sup>1</sup> set,  
The wit of a woman for to prove,  
By the faith of my body, the Lady said,  
Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.

Towards Tom Pots the Lady did hie,  
To get on behind him hastily ;  
Nay stay, nay stay, Lord Phenix said,  
Better proved it shall be.

Stay you with your Maidens here,  
In number fair they are but three ;  
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,  
That one of us two be proved to dye.

370

But when they came behind the wall,  
The one came not the other nigh,  
For the lord Phenix had made a vow,  
That with Tom Pots never would fight he.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *was*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *he never would fight*. Even *nigh* and *he* are not very good rhymes, unless we presume the old spelling of *nigh* (*nie*) to have been pronounced *nee*.

O give me this choice, Lord Phenix said,  
To prove whether true or false she be,  
And I will go to the Lady fair,  
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.

380

When he came from behind the wall,  
With his face all bloody as it might be,  
O Lady sweet, thou art my own,  
For Tom Pots slain is he.<sup>1</sup>

Now slain have I him, Tommy Pots,  
And given him death wounds two or three ;  
O lady sweet, thou art my own :  
Of all loves wilt thou live with me ?

If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,  
And given him deaths wounds two or three, 390  
I'll sell the state of my fathers Lands,  
But hanged shall Lord Phenix be.

With that the Lady fell in a swoond :  
For a grieved woman, God wot, was she ;  
Lord Phenix he was ready then,  
To take her up so hastily.

O Lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,  
Tom Pots alive this day may be ;  
I'll send for thy Father Lord Arundel,  
And he and I the wedding will see : 400

I'll send for thy Father, Lord Arundel,  
And he and I the Wedding will see ;

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<sup>1</sup> *Slain have I*—Utterson's copy.

If he will not maintain you well,  
 Both Lands and livings you'st have of me.

I'll see this Wedding, Lord Arundel said,  
 Of my daughters luck that is so fair,  
 Seeing the matter will be no better,  
 Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.

With that the Lady began for to smile :  
 For a glad woman, God wot, was she ,      410  
 Now all my Maids, the Lady said,  
 Example you may take by me.

But all the Ladies of Scotland fair,  
 And lasses of England, that well would prove,  
 Neither marry for Gold nor Goods,  
 Nor marry for nothing but only love :

For I had a lover true of my own,  
 A Serving-man of low degree ;  
 Now from Tom Pots I'll change his name,  
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.      420

*Finis.*







## The Notbrowne Mayde.

THIS chaste and celebrated composition is extant in the first and second editions of "Arnold's Chronicle," at sig. N 6, and it is here reprinted from the text which Mr. Wright made public in 1836, formed from a collation of the earliest issue (supposed to have appeared at Antwerp, from the press of John Doesborcke, about 1502), with the issue of 1521. There is a third old impression which is also *sine ullâ notâ*.

The *Notbrowne Mayde* was included in the *Muses' Mercury* for June, 1707, and by Capel in his *Prolusions*, 1760, 8vo, from the second edition. It is also in Percy's *Reliques*, taken from Capel.

The present editor, seeing that the readings given by Mr. Wright from the impression of 1521 are, in a few cases, manifestly superior to those from Doesborcke's (supposed) edition, has imported them into the body of the production, instead of merely making them in the foot-notes.

The two editions are quoted as Ed. A and Ed. B, respectively.

As regards the antiquity of the *Notbrowne Mayde*, the generally received opinion that it cannot be referred to a date much anterior to its publication in "Arnold's Chronicle," is no doubt correct; had it not been for that irrefragable piece of evidence, it might have been placed as far down in the chronological scale as the middle of the 16th century; and when we consider that it belongs beyond a question to the reign of Henry VII, we cannot fail to be agreeably surprised at the writer's ease of style, felicity of diction, and harmony of rhythm.

Sarah Chapone, Mrs. Delany's friend, obtained the *soubriquet*

of the "Nutbrown Maid." See Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography and Correspondence*, 2nd Ser. ii. 316, where there is a portrait of the lady.

See *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, 1860, i. 54, the Rev. Thomas Corser's valuable contribution to the Chetham Society; *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vi. 494; and Introduction to Douce's reprint, 1811, 4to, of Arnold's *Chron.*

It appears (Collier's *Extracts from Stationers' Registers*, i. 16), that the *Notbrowne Mayd* was, as early as 1559, in print as a separate publication, and Captain Cox had it so (1575) "wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord."—See *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, iv. 17. Mr. Wright says, however, "I am told that in a manuscript of University College, Oxford, there is a list of books on sale at a stall in that city in 1520, among which is the 'Not-Broon Mayd,' price one penny."

It has been modernized and spoiled by Prior, in his *Henry and Emma*.

Douce assigned a German origin to this poem, and fancied that he could trace a general resemblance to the *Vulgaris Cautio* of Bebelius, 1516, which was itself a translation.

In the Grenville collection, British Museum, is a copy both of the first and of the second edition, and to these the editor has resorted. It may be necessary to state that in ed. Wright and here one line of the original is divided into three.



E<sup>1</sup> it right or wrong/

These men among

On women<sup>2</sup> do complaine/

Affermyng this/

How that it is

A labour spent in vaine/

To loue them wele/

For neuer a dele

<sup>1</sup> In *Censura Literaria*, vi. 114 (1st ed.), there is a very careful reprint of this first impression.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *woman*.

They loue a man agayne :  
 For lete a man 10  
 Do what he can  
 Ther fauour to attayne/  
 Yet yf a newe  
 To them pursue/  
 Ther furst trew loue than  
 Laboureth for nought/  
 And from her though[t]<sup>1</sup>  
 He is a bannished man.



I SAY not nay/  
 But that all day 20  
 It is bothe writ and sayde/  
 That womans<sup>2</sup> fayth  
 Is as who saythe  
 All utterly decayed :  
 But neuertheles  
 Right good witnes  
 In this case might be layde/  
 That they loue trewe/  
 And contynew/  
 Recorde the Nutbroone maide/  
 Whiche from her loue/ 30  
 Whan her to proue  
 He cam to make his mone/<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *for from*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *womens*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has :—

“Whiche, whan her loue  
 Came her to proue  
 To her to make his mone.”

Wolde not departe/  
 For in her herte  
 She louyd but hym allone.



**T**HAN betwene vs  
 Lete vs discusse  
 What was all the maner  
 Betwene them too: 40  
 We wyl also  
 Telle all the peyne in fere<sup>1</sup>  
 That she was in/  
 Nowe I begynne  
 Soo that ye me answere/  
 Wherfore ye<sup>2</sup>  
 That present be  
 I pray you geue an eare/  
 I am the knyght/  
 I cum be nyght 50  
 As secret as I can/  
 Sayng alas/  
 Thus stondyth the case/<sup>3</sup>  
 I am a bannished man.



**A**ND I your wylle  
 For to fulfyll  
 In this wyl not refuse/  
 Trusting to shewe/

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A has *they* and *and fere*.

<sup>2</sup> Only in ed. B.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A has *cause*.

In wordis fewe/  
 That men haue an ille vse/ 60  
 To ther owne shame/  
 Wymen to blame/  
 And causeles them accuse :  
 Therfore to you  
 I answere now/  
 Alle wymen to excuse/  
 Myn owne hert dere/  
 With you what chiere/  
 I prey you telle anoon/  
 For in my mynde/ 70  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you allon.



**I**T stondith so/  
 A dede is do/  
 Wherfore moche <sup>1</sup> harme shal growe :  
 My desteny  
 Is for to dey  
 A shamful dethe/ I trowe/  
 Or ellis to flee/  
 The ton <sup>2</sup> must be. 80  
 None other wey I knowe/  
 But to with drawe/  
 As an outlaw/  
 And take me to my bowe :  
 Wherfore adew/  
 My owne hert trewe/

Ed. B has *great*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *the one*.

None other red I can/  
 For I muste too  
 The grene wode goo  
 Alone/ a bannysshed man.

90



**O** LORDE/ what is  
 This worldis blisse  
 That chaungeth as the mone/  
 The<sup>1</sup> somers day  
 In lusty may  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you saye  
 Farwel. Nay/ nay/  
 We departe not soo sone:  
 Why say ye so/  
 Wheder wyl ye goo.  
 Alas/ what haue ye done:  
 Alle my welfare  
 To sorow and care  
 Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon:  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

100



**I** CAN belcue/  
 It shal you greue/  
 And somewhat you distrayne:

110

---

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A has *My*.

But afterwarde  
 Your paynes harde/  
 Within a day or tweyne  
 Shal sone aslake/  
 And ye shal take  
 Confort to you agayne.  
 Why shuld ye nought<sup>1</sup>  
 For to make thought/  
 Your labour were in vayne: 120  
 And thus I do/  
 And pray you/ to/<sup>2</sup>  
 As hertely as I can:  
 For I muste too  
 The grene wode goo  
 Alone a banysshed man.



**N**OW syth that ye  
 Haue shewed to me  
 The secret of your mynde/ 130  
 I shalbe playne  
 To you agayne/  
 Lyke as ye shal me fynde.  
 Syth it is so  
 That ye wyll goo/  
 I wol not leue behynde/  
 Shal it<sup>3</sup> be sayd  
 The Nutbrowne mayd  
 Was to her loue vnkind.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *ought*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. A has *loo*.

<sup>3</sup> Only in ed. B.

Make you redy/  
 For soo am I/  
 All though it were anoon/  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you a lone.

140



**Y**ET I you rede/  
 To<sup>1</sup> take good hede  
 Whan men wyl thinke and sey/  
 Of yonge and olde  
 It shalbe tolde  
 That ye be gone away/  
 Your wanton wylle  
 For to fulfylle/  
 In grene wood you to play :  
 And that ye myght  
 From your delyte  
 Noo lenger make delay.  
 Rather than ye  
 Shuld thus for me  
 Be called an ylle woman/  
 Yet wolde I to  
 The grene wodde goo  
 Alone a banyshed man.

150

160



**T**HOUGH it be songe  
 Of olde and yonge

---

<sup>1</sup> Only in ed. B.



That I shuld be to blame/  
 Theirs be the charge  
 That speke so large  
 In hurting of my name/  
 For I wyl proue  
 That feythful loue 170  
 It is deuoyd of shame/  
 In your distresse  
 And heynesse/  
 To parte wyth you the same.  
 To shewe all to <sup>1</sup>  
 That doo not so/  
 Trewe louers ar they noon:  
 For <sup>2</sup> in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone. 180



**I** COUNCEL yow/  
 Remembre how  
 It is noo maydens lawe/  
 Nothing to dought/  
 But to renne out  
 To wod with an outlawe:  
 For ye must there  
 In your hande bere  
 A bowe redy to <sup>3</sup> drawe/  
 And as a theef 190

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A has *And sure all thoo.*

<sup>2</sup> Ed. A has *But.*

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A has *to bere and.*

Thus must ye lyeue/  
 Euer in drede and awe/  
 By whiche<sup>1</sup> to yow  
 Gret harme myght grow/  
 Yet had I leuer than  
 That I had too  
 The grenewod goo  
 Alone a banysshyd man.



I THINKE<sup>2</sup> not nay/  
 But as ye saye/

200

It is noo maydens lore :  
 But loue may make  
 Me for your sake/  
 As I<sup>3</sup> haue said before/  
 To com on fote  
 To hunte and shote/  
 To gete vs mete in<sup>4</sup> store/  
 For soo that I  
 Your company  
 May haue/ I aske noo more/  
 From whiche to parte  
 It makith myn herte  
 As colde as ony ston :  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

210

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *wherby*.<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *say*.<sup>3</sup> Ed. A has *ye*.<sup>4</sup> Ed. A has *and*.

**F**OR an outlawe  
 This is the lawe/  
 That men hym take and binde/  
 Wythout pytee 220  
 Hanged to bee/  
 And wauer with the wynde.  
 Yf I had neede/  
 As god forbede/  
 What rescous<sup>1</sup> coude ye finde:  
 For sothe I trowe/  
 You<sup>2</sup> and your bowe  
 For fere wold draw behynd:<sup>3</sup>  
 And noo merueyle/  
 For lytel auayle 230  
 Were in your councel than.  
 Wherfore I too  
 The woode wyl goo<sup>4</sup>  
 Alone a banysshd man.



**F**UL<sup>5</sup> wel knowe ye/  
 That wymen bee  
 But<sup>6</sup> febyl for to fyght/  
 Noo womanhed  
 Is it<sup>7</sup> in deede

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *socours*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *ye*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A has *Shul drawe, &c.*

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has:—

“Wherfore I wyll to  
 The grene wod go.”

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *ryght*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. A has *Ful*.

<sup>7</sup> Ed. B has *It is*.

To bee bolde as a knight. 240  
 Yet in suche fere/  
 Yf that ye were  
 With <sup>1</sup> enemys day and <sup>2</sup> nyght/  
 I wolde wythstonde/  
 With bowe in hande  
 To greue them as I myght :<sup>3</sup>  
 And you to saue/  
 As wymen haue/  
 From deth many one :  
 For in my mynde/ 250  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.



YET take good hede/  
 For euer I drede  
 That ye coude not sustein  
 The thorney wayes/  
 The depe valeis/  
 The snow/ the frost/ the <sup>4</sup> reyn/  
 The colde/ the hete/  
 For/ drye nor <sup>5</sup> wete/ 260  
 We <sup>6</sup> must lodge on the playn :  
 And vs abowe/

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A has *Amonge*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *or*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has :—

“ To helpe [ye] with my myght.”

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *and*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. A has *or*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *ye*.

Noon other roue/  
 But a brake bussh or twayne/  
 Whiche sone shulde greue  
 You/ I beleue/  
 And ye wolde gladly than/  
 That I had too  
 The grenewode goo  
 Alone a banysshyd man.

270



S YTH I haue here  
 Ben partynere  
 With you of Ioy and blysse/  
 I muste also  
 Parte of your woo  
 Endure as reason is :  
 Yet am I sure  
 Of oo<sup>1</sup> plesure/  
 And shortly it is this/  
 That where ye bee  
 Me semeth/ perde/  
 I coude not fare a mysse.  
 Wythout more speche  
 I you beseche  
 That we were soon a gone :<sup>2</sup>  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

280

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *one*, a modernized form of the same word.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *shortly gone*.

YEF ye goo thedyr/  
Ye must consider

290

Whan ye haue lust to dyne/  
Ther shall no mete

Be for<sup>1</sup> to gete/  
Neyther<sup>2</sup> bere/ ale/ ne wyn:

Ne shetis clene  
To lye betwene

Made of thred and twyne:  
Noon other house

But leuys and bowes  
To keuer your bed<sup>3</sup> and myn.

300

Loo/ myn herte swete/  
This yuell<sup>4</sup> dyet

Shuld make you pale and wan:  
Wherfore<sup>5</sup> I to

The wood wyl goo  
A lone a banysshid man.



A MONGE the wylde dere  
Suche an archier

As men say that ye bee/  
Ne may not fayle<sup>6</sup>

310

Of good vitayle/  
Where is so grete plente:

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A reads *Before*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. A has *Nor drinke*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B has *hed*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. A reads *ylle*.

<sup>5</sup> "Wherfore I wyll to  
The grenewode go."

Ed. B, as before.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B reads *may not fayle*.

And watir eleere  
 Of the ryuere  
 Shalbe ful swete to me/  
 With whiche in hele  
 I shal right wele  
 Endure as ye shal see/  
 And er we go/  
 A bed or twoo/ 320  
 I can prouide a noon ;  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.



**L**OO/ yet before/  
 Ye must doo more  
 Yf ye wyl goo with me/  
 As cutte your here  
 Up by <sup>1</sup> your ere/  
 Your kirtel by <sup>2</sup> the knee/ 330  
 Wyth bowe in hande  
 For to withstonde  
 Your enmys yf nede bee :  
 And this same nyght  
 Before day lyght  
 To wood ward wyl I flee/  
 If that <sup>3</sup> ye wyl  
 All this fulfyllle/

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *aboue*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *aboue*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A has *And*.

Doo it shortely<sup>1</sup> as ye can/  
 Ellis wil I to  
 The grenewode goo  
 Alone a banysshid man.

. 340



I SHAL as now  
 Do more for you  
 Than<sup>2</sup> longeth to womanhede/<sup>3</sup>  
 To short my here  
 A bowe<sup>4</sup> to bere/  
 To shote in tyme of nede/  
 O my swete moder/  
 Be fore all other  
 For you haue I<sup>5</sup> most drede/  
 But now adiew/  
 I must ensue  
 Wher fortune doth me leede/  
 All this make ye/  
 Now lete vs flee/  
 The day cometh<sup>6</sup> fast upon:  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

350

360

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B inserts *as* before this word.

<sup>2</sup> Percy, on the strength of a MS. which he had of the Not-Browne Mayde, altered this word as it here stands from *That*, as in orig.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A reads *womanhod*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *above*.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B reads *I have*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. A has *cum*.



**N**AY/ nay/ not soo/  
 Ye shal not goo/  
 And I shal telle you why/  
 Your appetyte  
 Is to be lyght  
 Of<sup>1</sup> loue/ I wele asprie/  
 For<sup>2</sup> right as ye  
 Haue sayd to me/  
 In lyke wyse hardely  
 Ye wolde answer/  
 Who so euer it were  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde/  
 Sone hote/ sone colde/  
 And so is a woman :  
 Wherefore<sup>3</sup> I too  
 The woode wyl goo  
 Alone a banysshid man.

370



**Y**EF ye take hede/  
 Yet<sup>4</sup> is noo nede  
 Suche wordis to say bee me/  
 For ofte ye preyd/  
 And longe assayed/  
 Or I you loid/ perde/  
 And though that I

380

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B reads *My*.<sup>2</sup> Ed. B reads *lyke*.<sup>3</sup> "For I must to  
The grene wod go."

Ed. B, as above.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B reads *It*.

- Of auncestry  
 A barons daughter bee/  
 Yet haue you proued  
 How I you loued/  
 A squyer of lowe degree/ 390  
 And euer shal  
 What so befall/  
 To dey therefore anoon :  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.



**A** BARONS childe  
 To be begyled/  
 It were a curssed dede/  
 To be felow 400  
 With an outlawe  
 Almyghty god forbede/  
 Yet bettyr were  
 The power squyer  
 Alone to forest yede/  
 Than ye sulde<sup>1</sup> saye  
 Another day/  
 That be wyked<sup>2</sup> dede/  
 Ye were betrayed :  
 Wherefore/ good maide/ 410  
 The best red that I can/  
 Is that I too

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A reads *shal*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *my cursed*.

The grenewode goo  
 Alone a banysshed man.



WHATSOUER<sup>1</sup> befalle/  
 I neuer shal  
 Of this thing you vpbraid/<sup>2</sup>  
 But yf ye goo  
 And leue me soo/  
 Than haue ye me betraied. 420  
 Remembre you wele  
 How that ye dele/  
 For yf ye be as ye sayde  
 Be so vnkynde  
 To leue behynd<sup>3</sup>  
 Your loue the notbrowne maide/  
 Trust me truly  
 That I shal<sup>4</sup> dey  
 Sone after ye be gone :  
 For in my mynde/ 430  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *What ever.*

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *outbrayd.*

<sup>3</sup> Ed. B reads:—

“Ye were unkynd  
 To leue me behynd.”

In the line before, ed. A has—

“For yf ye as the sayde.”

<sup>4</sup> Only in ed. B.

**Y**EF that ye went  
 Ye shulde repent/  
 For in the forest now  
 I haue purueid  
 Me of a maide  
 Whom I loue more than you :  
 Another fayrer  
 Than euer ye were 440  
 I dare it wel auowe/  
 And of you bothe  
 Eche shulde be wrothe  
 With other/ as I trowe/  
 It were myn ease  
 To lyue in pease/  
 So wyl I yf I can :  
 Wherfore I to  
 The wode wyl goo  
 Alone a banysshid man. 450



**T**HOUGH in the wood  
 I undirstode  
 Ye had a paramour/  
 All this may nought  
 Remeue my thought/  
 But that I wyl be your :  
 And she shal fynde  
 Me softe and kynde  
 And curteis euery our/  
 Glad to fulfylle 460

All that she wylle  
 Commaunde me/ to my power/  
 For had ye/ loo/  
 An hondred moo/  
 Of them I wolde be one:<sup>1</sup>  
 For in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.



**M**YN owne dere loue/  
 I see the proue 470  
 That ye be kynde and trewe/  
 Of mayde and wyf/  
 In<sup>2</sup> al my lyf/  
 The best that cuer I knewe:  
 Be mery and glad/  
 Be no more sad/  
 The case is chaunged newe:  
 For it were ruthe  
 That for your trouth  
 You shuld haue cause to rewe/ 480  
 Be not dismayed/  
 What soeuer I sayd  
 To you whan I be gan:  
 I wyl not too  
 The grene wod goo/  
 I am noo banysshid man.

<sup>1</sup> So Percy's fol. MS. Ed. A reads:—  
 "Yet wolde I be that one."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B reads *Of*.

**T**HEIS tidingis be  
 More glad<sup>1</sup> to me  
 Than to be made a quene/  
 Yf I were sure 190  
 They shuld endure/  
 But it is often seen/  
 When men wyl breke  
 Promyse/ they speke  
 The wordis on the splene/  
 Ye shape some wyle  
 Me to begyle  
 And stele fro me/ I wene/  
 Then were the case  
 Wurs than it was/ 500  
 And I more woo begone :  
 For/ in my mynde/  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.



**Y**E shal not nede  
 Further to drede/  
 I wyll not disparage<sup>2</sup>  
 You/ god defende/  
 Sith you descende  
 Of so grete lynage :<sup>3</sup> 510  
 Nowe understonde/

<sup>1</sup> Ed. B has *gladder*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. A misprints *dispage*.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. A reads *a lynage*.

To Westmerlande/  
 Whiche is my herytage/  
 I wyl you bringe/  
 And wyth a rynge  
 Be wey of maryage/  
 I wyl you take/  
 And lady make/  
 As shortly as I can :  
 Thus <sup>1</sup> haue ye wone  
 An erles son/  
 And not a <sup>2</sup> banysshyd man.

520



**H**ERE may ye see  
 That wymen be  
 In loue meke kinde and stable/  
 Late neuer man  
 Repreue them than/  
 Or calle them variable. <sup>3</sup>  
 But rather prey  
 God that we may  
 To them be confortable :  
 Whiche somtyme prouyth <sup>4</sup>  
 Suche as loueth <sup>5</sup>  
 Yf they be charitable :  
 For sith <sup>6</sup> men wolde  
 That wymen sholde

530

<sup>1</sup> Ed. A has *Than*.

<sup>3</sup> This line is omitted in ed. B.

<sup>5</sup> Ed. B has *be loued*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. B has *no*.

<sup>4</sup> Ed. B has *proued*.

<sup>6</sup> Ed. B has *forsooth*.

Be meke to them echeon :  
Moche more ought they  
To god obey/  
And serue but hym alone.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.







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