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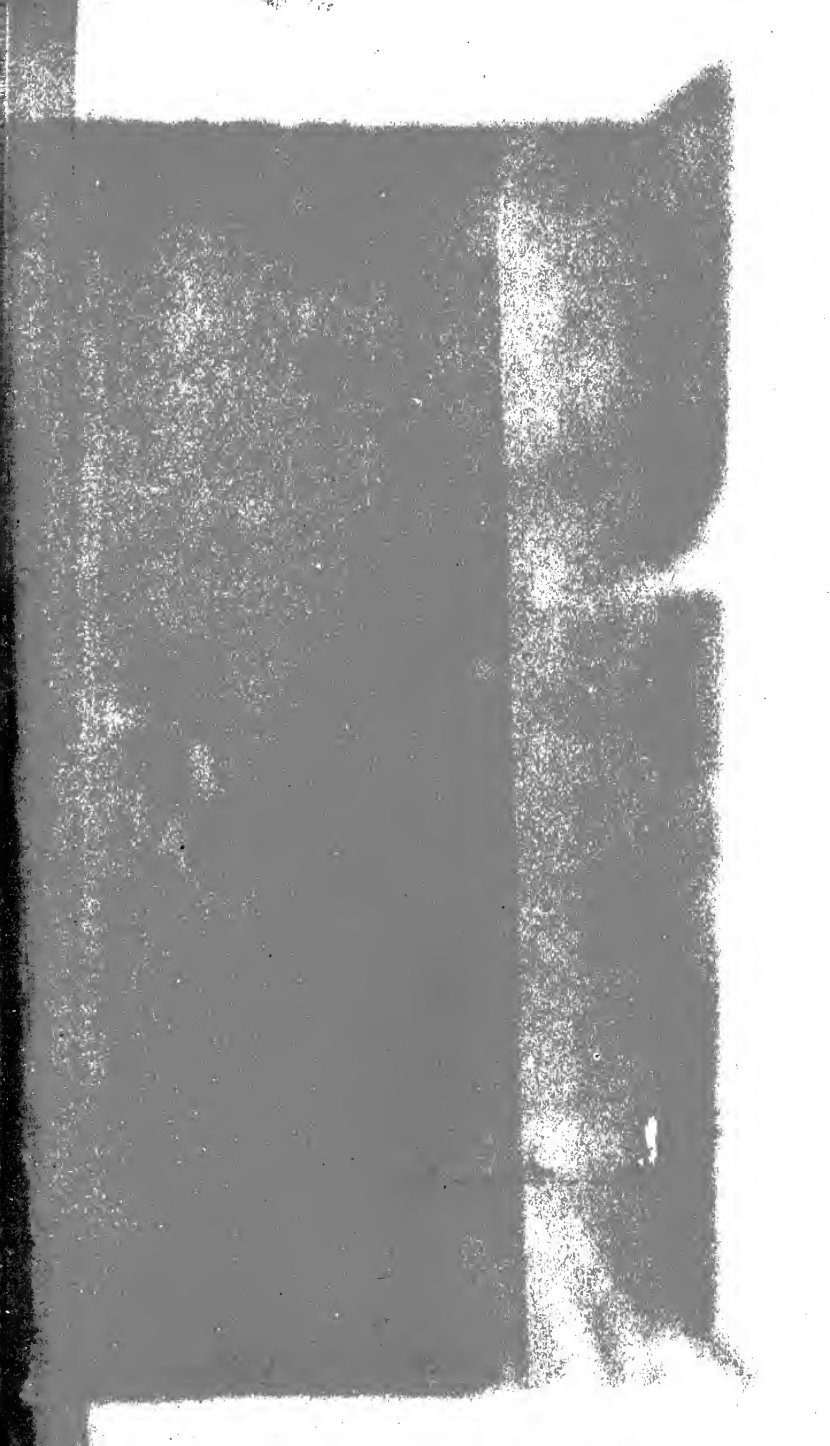
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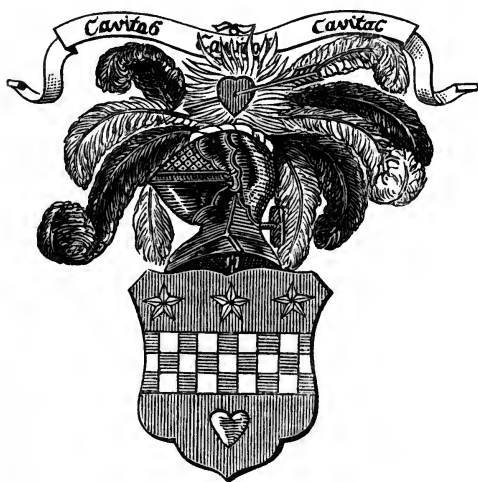
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR DAVID LYNDSEY,
OF THE MOUNT.



THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR DAVID LYND SAY

WITH MEMOIR, NOTES AND GLOSSARY

BY DAVID LAING, LL.D



IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. I

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher much regrets that Mr Laing has not been spared to witness the publication of this work. It was begun by him so far back as the year 1869, and during the passing of the sheets through the press he added everything that could illustrate the writings of Sir David Lyndsay. In particular, the valuable facsimiles from the numerous old editions of Lyndsay's works, and the accurate bibliographical details so characteristic of the lamented Editor, will always attest his skill in that department of literature.

After Mr Laing's decease the preparation of the Glossary was entrusted to Mr John Small, M.A., Editor of the Works of Gawain Douglas, who has endeavoured to make it as complete as possible ; and the Publisher hopes it will be a suitable conclusion to this work, on which the late editor spent so much labour.

*The Impression has been limited to four hundred
and eighty-five copies, of which this is No. 223.*

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P R E F A C E.

SIR DAVID LYNDSEY has the distinction of being reckoned by general consent the most popular of the early Scottish Poets. Some of his works were undoubtedly circulated during his life in a printed form, but of the existing early impressions, it cannot positively be asserted that any one of them had the advantage of his own superintendence. Henry Charteris, the bookseller in Edinburgh, who at a later period also joined the business of a printer, published the first collected edition of "The Warkis" in 1568. On the title it professes to have been "Newlie correctit, and vindicate from the former errouris quhairwith thay war befor corruptit : and augmentit with sindrie warkis quhilk was not befor Imprentit." Yet Charteris added merely a few pieces to the minor poems included in the two editions printed in France with the name of Jascuy in 1558, and in the rival publication in this country from the press of John Scot that immediately followed, without either place, name, or date of printing. Charteris, however, in that edition not only furnished a recognised text, but prefixed an interesting preface containing some important information regarding the Author, and apparently the latest representation of his Play, at Edinburgh in 1554.

Charteris, who survived till August 1599, republished Lyndsay's Works in 1571, 1582, 1592, and in 1597, retaining on the titles of each the same words, *Newly corrected, and augmented*, while the contents were precisely the same, and simple reprints of that of 1568.

Similar words, with a like want of propriety, or truth, continued to be repeated by subsequent printers for upwards of two centuries, each one proving, by increasing mistakes and alterations in orthography, to be of less intrinsic value than its predecessor. The want of a critical edition therefore was long felt, and this was at length undertaken by Mr GEORGE CHALMERS, best known by his great work CALEDONIA, who, in his usual energetic manner, set himself resolutely to his task, by extensive correspondence, and diligent search of the public records, to collect information regarding the Author's life and writings. His own words may be quoted :

“The attention of this intelligent and polished kingdom has been drawn very much, during late times, to the simple, and rude, but natural lays of its ancient Poets. Meantime, *the Critics* of Edinburgh called for a more accurate edition of the Poems of Sir David Lyndsay than the public enjoys, after the corruptions of two centuries and a-half. . . .

“I obeyed this call, with the more alacrity as I had recently traced, with a different view, the history of the Scoto-Saxon language, and had cast a curious eye on the life and labours of Lyndsay, the Langelande of Scotland. The notions of Lyndsay, indeed, are very different from mine, both as a politician and a poet ; but, I perceived, that the republication of his poetry

might be made the commodious vehicle of my own sentiments, with regard to the origin, the nature, and the introduction of the Teutonic tongue into Gaelic Scotland. In performing the task, which I had thus imposed on myself, I now lay before the reader a new edition of the Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay, corrected and enlarged, with the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*, and the *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*. By troubling several friends, and making many searches, I have been enabled to give some new notices of our satirist, who, to use Dryden's phrase, may be said to have *lashed vice into reformation*. I have endeavoured to adjust the chronology of Lyndsay's several poems, which had never been before essayed. I have given an historical view of the Scottish speech, previous to his age, with observations on his language. I have settled the text of our vernacular poet, from a diligent collation of the oldest editions of his poems. And I have subjoined an appropriate *Glossary* which incidentally demonstrates that the common source of Scottish speech is the Anglo-Saxon dialect of the Northumbrian kingdom."

The Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay appeared in due time as "A new edition, corrected and enlarged; with a life of the author; prefatory dissertations; and an appropriate glossary. By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A. In three volumes." London, 1806, post 8vo. This elaborate publication had only a limited and slow success. In later years, owing in part to the increasing attention bestowed on the remains of our early Poetical Literature, the book became scarce, and at sales it has fetched double its original price. A new edition seemed to be required,

not as in Chalmers's time by "Edinburgh critics," but by Edinburgh and other publishers. When urged to act as editor, I more than once declined the task, chiefly on the ground, as no mutilated text would be acceptable, of the extreme coarseness which disfigures some portions of his writings.

Having at length consented, without deciding on the precise mode of editing, it was at first intended to be little more than a republication of the edition by my old friend Mr Chalmers, but not having any theories to support, I purposed to curtail his dissertations, notes, and glossary. His volumes accordingly were taken for the ground-work of the present edition, as I could see no good reason to make any great change in the chronological order he was the first to adopt. I soon found that a careful revision of his text with the earlier editions was indispensable, and that it would require much more time and labour than I anticipated. Nor did it seem likely to serve any good purpose had I persisted in giving the public an expurgated text. I will not vindicate Lyndsay in his use of vulgar indelicate words and expressions. His works are now chiefly designed for antiquarian readers, and his utter disregard of decency is not such as tends to corrupt the mind, while they are considered valuable in presenting a true and vivid reflex of the manners of his age; and still more so in their having contributed to the great cause of Ecclesiastical Reform in Scotland.

DAVID LAING.

MEMOIR
OF
SIR DAVID LYND SAY
OF THE MOUNT.

IT cannot be said that the name of Lyndsay has been overlooked in Biographical Dictionaries and other similar works, although they consist chiefly of information derived from his own writings. Later writers have adopted the statement of Chalmers,¹ that he was the eldest son and heir of David Lyndsay of the Mount, in Fife, and that he was born there about the year 1490. The paternal estate with which his name has always been associated, was a small property in the parish of Monimail, situated

¹ The later authors chiefly worthy of notice, are the following :—

CHALMERS (George), *Life*, prefixed to the *Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay*. 3 vols. London, 1806.

IRVING (David), LL. D., *History of Scottish Poetry*, Edinburgh, 1861. (A Posthumous Work prepared in 1828).

Also Article by Dr IRVING in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Seventh Edition.

three miles north from Cupar-Fife.¹ Notwithstanding this general consent, another property in East Lothian to which the Poet himself succeeded in early life, and which he retained in his own possession, might as likely have had the honour of being the place of his birth. I mean Garmylton, two miles north of the town of Haddington, where there still exists, in ruins, a considerable portion of a large castellated manor house of the fifteenth century. How the title of *The Mount* was preferred is quite unknown.

The lands of Garmylton-Alexander, in the constabulary of Haddington, formed part of the adjoining barony of Byres, when possessed by Sir William Lyndsay, who conveyed them to his natural son Andrew and his heirs legitimate, towards the end of the fourteenth century (about the year 1390). In 1724, the property of Byres and Garmylton (now called Garleton) was purchased by the Earl of Wemyss from Seton of Garleton. In the Inventory of title-deeds then prepared, Mr Chalmers, having found the notice of the above charter, he took occasion to correct his statement regarding the proprietors of Garmylton, concluding that William Lyndsay, who survived till 1478, was the son of Andrew. For this

TYTLER (Patrick Fraser), *Lives of Scottish Worthies*. Vol. III. London, 1833.

LINDSAY (Lord), *Lives of the Lindsays*. Vol. I. Wigan, 1840. 4 vols. royal 8vo (privately printed).

The same: republished in a revised form. London, 1846, 3 vols. 8vo.

BRUCE (James), *Lives of Eminent Men of Fife*. Edin., 1846.


¹ See Note on page liii.

I see no evidence.¹ It is quite as likely that Andrew died without issue, and that William might have been a legitimate grandson of Sir William Lyndsay of Byris. However this may be, sasine of these lands was given to David Lindsay de Mountht on the death of *quondam Willelmi Lindesay Patris sui, ultimi possessoris ejusdem*, at Biris, 22d November 1478. Chalmers, from an erroneous description in the Inventory, makes this David to have been the Poet's father, and to have died in the year 1507, and in so doing he has misled later writers on this point. Having been kindly favoured by Thomas Graham Murray, Esq., with a sight of the MS. Inventories, and also with the use of some of the original deeds specially connected with Garmylton, I find among these the Charter of 1507.² It was granted upon the death of the Poet's grandfather, thus making three Davids in succession: and, for aught we know to the contrary, the Poet's father survived for many years, and had a younger son, also named David, probably by a second marriage.

It obviously would in some measure depend upon

¹ Caledonia, Vol. II., p. 435, foot note.

² The Charter in question was granted by Patrick, Lord Lindesay de Biris, as Superior of the lands of Garmylton-Alexander, confirming the same *dilecto nostro consanguineo David Lindesay filio et heredi apparenti David Lindesay de Montht nostri eciam consanguinei . . . quas terras de Garmiltoun cum pertinen. quondam David Lindesay consanguineus noster AVUS DICTI DAVID habuit hereditarie et de nobis tenuit, &c.* It is dated 19th October 1507; and the Sasine on the 6th April following.

this question, whether the Poet was born in the Kingdom of Fife, or on the fertile plains of East Lothian, as to the place where he was educated. In the one case, it would be the neighbouring town of Cupar-Fife; in the other, the town of Haddington. There were Grammar Schools established in both, and in either of them he would receive the groundwork of a liberal education, preparatory to his being sent to the University of St Andrews. The College Registers of that period do not throw much light on this part of his history. We only find the name, DA. LINDESAY, among the incorporated students in St Salvator's College for the year 1508 or 1509. This name was by no means uncommon, but the date corresponds closely enough to the only period when he could have pursued his academical studies. The students, after three years' attendance, were styled *Incorporati*, and had, in consequence, a right of voting, and this would fix his matriculation to the year 1505. It is a singular enough coincidence that the name which immediately follows in the Register is DA. BETONE, the future Archbishop and Cardinal, with a  in the margin, as if to call special attention to one who became so distinguished by the rank he attained. Beaton is said to have been born in the year 1494, and it is not probable that any marked difference of age existed between the fellow-students. We have no evidence that the Poet remained another session, which would have entitled him to take the degree of Master of Arts; nor, like his more opulent associate, (who had the certain prospect of high preferment in the Church), that he was sent abroad to complete his

studies in Civil and Canon Law at Paris, or other foreign university.

Mr Tytler,¹ in referring to the Poet's early life, justly says—"The truth is, that of the youth of Lyndsay nothing is known." Yet an older writer, without the slightest scruple, asserts "he had his education at the University of St Andrews, where, after he had finished the course of his studies in philosophy, for his further improvement, his Parents sent him Abroad; and having travelled (as he himself tells us), through England, France, Italy, and Germany, he returned to his native country about the year 1514."² All this, however, is nothing but bold assertion, without the least evidence adduced to support it. Lyndsay himself in no place speaks either of his parents sending him abroad to any foreign university, or of his travels in these countries at that early period.

Later writers, from an allusion to the dress of the Italian ladies,³ and founding upon a passage in his Dialog on the Monarchies, have concluded that Lyndsay not only had visited Italy, but had served a campaign there in the year 1510. The lines referred to are as follows, in which, in the person of the Courtier, he is made to say,

I saw Pape Julius manfullye
Passe to the feild tryumphantlye,
With ane rycht awfull ordinance,
Contrar Lowis the Kyng of France.⁴

¹ Scottish Worthies, vol. iii., p. 192.

² Lives of Scots Writers, by George Mackenzie, M.D., vol. iii., p. 35, Edinb. 1723, folio.

³ Vol. i., p. 129.

⁴ Vol. iii., line 5417.

No doubt Lyndsay speaks of the Italian women as an eye-witness, but only in verses assigned to the year 1538 ; and the occasion on which the Pope appeared in the character of a military commander was the Siege of Mirandola, in January 1511. There is some reason to believe that at that time Lyndsay was in Scotland ; or if he actually had been in Italy in 1510, it was not as a soldier of fortune—this was not his vocation—but it might have been in the train of an Ambassador to the Papal or one of the Italian Courts.

The loss of the Treasurer's accounts between August 1508 and September 1511, has deprived us of any information respecting the exact time and circumstances of Lyndsay's first employment at the Court of James the Fourth. The King, while liberally promoting all public works and other means of advancing the prosperity of the country, and encouraging literature and the arts, inherited a jovial disposition, and attracted persons of all sorts—tale-tellers, minstrels, stage-players, singers, fools, or privileged buffoons, and jesters, who might contribute to the amusement of the court. Our youthful poet was here in his element, and the earliest entry in the Treasurers' accounts that mentions his name is very characteristic. It occurs on the 12th October 1511, when the sum of £3, 4s. was paid for blue and yellow taffeties, "to be a play coat to David Lyndsay for the play, playit in the king and queen's presence in the Abbey of Holyrood." At this time, he must have held some appointment in the Royal Household, being one of eight or ten persons who each received £40 from the

Treasurer (in the Accounts 1511-1512) as the quarterly payments of £10 for the terms of "Alhallowmes, Candilmes, Rudmes, and Lammes, in his pensione and fee," these terms falling upon the 1st November 1511, 2d February, 2d May, and 2d August, 1512.

On the birth of Prince James, Lyndsay obtained a special appointment as usher or chief page to the infant Prince, having as he reminds the King in his "Complaynt," written in 1529, that he had been his servitor or personal attendant from the day of his nativity, the 12th of April 1512. His residence at Court led to his witnessing a remarkable scene in the Church of St Michael, Linlithgow. The date is not specified, but it must have been in the year following, when James the Fourth was placed in a peculiarly difficult position from his marriage to the sister of Henry the Eighth, and his political alliance with France, upon the hostile invasion of that kingdom by the English monarch. But in a sketch like this of Lyndsay's life, it is not necessary to enter upon any minute details of public affairs. At this period, Scotland was rapidly advancing in wealth, civilization, and importance in the affairs of Europe, by the energetic and liberal policy of the King; but, by his rash and impetuous conduct, partly proceeding from a high sense of chivalric honour, he resolved to enter, with a formidable army, the North of England, at the urgent solicitation of his French ally.

The passage in Pitscottie's History, which so strikingly narrates the incident alluded to, has often been quoted. It cannot, however, be passed over in this place, as it rests solely on Lyndsay's authority. The

apparition has been explained as a scheme devised, it has been thought, by the Queen, for the purpose of working upon the superstitious feelings of James, by a solemn or supernatural warning against his proposed invasion of England.

“The King,” says Pitscottie, “came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Counsell, verie sad and dolorous, makeand his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time, there came ane man, clad in ane blew gowns in at the kirk doores, and belted about him in ane roll of linning cloth, ane pair of brotikins on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other hose and clothis conforme therto ; but he had nothing on his head, but syde red yellow haire behind, and on his halffets, which went down to his shoulders: but his forehead was beld and bair. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fiftie yeeres, with ane great pyke-staffe in his hand, and came first forward among the Lords, cryand and spearand for the King, sayand ‘he desired to speak with him :’ While at the last, he came where the King was sitting in the dask at his prayers: but when he saw the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned downe grovellings on tho dask before him, and said to him in this manner, as after followes :—‘ Sir King, my mother has sent me to you desiring you not to passe, at this time, where thou art purposed ; for if thou does, thou wilt not fair well in thy journey, nor none that passeth withi thee. Further, she bade ye melle with no woman, nor use their counsell, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou

theirs ; for, and thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"Be this man had spoken thir words unto the King's Grace, the Even-song was neere doone, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer ; but, in the mean time, before the King's eyes, and in presence of all the Lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no wayes be seene nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had beene ane blink of the sunne, or ane whiss of the whirlwind, and could no more be seene. I heard say, Sir David Lyndsay (Lion Herald), and John English (the Marshall), who were at that time young men, and speciall servants to the King's Grace, were standand presentlie besyd the King, who thought to have layd hands on this man, that they might have speared further tydings at him : but all for nought ; they could not touch him, for he vanished away betwixt them and was no more scene."

Buchanan has also, much to the same effect, given a concise account of this apparition, with this additional remark in regard to Lyndsay himself :—

"Among those who stood next the King, was David Lyndsay, of the Mount, a man of unsuspected probity and veracity, attached to literature, and during life, invariably opposed to falsehood ; from whom, unless I had received the story as narrated vouched for truth, I had omitted to notice it, as one of the commonly reported fables."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this singular incident furnished Sir Walter Scott with "Sir David Lindsay's Tale," in Canto iv. of "Marmion."

The daily attendance on the infant Prince may have prevented Lyndsay being one of the Royal household who accompanied the King in this fatal expedition, which terminated on the Field of Flodden, in that disastrous national calamity, when the gallant James, surrounded by the best and noblest of his realm, perished in the carnage on "that most dolent day." The Treasurer's Accounts from August 1513 to June 1522 (with the exception of 1515-1518) are unfortunately not preserved; but it is quite certain that during the whole of that period, Lyndsay's charge of his young master continued uninterrupted, sometimes styled "the Kingis maister usher," or ischear, and "the Kingis maister of houshald," with the yearly salary of £40. He had associated with him "as chaplain," a congenial spirit in the person of Sir James Inglis, a priest, who was also Secretary to the Queen Dowager, and for a time, Chancellor of the King's Chapel Royal, Stirling, and Master of Works. In the prologue of the Papyngo, Lyndsay thus mentions him first among the living Poets:—

And, in the Courte, bene present, in thir dayis,
 That ballattis brevis lustellie and layis,
 Quhilkis tyll our Prince daylie thay do present :
 Quho can say mair than SCHIR JAMES INGLIS sayis,
 In ballattis, farses, and in pleasand playis ?
 Bot Culrose hes his pen maid impotent.

That is, by his promotion to the Abbacy of Culross. But within a few months after the date of Lyndsay's poem, the Abbot was basely murdered by John Blackader of Tulyallane and his servants.

Another ecclesiastic, who became, in 1516, "the King's Master" or chief instructor, was Gawin Dunbar, of the family of Cumnock, and nephew of the Bishop of Aberdeen. He was Dean of Murray and Prior of Whithorn, afterwards (in 1524) receiving higher promotion as Archbishop of Glasgow, to which (in 1528) was joined that of Lord Chancellor of Scotland. Lyndsay, in a more humble capacity watching the Prince in the tender years of his infancy, so endeared himself that he tells us amongst the first words the child could articulate was to ask him to play for his amusement, "Pa (play) DA LYNN upon the lute."¹ This need excite no surprise when we consider that his chief occupation consisted in devising scenes of merriment, playing popular airs or tunes, reciting tales, assuming various disguises and fantastic characters most likely to interest a youthful fancy. All this, Lyndsay has described in his first poem, *THE DREME*, addressed to the King when, in order to strengthen claims for expecting a suitable reward, he recalls to the King's remembrance the various amusements with which he had entertained his infancy:—

Quhen Thow wes young, I bure thee in myne arme
 Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang ;
 And in thy bed oft happit thee full warme,
 With lute in hand, syne, sweetlie to thee sang :
 Sumtyme, in dansing, feiralie I flang :
 And sumtyme, playand farsis on the flure ;
 And sumtyme, on myne office takkand cure :
 And sumtyme, lyke ane feind transfigurate ;
 And sumtyme, like the greislie gaist of Gy ;
 In divers formis, ofttymes disfigureate :
 And sumtyme, dissagysit full pleasandlye.²

¹ Vol. i. p. 47.

² Vol. i. p. 1.

Ten or twelve years were thus passing quietly and pleasantly away ; and led, about the year 1522, to an important event in Lyndsay's life which was his marriage with Janet Douglas. It has not been ascertained whether she was related to any family of distinction, and the date is erroneously placed ten years later by Chalmers and subsequent writers. But one or two extracts from the Treasurer's Accounts (1522-1524) leave no doubt on the matter. They also show that the lady held the appointment of Semstress to the King, during the rest of his reign, with an annual fee or pension of £10.—

Compotum etc. redditum apud Edinburg 15to mensis Aprilis 1524, a 5to die Junii 1522, usque in diem hujus Compoti.

“Item, to Jonet Douglass spous to Daudid Lindsay, Maister Ischeare to the King, for sewing of the Kyngis lynnyng claithis, *de mandato Domini Gubernatoris,* xxiiij lib.

(The Governor, John, Duke of Albany, was then in Scotland: he returned to France in April 1524.)

“*Compotum, etc., 15to Octobris 1526,—29to die Augusti 1527.*

“Item, gevin to Daudid Lindsayes wife to sew the Kingis sarkis, v. double hankis gold, price hank x s.

“Item, v. vncis and quarter vnce sewing silk, price vnce v s.

“*Pensiounis and Feallis.*—Item, to Jonet Douglas takand for hir fe x li.

“Item, (December 1530) for xiiij double hankis of gold, quhilkis war deliuerit to Daudid Lindsayis wf to sew the Kingis sarkis, the price of ilk hank x s.

“Item, (March 24, 1537) to Jonet Douglas the

spouse of David Lindesay of the Month at the Kingis grace command, as the precept beris, . . . xi li.

This mode of a married woman retaining her maiden name was quite customary. After his knight-hood she was or might have been styled Lady of the Mount, or Lady of Garmylton, but neither Lady Lioness nor Lady Lindsay.

After the Governor's return to France, 20th May 1524, various political changes occurred during the King's minority, partly through the intrigues of the Queen Dowager, who had obtained a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Angus. Notwithstanding this, in August 1524 he assumed and exercised the supreme power, putting nominally the sceptre in the King's hand. James at this time was twelve years of age, naturally of a quick, intelligent disposition, and a few more years of sound and careful instruction might have had the most beneficial influence on his after-life. On this head, Lyndsay, in his Complaynt, says :

The Kyng was bot twelf yeris of age
 Quhen new rewlaris come, in thair raige . . .
 Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fuilis
 Thay tuke that young Prince frome the scuilis, ¹
 Quhare he, under obedience,
 Was lernand vertew, and science,
 And haistelie platt in his hand,
 The governance of all Scotland.¹

By turning to this passage the reader will see how strongly he inveighs against the folly of such a proceeding, and adds,

I pray God, lat me never see ryng
 In to this Realme, so young ane Kyng.²

¹ Vol. i. p. 48.

² p. 49.

Lyndsay no doubt felt aggrieved, as one of his early tutors or guardians, that the hopeful young Prince was left exposed to the baneful influence of worthless persons about the Court, who to ingratiate themselves, encouraged him in all idle frivolous amusements, in gaming, horse-racing, and, even by flattery and priestly licence, in pursuing a vicious course of life, while public affairs were sadly mismanaged or neglected.

When the persons who had been entrusted with the charge of the young Prince were dismissed, Lyndsay acknowledges that his pension or salary was duly paid, until he was otherwise provided for. For his own enduring fame this change may have been of signal advantage, as it withdrew him from Court, to his residence at Garmylton, and devoting his leisure hours to literary aspirations, by meditating on the changes he had witnessed, and preparing his various addresses and complaints to the King. It was at the mature age of about thirty-seven that he commenced his poetical career by the publication of his *DREAM*, which Chalmers assigns to the year 1528. In the following year he produced his *COMPLAYNT TO THE KING*: and in 1530, the *TESTAMENT AND COMPLAYNT OF THE KING'S POPYNGO* (or Parrot).

In these Poems, he not only sets forth his personal claims for long and faithful service, but he exposes with great truth and boldness, the prevailing disorders, the usurpation of the nobles, the party factions and family feuds which divided and ruined the country, and the licentious lives of the clergy.

The prelates before this time had become alarmed,

not at the irregularities in their own body, or among the inferior clergy, but at the prospect of heresy finding its way into a country which had always been sound in the faith. An act was passed in Parliament, 17th July 1525, denouncing "the damnable opinions of heresy spread in divers countreis be the heretic Luther and his disciples," and as this realm has ever "bene elene of all sic filth and vice," prohibiting under the severest penalties "that na maner of person to bring with thame ony bukis or warkis of the said Lutheris his discipillis or seruandis, etc."¹ But copies of Tyndale's New Testament, and other books of the new faith printed abroad found their way to Scotland, and were eagerly read. Two years later that noble-minded youth Patrick Hamilton, infected with these heresies, returned from Germany, and, in the words of Knox, "the brycht beames of the trew licht which by Goddis grace wes planted in his hearte, began moste aboundantlye to burst furth, also well in publick as in secret."² His zeal in avowing and proclaiming such doctrines, brought him to the stake as the proto-martyr of the reformation in Scotland, on the last of February 1527-8.

Soon after this, in July 1528, another change took place in the Government which brought Lyndsay more prominently forward, during the rest of his life, as a

¹ Acts of Parl., vol. ii., p. 295. On the margin of this Act, in the Register, an additional clause was written by the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop Dunbar, on the 5th September 1527. This Act, against heretics, with the said clause was renewed in Parliament, 12th June 1535. *Ib.* vol. ii., p. 341.

² History of the Reformation. Works vol. i., p. 15.

public character. The young King, who felt his ambition increasing with his growth, became impatient and indignant under the control of the Earl of Angus and the Douglasses, and resolved to free himself from the restraint under which he was placed. At last he contrived at night to escape from Falkland Palace and to reach Stirling Castle, where he acted with great and prompt decision. His keepers, in the morning, hearing of his escape, were also on the alert. But James immediately assembled a Council, and issued a proclamation, 5th of July, commanding that neither the Earl of Angus nor any of his kindred should approach within six miles of the king's person, under the pains of high treason.

The King, it may be presumed, on becoming his own master, did not overlook the services of his early instructors. As already stated, Dunbar was promoted to the See of Glasgow, and also obtained the office of Lord High Chancellor, in 1532; and Sir James Inglis, the Abbacy of Culross; while Lyndsay, not later than 1529, became Chief Herald, or, as it was called, Lyon King of Arms. On his inauguration, he received the honour of knighthood; and had assigned to him, as his ordinary fee, an annual grant of victual out of the King's lands of Luthrie, in Fife.

Lyndsay's appointment was one of peculiar importance at this period, bringing him into active life. It was then customary to employ the Lyon King in royal messages and embassies as a recognized official. He might well therefore, towards the close of his life, apply the words of the Courteour in the Dialog on the Monarchies, appropriately to himself, and say,

I have, quod I, bene to this hour
 Sen I could ryde, ane Courteour,

Oft have I salit ouer the strandis,
 And travellit through divers landis
 Baith South, and North, East and West.

Perhaps his first visit to foreign parts, was the political mission to Flanders in April 1531, on which occasion he received a new Dress, as we learn from the following payments in the Treasurer's Accounts, (Oct. 1530 to Sept. 1531) as among those who received "leveray claithes (or dresses) at the feast of Yule, there is entered to Daudid Lyndesay, Herald, 3 elnis of black velvet, £8, 5s., and 6 elnis Paris black, £12, 9s." On the 20th of May following "David Lyndesay, Herald, be the Kingis precept (received xiiij elnis blak satyne to be him ane gown, £20, 16s. Item, iij elnis black velvit to begarie the samyn gown, £7, 16s. Summa of this liffray, £28, 12s."

The object of this mission was, to renew a commercial treaty between Scotland and the Netherlands concluded by King James the First, in 1430, for a century which had now expired. Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, who died in November 1530, was succeeded by her niece the Queen of Hungary, sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In the Parliament held 27th April 1531, the Lords of Articles ordained Sir John Campbell of Lundy, to deliver the Contract, so lately made by the Emperor and Mistress Margaret, as Ambassador, concerning privileges, peace, and other things, to be sent with expedition under our Sovereign Lord's Seal. In this

embassy, Campbell was accompanied by Lyndsay, and David Paniter as Secretary.

The Scottish Ambassadors were received with great state and solemnity by the Princess and the Emperor, at Brussels. Their mission was successful. Lyndsay had thus a favourable opportunity of seeing the splendour of the Emperor's Court, and of witnessing a grand tournament. These triumphs were not lost on him; and the letter he addressed to the Secretary from Antwerp on the 23rd of August, is still preserved, and a copy of it may be here given as the only authentic specimen of his prose composition that seems to have reached our time. One might almost think, from the orthography, that the writer's own education had been somewhat neglected.

“MY LORD,—I recommend my hartly servis onto your Lordship. Plesis your Lordship to wit, that I com to Brusselles the iij day of Julij, quhar I fand the Empriour, and gat presens of his Majeste the iij day efter my cummin, and hes gottin gud expedition of the prencipall erandis that I was send for; and hes gottin the auld aliansis, and confederationis, confermit for the space of ane hundret yeiris. The quhilk confirmation I haiff raisit in dowbyl form, ane to deliver to the Conseruator, and ane wther to bring with me in Scotland, bayth onder the Emperor's gret seill; and hes deliverit to his majeste the Kyng, our sowerainis part, wnder his gracis gret seill, for the said space of ane hundret yeirs.

“My Lord, ye sall understand that Sir Don Pedir De le Cowe wes not in the court, lang tym efter that I com thair, to quham I deliverit your Lordships writ-

turning // ye fortyth of febr
er past to the same quhaib —
2 year at my house being
2 by almanac for the information
is sented / and was offered to
ab for your service & helps to ye
- by 30³ persons at his house

James Lindsay Herald
to the Poterney Lord.

Missus
Lambert

tinis, quhilk rasavit tham rycht thankfully, and schew me gret hwmanite for your Lordships saik ; bot he gaiff me na answer of your writtins, quhil I was reddy to depart furth of the Cowrt Imperiell, quhais letter ye sall rasaiff fra this berrar. I remanit in the cowrt vii. owiks, and od dayis, apou the materis pertenyng to the marchans. Item, the brut was heir owyr all this contre, quhen I com to the cowrt, that the Kyngis grace, our sowerain was deid. For the quhilk caws the Quein of Wngare send for me, and inquirit diligente of that mater at me, and was rycht glaid, quhen I schew hir the werrite, of the Kyngis grace our sowerains prosperrite. It was schawin to me that the Empriouris majeste gart all the Kyrk men in Brusselles pray for his Gracis saul. Thai nowelles war send for werrite furth of Ingland ; and war haldin for effect, ay quhill my cumin to the Cowrt.

“ My Lord, it war to lang to me to writ to your Lordship the triwmphis that I haiff sein, sen my cumin to the court Imperall ; that is to say the triwmphand justynis, the terribill turnements, the feychtyn on fut in barras, the naymis of lords and knychts that war hurt the day of the gret towrnament ; quhais circumstans I haiff writtin at lenth, in articles, to schaw the Kyngis grace at my haym cumin. Item, the Empriour purposis to depart at the fyn of this moneth, and passis wp in Almanye for reformation of the Luteriens : the Quein of Wngare ramanis heir Regent of all their contres : and was confermit Regent be the iii. Estattis in the town of Brussellis, the v. day of Julij. And as for uther nowellis, I rafer to the berar. Written

with my hand, at Handwarp, the xxiii. day of August
by your Serviteur, at his power,

*David Lyndsay Harault
to o^r Soverain Lord*

(Directed on the back)

To my special Lord,
my Lord, the gret Sacretar
to our Sowerain Lord of Scotland.

The account of the Tournament and Articles written for the purpose of being shown to the King, are unfortunately not preserved. Mr Tytler, trusting too implicitly to Chalmers, says, that "On his return from this mission, Lyndsay's mind was occupied with two great subjects, his marriage and his celebrated 'Satire of the Thrie Estates.' His marriage (he adds) was unhappy, originating probably in ambition, for he united himself to a daughter of the house of Douglas, and ending in disappointment. He had no children, and from the terms in which he commonly talks of the sex, it may be plausibly conjectured that the Lady Lioness was not possessed of a very amiable disposition. His 'Satire of the Three Estates,' was a more successful experiment, and is well deserving of notice, as the first approach to the regular Drama which had yet been made in Scotland."

But such "plausible conjectures" are not confirmed either in the one case or the other. There is no evidence to show that the Play was of so early a date; and as for the marriage, it has already been seen that this event in our poet's life had taken place several years previously; and ambition could have had no influence in the matter. The advent of the Douglasses to power was then not so much as dreamt of, and at this period (1532), they had lost all the power and influence which they acquired. Even while in power, the Poet was as loud as any one in denouncing their proceedings, until their downfall in 1528. Neither can we admit that the marriage was "unhappy," excepting the want of issue, when we find her husband, at successive intervals, in 1531, 1535, and in 1542, granting and confirming his spouse Jonet Douglas in the conjunct fee of his lands of Garmylton and the Mount. The following extract may also be quoted:—

"Ane lettre maid to Jonet Douglas Lady of the Month, hir airis and assignais ane or ma of the gift of the nonentreis malis fermes proffittis and dewiteis of all and hale the twa aikers of land liand on the Mylne-hill besyd the burgh of Cowpar of the quhilkis that ane is now occupiit be Johne Brown, and that uther be Johne Wiliamsoun and David Gudsir equalie betuix thame, and of half an aiker of land liand betuix the Mylnis of Cowpar now occupit be the said Johne Brown, &c.

.

At Edinburgh the xix day of August the zeir of God j^m v^c xxxi zeris.

Per signaturam manu S. D. N. Regis subscript."¹

It may be noticed that Sir David's Register of Arms, concludes with the Blazon of his own arms, 1542, which Nisbet thus describes: *Gules a fesse chequé argent and azure, between three stars in chief, and a man's heart in base, argent.*" He says nothing of the crest, a helmet, and a bloody heart, (for Douglas), or the supporters.

It appears that the Ambassadors, while at the Court of the Emperor, had been instructed to see and report on the subject of a matrimonial alliance. Buchanan relates that Charles the Fifth was most desirous that the League between Scotland and France should not be maintained, and wished to contract another alliance besides that of the commercial treaty; and by his letter, in 1534, he gave the King his choice of three Marys, all of them of his own blood; Mary, the Duchess of Hungary, his sister, then a widow; Mary of Portugal, the daughter of his sister Lemora; and Mary of England, the daughter of his Aunt, Queen Catherine, and of Henry the Eighth. But this offer was not accepted; and the young King continuing his licentious intrigues, had at least three sons, by ladies of high rank.

The honours conferred about this time on the Scottish Monarch, gave occasion to the Lyon King,

¹ Reg. Secr. Sig. vol. ix., fol. 38, and repeated in the same vol. at fol. 187.

or his Depute, to other visits abroad. In December 1531, James was chosen a knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, by the Emperor ; about the same time, of the Order of St Michael, by Francis the First ; and of the Order of the Garter, 20th January 1534-5, by his uncle Henry the Eighth.

In the summer of 1536, the Lyon King accompanied the ambassadors to France to conclude a treaty of marriage with Marie de Bourbon, the daughter of the Duke de Vendome. The King, impatient at the delay of his envoys, determining himself to fetch home his betrothed bride, set sail and landed at Dieppe. Wishing incognito to see the lady while the treaty was in the course of negotiation, he disguised himself, as one of the retinue, but the Princess at once recognised him from his portrait which she had secretly obtained from Scotland. But, notwithstanding the gracious reception he met with from the young lady and her parents, the King, after eight days of sumptuous entertainment, must have felt dissatisfied with the choice that had been made, as he departed somewhat abruptly, on the ground that it was his duty to consult the French monarch regarding his marriage, being then within his Realm. Francis the First urged him to marry Marie de Bourbon ; but James eagerly desired to be united with the King's eldest daughter, the Princess Magdalene. Her father reluctantly gave his consent, owing to her delicate state of health, and averse to exposing her to the dangers of a long sea voyage, for a continued residence in what was deemed to be an inhospitable climate.

In sending notice of his approaching marriage, the King commanded that certain of the Lords, both Spiritual and Temporal, and some of the great Barons should "come to France, and compear at Paris at the day appointed to the said marriage, in their best array, for the honour of Scotland, as they would do him pleasure and service."¹

The marriage was celebrated with great splendour in the Cathedral Church of Nostre Dame, the 1st of January 1536-7. After four months, when preparing to return home, Pitscottie details at great length, not only the triumphs and rejoicings at the time of the marriage, but the arrangements made by the French king in furnishing large vessels and costly presents before their departure. They sailed from Dieppe, with a fair wind, and in five days the gallant fleet of fifty ships reached Leith on the 28th of May. They passed to the Palace of Holyrood, until the preparations were ready for the King and Queen's triumphant progress through the chief towns of Scotland.

But, within forty days of the Queen's landing, the universal joy was turned to sadness and lamentation by her death. And also (says the same historian) the King's heavy moan that he made for her, was greater than all the rest.

It was on this occasion that Lyndsay composed his poem "The Deploration of the Death of Quene Magdalene," on the 7th of July, describing how this sad event put a stop to the splendid triumphs and ceremonies prepared for her Coronation. But we will let

¹ Robert Lyndesay of Pitscottie's History.

her rest with God (he adds) and return again to France, to the Duke of Vendome's daughter, who took such displeasure [distress] and melancholy for the King of Scotland's marriage, that she, within short while took sickness, and died.¹ Quhairat when the King of Scotland got wit, he was highlie displeased [distressed] thinkand that he was the occasion of that gentlewoman's death also."

James, who was then in the prime of life, was the last of his line; and after a short while, a second French alliance was projected with the hope of having an heir to the throne. An embassy was accordingly sent, to propose a marriage with Mary, daughter of the Duke de Guise, the widow of the Duke de Longueville. The arrangements and betrothal were speedily concluded with the advice and approbation of Francis the First and his Council, 23d May 1538. Lord Maxwell as Admiral of the Fleet, along with Cardinal Beaton and a large retinue, were sent to solemnize the marriage, and convoy the bride to Scotland, so soon as wind and weather might serve. Having embarked as usual at the Newhaven, near Dieppe, and reaching the coast of Fife, they landed near Balcomie Castle, and rested until horses could be procured from St Andrews.

On such public occasions, it formed part of the duty of the Lyon King to marshal processions, and to superintend the pageants exhibited. For all this,

¹ Pitscottie here, as usual, is inaccurate in his dates. The Princess Marie died on the 28th September 1538. (Papiers d'Etat, par A. Teulet, vol. i., p. 109. Baunatyne Club publication.)

besides exercising his own inventive genius, in preparing speeches and salutations for the different characters, the genius of Lyndsay was peculiarly adapted. The pageants he had devised for Queen Magdalene, were now turned to some account. Here we again quote from Pitscottie, the only description preserved, of the manner in which the Queen was welcomed.

“Always the Quein landit verrie pleasantlie, in ane pairt of Fyfe callit Fyfeness beside Balkomie quhair sche remanit quhill horses come to her. But the Kyng was in Sanctandrois for the tyme withe mony of the nobilitie, waiting upon her hamecuming; Quha, quhen hee hard word that the Quein wes landit at sik ane pairt, incontinent hee raid furth withe his haille Lords, boith Speirituall and Temporall, with many Barons, Lairds, and Gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St Andrews in their best array, and met the Quein, and receveit hir withe greyt joy and mirrines of fersis and playis, made and preparit for hir. And first, sche was receivit at the New Abbay yet [gate]; upon the eist syd thair of thair wes maid to hir ane triumphant arch be Sir David Lindsay of the Mount knight, alias Lyon Kyng at Armis, quha caussit ane greyt cloud to cum out of the hevins down abone the zeit [gate]; out [of] the quhilk cloude come downe ane fair Lady most lyk ane angell having the Keyis of Scotland in hir hand, and delyverit thayme to the Queinis grace in signe and taikin that all the harts of Scotland wer opin for the receveing of hir Grace; withe certane Oratiouns maid be the said Sir David to the Quein’s grace, desyring hir

to feir hir God, and to serve him, and to reverence and obey hir husband, and keip her awin body clein, according to God's will and commandment."

In connexion with these pageants we may notice his poem on the burlesque Tournament betwixt the King's "twa mediciners," Watson and Barber.

The most remarkable, however, by far of Lyndsay's productions was his play entitled, "THE SATYRE OF THE THREE ESTATES." How long he was engaged in preparing it, cannot be ascertained. No authority at least can be adduced, to support the commonly received statement that it was completed and represented at Cupar-Fife, in the year 1535. I do not hesitate to assert that it was first exhibited at Linlithgow, at the feast of Epiphany on 6th January 1539-40, in the presence of the King, Queen, the ladies of the Court, the Bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. The supposed early date proceeds on the assumption that it must have been prior to the King's marriage. Had this been so, and had James been introduced on the stage, under the character of REX HUMANITAS, the play would never have been repeated at intervals, at least three times in its original state.

The notes of "the Interlude," as then represented, transmitted to England, do not materially differ from the Play in its printed form. Its prominent object was the reformation of abuses, by exposing the abuses that prevailed both in Church and State, the ignorance of the priests, the grievances of tithes, and other clerical exactions, the profligate lives of the prelates, and the evils which abounded in the King's minority and encouraged him in idleness and vice by

the influence of such attendants as Flattery, Falsehood, and Sensuality, usurping the places of Verity, Chastity, and Divine Correction. In the proclamation of the Play, Diligence or the Messenger says,

Prudent Peopill, I pray you all
 Tak na more grief in special ;
For we shall speik in general
 For pastime and for play.

John Row, in his History of the Church, states that it was also acted in the amphitheatre of Perth, in the presence of the King, Queen, &c. It is not improbable Row has substituted the name of St Johnstone or Perth, for Linlithgow.

In the subsequent representations of the Play at Cupar-Fife about 1552 ; and at Edinburgh in 1554, there may have been numerous changes and alterations which we have no means of ascertaining, by the omission or introduction of short Interludes. But it is obvious, considering the protracted time for the performance, that such Interludes of a coarse and indelicate character were meant for the amusement of the lower classes, during the intervals when the chief auditory had retired for refreshments. See, for instance, the note at page 98 and page 117 (vol. ii.), where Diligence drives the Pardoner and Pauper away. Also the interlude of the Auld Man and his Wife, when the Play was acted at Cupar-Fife. Some of these, in fact, may have been written by Lyndsay years before, when, to amuse the youthful monarch, he exercised his own inventive powers, by performing short interludes, farces, and plays.

Leaving any further remarks on this singular pro-

duction, a work of a totally different character requires special notice. This is the REGISTER OF ARMS, of the Scottish Nobility and Gentry, completed under his direction, as Lyon Herald, during the King's life, in the year 1542. This official Register of Arms was submitted by Sir James Balfour, one of his successors as Lyon King, to the Lords of Privy Council, at Holyrood-house, on the 9th December 1630, and approved as an authentic Register. It is preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, having been acquired with Balfour's valuable Manuscript Collections in 1698.

The volume consists of 133 leaves, of which 111 (only 106 specified by the Privy Council) belong to the original work. It had remained with the Heralds apparently till the Reign of Charles the First, and has on the additional leaves, the arms, with supporters of the intermediate Lyon Kings of Arms. The drawing of the arms, so carefully executed and properly blazoned, are creditable to the state of the Heraldic Art in Scotland. Those of the Queens of Scotland beginning with St Margaret and ending with the Queens of James the Fifth, are impaled with the royal arms. A limited number of copies of an exact facsimile of the original Register was published at Edinburgh by W. & D. Laing, in 1821, and by Mr W. Paterson in 1878, folio.

The death of King James the Fifth at Falkland, on the 14th of December 1542, was another of those sad calamities which so grievously affected the prosperity of Scotland. He was an accomplished Prince, although his education had been neglected, active, and high

spirited, but passionate and implacable in his resentment. He was unfortunate in many of his measures, and his political relations with France, brought him into constant estrangement and opposition to his uncle the English monarch. Lyndsay, who had been with James from "the day of his nativity," also witnessed the premature termination of his career in the 31st year of his age. Two infant sons had died within a short time of each other; and in his last illness, broken-hearted at his misfortunes, it is related that when the messenger from Linlithgow arrived at Falkland, to inform him of the Queen's safe delivery, to his eager inquiry the messenger said, "it was ane fair dochter," the King answered and said, "Fairweill, it cam with ane lass, and it will pass with ane lass;" reflecting on the alliance which placed the Stewart family on the throne; "and so he commendit himself to the Almighty God, and spak litle from thensforth, bot turned his back to his lordis and his face to the wall."¹

The succession to the throne of an infant of a few days old (the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots) was an event which increased the political divisions and miseries of Scotland. Lyndsay had deprecated the chance of witnessing another protracted minority, which as it proved, entailed on this country an unusual share of misfortunes even compared with what he lamented when, in 1528, he exclaimed:—

I see richt weill that Proverb is richt trew,
'Wo to the Realme, that hath an our young King.'

Owing to this distracted state of public affairs,

¹ Pitscottie's History.

nearly two years elapsed before the Lyon King was sent officially to deliver the books of Statutes and the Orders of knighthood that had been conferred on the late king. In these were the Order of the Golden Fleece restored to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; of St Michael, sometimes called the Cockle, to Francis the First; and of the Garter, to Henry the Eighth. The latter acknowledged this to the Earl of Arran, the Governor, in the following letter, which is interesting as mentioning the Lyon King in laudatory terms:—

“ HENRY R.

“ Right trustye and right welbeloued Cousin, we grete yoⁿ well, And whereas vpon the deceasse of o^r nephew the late King of Scottis, whose soule God pardoune being in his lifetyme ane of the Compaignions of o^r Ordre, yoⁿ sent vnto vs by this berar Sir Dauid Lyndsay, knight alias Lyon principal King of Armes of Scotlande, the Statutes of the said ordre w^t the colar and garter of the same whiche we haue receyved by thandes of the right Reuerend father in god, our right trustye and right welbeloued Counseylo^r, the bisshopp of Wynchestre, prelate of our said Ordre, We haue thought good by these o^r letres to signifie the same vnto yoⁿ with this also, that the said Lyon in the deliuary thareof hath vsed himself right discreatelye and moche to o^r contentation gevin vnder o^r Signet at o^r hono^r of Hamptencorte, the xxiiijth of Maye the xxxvth yere of o^r Reigne.”

(Indorsed, Letre from K. Henry y^e aucht K. of England to the erll of Arran, 1544.) A facsimile of the original will be found in Part III. (No. XXVII.) of

that valuable and handsome publication, "The National Manuscripts of Scotland."

The eventful year 1546, commenced inauspiciously with the trial and condemnation of George Wishart for heresy. It signally failed in its object to arrest the alarming progress of heretical opinions. He suffered martyrdom on the 2d March 1545-6, in front of the Castle of St Andrews, where Cardinal Beaton and other Prelates in their gorgeous robes were seated to witness his execution; and he predicted, as some writers assert, the speedy fate that would overtake the Cardinal amidst all his pride and power. Such a statement is readily accepted by those who impute to the martyr a knowledge of a preconcerted scheme by a band of conspirators who were pensioned by Henry. That some of the discontented Scots were pensioned appears from the English records, but except where blinded prejudice exists, it is clear that the Cardinal's fate was mainly owing to the feelings excited to avenge such cruelty.

Norman Lesley, the eldest son of the Earl of Rothes, may have had cause of private resentment against the Cardinal; but that the others were actuated by mercenary motives, let those believe who will. Under the circumstances it was a bold measure for sixteen persons to undertake to surprise his Castle of St Andrews, which was strongly fortified, and to assassinate himself; and their success was certainly equal to the boldness of the attempt. Chalmers says, "The odious assassination of this great, but obnoxious prelate, was achieved by a band of ruffians, who were in the pay of Henry VIII., on the 28th of

May 1546. Lyndsay, immediately sat down to gratify his prejudice, by satirising the memory of Beaton, and incidentally protecting the lives of the assassins."¹

When Lyndsay sat down with this object is not stated, but if he had prejudices to gratify, Chalmers might have remembered it was not 'immediate,' by looking at "The Tragedie of the Cardinall" itself, where (line 266) these words are put in the Cardinal's mouth :—

Thay saltit me, syne closit me in a kist.
I lay unburyit sevin monethis, and more,
 Or I was borne to closter, kirk, or queir.

in reference to the fact that his body lay unburied from May 1546 till about January 1547. In devising the Cardinal's death, Lyndsay could not be said to have had any participation. In the note to this poem (p. 297) I have inadvertently said, "During the time that this Castle was besieged, it was resorted to as a place of safety by Knox, Lyndsay, and various persons who had not been concerned in the slaughter, but were under suspicion of favouring the Reformers." So far as Lyndsay was concerned this statement is erroneous; and it is important that what may be called a vulgar error, should be corrected. As Commissioner for the borough of Cupar, he was in his seat in Parliament on the 4th of August when the summons of treason was issued against Norman Lesley and the other persons charged with this act of atrocity; and on the 14th of the month, the Lyon King and his

¹ Lyndsay's Works, vol. i., p. 139.

deputies were directed to see this duly executed. —The number of persons in the Castle at no time exceeded one hundred and fifty, yet the Governor after five months spent in the vain attempt to reduce it, (the garrison obtaining supplies of money and provisions, by sea, from England) concluded a truce, and raised the siege at the end of December or in January following, until a Papal absolution was obtained. Now it appears that on the 17th December “the Lyon Herald with one trumpet, was sent to us from the Governor and Counsale, and desyred speaking; to whom we made no answer. Then he departed and told the Governor he could have no speaking (or conference) of us, &c. (in the Castle).”¹ No satisfactory remission for a crime that was declared to be irremissible could be obtained; and the death of Henry VIII. on the 28th January 1546-7 blasted all the hopes of “the Castilians.” Yet the garrison seem to have enjoyed an interval of rest for a few months, holding communications with the inhabitants of St Andrews, until the siege was renewed by a body of troops sent from France to the Governor’s assistance.

The only time, therefore, when Lyndsay was in communication with the Castle, but not as a resident, was in the Spring of 1547, when his name is mentioned on a memorable occasion. John Knox, at that time, wearied (he tells us) with wandering about with his young pupils entered the Castle as a place of refuge at Easter, (the 10th April) 1547. In his account of the unexpected public call given him in the Parish Church of St Andrews to undertake the office of the

¹ State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. v., p. 581.

ministry, he states that this was after private conference with John Rough, Henry Balnavis, and some others, towards the end of May, they having with thame in council "SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY of the Mount."¹ It is to be observed, this scene took place, not in the Castle, but in the great Church of St Andrews.

Henry the Second of France having about this time ascended the throne of France, he agreed to send the troops mentioned under the command of Leon Strozzi. The French galleys arrived in the Bay of St Andrews on the 29th June; and with his artillery, he compelled the Castle to surrender the 30th July; but disregarding the terms of capitulation, the chief persons were put on board the galleys and carried prisoners to France.² Had Lyndsay remained in the Castle during the siege, he doubtless would have shared the fate of Knox and Balnavis, and others, who were chained to the oars, as galley-slaves, and for many months suffered great hardships.

The subsequent events in Lyndsay's life are not very important, and have been related so well and concisely by Mr GEORGE CHALMERS, that I cannot do better than quote his words:—

"Sir David, as Lion Herald, was dispatched in 1548 to Christian, King of Denmark, to solicit ships, for protecting the Scottish coasts against the English, and to negotiate a free trade, for the Scottish mer-

¹ See notes to Knox's Hist. of the Reformation: Works, vol. i., pp. 187, 188.

² See notes to Knox's Hist. of the Reformation: Works, vol. i., pp. 205-208.

chants, particularly in grain.¹ The ships were not granted ; but the free trade, as it was convenient to both parties, was more easily yielded to the persuasive instances of our Lion King. At Copenhagen, Lyndsay became acquainted with his countryman, Dr Macabæus, and the other literati of reformed Denmark.

“Lyndsay at length returned to his usual occupations, and was probably no more employed in such distant embassies. About this time, he published the most pleasing of all his poems, *THE HISTORIE AND TESTAMENT OF SQUYER MELDRUM*. He, on this occasion, tries to amuse as well as to reform ; but he shows his own coarseness by addressing his ‘trifling jests and fulsom ribaldry’ to ‘companies unlettered, rude, and shallow.’ In 1553 our poet finished his last, and greatest work, *THE MONARCHIE*, which, from its elaboration, and extent, could not have been the labour of a week, a month, or a year. When he put his last hand to this employment of years, Lyndsay cried out :—

‘Go hence, pure Buke, quhilk I have done indyte
 In rurall ryme, in maner of dispyte,
 Contrar the Warldis variatioun ;
 Of Rethorick heir I proclaim thee quyte.
 Idolatouris, I feir, sall with thee flyte,
 Because of thame thow makis narratioun :
 Bot cure thow nocht the indignatioun
 Of Hypocritis, and fals Pharisience,
 Quhowbeit on thee thay cry ane lowde vengeance.’

¹ “MS. Letters, which had been collected by Lesley, the famous bishop of Ross, and which were communicated to me by the late Bishop Geddes, who cannot be enough praised for his ingenuity, and his friendliness.”

“ It is apparent that Lyndsay, during times of some difficulty, and great danger, was not afraid of *hypocritis* and *pharisiense*. His name and titles were prefixed to the first edition of the work, while much artifice was used to protect the printer from the severe penalties of a recent Act of Parliament. In the midst of all those labours Lyndsay was not neglectful of his duties, as the chief of the Heralds. Some time after the year, wherein Mackenzie and his followers suppose him to have died, he acted with great precision and dignity as Lion King. On the 16th of January 1554-5, he held a chaptour of Heralds, *chaptourly* convened, in the Abbey of Halyrood-house, for the trial and punishment of William Cwarar, a messenger, for abuse of his office.

“ At the age of sixty-five Lyndsay saw his great work of Reformation gradually advance. He perceived the Queen-Mother procure the pardon of the assassins of Beaton ; to gratify even a more influential passion than revenge. Her ambition wished to supersede the Regent ; and her intrigues acquired this desire of her heart on the 12th of April 1554. On this occasion Lyndsay witnessed, if he did not manage, the acting of his SATYRE OF THE THREE ESTAITIS, on the Play-field at Edinburgh, before the Queen, the Court, and the Commons. Lyndsay had seen Acts of Parliament passed for reforming abuses throughout the reign of James V. He now saw Ecclesiastical Councils assemble, for reforming ecclesiastical persons and things. But, under an infant Queen, and a female Regent, temperate reform was not to be expected, amidst a rude and corrupt people.

Sir David saw John Knox return to Scotland in 1555, and preach without apprehension. He beheld the assassins of Beaton return, in safety, during the subsequent years. He observed, in 1557, several persons of great consideration, 'who were ready to jeopard lives and goods for the setting forward of the work of reformation.' But it is remarkable, considering the temperament of Lyndsay, that he never appeared personally at any meeting of the early Reformers, when they began to avow their purpose and to defy the established power. Whether he were alive on the 3d of December 1557, when the *Congregation* took a formal shape, by the signature of a Bond of Association, is uncertain." ¹

It is, however, quite certain that Lyndsay died some time previous to the 18th of April 1555, as will appear from an extract to be quoted from the Privy Seal Register; and consequently he could neither have witnessed Knox's return, the pardon of Beaton's assassins, nor been present at any meeting of the early Reformers. But nothing has been discovered of the circumstances of his death, or the place where he died and where his mortal remains were deposited. At this time the Lords of the Congregation were unknown; no Bond of Association had been prepared or signed; the Reformation was making but small progress; and the name of Protestant had not been assumed, there being at that time neither churches nor ministers, nor the face of a congregation in any part

¹ Works of Sir David Lyndsay, by Chalmers, vol. i., pp. 36-42.

of the country. The visit of John Knox in September 1555 was only temporary, nor did he arrive again till May 1559, when his presence inspired fresh courage in the hearts of those who, in the interim, had assumed the name of **THE CONGREGATION**.

The following extract from the Privy Council Register, is here given as it not only fixes the period of Lyndsay's decease, but proves his successor, as heir of tailzie, to have been his younger brother, who stands second in the deed of entail in 1542. As no mention is made of his wife, who had the lands by the same deed in conjunct-fee, there can be no doubt that she had predeceased her husband the Lion King :—

“Ane lettre maid to Alexander Lyndesay of the gift of the said Alexanderis mariage now beand in hir Hieness handis be ressoun of deceis of vmquhile Sir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont knyght brother to the said Alexander, to quhome the said Alexander is nerrest and to be seruit air of tailzie vnto his heritage And siclike of the relief, quhen it sal happen, of the landis of Prattris throw sesing to be gevin to the said Alexander as air foirsaid with power, &c. At Striuling the xvij day of Aprile the zeir of God foirsaid, &c.—g. [J^m v^c and lv zeris. Gratis.]

Per signaturam.¹

The Armorial Register of 1542 is already noticed at p. xxxvi. Another heraldic MS. called “*Collectanea*” has been ascribed to Sir David Lyndsay, but

¹ Reg. Secr. Sig. vol. xxvii., fol. 105, b.

it obviously belongs to the time of the younger or third Sir David Lyndsay, 1592.

Robert Forman, who had for many years acted as Ross Herald, became Lyndsay's immediate successor as Lyon King; and, from their connexion with the Poet, the names of other successors may be briefly added:—

SIR ROBERT FORMAN of Luthrie, 1555-1567.

SIR WILLIAM STEWART, February, 1567-8, deposed, and executed for alleged crimes.¹

SIR DAVID LYNSAY of Rathillet, the Poet's youngest brother, August 1568. Died in 1591.

SIR DAVID LYNSAY of the Mount, son of Alexander Lyndsay of the Mount, May 1592. Resigned in favour of his son-in-law,

SIR JEROME LYNSAY of Annatland, created Lyon King, June 1621.

It only remains to offer a few remarks on two points, the one, regarding Lyndsay's character as a Reformer, the other, as a Poet.

The name of the Lyon King has always been reckoned among the earliest adherents of the Scottish Reformation. This requires some modification. All his writings had for their object an unmistakeable attempt to expose and reform abuses whether in Church or State. That they had a powerful effect in promoting such reforms is sufficiently obvious. In no other respect can he be called a Reformer. In his

¹ Knox's Works, vol. vi., p. 692.

addresses to James, among all his varied attainments he urges him, not only

Among the rest, SCHIR, LERNE TO BE ANE KING,
Kyith on that craft, thy pregnant fresch ingyne
Grantit to thee be influence Divyne,

but also to have regard to his own personal conduct,

For quhow suld Prencis governe gret regionis
That cannot dewlie gyude their awin personis.

In his earlier Complaynt to the King, he says—

Swa is thare nocht, I understand
Withoute gude ordour in this land,
Except the Spiritualitie ;
Prayand thy Grace thareto have ee.

In his latest work, the Dialog (1552) when he introduces an Exclamation against Idolatrie, he says—

I traist to se gude reformatione
From tyme we gett ane faithfull prudent King.
Quhilk knawis the treuth and his vocatione.

Had Lyndsay survived for a few years beyond the actual term of his life, we need scarcely doubt he would have joined himself to the Lords of the Congregation in the abjuration of Popery ; but it cannot be said that, at any period of his life, he had actually renounced his general adherence to the Romish Faith. In his earliest poem, for instance, *The Dreame* (1528) his Mariolatry is exhibited, in the place assigned to the Virgin Mary, when describing “*The Hevin Impyre,*” he says—

Nyxt to the throne we saw the Quene of Quenis,
Weil cumpanyit with ladyis of delyte.
Sweit was the sang of these blyssit Virginnis.
No mortall man thair solace may indyte.

In pointing out the ordinary evils of Idolatrous figures, in persons falling upon their knees and worshipping stocks and stones, he admits that some good might result from seeing and admiring such representations,

Or, quhen thow seeis ane portrature
Of blyssit Marie, Virgene pure,
With one bony Babe upon her knee,

having, no doubt, in his mind the recollection of such a favourite subject by the greatest artists of his day, among the Italian, Flemish, and other schools of painting.

In the Epistle Nuncupatory of his Dialog on the Monarchies, in 1552, he says,

. . . the straucht way sal thou wende
To thame quhilk hes the realme in governance,
Declare thy mynde to thame with circumstance :
Go first tyll James, our Prince and Protectour,
And his Brother, our Spirituall Governour.
And Prince of Preistis in this Natioun.
Efter reverend recommendatioun,
Under their feit thow lowlye thee submyt, &c.

That is, to James, Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke de Chattelherault, and his bastard brother, John Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, the successor of Cardinal Beaton. In this work, the Lyon King strongly urges the necessity of suppressing all kinds of idolatry, and to advance the sincere word of God. Yet, while presuming to offer sage advices to "Our Holie Father the Pope," he still continued to the last in styling his Holiness,

. . . This potent Pope of Rome,
The Soverane King of Christindome,

So gret ane Prince quhare sal thow fynd
That Spiritually may lowse and bind ;
Nor be quhame Synnis ar forgyffin,
Be thay with his Disciplis schrevin ?

But it is a remarkable fact, that in such troublous times, and using the strongest language in condemning the Romish Clergy, Lyndsay should have been allowed to escape persecution in some of its varied forms, whether of deprivation of property, imprisonment, torture, or death.

We cannot therefore but admire his boldness in openly acknowledging himself the author of such productions ; and if we do not reckon him as one of the Protestant Reformers, it would be a greater mistake should we hesitate for one moment in asserting that his satirical writings had a powerful effect in preparing the minds of his countrymen, by his exposure of the manifold corruptions and errors of Popery, for the final triumph of the Reformation, accomplished mainly by the dauntless energy of our great Reformer, John Knox.

In estimating the literary character of Lyndsay, we cannot claim for him the name of a Great Poet. Without either "the language at large," which he assigns to Dunbar, or his inventive genius, our Author is nevertheless entitled to no ordinary place among our ancient Makaris. He exhibits (without the least scruple in altering words to suit the rhyme) a great command of versification, a fine feeling for the beau-

ties of external nature, and a fund of what may be called, low genuine humour and keen satire; while for a vivid conception and delineation of individual character, even in his impersonations of abstract Virtues and Vices, he displays great Dramatic Power, and in this respect he far surpasses any one of the early Scottish Poets.

Of Lyndsay's personal appearance we have no description. In the quarto edition of his Poems published in France in 1558, there is a woodcut of a figure in a herald's dress, repeated two or three times, and of which a facsimile is given in the facsimile at page 265 of volume iii. In the third volume (p. 246), is also a facsimile of the title page of the Edinburgh edition of 1634 having a portrait inscribed with his name. Both cuts may be held as imaginary; yet the later one has such a sly comical expression, that rude as it is, I feel inclined to suggest it might have been taken from an authentic original. But no such original is known to exist. Several years ago, a residenter in the neighbourhood of Cupar, told me that an interesting discovery had been made of an original portrait of Sir David Lyndsay. It had remained, he said, undiscovered in a house near The Mount, but had been removed to Rankeillor House by the proprietor: that it was intended for Lyndsay, appeared from the peculiar dress, and the crown on his head. This excited my curiosity, and, to lose no time, I arranged to cross over to Fife within a few days, that we might examine it together, and judge of its authenticity. The first glance I had of the portrait satisfied me

I had come on rather a fool's errand, and that any such discovery had still to be made. In the portrait itself, I had no difficulty in recognizing one of those that were painted by George Jameson of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall,¹ Lord Advocate to Charles the First, in his official costume, with a peculiar embroidered cap, mistaken by my informant for the crown of the Lyon King.

In "Marmion," Sir Walter Scott, using a poetical license, has introduced Lyndsay at the Court of James the Fourth, in the character of Lyon Herald sixteen years before he obtained that office, in a spirited sketch, from which, in conclusion, the following lines may be quoted:—

He was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on King's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage,
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.
 On wilk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,

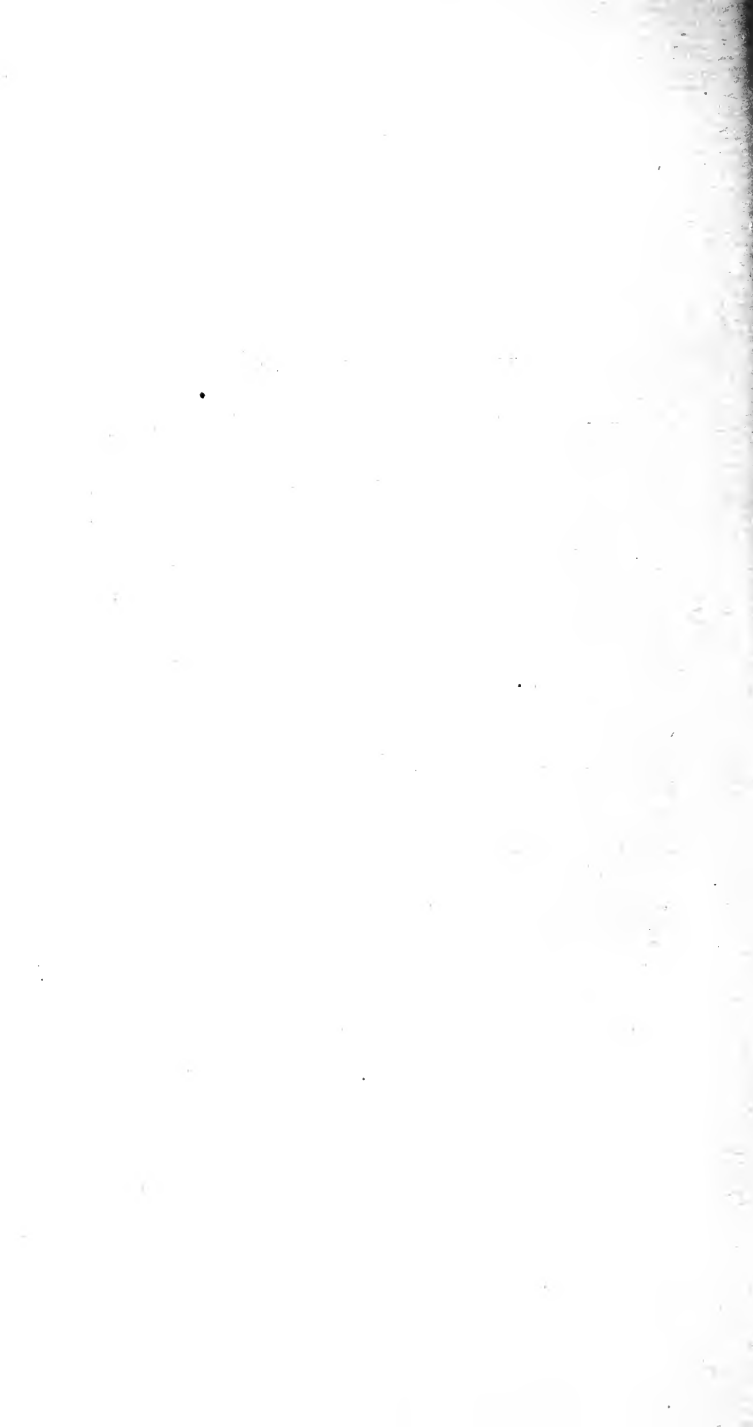
¹ Engraved from the portrait at Hopetoun House, in Pinkerton's "Scottish Gallery," 1799. Two other portraits of Sir Thomas Hope are known.

With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroidered round and round,
The double treasure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The Thistle, and the Fleur-de-lis,
And gallant Unicorn.
So bright the KING's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazoned brave,
THE LION, which his title gave.



NOTE to Page viii. Line 10.

THE Publisher is indebted to Alex. Laing, Esq., of Newburgh, for the following notes relative to the Mount, near Cupar, the seat of Sir David Lyndsay. He says: "The origin of the name is evident, and is admirably descriptive. 'The Mount' is a conspicuous hill (rising somewhat abruptly towards the summit), on the north side of the Howe of Fife, in the vale of the Eden, about three miles from Cupar. The farm belongs to Captain Henry Walter Hope, of Rankeillour, and contains about 260 acres, and is let for about £550 of yearly rent. Whether the estate of the Mount was more extensive in Lyndsay's time I have no means to show. It is not once mentioned in the published *Retours*. All that Sibbald says of it in his *Historie of Fife*, ed. 1803, is 'upon an hillside is Mount, the seat of Sir D. Lyndsay, with whose posterity it still is,'—that is, at the date of the first edition of his work, 1710. I may add that the old mansion stood on the south side of the hill, and overlooked a great part of the valley of the Eden."



THE DREME
OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY.

THE EPISTIL TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

RYCHT potent Prince, of hie Imperial blude,
Unto thy Grace I traist it be weill knawin
My servyce done unto your Celsitude,
Quhilk nedis nocht at lenth for to be schawin ;
And thocht my youtheid now be neir ouer blawin,
Excerst in servyce of thyne Excellence,
Hope hes me hecht ane gudlie recompense.

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thee in myne arme
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang ;
And in thy bed oft happit thee full warme, 10
With lute in hand, syne, sweitlie to thee sang :
Sumtyme, in dansing, feiralie I flang ;
And sumtyme, playand farsis on the flure ;
And sumtyme, on myne office takkand cure :

And sumtyme, lyke ane feind, transfigure,
And sumtyme, lyke the greislie gaist of Gye ;

In divers formis oft tymes disfigure,
 And sumtyme, dissagyist full plesandlye.
 So, sen thy birth, I have continewalye
 Bene occupyit, and aye to thy plesoure ; 20
 And sumtyme, Seware, Coppare, and Carvoure ;

Thy purs maister and secreit Thesaurare,
 Thy Yschare, aye sen thy natyvitie,
 And of thy chalmer cheiffe Cubiculare,
 Quhilk, to this hour, hes keipit my lawtie ;
 Lovyng be to the blyssit Trynitie !
 That sic ane wracheit worme hes maid so habyll,
 Tyll sic ane Prince to be so greabyll.

Bot now thow arte, be influence naturall,
 Hie of ingyne, and rycht inquisityve 30
 Of antique storeis, and deidis marciall ;
 More plesandlie the tyme for tyll ouerdryve,
 I have, at lenth, the storeis done descryve
 Of Hectour, Arthour, and gentyll Julyus,
 Of Alexander, and worthy Pompeyus ;

Of Jasone, and Medea, all at lenth,
 Of Hercules the actis honorabyll,
 And of Sampson the supernaturall strenth,
 And of leill luffaris storeis amiabyll ;
 And oft tymes have I feinyeit mony fabyll, 40
 Of Troylus, the sorrow, and the joye,
 And Seigis all of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.

The Propheceis of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng,
 And of mony uther plesand storrye,

Of the Reid Etin, and the Gyir Carlyng,
 Confortand thee, quhen that I saw thee sorye :
 Now, with the supporte of the King of Glorye,
 I sall thee schaw ane storye of the new,
 The quhilk affore I never to thee schew.

But humilie I beseik thyne Excellence, 50
 With ornate termis thocht I can nocht expres
 This sempyll mater, for laik of eloquence ;
 Yit, nochtwithstanding all my besynes
 With hart and hand, my mynd I sall address,
 As I best can, and most compendious :
 Now I begyn : the mater hapnit thus.

THE PROLOG.

In to the Calendis of Januarie,
 Quhen fresche Phebus, be movyng circular, 60
 Frome Capricorne wes enterit in Aquarie,
 With blastis that the branchis maid full bair,
 The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,
 And flemit Flora frome every bank, and bus,
 Through supporte of the austeir Eolus.

Efter that I the lang wynteris nycht
 Had lyne walking, in to my bed, allone,
 Throuch hevvy thocht, that no way sleip I mycht,
 Rememberyng of divers thyngis gone :
 So, up I rose, and clethit me anone ;
 Be this, fair Tytane, with his lemis lycht,
 Ouer all the land had spred his baner brycht. 70

With cloke and hude I dressit me belyve,
 With dowbyll schone, and myttanis on my handis ;
 Howbeit the air was rycht penetratyve,
 Yit fure I furth, lansasing ouirthorte the landis,
 Toward the see, to schorte me on the sandis ;
 Because unblomit was baith bank and braye :
 And so, as I was passing be the waye,

I met dame Flora, in dule weid dissagysit,
 Quhilk in to May wes dulce, and delectabyll ;
 With stalwart stormis, hir sweitnes wes supprisit ; 80
 Hir hevynlie hewis war turnit in to sabyll,
 Quhilkis umquhile war to luffaris amiabyll.
 Fled frome the froste, the tender flouris I saw,
 Under dame Naturis mantyll, lurking law.

The small fowlis, in flokkis, saw I flee,
 To Nature makand greit lamentatioun :
 Thay lychtit doun besyde me, on ane tree,
 Of thair complaynt I had compassioun,
 And, with ane pieteous exclamatioun,
 Thay said, Blyssit be Somer, with his flouris ; 90
 And waryit be thow, Wynter, with thy schouris.

Allace ! Aurora, the syllie Larke can crye,
 Quhare hes thou left thy balmy liquour sweit,
 That us rejosit, we mounting in the skye ?
 Thy sylver droppis ar turnit in to sleit.
 O fair Phebus ! quhare is thy hoilsum heit ?
 Quhy tholis thow thy hevinlie plesand face
 With mystie vapouris, to be obscurit, allace !

Quhar art thow May, with June thy syster schene
 Weill bordourit with dasyis of delyte? 100
 And gentyll Julie, with thy mantyll grene,
 Enamilit with rosis red and quhyte?
 Now auld and cauld Januar, in dispyte,
 Reiffis frome us all pastyme and plesour :
 Allace ! quhat gentyll hart may this indure ?

Ouersylit ar with cloudis odious
 The goldin skyis of the Orient ;
 Changeyng in sorrow our sang melodious,
 Quhilk we had wount to sing, with gude intent,
 Resoundand to the hevinnis firmament ; 110
 Bot now our daye is changeit in to nycht.
 With that thay rais, and flew furthof my sycht.

Pensyve in hart, passing full soberlie,
 Unto the see, fordward I fure anone ;
 The see was furth, the sand wes smooth and drye ;
 Then up and doun I musit myne allone,
 Tyll that I spyit ane lyttill cave of stone,
 Heych in ane craig : upwart I did approche,
 But taryng, and clam up in the roche :

And purposit, for passing of the tyme, 120
 Me to defende from ociositie,
 With pen and paper to register in ryme,
 Sum mery mater of Antiquitie :
 Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,
 Scho maid so dull my spreitis, me within,
 That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin.

But satt styll in that cove, quhare I mycht see
 The wolteryng of the wallis, up and down ;
 And this fals Warldis instabilytie
 Unto that see makkand comparisoun, 130
 And of this Warldis wracheit variatioun,
 To thame that fixis all thair hole intent
 Consideryng quho most had suld most repent.

So, with my hude my hede I happit warme,
 And in my cloke I fauldit both my feit ;
 I thoct my corps with cauld suld tak no harme,
 My mittanis held my handis weill in heit ;
 The skowland craig me coverit frome the sleit :
 Thare styll I satt, my bonis for to rest,
 Tyll Morpheus, with sleip, my spreit opprest. 140

So, throw the bousteous blāstis of Eolus,
 And throw my walkyng on the nycht before,
 And throw the seyis movyng marvellous,
 Be Neptunus, with mony route and rore,
 Constraint I was to sleip, withouttin more :
 And quhat I dremit, in conclusioun
 I sall you tell, ane marvellous Visioun.

HEIR ENDIS THE PROLOG, AND FOLLOWIS
 THE DREME.

THE DREME.

Prophetias nolite spernere. Omnia autem probate : quod bonum est tenete.—THESSAL. V.

ME THOCHT ane Lady, of portratour perfyte,
 Did salus me, with benyng countynance ;
 And I, quhilk of hir presens had delyte, 150
 Tyll hir agane maid humyl reverence,
 And hir demandit, savyng hir plesance,
 Quhat wes hir name ? Scho answerit courtesly :
 Dame Remembrance, scho said, callit am I.

Quhilk cummyng is for pastyme and plesoure
 Of thee, and for to beir thee companye,
 Because I se thy spreit, withoute mesoure,
 So sore perturbit be malancoleye ;
 Causyng thy corps to waxin cauld and drye ;
 Tharefor, get up, and gang anone with me : 160
 So war we both, in twynkling of ane ee,

Doun throw the Eird, in myddis of the center,
 Or ever I wyste, in to the lawest Hell.
 In to that cairfull cove quhen we did enter,
 Yowtyng and yowlyng we hard, with mony yell
 In flame of fyre, rycht furious and fell,
 Was cryand mony cairfull creature,
 Blasphemand God, and waryand Nature.

Thare sawe we divers Papis, and Empriouris,
 Without recover, mony cairfull Kyngis ; 170
 Thare sawe we mony wrangous Conquerouris,
 Withouttin rycht, reiffaris of utheris ryngis ;
 The men of Kirk, lay boundin in to byngis :
 Thare saw we mony cairfull Cardinall,
 And Archebischopis, in thair pontificall ;

Proude and perverst Prelatis, out of nummer,
 Priouris, Abbottis, and fals flatterand Freris ;
 To specifye thame all, it wer ane cummer,
 Regular Channonis, churle Monkis and Chartereris,
 Curious Clerkis, and Preistis Seculeris : 180
 Thare was sum parte of ilk Religioun,
 In Haly Kirk quhilk did abusoun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance
 The cause of thir Prelattis punytioun ?
 Scho said, The cause of thair unhappy chance
 Was covatyce, luste, and ambitioun ;
 The quhilk now garris thame want fruitioun
 Of God, and heir eternallie man dwell,
 In to this painefull poysonit pytt of Hell.

Als they did nocht instruct the ignorant 190
 Provocand thame to penitence, be preicheing ;
 Bot servit warldlie Prencis insolent,
 And war promovit be thair fenyeit fleicheing,
 Nocht for thair science, wysedome, nor teicheing ;
 Be symonie, was thair promotioun,
 More for deneiris, nor for devotioun.

Ane uther cause of the punytioun
 Of thir unhappy prelattis, imprudent,
 Thay maid nocht equale distributioun
 Of haly Kirk the patrimonie and rent ; 200
 Bot temporallie they have it all mispent,
 Quhilkis suld have bene trypartit in to thrie ;
 First, to uphauld the Kirk in honestie ;

The second part, to sustene thair estaitis ;
 The thrid part, to be gevin to the puris ;
 Bot thay dispone that geir all uther gaittis,
 On cartis, and dyce, on harllotrie, and huris ;
 Thir catyvis tuke no compt of thair awin curis :
 Thair kirkis rein, thair ladyis clenelie cled
 And rychelie rewlit, boith at burde and bed. 210

Thair bastarde bairnis proudely thay provydit ;
 The Kirk geir larglie thay did on thame spende ;
 In thair defaltis, thair subditis wer misgydit,
 And comptit nocht thair God for tyll offend,
 Quhilk gart thame want grace, at thair letter end.
 Rewland that rowte, I sawe, in capis of bras,
 Symone Magus, and byschope Cayphas ;

Byschope Annas, and the treatour Judas,
 Machomete, that propheit poysonabyll,
 Chore, Dathan, and Abirone thare was ; 220
 Heretykis we sawe innumerabyll :
 It wes ane sycht rycht wonderous lamentabyll,
 Quhow that thay lay in to thay flammis fleityng,
 With cairfull cryis, girnyng, and greityng.

Religious men wer punyste panefullie,
 For vaine glore, als for inobedience,
 Brekand thair Constitutiouns wyllfullie,
 Nocht haiffand thair ouermen in reverence :
 To know thair Rewle thay maid no delygence,
 Unleifsumlie thay usit propertie, 230
 Passing the boundis of wyllfull povertie.

Full sore wepyng, with vocis lamentabyll
 They cryit lowde, O Empriour Constantyne !
 We may wyit thy possessioun poysonabyll
 Of all our gret punytioun and pyne :
 Quhowbeit thy purpose was, till ane gude fyne,
 Thow baneist frome us trew devotioun,
 Haiffand sic ee tyll our promotioun.

Than we beheld ane den full dolorous,
 Quhare that Prencis, and Lordis temporall, 240
 War cruciate with painis rigorous :
 Bot to expreme thair panis, in speciall
 It dois exceed all my memoriall :
 Importabyll paine they had, but confortyng ;
 Thare blude royall maid thame no supportyng.

Sum catyve Kingis, for creuell oppressioun,
 And uther sum, for thair wrangous conquest,
 War condampnit, thay, and thair Successioun ;
 Sum for publict adulterye, and incest ;
 Sum leit thair peple never leif in rest, 250
 Delyting so in plesour sensuall ;
 Quharefor thair paine was thare perpetuall.

Thare was the cursit Empriour Nero
 Of everilk vice the horrabyll veschell ;
 Thare was Pharo, with divers Prencis mo,
 Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell ;
 Herode, and mony mo than I can tell,
 Ponce Pylat was thare, hangit be the hals,
 With unjste Jugis, for thair sentence fals.

Dukis, Merquessis, Erlis, Barronis, Knychtis, 260
 With thai Prencis, wer punyst panefullie ;
 Participant thay wer of thair unrychtis.
 Fordwarte we went, and leit thir Lordis lye,
 And sawe quhare Ladyis lamentabyllie
 Lyke wod lyonis, wer cairfullie cryand
 In flam of fyre, rycht furiouslie fryand ;

Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,
 Mony Duches, and Comptes, full of cair,
 Thay peirsit myne hart, thai tender creaturis,
 So pynit, in that pytt, full of despair, 270
 Plungit in paine, with mony reuthfull rair :
 Sum for thair pryde, sum for adulterye ;
 Sum for thair tyisting men to lychorye ;

Sum had bene creuell, and malicious ;
 Sum for making of wrangous heretouris :
 For to rehers thair lyffis vitious,
 It wer bot tarye to the auditouris ;
 Of lychorye thay wer the verray luris,
 With thair provocatyve impudicitie,
 Brocht mony ane man to infelicitie. 280

Sum wemen, for thair pussillanimytie,
 Ouerset with schame, thay did thame never schryve
 Of secreit synnis, done in quietie ;
 And sum repentit never in thair lyve :
 Quhairfor but reuth, thair ruffeis did thame ryve,
 Rigorouslie, without compassioun ;
 Gret was thair dule and lamentatioun.

That we wer maid, thay cryit oft, Allace !
 Thus tormentit with panis intollerabyll,
 We mendit nocht, quhen we had tyme and space, 290
 Bot tuke, in eird, our lustis delectabyll :
 Quharfor with feindis, ugly and horrabyll,
 We are condampnit for ever more, allace !
 Eternalie, withouttin hope of grace.

Quhar is the meit, and drynke delicious,
 With quhilk we fed our cairfull cariounis ?
 Gold, sylver, sylk, with perlis precious,
 Our ryches, rentis, and our possessionis ?
 Withouttin hope of our remissionis.
 Allace ! our panis ar insufferabyll, 300
 And our tormentis, to compt, innumerabyll.

Than we beheld, quhare mony ane thousand
 Commoun pepill lay, flichterand in the fyre :
 Of everilk stait, thare was ane bailfull band ;
 Thare mycht be sene mony sorrowfull syre ;
 Sum for invy sufferit, and sum for yre,
 And sum for laik of restitutioun
 Of wrangous geir, without remissioun.

Mansworne merchandis, for thair wrangous winning,
 Hurdaris of gold, and commoun occararis, 310
 Fals men of law in cautelis rycht cunning,
 Theiffis, revaris, and publict oppressaris :
 Sum part thare was of unleill lauboraris ;
 Craftismen, thare saw we, out of nummer ;
 Of ilke stait to declare, it wer ane cummer.

And als langsum to me, for tyll indyte
 Of this presoun the panis in special :
 The heit, the calde, the dolour, and dispyte,
 Quharefor I speik of thame in generall :
 That dully den, that furneis infernall, 320
 Quhose reward is rew, without remede,
 Ever deyand, and never to be dede.

Hounger and thrist, in steid of meit and drynk,
 And for thair clethyng, tadis and scorpionis :
 That myrke mansioun is tapessit with stynk,
 Thay se nathing bot horrabyll visionis :
 Thay heir bot scorne, and derysionis
 Of foule feindis, and blasphemationis ;
 Thair feillyng is importabyll passionis.

For melody, miserabyll murnyng, 330
 Thare is na solace, bot dolour infnyte ;
 In bailfull beddis, bitterlye burnyng,
 With sobbyng, syching, sorrow, and with syte ;
 Thair conscience thair hartis so did byte :
 To heir thame flyte, it was ane cace of cair,
 So in dispyte, plungeit in to despair.

A lytill above that dolorous doungeoun,
 We enterit in ane countre full of cair,
 Quhare that we saw mony ane legioun,
 Greitand and gowland, with monyreuthfull rair. 340
 Quhat place is this, quod I, of blys so bair?
 Scho answerit, and said, Purgatorye,
 Quhilk purgis saulis, or thay cum to glorye.

I se no plesour heir, bot mekle paine,
 Quharefor, said I, leif we this sorte in thrall:
 I purpose never to cum heir agane:
 Bot yit I do beleve, and ever sall,
 That the trew Kirk can no waye erre at all:
 Sic thing to be gret Clerkis dois conclude,
 Quhowbeit my hope, standis most in Cristis blude. 350

Abufe that, in the thrid presoun, anone
 We enterit in ane place of perdition,
 Quhare mony babbis war, makand drery mone,
 Because thay wantit the fruitioun
 Of God, quhilk was ane gret punytioun:
 Of Baptisme, thay wantit the ansenze:
 Upwart we went, and left that myrthles menze.

In tyll ane volt, abone that place of paine,
 Unto the quhilk, but sudgeorne, we ascendit,
 That was the Lymbe in the quhilk did remaine 360
 Our Forefatheris, because Adam offendit,
 Eitand the fruit, the quhilk was defendit:
 Mony ane yeir, thay dwelt in that doungeoun
 In myrknes, and in desolatioun.

Than, through the Erth, of nature cauld and dry,
 Glaid to eschaip those places perrelous,
 We haistit us, rycht wounder spedalye;
 Yit we beheld, the secreitis marvellous,
 The mynis of gold, and stonis precious,
 Of sylver, and of everilk fyne mettell, 370
 Quhilk to declare, it wer ouer lang to dwell.

Up through the Watter, schortlie we intendit,
 Quhilk invirons the Erth, withouttin doute :
 Syne, throw the Air, schortlie we ascendit,
 His regionis through, behaldyng in and out,
 Quhilk erth and walter, closis round aboute ;
 Syne, schortlie upwarte, throw the Fyre we went,
 Quhilk wes the hiest and hottest Element.

Quhen we had all thir Elementis ouerpast ;
 That is to saye, Erth, Watter, Air, and Fyre, 380
 Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest,
 To se the Hevynnis, was our maist desyre :
 Bot, or we mycht wyn to the hevin impyre,
 We behuffit to passe the way, full evin,
 Up through the Speris of the Planetis sevin.

First, to the Mone, and vesityt all hir Speir,
 Quene of the See, and bewtie of the nycht,
 Of nature wak, and cauld, and no thyng clere ;
 For of hir self scho hes none uther lycht,
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht : 390
 The twelf signis, scho passis rounde aboute
 In aucht and twenty dayis, withouttin dout.

Than, we ascendit to Mercurius,
 Quhilk Poetis callis God of Eloquence,
 Rycht doctour-lyke, with termes delicious,
 In arte exparte, and full of sapience :
 It wes plesour to pans on his prudence :
 Payntouris, Poetis, ar subject to his cure ;
 And hote, and dry, he is of his nature.

And als, as cunnyng Astrologis sayis, 400
 He dois compleit his cours naturallie,
 In thre houndreth and aucht and thretty dayis.
 Syne, upwart we ascendit, haistelye,
 To fair Venus, quhare scho rycht lustelie
 Was set in to ane sait, of sylver schene
 That fresche Goddes, that lustie Luffis Quene.

Thay peirsit myne hart, hir blenkis amorous,
 Quhowbeit that, sumtyme, scho is changeabyll,
 With countenance and cheir full dolorous,
 Quhylumis rycht plesand, glaid, and delectabyll ; 410
 Sumtyme constant, and sumtyme variabyll :
 Yit hir bewtie, resplendand as the fyre,
 Swagis the wraith of Mars, that God of Yre.

This plesand Planeit, geve I can rycht discryve,
 Scho is baith hote and wak, of hir nature
 That is the cause, scho is provocatyve
 Tyll all thame that ar subject to hir cure,
 To Venus werkis, tyll that thay may indure ;
 Als scho completis hir coursis naturall
 In twelf monethis, withouttin ony fall. 420

Than past we to the Speir of Phebus brycht,
 That lusty lampe and lanterne of the hevin,
 And glader of the sterris, with his lycht :
 And principall of all the planetis sevin,
 And sett in myddis of thame all, full evin,
 As Roye royall, rolyng in his Speir,
 Full plesandlie, in to his goldin cheir ;

Quhose influence and vertew excellent
 Gevis the lyfe tyll everilk erthlie thyng :
 That Prince of everilk planeit, precellent, 430
 Dois foster flouris, and garris heiris spryng
 Through the cauld eirth, and causis birdis syng :
 And als his regulare movyng in the hevin,
 Is juste under the Zodiack full evin.

For to discryve his diademe Royall,
 Bordourit aboute with stonis schyning brycht,
 His goldin cairt, or throne Imperiall,
 The foure stedis that drawis it full rycht,
 I leif to Poetis, because I have no slycht ;
 Bot, of his nature, he is hote and drye, 440
 Completand, in ane yeir, his cours, trewlie.

Than up to Mars, in hye, we haistit us,
 Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder ;
 His face flamand, as fyre rycht furious :
 His bost and brag, more afull than the thounder,
 Maid all the hevin most lyk to schaik in schonder.
 Quha wald behald his countynance, and feir,
 Mycht call hym weill the god of men of weir ;

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
 Rycht colerick of his complexioun, 450
 Austeir, angrye, sweir, and seditious,
 Principall cause of the destructioun
 Of mony gude and nobyll Regioun :
 War nocht Venus his yre dois mitigate,
 This warld of peace wald be full desolate.

This god of greif, withouttin sudgeornyng,
 In yeris twa his cours he doith compleit.
 Than past we up quhare Jupiter, the kyng,
 Satt in his speir, rycht amiabyll and sweit,
 Complexionate with waknes and with heit. 460
 That plesand Prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
 Provokis peace and banesis debait.

The auld Poetis, be superstitioun,
 Held Jupiter the Father principall
 Of all thair goddes, in conclusioun,
 For his prerogatyvis in speciall :
 Als, be his vertew, in to generall,
 To auld Saturne he makis resistance,
 Quhen, in his malice, he walde wyrk vengeance.

This Jupiter, withouttin sudgeornyng, 470
 Passis throw all the twelf Planetis, full evin,
 In yeris twelf : and, than, but taryng,
 We past unto the hiest of the sevin,
 Tyll Saturnus, quhilk trublis all the hevin
 With hevvy cheir, and cullour pail as leid.
 In hym we sawe bot dolour to the deid :

And cauld and dry he is, of his nature,
 Foule lyke ane oule, of evyll conditioun :
 Rycht unplesand he is of portrature.
 His intoxicate dispositioun, 480
 It puttis all thyng to perditoun,
 Ground of seiknes, and malancolious,
 Perverst and pure, baith fals and invyous.

His qualitie I can nocht love, bot lack.
 As for his movyng, naturalie, but weir,
 About the signis of the Zodiack,
 He dois compleit his cours in thretty yeir :
 And so we left hym in his frosty Speir.
 Upwarte we did ascend, incontinent,
 But rest, tyll we come to the Firmament, 490

The quhilk was fixit full of sterris brycht,
 Of figour round, rycht plesand and perfyte,
 Quhose influence, and rycht excellent lycht,
 And quhose nummer, may nocht be put in wryte.
 Yit, cunnyng Clerkis dois naturallye indyte,
 How that he dois compleit his cours, but weir,
 In space of sevin and thretty thousand yêir.

Than the nynt Speir, and movare principall
 Of all the laif, we vesity, all that hevin
 Quhose daylie motioun is contyneuall: 500
 Baith firmament and all the planetis sevin,
 From eist to west, garris thame turne, full evin,
 In to the space of four and twenty houris.
 Yit, be the myndis of the Austronomouris,

The sevin Planetis, in to thair proper speris,
 Frome west to eist, thay move, naturallie,
 Sum swyft, sum slaw, as to thair kynde afferis,
 As I have schawin, afore, speciallie,
 Quhose motioun causis contyneuallie
 Rycht melodious harmonie and sound, 510
 And all throw movyng of those Planetis round.

Than montit we, with rycht fervent desyre,
 Up throw the hevin callit Christallyne ;
 And so we enterit in the Hevin impyre,
 Quhilk to discryve it passis myne ingyne ;
 Quhare God, in to His holy throne devyne,
 Ryngis, in to his glore inestimabyll,
 With Angellis cleir, quhilkis ar innumerabyll.

In Ordouris nyne thir spreitis glorious
 Ar devydit, the quhilkis excellentlye 520
 Makis lovyng, with sound melodious,
 Syngand Sanctus rycht wounder ferventlye.
 Thir Ordouris nyne thay are full plesandlye
 Devydit in to Hierarcheis three,
 And three Ordouris in everilk Hierarchie.

The lawest Ordoure ar of Angelis brycht,
 As messingeris send unto this law regioun ;
 The secund Ordour, Archangelis, full of mycht,
 Virtues, Potestatis, Principatis of renoun ;
 The saxt is callit Domination ; 530
 The sevint, Thronus ; the auchtin, Cherubin ;
 The nynt and hieast, callit Seraphin.

And, nyxt, unto the blyssit Trynitie,
 In his tryumphant throne imperiall :
 Thre in tyll One, and One substance in Thre,
 Quhose indivisabyll essens eternall
 The rude ingyne of mankynd is too small
 Tyll comprehend, quhose power infynyte
 And devyne nature no creature can wryte.

So, myne ingyne is nocht sufficient 540
 For to treit of his heych Devinitie :
 All mortal men ar insufficient
 Tyll considder thai Thre in Unitie.
 Sic subtell mater I man, on neid, lat be :
 To study on my Creid it war full fair,
 And lat Doctouris of sic hie materis declare.

Than we beheld the blyste Humanitie
 Of Christe, sittand in to His sege royall,
 At the rycht hand of the Devynitie,
 With ane excelland courte Celestiall, 550
 Quhose exercitioun contyneuall
 Was in lovyng thair Prince with reverence ;
 And on this wyse thay kept ordinance.

Nyxt to the Throne we saw the Quene of Quenis,
 Weill cumpanyit with Ladyis of delyte :
 Sweit was the sang of those blyssit Virginnis ;
 No mortall man thair solace may indyte.
 The Angellis brycht, in nummer infynyte,
 Everilk Ordour in thair awin degre,
 War officiaris unto the Deitie. 560

Patriarkis and Prophetis honorabyll,
 Collaterall counsalouris in his consistourye,
 Evangellistis, Apostolis venerabyll,
 War capitaneis unto the Kyng of Glorie,
 Quhilk Chistane lyke had woun the victorie.
 Of that tryumphand courte celestiall
 Sanct Peter was lufetenand-general.

The Martyris war as nobyll stalwart Knychtis,
 Discomfatouris of creuell battellis thre,
 The flesche, the world, the feind, and all his mychtis; 570
 Confessouris, Doctouris in Divinitie,
 As chapell clerkis unto His Deitie :
 And, last, we sawe infynite multytude
 Makand servyce unto his Celsitude,

Quhilkis, be the hie Devyne permissioun,
 Felicitie they had invariabyll,
 And of His Godhed cleir cognitioun ;
 And compleit peace thay had, interminabyll :
 Thair glore and honour was inseparabyll.
 That plesand place, repleit of pulchritude, 580
 Innumerabyll it was of magnitude.

There is plentie of all plesouris perfyte,
 Evident brychtnes, but obscuritie ;
 Withouttin dolour, dulcore and delyte ;
 Withouttin rancour, perfyte cheritie ;
 Withouttin hunger, satiabilitie.
 O happy ar those saulis predestinate,
 Quhen saule and body sall be glorificate !

Thir marvellous myrthis for to declare,
 Be arithmatik thay ar innumerabyll ; 590
 The portratour of that palace preclare,
 By Geomatre it is immesurabyll ;
 By Rethorike, als, inpronunciabyll :
 Thare is none eiris may heir, nor eine may see,
 Nor hart may thynk, thair greit felycitie.

Quhare to sulde I presume for tyll indyte,
 The quhilk Sanct Paule, that doctour sapient,
 Can nocht expres, nor in to paper wryte,
 The hie excelland worke indeficient,
 And perfyte plesoure, ever parmanent, 600
 In presens of that mychtie Kyng of Glore,
 Quhilk was, and is, and sall be ever more !

At Remembrance humilye I did inquire,
 Geve I mycht in that plesour styll remane.
 Scho said, Aganis reasoun is thy desyre ;
 Quharefor, my freind, thow mon returne agane,
 And, for thy synnis, be pennance, suffer paine,
 And thole the dede, with creuell panis sore,
 Or thow be ding to ryng with hym in glore.

Than we returnit, sore aganis my wyll, 610
 Doun throw the Speris of the hevinnis cleir.
 Hir commandiment behuffit I fulfyll,
 With sorye hart, wyt ye, withouttin weir.
 I wald full faine haif taryit thare all yeir ;
 Bot scho said to me, Thare is no remede,
 Or thow remane heir, first thow mon be dede.

Quod I: I pray yow hartfullye, madame,
 Sen we have had sic Contemplatioun
 Of hevinlye plesouris, yit or we passe hame,
 Lat us have sum consideratioun 620
 Of Eirth, and of his situatioun.
 Scho answerit and said, That sall be done.
 So wer we boith brocht in the air, full sone,

Quhare we mycht se the Eirth all at one sycht,
 Bot lyke one moit, as it apperit to me,
 In to the respect of the hevinnis brycht.
 I have marvell, quod I, quhow this may be:
 The Eirth semis of so small quantitie,
 The leist sterne fixit in the Firmament
 Is more than all the Eirth, be my jugement. 630

THE QUANTITIE OF THE EIRTH.

SCHO sayis, Sonne, thow hes schawin the veritie:
 The smallest sterne fixit in the Firmament,
 In deid it is of greter quantyitie
 Than all the Eirth, efter the intent
 Of wyse and cunnyng Clerkis sapient.
 Quhat quantyitie is, than the Eirth? quod I.
 That sall I schaw, quod scho, to thee schortlie.

Efter the myndis of the Astronomouris,
 And, speciallie, the Auctour of the Speir,
 And uther divers gret Philosophouris, 640
 The quantyitie of the Eirth circuleir

Is fyftie thousand liggis, withouttin weir,
 Sevin houndreth, and fyftie, and no mo,
 Devyding, aye, ane lig in mylis two :

And everilk myle in aucht stagis devyde ;
 Ilk staige, ane hundrith pais, twenty, and fyve ;
 Ane pais, fyve fute, quha wald tham weil decyde ;
 Ane fute, four palmes, geve I can rycht discryve ;
 Ane palme, four inche ; and, quha sa wald belyve
 The circuit of the Eirth passe round aboute, 650
 Man be considerit on this wyse, but doute.

Suppone that thare war none impediment,
 Bot that the eirth but perrell wer, and plane,
 Syne, that the persoun wer rycht deligent,
 And yeid, ilk day, ten liggis in certane,
 He mycht pas round aboute, and cum agane,
 In four yeris, saxtene oulkis, and dayis two :
 Go, reid the Auctour, and thow sall fynd it so.

THE DEVISIOUN OF THE EIRTH.

THEN, certanlye, scho tuke me be the hand,
 And said, My sone, cum on thy wayis with me. 660
 And so scho gart me cleirly understand
 How that the Eirth trypartit wes in thre ;
 In Affrik, Europe, and Asie,
 Efter the myndis of the Cosmographouris,
 That is to say, the Warldis descriptouris :

First, Asia contenis in the Orient,
 And is weill more than baith the uther twane ;
 Affrik, and Europe, in the Occident,
 And ar devydit be ane see, certane,
 And that is callit the See Mediterrane, 670
 Quhilk at the strait of Marrok hes entre,
 That is betuix Spanye and Barbarie.

Towart the southwest lyis Africa ;
 And, in the northwest, Europa doith stand ;
 And all the eist contenis Asia :
 On this wyse is devydit the ferme land.
 It war mekle to me, to tak on hand
 Thir regionis to declare in speciall ;
 Yit, sall I schaw thair names in generall.

In mony divers famous Regionis 680
 Is devydit this part of Asia,
 Weill plenischit with cieteis, towris, and townis :
 The gret Ynde, and Mesopotamia,
 Pentapolis, Egypt, and Syria,
 Capadocia, Seres, and Armenye,
 Babilone, Caldea, Parth, and Arabye :

Sidone, Judea, and Palestina,
 Over Scithia, Tyir, and Galilie,
 Hiberia, Bactria, and Philestina,
 Hircanea, Compagena, and Samarie. 690
 In lytill Asia standis Galathie,
 Pamphilia, Isauria, and Leid,
 Rhigia, Arethusa, Assyria, and Meid.

Secundlie, we considerit Africa,
 With mony fructfull famous regioun,
 As Ethiope, and Tripolitana,
 Zewges, quhare standis the tryumphant toun
 Of nobyll Carthage, that ciete of renoun ;
 Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia,
 Getulia, and Mauritania, 700

Fezensis, Numidie, and Thingitane :
 Of Affrick, thir ar the principall.
 Than Europe we considerit, in certane,
 Quhose Regionis schortlie rehers I sall.
 Foure principallis I fynd abone thame all,
 Quhilkis ar Spanye, Italie, and France,
 Quhose subregionis wer mekle tyll avance :

Nether Scithia, Trace, and Carmanie,
 Thusia, Histria, and Pannonia,
 Denmark, Gotland, Grunland, and Almanie, 710
 Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
 Teutonia, and mony divers ma.
 And was in foure devidit Italie,
 Tuskane, Ethruria, Naipolis, and Champanye :

And subdevydit sindry uther wayis,
 As Lumbardie, Veneis, and uther ma,
 Calaber, Romanie, and Janewayis.
 In Grece, Epyrus, and Dalmatica,
 Tessalie, Athica, and Illyria,
 Achaya, Boeotia, and Macedone, 720
 Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone.

And France we sawe devydit in to three,
 Belgica, Rethia, and Aquitane,
 And subdevydit in Flanderis, Picardie,
 Normandie, Gasconye, Burguinye, and Bretane,
 And utheris divers Duchereis, in certane,
 The quhilks wer too lang for to declair ;
 Quharefor, of thame as now I speik na mair.

In Spanye Iyis Castelye and Arragone,
 Naverne, Galice, Portingall, and Granate. 730
 Than sawe we famous Ylis mony one,
 Quhilks in the Occiane sey was situate.
 Thame to discryve my wyt wes desolate ;
 Of Cosmographie I am nocht expart,
 For I did never study in that art ;

Yit I sall sum of thair names declare,
 As Madagascar, Gaides, and Taprobane,
 And utheris divers Ylis gude and fair,
 Situate in to the See Mediterrane ;
 As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sardane, 740
 Crete, Abidos, Thoes, Cecilia,
 Tapsone, Eolie, and mony uther ma.

Quho wald at lenth heir the discriptioun
 Of everilk Yle, als weill as the ferme land,
 And properteis of everilk Regioun,
 To study, and to reid, man tak on hand,
 And the attentike werkis understand,
 Of Plinius, and worthy Ptholomie,
 Quhilkis war expart in to Cosmographie :

Thare sall thay fynd the names and properteis 750
 Of every Yle, and of ilke Regioun.
 Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradyce,
 Of the quhilk Adam tynt possessioun.
 Than schew scho me the situatioun
 Of that precelland place, full of delyte,
 Quhose properteis war lang for to indyte.

OF PARADYCE.

THIS Paradyce, of all plesouris repleit,
 Situate I saw in to the Orient.
 That glorious gairth of every flouris did fleit :
 The lusty lillyis, the rosis redolent, 760
 Fresche holesum fructis indeficient,
 Baith herbe and tree, thare growis ever grene,
 Throw vertew of the temperat air serene.

The sweit hailsum aromatyke odouris,
 Proceidyng frome the herbis medicinall,
 The hevinlie hewis of the fragrant flouris,
 It was ane sycht wounder celestially.
 The perfectioun to schaw, in speciall,
 And joyis, of that Regioun Devyne,
 Of mankynd it exceidis the ingyne : 770

And als so hie, in situatioun,
 Surmountyng the myd Regioun of the air,
 Quhare no maner of perturbatioun
 Of wodder may ascend so hie as thare :

Four fludis flowyng frome ane fontane fair,
 As Tygris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nyle,
 Quhilk, in the eist, transcurris mony ane myle.

The countre closit is aboute, full rycht,
 With wallis hie, of hote and birnyng fyre,
 And straitly kepit be ane Angell brycht, 780
 Sen the departyng of Adam, our grandschyre ;
 Quhilk, throw his cryme, incurrit Goddis yre,
 And of that place tynte the possessioun,
 Baith frome hym self and his successioun.

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance
 All this foresaid had gart me understand,
 I prayit hir, of hir benevolence,
 To schaw to me the countre of Scotland.
 Weill, Sonne, scho said, that sall I tak on hand.
 So, suddanlie scho brocht me, in certane, 790
 Evin juste abone the braid Yle of Bretane,

Quhilk standis northwest, in the Occiane see,
 And devydit in famous regionis two,
 The south part, Ingland, ane full ryche countre,
 Scotland, be north, with mony Ylis mo.
 Be west Ingland, Yreland doith stand, also,
 Quhose properteis I wyll nocht tak on hand
 To schaw at lenth, bot only of Scotland.

OF THE REALME OF SCOTLAND.

QUHILK, efter my sempyll intendiment,
 And as Remembrance did to me report, 800
 I sall declare the suith and verrayment,
 As I best can, and in to termis schort.
 Quharfor, effecteouslie I yow exhorte,
 Quhowbeit my wrytting be nocht tyll avance,
 Yit, quhare I faill, excuse myne ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouersene this Regioun,
 The quhilk, of nature, is boith gude and fair,
 I did propone ane lytill questioun,
 Beseikand hir the same for to declare.
 Quhat is the cause our boundis bene so bair? 810
 Quod I: or quhat dois mufe our miserie?
 Or quhareof dois proced our povertie?

For, throw the supporte of your hie prudence,
 Of Scotland I persave the properteis,
 And als considderis, be experience,
 Of this countre the gret commoditeis:
 First, the haboundance of fyschis in our seis,
 And fructuall montanis for our bestiall,
 And, for our cornis, mony lusty vail;

The ryche ryveris, pleasand and profitabyll; 820
 The lustie lochis, with fysche of sindry kyndis;

Huntyng, halkyng, for nobyllis convenabyll ;
 Forestis full of da, ra, hartis, and hyndis ;
 The fresche fontanis, quhose holesum cristal strandis
 Refreschis so the fair fluriste grene medis,
 So laik we no thyng that to Nature nedis,

Of every metal, we have the ryche mynis,
 Baith gold, sylver, and stonis precious,
 Howbeit we want the spyces and the wynis,
 Or uther strange fructis delycious, 830
 We have als gude, and more neidfull for us.
 Meit, drynk, fyre, clathis, thar mycht be gart abound,
 Quhilkis als is nocht in al the Mapamound :

More fairer peple, nor of gretar ingyne,
 Nor of more strenth, gret dedis tyll indure.
 Quharefor, I pray yow that ye wald defyne
 The principall cause quharefor we ar so pure ;
 For I marvell gretlie, I yow assure,
 Considerand the peple, and the ground,
 That ryches suld nocht in this Realme redound. 840

My Sonne, scho said, be my discretioun,
 I sall mak answeir, as I understand.
 I say to thee, under confessioun,
 The falt is nocht, I dar weill tak on hand,
 Nother in to the peple nor the land.
 As for the land, it lakis na uther thyng
 Bot laubour, and the pepyllis governyng.

Than quharein lysis our inprosperitie ?
 Quod I, I pray yow hartfullie, Madame,

Ye wald declare to me the veritie ; 850
 Or quho sall beir, of our barrat the blame ?
 For, be my treuth, to see I thynk gret schame
 So plesand peple, and so fair ane land,
 And so few verteous dedis tane on hand.

Quod scho, I sall, efter my jugement,
 Declare sum causis, in to generall,
 And, in to termes schorte, schaw myne intent ;
 And syne, transcend more in to speciall.
 So, this is myne conclusioun fynall,
 Wantyng of justice, polycie, and peace, 860
 Ar cause of thir unhappynes, allace !

It is deficill ryches tyll incres,
 Quhare Polycie makith no residence ;
 And Policye may never have entres,
 Bot quhare that Justice dois delygence
 To puneis quhare thare may be found offence.
 Justice may nocht have dominioun,
 But quhare Peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the cause, that wald I understand,
 That we sulde want Justice and Polycie 870
 More than dois France, Italie, or Ingland ?
 Madame, quod I, schaw me the veritie :
 Sen we have lawis in to this countre,
 Quhy want we lawis exercitioun,
 Quho suld put justice tyll executioun ?

Quharein dois stand our principall remeid,
 Or quha may mak mendis of this myscheif ?

Quod scho, I fynd the falt in to the heid ;
 For thay, in quhome dois ly our hole releif,
 I fynd thame rute and grund of all our greif ; 880
 For, quhen the heidis ar nocht delygent,
 The membris man, on neid, be negligent.

So, I conclude, the causis principall
 Of all the trubyll of this Natioun
 Are in to Prencis, in to speciall,
 The quhilkis hes the gubernatioun,
 And of the peple dominatioun ;
 Quhose contynewall exerscitioun
 Sulde be in justice executioun.

For, quhen the sleuthful hird dois sloug and sleip, 890
 Taking no cure, in keypyng of his floke,
 Quho wyll go sers amang sic heirdis scheip,
 May habyll fynd mony pure scabbit crok,
 And goyng wyll at large, withouttin lok ;
 Than Lupis cumis, and Lowrance, in ane lyng,
 And dois, but reuth, the sely scheip dounthryng.

Bot the gude hird, walkryfe, and delygent,
 Doith so, that all his flokis are rewlit rycht,
 To quhose quhissill all are obedient ;
 And, geve the wolfis cumis, daye or nycht, 900
 Thame to devore, than are they put to flycht,
 Houndit, and slane be thair weill dantit doggis ;
 So are thay sure, baith yowis, lambis, and hoggis.

So, I conclude, that, throw the negligence
 Of our infatuate heidis insolent,

Is cause of all this Realmis indigence,
 Quhilkis, in justice, hes nocht bene deligent,
 Bot to gude counsall inobedient,
 Havand small ee unto the commoun weill,
 Bot to thair singulare profect everilk deill. 910

For, quhen thir wolfis, be oppressioun,
 The pure peple, but piete, doith oppres ;
 Than sulde the prencis mak punisioun,
 And cause thai rebauldis for to mak redres,
 That ryches mycht be, and policye increas :
 Bot rycht difficill is to mak remeid,
 Quhen that the falt is so in to the heid.

COMPLAYNT OF THE COMMOUNWEILL
 OF SCOTLAND.

AND thus as we wer talking, to and fro,
 We saw a bousteous berne cum our the bent,
 Bot hors, on fute, als fast as he mycht go, 920
 Quhose rayment wes all raggit, revin, and rent ;
 With visage leyne, as he had fastit Lent :
 And fordwart fast, his wayis he did advance,
 With ane rycht melancolious countynance :

With scrip on hip, and pyikstaff in his hand,
 As he had purposit to passe fra hame.
 Quod I, Gude man, I wald faine understand,
 Geve that ye plesit, to wyt quhat wer your name ?
 Quod he, My Sonne, of that I think gret schame :

Bot, sen thow wald of my name have ane feill, 930
 Forsuith, thay call me John the Commounweill.

Schir Commounweill, quho hes yow so disgysit ?

 Quod I : or quhat makis yow so miserabyll ?
 I have marvell to se yow so supprysit,
 The quhilk that I have sene so honorabyll.
 To all the world ye have bene profitabyll,
 And weill honourit in everilk natioun :
 How happinnis, now, your tribulatioun ?

Allace ! quod he, thow seis how it dois stand

 With me, and quhow I am disherisit 940
 Of all my grace, and mon pass of Scotland,
 And go, afore quhare I was cherisit.
 Remane I heir, I am bot perysit ;
 For thare is few to me that takis tent,
 That garris me go so raggit, rewin, and rent :

My tender freindis are, all, put to the flycht ;
 For Policye is fled agane in France.

My syster, Justice, almaist haith tynt hir sycht,
 That scho can nocht hald evinly the ballance.

 Plane wrang is plane capitane of ordinance, 950
 The quhilk debarris laute and reasoun ;
 And small remeid is found for open treasoun.

In to the South, allace ! I was neir slane ;

 Ouer all the land I culd fynd no releif :
 Almoist betuix the Mers and Lowmabane
 I culde nocht knaw ane leill man be ane theif.
 To schaw thair reif, thift, murthour, and mischeif,

And vicious workis, it wald infect the air ;
 And als langsum to me, for tyll declair.

In to the Hieland, I could fynd no remeid, 960

Bot suddantlie I wes put to exile :

Thai sweir swyngeoris thay tuke of me non heid,

Nor amangs thame lat me remane ane quhyle.

Als, in the Oute Ylis, and in Argyle,

Unthrift, sweirnes, falset, povertie, and stryfe

Pat Policye in dainger of hir lyfe.

In the Lawland I come to seik refuge,

And purposit thare to mak my residence ;

Bot Singulare profeit gart me sounne disluge,

And did me gret injuries and offence, 970

And said to me, Swyith, harlote, hy thee hence ;

And in this countre see thow tak no curis,

So lang as my auctoritie induris.

And now I may mak no langer debait ;

Nor I wate nocht quhome to I suld me mene ;

For I have socht throw all the Spirituall stait,

Quhilkis tuke na compt for to heir me complene :

Thair officiaris, thay held me at disdene ;

For Symonie, he rewlis up all that rowte ;

And Covatyce, that carle, gart bar me oute. 980

Pryde haith chaist far frome thame Humilitie ;

Devotioun is fled unto the Freris ;

Sensuale plesour hes baneist Chaistitie ;

Lordis of Religioun, thay go lyke Seculeris,

Taking more compt in tellyng thair deneris,

Nor thay do of thair constitution,
Thus are thay blyndit be ambitiou.

Our gentyll men are all degenerat ;
 Liberalitie and Lawte boith ar lost ;
 And Cowardyce with Lordis is laureat ; 990
 And knyghtlie Curage, turnit in brag and boast ;
 The Civele weir misgydis everilk oist.
 Thare is nocht ellis bot ilk man for hym self,
 That garris me go, thus baneist lyke ane elf.

Tharefor, adew : I may no langer tarye.
 Fair weill, quod I, and with sanct Jhone to borrow.
 Bot, wyt ye weill, my hart was wounder sarye,
 Quhen Comounweill so sopit was in sorrow :
 Yit, efter the nycht, cumis the glaid morrow.
 Quharefor, I pray yow, schaw me, in certane, 1000
 Quhen that ye purpose for to cum agane.

That questioun, it sall be sone decydit,
 Quod he, thare sall na Scot have confortyng
 Of me, tyll that I see the countre gydit
 Be wysedome of ane gude auld prudent Kyng,
 Quhilk sall delyte hym maist, abone all thyng,
 To put Justice tyll executioun,
 And on strang traitouris mak punitioun.

Als yit to thee I say ane uther thyng:
 I see rycht weill, that proverbe is full trew, 1010
 Wo to the realme that hes ouer young ane King.
 With that he turnit his bak, and said, Adew.
 Ouer firth and fell rycht fast fra me he flew,

Quhose departyng to me was displesand.
 With that, Remembrance tuk me be the hand,

And sone, me thocht, scho brocht me to the roche,
 And to the cove, quhare I began to sleip.
 With that, one schip did spedalye approche,
 Full plesandlie saling apone the deip,
 And, syne, did slake hir salis, and gan to creip, 1020
 Towart the land, anent quhare that I lay :
 Bot, wyt ye weill, I gat ane fellown fray.

All hir cannounis sche leit craik of at onis :
 Down schuke the stremaris frome the topcastell ;
 Thay sparit nocht the poulder, nor the stonis ;
 Thay schot thair boltis, and doun thair ankeris fell ;
 The Marenaris, thay did so youte and yell,
 That haistalie I stert out of my Dreme,
 Half in ane fray, and spedalie past hame.

And lychtlie dynit, with lyste and appetyte, 1030
 Syne efter, past in tyll ane Oratore,
 And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte
 All the Visioun that I have schawin afore :
 Schir, of my Dreme, as now thou gettis no more.
 Bot I beseik God for to send thee grace,
 To rewle thy realme in unitie, and peace.

ANE EXHORTATIOUN TO THE KYNGIS
GRACE.

SCHIR, sen that God, of his preordinance,
Haith grantit thee to have the governance
Of his peple, and create thee ane Kyng;
Fail nocht to prent in thy remembrance, 1040
That he wyll nocht excuse thyne ignorance,
Geve thow be rekles, in thy governyng :
Quharefor, dress thee, above all uther thyng,
Of his lawis to keip the observance,
And thow schaip lang in Royaltie to ryng.

Thank Hym that hes commandit dame Nature
To prent thee of so plesand portrature :
Hir gyftis may be cleirly on thee knawin.
Tyll dame Fortune thow nedis no procurature;
For scho hes lairglie kyith on thee hir cure, 1050
Hir gratytude sche hes unto thee schawin :
And, sen that thow mon scheir as thow hes sawin,
Have all thy hope in God, thy Creature,
And aske Hym grace, that thow may be his awin.

And syne, consider thy vocatioun,
That for to have the gubernatioun
Of this Kynrik, thow art predestinate.

Thow may weill wyt, be trew narratioun,
 Quhat sorrow, and quhat trubulatioun,
 Haith bene in this pure realme infortunate. 1060
 Now conforte thame that hes bene desolate;
 And of thy peple have compassioun,
 Sen thow be God art so preordinate.

Tak manlie curage, and leif thyne insolence,
 And use counsale of nobyll dame Prudence;
 Founde thee firmelie on Faith, and Fortytude;
 Drawe to thy courte Justice and Temperance;
 And to the Commounweill have attendance.
 And also, I beseik thy Celsitude,
 Hait vicious men, and lufe thame that ar gude; 1070
 And ilke flattrer thou fleme frome thy presence,
 And fals reporte out of thy Courte exclude.

Do equale justice boith to gret and small;
 And be exampyll to thy peple all,
 Exercing verteous deidis honorabyll.
 Be nocht ane wrache, for oucht that may befall:
 To that unhappy vice and thow be thrall,
 Tyll all men thow sall be abhominabyll.
 Kyngis nor knychtis ar never convenabyll
 To rewle peple, be thay nocht lyberall: 1080
 Was never yit na wrache to honour habyll.

And tak exempyll of the wracheit endyng
 Quhilk maid Mydas of Trace, the mychtie king,
 That to his Goddes maid invocatioun
 Throw gredines, that all substanciall thing
 That ever he twycheit suld turne, but taryng,

In to fyne gold : he gat his supplicatioun ;
 All that he twychit, but delatioun,
 Turnit in gold, boith meit, drynk, and clethyng ;
 And deit of hounger, but recreatioun. 1090

Als, I beseik thy Majestie serene,
 Frome lychorie thow keip thy body clene ;
 Taist never that intoxicat poysoun :
 Frome that unhappy sensuall syn abstene,
 Tyll that thow get ane lusty, plesand Quene :
 Than tak thy plesour, with my benesoun.
 Tak tent how prydful Tarquyne tynt his croun,
 For the deforsyng of Lucre, the schene,
 And was depryvit, and baneist Romis toun.

And, in dispyit of his lycherous levyng, 1100
 The Romanis wald be subject to no kyng,
 Mony lang yeir, as storyis doith recorde,
 Tyll Julyus, throw verteous governyng
 And princelie curage, gane on thame to ryng,
 And, chosin of Romanis, Empriour and lord.
 Quharfor, my Soverane, in to thy mynd remord,
 That vicious lyfe makis oft ane evyll endyng,
 Without it be throw speciall grace restord.

And geve thow wald thy fame, and honour, grew,
 Use counsall of thy prudent Lordis trew, 1110
 And see thow nocht presumpteouslie pretend
 Thy awin particulare weill for tyll ensew :
 Wyrk with counsall, so sall thou never rew.
 Remember of thy freindis the fatell end,
 Quhilks to gude counsall wald not condescend,

Tyll bitter deith, allace! did thame persew.
 Frome sic unhap, I pray God thee defend!

And fynalie, remember thow mon dee,
 And suddanlie pass of this mortall see:
 And art nocht sicker of thy lyfe two houris; 1120
 Sen thare is none frome that sentence may flee,
 Kyng, Quene, nor Knycht, of lawe estait, nor hie,
 Bot all mon thole of Deith the bitter schouris:
 Quhar bene thay gone, thir Papis and Empriouris?
 Bene thay nocht dede? so sall it fair on thee:
 Is no remeid, strenth, ryches, nor honouris.

And so, for conclusioun,
 Mak our provisioun,
 To get the infusioun
 Of His hie grace: 1130
 Quhilk bled, with effusioun,
 With scorne and derisioun,
 And deit, with confusioun,
 Confirmand our peace. AMEN!

THE COMPLAYNT
OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY TO THE
KINGIS GRACE.

SCHIR, I beseik thyne Excellence,
Heir my Complaynt with pacience :
My dolent hart dois me constrane
Of my infortune to complane,
Quhowbeit I stand in gret dowtance
Quhome I sall wyte of my myschance ;
Quhidder Saturnis creueltie,
Ryngand in my Natyvitie,
Be bad aspect, quhilk wyrkis vengeance ;
Or utheris hevinlye influence : 10
Or geve I be predestinate,
In Courte, to be infortunate,
Quhilk hes so lang in servyce bene,
Contynewallie with Kyng and Quene,
And enterit to thy Majestie
The day of thy Natyvitie :
Quharethrow my freindis bene eschamit,
And with my fais I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht regardit,
Nor, with my brether, in Courte rewardit ; 20

Blamand my sleuthfull neclygence,
 That seikis nocht sum recompence ;
 Quhen divers men dois me demand,
 Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peis of land,
 Als weill as uther men hes gottin ?
 Than wys I to be dede, and rottin,
 With sic extreme discomfortyng,
 That I can mak no answeyng.
 I wald sum wyse man did me teche
 Quhidder that I suld flatter, or fleche : 30
 I wyll nocht flyte, that I conclude,
 For crabyng of thy Celsitude ;
 And to flatter I am defamit :
 Want I reward, then am I schamit.
 Bot I hope thow sall do als weill
 As did the Father of fameill,
 Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
 Quhilk, for ane certane pensioun,
 Feit men to wyrk in his wyne-yaird,
 Bot quho come last gat first reward, 40
 Quharethrow the first men wer displesit :
 Bot he thame prudentlie amesit ;
 For, thocht the last men first wer servit,
 Yit gat the first that thay deservit.
 So, am I sure thy Majestie
 Sall anis rewarde me, or I de,
 And rub the ruste off my ingyne,
 Quhilk bene, for langour, lyke to tyne.
 Althocht I beir nocht lyke ane baird,
 Lang servyce yarnis ay reward. 50
 I can nocht blame thyne Excellence,

That I so lang want recompence.
 Had I solistit, lyke the laif,
 My rewarde had nocht bene to craif ;
 Bot now I may weill understand,
 Ane dum man yit wan never land,
 And, in the court, men gettis na thyng
 Withoute inopportune askyng.
 Allace ! my sleuth and schamefulnes,
 Debarrit fra me all gredynes. 60
 Gredie men, that ar delygent,
 Rycht oft obtenis thair intent,
 And failyeis nocht to conqueis landis,
 And namelye, at young Prencis handis.
 Bot I tuke never non uther cure,
 In speciall, bot for thy plesour.
 Bot now I am na mair dispaired,
 Bot I sall get Princely rewarid ;
 The quhilk, to me, sall be mair glore
 Nor thame thow did reward afore. 70
 Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane kyng,
 Sulde aske his grace ane nobyll thyng,
 To his Excellence honorabyll,
 And to the asker proffitabyll.
 Thocht I be, in my askyng, lidder,
 I praye thy Grace for to consider ;
 Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
 And hes gevin mony ryche rewardis
 To thame that was full far to seik,
 Quhen I lay nychtlie be thy cheik. 80
 I tak the Quenis Grace, thy mother,
 My Lord Chancelare, and mony uther,

Thy Nowreis, and thy auld Maistres,
 I tak thame all to beir wytnes ;
 Auld Willie Dillie, wer he on lyve,
 My lyfe full weill he could discryve :
 Quhow, as ane chapman beris his pak,
 I bure thy Grace upon my bak,
 And sumtymes, strydlingis on my nek,
 Dansand with mony bend and bek. 90
 The first sillabis that thow did mute
 Was PA, DA LYN, upon the lute
 Than playit I twenty spryngis, perqueir,
 Quhilk wes gret piete for to heir.
 Fra play thow leit me never rest,
 Bot Gynkartoun thow lufit ay best ;
 And ay, quhen thow come frome the scule,
 Than I behuffit to play the fule :
 As I at lenth, in to my Dreame,
 My sindry servyce did expreme. 100
 Thocht it bene better, as sayis the wyse,
 Hape to the court nor gude servyce,
 I wate thow luffit me better, than,
 Nor, now, sum wyfe dois hir gude man.
 Than men tyll uther did recorde,
 Said Lyndesay wald be maid ane lorde :
 Thow hes maid lordis, Schir, be Sanct Geill,
 Of sum that hes nocht servit so weill.
 To yow, my Lordis, that standis by,
 I sall yow schaw the causis quhy : 110
 Geve ye lyst tary, I sall tell,
 Quhow my infortune first befell ;
 I prayit daylie, on my knee,

My young maister that I mycht see,
 Of eild, in his Estait Royall,
 Havand power imperyall :
 Than traistit I without demand,
 To be promovit, to sum land.
 Bot my askyng, I gat ouer soun,
 Because ane clips fell in the mone, 120
 The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir.
 Than did my purpose ryn arreir,
 The quhilk war langsum to declare ;
 And als my hart is wounder sare,
 Quhen I have in remembrance
 The suddand cheange, to my myschance.

The Kyng was bot twelf yeris of aige,
 Quhen new rewlaris come, in thair raige,
 For Commounweill makand no cair,
 Bot for thair proffeit singlar. 130
 Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fuilis,
 Thay tuke that young Prince frome the scuilis,
 Quhare he, under obedience,
 Was lernand vertew, and science,
 And haistelie platt in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland ;
 As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
 Quhen marinaris bene all agast
 Throw dainger of the seis raige,
 Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige, 140
 Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
 And to his bidyng all obey,
 Gevyng hym hail the governall
 Of schip, marchand, and marinall,

For dreid of rockis and foreland,
 To put the ruther in his hand :
 Without Goddis grace, is no refuge :
 Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge.
 I gyf thame to the Devyll of hell,
 Quhilk first devysit that counsell, 150
 I wyll nocht say, that it was treassoun ;
 Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun.
 I pray God, lat me never se ryng,
 In this realme, so young ane Kyng.

I may nocht tary to decyd it,
 Quhow than the Court, ane quhyle, was gydit
 Be thame, that peirtlye tuke on hand
 To gyde the Kyng, and all Scotland ;
 And als langsum, for to declare
 Thair facound flatteryng wordis fair. 160

Schir, sum wald say, your Majestie
 Sall now go to your lybertie ;
 Ye sall to no man be coactit,
 Nor to the scule no more subjectit :
 We thynk thame verray naturall fulis,
 That lernis our mekle at the sculis.
 Schir, ye mon leir to ryn ane speir,
 And gyde yow lyke ane man of weir ;
 For we sall put sic men aboute yow,
 That all the world and mo sall doute yow. 170
 Than, to his Grace, they put ane gaird,
 Quhilk haistelie gat thair rewaird.
 Ilke man, efter thair qualitie,
 Thay did solyst his Majestie.
 Sum gart hym raiffell at the rakkat ;

Sum harld hym to the hurly hakkat ;
 And sum, to schaw thair courtlie corsis,
 Wald ryid to Leith, and ryn thair horsis,
 And wychtlie wallope ouer the sandis :
 Yea nother spairit spurris, nor wandis ; 180
 Castand galmoundis, with bendis and beakis,
 For wantones, sum brak thair neckis.
 There was no play bot cartis and dyce :
 And ay Schir Flatterie bure the pryce ;
 Roundand and rowkand, ane tyll uther,
 Tak thow my part, quod he, my bruther,
 And mak betuix us sicker bandis,
 Quhen ocht sall vaik, amangs our handis,
 That ilk man stand to help his fallow.
 I hald thareto, man, be Alhallow, 190
 Swa thow fysche nocht within my boundis.
 That sall I nocht, be Goddis woundis,
 Quod he, bot eirar tak thy part.
 Swa sall I thyne be Goddis hart ;
 And geve the Thesaurair be our freind,
 Than sall we get baith tak, and teind :
 Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang us ?
 Bot we sall part the pelf amang us :
 Bot haist us, quhill the Kyng is young,
 And lat ilk man keip weill ane toung, 200
 And in ilk quarter have ane spye
 Us tyll adverteis haistelie,
 Quhen ony casualiteis
 Sall happin in tyll our countreis :
 Lat us mak sure provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretioun.
 No more he wate nor dois ane Sanct,

Quhat thyng it bene to have, or want :
 So, or he be of perfyte aige,
 We sall be sicker of our waige ; 210

And syne, lat ilk ane carle craif uther :
 That mouth speik mair, quod he, my brother.
 For God, nor I rax in ane raipe,
 Thow mycht geve counsale to the Pape.
 Thus lauborit thay within few yeiris,
 That thay become no pagis peiris,
 Swa haistelye thay maid ane hand :
 Sum gadderit gold, sum conquaist land.
 Schir, sum wald say, be Sanct Dionyce
 Geve me sum fat benefyce, 220

And all the proffet ye sall have ;
 Geve me the name, tak yow the lave :
 Bot, be his bowis war weill cumit hame,
 To mak servyce, he wald thynk schame ;
 Syne slyp awaye, withouttin more,
 Quhen he had gottin that he sang fore.

Me thocht it was ane piteous thyng,
 To se that fair, young, tender Kyng,
 Of quhome thir gallandis stude no awe,
 To play with hym, pluke at the crawe : 230
 Thay become ryche, I yow assure,
 Bot aye the Prence remanit pure.
 Thare wes few of that garnisoun
 That lernit hym ane gude lessoun ;
 Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter,
 Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
 Quod ane, The Devyll stik me with ane knyfe,
 Bot Schir, I knaw ane maid in Fyfe,

Ane of the lusteiest wantoun lassis,
 Quhare to, Schir, be Goddis blude, scho passis. 240
 Hald thy toung, brother, quod ane uther,
 I knaw ane fairar, be fyftene futher :
 Schir, quhen ye pleis to Lythgow pass,
 Thare sall ye se ane lusty lass.
 Now trittyll, trattyll, troylow.
 Quod the thrid man ; thow dois bot mow,
 Quhen his Grace cumis to fair Sterlyng,
 Thare sall he se ane dayis derlyng.
 Schir, quod the fourt, tak my counsall,
 And go all to the hie bordall ; 250
 Thare may we loupe at lybertie,
 Withouttin ony gravitie.

Thus every man said for hym self,
 And did amangis thame part the pelf ;
 Bot I, allace ! or ever I wyste,
 Was trampit doun in to the duste,
 With hevy charge, withouttin more,
 Bot I wyst never yit, quharefore ;
 And haistellie, before my face,
 Ane uther slippit in my place, 260
 Quhilk rychelie gat his rewaird,
 And stylit was the Ancient laird.
 That tyme I mycht mak no defence,
 Bot tuke, perforce, in pacience ;
 Prayand to send thame ane myschance
 That had the Court in governance,
 The quhilkis aganis me did malyng,
 Contrar the plesour of the Kyng ;
 For weill I knew his Grace's mynd

Was ever to me trew and kynd; 270
 And, contrar thair intentioun,
 Gart pay me, weill, my pensioun.
 Thocht I, ane quhyle, wantit presence,
 He leit me have no indigence :
 Quhen I durst nother peip nor luke,
 Yit wald I hyde me in ane nuke,
 To se those uncouth vaniteis,
 Quhow thay, lyke ony beisy beis,
 Did occupy thair goldin houris,
 With help of thair new governouris. 280
 Bot, my Complaynt for to compleit,
 I gat the soure, and thay the sweet :
 Als Jhone Makrery, the kyngis fule,
 Gat dowbyll garmoundis agane the Yule,
 Yit, in his maist tryumphant glore,
 For his rewarde, gat the grandgore ;
 Now in the court seindell he gois,
 In dreid men stramp upon his tois ;
 As I, that tyme, durst nocht be sene
 In oppin court, for baith my eine. 290
 Allace ! I have no tyme to tary,
 To schaw yow all the fery fary :
 Quhow those that had the governance
 Amangis thame selfis raisit variance ;
 And quho maist to my skaith consentit,
 Within few yeris full sore repentit,
 Quhen thay could mak me no remeid ;
 For thay war harlit out be the heid,
 And utheris tuke the governyng,
 Weill wors than thay, in alkin thyng. 300

Thay lordis tuke no more regaird,
 Bot quho mycht purches best rewaird :
 Sum to thair friendis gat benefyceis,
 And uther sum gat Byschopreis.
 For every lord, as he thocht best,
 Brocht in ane bird to fyll the nest ;
 To be ane wacheman to his marrow,
 Thay gan to draw at the cat harrow.
 The proudest Prelatis of the Kirk
 Was faine to hyde thame in the myrk, 310
 That tyme, so failyeit wes thair sycht.
 Sen syne thay may nocht thole the lycht
 Of Christis trew Gospell to be sene,
 So blyndit is thair corporall ene
 With warldly lustis sensuall,
 Takyng in Realmes the governall,
 Baith gyding Court, and Sessioun,
 Contrar to thair professioun ;
 Quhareof I thynk thay sulde have schame,
 Of spirituall preistis to tak the name. 320
 For Esayas, in to his wark,
 Callis thame lyke doggis that can nocht bark,
 That callit ar preistis, and can nocht preche,
 Nor Christis law to the pepill teche.
 Geve for to preche bene thair professioun,
 Quhy sulde thay mell with Court, or Sessioun,
 Except it war in Spirituall thyngis ;
 Referryng unto lordis and kyngis
 Temporall causis to be decydit :
 Geve thay thair spirituall office gydit, 330
 Ilke man mycht say, thay did thair partis :

Bot, geve thay can play at the cairtis,
 And mollet moylie on ane mule,
 Thocht thay had never sene the scule,
 Yit, at this day, als weill as than,
 Wyll be maid sic ane spirituall man.
 Prencis that sic prelatis promofis
 Accompt thareof to geve behuffis,
 Quhilk sall nocht pas but puneishment,
 Without thay mend, and sore repent, 340
 And, with dew ministratioun,
 Wyrk efter thair vocatioun.

I wys that thyng quhilk wyll nocht be,
 Thir perverst Prelatis ar so hie :
 Frome tyme that thay bene callit Lordis,
 Thay ar occasioun of discordis,
 And lairglie wyll propynis hecht,
 To gar ilk lord with uther fecht :
 Geve for thair part it may avail,
 Swa, to the purpose of my taill. 350

That tyme, in court, rais gret debait,
 And everilk lord did stryve for stait,
 That all the realme mycht mak no reddyng,
 Quhill on ilk syde thare was blude scheddyng,
 And feildit uther, in land and burgh,
 At Lythgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.
 Bot, to deplore I thynk greit paine
 Of nobyll men that thare was slane,
 And, als, langsum to be reportit
 Of thame quhilk to the court resortit ; 360
 As tyrrannis, tratouris, and transgressouris,
 And commoun publict plaine oppressouris,

Men murtherisaris, and commoun theiffis,
 In to that court gat all releiffis.
 Thare was few lordis, in all thir landis,
 Bot tyll new Regentis maid thair bandis.
 Than rais ane reik, or ever I wyste,
 The quhilk gart all thair bandis bryste :
 Than thay allone quhilk had the gyding,
 Thay culde nocht keip thair feit frome slyding; 370
 Bot of thair lyffis thay had sic dreid,
 That thay war faine tyll trott ouer Tweid.

NOW, POTENT PRINCE, I say to thee,
 I thank the Haly Trinitie,
 That I have levit to se this daye,
 That all that warld is went awaye,
 And thow to no man art subjectit,
 Nor to sic counsalouris coactit.
 The foure gret Vertues cardinalis,
 I see thame, with the principalis : 380
 For Justice haldis hir sweird on hie,
 With hir ballance of equitie,
 And, in this realme, hes maid sic ordour,
 Baith throw the Heland and the Bordour,
 That Oppressioun and all his fallowis
 Ar hangit heych upon the gallowis.
 Dame Prudence hes thee be the heid,
 And Temporange dois thy brydill leid;
 I see dame Force mak assistance,
 Berand thy targe of assurance ; 390
 And lusty lady Chaistitie
 Hes baneist Sensualitie ;

Dame Ryches takis on thee sic cure,
 I pray God, that scho lang indure,
 That Povertie dar nocht be sene
 In to thy hous, for baith hir ene,
 Bot fra thy Grace fled mony mylis,
 Amangis the hountaris in the Ylis ;
 Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hir face,
 Quhilk wount was to begyill thy Grace ; 400
 Foly is fled out of the toun,
 Quhilk ay was contrair to ressoun :
 Polycie and Peace begynniss to plant,
 That verteous men can no thyng want ;
 And, as for sleuthfull idyll lownis,
 Sall fetterit be in the gailyeownis :
 Jhone Upeland bene full blyith, I trow,
 Because the rysche bus kepis his kow ;
 Swa is thare nocht, I understand,
 Withoute gude ordour in this land, 410
 Except the Spiritualitie :
 Prayand thy Grace thareto have ee,
 Cause thame mak ministratioun,
 Conforme to thair vocatioun,
 To preche with unfenyeit intentis,
 And trewly use the Sacramentis,
 Efter Christis institutionis,
 Levying thair vaine traditiounis,
 Quhilkis dois the syllie scheip illude,
 Quhame for Christ Jesus sched his blude, 420
 As superstitious pylgramagis,
 Prayand to gravin ymagis,
 Expres aganis the Lordis command.

I do thy Grace tyll understand,
 Geve thow to mennis lawis assent,
 Aganis the Lordis commandiment,
 As Jeroboam, and mony mo,
 Prencis of Israell also,
 Assentaris to ydolatrie,
 Quhilkis puneist war rycht pieteouslie, 430
 And frome thair realmes wer rutit oute;
 So sall thow be, withouttin doute,
 Baith heir and hyne, withouttin more,
 And want the everlestyng glore ;
 Bot, geve thow wyll thy hart inclyne,
 And keip his blyssit law devyne,
 As did the faithfull Patriarkis,
 Boith in thair wordis, and thair warkis,
 And as did mony faithfull kyngis
 Of Israell, duryng thair ryngis, 440
 As kyng David and Salomone,
 Quhilkis ymagis wald suffer none
 In thair ryche tempillis for to stand,
 Because it was nocht Goddis command ;
 Bot, distroyit all ydolatrie,
 As in the Scripture thow may see ;
 Quhose ryche rewarde was hevinly blys,
 Quhilk sall be thyne, thow doand this.

Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
 Now am I sure to get rewarid ; 450
 And, sen thow art the rychest Kyng
 That ever in this Realme did ryng,
 Of gold, and stonis precious,
 Maist prudent, and ingenious,

And hes thy honour done avance,
 In Scotland, England, and in France,
 Be merciall deidis honourabyll,
 And art tyll every vertew abyll,
 I wat thy Grace wyll nocht misken me,
 Bot thow wyll uther geve, or len me. 460

Wald thy Grace len me, to ane day,
 Of gold ane thousand pound, or tway,
 And I sall fix, with gude intent,
 Thy Grace ane daye of payment,
 With seillit oblygatioun,
 Under this protestatioun,
 Quhen the Basse and the Yle of Maye.
 Beis sett vpon the Mont Senaye ;
 Quhen the Lowmound, besyde Falkland,
 Beis lyftit to Northumberland ; 470
 Quhen kirkmen yairnis no dignitie,
 Nor wyffis no soveranitie ;
 Wynter but frost, snaw, wynd, or rane ;
 Than sall I geve thy gold agane ;
 Or, I sall mak the payment
 Efter the Daye of Jugement,
 Within ane moneth, at the leist,
 Quhen Sanct Peter sall mak ane feist
 To all the fyscharis of Aberladye,
 Swa thow have myne aquittance reddye ; 480
 Failyeand thareof, be Sanct Phillane,
 Thy Grace gettis never ane grote agane.

Geve thow be nocht content of this,
 I man requelist the Kyng of blys,
 That he to me have sum regaird,

And cause thy Grace me to rewarid :
 For David, Kyng of Israell,
 Quhilk was the gret Propheit Royall,
 Sayis, God hes hail at his command
 The hartis of Prencis in his hand : 490
 Even as he lyste thame for to turne,
 That mon thay do withoute sudgeorne ;
 Sum tyll exault to dignitie,
 And sum to depryve in povertie ;
 Sum tyme of layid men to mak lordis,
 And, sum tyme, lordis to bynd in cordis,
 And thame alutterlye distroye,
 As plesis God, that ryall roye.
 For thow art bot ane instrument
 To that gret Kyng, Omnipotent : 500
 So, quhen plesis his Excellence,
 Thy Grace sall mak me recompence ;
 Or He sall cause me stand content
 Of quiet lyfe, and sober rent,
 And tak me, in my latter aige,
 Unto my sempyll herytage,
 And spend it that my eldaris woun,
 As did Diogenes in his toun.
 Of this COMPLAYNT, with mynd full meik,
 Thy Grace's Answeir, Schir, I beseik.

QUOD LYNDESAY TO THE KING.

THE TESTAMENT AND COMPLAYNT
OF OUR SOVERANE LORDIS PAPYNGO,
KYNG JAMES THE FYFT,

QUHILK LYITH SORE WOUNDIT, AND MAY NOT DEE,
TYLL EVERY MAN HAVE HARD QUHAT SCHO SAYIS :
QUHAREFOR GENTYLL REDARIS, HAIST YOW, THAT
SCHO WER OUT OF PAINÉ.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOG.

SUPPOSE I had ingyne Angelicall,
With sapience more than Salamonicall,
I not quhat mater put in memorie ;
The Poeitis auld, in style heroycall,
In breve subtell termes rethorycall,
Of everlike mater, tragedie, and storie,
So ornatlie, to thair heych laude and glorie,
Haith done indyte, quhose supreme sapience
Transcendith far the dull intellygence

Of Poeitis now, in tyll our vulgare toung : 10
For quhy? the bell of rethorick bene rounng
Be Chawceir, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate :
Quho dar presume thir Poeitis tyll impung,

Quhose sweit sentence through Albione bene sung?
 Or quho can now the workis countrafait
 Of Kennedie, with termes aureait?
 Or of Dunbar, quhilk language had at large,
 As may be sene in tyll his Goldin Targe?

Quintyn, Merser, Rowle, Henderson, Hay, and Holland,
 Thocht thay be deid, thair libellis bene levand, 20
 Quhilkis to reheirs makeith redaris to rejose.
 Allace! for one, quhilk lampe wes of this land,
 Of Eloquence the flowand balmy strand,
 And in our Inglis rethorick, the rose,
 As of rubeis the charbunckle bene chose!
 And, as Phebus dois Cynthia precell,
 So Gawane Dowglas, Byschope of Dunkell,

Had, quhen he wes in to this land on lyve,
 Abuse vulgare Poetis prerogatyve,
 Boith in praticke and speculatioun. 30
 I saye no more, gude Redaris may descryve
 His worthy workis, in nowmer mo than fyve;
 And speciallye, the trew Translatioun
 Of Virgill, quhilk bene consolatioun
 To cunningy men, to knaw his gret ingyne,
 Als weill in naturall science as devyne.

And, in the Courte, bene present, in thir dayis,
 That ballattis brevis lustellie, and layis,
 Quhilkis tyll our Prince daylie thay do present.
 Quho can say more than Schir James Inglis sayis, 40
 In ballattis, farses, and in plesand playis?
 Bot Culrose hes his pen maid impotent.

Kyd, in cunnyng and praticke, rycht prudent ;
 And Stewarte, quhilk desyrith ane staitly style,
 Full ornate werkis daylie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne wyll carpe rycht curiouslie ;
 Galbraith, Kynlouch, quhen thay lyst tham applie
 In to that art, ar craftie of ingyne.
 Bot, now of lait, is starte up haistelie,
 Ane cunnyng Clerk, quhilk wrytith craftelie, 50
 Ane plant of Poeitis, callit Ballendyne,
 Quhose ornat workis my wytt can nocht defyne :
 Gett he in to the courte auctoritie,
 He wyll precell Quintyn and Kennedie.

So, thocht I had ingyne, as I have none,
 I watt nocht quhat to wryt, be sweit Sanct Jhone ;
 For quhy? in all the garth of eloquence,
 Is no thyng left, bot barrane stok and stone :
 The poleit termes are pullit everilk one,
 Be thir fornमित Poeitis of prudence ; 60
 And sen I fynd none uther new sentence,
 I sall declare, or I depart yow fro,
 The Complaynt of ane woundit Papingo.

Quharefor, because myne mater bene so rude
 Of sentence, and of rethorike denude,
 To rurall folke, myne dyting bene directit,
 Far flemit frome the sycht of men of gude ;
 For cunnyng men, I knaw, wyll sounne conclude,
 It dowe no thyng, bot for to be dejectit :
 And, quhen I heir myne mater bene detractit, 70

Than sall I sweir, I maïd it bot in mowis,
To landwart lassis, quhilks kepith kye and yowis.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PAPYNGO.

QUHO clymmis to hycht, perforce his feit mon fail :
Expreme I sal that be Experience,
Geve that yow pleis to heir one pieteous tail ;
How one fair Bird be fatall violence
Devorit was, and mycht mak no defence
Contrare the deth, so failyeit naturall strenth,
As efter, I sall schaw yow at more lenth.

One Papyngo, rycht plesand and perfyte, 80
Presentit was tyll our moist nobyll Kyng,
Of quhome his grace one lang tyme had delyte,
More fair of forme, I wat, flew never on wyng;
This proper bird, he gave in governyng
To me, quhilk wes his simpyll servitoure,
On quhome, I did my dilygence and cure,

To lerne hir language artificiall,
To play Platfute, and quhissill Fute before :
Bot, of hir inclynatioun naturall;
Scho countrafaitit all fowlis, les and more : 90
Of hir curage, scho wald, without my lore,
Syng lyke the merle, and crawe lyke to the cocke,
Pew lyke the gled, and chant lyke the laverock,

Bark lyk ane dog, and kekell lyke ane ka,
 Blait lyk ane hog, and buller lyke ane bull,
 Gaill lyke ane goik, and greit quhen scho wes wa ;
 Clym on ane corde, syne lauch, and play the fule :
 Scho mycht have bene ane Menstrall agane Yule.
 This blyssit bird wes to me so pleasand,
 Quhare ever I fure, I bure hir on my hand. 100

And so befell, in tyll ane myrthfull morrow,
 In to my garth I past me to repose,
 This bird and I, as we wer wount aforrow :
 Amang the flowris fresche, fragrant, and formose.
 My vitale spretis dewlie did reiose,
 Quhen Phebus rose, and rave the cloudis sabyll,
 Through brychtnes of his bemys amyabyll.

Without vapour was weill purificate
 The temperat air, soft, sober, and serene ;
 The Erth, be Nature, so edificate 110
 With holsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid and grene ;
 Quhilk elevate my spreitis from the splene.
 That daye, Saturne, nor Mars, durst nocht appeir,
 Nor Eole, of his cove he durst nocht steir.

That daye perforce behuffit to be fair,
 Be influence and cours celestiallyl :
 No planete preisit for to perturbe the air ;
 For Mercurius, be movyng naturall,
 Exaltit wes, in to the throne tryumphall
 Of his mansioun, unto the fyftene gre, 120
 In his awin soverane signe of Virginee.

That daye did Phebus plesandlie depart
 Frome Geminie, and enterit in Cancer;
 That daye Cupido did extend his dart;
 Venus, that daye, conjunit with Jupiter;
 That daye Neptunus hid hym, lyke one sker;
 That daye dame Nature, with gret besynes,
 Fortherit Flora to keyth hir craftynes:

And retrograde wes Mars in Capricorne;
 And Cynthia in Sagittar asseisit; 130
 That daye dame Ceres, goddes of the corne,
 Full joyfullie Johne Uponland appeisit;
 The bad aspect of Saturne wes appeisit,
 That daye, be Juno, of Jupiter the joye,
 Perturband spreitis causyng to hauld coye.

The sound of birdis surmontit all the skyis,
 With melodie of notis musycall;
 The balmy droppis of dew Tytane updryis,
 Hyngande upone the tender twystis small.
 The hevinlie hew, and sound angelicall, 140
 Sic perfyte plesoure prentit in myne hart,
 That with gret pyne, frome thyne I mycht depart.

So, styll among those herbis amyabyll,
 I did remane one space, for my pastance:
 Bot wardlie plesour bene so variabyll,
 Myxit with sorrow, dreid, and inconstance,
 That thare in tyll is no contynuance.
 So mycht I saye, my schorte solace, allace!
 Was drevin in dolour, in one lytill space.

For, in that garth, among those fragrant flouris 150
 Walkyng allone, none bot my birde and I,
 Unto to the tyme that I had said myne Houris,
 This Bird I sett upon one branche me bye :
 Bot scho began to speill, rycht spedalie,
 And in that tree scho did so heych ascende,
 That, be no waye, I mycht hir apprehende.

Sweit Bird, said I, be war, mont nocht ouer hie ;
 Returne in tyme, perchance thy feit may failye ;
 Thou art rycht fat, and nocht weill usit to flie ;
 The gredie gled, I dreid, scho thee assailye. 160
 I wyll, said scho, ascend, vailye quod vailye,
 It is my kynd to clym ; aye to the hycht
 Of fether and bone, I watt weill, I am wycht.

So, on the heychest lytill tender twyste,
 With wyng displayit, scho sat full wantounlie ;
 Bot Boreas blew one blast, or ever scho wyst,
 Quhilk braik the branche, and blew hir suddantlie
 Doun to the ground, with mony cairfull crye :
 Upon ane stob scho lychtit on hir breist,
 The blude ruschit out, and scho cryit for a preist. 170

God wat, gyff than my hart wes wo begone,
 To see that fowle flychter among the flouris,
 Quhilk, with gret murnyng, gan to mak hir mone :
 Now cumyng ar, said scho, the fatall houris ;
 Of bitter deth now mon I thole the schouris :
 O dame Nature, I pray thee, of thy grace,
 Len me layser to speik one lytill space,

For to complene my fait infortunate,
 And to dispone my geir, or I depart;
 Sen of all conforte I am desolate, 180
 Allone, except the Deth, heir with his darte,
 With aull cheir, reddy to peirs myne hart.
 And, with that word, scho tuke one passioun,
 Syne flatlyngis fell, and swappit in to swoun.

With sory hart, peirsit with compassioun,
 And salt teiris disteilyng frome myne eine,
 To heir that birdis lamentatioun,
 I did approche, under ane hauthorne grene,
 Quhare I mycht heir and se, and be unsene;
 And, quhen this bird had swounit twyse or thryse, 190
 Scho gan to speik, saying on this wyse:

O ! fals Fortune, quhy hes thou me begylit ?
 This day, at morne, quho knew this cairfull cace ?
 Vaine hope, in thee my reasoun haith exilit,
 Havyng sic traist in to thy fenyeit face :
 That ever I wes brocht in to the court, allace !
 Had I, in forrest, flowin amang my feris,
 I mycht full weill have levit mony yeris.

Prudent counsell, allace ! I did refuse,
 Agane reassoun usyng myne appetyte : 200
 Ambitioun did so myne hart abuse,
 That Eolus had me in gret dispyte :
 Poeitis of me haith mater to indyte,
 Quhilk clam so heych : and wo is me tharefore,
 Nocht doutyng that the deth durste me devore.

This daye, at morne, my forme and feddrem fair,
 Abuse the proude pacoke, war precelland :
 And now, one catyve carioun, full of cair,
 Baithand in blude, doun from my hart distelland !
 And in myne eir, the bell of deith bene knelland. 210
 O fals warld ! fy on thy felycitie,
 Thy pryde, avaryce, and immundicitie !

In thee, I see, no thyng bene permanent ;
 Of thy schort solace sorrow is the ende ;
 Thy fals infortunate gyftis bene bot lent :
 This day ful proude, the morne no thyng to spend.
 O ye that doith pretende, aye tyll ascend,
 My fatale ende have in remembrance,
 And yow defende, frome sic unhappy chance.

Quhydder that I wes strickin in extasie, 220
 Or throuch one stark imagynatioun,
 Bot, it apperit, in myne fantasie,
 I hard this dolent Lamentatioun.
 Thus dullit in to desolatioun,
 Me thocht this bird did breve, in hir maneir,
 Hir Counsale to the Kyng, as ye sall heir.

THE FIRST EPISTYLL OF THE POPYNGO,
 DIRECT TILL OUR SOVERANE LORD
 KYNG JAMES THE FYFT.

PREPOTENT PRINCE, peirles of pulchritude !
 Glore, honour, laude, tryumphe, and victorie,

Be to thy heych excellent Celsitude,
 With marciall dedis, dygn of memorie. 230
 Sen Atropus consumit haith my glorie,
 And dolente deith, allace ! mon us depart,
 I leif to thee my trew unfenyeit hart ;

To gydder with this cedull subsequent,
 With moist reverent recommendatioun :
 I grant, thy Grace gettis mony one document,
 Be famous Fatheris predicatioun,
 With mony notabyll narratioun,
 Be plesande Poeitis, in style heroycall,
 Quhow thow suld gyde thy Seait Imperiall. 240

Sum doith deplore the gret calamiteis
 Of divers Realmes transmutatioun ;
 Sum pieteouslie doith treat of Tragedeis,
 All for thy Graces informatioun :
 So I intend, but adulatioun,
 In to my barbour rusticall indyte,
 Among the reste, Schir, sum thyng for to wryte.

Soverane, consave this simpyll similytude
 Of officiaris, servyng thy Senyeorie : [250
 Quho gydis thame weil gettis of thy Grace gret gude ;
 Quho bene injuste, degradit ar of glorie,
 And canceillat out of thy memorie ;
 Providyng syne, more plesand in thair place :
 Beleve rycht so, sall God do with thy Grace.

Consider weill, thow bene bot officiare
 And wassall to that Kyng incomparabyll :

Preis thou to pleis that puissant prince preclare,
 Thy ryche rewarde salbe inestimabyll,
 Exaultit heych, in glore interminabyll,
 Abone Archangels, Virtues, Potestatis, 260
 Plesandlie placit among the Principatis.

Of thy vertew, Poetis perpetuallie
 Sall mak mentioun, unto the world be endit :
 So thow excers thyne office prudentlie,
 In hevin, and eirth, thy Grace salbe commendit :
 Quharefor afeir, that He be nocht offendit,
 Quhilk hes exaultit thee to sic honour,
 Of His people to be one Governour :

And, in the eirth, haith maid sic ordinance,
 Under thy feit all thyng terrestriall 270
 Are subject to thy plesour, and pastance,
 Boith fowle, and fysche, and bestis pastorall,
 Men to thy servyce, and wemen, thay bene thrall :
 Halkyng, hounthyng, armes, and leiffull amour
 Preordinat ar, be God, for thy plesour.

Maisteris of museik to recreat thy spreit,
 With dantit voce, and plesande instrument.
 Thus may thou be of all plesouris repleit,
 So in thyne office thou be deligent :
 Bot, be thou found sleuthfull, or negligent, 280
 Or injuste, in thyne executioun,
 Thou sall nocht fail devine puneissioun.

Quharefor, sen thou hes sic capacitie,
 To lerne to playe so plesandlie, and syng,

Ryde hors, ryn speris, with gret audacitie,
 Schute with hand-bow, crosbow, and culveryng,
 Among the rest, Schir, lerne to be ane Kyng :
 Kyith on that craft, thy pregnant fresche ingyne,
 Grantit to thee be influence Divine.

And sen the diffinitoun of ane Kyng 290
 Is, for to have of peple governance,
 Addres thee first, abufe all uther thyng,
 Tyll put thy bodye tyll sic ordinance,
 That thyne vertew, thyne honour may avance :
 For quhow suld Prencis governe gret regionis,
 That can nocht dewlie gyde thair awin personis ?

And, geve thy Grace wald leif rycht plesandlie,
 Call thy Counsale, and cast on thame the cure ;
 Thair juste decretis defend and fortyfie ;
 But gude counsale, may no Prince lang indure : 300
 Wyrk with counsale, than sall thy work be sure :
 Cheis thy Counsale of the moste sapient,
 Without regarde to blude, ryches, or rent.

Amang all uther pastyme, and plesour,
 Now, in thy adolescent yeris ying,
 Wald thou, ilk day, studie bot half one hour,
 The regiment of princelie governyng,
 To thy peple, it war ane plesande thyng ;
 Thare mycht thou fynd thyne awin vocation,
 Quhow thou suld use thysceptour, swerd, and croun. 310

The Cronecklis to know I thee exhorte,
 Quhilk may be myrrour to thy Majestie :

Thare sall thou fynd boith gude and evyll reporte
 Of everilk Prince, efter his qualytie :
 Thocht thay be dede, thair deidis sall nocht dee.
 Traist weill thou salbe stylit, in that storie,
 As thou deservis putt in memorie.

Requeist that Roye quhilk rent wes on the Rude,
 Thee to defend frome dedis of defame,
 That no Poeite reporte of thee bot gude ; 320
 For princes dayis induris bot one drame.
 Sen first kyng Fergus bure ane dyadame,
 Thou art the last king, of fyve score and fyve ;
 And all ar dede, and none bot thou on lyve.

Of quhose number fyftie and fyve bene slane,
 And moist parte, in thair awin mysgovernance.
 Quharefor, I thee beseik, my Soverane,
 Consydder of thair lyvis the circumstance,
 And quhen thou knawis the cause of thair mischance,
 Of vertew than, exault thy saillis on hie, 330
 Traistyng to chaip that faitale destanie.

Trait ilk trew Barroun, as he war thy brother,
 Quhilk mon at neid, thee and thy realme defende :
 Quhen suddantlie one doith oppresse one uther,
 Lat Justice, myxit with mercy, thame amende.
 Have thou thair hartis, thou hes yneuch to spend :
 And, be the contrar, thou art bot Kyng of Bone,
 From tyme thyne hereis hartis bene from thee gone.

I have no laser, for to wryt at lenth
 Myne hole intent, untyll thyne Excellence, 340

Decressit so I am in wyt and strenth,
 My mortall wounde doith me sic violence.
 Peple of me maye have experience ;
 Because, allace ! I wes incounsolabyll,
 Now mon I dee, ane catyve myserabyll.

THE SECUND EPISTYL OF THE PAPYNGO,
 DIRECTIT TO HIR BRETHET OF COURTE.

BRETHET of Court, with mynd precordiall
 To the gret God hartlie I commend yow :
 Imprint my fall in your memoriall,
 Togidder with this cedull that I send yow.
 To preis ouer heych, I pray you not pretend yow : 350
 The vaine ascens of court, quho wyll consydder,
 Quho sittith moist hie, sal fynd the sait most slidder.

So ye, that now bene lansyng upe the ledder,
 Tak tent in tyme, fassinnyng your fingaris faste.
 Quho clymith moist heych, moist dynt hes of the wedder,
 And leist defence aganis the bitter blast
 Of fals Fortune, quhilk takith never rest ;
 Bot, moste redouttit, daylie scho doun thryngis,
 Nocht sparing Papis, Conquerouris, nor Kyngis.

Thocht ye be montit upe abone the skyis, 360
 And hes boith kyng and court in governance,
 Sum was als heych, quhilk now rycht lawly lysis,
 Complanyng sore the Courtis variance.
 Thair preterit tyme may be experience,

Quhilk, through vaine hope of courte, did clym so hie,
 Syne wantit wyngis, quhen thay wend best to flie.

Sen ilke court bene untraist, and transitorie,
 Changyng als oft as woddercok in wynd,
 Sum maikand glaid, and uther sum rycht sorie,
 Formaste this day, the morne may go behynd, 370
 Lat not vaine hope of court your reasone blynd :
 Traist weill, sum men wyll gyf you laud, as lordis,
 Quhilk wald be glaid to se you hang in cordis.

I durst declare the myserabilitie
 Of divers courtis, war nocht my tyme bene schort,
 The dreidfull change, vaine glore, and vilitie,
 The painfull plesour, as Poetis doith reporte,
 Sum tyme in hope, sum tyme in disconforte ;
 And how sum men dois spend thair youtheid hail
 In court, syne endis in the hospytail : 380

Quhow sum in court bene quyete counsalouris,
 Without regarde to commounweill, or kyngis,
 Castyng thair cure, for to be Conquerouris ;
 And, quhen thay bene heych rasit, in thair ryngis,
 How change of court tham dulfully doun thringis ;
 And, quhen thay bene from thair estait deposit,
 Quhow mony of thair fall bene rycht rejosit :

And quhow fonde fenyete fulis, and flatteraris
 For small servyce optenith gret rewardis ;
 Pandaris, pykthankis, custronis, and clatteraris 390
 Loupis up, frome laddis, syne lychtis amang lardis ;
 Blasphemators, beggaris, and commoun bardis

Sum tyme, in court, hes more auctoritie
Nor devote Doctouris in Divinitie :

Quhow, in sum countre, bene barnes of Baliall,
Full of dissimulit payntit flatterie,
Provocande, be intoxicat counsall,
Prences tyll huredome and tyll hasardrie :
Quho dois in Prencis prent sic harlotrie,
I saye, for me, sic peirte provocatouris 400
Sulde puneist be abufe all strang tratouris.

Quhat travers, troubyll, and calamitie
Haith bene, in courte, within thir houndreth yeris !
Quhat mortall changis, quhat miseritie !
Quhat nobyll men bene brocht upon thair beiris !
Traist weill, my freindis, follow ye mon your feiris :
So, sen in court bene no tranquillytie,
Sett nocht on it your hole felycite.

The courte changeith sumtyme, with sic outrage,
That few or none may makyn resistance, 410
And spairis nocht the prince more than the paige,
As weill apperith, be experience.
The Duke of Rothesay mycht mak no defence,
Quhilk wes pertenant Roye of this regioun,
Bot, dulefully devorit in presoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour had that nobyll kyng,
Robert the thride, frome tyme he knew the cace
Of his two Sonnis dolent departyng !
Prince David deyid, and James captive, allace !
Tyll trew Scottis men, quhilk wes a cairful cace. 420

Thus, may ye knaw, the courte bene variand,
 Quhen blude ryall the change may not ganestand.

Quho rang in court more hie and tryumphand
 Nor Duke Murdoke, quhill that his day indurit?
 Was he nocht gret Protectour of Scotland?
 Yit of the court he was nocht weill assurit;
 It changit so, his lang servyce wes smurit:
 He and his sonne, fair Walter, but remede,
 Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull dede.

Kyng James the First, the patrour of prudence, 430
 Gem of ingyne, and peirll of polycie,
 Well of Justice, and flude of eloquence,
 Quhose vertew doith transcende my fantasie,
 For tyll discryve; yit, quhen he stude moste hie,
 Be fals exhorbitant conspiratioun
 That prudent Prince wes pieteouslie put down.

Als, James the Secunde, roye of gret renoun,
 Beand in his superexcelland glore,
 Throuch reakles schuttyng of one gret cannoun,
 The dolent deith, allace! did hym devore. 440
 One thyng thare bene, of quhilk I marvell more,
 That Fortune had at hym sic mortall feid,
 Throuch fyftie thousand, to waill him by the heid.

My hart is peirst with panes, for to pance,
 Or wrytt, that courtis variatioun
 Of James the Third, quhen he had governance,
 The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun,
 The change of court, and conspiratioun;

And quhou that Cochrane, with his companye,
That tyme in courte clam so presumpteouslye. 450

It had bene gude, tha beirnes had bene unborne,
Be quhome that nobyll Prince wes so abusit :
Thay grew, as did the weid abufe the corne,
That prudent lordis counsall wes refusit,
And held hym quyete, as he had bene inclusit.
Allace ! that Prince, be thair abusioun,
Was fynalie brocht to confusion.

Thay clam so heych, and gat sic audience,
And with thair Prince grew so familiar,
His germane brother mycht get no presence ; 460
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,
Lyke baneist men, was haldin at the bar,
Tyll in the Kyng thare grew sic mortall feid,
He flemit the Duke, and patt the Erle to dede.

Thus Cochrane, with his catyve companye,
Forsit thame to flee ; bot yit thay wantit fedderis :
Abufe the heych cederis of Libanye
Thay clam so hie, tyll thay lape our thair ledderis ;
On Lawder bryge, syne keppit wer in tedderis,
Stranglit to deith, thay gat none uther grace, 470
Thair King captyve, quhilk wes ane cairful cace.

Tyl putt in forme that fait infortunat,
And mortall change, perturbith myne ingyne ;
My wytt bene waik, my fyngaris fatigate,
To dyte, or wryt, the rancour, and rewyne,
The civyll weir, the battell intestyne :

How that the Sonne, with baner braid displayit
 Agane the Fader, in battell, come arrayit.

Wald God that Prince had bene that day, confortit
 With sapience of the prudent Salomone, 480
 And with the strenth of strang Sampson supportit,
 With the bauld oste of gret Agamemnone !
 Quha suld I wys, remedie wes thare none :
 At morne ane king, with sceptour, sweird, and croun ;
 At evin, ane dede deformit carioun !

Allace ! quhare bene that rycht redoutit roye,
 That potent prince, gentyll king James the Feird ?
 I pray to Christe his saule for to convoye :
 Ane greater nobyll rang nocht in to the eird.
 O Atropus ! warye we maye thy weird ; 490
 For he wes myrroure of humylitie,
 Lode sterne and lampe of liberalytie.

Duryng his tyme, so Justice did prevail,
 The Savage Iles trymblit for terrour ;
 Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annerdale,
 Durste nocht rebell, doutyng his dyntis dour ;
 And of his Lordis had sic perfyte favour ;
 So for to schaw, that he aferit no fone,
 Out throuch his realme he wald ryde hym alone.

And of his court, throuch Europe sprang the fame, 500
 Of lustie Lordis and lufesum Ladyis ying,
 Tryumphand tornayis, justyng, and knychtly game,
 With all pastyme, accordyng for ane kyng :
 He wes the glore of princelie governyng,

Quhilk, throuch the ardent lufe he had to France,
Agane England did move his ordinance.

Of Floddoun Feilde the rewyne to revolve,
Or that moste dolent daye for tyll deplore,
I nyll, for dreid that dolour yow dissolve,
Schaw how that Prince, in his tryumphand glore, 510
Distroyit was, quhat nedeith proces more ?
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinance,
Bot, be his awin wyfull mys-governance.

Allace ! that daye had he bene counsalabyll,
He had obtenit laude, glore, and victorie ;
Quhose pieteous proces bene so lamentabyll,
I nyll at lenth it put in memorie.
I never read in Tragedie nor storie,
At one journaye, so mony nobyllis slane,
For the defence and lufe of thair Soverane. 520

Now, brether, marke, in your remembrance,
Ane myrroure of those mutabiliteis :
So may ye knaw the courtis inconstance,
Quhen prencis bene, thus, pullit frome thair seis ;
Efter quhose deith quhat strainge adversiteis,
Quhat gret mysreule, in to this regioun rang,
Quhen our young prince could noder spek nor gang !

During his tender youthe and innocence, [chance !
Quhat stouith, quhat reif, quhat murther, and mys-
Thare wes nocht ellis bot wrakyng of vengeance, 530
In to that court thare rang sic variance.
Divers rewlaris maid divers ordinance :

Sum tyme, our Quene rang in auctoritie,
Sum tyme, the prudent Duke of Albanie ;

Sum tyme, the realme was reulit be Regentis ;
Sum tyme, lufetenentis, ledaris of the law :
Than rang so mony inobedientis,
That few or none stude of ane uther aw :
Oppressioun did so lowde his bugyll blaw,
That none durst ryde bot in to feir of weir : 540
Jok Uponeland, that tyme, did mys his meir.

Quho was more heych in honour elevate,
Nor was Margareit, our heych and mychtie princess?
Sic power was to hir appropriate,
Of King, and Realme, scho wes governoress :
Yit come one change, within ane schorte proces ;
That peirle preclare, that lusty plesand Quene,
Lang tyme durst nocht in to the Court be sene.

The Archebischof of Sanctandrous, James Betoun,
Chancellare, and Primate in power pastorall, 550
Clam, nyxt the Kyng, moste heych in this regioun.
The ledder schuke, he lap, and gat ane fall :
Auctoritie, nor power spirituall,
Ryches, freindschip, mycht not that tyme prevail,
Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir taill.

His heych prudence prevalit hym nocht ane myte,
That tyme the courte bair hym sic mortall feid :
As presoneir thay keipt hym, in despyte ;
And sum tyme wyst not quhare to hyde his heid,
Bot, dissagysit, lyke Jhone the Reif, he yaid. 560

Had nocht bene hope bair hym sic companye,
He had bene stranglit be melancholye.

Quhat cummer and cair wes in the court of France,
Quhen kyng Francis wes takin presoneir !
The Duke of Burboun, amyd his ordinance,
Deit at ane straik, rycht bailfull brocht on beir.
The court of Rome, that tyme, ran all arreir,
Quhen Pape Clement wes put in strang presoun,
The nobyll Citie put to confusioun.

In England, quho had greter governance 570
Nor thair tryumphand courtly Cardinall ?
The commounweill, sum sayis, he did avance,
Be equale justice, boith to gret and small,
Thare wes no Prelate to hym peregall.
Inglismen sayis, had he rounge langer space,
He had deposit Sanct Peter of his place.

His princely pompe, nor Papale gravitie,
His palyce royall, ryche, and radious,
Nor yit the flude of superfluitie 580
Of his ryches, nor travell tedious,
Frome tyme dame Curia held hym odious,
Avalit hym nocht, nor prudence moste profound :
The ledder brak, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene the douchty Erlis of Dowglas,
Quhilkis royallie in to this regioun rang ?
Forfalt, and slane, quhat nedith more proces !
The Erle of Marche wes merschellit tham amang ;
Dame Curia thame dulefullie down thrang ;

And, now of lait, quho clam more heych amang us,
Nor did Archebalde, umquhyle the Erle of Angous; 590

Quho, with his Prince, wes more familiar,
Nor of his grace had more auctoritie?
Was he nocht gret Wardane and Chancellar?
Yit, when he stude upon the heychest gre,
Traistyng no thyng bot perpetuitie,
Was suddanlie deposit frome his place,
Forfalt, and flemit, he gat non uther grace.

Quharefor, traist nocht in tyll auctoritie,
My deir brether, I praye yow hartfullie:
Presume nocht in your vaine prosperitie; 600
Conforme your traist in God alluterlie;
Syne, serve your Prince with enteir hart trewlie;
And, quhen ye se the court bene at the best,
I counsall yow, than draw you to your rest.

Quhare bene the heych tryumphant court of Troy?
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris?
Or Julius, that rycht redoutit Roye?
Agamemnone, moste worthy in his weiris?
To schaw thair fyne my frayit hart afeiris:
Sum murdreist war, sum poysonit pieteouslie, 610
Thair cairfull courtis dispersit dulefullie.

Traist weill, thare is no constant court bot one,
Quhare Christ bene kyng, quhose tyme interminabyll
And heych tryumphant glore beis nevir gone.
That quyet court, myrthfull, and immutabyll,
But variance, standith aye ferme and stabyll:

Dissimilance, flattery, nor fals reporte
In to that court sall never get resorte.

Traist weill, my freindis, this is no fenyeit fare ;
For quho that bene in the extreme of dede, 620
The veritie, but doute, thay sulde declare,
Without regarde to favour or to fede.
Quhill ye have tyme, deir brether, mak remede.
Adew ! for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beseikand God to bryng yow to his glore.

Adew, Edinburgh ! thou heych tryumphant toun,
Within quhose boundis rycht blythfull have I bene,
Of trew merchandis the rute of this regioun,
Moste reddy to resave Court, King, and Quene !
Thy polecye, and justice may be sene : 630
War devotioun, wysedome, and honestie,
And credence, tynt, thay mycht be found in thee.

Adew, fair Snawdoun ! with thy touris hie,
Thy Chapell Royall, park, and tabyll rounde !
May, June, and July walde I dwell in thee,
War I one man, to heir the birdis sounde,
Quhilk doith agane thy royall roche redounde.
Adew, Lythquo ! quhose Palyce of plesance
Mycht be one patrone in Portingall or France !

Fair weill, Falkland ! the fortrace of Fyfe, 640
Thy polyte park, under the Lowmound Law !
Sum tyme in thee I led ane lustye lyfe,
The fallow deir, to see thame raik on raw.
Court men to cum to thee, thay stand gret awe,

Sayand, thy burgh bene, of all burrowis, bail,
Because, in thee, thay never gat gude aill.

THE COMMONYNG BETUIX THE POPYNGO, AND HIR
HOLYE EXECUTOURIS.

THE Pye persavit the Popyngo in paine,
He lychtit doun, and fenyeit him to greit :
Sister, said he, alace ! quho hes yow slane ?
I pray yow, mak provisione for your spreit, 650
Dispone your geir, and yow confes compleit :
I have power, be your contritioun,
Of all your mys, to geve yow full remissioun.

I am, said he, one Channoun regulare,
And of my brether Pryour principall :
My quhyte rocket, my clene lyfe doith declare ;
The blak bene of the deith memoriall :
Quharefor, I thynk your gudis naturall
Sulde be submyttit hole into my cure ;
Ye know, I am ane holye creature. 660

The Ravin come rolpand, quhen he hard the rair ;
So did the Gled, with mony pieteous pew ;
And fenyeitlye thay contrafait gret cair.
Sister, said thay, your raklesnes we rew,
Now, best it is our juste counsall ensew ;
Sen we pretend to heych promotioun,
Religious men, of gret devotioun.

I am ane blak Monk, said the rutlande Ravin ;
 So said the Gled, I am ane holy freir,
 And hes power to bryng yow quyke' to hevin : 670
 It is weill knawin, my conscience bene full cleir,
 The blak Bybill, pronunce I sall perqueir,
 So tyll our brether, ye wyll geve sum gude,
 God wat geve we hes neid of lyves fude.

The Papyngo said, Father, be the Rude.
 Howbeit your rayment be religious lyke,
 Your conscience, I suspect, be nocht gude ;
 I did persave, quhen prevelye ye did pyke
 Ane chekin from ane hen, under ane dyke.
 I grant, said he, that hen was my gude freind, 680
 And I that chekin take, bot for my teind.

Ye know the faith be us mon be susteind ;
 So be the Pope it is preordinate,
 That spirituall men suld leve upon thair teind :
 Bot, weill wat I, ye bene predestinate,
 In your extremis to be so fortunate,
 To have sic holy consultatioun ;
 Quharefore, we mak yow exhortatioun :

Sen dame Nature hes grantit yow sic grace,
 Layser to mak confessioun generall, 690
 Schaw furth your syn in haist, quhil ye haif space ;
 Syne of your geir mak one memoriall :
 We thre sal mak your feistis funerall,
 And with gret blys, bury we sall your bonis,
 Syne trentalls twenty trattyll all at onis,

The roukis sall rair, that men sall on thame rew,
 And crye *Conmemoratio Animarum*.
 We sall gar chehnis cheip, and geaslyngis pew,
 Suppose the geis and hennis suld crye alarum :
 And we sall serve *Secundum usum Sarum*, 700
 And mak you saif : we fynd Sanct Blase to borgh,
 Cryand for yow the cairfull corr ynogh.

And we sall syng about your sepulture,
 Sanct Mongois matynis, and the mekle creid ;
 And syne devoutely saye, I yow assure,
 The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid ;
 And we sall weir, for yow, the murnyng weid :
 And, thocht your spreit with Pluto war profest,
 Devotelie sall your Diregie be adress.

Father, said scho, your facunde wordis fair, 710
 Full sore I dreid, be contrar to your dedis :
 The wyffis of the village cryis, with cair,
 Quhen thai persave your mowe ouirthort thar medis :
 Your fals consait, boith duke and draik sore dreidis ;
 I marvell, suithlie, ye be nocht eschamit
 For your defaultis, beyng so defamit.

It dois abhor, my pure perturbit spreit,
 Tyll mak to yow ony confessioun :
 I heir men saye, ye bene one ypocrite,
 Exemptit frome the Senye and the Sessioun : 720
 To put my geir in your possessioun,
 That wyll I nocht, so help me dame Nature !
 Nor of my corps I wyll yow geve no cure.

Bot, had I heir the nobyll Nychtingall,
 The gentyll Ja, the Merle, and Turtur trew,
 My obsequeis and feistis funerall,
 Ordour thay wald, with notis of the new.
 The plesand Pown, moste angellyke of hew:
 Wald God I wer, this daye, with hym confest,
 And my devyse dewlie be hym adrest ! 730

The myrthfull Maveis, with the gay Goldspink,
 The lustye Larke, wald God thay war present :
 My infortune, forsuith, thay wald forthink,
 And comferte me, that bene so impotent.
 The swyft Swallow, iu prattick moste prudent,
 I wate scho wald my bledyng stem belyve,
 With hir moste verteous stone restringityve.

Compt me the cace, under confessioun,
 The Gled said proudlye to the Papingo,
 And we sall sweir, be our professioun, 740
 Counsall to keip, and schaw it to no mo :
 We thee beseik, or thou depart us fro,
 Declare to us sum causis reasonabyll,
 Quhy we bene haldin so abhominabyll.

Be thy travell, thou hes experience,
 First, beand bred in to the Orient,
 Syne be thy gude servyce, and delygence,
 To Prencis maid heir in the Occident :
 Thow knowis the vulgare pepyllis jugement,
 Quhare thou transcurrit the hote Meridionall, 750
 Syne nyxt the Poill, the plaige Septentrionall.

So, be thyne heych ingyne superlatyve,
 Of all countreis thou knawis the qualiteis ;
 Quharefore, I thee conjure, be God of lyve,
 The veritie declare, withouttin leis,
 Quhat thou hes hard, be landis, or be seis,
 Of us Kirkmen, boith gude and evyll reporte ;
 And quhow thay juge, schaw us, we thee exhorte.

Father, said scho, I catyve creature,
 Dar nocht presume with sic mater to mell ; 760
 Of your caces, ye knaw, I have no cure,
 Demand thame quhilk in prudence doith precell ;
 I maye nocht pew, my panes bene so fell :
 And als, perchance, ye wyll nocht stand content
 To knaw the vulgare pepyllis jugement.

Yit, wyll the deith alyte withdrawe his darte,
 All that lysis in my memoryall,
 I sall declare with trew unfenyeit hart ;
 And first, I saye to you, in generall,
 The commoun peple sayith, ye bene all, 770
 Degenerit frome your holy pirmityvis,
 As testyfeis the proces of your lyvis.

Of your peirles, prudent predecessouris
 The beginnyng, I grant, wes verray gude :
 Apostolis, Martyres, Virgines, Confessouris,
 The sound of thair excellent Sanctitude
 Was hard ouer all the warld, be land and flude ;
 Plantyng the faith, be predicatioun,
 As Christe had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortyfie the faith thay tuke no feir, 780
 Afore Prencis, preching full prudentlie ;
 Of dolorous deith thay doutit nocht the deir,
 The veritie declaryng ferventlie ;
 And martyrdome thay sufferit pacientlie :
 Thay tuke no cure of land, ryches, nor rent ;
 Doctryne and deid war boith equivalent.

To schaw at lenth thair workis, wer gret wonder,
 Thair myracklis, thay wer so manifest ;
 In name of Christe thay hailit mony hounder,
 Rasyng the dede, and purgeing the possest, 790
 With perverst spreitis, quhilkis had bene opprest :
 The crukit ran, the blynd men gat thair ene,
 The deiff men hard, the lypper war maid clene.

The Prelatis spousit wer with Povertie,
 Those dayis, quhen so thay flurisit in fame,
 And, with hir generit lady Chaistitie,
 And dame Devotioun, notabyll of name :
 Humyll thay wer, simpyll, and full of shame.
 Thus Chaistitie and dame Devotioun,
 Wer principall cause of thair promotioun. 800

Thus thay contynewit, in this lyfe devyne,
 Aye tyll thare rang, in Romes gret cietie,
 Ane potent Prince was namit Constantyne
 Persavit the Kirk had spowsit Povertie,
 With gude intent, and movit of pietie,
 Cause of divorce he fand betuix thame two,
 And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

Syne, schortlie, with ane gret solempnitie,
 Withouttin ony dispensatioun,
 The Kirk he spowsit with dame Propirtie, 810
 Quhilk haistelye, be proclamatioun,
 To Povertie gart mak narratioun,
 Under the pane of peirsyng of hir eine,
 That with the Kirk scho sulde no more be seine.

Sanct Sylvester, that tyme, rang Pope in Rome,
 Quhilk first consentit to the mariage
 Of Propirtie, the quhilk began to blome,
 Taking on hir the cure, with heych corrage.
 Devotioun drew hir tyll one heremytage,
 Quhen scho considerit lady Propirtie, 820
 So heych exaltit in to dignitie.

O Sylvester, quhare was thy discretioun,
 Quhilk Peter did renounce thow did resave ;
 Androw, and Jhone, did leif thair possessioun,
 Thair schippis, and nettis, lynes, and all the lave ;
 Of temporall substance no thing wald thay have,
 Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
 Bot soberlye thair sustentatioun.

Johne the Baptist went to the wyldernes.
 Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane, 830
 Left heretage and guddis, more and les :
 Prudent Sanct Paule, thocht Propertie prophane,
 Frome toun to toun he ran, in wynde and rane,
 Upon his feit, techeing the word of grace,
 And never was subjectit to ryches.

The Gled said, Yit I heir no thyng bot gude :
 Proceid schortlye, and thy mater avance.
 The Papyngo said, Father, be the Rude,
 It wer too lang to schaw the circumstance,
 Quhow Propertie, with hir new alyance, 840
 Grew gret with chylde, as trew men to me talde,
 And bure two dochteris, gudlie to behalde.

The eldest dochter named was Ryches,
 The secunde syster, Sensualytie ;
 Quhilks did incres, within one schorte proces,
 Preplesande to the Spiritualitytie,
 In gret substance, and excellent bewtie,
 Thir Ladyis two grew so, within few yeiris,
 That in the world wer non mycht be thair peiris.

This royall Ryches and lady Sensuall 850
 Frome that tyme furth tuke hole the governance,
 Of the moste part of the Stait Spirituall :
 And thay agane, with humbyll observance,
 Amorouslie thair wyttis did avance,
 As trew luffaris, thair ladyis for to pleis :
 God wate, geve than thair hartis war at eis.

Soune thay foryet to study, praye, and preche,
 Thay grew so subject to dame Sensuall,
 And thocht bot paine pure pepyll for to teche ;
 Yit thay decretit, in thair gret Counsall, 860
 Thay wald no more to mariage be thrall,
 Traistyng surely, tyll observe Chaistitie,
 And all begylit, quod Sensualytie.

Apperandlye thay did expell thair wyffis,
 That thay mycht leif at large, without thirlage,
 At libertie to lede thair lustie lyffis,
 Thynkand men thrall, that bene in mariage
 For new faces provokis new corrage:
 Thus Chaistitie thay turne in to delyte:
 Wantyng of wyffis bene cause of appetyte. 870

Dame Chaistitie did steill away for schame,
 Frome tyme scho did persave thair proviance;
 Dame Sensuall, one letter gart proclame,
 And hir exilit Italy and France:
 In Inglande couthe scho get none ordinance:
 Than to the Kyng and Courte of Scotlande
 Scho markit hir, withouttin more demande.

Traistyng in to that Court to get conforte,
 Scho maid hir humyll supplicatioun.
 Schortlye thay said, Scho sulde get na supporte, 880
 Bot bostit hir, with blasphematioun:
 To Preistis go mak your protestatioun:
 It is, said thay, mony one houndreth yeir
 Sen Chaistitie had ony entres heir.

Tyrit for travell, scho to the Preistis past,
 And to the rewlaris of religioun.
 Of hir presens schortlye thay war agast,
 Sayand, thay thocht it bot abusioun
 Hir to resave: so, with conclusioun,
 With one avyce, decretit, and gave dome, 890
 Thay walde resset no rebell out of Rome.

Sulde we resave that Romanis hes refusit,
 And baneist Inglande, Italye, and France,
 For your flattrye, than wer we weill abusit :
 Passe hyne, said thay, and fast your way avance,
 Amang the Nonnis, go seik your ordinance ;
 For we have maid aith of fidelytie
 To dame Ryches and Sensualytie.

Than, paciently, scho maid progressioun
 Towarde the Nonnis, with hart syching full sore. 900
 Thay gaif hir presens, with processioun,
 Ressavand hir with honour, laud, and glore,
 Purposyng to preserve hir ever more.
 Of that novellis come to dame Propertie,
 To Ryches, and to Sensualytie ;

Quhilkis sped thame at the post, rycht spedalye,
 And sett ane seage proudlye about the place.
 The sillye Nonnis did yeild thame haistelye,
 And humyllye of that gylt askit grace,
 Syne gave thair bandis of perpetuall peace. 910
 Ressavand thame, thay kest up wykkets wyde :
 Than Chaistytie walde no langer abyde.

So for refuge, fast to the Freris scho fled,
 Quhilks said, Thay wald of ladyis tak no cure.
 Quhare bene scho now, than said the gredy Gled ?
 Nocht amang yow, said scho, I yow assure :
 I traist scho bene, upon the Borrow-mure,
 Besouth Edinburgh, and that rycht mony menis,
 Profest amang the Systeris of the Schenis.

Thare hes scho found hir mother Povertie, 920
 And Devotioun, hir awin syster carnall ;
 Thare hes scho found Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
 Togidder with the Vertues Cardinall :
 Thare hes scho, found ane Convent yit unthrall
 To dame Sensuall, nor with ryches abusit,
 So quietlye those ladyis bene inclusit.

The Pyote said, I dreid, be thay assailyeit,
 Thay rander thame, as did the holy Nonnis.
 Doute nocht, said scho, for thay bene so artalyeit,
 Thay purpose to defend thame with thair gunnis: 930
 Reddy to schute, thay have sax gret cannounnis,
 Perseverance, Constancye, and Conscience,
 Austerytie, Laubour, and Abstynance.

To resyste subtell Sensualyitie,
 Strongly thay bene enarmit, feit and handis,
 Be Abstynence, and keipith Povertie,
 Contrar Ryches, and all hir fals servandis :
 Thay have ane boumbard, braissit up in bandis,
 To keip thair porte, in myddis of thair clois,
 Quhilk is callit, *Domine custodi nos* ; 940

Within quhose schote thare dar no enemeis
 Approche thair place, for dreid of dyntis doure ;
 Boith nycht and daye thay wyrk, lyke besye beis,
 For thair defence, reddye to stand in stoure,
 And hes sic watcheis on thair utter toure,
 That dame Sensuall with seage dar not assailye,
 Nor cum within the schote of thair artailye.

The Pyote said, Quhareto sulde thay presume
 For to resyste sweit Sensualytie,
 Or dame Ryches, quhilkis reularis bene in Rome? 950
 Ar thay more constant, in thair qualytie,
 Nor the prencis of Spiritualytie,
 Quhilkis plesandlye, withouttin obstakle,
 Haith thame resavit in thair habitakle?

Quhow long, traist ye, those ladyis sall remane
 So solytar, in sic perfectioun?
 The Papingo said, Brother, in certane,
 So lang as thay obey correctioun,
 Cheisying thair heddis be electioun,
 Unthrall to Ryches, or to Povertie, 960
 Bot as requyrith thair necessitie.

O prudent Prelatis, quhare was your presciance,
 That tuke on hand tyll observe Chaistitie,
 But austeir lyfe, laubour, and abstenance?
 Persavit ye nocht the gret prosperitie,
 Apperandlye to cum of Propertie?
 Ye knaw gret cheir, gret eais, and ydelnes
 To Lychorie was mother and maistres.

Thow ravis unrockit, the Ravin said, be the Rude,
 So to reprove Ryches or Propertie. 970
 Abraham, and Ysaac, war ryche, and verray gude;
 Jacobe and Josephe had prosperitie.
 The Papingo said, That is verytie;
 Ryches, I grant, is nocht to be refusit,
 Providyng alwaye, it be nocht abusit.

Than laid the Ravin ane Replycatioun,
 Syne said, Thy reasone is nocht worth ane myte,
 As I sall prove, with protestatioun
 That no man tak my wordis in dispyte :
 I saye, the temporall Prencis hes the wyte, 980
 That in the Kirk sic pastours dois provyde
 To governe saulis, that not tham selfis can gyde.

Lang tyme efter the Kirk tuke Propertie,
 The Prelatis levit in gret perfectioun,
 Unthrall to Ryches, or Sensualytie,
 Under the Holy Spreitis protectioun,
 Orderly chosin, be electioun,
 As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit, and Lyne.

Sic pacient Prelatis enterit be the porte, 990
 Plesand the peple be predication.
 Now dyke-lowparis dois in the Kirk resort :
 Be symonie, and supplycatioun
 Of Prencis be thair presentatioun ;
 So sillye saulis, that bene Christis scheip,
 Ar gevin to hungrye gormande wolfis to keip.

No marvell is, thocht we Religious men
 Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit :
 Bot sing, and drynk, none uther craft we ken,
 Our Spirituall Fatheris hes us so abusit : 1000
 Agane our wyll, those treukouris bene intrusit.
 Lawit men hes now religious men in curis ;
 Profest virgenis, in keipyng of strong huris.

Prencis, prencis, quhar bene your heych prudence
 In dispositioun of your beneficeis ?

The guerdonyng of your courtience,
 Is sum cause of thir gret enormyteis.

Thare is one sorte, wattand, lyke houngre fleis,
 For Spirituall cure, thocht thay be no thing abyll,
 Quhose gredie thristis bene insaciabyll. 1010

Prencis, I pray yow, be no more abusit,
 To verteous men havying so small regarde :
 Quhy sulde vertew, through flattrye, be refusit,
 That men for cunnyng can get no rewarde ?
 Allace ! that ever one braggar, or ane barde,
 Ane hure maister, or commoun hasarture,
 Sulde, in the Kirk, get ony kynde of cure !

War I one man worthy to weir ane croun,
 Aye quhen thare vakit ony beneficeis,
 I suld gar call ane Congregatioun, 1020
 The principall of all the Prelaceis,
 Moste cunnyng clerkis of Universiteis,
 Moste famous Fatheris of religioun,
 With thair advyse, mak dispositioun.

I sulde dispone all offices pastorallis
 Tyll Doctouris of Devynitie, or Jure ;
 And cause dame Vertew pull up all hir sailis,
 Quhen cunnyng men had in the Kirk moist cure ;
 Gar Lordis send thair sonnes, I yow assure,
 To seik science, and famous sculis frequent ; 1030
 Syne thame promote that wer moste sapient.

Gret plesour wer to heir ane Byschope preche,
 One Deane, or Doctour in Divinitie,
 One Abbote quhilk could weill his Convent teche,
 One Persoun flowyng in phylosophie :
 I tyme my tyme, to wys quhilk wyll nocht be ;
 War nocht the preaching of the Begging Freris,
 Tynt war the faith amang the Seculeris.

As for thair precheing, quod the Papingo,
 I thame excuse, for quhy, thay bene so thrall 1040
 To Propertie, and hir ding Dochteris two,
 Dame Ryches, and fair lady Sensuall,
 That may nocht use no pastyme spirituall ;
 And in thair habitis, thay tak sic delyte,
 Thay have renuncit russat and raploch quhyte.

Cleikand to thame skarlote, and crammosie,
 With menever, matrik, grice, and ryche armyne ;
 Thair lawe hartis exaultit ar so hie,
 To see thair Papale pompe, it is ane pyne.
 More ryche arraye is now, with frenyeis fyne, 1050
 Upon the bardyng of ane Byscheopis mule,
 Nor ever had Paule, or Peter, agane Yule.

Syne fair ladyis, thair chene may not eschape,
 Dame Sensuall so sic seid haith in tham sawin ;
 Les skaith it war, with lycence of the Pape,
 That ilke Prelate one wyfe had of his awin,
 Nor se thair bastardis ouirthort the countre blawin ;
 For now, be thay be weill cumin frome the sculis,
 Thay fall to work, as thay war commoun bullis.

Pew, quod the Gled, thow prechis all in vaine : 1060

Ye Seculare floks hes of our cace no curis.

I grant, said scho ; yit men wyll speik agane,

Quhow ye haif maid a hundreth thousand huris,

Quhilkis nevir hade bene, war not your lychorous

And geve I lee, hartlye I me repent ; [luris :

Was never bird, I watt, more penitent.

Than scho hir shrave, with devote contynance,

To that fals Gled, quhilk fenyeit hym one freir ;

And quhen scho had fulfyllit hir pennance,

Full subtellye at hir he gan inqueir : 1070

Cheis yow, said he, quhilk of us Brether heir

Sall have of all your naturall geir the curis :

Ye know none bene more holye creaturis.

I am content, quod the pure Papingo,

That ye frier Gled, and Corby monk, your brother,

Have cure of all my guddis, and no mo,

Sen at this tyme, freindschip I fynd non uthir.

We salbe to yow trew, as tyll our Mother,

Quod thay, and sweir tyll fulfyll hir intent.

Of that, said scho, I tak ane Instrument. 1080

The Pyote said, Quhat sall myne office bee ?

Ouirman, said scho, unto the tother two.

The rowpand Revin said, Sweit syster, lat see

Your holy intent ; for it is tyme to go.

The gredie Gled said, Brother, do nocht so ;

We wyll remane, and haldin up hir hede,

And never depart frome hir till scho be dede.

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlye,
 And said, Sen ye have tane on yow this cure,
 Depart myne naturall guddis equalye, 1090
 That ever I had, or hes of dame Nature ;
 First, to the Howlet, indigent and pure,
 Quhilk on the daye, for schame, dar nocht be sene,
 Tyll hir I laif my gaye galbarte of grene.

My brycht depurit ene, as christall cleir,
 Unto the Bak ye sall thame boith present ;
 In Phebus presens quhilk dar nocht appeir,
 Of naturall sycht scho bene so impotent.
 My birneist beik I laif, with gude entent,
 Unto the gentyll, piteous Pellicane, 1100
 To helpe to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

I laif the Goik, quhilk hes no sang bot one,
 My musyke, with my voce angelycall ;
 And, to the Guse, ye geve, quhen I am gone,
 My eloquence and toung rethoricall :
 And tak and drye my bonis, gret and small,
 Syne, close thame in one cais of ebure fyne,
 And thame present onto the Phenix syne,

To birne with hir, quhen scho hir lyfe renewis ;
 In Arabye, ye sall hir fynde but weir, 1110
 And sall knaw hir be hir moste hevinly hewis,
 Gold, asure, gowles, purpoure, and synopeir.
 Hir dait is for to leif fyve houndreth yeir ;
 Mak to that bird my commendatioun :
 And als, I mak yow supplycatioun,

Sen of my corps I have yow gevin the cure,
 Ye speid yow to the court, but tareyng,
 And tak my hart, of perfyte portrature,
 And it present unto my Soverane Kyng :
 I wat he wyll it clois in to one ryng. 1120
 Commende me to his Grace, I yow exhorte,
 And of my passion, mak hym trew reporte.

Ye thre my trypes sall have, for your travell,
 With luffer and lowng, to part equale amang yow ;
 Prayand Pluto, the potent prince of hell,
 Geve ye failye, that in his feit he fang yow,
 Be to me trew, thocht I no thyng belang yow :
 Sore I suspect, your conscience be too large.
 Doute nocht, said thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew, Brether ! quod the pure Papingo ; 1130
 To talking more I have no tyme to tarye :
 Bot, sen my spreit mon fra my body go,
 I recommend it to the Quene of Farye,
 Eternallye in tyll hir court to carye,
 In wyldernes, among the holtis hore.
 Than scho inclynit hir hed, and spak no more.

Plungit in tyll hir mortall passioun,
 Full grevouslie scho gryppit to the ground.
 It war too lang to mak narratioun,
 Of sychis sore, with mony stang and stound, 1140
 Out of hir wound the blude did so abound,
 One compas round was with hir blude maid reid :
 Without remeid, thare wes no thyng bot dede.

And be scho had, *In Manus tuas*, said,
 Extinctit wer hir naturall wyttis fyve ;
 Hir heid full softlye on hir schulder laid,
 Syne yeild the spreit, with panes pungityve.
 The Ravin began rudely to rug and ryve,
 Full gormondlyke, his emptie throte to feid.
 Eit softlye, brother, said the gredy Gled : 1150

Quhill scho is hote, depart hir evin amang us ;
 Tak thow one half, and reik to me ane uther :
 In tyll our rycht, I wat, no wycht dar wrang us.
 The Pyote said, The feinde resave the fouthier.
 Quhy mak ye me stepbarne, and I your brother ?
 Ye do me wrang, schir Gled, I schrew your harte.
 Tak thare, said he, the puddyngis, for thy parte.

Than, wyt ye weill, my hart wes wounder sair,
 For to behalde that dolent departyng,
 Hir angell fedderis fleying in the air ; 1160
 Except the hart, was left of hir no thyng.
 The Pyote said, This pertenith to the Kyng,
 Quhilk tyll his Grace I purpose to present.
 Thow, quod the Gled, sall fail of thyne entent.

The Ravin said, God ! nor I rax in ane raipe,
 And thow get this tyll outhier kyng or duke !
 The Pyote said, Plene I nocht to the Pape
 Than in ane smedie I be smorit with smuke.
 With that the Gled the pece claucht in his cluke,
 And fled his way : the lave, with all thair mycht, 1170
 To chace the Gled, flew all out of my sycht.

Now have ye hard this lytill Tragedie,
 The sore Complent, the Testament, and myschance
 Of this pure Bird, quhilk did ascend so hie.
 Beseikand yow, excuse myne ignorance,
 And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht tyll avance.
 And to the quair, I geve commandiment,
 Mak no repair quhair Poetis bene present :

Because thow bene
 But Rethorike, so rude,
 Be never sene,
 Besyde none other buke, 1180
 With Kyng, nor Quene,
 With Lord, nor man of gude;
 With coit unclene,
 Clame kynrent to sum cuke;
 Steil in ane nuke,
 Quhen thay lyste on thee luke;
 For smell of smuke,
 Men wyll abhor to beir thee;
 Heir I manesweir thee;
 Quhairfor, to lurke go leir thee.

THE ANSWER

QUHILK SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY MAID TO THE KINGIS FLYTING.

REDOUTIT ROY, your ragment I haif red
 Quhilk dois perturb my dul intendement :
From your Flyting, wald God that I wer fred,
 Or ellis sum tygeris toung wer to me lent :
 Schir, pardone me, thocht I be impacient,
Quhilk bene so with your prunzeand pen detractit,
And rude report, frome Venus court dejectit.

Lustie ladyis, that your libellis lukis,
 My cumpanie dois hald abhominable ;
Commandand me beir cumpanie to the cukis, 10
 Moist lyke ane devill, thay hald me detestable ;
 Thay baneis me, sayand, I am nocht able
Thame to compleis, or preis to thair presence :
Upon your pen, I cry ane loud vengeance.

Wer I ane Poeit, I suld preis with my pen,
 To wreik me on your vennemous wryting ;
Bot I man do, as dog dois in his den,
 Fald baith my feit, or fle fast frome your Flyting,
 The mekil Devil may nocht indure your dyting :

Quharefor, *Cor mundum crea in me*, I cry, 20
 Proclamand yow the Prince of Poetry.

Schir, with my Prince, pertenit me nocht to pley,
 Bot, sen your Grace, hes gevin me sic command
 To mak answer, it must neidis me obey:

Thocht ye be now strang, lyke ane elephant,
 And in till Venus werkis maist vailzeand,
 The day wyll cum, and that within few yeiris,
 That ye will draw at laiser, with your feiris.

Quhat can ye say farther, bot I am failzeit
 In Venus werkis, I grant Schir, that is trew; 30

The tyme hes bene, I was better artailzeit,
 Nor I am now, bot yit full sair I rew,
 That ever I did mouth-thankles so persew:
 Quharefor, tak tent, and your fyne powder spare,
 And waist it nocht, bot gyf ye wit weill quhare.

Thocht ye rin rudelie, lyke ane restles ram,
 Schutand your bolt at mony sindrie schellis,
 Beleif richt weill, it is ane bydand gam:
 Quharefor be war, with dowbling of the bellis,
 For mony ane dois haist thair awin saule knellis; 40
 And speciallie, quhen that the well gois dry,
 Syne can nocht get agane sic stufe to by.

I give your Counsale, to the feynd of Hell,
 That wald nocht of ane Princess yow provide;
 Tholand yow rin schutand frome schell to schell,
 Waistand your corps, lettand the tyme ouerslyde:
 For lyke ane boisteous bull, ye rin, and ryde,

Royatouslie, lyke ane rude rubeator,
Ay lukkand lyke ane furious fornicatour.

On ladronis for to loup, ye wyll nocht lat, 50
Howbeit the caribaldis cry, the Corinoch :
Remember how, besyde the masking fat,
Ye caist ane quene ouerthort ane stinking troch,
That feynd, with fuffilling of hir roistit hoch,
Caist doun the fat, quharthrow drink, draf, and juggis,
Come rudely rinnand doun about your luggis.

Wald God, the lady, that luffit yow best,
Had sene yow thare ly swetterand like twa swyne ;
Bot to indyte, how that duddroun wes drest,
Drowkit with dreggis, quhimperand with mony
quhryne, 60
That process to report, it wer ane pyne :
On your behalf, I thank God, tymes ten score,
That yow preservit from gut, and from grandgore.

Now, Schir, fairweill, because I can nocht Flyte,
And thocht I could, I wer nocht till avance
Aganis your ornate meter to indyte :
Bot yit be war, with lawbouring of your lance,
Sum sayis, thare cummis ane buckler furth of France,
Quhilk wyll indure your dintis, thocht thay be dour : 70
Fair weill, of flowand Rethorick the Flour.

Quod Lyndesay, in his Flyting,
Aganis the Kingis dyting.

THE COMPLAYNT

AND PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE KINGIS
AULD HOUND, CALLIT BAGSCHE, DIREC-
TIT TO BAWTIE, THE KINGIS BEST BE-
LOVIT DOG, AND HIS COMPANZEONIS.

ALLACE ! quhome to suld I complayne,
In my extreme necessitie :
Or quhame to sall I mak my maine
In court, na dog wyll do for me,
Beseikand sum for cheritie,
To beir my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now, or the King pas off the town.

I have followit the court so lang,
Quhill, in gude faith, I may no mair ;
The Countre knawis I may nocht gang,
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wait nocht quhare to repair ;
For, quhen I had autoritie,
I thocht me so familiar,
I never dred necessitie.

I rew the race, that Geordie Steill,
 Brocht Bawtie to the Kingis presence,
 I pray God, lat him never do weill,
 Sen syne I gat na audience ; 20
 For, Bawtie now gettis sic credence,
 That he lysis on the Kingis nycht gown,
 Quhare, I perforce, for my offence,
 Man, in the clois, ly lyke ane loun.

For I haif bene, ay to this hour,
 Ane wirrear of lamb, and hog ;
 Ane tyrane, and ane tulzeour,
 Ane murdreissar of mony ane dog :
 Fyve foullis I chaist out throch ane scrog,
 Quharefor thair motheris did me warie ; 30
 For thay war drownit all in ane bog ;
 Speir at Jhone Gordoun of Pittarie,

Quhilk in his house, did bryng me up,
 And usit me to slay the deir ;
 Sweit milk, and meill, he gart me sup,
 That craft I leirnit sone perqueir ;
 All uther vertew ran arreir,
 Quhen I began to bark, and flyte ;
 For thare was nother monk, nor freir, 40
 Nor wyfe, nor barne, bot I wold byte.

Quhen to the King the cace was knawin
 Of my unhappy hardines,
 And all the suth unto hym schawin,
 How everilk dog I did oppres ;
 Than, gaif his Grace command expres,

I suld be brocht to his presence ;
 Nochtwithstanding my wickitnes,
 In Court I gat greit audience.

I schew my greit ingratitude,
 To the capitane of Badzeno,
 Quhilk, in his house, did find me fude
 Twa yeir, with other houndis mo :
 Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
 That I grew heich into the court,
 For his reward I wrocht hym wo,
 And cruellie I did hym hurt.

50

So thay that gave me to the King,
 I was thair mortall enemie,
 I tuke cure of na kynd of thing,
 Bot pleis the Kingis Majestie ;
 Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
 My falset, and my plane oppressioun,
 He gave command, that I suld be,
 Hangit, and that without confessioun.

60

And yit because that I was auld,
 His Grace thocht petie for to hang me,
 Bot leit me wander quhare I wald ;
 Than set my fais for to fang me,
 And every bouchour dog doun dang me ;
 Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
 Than, in the court, ilk wicht did wrang me ;
 And this I gat for my rewaird.

70

I had wirreit blak Makesoun,
 Wer nocht that rebaldis come, and red ;
 Bot he was flemit of the toun,
 From tyme the King saw how I bled ;
 He gart lay me upon ane bed,
 For with ane knife I was mischevit ;
 This Makesoun, for feir, he fled, 80
 Ane lang tyme or he was relevit.

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle,
 I bure him bakwart to the ground,
 And had him slane, within ane quhyle ;
 War nocht the helping of ane hound :
 Yit, gat he mony bludie wound,
 As yit his skyn wyll schaw the markis ;
 Find me ane dog quhare ever ye found
 Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis.

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndesayis dog, 90
 Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lautie,
 And never wirryit lamb, nor hog ;
 Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
 Of me Bagsche to have pitie,
 And provide me ane portioun,
 In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre
 Pennance, for my extortioun :

Get, be thair solistatioun,
 Ane letter frome the Kingis Grace,
 That I may have collatioun, 100
 With fyre and candil, in the place ;
 Bot I wyll leif schort tyme allace !

Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis ;
 Betuix Ashwednesday, and Paice,
 I man have leve to wirrie lambis.

Bawtie, consider weill this bill,
 And reid this cedull, that I send yow,
 And everilk poynt thareof fulfill,
 And now in tyme of mys amend yow ;
 I pray yow, that ye nocht pretend yow, 110
 To clym ower hie, nor do na wrang,
 Bot frome your fais with richt defend yow,
 And tak exemple quhow I gang.

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
 Nor put me furth of my lugeing ;
 Na dog durst fra my denner sker me,
 Quhen I was tender with the King :
 Now everilk tyke dois me doun thring,
 The quhilk before, be me war wrangit,
 And sweris, I serve na uther thing, 120
 Bot, in an helter, to be hangit.

Thocht ye be hamelie with the King,
 Ye Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
 Be war that ye do nocht doun thring,
 Your nychtbouris throw autoritie :
 And your exemple mak be me,
 And beleve weill ye ar bot doggis,
 Thocht ye stand in the hiest gre,
 Se ye byte nother lambis, nor hoggis.

Thocht ye have now greit audience, 130
 Se that be yow be nane opprest ;
 Ye wylbe punischt for your offence,
 Frome tyme the King be weill confest ;
 Thare is na dog, that has transgrest
 Throw crueltie, and he may fang him,
 His Majestie wyll tak na rest,
 Tyll on ane gallous he gar hang him.

I was anis als far ben as ye ar,
 And had in Court als greit credence,
 And ay pretendit to be hear ; 140
 Bot, quhen the Kingis Excellence,
 Did knaw my falset, and offence,
 And my prydefull presumptioun,
 I gat nane uther recompence,
 Bot hoyit, and houndit, of the toun.

Was never sa unkynd ane corce,
 As quhen I had autoritie :
 Of my freindis, I tuke na force,
 The quhilkis afore had done for me.
 This proverb, is of veritie, 150
 Quhilk I hard red, in tyll ane letter :
 Hiest in Court nixt the widdie,
 Without he gyde hym all the better.

I tuke na mair compt of ane lord,
 Nor I did of ane keitching knaif,
 Thocht everilk day I maid discord,
 I was set up abone the laif,

The gentill hound was to me slaif,
 And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed,
 The sillie rachis wald I raif; 160
 Thus, for my evill deidis, wes I dred :

Tharefor, Bawtie, luke best about,
 Quhen thou art hiest with the King,
 For then thou standis in greitest dout,
 Be thou nocht gude of governing :
 Put na pure tyke frome his steiding,
 Nor yit na sillie rachis raif ;
 He sittis abone that seis all thing,
 And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

Quhen I cam steppand ben the flure, 170
 All rachis greit roume to me red ;
 I of na creature take cure,
 Bot lap upon the Kingis bed,
 With claith of gold, thocht it wer spred ;
 For feir, ilk freik wald stand on far,
 With everilk dog I was so dred,
 Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.

Gude brother Bawtie, beir thee evin,
 Thocht with thy Prince thow be potent ;
 It cryis ane vengeance frome the hevin, 180
 For till oppres ane innocent :
 In welth be than maist vigilant,
 And do na wrang to dog, nor beiche,
 As I have, quhilk I now repent,
 Na messane reif, to mak thee riche.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
 Ask na reward, schir, at the King,
 Quhilk may do hurt to uther houndis,
 . Expres aganis Goddis bidding :
 Chais na pure tyke from his midding, 190
 Throw cast of Court, or Kingis requeist ;
 And of thyself presume no thing,
 Except thow art ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thare is none oppressour,
 Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
 Ane tyrane, nor ane transgressour,
 That sall now of the King get gude ;
 From tyme furth, that his Celsitude
 Dois cleirlie knaw the veritie,
 Bot he is flemit, for to conclude, 200
 Or hangit heich upon ane tre.

Thocht ye be cuplit all togidder,
 With silk, and swoulis of sylver fyne ;
 Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder,
 And gar yow leid ane lawer tryne ;
 Than sall your plesour turne in pyne,
 Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
 And all your treddingis gar yow tyne ;
 Than sall your labour be forlorne.

I say no more, gude freindis, Adew ! 210
 In dreid we never meit agane :
 That ever I kend the Court, I rew,
 Was never wucht so will of wane :
 Lat no dog serve our Soverane,

Without he be of gude conditioun ;
Be he perverst, I tell yow plane,
He hes neid of ane gude remissioun.

That I am on this way mischevit,
The Erle of Hountlie I may warie,
He wend I had bene weill relevit
Quhen to the Courte he gart me carie ;
Wald God, I war now in Pittarie,
Because I have bene so evil deidie :
Adew ! I dar na langer tarie,
In dreid, I waif in tyll ane widdie.

THE DEPLORATIOUN OF
THE DEITH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

O CREWELL Deith ! too greit is thy puissance,
Devorar of all erthlie levyng thingis :
Adam, we may thee wyit of this mischance,
In thy default, this cruell tyrane ringis ;
And sparis nother Empryour, nor Kingis :
And now, allace ! hes reft furth of this land,
The flour of France, and confort of Scotland.

Father Adam, allace ! that thou abusit
Thy fre wyll, being inobedient
Thow chesit deith, and lestyng lyfe refusit : 10
Thy successioun, allace ! that may repent,
That thou hes maid mankynd so impotent ;
That it may mak to deith no resistance,
Exemple of our Quene, the flour of France.

O dreidfull dragoun ! with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did nocht spair of femynine the flour ;
Bot, crewellie, did perse hir throuch the hart,
And wald nocht give hir respite for ane hour,
To remane with hir Prynce, and paramour,
That scho at laiser, mycht have tane licence : 20
Scotland on thee, may cry ane loud vengeance.

Thow leit Methusalem leif nine houndreth yeir,
 Thre score and nyne, bot in thy furious rage
 Thow did devore this young Princess, but peir,
 Or scho was compleit sevintene yeir of age.
 Gredie gorman ! quhy did thow nocht assuage
 Thy furious rage, contrair that lustie Quene,
 Till we sum fruct had of hir bodye sene.

O dame Nature ! thow did na deligence,
 Contrair this theif, quhilk all the warld confoundis ; 30
 Had thow with naturall targis maid defence,
 That brybour had nocht cummit within hir boundis,
 And had been savit, frome sic mortall stoundis,
 This mony ane yeir, bot quhare was thy discretioun
 That leit hir pas, till we had sene successioun.

O Venus ! with thy blind sone, Cupido,
 Fy on yow baith ! that maid na resistance ;
 In to your court, ye never had sic two,
 So leill luffaris, without dissimulance,
 As James the Fyft and Magdalene of France, 40
 Discendyng baith of blude Imperiall,
 To quhome in lufe, I find na paregall.

For, as Leander swame outthrow the flude,
 To his fair Lady Hero, mony nichtis,
 So did this Prynce, throw bulryng stremis wode,
 With erlis, baronis, squyaris, and with knychtis,
 Contrair Neptune, and Eoll, and thair mychtis,
 And left his Realme, in greit disesperance,
 To seik his lufe, the first Dochter of France.

And scho, like prudent Quene Penelope, 50
 Full constantlie wald change hym for none uther,
 And for his plesour left hir awin countre,
 Without regard to Fader, or to Mother,
 Taking no cure of sister, nor of brother ;
 Bot schortlie tuke hir leif, and left thame all,
 For lufe of him to quhom lufe maid hir thrall.

O dame Fortune ! quhare was thy greit confort
 Till hir, to quhome thow was so favorabill ?
 Thy slyding giftis maid hir na support,
 Hir hie lynage, nor riches intellegill, 60
 I se thy puissance bene bot variabill ;
 Quhen hir Father, the maist hie Cristin King,
 Till his deir chyld, nicht mak no supporting.

The potent Prince, hir lustye lufe, and knight,
 With his maist hardie Noblis of Scotland,
 Contrair that bailfull bribour had no nicht,
 Thocht all the men had bene at his command
 Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and England,
 With fiftie thousand millioun of tresour,
 Nicht nocht prolong that Ladyis lyfe ane hour. 70

O Paris ! of all citeis principall,
 Quhilk did resave our Prince, with laud, and glorie
 Solempnitlie throw arkis triumphall,
 Quhilk day bene digne, to put in memorie ;
 For as Pompey, efter his victorie,
 Was into Rome resavit, with greit joy,
 So thow resavit our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot, at his mariage, maid upon the morne,
 Sic solace, and solempnizatioun,
 Was never sene afore, sen Christ was borne, 80
 Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun ;
 Thare selit was the confirmatioun
 Of the weill keipit ancient Alliance,
 Maid betuix Scotland and the realme of France.

I never did se one day mair glorious,
 So mony, in so riche abilzementis
 Of silk, and gold, with stonis precious,
 Sic bankettyng, sic sound of instrumentis,
 With sang, and dance, and martiall tornamentis :
 Bot, lyke ane storme, efter ane plesand morrow, 90
 Sone was our solace changit in to sorrow.

O traytour Deith ! quhome none may contramand,
 Thow mycht have sene the preparatioun
 Maid be the Thre Estaitis of Scotland,
 With greit confort and consolatioun
 In everilk cietie, castell, toure, and town,
 And how ilk Nobill set his haille intent,
 To be excellent in abilzement.

Theif ! saw thow nocht the greit preparatyvis
 Of Edinburgh, the nobill famous toun ; 100
 Thow saw the peple, labouring for thair lyvis,
 To mak triumphe, with trump, and clarioun ;
 Sic plesour was never, in to this regioun,
 As suld have bene the day of hir entrace ;
 With greit propynis, gevin till hir Grace.

Thow saw makand rycht costlie scaffolding,
 Depayntit weill, with gold, and asure fine,
 Reddie preparit for the upsetting,
 With fontanis, flowing watter cleir, and wyne,
 Disagysit folkis, lyke creaturis divyne, 110
 On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie storie,
 Bot, all in greiting turnit thow that glorie.

Thow saw mony ane lustie fresche galland,
 Weill ordourit for resaving of thair Quene :
 Ilk craftisman, with bent bow, in his hand,
 Full galzeartlie in schort clething of grene :
 The honest Burges, cled thow suld have sene,
 Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane,
 For till have met thair Lady Soverane.

Provest, Baillies, and Lordis of the toun, 120
 The Senatouris, in ordour consequent,
 Cled into silk of purpure, blak, and brown ;
 Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
 With mony knyghtlie Barroun, and Banrent,
 In silk, and gold, in colouris comfortable ;
 Bot, thow, allace ! all turnit in to sable.

Syne all the Lordis of Religioun,
 And Princes of the preistis venerable,
 Full plesandlie in thair processioun,
 With all the cunnyng Clerkis honorable ; 130
 Bot, thiftuouslie, thow tyrane tresonable,
 All thair greit solace, and solempniteis,
 Thow turnit in till dulefull Diregeis.

Syne nixt, in ordour, passing throw the toun,
 Thow suld have hard the din of instrumentis,
 Of tabrone, trumpet, schalme, and clarioun,
 With reird redoundand, throw the elementis :
 The Herauldis, with thair awful vestimentis,
 With Maseris, upon ather of thair handis,
 To rewle the preis, with burneist silver wandis. 140

Syne, last of all, in ordour triumphall,
 That most illuster Princess honorable,
 With hir the lustie ladyis of Scotland,
 Quhilk suld have bene ane sicht most delectable ;
 Hir rayment to rehers, I am nocht able,
 Of gold, and perle, and precious stonis brycht,
 Twinklyng lyke sterris, in ane frostie nycht.

Under ane pall of gold, scho sulde have past,
 Be burgessis borne, clothit in silkis fyne,
 The greit maister of housholde, all thare laste, 150
 With hym, in ordour, all the Kingis tryne,
 Quhais ordinance war langsum to defyne ;
 On this maner, scho passing throw the toun
 Suld have resavit mony benisoun,

Of virginis, and of lustie burges wyiffis ;
 Quhilk suld have bene ane sicht celestially ;
Vive la Royme ! cryand for thair lyiffis,
 With ane harmonious sound angelicall ;
 In everilk corner, myrthis musicall :
 Bot thow tyrane, in quhome is found no grace, 160
 Our Alleluya hes turnit in Allace !

Thow sulde have hard the ornate Oratouris,
 Makand hir Hienes salutatioun,
 Baith of the Clergy, Toun, and Counsalouris,
 With mony notable narratioun :
 Thow suld have sene hir Coronatioun,
 In the fair Abbay of the Haly Rude,
 In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.

Sic banketting, sic awfull tornamentis,
 On hors, and fute, that tyme quhilk suld haif bene ;
 Sic Chapell Royall, with sic instrumentis, [170
 And craftie musick, singing from the splene,
 In this countre, was never hard, nor sene :
 Bot, all this greit solempnitie, and gam,
 Turnit thow hes, *In Requiem æternam.*

Inconstant warld ! thy freindschip, I defy ;
 Sen strenth, nor wisdome, riches, nor honour,
 Vertew, nor bewtie, none may certefy,
 Within thy boundis, for to remane ane hour ;
 Quhat vailith to be Kyng, or Empryour, 180
 Sen pryncely puissance may nocht be exemit
 From deith, quhais dolour can nocht be expremit !

Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
 Bot all mon passe be that horrible port ;
 Lat us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
 That dulefull day to be our greit confort,
 That in His realme, we may with Him resort,
 Quhilkis from the hell, with His blude ransomit bene,
 With Magdalene, umquhyle of Scotland Quene.

O Deith ! thocht thow the bodie may devore 190
 Of every man, yit hes thow na puissance,
 Of thair vertew, for to consume the glore,
 As salbe sene of Magdalene. of France,
 Umquhyle our Quene, quhome Poetis shall avance,
 And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
 So sall hir fame of thee haif victorie.

Thocht thow hes slane the hevinly Flour of France,
 Quhilk impit was in to the Thrissill kene,
 Quhairin all Scotland saw thair hail plesance,
 And maid the Lyoun rejoysit frome the splene: 200
 Thocht rute be pullit frome the levis grene,
 The smell of it sall, in despyte of thee,
 Keip ay twa Realmes in peace, and amitie.

THE JUSTING BETUIX

JAMES WATSOUN AND JHONE BARBOUR,
SERVITOURIS TO KING JAMES THE FYFT.

IN Sanct Androis, on Whitsoun Monnunday,
Twa campionis thair manheid did assay :
Past to the barres, enarmit heid and handis,
Was never sene sic justing in no landis.
In presence of the Kingis Grace, and Quene,
Quhare mony lustie lady mycht be sene :
Mony ane knight, barroun, and banrent,
Come for to se that awfull Tornament.
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Jhone Barbour, the uther campion ; 10
Unto the King thay wer familiaris,
And of his chalmer both cubicularis :
James was ane man of greit intelligence,
Ane medicinar ful of experience ;
And Jhone Barbour, he was ane nobill leche,
Crukit carlingis, he wald gar thame get speche.
From tyme thay enterit war into the feild,
Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thair heillis,
Hobland lyke cadgeris rydand on thair creillis ; 20
But ather ran at uther with sic haist,
That they could never thair speir get in the reist ;

Quhen gentill James trowit best with Jhone to meit,
 His speir did fald among his horsis feit :
 I am richt sure, gude James had bene undone,
 War nocht that Johne his marke tuke be the Mone.
 Quod Johne, Howbeit thou thinkis my leggis lyke
 My speir is gude, now keip ye fra my knokkis. [rokkis,
 Tary, quod James, ane quhyle, for be my thrift
 The feind ane thing I can se bot the lift. 30
 No more can I, quod Johne, be Goddis breid,
 I se na thing except the steipill heid ;
 Yit, thocht thy braunis be lyk twa barrōw trammis,
 Defend thee, man ! Than ran thay to, lyk rammis.
 At that rude rink, James had bene strykin down,
 War nocht that Johne, for feirsnes fell in swoun ;
 And rycht sa James to Johne had done greit deir,
 Wer not amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
 Quod James to Johne, Yit for our ladyis saikis,
 Lat us togidder straik three market straikis. 40
 I had, quod Johne, that sall on thee be wrokin ;
 Bot or he spurrit his hors, his speir was brokin.
 From tyme with speiris nane could his marrow meit ;
 James drew ane swerd, with ane richt awful spreit,
 And ran til Johne, til haif raucht him ane rout ;
 Johnis swerd was roustit, and wald no way cam out.
 Than James leit dryfe at Johne, with boith his fistis,
 He mist the man, and dang upon the lystis ;
 And with that straik, he trowit that Johne was slane,
 His swerd stak fast, and gat it never agane. 50
 Be this, gude Johne had gottin furth his sword,
 And ran to James with mony awfull word :
 My furiousness, for suith, now sall thou find !

Straikand at James his swerd flew in the wind.
Than, gentill James began to crack greit wordis ;
Allace ! quod he, this day for falt of swordis.
Than ather ran at uther with new raicis
With gluifis of plait thay dang at utheris facis.
Quha wan this feild, na creature culd ken,
Till at the last Johne cryit, Fy ! red the men : 60
Yea ! red, quod James, for that is my desyre,
It is ane hour sen I began to tyre.

Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
Into the feild micht no man stand for stink :
Than every man, that stude on far, cryit, Fy !
Sayand Adew ! for dirt partis company.
Thair hors, harnis, and all geir, wes so gude,
Lovyng to God ! that day was sched no blude.

QUOD LYNDESAY, AT COMMAND OF KING

JAMES THE FYFT.

ANE SUPPLICATION
DIRECTIT TO THE KINGIS GRACE, IN
CONTEMPTIOUN OF SYDE TAILLIS.

SCHIR ! thocht your Grace hes put gret ordour.
Baith in the Hieland, and the Bordour ;
Yit mak I Supplicatioun,
Till have sum reformatioun
Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to ressoun.
Because the mater bene so vyle,
It may nocht have ane ornate style ;
Quharefor, I pray your Excellence,
To heir me with greit patience : 10
Of stinkand weidis maculate,
Na man may mak ane rois chaiplate.
Soverane, I mene of thir Syde Tailis,
Quhilk throw the dust, and dubbis traillis,
Thre quarteris lang behynd thair heillis,
Expres agane all Commounweillis.
Thocht Bischopis, in thair pontificallis,
Have men for to beir up thair taillis,
For dignitie of thair office ;
Richt so ane Quene, or ane Emprice ; 20
Howbeit thay use sic gravitie,
Conformand to thair Majestie :
Thocht thair rob royallis be upborne,

I think it is ane verray scorne,
 That every lady of the land
 Suld have hir taill so syde trailland ;
 Howbeit thay bene of hie estait
 The Quene, thay suld nocht counterfait.
 Quhare ever thay go, it may be sene,
 How kirk, and calsay, thay soup clene ; 30
 The imagis in to the Kirk,
 May think of thair syde taillis irk :
 For quhen the wedder bene maist fair,
 The dust fleis hiest in the air,
 And all thair facis dois begarie,
 Gif thay culd speik, thay wald thame warie.
 To se I think ane pleasand sicht,
 Of Italie the ladyis bricht,
 In thair clething maist triumphand,
 Above all other Christin land : 40
 Yit, quhen thay travell throw the townis,
 Men seis thair feit beneth thair gownis,
 Four inche abone thair proper heillis,
 Circulat about als round as quheillis ;
 Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
 Thair fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis.
 Bot, I think maist abusioun,
 To se men of religioun,
 Gar beir thair taillis throw the streit,
 That folkis may behald thair feit, 50
 I trow Sanct Bernards, nor Sanct Blais,
 Gart never man beir up thair clais ;
 Peter, nor Paule, nor Sanct Androw,
 Gart never beir up thair taillis, I trow.

Bot, I lauch best to se ane Nun,
 Gar beir hir taill abone hir bun,
 For no thing ellis, as I suppois,
 Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois :
 In all thair Rewlis, they will nocht find
 Quha suld beir up thair taillis behind. 60
 Bot I have maist in to despyte,
 Pure claggokis cled in roiploch quhyte,
 Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thair feis,
 Will have twa ellis beneath thair kneis :
 Kittok, that clekkit wes yestrene,
 The morne, wyll counterfute the Quene :
 Ane mureland Meg, that milkit the yowis,
 Claggit with clay abone the howis,
 In barn, nor byir, scho wyll nocht byde,
 Without her kyrtyll taill be syde. 70
 In burrowis, wantoun burges wyiffis,
 Quha may have sydest taillis stryiffis,
 Weill bordourit with velvoit fyne:
 Bot following thame it is ane pyne,
 In somer quhen the streittis dryis,
 Thay rais the dust abone the skyis ;
 None may ga neir thame at thair eis,
 Without thay cover mouth and neis,
 Frome the powder to keip thair ene,
 Consider gif thair cloiffis be clene. 80
 Betuixt thair cleving and thair kneis,
 Quha nicht behald thair sweetie theis,
 Begairit all with dirt, and dust,
 That were aneuch to stanche the lust
 Of ony man that saw thame naikit :

I think sic gylottis ar bot glaikit
 Without profite to have syc pryde
 Harland thair claggit taillis so syde :
 I wald thae Borrowstounis barnis had breikkis,
 To keep sic mist fra malkinnis cheikkis ; 90
 I dreid rouch malkin die for drouth,
 Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
 I think maist pane efter ane rane,
 To se thame towkit up agane ;
 Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
 Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit,
 Thair laithlie lyning furthwart flypit,
 Quhilk hes the muk and midding wypit ;
 Thay waist mair claith, within few yeiris,
 Nor wald cleith fyftie score of freiris. 100
 Quhen Marioun from the midding gois,
 Frome hir morne turne, scho strypis the nois,
 And all the day, quhare ever scho go,
 Sic liquour scho likkith up also :
 The turcumis of hir taill, I trow,
 Micht be ane supper till ane sow.
 I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
 How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis,
 And wald have done, I wat nocht quhat,
 Bot sone remeid of lufe he gat ; 110
 He thocht na schame to mak it wittin,
 How hir syde taill was all beschittin ;
 Of filth sic flewer straik till his hart,
 That he behovit for till depart.
 Quod scho, Sweit schir, me think ye rew.
 Quod he, Your taill makis sic ane stew,

That be Sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it,
Ye were nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.

Of Taillis I will no more indyte,
From dreid sum duddroun me despyte : 120
Nochtwithstanding, I wyll conclude,
That of syde taillis can cum na gude,
Syder nor may thair hanclethis hyde,
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And pryde proceidis of the devill,
Thus alway thay proceid of evill.

Ane uther falt, Schir, may be sene,
Thay hyde thair face all bot the ene,
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without reverence thay slyde away, 130
That none may know, I you assure,
Ane honest woman, be ane hure ;
Without thair naikit face I se,
Thay get na mo Gude dayis of me.
Haile ane Frence lady quhen ye pleis,
Scho wil discover mouth, and neis ;
And with one humill countenance,
With visage bair, mak reverence.

Quhen our ladyis dois ryde in raine,
Suld no man have thame at disdane, 140
Thocht thay be coverit mouth and neis :
In that case thay will nane displeis,
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places,
I thame excuse, to hyde thair faces,
Quhen thay wald mak collatioun,
With ony lustie companyeoun,
Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,

Ye may consider quhat I mene ;
 Bot, in the Kirk, and market placis,
 I think thay suld nocht hide thair facis : 150
 Without this faltis be sone amendit,
 My Flyting, Schir, sall never be endit.
 Bot wald your Grace my counsall tak,
 Ane proclamatioun ye suld mak,
 Baith throw the Land, and Borrowstounis,
 To schaw thair face, and cut thair gounis ;
 Nane suld fra that exemptit be,
 Except the Quenis Majestie :
 Because this mater is nocht fair,
 Of rethorik it man be bair. 160
 Wemen will say, this is no bourdis,
 To wryte sick vyle and filthy wordis ;
 Bot wald thay clenge thair filthy taillis,
 Quhilk our the myris and middingis traillis,
 Than suld my wryting clengit be,
 None uther mendis thay get of me ;
 The suith suld nocht be holden clos,
Veritas non quærit angulos.
 I wait gude wemen that bene wyse,
 This rurall ryme wyll nocht dispyse ; 170
 None will me blame, I you assure
 Except ane wanton glorious hure,
 Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle :
 Fair weill ! ye get no more of me.

QUOD LYNDESAY, IN CONTEMPT OF THE SYDE TAILLIS,
 THAT DUDDROUNIS, AND DUNTIBOURIS, THROW THE
 DUBBIS TRAILLIS.

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN.

THE CURATE, AND KITTIE.

THE Curate Kittie culd confesse,
And scho tald on baith mair and lesse.

Quhen scho wes telland as scho wist,
The Curate Kittie wald have kist;
Bot yit ane countenance he bure
Degeist, devote, daine, and demure ;
And syne began hir to exempne :
He wes best at the efter game.

Quod he, Have ye na wrangous geir ?

Quod scho, I staw ane pek of beir.

10

Quod he, That suld restorit be,

Tharefor, delyver it to me ;

Tibbie, and Peter bad me speir,

Be my conscience, they sall it heir.

Quod he, Leve ye in lecherie ?

Quod scho, Will Leno mowit me.

Quod he, His wyfe that sall I tell,

To mak hir acquentance with my sell.

Quod he, Ken ye na heresie ?

I wait nocht quhat that is, quod sche.

20

Quod he, Hard ye na Inglis bukis ?

Quod scho, My maister on thame lukis.

Quod he, The bischop that sall knaw,

For I am sworne, that for to schaw.
 Quod he, What said he of the King?
 Quod scho, Of gude he spak na thing.
 Quod he, His Grace of that sall wit ;
 And he sall lose his lyfe for it.

Quhen scho in mynd did mair revolve ;
 Quod he, I can nocht you absolve, 30

Bot, to my chalmer cum at even
 Absolvit for to be, and schrevin.

Quod scho, I wyll pas tyll ane uther :
 And I met with Schir Andro, my brother,
 And he full clenely did me schryve,

Bot he wes sumthing talkatyve ;

He speirit mony strange case,

How that my lufe did me inbrace,

Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort, and quhare ?

Quod he, I wald I had bene thare. 40

He me absolvit for ane plak,

Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,

And mekil Latyne he did mummill,

I hard na thing bot hummill bummill.

He schew me nocht of Goddis word,

Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,

And deip intill our hart dois prent,

Our syn quharethrow we do repent ;

He pat me na thing into feir,

Quharethrow I suld my syn forbeir ; 50

He schew me nocht the maledictioun

Of God for syn, nor the affliction ;

And in this lyfe the greit mischeif

Ordanit to punische hure and theif ;

Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
 That I nicht feir, and vice refraine ;
 He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
 And leid ane holy lyfe, and clene :
 Of Christis blude na thing he knew,
 Nor of His promisses full trew, 60
 That saifis all that wyll beleve,
 That Sathan sall us never greve :
 He teichit me nocht for till traist,
 The confort of the Haly Ghaist ;
 He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd,
 To keip His law with hart and mynd,
 And lufe and thank His greit mercie,
 Fra syn and hell that savit me ;
 And lufe my nichtbour as my sell,
 Of this na thing he culd me tell : 70
 Bot gave me pennance, ilk ane day.
 Ane *Ave Marie* for to say :
 And Fridayis fyve na fische to eit,
 Bot butter and eggis ar better meit ;
 And with ane plak to buy ane Messe,
 Fra drounkin Schir Jhone Latynëlesse.
 Quod he, Ane plak I wyll gar Sandie
 Give thee agane, with handie dandie
 Syne into pilgrimage to pas :
 The verray way to wantounes. 80
 Of all his pennance, I was glaid,
 I had them all perqueir, I said ;
 To mow and steill, I ken the pryce,
 I sall it set on cincq and syce ;
 Bot he my counsale culd nocht keip,

He maid him be the fyre to sleip ;
 Syne cryit, Colleris, beif, and coillis,
 Hois, and schone with dowbill soillis,
 Caikis, and candill, creische, and salt,
 Curnis of meill, and luiffillis of malt, 90
 Wollin and linning, werp and woft ;
 Dame ! keip the keis of your woll loft :
 Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif,
 And swa with us thay play the knaif.
 Freiris sweiris, be thair professioun,
 Nane can be saif, but this Confessioun,
 And garris all men understand,
 That it is Goddis awin command ;
 Yit it is nocht but mennis drame,
 The pepill to confound and schame. 100
 It is nocht ellis but mennis law,
 Maid mennis mindis for to knaw,
 Quharethrow thay syle thame as thay will,
 And makis thair law conforme tharetill ;
 Sittand in mennis conscience,
 Abone Goddis magnificence ;
 And dois the pepill teche and tyste
 To serve the Pape the Antechriste.
 To the greit God Omnipotent
 Confess thy syn, and sore repent ; 110
 And traist in Christ, as wrytis Paule,
 Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy saule,
 For nane can thee absolve bot He,
 Nor tak away thy syn frome thee.
 Gif of gude counsall thow hes neid,
 Or hes nocht leirnit weill thy Creid,

Or wicket vicis regne in thee,
 The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie,
 Or be in desperatioun,
 And wald have consolatioun ; 120
 Than till ane preichour trew thow pas,
 And schaw thy syn and thy trespas ;
 Thow neidis nocht to schaw him all,
 Nor tell thy syn, baith greit and small,
 Quhilk is impossible to be ;
 Bot schaw the vice that troubillis thee :
 And he sall of thy saule have reuth,
 And thee instruct in to the treuth,
 And with the Word of Veritie,
 Sall confort, and sall counsell thee : 130
 The Sacramentis schaw thee at lenth,
 Thy lytle faith to stark and strenth ;
 And how thow suld thame richtlie use,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.

Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,
 In this sort, in the Kirk, to be :
 Swa to confes, as I descryve,
 Wes in the gude Kirk primityve ;
 Swa wes confessioun ordanit first,
 Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleve and birst. 140

THE TRAGEDIE OF

THE MAIST REVEREND FATHER DAVID, BE
THE MERCY OF GOD, CARDINALL, ARCH-
BISCHOP OF SANCTANDROIS, AND OF THE
HAILL REALME OF SCOTLAND PRIMATE,
LEGATE, AND CHANCELLOR, &c.

Mortales cum nati sitis, ne supra Deum vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOG.

NOCHT lang ago, efter the hour of pryme,
Secretly sittying in mine Oratorie,
I tuk ane Buke, till occupye the tyme,
Quhare I fand mony Tragedie and Storie,
Quhilk Jhone Bochas had put in memorie;
Quhow mony Prencis, Conquerours, and Kingis
War dulfullie depossit frome thair ringis :

Quhow Alexander, the potent Conquerour,
In Babilone was poysonit pieteouslie ;
And Julius the mychtie Empriour, 10
Murdreist at Rome, causles and cruellie ;
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie
He murdreist was : Quhat nedith proces more?
Quhose Tragedeis war pietie tyll deplore.

I sittying so, upon my Buke redyng,
 Rycht suddantlie afore me did appeir
 Ane woundit man, aboundantlie bledyng,
 With vissage pail, and with ane deidlye cheir ;
 Semand ane man of two and fyftie yeir ;
 In rayment reid clothit full curiouslie, 20
 Of vellvoit, and of satyn crammosie.

With febyll voce, as man opprest with paine,
 Soiftlye he made me supplycatioun,
 Sayand, My friend, go reid and reid againe,
 Geve thow can fynde, by true narratioun,
 Of ony paine lyke to my passioun :
 Rycht sure I am, war Jhone Bochas on lyve,
 My Tragedie at lenth he wald discryve.

Sen he is gone, I pray thee tyll indyte
 Of my infortune sum remembrance ; 30
 Or at the leist, my Tragedie to wryte,
 As I to thee sall schaw the circumstance,
 In termes breve, of my unhappy chance,
 Sen my beginnyng tyll my fatall ende,
 Quhilk I wald tyll all creature war kende.

I not, said I, mak sic memoriall,
 Geve of thy name I had intelligence.
 I am David, that cairfull Cardinall,
 Quhilk doith appeir, said he, to thy presens,
 That unquhyle had so gret preeminens : 40
 Than he began his dedis tyll indyte,
 As ye sall heir, and I began to wryte.

THE TRAGEDIE.

I, DAVID BETOUN, umquhyle Cardinall,
 Of nobyl blude, be lyne, I did descend :
 During my tyme, I had no paregall ;
 Bot now is cum, allace ! my fatall end.
 Aye, gre by gre, upwarte I did ascende ;
 Swa that in to this realme did never ryng
 So greit one man as I, under ane kyng.

Quhen I was ane young joly gentyll man, 50
 Precncis to serve I sett my hole intent.
 First tyll ascende, at Arbroith I began,
 Ane Abacie of greit ryches and rent ;
 Of that estait, yit was I nocht contente :
 To get more ryches, dignitie, and glore,
 My hart was set : allace ! allace ! tharefore.

I maid sic servyce tyll our Soverane kyng,
 He did promove me tyll more hie estait,
 One Prince abufe all preistis for tyll ryng,
 Archebyschope of Sanctandros consecrat. 60
 Tyll that honour quhen I wes elevate,
 My prydefull hart was nocht content at all,
 Tyll that I create wes ane Cardinall.

Yit preisit I tyll have more auctoritie,
 And fynalie was chosin Chancelare, .

And for uphalding of my dignitie
 Was maid Legate ; than had I no compare.
 I purchest for my proffect singulare,
 My boxis and my threasure tyll avance,
 The Byschopreik of Merapose, in France. 70

Of all Scotland I had the Governall ;
 But my avyse, concludit wes no thyng :
 Abbot, Byschope, Archebyschope, Cardinall,
 In to this Realme no hiear could I ryng,
 Bot I had bene Pape, Emperour, or Kyng.
 For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abyll
 At lenth to schaw my actis honorabyll.

For my moste princelye prodigalytie,
 Amang prelatis in France, I bure the pryse,
 I schew my lordlye lyberalitie, 80
 In banketting, playing at cartis, and dyse ;
 In to sic wysedome I was haldin wyse.
 And sparit nocht to play, with Kyng nor Knycht,
 Three thousand crownis of gold, upon ane nycht.

In France I maid seir honest voyagis,
 Quhare I did actis ding of remembrance.
 Through me war maid triumphant mariagis
 Tyll our Soverane both proffet and plesance.
 Quene Magdalene, the first Dochter of France, 90
 With greit ryches, was in to Scotland brocht :
 That mariage through my wysedome wes wrocht.

Efter quhose deith, in France I paste agane :
 The secunde Quene homwart I did convoye,

That lustye Princes, Marie de Lorane,
 Quhilk wes resavit with greit tryumphe and joye.
 So servit I our rycht redouttit Roye.
 Sone efter that, Harye of Inland Kyng,
 Of our Soverane desyrit ane commonyng.

Of that metyng our Kyng was weill content,
 So that in York was sett boith tyme and place: 100
 Bot our Prelatis nor I wald never consent
 That he sulde se Kyng Harye in the face ;
 Bot we wer weill content, quhowbeit his Grace
 Had saylit the sey to speik with ony uther,
 Except that Kyng, quhilk was his Mother Brother.

Quhair throuch thar rose greit weir and mortal stryfe,
 Greit heirschippis, hounger, darth, and desolatioun :
 On ather syde did mony lose thair lyfe,
 Geve I wald mak ane trew narratioun, 110
 I causit all that trybulatioun :
 For tyll mak peace I never wald consent,
 Without the Kyng of France had bene content.

Duryng this weir war takin prisoneris,
 Of nobyll men fechtynge full furiouslie,
 Mony one lorde, barrone, and bachileris,
 Quhair throuch our Kyng tuke sic melancolie
 Quhilk drave hym to the dede, rycht dulefullie.
 Extreme dolour ouriset did so his hart,
 That frome this lyfe, allace ! he did depart.

Bot, efter that boith strenth and speche wes lesit, 120
 Ane paper blank his Grace I gart subscrieve,

In to the quhilk I wrait all that I plesit,
 Efter his deith, quhilk lang war tyll descryve,
 Throuch that wrytting I purposit, belyve,
 With supporte of sum Lordis benevolens,
 In this regioun tyll have preemynens.

As for my Lord, our rychteous Governour :

Geve I wald schortlie schaw the veritie,
 Tyll hym I had no maner of favour.

Duryng that tyme, I purposit that he 130

Suld nevir cum to none Auctoritie :

For his supporte, tharefor, he brocht amang us,
 Furth of Ingland, the nobyll Erle of Angus.

Than was I put abak frome my purpose,

And suddantlie caste in captyvitie,

My prydefull hart to dant, as I suppose,

Devysit by the heich Divinitie :

Yit in my hart sprang no humylitie.

Bot now the Word of God full weill I knaw,

Quho dois exault hym self, God sall hym law. 140

In the meine tyme, quhen I wes so subjectit,

Ambassadouris war sent in to Ingland,

Quhair thay boith peace and mariage contractit ;

And more surelie for tyll observe that band,

War promiseist divers pleagis of Scotland.

Of that contract I wes no way content,

Nor nevir wald tharetò geve my consent.

Tyll Capytanis that kepit me in waird,

Gyftis of gold I gave thame greit plentie ;

Rewlaris of court I rychelie did rewaird, 150
 Quhair through I chapit frome captivitie :
 Bot quhen I wes free at my libertie,
 Than, lyke ane lyone lowsit of his caige,
 Out through this realme I gan to reill and rage.

Contrare the Governour, and his companie,
 Oft tymes maid I insurrectioun,
 Purposyng for tyll have hym haistelie
 Subdewit unto my correctioun,
 Or put hym tyll extreme subjectioun.
 Duryng this tyme, geve it war weill decydit, 160
 This realme by me was utterlie devydit.

The Governour purposyng to subdew,
 I raisit ane oyste of mony bald Barroun,
 And maid ane raid, quhilk Lythgow yit may rew ;
 For we distroyit ane myle about the town :
 For that I gat mony blak malysoun :
 Yit, contrare the Governouris intent,
 With our young Princess, we to Strivilyng went.

For heich contemptioun of the Governour,
 I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France : 170
 That lustie Lord, levand in gret plesour,
 Did lose that land and honest ordinance.
 Bot he and I fell sone at variance,
 And through my counsall was within schort space,
 Forfaltit and flemit, he gat none uther grace.

Than through my prudens, practyke, and ingyne,
 Our Governour I causit to consent

Full quyetlie, to my counsale inclyne ;
 Quhareof his Nobyllis war nocht weill content :
 For quhy ? I gart dissolve in plane Parliament, 180
 The band of peace contractit with Ingland,
 Quharthrough come harme and heirschip to Scotland.

That peace brokin, arose new mortall weiris,
 Be sey, and land, sic reif without releif,
 Quhilk to report my frayit hart affeiris :
 The veritie to schaw, in termes breif,
 I was the rute of all that gret myscheif.
 The South Countre may saye, it had bene gude
 That my noryce had smorit me in my cude.

I wes the cause of mekle more myschance, 190
 For uphald of my glore, and dignitie,
 And plesour of the potent Kyng of France ;
 With Ingland wald I have no unities :
 Bot, quho consydder wald the verities,
 We mycht full weill have levit in peace and rest,
 Nyne or ten yeiris, and than playit louse or fast.

Had we with Ingland keipit our contrackis,
 Our nobyll men had levit in peace and rest ;
 Our marchandis had nocht lost so mony packis,
 Our commoun peple had nocht bene opprest : 200
 On ather syde, all wrangis had bene redrest ;
 Bot Edinburgh sen syne, Leith, and Kynghorne,
 The day and hour may ban, that I was borne.

Our Governour, to mak hym to me sure,
 With sweit and subtell wordis, I did hym syle,

Tyl I his sone and air gat in my cure ;
 To that effect, I fand that crafty wyle,
 That he no maner of waye mycht me begyle :
 Than leuch I, quhen his liegis did allege
 Quhow I his sone had gottin in to plege. 210

The Erle of Angus, and his germane Brother,
 I purposit to gar thame lose thair lyfe ;
 Rycht so tyll have destroyit mony uther,
 Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword and knyfe ;
 In speciale mony gentyll men of Fyfe ;
 And purposit tyll put to gret torment
 All favoraris of the Auld and New Testament.

Than every freik thay take of me sic feir,
 That tyme quhen I had so greit governance,
 Greit Lordis dreidyng, I sulde do thame deir, 220
 Thay durst nocht cum tyll court, but assurance :
 Sen syne thare hes nocht bene sic variance.
 Now, tyll our Prince, barronis obedientlie,
 But assurance, thay cum full courteslie.

My hope was moste in to the Kyng of France,
 Togiddir with the Popis holynes,
 More nor in God, my worschipe tyll avance.
 I traistit so in to thair gentylnes,
 That no man durste presume me tyll oppres :
 Bot, quhen the day come, of my fatall houre, 230
 Far was frome me thair supporte and succoure.

Than to preserve my ryches, and my lyfe,
 I made one strenth, of wallis heych and braid,

Sic ane Fortres wes never found in Fyfe,
 Belevand thare durst no man me invaid.
 Now fynd I trew the saw, quhilk David said,
 Without God of ane hous be Maister of wark,
 He wyrkis in vaine, thocht it be never so stark.

For I was, throuch the hie power Divine,
 Rycht dulefullye doung down amang the ass, 240
 Quhilk culd not be throuch mortall mannis ingyne :
 Bot, as David did slay the gret Golyas,
 Or Holopherne be Judith killit was,
 In myd amang his tryumphant armye,
 So was I slane in to my cheiff Cietie.

Quhen I had gretest dominatioun,
 As Lucifer had, in the Hevin impyre,
 Came suddantlye my deprivatioun,
 Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyre.
 So creuell was thair furious byrmand yre, 250
 I gat no tyme, layser, nor lybertie,
 To saye, *In manus tuas Domine.*

Behald my fatall infylicitie :
 I beand in my strenth incomparabyll,
 That dreidfull dungeoun maid me no supplye
 My gret ryches, nor rentis profitabyll.
 My sylver work, jowellis inestimabyll,
 My Papall pompe, of gold my ryche thresoure,
 My lyfe and all, I loste in half ane hour.

To the pepill wes maid ane spectacle 260
 Of my dede and deformit carioun.

Sum said, it wes ane manifest myrakle ;
 Sum said, it was Divine punitioun
 So to be slane, in to my strang dungeoun :
 Quhen every man had jugit as hym lyste,
 Thay saltit me, syne closit me in ane kyste.

I lay unburyit seven monethis, and more,
 Or I was borne to closter, kirk, or queir,
 In ane mydding, quhilk paine bene tyll deplore,
 Without suffrage of chanoun, monk, or freir : 270
 All proud Prelatis at me may lessonis leir,
 Quhilk rang so lang, and so tryumphantlie,
 Syne, in the dust, dOUNg doun so dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O ye my Brether ! Prencis of the Preistis,
 I mak yow hartly supplycatioun,
 Boith nycht and day revolve in to your breistis,
 The proces of my deprivatioun.
 Consydder quhat bene your vocatioun :
 To follow me, I pray yow nocht pretend yow,
 Bot reid at lenth this cedull that I send yow. 280

Ye knaw quhow Jesus his disciplis sent,
 Ambassadouris tyll every natioun,
 To schaw his law, and his commandement
 To all pepill, by predycatioun ;
 Therefor I mak to yow narratioun,

Sen ye to thame ar verray successouris,
Ye aucht tyll do, as did your predecessouris.

Quhow dar ye be so bauld tyll tak on hand,
For to be herraldis to so greit ane Kyng,
To beir his message both to burgh and land, 290
Ye beand dum, and can pronounce no thyng,
Lyke Menstralis, that can nocht play nor sing !
Or quhy suld men geve to sic hirdis hyre,
Quhilk can not gyde thair scheip about the myre.

Eschame ye nocht to be Christis servitouris,
And for your fee hes gret temporall landis :
Synne of your office can nocht take the curis,
As Cannone Law and Scripture yow commandis !
Ye wyll nocht want teind scheif, nor offerandis,
Teind woll, teind lambe, teind calf, teind gryce, 300
and guse ;
To mak servyce ye ar all out of use.

My deir Brether, do nocht as ye war wount,
Amend your lyfe, now quhill your day induris ;
Traist weill, ye sall be callit to your count
Of everilk thyng belanging to your curis.
Leif hasartrie, your harlotrie, and huris,
Remembring on my unprovisit deid :
For efter deith may no man mak remeid.

Ye Prelatis, quhilkis hes thousandis for to spende,
Ye send ane sempyll Freir for yow to preiche : 310

It is your craft, I mak it to yow kend,
 Your selfis in your Templis for to teiche.
 Bot ferlye nocht, thocht syllie freris fleiche ;
 For, and thay panelie schaw the veritie,
 Than wyll thay want the Byschopis charitie.

Quharefor bene gevin yow sic Royall rent,
 Bot for tyll fynd the pepill Spirituall fude,
 Prechand to thame the Auld and New Testament ?
 The Law of God doith planelye so conclude.

Put nocht your hope in to no wardly gude, 320
 As I have done : behauld, my gret thresoure
 Maid me no helpe, at my unhappye houre.

That day quhen I was Byschope consecrait,
 The gret Byble wes bound upon my bak ;
 Quhat wes tharein, lytill I knew, God wait !
 More than ane beist berand ane precious pak.
 Bot haistelie my covenant I brak ;
 For, I wes oblyssit, with my awin consent,
 The Law of God to preiche with gude intent.

Brether, rycht so, quhen ye wer consecrait, 330
 Ye oblyssit yow all on the samyn wyse.
 Ye may be callit Byschoppis countrefait,
 As gallandis buskit for to mak ane Gyse.
 Now thynk I, Prencis ar no thyng to pryse,
 Tyll geve ane famous office tyll ane fule ;
 As quho waldé putt ane myter on ane mule.

Allace ! and ye that sorrowfull sycht hade sene,
 Quhow I laye bullerand, baithit in my blude,

To mend your lyfe, it had occasioun bene,
 And leif your auld corruptit consuetude : 340
 Failyeing thareof, than, schortlie I conclude,
 Without ye frome your rebaldrye aryse,
 Ye sall be servit on the samyn wyse.

TO THE PRENCIS.

Imprudent Prencis, but discretioun,
 Havng in erth power Imperiall,
 Ye bene the cause of this transgressioun :
 I speik to yow all, in to generall,
 Quhilk doith dispone all office Spirituall,
 Gevand the saulis, quhilkis bene Chrystis scheip,
 To blynd pastouris but conscience to keip. 350

Quhen ye, Prencis, doith laik ane officiar,
 Ane baxster, browster, or ane maister cuke,
 Ane trym tailyeour, ane counnyng cordynar,
 Ouir all the land at lenth, ye wyll gar luke
 Most abyll men sic officis tyll bruke :
 Ane browster quhilk can brew most hoilsum aill,
 Ane cunnyng cuke, quhilk best can sessoune cail.

Ane tailyeour, quhilk hes fosterit bene in France,
 That can mak garmentis, on the gayest gyse.
 Ye Prencis bene the cause of this myschance, 360
 That, quhen thare doith vaik ony benefyse,
 Ye aucht tyll do upone the samyn wyse,

Gar sears and seik, baith in to burgh and lande,
The law of God quho best can understand.

Mak hym Byschope, that prudentlie can preche,
As dois pertene tyll his vocatioun ;

Ane Persone, quhilk his parischoun can teche :
Gar Vicaris mak dew mynistratioun.

And als, I mak you supplycatioun,
Mak your Abbotis of rycht religious men, 370
Quhilk Christis law can to thair Convent ken :

But not to rebaldis, new cum frome the roste,
Nor of ane stuffat stollin out of ane stabill,
The quhilk in to the scule maid never na coste,
Nor never was tyll Spirituall science abill ;
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabill,
Of Rome rakaris, nor of rude ruffianis,
Of calsay paikaris, nor of publycanis.

Nor to fantasyke fenyeit flatteraris,
Most meit to gather mussillis in to Maye, 380
Of cownhubeis, nor yit of clatteraris,
That in the Kirk can nother sing, nor saye,
Thocht thay be clokit up in clerkis arraye,
Lyke doytit Doctoris new cum out of Athenis,
And mummyll ouer ane pair of maiglit matenis.

Nocht qualyfeit to bruke ane benefyse,
Bot through Schir Symonis solysitatioun,
I was promovit on the samyn wyse,
Allace ! through Prencis supplycatioun,
And maid in Rome, through fals narratioun, 390

Byschope, Abbote, bot no Religious man :
 Quho me promovit I now thair banis ban.

Quhowbeit I was Legat, and Cardinall,
 Lytill I knew tharein quhat suld be done ;
 I understude no science Spirituall,
 No more than did blynd Alane of the Mone.
 I dreid the Kyng that syttith heych abone,
 On yow Prencis sall mak sore punischement,
 Rycht so, on us, through rychteous judgement :

On yow Prencis, for undiscreit gevyng 400
 Tyll ignorantis sic officis tyll use ;
 And we, for our inoportune askyng,
 Quhilk sulde have done sic dignitie refuse.
 Our ignorance hes done the world abuse,
 Through Covatyce of ryches, and of rent.
 That ever I was ane Prelate, I repent.

O Kyngis, mak ye no cair to geve in cure,
 Virginis profest in to Religioun,
 In tyll the keipyng of ane commoun hure !
 To mak, thynk ye nocht gret derisioun, 410
 Ane woman Persone of ane parischoun,
 Quhare thare bene two thousand saulis to gyde,
 That frome harlottis can not hir hyppis hyde ?

Quhat ! and Kyng David levit in thir dayis,
 Or out of hevin, quhat and he lukit down,
 The quhilk did found so mony fair Abbayis ?
 Seand the gret abhominatioun
 In mony Abbayis of this Natioun,

He wald repent, that narrowit so his boundis,
Of yeirly rent three score of thousand poundis. 420

Quharefor I counsale everyilk Christinit Kyng,
 Within his realme mak Reformatioun,
And suffer no mo rebaldis for to ryng
 Abufe Christis trew Congregatioun :
 Failyeing thareof, I mak narratioun,
That ye Prencis, and Prelatis, all at onis,
Sall bureit be in hell, saule, blude, and bonis.

That ever I brukit benefice I rew,
 Or to sic hycht so proudely did pretend ;
I man depart, tharefor, my friends, adew ! 430
 Quhare ever it plesith God, now man I wend.
 I pray thee tyll my friendis me recommend,
And failye nocht, at lenth, to put in wryte
My TRAGEDIE, as I have done indyte.

ANE DESCRIPTION

OF PEDDER COFFEIS HAVING NA REGAIRD
TILL HONESTIE IN THAIR VACATIOUN.

It is my purpose to discryve
This holy perfyte genologie
Of Pedder Knavis superlatyve
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht but beggartie.
Ye burges sonis prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all Borrow townis.

Thay ar declarit, in Sevin Pairtis ;
Ane scroppit coffe, quhen he begynnis 10
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
For to by hennis reidwod he rynniss,
He lokis thame up in to his innis
Unto ane derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynniss,
And secondly his meit he beggis.

Ane swyngeour coffe, amangis the wyvis,
In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame, auld sanctis lyvis,
And sanis thame with deid mennis banis ; 20

Lyk Rome rakaris, with awsterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till uder
Peipand peurly with peteouss granis,
Lyk fenyeit Symmye and his bruder.

Thir cur coffeis that sailis ouer sone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,
And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;
Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak.
At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30
Steilis doun, and lysis behind ane pak.
Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Knaifatica coff misknawis him sell,
Quhen he gettis in a furrit gown;
Grit Lucifer, maister of hell,
Is nocht sa helie as that loun;
As he cummis brankand throw the toun.
With his keis clynkand on his arme,
That calf clovin futtit fleid custroun,
Will mary nane bot a burges bairne. 40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
Takis gudis to frist fra fremit men,
And brekis his obligatioun;
Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun,
Thay ar reprevit for that regratour;
Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
To hang and draw that common tratour.

Ane curloreous coffe, that hege skraper,
 He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50
 That pedder brybour, that scheip keipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik ;
 Syne lokkis thame up, and takis a faik,
 Betuix his dowblett and his jactett,
 And eit is thame in the buith, that smaik ;
 God that he mort into ane rakkett !

Ane cathedrall coffe, he is our riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end ; 60
 With falsheid evir dois him defend,
 Proceeding still in averice,
 And levis his saule na gude commend,
 Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wiss.

I yow exhort all that is heir,
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Unto the Provest, and him requair,
 That he will geif thir Coffeis the law,
 And baneiss thame the Burgess raw,
 And to the Scho streit ye thame ken ; 70
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ye may know
 Thir Peddir Knavis be Burges men.

THE HISTORIE
OF ANE NOBILL AND VAILYEAND SQUYER,
WILLIAM MELDRUM, UMQUHYLE LAIRD
OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

QUHO that antique storeis reidis,
Consider may the famous deidis
Of our nobill progenitouris ;
Quhilk suld to us be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
And vicious leving to eschew.
Sic men bene put in memorie,
That deith suld not confound thair glorie,
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present. 10
Poetis thair honour to avance
Hes put thame in remembrance ;
Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
And sum of vailyeand empriouris ;
And sum of nobill nichtie kingis,
That royallie did reull their ringis ;
And sum of campiounis, and of knichtis,
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis ;
Quhilk vailyeandlie did stand in stour,
For the defence of thair honour; 20
And sum of squyeris douchtie deidis,

That wondrous wrought in weirlic weidis ;
 Sum wryt of deidis amorous ;
 As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
 How that he luiffit Cressida :
 Of Jason, and of Medea.

With help of Cleo I intend,
 Sa Minerve wald me sapience send,
 Ane nobill Squyer to discryfe,
 Quhais doughtines, during his lyfe, 30
 I knaw myself, thairof I wryte,
 And all his deidis I dar indyte :
 And secreitis that I did not knaw,
 That nobill Squyer did me schaw.
 Sa I intend the best I can,
 Descryve the deidis and the man ;
 Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
 Full plesantlie, without reprufe.
 Quhilk did as monie doughtie deidis,
 As monie ane, that men of reidis, 40
 Quhilkis poetis puttis in memorie,
 For the exalting of thair glorie :
 Quhairfoir I think, sa God me saif !
 He suld have place amangis the laif.
 That his hie honour suld not smure,
 Considering quhat he did indure,
 Oft times for his ladeis sake ;
 I wait Sir Lancelote du Lake,
 Quhen he did lufe king Arthuris wyfe,
 Faucht never better with sword, nor knyfe, 50
 For his ladie in no battell,
 Nor had not half so just querrell.

The veritie quha list declair,
 His lufe was ane adulterair,
 And durst not cum into hir sicht,
 Bot lyke ane houlet on the nicht :
 With this Squyer it stude not so,
 His ladie luifit him and no mo ;
 Husband, nor lemman, had scho none,
 And so he had hir lufe alone.

60

I think it is no happy lyfe,
 Ane man to jaip his maisteris wyfe,
 As did Lancelote, this I conclude,
 Of sic amour culd cum na gude.

Now to my purpois will I pas,
 And shaw ye how the Squyer was :
 Ane gentilman of Scotland borne,
 So was his father him beforne :
 Of nobilnes lineallie descendit,
 Quhilks thair gude fame hes ever defendit.
 Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
 Quhilk in his honour was never defamit :
 Stalwart and stout, in everie stryfe,
 And borne within the schyre of Fyfe.
 To Cleische and Bynnis richt heritour,
 Quhilk stude for lufe in monie stour.

70

He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
 Quhen he began his vassalage :
 Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
 Feirie, and wicht, and nicht indure,
 Ouirset with travell, both nicht and day,
 Richt hardie baith in ernist and play :
 Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,

80

And stude weill ay in his ladies grace :
 For, he was wounder amiabill,
 And in all deidis honorabill ;
 And ay his honour did avance,
 In Ingland first, and syne in France :
 And thair his manheid did assaill,
 Under the Kingis greit Admirall, 90
 Quhen the greit Navie of Scotland,
 Passit to the sey aganis Ingland.

And as thay passit be Ireland coist,
 The Admirall gart land his oist,
 And set Craigfergus into fyre,
 And saifit nouthar barne nor byre.
 It was greit pietie for to heir,
 Of the pepill the bailfull cheir,
 And how the land folk wer spuiyeit,
 Fair wemen under fute wer fuilyeit. 100

Bot this young Squyer bauld and wicht
 Savit all wemen quhair he nicht :
 All preistis and freiris he did save ;
 Till at the last he did persave
 Behind ane garding amiabill,
 Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill ;
 And on that voce he followit fast,
 Till he did see her, at the last,
 Spuiyeit, naikit as scho was borne ;
 Twa men of weir wer hir beforne, 110
 Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,
 Partand the spuiyie thame betwene.
 Ane fairer woman nor scho wes,
 He had not sene in onie place.

Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
 Sayand, For him that heryit Hell !
 Help me, sweet Sir, I am ane mayd.
 Than softlie to the men he said :
 I pray yow give againe hir sark,
 And tak to yow all other wark.

120

Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid,
 Of gold ane garland on hir heid,
 Decorit with enamelyne ;
 Belt and brochis of silver fyne,
 Of yallow taftais wes hir sark,
 Begaryit all with browderit wark,
 Richt craftelie, with gold and silk.
 Than said the Ladie, quhyte as milk,
 Except my sark no thing I crave,
 Let thame go hence with all the lave.

130

Than said the Squyer courteslie,
 Gude freindis I pray yow hartfullie,
 Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
 Restoir to hir againe hir geir,
 Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,
 That spuilye sall be full deir bocht.
 Quod thay to him, We thee defy :
 And drew thair swordis haistely,
 And straik at him with sa greit ire,
 That from his harnes flew the fyre ;
 With duntis sa derflie on him dang,
 That he was never in sic ane thrang.
 Bot he him manfullie defendit,

140

And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
 And hat the ane upon the heid,
 That to the ground he fell doun deid ;
 For to the teith he did him cleif.
 Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif ! 150

Than with the uther hand for hand,
 He beit him with his birneist brand :
 The uther was baith stout and strang,
 And on the Squyer derffie dang.
 And than the Squyer wrocht greit wonder
 Ay till his sword did shaik in sunder :
 Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,
 And did him cleik be the collair,
 And evin in at the collerbane,

At the first straik he hes him slane ; 160
 He founderit fordward to the ground ;
 Yit was the Squyer hail and sound :
 For quhy ? he was sa weill enarmit,
 He did escaip fra thame unharmit.

And quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
 He to that Ladie past agane ;
 Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
 And said, Tak your abulyement.
 And scho him thankit full humillie,
 And put hir claithis on spedilie. 170

Than kissit he that Ladie fair,
 And tuik his leif at hir but mair :
 Be that the taburne, and trumpet blew,
 And everie man to shipburd drew.

That Ladie was dolent in hart,
 From tyme scho saw he would depart,

That hir relevit from hir harmes :
 And hint the Squyer in hir armes ;
 And said, Will ye byde in this land,
 I sall yow tak to my husband : 180
 Thocht I be cassin now in cair,
 I am, quod scho, my fatheris air,
 The quhilk may spend of pennies round,
 Of yeirlye rent ane thowsand pound.
 With that hartlie scho did him kis,
 Ar ye, quod scho, content of this ?
 Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
 Gif I nicht in this Realme remane :
 Bot I mon first pas into France ;
 Sa quhen I cum agane, perchance, 190
 And efter that the peice be maid,
 To marie yow, I will be glaid :
 Fair weill ! I may no langer tarie ;
 I pray God keip yow, and sweit sanct Marie.
 Than gaif scho him ane lufe taking,
 Ane riche rubie set in ane ring.
 I am, quod scho, at your command,
 With yow to pas into Scotland.
 I thank yow hartfullie, quod he,
 Ye ar our young to saille the see, 200
 And speciallie with men of weir.
 Of that, quod scho, tak ye na feir :
 I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
 And ga with yow quhair evir ye pleis :
 Suld I not lufe him paramour,
 That saifit my lyfe and my honour ?
 Ladie, I say yow in certane,

Ye sall have lufe for lufe agane,
 Trewlie unto my lyfis end :
 Fairweill ! to God I yow commend. 210

With that into his boit he past,
 And to the ship he rowit fast.
 Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid sail,
 This navie with the Admirall,
 And landit in bauld Brytane.
 This Admirall was Erle of Arrane,
 Quhilk was baith wyse and vailyeand,
 Of the blude royall of Scotland :
 Accompanyit with monie ane knicht,
 Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht. 220

Among the laif, this young Squyar,
 Was with him richt familiar :
 And throw his verteous diligence,
 Of that lord he gat sic credence,
 That quhen he did his courage ken,
 Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men ;
 Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
 Reddie at his commandement.

It wer too lang for to declair,
 The douchtie deidis that he did thair ; 230
 Becaus he was sa courageous,
 Ladies of him wes amorous.
 He was ane munzeoun for ane dame,
 Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame,
 Bot in the feild ane campioun
 Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun ;
 Weill practikit with speir and scheild,
 And with the formest in the feild.

No Chiftane was amangis thame all,
 In expensis mair liberall. 240
 In everilk play he wan the pryse :
 With that he was verteous and wyse :
 And so, becaus he was weill pruitit,
 With everie man he was weill luifit.

HARY the Aucht King of England,
 That tyme at Caleis wes lyand :
 With his triumphant ordinance,
 Makand weir on the realme of France.
 The King of France his greit armie
 Lay neir hand by in Picardie : 250
 Quhair aither uther did assaill.
 Howbeit thair was na sic battaill :
 Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
 Quhare men of armis brak monie sting.
 Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
 Wer tauld thir novellis all and sum,
 He thoct he wald vesie the weiris ;
 And waillit furth ane hundreth speiris,
 And futemen quhilk wer bauld and stout,
 The maist worthie of all his rout. 260

Quhen he come to the King of France,
 He wes sone put in ordinance :
 Richt so was all his companie,
 That on him waitit continuallie.
 Thair was into the Inglis oist,
 Ane campoun that blew greit boist :
 He was ane stout man and ane strang,
 Quhilk oist wald with his conduct gang,

Outthrow the greit armie of France,
 His valiantnes for to avance : 270
 And Maister Talbart was his name ;
 Of Scottis and Frenche quhilk spak disdane.
 And on his bonnet usit to beir,
 Of silver fine, takinnis of weir ;
 And proclamatiounis he gart mak,
 That he wald for his ladies saik,
 With any gentilman of France,
 To fecht with him with speir or lance.
 Bot no Frenche man in all that land,
 With him durst battell hand for hand. 280
 Than lyke ane weriour vailyeand,
 He enterit in the Scottis band :
 And quhen the Squyer Meldrum
 Hard tell this campoun wes cum,
 Richt haistelie he past him till,
 Demanding him quhat was his will ;
 Forsuith I can find none, quod he,
 On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.
 Than said he, It wer greit schame,
 Without battell ye suld pass hame ; 290
 Thairfoir to God I make ane vow,
 The morne my self sall fecht with yow !
 Outher on horsback or on fute,
 Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute :
 I sall be fund into the feild,
 Armit on hors with speir and scheild.
 Maister Talbart said, My gude chyld,
 It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld :
 Thow ar too young and hes no micht,

To fecht with me that is so wicht ; 300
 To speik to me thow suld have feir,
 For I have sik practik in weir,
 That I wald not effeirit be,
 To mak debait aganis sic three :
 For I have stand in monie stour,
 And ay defendit my honour ;
 Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell thee,
 Sic interprysis to let be.

Than said this Squyer to the Knicht,
 I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht : 310
 Young David was far les than I,
 Quhen with Goliath manfullie,
 Withouttin outhir speir or scheid,
 He faucht, and slew him in the feild.
 I traist that God sal be my gyde,
 And give me grace to stanche thy pryde :
 Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne,
 Traist weill I sall yow meit the morne :
 Beside Montruill upon the grene,
 Befoir ten houris I sal be sene. 320
 And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
 Baith hors and geir I sall yow yeild :
 Sa that siclyke ye do to me.
 That I sall do be God ! quod he,
 And thairto I give thee my hand.
 And swa betwene thame maid ane band,
 That thay suld meit upon the morne.
 Bot, Talbart maid at him bot scorne ;
 Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde,
 Syne hamewart to his oist culd ryde. 330

And shew the brethren of his land,
 How ane young Scot had tane on hand,
 To fecht with him beside Montruill;
 Bot I traist he sall prufe the fuill.
 Quod thay, The morne that sall we ken,
 The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
 Quod he, I compt thame not ane cute,
 He sall returne upon his fute,
 And leif with me his armour bricht,
 For weill I wait he has no micht,
 On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
 Quod thay, The morne that sall we se.

340

Quhan to Monsieour De Obenie
 Reportit was the veritie,
 How that the Squyer had tane on hand,
 To fecht with Talbart hand for hand.
 His greit courage he did commend,
 Syne haistelie did for him send.
 And quhen he come befor the Lord,
 The veritie he did record,
 How for the honour of Scotland,
 That battell he had tane on hand;
 And sen it givis me in my hart,
 Get I ane hors to tak my part,
 My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
 To leif him lyand in the place:
 Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,
 My Lord, of him I have no dout.

350

Than send the Lord out throw the land,
 And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand:
 To his presence he brocht in haist,

360

And bad the Squyer cheis him the best.
 Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
 And cheisit the best as he suppoisit,
 And lap on him delyverlie;
 Was never hors ran mair plesantlie,
 With speir and sword at his command,
 And was the best of all the land.

He tuik his leif, and went to rest ;
 Syne airlie in the morne him drest, 370
 Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
 All weill enarmit, saif the heid :
 He lap upon his cursour wicht,
 And straucht him in his stirroppis richt,
 His speir and scheild and helme wes borne
 With squyeris that raid him beforne ;
 Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
 Ane quaif of gold to heild his hair.

This Lord of him tuik sa greit joy,
 That he himself wald him convoy : 380
 With him ane hundreth men of armes,
 That thair suld no man do him harmes.
 The Squyer buir into his scheild,
 Ane otter in ane silver feild,
 His hors was bairdit full richelie,
 Coverit with satyne cramesie.
 Than fordward raid this campioun,
 With sound of trumpet and clarioun,
 And spedilie spurrit our the bent,
 Lyke Mars the God armipotent. 390

Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
 And speik of Maister Talbart mair :

Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
 And no manner of geir to borrow :
 Hors, harnes, speir, nor scheid,
 Bot was ay reddie for the feild ;
 And had sic practik into weir,
 Of our Squyer he tuik na feir.
 And said unto his companyeoun,
 Or he come furth of his pavilyeoun, 400
 This nicht I saw into my dreame,
 Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame :
 Me thocht I saw cum fra the see,
 Ane greit otter rydand to me,
 The quhilk was blak, with ane lang tail,
 And cruellie did me assail ;
 And bait me till he gart me bleid,
 And drew me backward fra my steid.
 Quhat this suld mene I cannot say,
 Bot I was never in sic ane fray. 410
 His fellow said, Think ye not schame,
 For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
 Ye know it is aganis our faith ;
 Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith,
 And think weill throw your hie courage,
 This day ye sall wyn vassalage.

Then drest he him into his geir,
 Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
 Quhilk had baith hardines and fors ;
 And lichtlie lap upon his hors. 420
 His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
 And coverit was richt courtfullie
 With browderit wark, and velvot grene :

Sanct George's croce thare nicht be sene
 On hors, harnes, and all his geir.
 Than raid he furth withouttin weir,
 Convoyit with his Capitane,
 And with monie ane Inglisman,
 Arrayit all with armes bricht,
 Nicht no man see ane fairer sicht. 430

Than clariounis and trumpettis blew ;
 And weriouris monie hither drew :
 On everie side come monie man,
 To behald quha the battell wan :
 The feild wes in the medow grene,
 Quhair everie man nicht weill be sene.
 The heraldis put thame sa in ordour,
 That no man passit within the bordour,
 Nor preissit to cum within the grene,
 Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene. 440

The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir,
 Wer weill accowterit in their geir,
 And in thair handis strang burdounis ;
 Than trumpettis blew and clariounis,
 And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
 Now let thame go ! God shaw the richt !

Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
 And ran to uther with sic fors, 450
 That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw ;
 Than said they all that stude on raw,
 Ane better cours, than they twa ran,
 Was not sene sen the warld began.

Than baith the parties wer rejoisit ;
 The campiounis ane quhyle repoisit,
 Till they had gottin speiris new,
 Than with triumph the trumpettis blew :
 And they with all the force thay can
 Wounder rudelie at aither ran, 460
 And straik at uther with sa greit ire,
 That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
 Thair speiris wer sa teuch and strang,
 That aither uther to eirth doun dang.
 Baith hors, and man, with speir and scheild,
 Than flatlingis lay into the feild.
 Than Maister Talbart was eschamit,
 Forsuith for ever I am defamit !
 And said this, I had rather die,
 Without that I revengit be. 470

Our young Squyer, sic was his hap,
 Was first on fute ; and on he lap
 Upon his hors, without support :
 Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort.
 Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
 Loup on his hors sa galyeardlie.
 The Squyer liftit his visair,
 Ane lytill space to take the air.
 Thay bad him wyne, and he it drank,
 And humillie he did thame thank. 480
 Be that Talbart on hors wes mountit,
 And of our Squyer lytill countit.
 And cryit, Gif he durst undertak,
 To run anis for his ladies saik ?
 The Squyer answerit hie on hicht,

That sall I do be Marie bricht !
 I am content all day to ryn,
 Till ane of us the honour wyn.
 Of that Talbart was weill content,
 And ane greit speir in hand he hent. 490
 The Squyer in his hand he thrang
 His speir, quhilk was baith greit and lang,
 With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
 Of quhilk he wes appleisit weill.
 That plesand feild was lang and braid,
 Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid :
 And everie man micht have gude sicht,
 And thair was monie weirlyke knicht.
 Sum man of everie natioun,
 Was in that congregatioun. 500

Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
 And thai twa campiounis egeirlie,
 Thay spurrit thair hors with speir on breist
 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist :
 That round, rink roume wes at utterance ;
 Bot Talbartis hors with ane mischance
 He outterit, and to ryn was laith ;
 Quhair of Talbart was wonder wraith.
 The Squyer furth his rink he ran,
 Commendit weill with everie man ; 510
 And him dischargit of his speir,
 Honestlie lyke ane man of weir.
 Becaus that rink thay ran in vane ;
 Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
 Till he had gottin ane better steid ;
 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid.

Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
 As brym as he had bene ane beir.
 And bowtit fordward with ane bend,
 And ran on to the rinkis end, 520
 And saw his hors was at command ;
 Than wes he blyith, I understand,
 Traistand na mair to ryn in vane :
 Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
 Be that with all the force they can,
 Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.

Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
 Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder ;
 And nane of thame thair marrow mist.
 Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist, 530
 Bot the Squyer with his burdoun,
 Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.

That straik was with sic nicht and fors,
 That on the ground lay man and hors ;
 And throw the brydell hand him bair,
 And in the breist ane span and mair.
 Throw curras, and throw gluifis of plait,
 That Talbart nicht mak na debait,
 The trencheour of the Squyeris speir,
 Stak still into Sir Talbartis geir. 540

Than everie man into that steid
 Did all beleve that he was deid.
 The Squyer lap richt haistelie,
 From his cursour deliverlie,
 And to Sir Talbart maid support,
 And humillie did him comfort.
 Quhen Talbart saw into his scheidl,

Ane otter in ane silver feild,
 This race, said he, I may sair rew,
 For I see weill my dreame wes trew : 550
 Me thocht yone otter gart me bleid,
 And buir me backward from my steid ;
 Bot heir I vow to God soverane,
 That I sall never just agane.

And sweitlie to the Squyer said,
 Thow knawis the cunning that we maid,
 Quhilk of us twa suld tyne the feild,
 He suld baith hors and armour yeild,
 Till him that wan : quhairfoir I will,
 My hors and harnes geve thee till. 560

Then said the Squyer courteouslie,
 Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.
 Of yow forsuith nathing I crave,
 For I have gottin that I wald have.
 With everie man he was commendit,
 Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.
 The Capitane of the Inglis band
 Tuke the young Squyer be the hand ;
 And led him to the pailyeoun,
 And gart him mak collatioun. 570

Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund up fast,
 The Inglis capitane to him past :
 And prudentlie did him comfort,
 Syne said, Brother, I yow exhort
 To tak the Squyer be the hand.
 And sa he did at his command ;
 And said, This bene but chance of armes :
 With that he braisit him in his armes ;

Sayand, Hartlie I yow forgeve.
 And then the Squyer tuik his leve ; 580
 Commendit weill with everie man.
 Than wichtlie on his hors he wan ;
 With monie ane nobyll man convoyit.
 Leve we thair Talbart sair annoyit ;
 Sum sayis of that discomfitour,
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
 That he departit of that land,
 And never wes sene into Ingland.

Bot our Squyer did still remane
 Efter the weir, quhill peice wes tane. 590
 All capitanes of the Kingis gairdis
 Gaif to the Squyer rich rewairdis :
 Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
 With everie nobill he wes weill traitit.
 Efter the weir he tuke licence,
 Syne did returne with diligence,
 From Pycardie to Normandie,
 And thare ane space remanit he ;
 Becaus the Navie of Scotland
 Wes still upon the coist lyand. 600

Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
 He to the court of France returnit :
 For to decore his vassalage,
 From Bartanze tuke his voyage :
 With aucht scoir in his companie
 Of waillit wicht men and hardie ;
 Enarmit weill lyke men of weir,
 With hakbut, culvering, pik, and speir ;
 And passit up throw Normandie,

Till Ambiance in Pycardie ; 610
 Quhair nobill Lowes, the King of France,
 Was lyand with his ordinance :
 With monie ane prince and worthie man :
 And in the court of France wes than
 Ane mervellous congregatioun,
 Of monie any divers natioun ;
 Of Ingland monie ane prudent lord,
 Efter the weir makand record.

Thare wes than ane Ambassadour,
 Ane lord, ane man of greit honour :
 With him was monie nobill knight 620
 Of Scotland, to defend thair richt :
 Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
 Inglismen had thame at invie,
 And purposit to mak thame cummer,
 Becaus thay wer of greiter number.
 And sa quhairever thay with thame met,
 Upon the Scottis thay maid onset,
 And lyke wyld lyounis furious,
 Thay layd ane seige about the hous, 630
 Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit :
 Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
 The Sutheroun wes ay fyve for ane,
 Sa on ilk syde thare wes men slane ;
 The Inglismen grew in greit ire,
 And cryit swyith, Set the house in fyre.
 Be that the Squyer Meldrum
 Into the market streit wes cum,
 With his folkis in gude array,
 And saw the toun wes in ane fray ; 640

He did inquire the occasioun ;
 Quod thay, The Scottis ar all put down,
 Be Inglismen, into thair innis.
 Quod he, I wald give all the Bynniss,
 That I nicht cum or thay departit.
 With that he grew sa cruell hartit,
 That he was like ane wyld lyoun,
 And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
 With all his companie weill arrayit,
 And with baner full braid displayit. 650
 And quhen thay saw the Inglis route,
 Thay set upon thame with ane schout :
 With reird sa rudelie on thame ruschit,
 That fiftie to the eirth thay duschit :
 Thair was nocht ellis but tak and slay.
 This Squyer wounder did that day ;
 And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
 And dang on thame with dintis dour :
 Wes never man buir better band ;
 Thare nicht na buckler byde his brand, 660
 For it was weill sevin quarter lang.
 With that sa derflie on thame dang,
 That lyke ane worthie campioun,
 Ay at ane straik he dang ane doun :
 Sum was evill hurt, and sum wes slane,
 Sum fell, quhilk rais not yit agane.
 Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his nicht,
 Effrayitlie thay take the flicht ;
 And wist not quhair to flie for haist,
 Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist ; 670
 Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding,

Thair had bene mekill mair blude shedding.

Of this journey I mak ane end,
 Quhilk everie nobill did commend.
 Quhen to the King the cace wes knawin,
 And all the suith unto him shawin ;
 How this Squyer sa manfullie,
 On Sutheroun wan the victorie,
 He put him into ordinance,
 And sa he did remane in France, 680
 Ane certane tyme for his plesour,
 Weill estemit in greit honour,
 Quhair he did monie ane nobill deid.
 With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
 Quhen ladies knew his hie courage,
 He was desyrit in mariage
 Be ane ladie of greit rent ;
 Bot youth maid him sa insolent,
 That he in France wald not remane,
 Bot come to Scotland hame agane : 690
 Thocht Frenche ladies did for him murne,
 The Scottis wer glaid of his returne.
 At everie lord he tuke his leve,
 Bot his departing did thame greive ;
 For he was luifit with all wichtis,
 Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis ;
 Scottis capitanes did him convoy,
 Thocht his departing did thame noy.

At Deip he maid him for the sail,
 Quhair he furnischit ane gay veschail, 700
 For his self and his men of weir,
 With artailye, hakbut, bow, and speir ;

And furnest hir with gude victuail,
 With the best wyne that he could wail.
 And quhen the schip was reddie maid,
 He lay bot ane day in the raid,
 Quhill he gat wind of the southeist,
 Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist ;
 And syne maid saill, and fordwart past,
 Ane day at morne, till at the last 710
 Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht ;
 And Phæbus schew his bemis bricht,
 Into the morning richt airlie.
 Than past the skipper richt spedelie,
 Up to the top with richt greit feir,
 And saw it wes ane man of weir ;
 And cryit, I see nocht ellis, perdie !
 Bot we mon outhr fecht or fle.

The Squyer wes in his bed lyand,
 Quhen he hard tell this new tydand. 720
 Be this the Inglis artailye,
 Lyke hailschot maid on thame assailye :
 And sloppit throw thair fechtung saillis,
 And divers dang out our the waillis.
 The Scottis agane with all thair micht,
 Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht :
 That thay micht weill see quhair they wair,
 Heidis and armes flew in the air.
 The Scottis schip scho wes sa law,
 That monie gunnis out our hir flaw, 730
 Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit doun ;
 Bot the Inglis greit galyeoun,
 Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,

That the Scottis gunnis nicht na way fail,
 Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,
 With monie ane slop, for all hir pride,
 That monie ane beft wer on thair bakkis ;
 Than rais the reik with uglie crakkis,
 Quhilk on the sey maid sic ane sound,
 That in the air it did redound : 740

That men nicht weill wit on the land,
 That shippis wer on the sey fechtand.
 Be this, the Gyder straik the shippis,
 And ather on uther laid thair clippis ;
 And than began the strang battell,
 Ilk man his marrow did assail ;
 So rudelie thay did rushe togidder,
 That nane nicht hald thair feit for slidder.
 Sum with halbert, and sum with speir,
 Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir ; 750

Out of the top the grundin dartis
 Did divers peirs outthrow the hartis :
 Everie man did his diligence,
 Upon his fo to wirk vengeance ;
 Ruschand on uther routtis rude,
 That our the waillis ran the blude.
 The Inglis Capitane cryit hie,
 Swyith yeild yow, doggis ! or ye sall die ;
 And do yow not, I make ane vow,
 That Scotland sal be quyte of yow. 760
 Than peirtlie answerit the Squyar,
 And said, O tratour Tavernar !
 I lat thee wit, thow hes na nicht,
 This day to put us to the flicht.

Thay derflie ay at uther dang,
 The Squyer thristit throw the thrang,
 And in the Inglis schip he lap,
 And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
 Upon his heid, till he fell down,
 Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun. 770

And quhen the Scottis saw the Squyer,
 Had strikkin down that rank Rever,
 Thay left thair awin schip standand waist,
 And in the Inglis schip, in haist,
 Thay followit all thair capitane ;
 And sone wes all the Southeroun slane:
 Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
 The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer ;
 That thay wer fane to leif the feild,
 Cryand Mercie, than did thame yeild. 780

Yit wes the Squyer straikand fast
 At the Capitane till at the last ;
 Quhen he persavit no remeid,
 Outher to yeild, or to be deid,
 He said, O gentill Capitane,
 Thoill me not for to be slane.
 My lyfe to yow sal be mair pryse.
 Nor sall my deith ane thowsand syse ;
 For ye may get, as I suppois,
 Three thousand nobillis of the rois 790
 Of me, and of my companie ;
 Thairfoir I cry yow loud mercie !
 Except my life, nothing I craif :
 Tak yow the schip and all the laif.
 I yeild to yow baith sword and knyfe ;

Thairfoir, gude maister, save my lyfe !

The Squyer tuik him be the hand,
 And on his feit he gart him stand ;
 And traittit him richt tenderlie,
 And syne unto his men did cry, 800
 And gaif to thame richt strait command,
 To straik no moir, bot hald thair hand.
 Than baith the Capitanes ran and red,
 And so thair wes na mair blude sched.
 Than all the laif thay did thame yeild,
 And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.

Ane nobill leiche the Squyer had,
 Quhairof the Inglismen wes full glaid,
 To quhome the Squyer gaif command,
 The woundit men to tak on hand : 810
 And so he did with diligence,
 Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
 Than quhen the woundit men wer drest,
 And all the deand men confest,
 And deid men cassin in the see,
 Quhilk to behald wes greit pietie ;
 Thare wes slane of Inglis band
 Fyve scoir of men, I understand,
 The quhilk wer cruell men and kene ;
 And of the Scottis wer slane fyftene. 820

And quhen the Inglis capitane
 Saw, how his men wer tane and slane,
 And how the Scottis, sa few in number,
 Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer ;
 He grew intill ane frenesy,
 Sayand, Fals Fortoun ! I thee defy ;

For I belevit this day at morne,
 That he wes not in Scotland borne,
 That durst have met me hand for hand,
 Within the boundis of my brand. 830

The Squyer bad him mak gud cheir,
 And said, it was bot chance of weir.
 Greit conquerouris, I yow assure,
 Hes hapnit siclike adventure:
 Thairfoir mak merrie, and go dyne,
 And let us preif the michtie wyne.
 Sum drank wyne, and sum drank aill ;
 Syne pat the shippis under sail.
 And waillit furth of the Inglis band,
 Twa hundreth men, and put on land, 840
 Quyetlie on the coist of Kent,
 The laif in Scotland with him went.

The Inglis Capitane, as I ges,
 He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
 And treitit him richt honestlie,
 Together with his companie ;
 And held thame in that garnisoun,
 Till thay had payit thair ransoun.

Out throw the land than sprang the fame,
 That Squyer Meldrum wes cum hame. 850
 Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
 With everie man he was sa treitit :
 That quhen he travellit throw the land,
 Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
 With greit solace ; till at the last,
 Out throw Straitherne the Squyer past ;
 And as it did approach the nicht,

Of ane castell he gat ane sicht,
 Beside ane montane in ane vaill ;
 And than efter his greit travaill, 860
 He purpoisit him to repos,
 Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
 Of this triumphant plesand place,
 Ane lustie Ladie wes maistres,
 Quhais lord was deid schort tyme befoir,
 Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir :
 Bot yit scho tuke sum comforting,
 To heir the plesant dulce talking,
 Of this young Squyer, of his chance,
 And how it fortunit him in France. 870

This Squyer, and the Ladie gent,
 Did wesche, and then to supper went.
 During that nicht thare was nocht ellis,
 But for to heir of his novellis :
 Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
 Did not quene Dido greiter joy ;
 Quhen he in Carthage did arryve,
 And did the seige of Troy discryve.
 The wonderis that he did reheirs
 Wer langsum for to put in vers ; 880
 Of quhilk this ladie did rejois.
 They drank, and syne went to repos.
 He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
 With dornik work on buird displayit.
 Of venisoun he had his waill,
 Gude aquavite, wyne, and aill,
 With nobill confeittis, bran, and geill ;
 And swa the Squyer fuir richt weill.

Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
 This Ladie came to his collatioun, 890
 Sayand, he was richt welcum hame.
 Grandmercie than, quod he, Madame !
 Thay past the tyme with ches and tabill,
 For he to everie game was abill.
 Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
 To chalmer went this Ladie bricht ;
 The quhilk this Squyer did convoy :
 Syne till his bed he went with joy.
 That nicht he sleipit never ane wink,
 But still did on the Ladie think ; 900
 Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
 Did peirs him so out throw the hart,
 Sa all that nicht he did but murnit ;
 Sum tyme sat up, and sum tyme turnit.
 Sichand with monie gant and grane,
 To fair Venus makand his mane :
 Sayand, Ladie, quhat may this mene ?
 I was ane fre man lait yistrene :
 And now ane cative bound and thrall,
 For ane that I think flour of all. 910
 I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
 How for hir saik I am sa pynd :
 Wald God I had bene yit in France,
 Or I had hapnit sic mischance :
 To be subject or serviture
 Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure.
 This Ladie ludgit neirhand by,
 And hard the Squyer prively
 With dreidfull hart makand his mone,

With monie cairfull gant and grone : 920
 Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
 Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie :
 And said, Howbeit I suld be slane,
 He sall have lufe for lufe agane.
 Wald God I nicht with my honour
 Have him to be my paramour !

This was the mirrie tyme of May ;
 Quhen this fair Ladie, freshe and gay,
 Start up to take the hailsum air,
 With pantonis on hir feit ane pair : 930
 Airlie into ane cleir morning,
 Befoir fair Phœbus uprising :
 Kirtill alone withoutin klok,
 And saw the Squyeris dure unlok,
 Scho slippit in or ever he wist,
 And fenyetlie past till ane kist ;
 And with hir keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
 And maid hir to take furth ane boxe.

Bot that was not hir erand thare ;
 With that this lustie young Squyar 940
 Saw this Ladie so plesantlie,
 Cum to his chalmer quyetlie,
 In kyrtill of fyne damais broun,
 Hir goldin traissis hingand down ;
 Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
 Quhome to behald was greit delyte ;
 Lyke the quhyte lylie wes hir lyre,
 Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre,
 Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois ;
 Quhairat the Squyer did rejois ; 950

And said than, Now vailye quod vailye,
Upon the Ladie thow mak ane sailye.

Hir courlyke kirtill was unlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist,
And said to hir, Madame, gude-morne,
Help me your man, that is forlorne :
Without ye mak me sum remeid,
Withouttin dout, I am bot deid ;
Quhairfoir ye mon relief my harmes.

With that he hint hir in his armes, 960

And talkit with hir on the flure,
Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
Squyer, quod scho, quhat is your will ?

Think ye my womanheid to spill ?

Na, God forbid ! it wer greit syn,

My lord and ye wes neir of kyn :

Quhairfoir I mak yow supplicatioun,

Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun ;

Than sall I wed yow with ane ring,

Than may ye leif at your lyking : 970

For ye ar young, lustie, and fair ;

And als ye ar your fatheris air ;

Thare is na ladie in all this land,

May yow refuse to hir husband.

And gif ye lufe me, as yow say,

Haist to dispens the best ye may ;

And thair to yow I geve my hand,

I sall yow take to my husband.

Quod he, Quhill that I may indure,

I vow to be your serviture ; 980

Bot I think greit vexatioun,

To tarrie upon dispensatioun.
 Than in his armis he did hir thrist,
 And aither uther sweetlie kist ;
 And wame for wame thay uther braissit,
 With that hir kirtill wes unlaissit :
 Than Cupido with his fyrie dartis,
 Inflammit sa thir luiferis hartis,
 Thay nicht na maner of way dissever ;
 Nor ane nicht not part fra ane uther ; 990
 Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit,
 Thair tenderlie he has hir happit,
 Full softlie, up intill his bed,
 Judge ye, gif he hir schankis shed.
 Allace ! quod scho, quhat may this mene ?
 And with hir hair scho dicht hir ene.

I can not tell how thay did play,
 Bot I beleve scho said not nay.
 He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane,
 That he was welcum ay agane. 1000
 Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,
 And on his hand ane ring scho thrist ;
 And he gif hir ane lufe dowrie,
 Ane ring set with ane riche rubie ;
 In takin that their lufe for ever,
 Suld never frome thir twa dissever.

And than scho passit unto hir chalmer,
 And fand hir madinnis sweit as lammer,
 Sleipand full sound, and nothing wist,
 How that thair ladie past to the kist. 1010
 Quod thay, Madame, quhare have ye bene ?
 Quod scho, Into my gardine grene,

To heir thir mirrie birdis sang.
 I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,
 Thocht I had taryit thair quhile none.
 Quod thai, Quhair wes your hois and schone ?
 Quhy yeid ye with your bellie bair ?
 Quod scho, The morning wes sa fair,
 For be him that deir Jesus sauld,
 I felt na wayis ony maner of cauld. 1020
 Quod thay, Madame, me think ye sweit.
 Quod scho, Ye see I sufferit heit ;
 The dew did sa on flouris fleit,
 That baith my lymmis ar maid weit :
 Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,
 Till this dulce dew be fra me dry :
 Ryse, and gar mak our denner reddie.
 That sal be done, quod thay, my ladie.
 Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
 Scho rais, and in hir chalmer hir drest : 1030
 And efter Mes to denner went ;
 Than was the Squyer diligent,
 To declair monie sindrie storie,
 Worthie to put in memorie.
 Quhat sall we of thir luferis say ?
 Bot all this tyme of lustie May,
 Thay past the tyme with joy and blis,
 Full quietlie with monie ane kis :
 Thair was na creature that knew
 Yit of thir luiferis chalmer glew. 1040
 And sa he levit plesandlie,
 Ane certane tyme with his Ladie.
 Sum time with halking and hunting,

Sum time with wantoun hors rinnung ;
 And sum time like ane man of weir,
 Full galzardlie wald ryn ane speir :
 He wan the pryse above thame all,
 Baith at the buttis and the futeball:
 Till everie solace he was abill,
 At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill; 1050
 And gif ye list I sall yow tell
 How that he seigit ane castell.

Ane messinger come spedilie,
 From the Lennox to that Ladie ;
 And schew how that Makfagon,
 And with him mony bauld baron,
 Hir castell had tane perfors,
 And nouthur left hir kow nor hors :
 And heryit all that land about,
 Quhairof the Ladie had greit dout. 1060
 Till hir Squyer scho passit in haist,
 And schew him how scho wes opprest :
 And how he waistit monie ane myle,
 Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
 And quhen the Squyer Meldrum
 Had hard thir novellis all and sum ;
 In till his hart thare grew sic ire,
 That all his bodie brint in fyre;
 And swoir it suld be full deir sald,
 Gif he micht find him in that hald. 1070
 He and his men did them adres,
 Richt haistelie in thair harnes ;
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir,
 And he like Mars the god of weir,

Come to the Ladie, and tuke his leif ;
 And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif,
 The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
 And said, Madame, I yow assure,
 That worthie Lancelot du Laik
 Did never mair for his ladies saik, 1080
 Nor I sall do, or ellis dé,
 Without that ye revengit be.

Than in hir armes scho him braist,
 And he his leif did take in haist :
 And raid that day, and all the nicht,
 Till on the morne he gat ane sicht
 Of that castell, baith fair and strang :
 Than in the middis his men amang,
 To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
 That he suld never in hart be glaid ; 1090
 Nor yit returne furth of that land,
 Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
 All the tennentis of that Ladie
 Come to the Squyer haistelie,
 And maid aith of fidelitie,
 That thay suld never fra him fie.

Quhen to Makferland, wicht and bauld,
 The veritie all haill wes tauld,
 How the young Squyer Meldrum
 Wes now into the cuntrie cum, 1100
 Purpoisand to seige that place ;
 Than vittailit he that fortres,
 And swoir he suld that place defend,
 Bauldlie, untill his lyfis end.
 Be this the Squyer wes arrayit,

With his baner bricht displayit,
 With culvering, hakbut, bow, and speir ;
 Of Makfarland he take na feir.
 And like ane campioune courageous,
 He cryit and said, Gif our the house ! 1110
 The Capitane answerit heichly,
 And said, Tratour, we thee defy :
 We sall remane this hous within,
 In to despyte of all thy kyn.
 With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
 Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
 Amang the Squyeris companie ;
 And thay agane richt manfullie,
 With hakbute, bow, and culveryne,
 Quhilk put Makferlandis men to pyne ; 1120
 And on their colleris laid full sikker ;
 And thair began ane bailfull bikker.
 Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
 Till on ilk side thair wes men slane.
 Than cryit the Squyer courageous,
 Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous :
 And sa thay did, and clam belyfe,
 As busie beis dois to thair hyfe.
 Howbeit thair wes slane monie man,
 Yit wichtlie our the wallis thay wan. 1130
 The Squyer formest of them all,
 Plantit the banir our the wall :
 And than began the mortall fray,
 Thair wes nocht ellis bot tak and slay.
 Than Makferland that maid the prais,
 From time he saw the Squyeris face,

Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
 Deliverand him baith speir and scheild :
 The Squyer hartilie him resavit,
 Commandand that he suld be savit : 1140
 And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
 Sa that na maṅ wes put to deid.
 In fre waird was Makferland seisit,
 And leit the laif gang quhair thay pleisit.

And sa this Squyer amorous,
 Seigit and wan the ladies hous.
 And left thairin ane capitane,
 Syne to Stratherne returnit agane :
 Quhair that he with his fair Ladie,
 Ressavit wes full plesantlie, 1150
 And to tak rest did him convoy,
 Judge ye gif thare wes mirth and joy.
 Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloisit,
 They did bot kis, as I suppoisit.
 Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
 Let them discover that luiferis bene :
 For I am not in lufe expart,
 And never studyit in that art.
 Thus they remainit in merines,
 Beleifand never to have distress. 1160

In that meine time this Ladie fair,
 Ane douchter to the Squyer bair :
 Nane fund wes fairer of visage.

Than tuke the Squyer sic courage,
 Agane the merrie time of May,
 Threttie he put in his lufaray,
 In scarlot fyne, and of hew grene ;

Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene.
 The Gentilmen in all that land,
 Wer glaid with him to mak ane band ; 1170
 And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,
 And not desyring bot thair hartis.
 Thus levit the Squyer plesandlie,
 With musick and with menstralie :
 Of this Ladie he wes sa glad,
 Thair nicht na sorrow mak him sad ;
 Ilk ane did uther consolatioun,
 Taryand upon dispensatioun.
 Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit,
 Bot or it come, it was miscuikit ; 1180
 And all this game he bocht full deir,
 As ye at lenth sall efter heir.

Of warldlie joy it wes weill kend,
 That sorrow bene the fatall end ;
 For jelousie and fals invie,
 Did him pursew richt cruellie.
 I mervell not thocht it be so,
 For they wer ever luiferis fo :
 Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane stour,
 And ay defendit his honour. 1190

Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
 Quhilk at this Squyer had invy,
 Imaginand intill his hart,
 How he thir luiferis nicht depart ;
 And wald have had hir maryand
 Ane gentilman within his land,
 The quhilk to him wes neir in bluid :
 Bot finallie for to conclude,

Thairto scho wald never assent :
 Quhairfoir the Knicht set his intent, 1200
 This nobill Squyer for to destroy
 And swore, he suld never have joy
 In till his hart, without remeid,
 Till ane of thame wer left for deid.
 This vailyand Squyer manfully,
 In ernist or play did him defy;
 Offerand himself for to assaill,
 Bodie for bodie in battaill.
 The Knicht thairto not condiscendit,
 Bot to betrais him ay intendit. 1210

Sa it fell anis upon ane day,
 In Edinburgh, as I hard say,
 This Squyer and the Ladie trew,
 Was thair just matteris to persew :
 That cruell Knicht full of invy,
 Gart hald on thame ane secreit spy,
 Quhen thai suld pas furth of the Toun,
 For this Squyeris confusioun ;
 Quhilk traistit no man suld him greive,
 Nor of tressoun had no beleive. 1220
 And tuik his licence from his oist,
 And liberallie did pay his coist;
 And sa departit blyith and mirrie,
 With purposis to pas our the Ferrie.
 He wes bot auchtsum in his rout,
 For of danger he had no dout.
 The spy came to the Knicht anone,
 And him informit how thay wer gone.
 Than gadderit he his men in hy,

With thrie scoir in his company ; 1230
 Accowterit weill in feir of weir,
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir ;
 And on the Squyer followit fast,
 Till thay did see him at the last ;
 With all his men richt weill arrayit,
 With cruell men nathing effrayit.

And quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
 God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.
 Quod scho, Your enemies I see,
 Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid yow fle ; 1240
 In the cuntrey I will be kend,
 Ye ar na partie to defend.

Ye knaw yone Knichtis crueltie,
 That in his hart hes no mercie :
 It is bot ane that thay wald have,
 Thairfoir, deir hart, yourself ye save ;
 Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
 I sal be sone at yow agane :
 For ye war never sa hard staid.
 Madame, quod he, be ye not raid, 1250
 For, be the Halie Trinitie,
 This day ane fute I will not fle.

And be he had endit this word,
 He drew ane lang twa handit sword :
 And put his aucht men in array,
 And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
 Than to the Squyer cryit the Knicht,
 And said, Send me the Ladie bricht :
 Do ye not sa, be Goddis corce,
 I sall hir tak away perforce. 1260

The Squyer said, Be thow ane knicht,
 Cum furth to me and schaw the richt,
 Bot hand for hand without redding,
 That thair be na mair blude shedding.
 And gif thow winnis me in the field,
 I sall my Ladie to thee yield.

The Knicht durst not for all his land,
 Fecht with this Squyer hand for hand.

The Squyer than saw na remeid,
 Bot outhr to fecht, or to be deid: 1270

To hevin he liftit up his visage,
 Cryand to God with hie courage,
 To Thee my quarrell I do commend !
 Syne bowtit fordwart with ane bend ;
 With countenance baith bauld and stout,
 He rudelie rushit in that rout :

With him his litill companie,
 Quhilk thame defendit manfullie.

The Squyer with his birneist brand,
 Amang his fa men maid sic hand : 1280

That Gaudefer, as says the letter,
 At Gadderis Ferrie faucht no better:
 His sword he swappit sa about,
 That he greit roum maid in the rout :

And like ane man that was dispairit,
 His wapoun sa on thame he wairit,
 Quhome ever he hit, as I hard say,
 Thay did him na mair deir that day ;
 Quha ever come within his boundis,
 He chaipit not but mortall woundis; 1290
 Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,

Sum fled, and come not yit agane.
 He hat the Knicht abone the breis,
 That he fell fordwart on his kneis ;
 Wer not Thome Giffard did him save,
 The Knicht had sone bene in his grave :
 Bot than the Squyer with his brand,
 Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand :
 From that time furth during his lyfe,
 He never weildit sword nor knyfe. 1300
 Than come ane sort as brim as beiris,
 And in him festnit fyftene speiris,
 In purposis to have borne him doun,
 Bot he, as forcie campioun,
 Amang thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder,
 For all thair speiris he schure in sunder :
 Nane durst cum neir him hand for hand,
 Within the boundis of his brand.

This worthie Squyer courageous,
 Micht be compairit to Tydeus : 1310
 Quhilk faucht for to defend his richtis,
 And slew of Thebes fyftie knichtis.
 Rolland with Brandwell his bricht brand,
 Faucht never better hand for hand ;
 Nor Gawin aganis Golibras ;
 Nor Olyver with Pharambras ;
 I wait he faucht that day als weill,
 As did Sir Gryme aganis Graysteill ;
 And I dar say, he was als abill,
 As onie Knicht of the Round Tabill ; 1320
 And did his honour mair avance,
 Nor onie of thay knichtis perchance :

The quhilk I offer me to preif,
Gif that ye pleis, Sirs, with your leif.

Amang thay knichts wes maid ane band,
That thay suld fecht bot hand for hand,
Assurit that thair suld come no mo ;
With this Squyer it stude not so :
His stalwart stour quha wald discryfè,
Aganis ane man their come ay fyfe. 1330
Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht,
And had no micht him to destroy,
Into his hart thair grew sic noy,
That he was abill for to rage,
That no man micht his ire asswage.
Fy on us ! said he to his men,
Ay aganis ane sen we ar ten ;
Chaip he away, we are eschamit,
Like cowartis we sall be defamit : 1340
I had rather be in hellis pane,
Or he suld chaip fra us unslane.
And callit thrie of his companie,
Said, Pas behind him quyetlie.
And sa thay did richt secretlie,
And came behind him cowartlie,
And hackit on his hochis and theis,
Till that he fell upon his kneis :
Yit quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Upon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder ; 1350
Sweipand his sword round about,
Not haifand of the deith na dout :
Durst nane approche within his boundis,

Till that his cruell mortall woundis
 Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun ;
 Perforce behuifit him than fall doun,
 And quhen he lay upon the ground,
 They gaif him monie cruell wound ;
 That men on far nicht heir the knokkis,
 Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokkis : 1360
 And finallie without remeid,
 Thay left him lyand thair for deid,
 With ma woundis of sword and knyfe,
 Nor ever had man that keipit lyfe.

Quhat suld I of thir traitouris say ?
 Quhen thay had done thay fled away.
 Bot than this lustie Ladie fair,
 With dolent hart scho maid sic cair ;
 Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,
 And langsum for to put in vers. 1370
 With teiris scho wuische his bludie face,
 Sichand with manie loud allace.
 Allace ! quod scho, that I was borne !
 In my querrell thow art forlorne ;
 Sall never man efter this hour,
 Of my bodie have mair plesour ;
 For thow wes gem of gentilnes,
 And werie well of worthines.
 Than to the eirth scho rushit doun,
 And lay intill ane deidlie swoun. 1380

Be that the Regent of the land,
 Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand :
 Sir Anthonie Darsie wes his name,
 Ane knight of France and man of fame,

Quhilk had the guiding haillilie,
 Under Johne Duke of Albanie ;
 Quhilk wes to our young King tutour,
 And of all Scotland Governour.
 Our King was bot fyve yeiris of age,
 That time quhen done wes the outrage. 1390

Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
 Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
 Wo is me ! quod he, to see this sicht,
 On thee, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.
 Wald God that I had bene with thee,
 As thow in France was anis with me ;
 Into the land of Picardy,
 Quhair Inglis men had greit invy,
 To have me slane, sa thay intendit,
 Bot manfullie thow me defendit, 1400

And vailyeandlie did save my lyfe ;
 Was never man with sword nor knyfe,
 Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,
 That ever faucht better for ane day ;
 Defendand me within ane stound,
 Thow dang seir Sutheroun to the ground.
 I may thee mak no help, allace !
 Bot I sall follow on the chace,
 Richt spedilie baith day and nicht,
 Till I may get that cruell Knicht. 1410

I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
 Intill ane presoun I sall set him,
 And quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
 Than sall my handis straik of his head.
 With that he gave his hors the spurris,

And spedelie flaw our the furris.
 He and his gaird with all thair micht,
 Thay ran till thai ourtuik the Knicht.
 Quhen he approchit he lichtit doun,
 And like ane vailyeand campioun, 1420
 He tuik the tyrane presonar,
 And send him backward to Dumbar ;
 And thair remainit in presoun,
 Ane certaine time in that dungeoun.
 Let him ly thair with mekil cair,
 And speik we of our heynd Squyar :
 Of quhome we cannot speik bot gude ;
 Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
 His freindis and his Ladie fair,
 Thay maid for him sic dule and cair ; 1430
 Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir,
 Of that mater I speik no moir.
 Thay send for Leichis haistelie,
 Syne buir his bodie tenderlie,
 To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
 Quhair he ressavit medicyne.
 The greitest Leichis of the land,
 Come all to him without command.
 And all practikis on him provit,
 Becaus he was sa weill belovit. 1440
 Thay tuik on hand his life to save,
 And he thame gaif quhat thay wald have.
 Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
 He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane :
 And als be his naturall ingyne,
 He lernit the art of medicyne.

He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
 Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
 Bot efterward quhen hé was haill,
 He spairit na coist nor yit travaill, 1450
 To preif his practikis on the pure,
 And on thame previt monie ane cure,
 On his expensis, without rewaird,
 Of money he tuik na regaird.

Yit sum thing will we commoun mair
 Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
 Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane
 Nor all his woundis in certane.
 And than his freindis did conclude,
 Becaus scho nicht do him na gude, 1460
 That scho suld tak hir leif and go,
 Till hir cuntrie, and scho did so :
 Bot thir luiferis met never agane,
 Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane :
 For scho aganis hir will wes maryit,
 Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.
 Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
 Hir tender hart wes ay present,
 Baith nicht and day with hir Squyar,
 Wes never creature that maid sic cair : 1470
 Penelope for Ulisses,
 I wait, had never mair distres ;
 Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus,
 Wes not tent part sa dolorous :
 I wait it wes aganis hir hart,
 That scho did from hir Lufe depart ;
 Helene had not sa mekill noy,

Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.
 I leif hir than with hart full sore,
 And speik now of this Squyer more. 1480

Quhen this Squyer wes hail and sound,
 And softlie nicht gang on the ground,
 To the Regent he did complane ;
 Bot he, allace ! wes richt sone slane
 Be David Hume of Wedderburne :
 The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne.
 For thair was nane mair nobill knicht,
 Mair vailyeand, mair wyse, mair wicht :
 And sone efter that crueltie,
 The Knicht was put to libertie, 1490
 The quhilk the Squyer had opprest :
 Sa wes his matter left undrest.

Becaus the King was young of age,
 Than tyrannis rang into thair rage.
 Bot efterward, as I hard say,
 On Striviling brig upon ane day,
 This Knicht was slane with crueltie,
 And that day gat na mair mercie,
 Nor he gaif to the young Squyar ;
 I say na mair, let him ly thair. 1500

For cruell men ye may weill see,
 They end oft times with crueltie ;
 For Christ to Peter said this word,
 Quha ever straikis with ane sword,
 That man sal be with ane sword slane,
 That saw is suith, I tell you plane :
 He menis quha straikis cruellie,
 Aganis the Law without mercie.

Bot this Squyer to nane offendit.
 Bot manfullie him self defendit. 1510

Wes never man with sword nor knyfe,
 Micht saif thair honour and thair lyfe;
 As did the Squyer all his dayis,
 With monie terribill effrayis.

Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
 I micht weill writ ane uther quair;
 Bot at this time I may not mend it,
 Bot schaw you how the Squyer endit.

Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
 That of this Squyer hard record, 1520

And did desire richt hartfullie,
 To have him in his companie:
 And send for him with diligence,
 And he come with obedience;
 And lang time did with him remane,
 Of quhome this agit Lord was fane.

Wyse men desiris commounlie
 Wyse men into thair companie.
 For he had bene in monie ane land,

In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland; 1530

Quhairfoir the Lord gaif him the cure,
 Of his household I yow assure;
 And in his hall cheif Merschall
 And auditour of his comptis all.

He was ane richt courticiane,
 And in the law ane practiciane;
 Quhairfoir during this Lordis lyfe,
 Schyref Depute he wes in Fyfe:
 To everie man ane equal judge,

And of the pure he wes refuge; 1540
 And with justice did thame support,
 And curit thair sairis with greit comfort :
 For as I did reheirs before,
 Of medicine he tuke the lore,
 Quhen he saw the chirurgience
 Upon him do thair diligence.
 Experience maid him perfyte,
 And of the Science he tuke sic delyte,
 That he did monie thriftie cure,
 And speciallie upon the pure ; 1550
 Without rewaird for his expensis,
 Without regaird or recompensis,
 To gold, to silver, or to rent,
 This nobill Squyer tuke litill tent :
 Of all this world na mair he craifit,
 So that his honour micht be saifit.
 And ilk yeir for his Ladie's saik,
 Ane banket royall wald he maik ;
 And that he maid on the Sunday
 Precedand to Aschwednisday. 1560
 With wyld foull, venisoun and wyne :
 With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne :
 Of bran and geill thair wes na skant,
 And ipocras he wald not want ;
 I have sene sittand at his tabill,
 Lordis and lairdis honorabill,
 With knichtis, and monie ane gay squyar,
 Quhilk wer too lang for to declair :
 With mirth, musick and menstrallie.
 All this he did for his Ladie : . 1570

And for hir saik during his lyfe,
Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.

And quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage.
Of ancient storyis for to tell,
Above all other he did precell.
Sa that everilk creature,
To heir him speik thay take plesure.

Bot all his deidis honorabill,
For to descryve I am not abill: 1580

Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, sa he endit.
Plesandlie till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure ;
And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He straik the Squyer throw the hart :
His saull with joy angelicall,
Past to the Hevin Imperiall.

Thus at the Struther into Fyfe,
This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe. 1590

I pray to Christ for to convoy
All sic trew luiferis to his joy.
Say ye AMEN, for Cheritie.
Adew ! ye sall get na mair of me.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE NOBILL AND
VAILYEAND SQUYER WILLIAME
MELDRUM OF THE BYNNIS.

The holie man Job, ground of pacience,
 In his greit trubill trewlie did reporte,
 Quhilk I persave now be Experience,
 That mennis lyfe in eirth bene wounder short.
 My youth is gane, and eild now dois resort ;
 My time is gane, I think it bot ane dreame, 1600
 Yit efter deith remane sall my gude fame.

I persave shortlie, that I man pay my det,
 To me in eirth no place bene permanent :
 My hart on it no mair now will I set,
 Bot with the help of God omnipotent,
 With resolute mind go mak my Testament :
 And tak my leif at cuntriemen, and kyn,
 And all the warld, and thus I will begyn.

Thrie Lordis to me sal be Executouris.
 Lindsayis all thrie in surname of renoun : 1610
 Of my Testament thay sall have hail the curis ;
 To put my mind till executionn.
 That Surname failyeit never to the Croun,
 Na mair will thay to me I am richt sure,
 Quhilk is the caus that I give thame the cure.

First David Erll of Craufuird wise and wicht,
 And Johne Lord Lindesay my maister special,
 The thrid sal be ane nobill travellit Knicht,
 Quhilk knawis the coistis of feistis funeral :
 The wise Sir Walter Lindesay they him call. 1620
 Lord of Sanct Johne, and Knicht of Torfichane,
 Be sey and land ane vailyeand capitane.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
 Yit in my hart hie courage doeth precell :
 Quhairfoir I leif to God, with gude intent,
 My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortell ;
 Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell :
 And nevir moir to steir furth of that steid
 Till Christ descend and judge baith quick and deid.

I yow beseik, my Lordis Executouris, 1630
 My geir geve till the nixt of my kynrent :
 It is well kend, I never tuik na cures,
 Of conquessing of riches nor of rent ;
 Dispone as ye think maist expedient :
 I never tuik cure of gold more than of glas ;
 Without honour, fy ! fy upon riches !

I yow requeist, my freindis ane and all,
 And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit :
 Fail not to be at my feist funerall, [1640
 Quhilk throw the warld I traist sal be commendit,
 Ye know how that my fame I have defendit,
 During my life, unto this latter hour,
 Quhilk suld to yow be infinit plesour.

First of my bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
 Within and out, syne weische it weill with wyne :
 Bot honestlie see that nothing be sene,
 Syne clois it in ane coistlie carvit schryne,
 Of cedar treis, or of cyper fyne :
 Anoynt my corpis with balme delicious,
 With cynamome and spycis precious. 1650

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis,
 Inclois my hart and toung richt craftelie ;
 My sepulture syne gar mak for my banis,
 Into the tempell of Mars triumphantlie,
 Of marvill stanis carvit richt curiouslie ;
 Quhairin my kist and banis ye sall clois
 In that triumphant tempill to repos.

Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre,
 Gave me my natural inclinatiounis ;
 Quhilk rang the day of my nativitie, 1660
 And sa thair hevinlie constellatiounis
 Did me support in monie Natiounis ;
 Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
 Quhairthrow I conquest honour and renoun.

Quho list to knaw the actis bellicall,
 Let thame ga reid the Legend of my life ;
 Thare sall thai find the deidis martiall,
 How I have stand in monie stalwart strife ;
 Victoriouslie with speir, sheild, sword, and knife :
 Quhairfoir to Mars the god armipotent, 1670
 My corps incloisit ye do till him present.

Mak offering of my tounge rhetoricall,
 Till Mercurius quhilk gaif me eloquence,
 In his tempill to hing perpetuall,
 I can mak him na better recompence ;
 For quhen I was brocht to the presence
 Of Kingis in Scotland, Ingland, and in France,
 My ornate tounge my honour did avance.

To fresche Venus my hart ye sall present,
 Quhilk hes to me bene ay comfortabill ; 1680
 And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
 All creatures did think me amiabill.
 Women to me scho maid sa favorabill:
 Wes never Ladie that luikit in my face,
 But honestlie I did obtene hir grace.

My freind Sir David Lyndsay of the Mont
 Sall put in ordour my Processioun ;
 I will that thair pas forrest in the front
 To beir my penseil ane wicht campioun,
 With him ane band of Mars his religioun, 1690
 That is to say, in steid of monkis and freiris,
 In gude ordour ane thowsand hagbutteris.

Nixt them ane thowsand futemen in ane rout,
 With speir and sheild, with buckler, bow and brand,
 In ané luferay young stalwart men and stout.
 Thridlie in ordour thair sall cum ane band,
 Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair harmes,
 Thair Capitane with my standard in his hand,
 On bairdit hors ane hundreth men of armes.

Amang that band, my baner sal be borne, 1700
 Of silver schene, thrie otteris into sabill :
 With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
 For men of armes very convenabill :
 Nixt after thame ane campioun honorabill,
 Sall beir my basnet with my funeral, l,
 Syne efter him in ordour triumphall,

My arming sword, my gluifis of plait, and sheild
 Borne be ane forcie campioun, or ane knight,
 Quhilk did me serve in monie dangerous feild.
 Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht, 1710
 Upon ane jonet or ane cursour wicht :
 The quhilk sal be ane man of greit honour,
 Upon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

Syne nixt my beir sal cum my corspresent,
 My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir ;
 With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,
 As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,
 During my time quhen I went to the weir ;
 Quhilk sal be offerit with ane gay garment,
 To Mars his preist at my interrement. 1720

Duill weidis I think hypocrisie and scorne,
 With huidis heklit doun ourthort thair ene,
 With men of armes, my bodie sal be borne,
 Into that band see that no blak be sene :
 My lufaray sal be reid, blew, and grene,
 The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
 The ble, for lufe of god Mercurius.

About my beir, sall ryde ane multitude,
 All of ane luiferay of my cullouris thrie ;
 Erles, and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude ; 1730
 Ilk Barroun beirand in his hand on hie,
 Ane lawrer branche, insigne of victorie,
 Becaus I fled never out of the feild,
 Nor yit as presoner unto my fois-me yeild.

Agane that day, faill not to warne and call
 All men of musick, and of menstrallie ;
 About my beir with mirthis musicall,
 To dance and sing with hevinlie harmonie,
 Quhais plesand sound redound sall in the sky ;
 My spreit I wait sal be with mirth and joy, 1740
 Quhairfoir with mirth my corps ye sal convoy.

Thus beand done, and all things reulit richt,
 Than plesandlie mak your progressioun,
 Quhilk I beleif sal be ane plesand sicht ;
 Se that ye thoill na preist in my processioun,
 Without he be of Venus professioun :
 Quhairfoir gar warne al Venus chapel clarkis,
 Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

With ane Bischop of that religioun,
 Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes, 1750
 With organe, timpane, trumpet, and clarioun,
 To shaw thair musick, dewlie them addres,
 I will that day, be heard no hevines :
 I will na service of the Requiem,
 Bot Alleluya, with melodie and game.

Efter the Evangell, and the Offertour,
 Throw all the tempill, gar proclame silence :
 Than to the pulpet gar ane Oratour,
 Pas up and shaw in oppin audience,
 Solempnitlie with ornate eloquence ; 1760
 At greit laser, the Legend of my life,
 How I have stand in monie stalwart strife.

Quhen he hes reid my buik fra end till end,
 And of my life maid trew narratioun ;
 All creature I wait will me commend,
 And pray to God for my salvatioun ;
 Than efter this solempnizatioun,
 Of service trew, and all brocht to ane end ;
 With gravitie than with my bodie wend.

And clois it up into my sepulture, 1770
 Thair to repois till the Greit Judgement ;
 The quhilk may not corrupt I yow assure,
 Be vertew of the precious oyntment,
 Of balme, and uther spyces redolent.
 Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis
 Bot greit cannounis gar them crak for bellis.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis,
 With swesche, talburnis, and trumpettis awfullie :
 Lat never spair the poulder nor the stanis, [1780
 Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky,
 That Mars may heir quhair he triumphandlie
 Above Phebus is situate full evin,
 Maist awfull god, under the sternie hevin.

And syne hing up above my sepulture.

My bricht harnes, my sheild, and als my speir ;
Togidder with my courtlie coit armour.

Quhilk I wes wont upon my bodie beir,
In France, in Ingland, being at the weir ;
My baner, basnet, with my temperall,
As bene the use of feistis funerall.

1790

This beand done, I pray yow tak the pane,

My Epitaphe to writ upon this wyis,
Above my grave, in goldin letteris fyne :

THE MAIST INVINCIBILL WEIRIOUR HEIR LYIS,
DURING HIS TIME, QUHILK WAN SIC LAUD AND PRYIS,
THAT THROW THE HEVINIS SPRANG HIS NOBIL FAME :
VICTORIOUS WILLIAM MELDRUM WES HIS NAME.

Adew, my Lordis, I may na langer tarie,

My Lord Lindesay, adew abone all uther ;
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie, 1800

With your lady to leif lang in the Struther ;
Maister Patrik, with young Normond your brother ;
With my ladeis, your sisteris, all adew !
My departing I wait weill ye will rew.

Bot maist of all the fair Ladies of France,

Quhen thai heir tell but dout that I am deid ;
Extreme dolour will change thair countenance,
And for my saik will weir the murning weid ;

Quhen thir novellis dois into Ingland spreid,
Of Londoun than the lustie ladies cleir, 1810
Will for my saik mak dule and drierie cheir.

Of Craigfergus my dayis darling adew,
 In all Ireland of feminine the flour ;
 In your querrell twa men of weir I slew,
 Quhilk purposit to do yow dishonour ;
 Ye suld have bene my spous and paramour,
 With rent and riches for my recompence,
 Quhilk I refusit throw youth and insolence.

Fair weill! ye lemant lampis of lustines
 Of fair Scotland, adew my Ladies all ! 1820
 During my youth with ardent besines,
 Ye know how I was in your service thrall,
 Ten thowsand times adew above thame all ;
 Sterne of Stratherne, my Ladie Soverane !
 For quhome I sched my blud with mekill pane.

Yit wald my Ladie luke at evin and morrow
 On my legend at lenth scho wald not mis,
 How for hir saik I sufferit mekill sorrow,
 Yit give I nicht at this time get my wis,
 Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis ; 1830
 I wis in vane, allace we will dissever,
 I say na mair, Sweit hart, Adew for ever !

Brether in armes, Adew in generall.
 For me, I wait your hartis bene full soir ;
 All trew companyeounis into speciall,
 I say to yow, Adew for evermoir !
 Till that we meit agane with God in gloir ;
 Sir Curat, now gif me incontinent
 My crysme, with the holie Sacrament.

My spreit hartlie I recommend

1840

In manus tuas, Domine:

My hoip to thee is till ascend,

Rex, quia redemisti me;

Fra syn resurrexisti me;

Or ellis my saull had bene forlorne:

With sapience *docuisti me:*

Blist be the hour that Thow wes borne.

NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS.

NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS.

THE DREME.—Page 1.

“This is plainly Lyndsay’s first production, of which we know anything. The principal note of time is the obvious intimation that *his youth-hood was now nearly overblown*. The domination of the Douglasses separated the king from ‘the companions of his youth’ in 1524, when Lyndsay, ‘the chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,’ was reformed on a pension. During the payment of this pension, and the existence of that domination, Lyndsay would not dare to *dream* what was disagreeable to the dominating powers. It was the king’s happy escape from the odious power of the Douglasses in July 1528 which unbent the writer’s genius, and unbound our poet’s pen, to ‘tell ane mervellous vision.’ He intimates, indeed, that he had been long idle; and that idleness, the ground of iniquitic, had so dulled his spreits, he wist not at what end to begin. While investigating the cause of Scotland’s poverty, under the sage direction of experience, he attributes that evil to the want of justice, policy, and peace; and that want he assigns to the ‘infatuate heads insolent,’ who had small eye to the commonweal, and only looked ‘to their singular profit.’ This, then, is a pretty plain description of the sad misrule of the Douglasses, which ended with the king’s acquirement of power, in July 1528. The *Dreme*, of course, must have been written after the terror of their

domination had disappeared. The poet makes *Jhone the Commonweill* describe the state of the southern borders, where nothing could be seen but *reif, theft, and mischief*. This description was true, before the king caused severe justice to be inflicted on the principal thieves, and reclaimed the borderers, in 1529, after the expulsion of the Douglasses. The whole context of *The Dreame* evinces, then, that it was written towards the end of the year 1528; but it was not printed for many years."—CHALMERS.

“The Dreame of Lyndsay was his earliest production, that has yet appeared, as we have seen. To dreame dremes is one of the commonest, as it is one of the easiest, of fictions. Chaucer has many dreames. Langland discloses the visions of *Peirce Plowman* in a *swevens*. Gawin Douglas conducted the whole machinery of his *Palice of Honour* in a dreame. William Dunbar, the most eminent of the Scottish poets, deals much in dreames; and it was to his *Golden Terge* that Lyndsay was obviously indebted not only for the conceit of his *Dreame*, but also for the plan, and some of the machinery. In the *Golden Terge*, Dunbar rises, ‘as the stern of day began to schyne;’ going out to enjoy the freshness of the morning, he lays himself down by a *roseir*, or arbour of rosebushes, where, being lulled to rest by the song of birds and the sound of the river, he began to be haunted by glorious dreams. Lyndsay too walked out at sunrising; and reposing himself on the sea-shore, he falls asleep in a cove, where, in his fantasm, he is accosted by *Dame Remembrance*, who carries him through hell to heaven, and from heaven to earth, to *Paradyse*, and to Scotland. With *Dame Remembrance* he takes an ecstatic view of the whole; and his poem tells of ane *mervellous visidoun*, in elegant metaphor and flowing numbers, with the reflections that the succession of such sights suggests to a vigorous mind. The Dreame of Lyndsay was composed, as we have found, in 1528.”—CHALMERS.

THE DREME first appears in a printed form in the two foreign editions of Lyndsay's poems with the name of Samuel Jascuy, in 1558. The present text is from the volume printed, evidently in the following year, by John Scot. Chalmers gave the preference to the smaller edition by Jascuy; and some of the various readings pointed out in the following pages may perhaps come nearer the original text, but these variations are not of much importance. The Dreme is included in every subsequent edition of Lyndsay's poems. Mere variations of orthography do not require special notice.

Line 1.—*Rycht potent Prince*, or James the Fifth, King of Scotland, who, in 1529, was in the eighteenth year of his age. The title "The Epistel to the Kingis Grace," is supplied from the edition of Edinburgh 1571.

Line 3.—*Your celsitude*. In the edit. 1558, *thy celsitude*.

Line 5—*My youtheid now be neir ower blawin*. All the copies read so; but I may suggest that *be lang ower blawin* would be a more appropriate reading: Lyndsay is here alluding to his own age, and he was, according to Chalmers, "then thirty-eight or thirty-nine years old."

Line 11—*Syne, sweitlie to thee sang*. So in the editions of 1559, 1568, &c. In those of 1558, we have *Syne softlye to thé sang*.

Line 12.—*Feiralie*. In the edit. 1558, *ferely*.

Line 16—*The greislie gaist of Gye*. In the editions of 1558, the 4to has *gryisly*, the small one *grysly gaist of gye*. The name is also *Gye* in the subsequent editions of 1559, 1568, 1571, &c.; and Chalmers explains it, "The frightful ghost

of Guy; the well-known Sir Guy of romance." In the old metrical romance of Sir Guy of Warwick, or its Continuation, I do not, however, find anything applicable to this allusion to the "gryisly gaist of Gye."

Line 21.—*Sewers*. "The sewer was the officer who came in before the dinner, the attentive master of an English inn, and arranged the dishes. So (says Chalmers) in Stephen Hawes's Pastyme of Pleasure:

She warned the Cook, called Temperance,
And after that the *Sewer* Observance,
With Pleasance the porter, and Dame Courtesy,
The gentle butler, and the ladies all."—CHALMERS.

Chalmers might as well have quoted the words of Gawin Douglas, from the *Æneis*, Book First, or, as follows, from the *Palice of Honour*:

Temperance is Cuik, his meit to taist and preif;
Humilitie Carver, that na wicht list to greif;
His Maister Sewar, hecht Verteous Discipline;
Mercie is Copper, and mixis weill his wine.

Coppar, and *Carvour*, the cupbearer and carver. The editions of 1558 make the words *Cupper* and *Carboure*.

Line 28.—*Greabyll*. In the edit. 1558, *agreabyll*.

Line 31.—*Deidis marciall*. The youthful King being ignorant of Latin, the *Chronicles of Scotland*, and the first five books of *Livy*, were translated for his use, by John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Murray.

Line 44—*Plesand storye*. Charteris in his editions 1568, 1571, &c., has *historie*; but he used a good deal of licence in modernizing the texts of such works.

Line 45—*The Reid Eitin*. In the editions of 1558, *Eitin*. The tale of the Red Eitin is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, as a popular story of a giant with three heads. The tale itself, and some other popular stories to which Lyndsay here alludes, are unfortunately not preserved.

Line 54.—*My mynd I sall*. In the edit. 1558, *My pen I sall addres*.

Line 57—*In to the Calendis*: from the Lat., *Calendæ*, or *Kalendæ*, the name given to the first day of every month among the Romans.

Line 70—*Over all the land*. It will be observed in old Scottish poetry that such words as *ower* (*over*) are usually pronounced as monosyllables.

Line 80—*With stalwart stormis*. “The edition 1597 has, absurdly, substituted *sturdy* for *stalwart*, which here means violent.”—CHALMERS.

Line 91—*And waryit be thou, Wynter, with thy schouris*. Similar passages might be quoted from Dunbar’s *Goldyn Targe*, Henryson’s *Preaching of the Swallow*, and other early poets.

Line 93.—*Thou left*. In the edit. 1558, *thow lost*.

Line 115—*Smooth and drye*. In the editions 1558 *smothe*; in 1559 and 1568, *smoith*.

Line 131.—*Variqtoun*. In the edit. 1558, *warison*.

Line 132—*That fixes all thair hole intent*. In the edit. 1558, *that fixis on it thair intent*; in edit. 1568, &c., as in the text, except *haill* for *hole*.

Line 136.—*Suld tak no harme.* In the edit. 1558, *suld noch tak harme.*

Line 148—The Latin quotation from 1 Thess. v. occurs in Jascuy's editions of 1558, but is omitted in Scot's first edit., 1559.

Line 162—*The Eird, (or earth;)* in the edit. 1558, *erd.*

Line 163—*Into the lawest Hell.* "It was a part of the old mundane system, that Hell was placed in the centre of the earth. So a fragment, cited by Hearne, Glossary Rob. Glouc. ii. 583,

Ryght so is hell-pitt, as clerkes telles,
Amyste the erthe, and no where elles."

So also an old French traet, "Limaige du Monde," or Image of the World, "Saches que en la terre est Enfer, car Enfer ne pourrait estre en si noble lieu comme est l'Air," &c., ch. viii.—WARTON, (Hist. Eng. Poetry). Lyndsay in his Dialogue afterwards repeats, that Hell was placed in the midst of the Elements.

Line 196—*More for deneiris.* "*Deneiris,* money: so afterwards Lyndsay (see p. 242, note on line 985) has *telling thair deneiris,* counting their money."—CHALMERS. The same phrase, *denneir,* occurs in Lyndsay's "Satyre of the Three Estatis." See line 1798,

Bot I gat never ane denneir
Yet, for my recompence.

Line 216—*Rewlande that rowt.* Conducting that tumultuous crowd, or rabble: as in Spenser,

Huge routs of people did about them band
Shouting for joy.

And again,

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky.

Line 224—*Girnyng and greityng*. “Gnashing of teeth and weeping, as in Math. viii., ‘Thare shal be wepyng and gnashing of tethe.’”—CHALMERS.

Line 229.—*To know thair rewle*, to know the prescribed Rules of their Order.

Line 233—*O Empriour Constantyne*. It is by no means improbable that Lyndsay might here have had in view the well-known lines in Dante’s *Inferno* (xix. 115),

Ahi Constantin, di quanto mal fu
Non la tua Conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te finse il primo ricco Patri!

Which Milton thus rendered into English blank verse,

Ah! Constantine, of how much ill was cause
Not thy Conversion, but those rich domaines
That the first wealthy Pope receiv’d of thee!

Milton also quotes allusions by Petrarch (Sonnet 108) and Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, canto 34) to Constantine’s gift to the Roman Pontiff, “whereby it may be concluded for a receiv’d opinion, even among men professing the Romish faith, that Constantine marr’d all in the church: as it was (Milton adds) at this time Antichrist began first to put forth his horne.” (*Of Reformation, &c.*, p. 30. Lond., 1641, 4to.) Lyndsay reverts to this subject in his *Papyngo*, line 803, &c.

Line 244—*Importabill pane*. “Insupportable pain: Lyndsay has *importabill passions*: Spenser uses *importible* in the same sense.”—CHALMERS.

Line 258—*Hangit be the hals.* *Hals* is neck : so Chaucer, “be I hanged by the halse.”

Line 261—*With thai.* Chalmers has *there*, and notices that it is omitted in edit. 1558 : in edit. 1559, it is *thay*.

Line 282—*Thay did thame never schryve.* They never made confession. Charteris, in his edition, 1568, added as a marginal note, “Quhat horribill torment of conscience was this Auricular Confession.” This note is retained in his later editions.

Line 342—*Purgatorie,—Quhilk purgis saulis, or thay cum to glorie.* Another marginal note by Charteris was here added in 1568. “He (the author) seems rather to elude than allow of Purgatorie.” This note is omitted in editions of 1582, 1592, and 1597.

Line 356—*Of Baptisme, thay wantit the ansenze.* Charteris in 1568 added this marginal note, in allusion to the supposed state of unbaptized infants, “Sic wes the ignorance of thai dayis, that men euin of scharpest judgement culd not espy all abusis.” In the edit. 1558, *enseinze*, Chalmers makes it *ensenze*. G. Douglas, he says, has *ensenzie* in this sense.

Line 384—*We behuffit.* So in the editions 1558 and 1559. In the later copies, *It behuffit us.*

Line 385—*The Speris of the Planetis Sevin.* “The Planetary system was thus divided : I. The Primum Mobile, or first motion. II. The Cristalline Heaven, in which were placed the fixed stars. III. The twelve signs of the Zodiac. IV. The spheres or circles of the planets in this order, viz., Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and lastly the

Moon, which they placed in the centre of universal Nature. Again, they supposed the Earth to be surrounded by three elementary Spheres, Fire, Air, and Water. Milton, in his *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, makes a very poetical use of the notion of a *primum mobile*, where he supposes that the soul of the child hovers

Above that high First Moving Sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields, &c. (Par. Lost, iii. 483.)

—WARTON, (*Hist. Engl. Poetry.*)

Line 390—*The reflex of Phebus bemes brycht.* So Dunbar, “The reflex of Phebus visage bright.”

Line 405—*Was set in to a sait*, is the reading of 1568, the earlier editions have *ane chayre*, which is perhaps the preferable reading. See line 427.

Line 423—*And glader of the sterris.* “Gladder or comforter: Chaucer and Dryden have *glader* in the same sense.” —CHALMERS.

Line 427—*His goldin cheir.* In edit. 1558, *chieir*, for *chair* or seat.

Line 438—*Bordourit about with stonis*, so in the 1559 and subsequent editions, which is no improvement on the reading of the editions of 1558, *Bordourit with precious stanis.*

Line 439—*I have no slycht*, “or skill. Chaucer uses *sleight*, for contrivance, skill.” —CHALMERS.

Line 443.—*Dryer than the tounder*, or “t’other, the other; a perversion for the rhyme.” —CHALMERS. This is a very unsatisfactory explanation, the obvious meaning is, *the tinder*. Thus in Douglas’s translation of Virgil’s *Æneis*,

The sonnys mid cirkil remanis under
Hait Torrida Zona, dry as ony tunder.

Line 502—*Garris thame turne full evin*, causes thame to revolve. Charteris, in 1568, 1574, &c., has omitted the word *turne*. In later editions *ga* is substituted for *turne*.

Line 503—*In to the space of foure and twenty houris*, so in the editions of 1558 and 1559. Charteris in his various later editions corrected this to “four and twenty zeiris,” and altered *astronomouris* in the next line to *astronomeiris* for the sake of the rhyme.

Line 510—*Rycht melodious harmony*. See Henryson’s *Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem which might have suggested some of the descriptive passages of Lyndesay’s *Dream*.

Line 513—*The Hevin callit Christallyne*. “Most of this philosophy is immediately borrowed from the first chapters of the Nuremburgh Chronicle, a celebrated book when Lyndesay wrote, printed in the year 1493. It is there said, that of the waters above the firmament which were frozen like crystal, God made the crystalline heaven, &c., fol. iv. This idea is taken from Genesis i. 4. See also St. Paul, Epist. Cor. ii. xii. 2. The same system is in Tasso, where the archangel Michael descends from heaven. Gier. Lib. c. ix. st. 60 seq. And in Milton, *Parad. Lost*, iii, 481.

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
 And that Crystallin sphere, &c.

—WARTON, (*Hist. Engl. Poetry.*)

Line 522—*Syngand Sanctus, &c.* “Because the Scriptures have mentioned several degrees of Angels, Dionysius the Areopagite, and others, have divided them into nine Orders; and those they have reduced into three Hierarchies. This

was a tempting subject for the refining genius of the school-divines; and accordingly we find in Thomas Aquinas a disquisition, *De ordinatione Angelorum secundum Hierarchias et Ordines* (Quæst. cviii.) The system, which perhaps makes a better figure in poetry than in philosophy, has been adopted by many poets who did not outlive the influence of the old scholastic sophistry. See Dante, *Parad. C. xxviii.* Tasso mentions, among *La grand' Oste del Ciel.*

Tre folte squadre, ed ogni squadra istrutta,
In Tre Ordini gira, &c.

(Gier. Lib. xviii. 96). And Spenser speaks of the angels singing in their TRINALL TRIPLICITIES. (*Fairie Queene*, i., xii. 39.) And again, in his Hymne of Heavenly Love. See also Sannazarius, *De Part. Virgin.*, iii. 241. Milton perhaps is the last poet who has used this popular theory. *Parad. Lost*, v. 748.

Regions they pass'd and mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their Triple Degrees.

And it gives great dignity to his arrangements of the celestial army—

Th' empyreal host of angels,
Under their Hierarchies in Orders bright, &c.

See *ibid.*, v. 583. Such splendid and sublime imagery has Milton's genius raised on the problems of Thomas Aquinas! See also *ibid.*, v. 600. Hence a passage in his Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity is to be illustrated—

And with your Ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the Angelike symphony.

That is, the symphony of the nine Orders of Angels was to be answered by the ninefold music of the Spheres."—
WARTON, (*Hist. Engl. Poetry.*)

In like manner, in the *Pallice of Honour*, Gawyn Douglas says,

The Harmonie was sa melodious fine
 it semit nathing ellis
 Bot Ierarchieyes of Angellis Ordours nyne.

See also note to page 243 of "*The Gude and Godlie Ballates*," edit. 1868, 12mo.

Line 581—*Innumerabyll it was*, is the reading of edit. 1558. *Unmesurabill*, adopted by Chalmers, is certainly to be preferred as applied to *magnitude*.

Line 594—*Thare is none eiris may heir*. In the words of St Paul, "But as it is written: The eye hath not sene, and the eare hath not hearde, nether have entred into the herte of man, the thinges which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. xi. 9. Tyndale's Translation, 1534.

Line 595—*Thair greit felycitie*. Charteris in 1568 omits *greit* or *great*, and makes the phrase, *this thare felicitie*.

Line 597—*That doctour sapient*, or wise teacher.

Line 607—*And, for thy synnis, be penance, suffer paine*. So in the edit. 1558 and 1559. In 1568 the publisher, in place of this allusion to Purgatory, substituted, *Into the world, quhair thow sall suffer pane*.

Line 609—*To ryng with him in glore*, in edit. 1568, to *regne with hym in glore*. The earlier edition, 1558, had, *to dwell in to this gloir*.

Line 628—*Of so small quantitie*. In edit. 1558, *lytill quantitie*; for which, says Chalmers, the edit. 1568, 1574, &c.,

has absurdly substituted *small*. But *small* also occurs in edit. 1559.

Lines 630, 658, 757, &c., the titles of these subdivisions do not occur in the editions of 1558, but were added in those of 1559, 1568, &c.

Line 639—*The Auctour of the Speir*. It might be thought that Lyndsay here refers to the popular work, the “*Sphæra Johannis de Sacro Bosco*,” which passed through several editions before this time. I do not, however, see anything in his treatise to support this idea.

Line 645, &c.—*In aucht staigis*. Although it is so in 1558, 1559, &c., Chalmers here adopts *staidis*, the reading of some later editions.

Line 662—*The Earth tripartite wes*. “We here see that Lyndsay, who wrote this in 1528, divided the earth in *tripartite*. An American isle, one of the Bahamas, had been discovered in 1492. Discoveries continued to be made in every year. And yet, when Munster published his *Cosmographia Universalis* in 1559, the American continent was scarcely known; at least, it had not even then been admitted to be a fourth quarter of the globe, and called America. The *Novus Orbis* of Grynæus, which was published in 1537, has a rude sketch of South America, with this name upon it.”—CHALMERS.

This map in the *Novus Orbis* of Grynæus appeared in the earlier edition of that work printed at Paris in 1532. The map itself has the date “1531, mense Julio,” and the name of “Orontius F. Delph.” But the name of AMERICA had appeared many years before, and a few words on the subject may be added:—For several years after the discovery of the West Indian Isles and the Western Continent, the name of

the New Found Isles, or *Novus Orbis*, was usually given ; but instead of assigning *COLUMBIA* in honour of the great Discoverer, it obtained its name from that of Amerigo Vespucci, a native of Florence, born in the year 1451.

The Four Letters of Vespucci, in which he professes to give an account of his Voyages, were frequently printed, and in various languages. But his narrative is very meagre, and so ambiguous that it has been questioned whether he actually accompanied any one of the Expeditions he describes. He studiously avoids giving the names of the Commanders under whom he sailed, and he falsifies the date of the earliest Voyage, in order to claim for himself the honour of having first discovered the Southern continent of the New World. After long years of delay and discouragement, Christopher Columbus set out on his first voyage in 1492. Washington Irving, in his *Life of Columbus*, clearly establishes the fact that it was not in 1497, but in May 1499, that Americus Vespucius, or Vespucci, accompanied Alonzo de Ojeda in his first voyage to the New World. But it so happened that his name in its Latinized form, *AMERICA*, which was applied to these southern regions by the author of the "*Cosmographiæ Introductio*," printed in 1507, was afterwards extended to the whole Continent of America. The Letters of Vespucci, translated into Latin, form part of a rare tract first printed at *Deodata* (or St Dié, in France), 1507, 4to : "*Cosmographiæ Introductio, &c. Insuper quattuor Americi Vespucii Nauigationes.*" The Editor of these Letters, (no doubt misled by their falsified statements) says that he saw no good reason why the Fourth division of the World should not bear the name of America, in honour of the discoverer. His own words may be quoted. The edition I possess is that of 1509 : "*Nunc vero et hæ partes sunt latius lustratæ et alia Quarta pars per Americum Vesputium (ut in sequentibus andietur) inventa est, quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo*

inventore sagacis ingenii viro Amerigem quasi Americi terram sive Americam dicendam: cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortita sint nomina. Ejus situm et gentis mores ex bis binis Americi Navigationibus quod sequuntur liquide intelligi datur." (COSMOGRAPHIE INTRODUCTIO, &c. Sign. C. iii., Pressit apud Argentoratos, Anno 1509, 4to.) In the French account of these Voyages there is no name given to the New World. The book has this title: "Sensuyt le Nouveau monde t nauigations: Faictes par Emeric de vespuce Florentin, Des pays t isles nouvellement trouuez, aupaissant a nous incognez Tant en lethiope que arabie, calichut, t autres plusieurs regions estranges, xix.—Imprime nouvellement a Paris, par Jehan Janot." (No date) 4to. Although the name of Vesputio figures on the title, it is in fact a general collection of Voyages translated from the Italian "Paesi nouamente ritrovati," first printed in 1507.

Voltaire, in his "Essai sur les Moeurs et l'Esprit des Nations," chap. cxlv., "On Columbus and America," puts the question in its proper light when he says that "Columbus had made three voyages in his character of Admiral and vice-roy, five years before Americus Vespucci had made one in his capacity of Geographer, under the command of Admiral Ojeda; and that the glory of discovery belongs incontestably to him who had the genius and the courage to undertake the first voyage."

But leaving this point, I shall merely add, that the earliest attempt to represent the Continent of the New World with any minuteness, is a map in the edition of Ptolemy's Geographia, in Latin, printed at (Strasburg,) Argentorati, in 1522, folio. In this map the name AMERICA is distinctly marked on the portion exhibited of South America. In the same edition there is a separate map of the West Indies, as discovered by Christopher Columbus.

Line 705—*Foure principallis*. “*Four* is the old reading; yet only three countries are specified. The edit. 1597 has substituted *Thir*, and subsequent editions *These*, which better correspond with the context.”—CHALMERS.

Line 708. *Carmanie*. The edit. 1558 has *Germanie*, which Chalmers rejects.

Line 717—*Janewayis* or Genoese. Other names are changed in like manner, apparently for the rhyme, such as, line 725, *Bretane*, for *Bretayne* or *Britanny*; line 730, *Granata*, for *Grenada*; line 740, *Cyper* and *Sardana*, for *Cyprus* and *Sardinia*, and *Cecilia* for *Sicily*.

Line 748—

*Of Plinius, and worthie Ptholomie,
Quhilkis war expart in to Cosmographie.*

The “*Historia Naturalis of Pliny*” and the “*Geographia*” of Ptolemy of Alexandria: both works might furnish, were it required, abundant illustrations of this portion of Lyndsay’s *Dream*.

Line 763—*The temparat air serene*. The editions of 1558 makes this *the temporall air*.

Line 771—*So hie in situatioun*. Warton refers to the following passage in the *Chronicon Nurembergense*, fol. viii., as describing the *Earthly Paradise*, or the garden of *Eden*. “*Paradisus tantæ est altitudinis, quod est inaccessibilis secundum Bedam; et tam altus, quod etheream regionem pertingat,*” &c.

Line 818—*And fructual montanis*. “*Fruitful mountains*. Lyndsay overcharges, on this occasion as on others, the picture of *Scotland’s fructuosity*, for the purpose of satire;

which is levelled throughout against the Douglas party."—
CHALMERS. The edition 1558 has, *And frutfull montanis*.

Line 833—*In al the Mapamound*: from the French (in geography), *Mappe-monde*, a map of the whole world.

Line 845—*Nother in to the peple nor the land*. The progressive improvement of Scotland was no doubt mainly retarded by the unhappy party divisions which prevailed during the greater part of the sixteenth century, and the mismanagement of public affairs, during the long minorities both of James the Fifth, and of his daughter Mary, as well as of his grandson James the Sixth.

Line 890—*Dois sloug and sleip*. In the edit. 1558, followed by Chalmers, it is *lunge and sleyp*; but *sloug*, or *slug*, seems to be the preferable reading.

Line 895—*Than Lupis*, should be *Lupus*, as in the edit. 1558, &c. See Henryson's fable of *Lupus* and *Lawrence*, names given to the Wolf and the Fox: coming *in ane ling*, or together, to dounthing, or to cast down or worry the selly, helpless sheep.

Line 898—*Doith so, that all his flockis ar rewlit rycht*. So in edit. 1559 and 1568. Chalmers, following that of 1558, omits *he* in line 897, and reads *Than ar his flockis rewlit all at richt*.

Line 915—So in the edition 1559 and others, but *and* should be deleted, and the line read, *That riches nicht be policie incres*. The editions 1558, have *be polices*.

Line 918—The title of this division, "Complaynt," &c., is not given in the editions of 1558.

Line 920—*We saw a bousteous berne cum ower the bent.* “We saw a rough fellow come over the heath.” Bousteous means boisterous; *berne* signified originally a child, but latterly a man, as in the poem on the Battle of Otterburn, “Then spoke a *berne* upon the *bent*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 924—*Wyth ane rycht melancholius countynance;* Chalmers adhering to the edit. 1558, has *With ane malicious contenance.*

Line 925—*With scrip on hip;* “with a wallet at his side.”—CHALMERS.

Line 937—*And weill honorit,* &c. The editions of 1558 omit *weill,* and have *regioun* in place of *natioun.*

Line 950—*Plane wrang is plane,* &c., read, *is clene,* as in the edit. 1558, &c. *Plane wrang is clene capitan;* and Chalmers says, *clene* means complete.

Line 955—*Betwix the Merse and Lowmabane.* “Between Berwickshire and Lochmabane, a town in Dumfriesshire, the ancient seat of the Bruces, Lords of Annandale.”—CHALMERS. The Merse is the name given to a district in Berwickshire, on the northern bank of the Tweed, throughout the whole space where the river serves to divide the two kingdoms. Lochmaben is one of the royal boroughs.

Line 958—*And vicious workis:* in the editions 1558, *And viciousness.*

Line 964—*In the Oute Ylis,* that is, in the Western Isles or the Hebrides.

Line 966—*In danger of her lyfe.* “In order that the more

critical reader may see a specimen of the printer-editors of Lyndsay, I have subjoined the whole of this stanza, as it is given by Sibbald, from the ed. 1592. The alterations are printed in Italics :

“ Into the Hieland I culd find na *remeid*,
 Bot suddanlie I was put to exile :
 Thay sweir swingeouris *they tuke of me na heid*,
 Nor amangis thame let me *remane* ane quhile.
Als in the Owt-Yles, and in Argyle,
 Unthrift, sweirness, *falset, povertie* and strife,
 Pat policie in danger of hir life.”—CHALMERS.

But a similar text occurs, not only in the earlier editions by Charteris of 1568 to 1582, but also in that of John Scot, in 1559.

As the above quotation is nearly verbatim with the text, from the edit. 1559, I shall here reverse it, by giving the stanza literally from the quarto edition of Jascuy 1558, collated with the smaller edition of that year, which Chalmers adopted :

In the hie land I cowth fint no *resort*
 Bot suddanly I was put *in exill*
 Thay sweir swingeours *warld mak me no support*
 Nor amang yame lat me *repolis* ane quhyll
Syklykin to ye out ylis, and argyll
 Wnthyft, sweirnes *falsheid, powrteth* and stryve
 Pat polycie in danger of hir lyve.

In both editions *fint* and *warld* occur in place of *find* and *wald* ; also *syklykin* appears one word ; and in the last line *pat* is printed *put* in the small edition.

Line 976—*For I have socht throw, &c.* The 4to edit. of 1558 has *For I hef Goweht throw all the spirituall flait* ; the small edit. makes it *Gowecht*, either of which might have puzzled any editor had no correct text been available.

Line 985—*In tellyng thair deneris*, in counting their money. See *supra* note to line 196. The word *deneir* is evidently derived from the Latin *Denarius*, the name of a Roman silver coin.

Line 991—*Turnit in brag*. In the edit. 1558 *changeit in brag*. This Chalmers considered to be the old reading.

Line 996—*Sanct Jhone to borrow*. “*Borrow* means a surety, a fidejussor.” It was usual sometimes to bring forward a saint as borrow, or surety; and also, as Lyndsay does here, to commit a person to the care or protection of a saint; and Saint John appears to have been the usual borrow.—So Chaucer,

With teris blew and with a wounded hart.

Taketh your leve, and with Sanct John to borrowe.

Comp. of Mars and Venus: And he uses the same expression frequently. It is also used by Henryson in his fable of Sir Chantecler and the Fox. “We sall fare weill, we and Sanct Johne to borrow.”—CHALMERS. See note Henryson’s Poems and Fables, p. 282. Edinb. 1865, 8vo.

Line 1002—*That questioun, it sall*. In the edit. 1558, *Quhat thou requiris, it salbe*.

Line 1010—*Full trew*. In the edit., 1558, *richt trew*; and in the next line, *Ane ower young King*.

Line 1013—*Ouer firth and fell*, “Is an expression in most of the old English poets; over forest and mountain, or mountainous heath.”—CHALMERS.

Line 1023.—*Leit craik of at onis*. The editions in 1558 and the Edinburgh MS. 1566 have *crak of attonis*. Chalmers

reads *crak at anis*, and adds, "Let *crak* at ance; *crak*, as in Shakespeare, is the *roar* of a cannon: any sudden and quick sound, according to Addison."

Line 1025—*Nor the stonis*. Chalmers, who adopts the orthography *stanis*, says "stones were the bullets of that age. See Warton's *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 304."

Line 1033—*All the Visioun*. In the edit. 1558, and adopted by Chalmers, *All this mater*.

Line 1035—*As now thou gettis no more*. In the edit. 1558, *As now I hef no moir*.

Line 1037—In edit. 1559, &c., "Heir endis the Dreme; and begynniss the Exhortatioun to the Kyngis Grace."

Line 1043—*Above all uther thing*. In the edit. 1558, *all erthly thing*.

Line 1052—*And, sen that*. In the edit. 1558, *Be caus that*.

Line 1058—*Thou may weill wyt*; in the edit. 1558 *Thow may weill heir*.

Line 1071—*And ilke flattrer*. In the edit. 1558, *And all flatterars thow fleme*.

Line 1081—*Was never yit na wrache to honour habyll*. In the edit. 1558, *Without fredome, is none to honour habill*. Thus, says Chalmers, the earliest reading seems the best.

Line 1083—*Mydas of Trace*. Chalmers retains the name *Cresus of Pers*, and adds this note:—"Cresus of Pers is the reading of the edit. 1558. The subsequent editions changed

this to *Mydas of Thrace*. The first, I believe, is what Lyndsay wrote: The French printer did not interpolate: The subsequent printers have interpolations without number. It was Mydas of Phrygia, to whom the poets attributed the wish, that his touch might turn every thing to gold. Lindsay, I think, confounded this Mydas with Cresus of Pers."—CHALMERS. No doubt Lyndsay had so confounded the two, unless it was a blunder of the transcriber, but in either case, there is no use of retaining the misnomer in the text. The proverbial wealth of Croesus, King of Lydia, was derived, it is said, from the gold-mines of Tmolus near the Pactolus, a river of Lydia in Asia Minor, which flows from this mountain, and which Strabo says anciently brought down a large quantity of gold-dust. But no gold-dust, he adds, was found in his time. This *amnis aurifer* was situated where Sardis, the capital of the King of Lydia, is often mentioned in the Latin poets. Thus Virgil (*Æneid*. lib. x. v. 142) has

Pactolus qui irrigat auro;

and Horace (*Epod.* xv. v. 20),

Tibique Pactolus fluat.

To this source may be traced the origin of the story of Midas, King of Phrygia; who, according to Heathen mythology, obtained of Bacchus the choice of desiring a favour, and his request was, that all he touched might be turned to gold, (*Ovid. Metamorph.*, lib. xi.) Midas soon found what would be the fatal effects of this foolish and avaricious wish: Lyndsay indeed, at line 1090, says he died of hunger in consequence; but the youthful god, in compassion having ordered Midas to repair to the source of the river Pactolus, and to plunge his head into the waters, hence this stream, it is alleged, was enriched with its golden sands.

——— vis aurea tinxit

Flumen, et humano de corpore cessit in amnem.

Line 1084—*Goddess*, should read *goddis*; and in line 1086, in both edit. 1558, *twycheit* reads *wycheit*.

Line 1092—*Frome lychorie*. The temptations held forth to the young Prince by the worthless persons at Court, as described in lines 233-252 of the next poem, his Complaynt to the King, had unfortunately much greater influence than Lyndsay in this Exhortation.

Line 1094—*Frome that unhappy sensuall syn abstene*. In the edit. 1558. *From that whhappy lusty* (err. for *luste*) *thy self abstene*.

Line 1096—*My benesoun*, or blessing: So, says Chalmers, *benisoun*, in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer, "his faders *benison he wan*;" and Shakespeare, "God's *benison* go with you."

Line 1104—*And princelie curage, gane on thame to ryng*. In his note on the various readings of the next line, Chalmers says, "The Scottish printers, who lived immediately after Lyndsay's death, thought they could mend his poetry; and that they had a right to interpolate." It is rather strange that while he adopts the reading of the above line from one of these *amended* editions, "gan" being misprinted "han," he takes no notice that the 1558 edition which he professed to follow has

Fredome, and manheid, gan ower thame to ryng.

Line 1105—*And, chosin of Romanis, Empriour and Lord*. In the edit. 1558, and adopted by Chalmers, *And chosin Romes Empryour and Lord*.

Line 1120—*And art nocht sicker*. In edit. 1558, *Thow art nocht sickir*, &c.

Line 1121.—The words in this line are thus transposed in edit. 1558, *Sen from that sentence thair is none may fle.*

Line 1127—*And so, for conclusioun*: see note in Henryson's Poems, p. 247, for similar conclusions in jingling rhymes used by some of the old Scottish Makars.

THE COMPLAYNT TO THE KING.—Page 44.

“THE COMPLAYNT of Lyndsay arose from the situation in which he found himself at the age of thirty-nine. Early in life, he had been appointed, as we have seen, principal page to James V., at the epoch of his birth. In this office our poet had been everything during a dozen years to the young prince: He had been his sewer, his carver, his cupbearer, his pursemaster, his chief cubicular: But, while Lyndsay was everything to the prince, and the prince was everything to Lyndsay, a revolution happened in the state during the year 1524; owing to the intrigues of the Queen-mother, which put an end to so endearing a connection: for her own gratification, the King *was taken from school* at the age of twelve, and put at the head of the government, in order that others might misgovern his kingdom. Lyndsay was reformed on a pension, which he admits was punctually paid; arising from the King's continued kindness. James V., who very soon began to think and feel like a king, made several efforts to free himself from this thralldom. And he became king indeed, by throwing off the domination of the Douglasses in 1528. Immediately after, our poet addressed to the *Kingis grace* his *Complaynt*, which is composed in eight-syllable verse of very easy flow, and which lays before the King his services, in familiar terms, and speaks of his

want of reward with freedom and manliness. Of the *Complaynt*, Warton remarks, that it is written generally with elegance, sometimes with tenderness, and always with vigour. It is now chiefly valuable for its picture of the manners of the age, for showing the intrigues of the court, and for telling, in an agreeable style, his own personal story. The *Complaynt* was written in 1529."—CHALMERS.

Mr Chalmers elsewhere says, "As the preceding Dreme is quoted in the *Complaynt*, this must necessarily have been written subsequent to the Dreme, the first of his labours." "The whole context of the *Complaynt*" (he adds) "thus fixes the writing of it to the last six months of 1529."—This conclusion seems to be incontrovertible, from some of the allusions it contains, as pointed out in the following Notes.

This *Complaynt* was apparently first printed by John Scot in the year 1559. It is not found in the editions of Jascuy, printed in France in 1558; and it is strange that Scot, while inveighing against the inaccuracies and omissions of lines in these copies, should not have specially noticed this; nor is it contained in the London editions of 1566, 1575, and 1581. It occurs in the Edinburgh Manuscript of 1566, the concluding portion wanting; and is included by Charteris in his edition of 1568, and in all subsequent editions of Lyndsay's Poems.

In the editions by Henry Charteris, 1568, &c., the title of this poem is "The Complaint of Schir David Lindesay of the Mont, Knicht, direct to the Kingis Grace."

Line 4—*Of my infortune*. It occurs again at line 112. "Infortune, as in Chaucer, misfortune. Infortunate, for unfortunate, was used by Lord Bacon."—CHALMERS.

Line 16—*The day of thy Natyvitie*. King James the Fifth was born in the palace of Linlithgow in April 1512.

Line 36—*The Father of fameill*—or of a household. See the parable of the labourers in the Vineyard, in the Gospel of St Matthew, chap. xx.

Line 42—*Amesit*. In the edit. 1568, &c., *ameisit*. “The old reading means appeased; so *ameysit*, in Barbour’s Bruce; and *ametized*, in Chaucer. The edit. 1592, has *appeised*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 56.—*Ane dumb man yit wan never land*. “A proverbial phrase. A dumb man never yet obtained land. So, Hoccleve—The proverb is, *The dumb man no land getteth*. The Scots proverb (in Ray’s Collection) is, *A dumb man wan never land*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 82—*My Lord Chancelare*. This was Gawin Dunbar of the family of Cumnock, and nephew of Gawin Dunbar, Bishop of Aberdeen (1518-1532). The education of the young prince was entrusted to him, at the same time that Lyndsay became “his daily servitour.” Dunbar, the King’s tutor, succeeded Archbishop Beaton in the See of Glasgow in 1524, and was appointed Lord Chancellor on the 21st of August 1528, which office he held during the rest of the King’s reign. He was turned out towards the end of 1543, to make room for Cardinal Beaton. Archbishop Dunbar died on the 30th of April 1547.

Line 85—*Auld Willie Dillie*. In the Treasurer’s Accounts for December 1512, I find among the King’s household servitors, who had dresses “again Yule,” in that year, one named “William Daly yeman,” and there can be no doubt he was the person here alluded to. How long he survived is not known.

Line 90—*Dansand with mony bend and bek*. “*Bek*; beck,

nod; the motion of nurses, for the amusement of children. Chaucer has the word in something of the same sense :

Then peine I me to stretchen forth my neck,
And est and west upon the peple I *beck*.”—CHALMERS.

At line 181 *infra*, Lyndsay again uses this phrase, *with bendis and beckis*. Like Milton's

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

Line 92—*Pa, Da, Lyn*. The first syllables that thou did mute (articulate) were of PA-[pa] DA-[vid] LYN-[dsay.]

Line 93—*Than playit twenty spryngis, perqueir*. Then, upon the lute, I played twenty tunes, off-hand.

Line 94—*Quhilk wes gret piete for to heir*. It is so in all the early editions, 1559, 1568, 1582, but Chalmers reads, what seems to be a more intelligible expression, *great plesour*.

Line 96—*Gynkartoun*. Chalmers says, “the name of a Scottish tune, which tradition has not preserved.”

Line 99—*In to my Dreme*. The preceding poem by Lyndsay: the earliest of his compositions known to exist.

Line 102—*Hape to the Court*. “*Hap at the court*, in the ed. 1592: This wise saying seems not to be among the *Adagia Scotica*. Chaucer uses *happe* for chance, adventure, luck: So, Bishop Douglas; ‘*Hap helps hardy men*.’ Stewart, a court poet of Lyndsay's time, wrote a poem on *Hap at Court*. Ban. MS. No. 166, which was published by Lord Hailes, p. 163. The concluding line of the three first stanzas is, “Better *hap* to [at] court, nor gude servyss.”

Here is another instance how the editors make nonsense of the poets, by blundering the text."—CHALMERS.

The drift of this note is somewhat unintelligible; as Chalmers in his text has given *Hap to the court*, which is the reading of the older copies, although *Hap at Court* seems preferable. In Fergusson's *Scottish Proverbs*, 1641, we have "*Better happie to Court, nor good service; and in Kelly's collection, p. 65, Happy at Court than good service. Courtiers are often raised by some lucky turn of good fortune, rather than by good service, or great qualifications.*"

Line 107—*Sanct Geill*, or St Giles, the patron Saint of Edinburgh.

Line 120—*Ane clips fell in the mone*. "Clips, eclipse, as Chaucer has *clipsy*, for eclipsed. The allusion is to the revolution in the Scottish government during the year 1524, when the king was twelve years of age, and the Douglasses gained the ascendancy. The king's old servants were dismissed."—CHALMERS.

Line 144—*And marinall*. "Mariners; *marinall*, for the rhyme: So, *governance* is *governaille*, in Chaucer."—CHALMERS.

Line 149—*I gyf thame to the Devyll of hell*. "Lyndsay often breaks out into indignation against the Douglasses, who were for ages the oppressors of Scotland."—CHALMERS.

Line 157—*Be thame, that peirtlye tuke on hand*. "*Pertlie*, in the edit. 1568, *partlie* in the edit. 1574, 1592, and 1597, is nonsense. *Pertlie*, petulantly, audaciously, as in Shakespeare, 'Yonder walls that *pertly* front your town.'"—CHALMERS.

Line 175—*Sum gart hym raiffell at the rakkat.* “*Ravell, revell, play,*—made him play at the *rakket*; perhaps *tennis*; a play, at which a ball is driven with a racket. This game is mentioned by Chaucer :

But can'st thou playin racket to and fro,
Nettle in, docke out, now this, now that ?

The game appears from the context of Chaucer to have been *tennis*. It seems another word for inconstancy.”—CHALMERS. The lines here quoted occur in his *Troilus and Cresseid*, book iv., 461. Chaucer elsewhere uses the same phrase to signify inconstancy in love: “Ye wite well Ladie eke, quod I, that I have not plaid Raket, Nettle in, Dock out, and with the Wethercocke waved.”—(Testam. of Love.)

Line 176—*The hurly hakkat.* “Some carried him to the *hurly hacket*, a schoolboy sport, which consists in sliding down a precipice.”—CHALMERS.

Line 178—*Wald ryid to Leith.* This perhaps is the earliest notice of horse-racing on the sands of Leith; although most likely it refers to a kind of exercise among courtiers, and not to the regular Horse Race for stakes or prizes. The Annual Leith Races, usually on the last week of July, long continued to attract immense crowds of all ranks, until in 1816 removed to the links of Musselburgh, as better adapted for the purpose than the wet-sands from the varying hours of the tides at Leith. See the long and curious description given in Campbell's *History of Leith*, 1827, pp. 182-196.

Line 187—*And mak betuix us sicker bandis.* This and several lines that follow, are repeated, nearly verbatim, by Lyndsay in his *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*. See lines 997, &c., Vol. ii., p. 56.

Line 190—*I hald thareto, man, be Alhallow.* “By all saints, *allhallows*, Alhallow, for the rhyme. So Chaucer uses *hallows* for saints.”—CHALMERS.

Line 195—*And geve the Thesaurair be our freind.* “This potent Treasurer was Archibald Douglas, the uncle of the Earl of Angus, who seized the government in 1524.”—CHALMERS. The accounts of Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, as treasurer, extend from 15th Oct. 1526 to the 29th August 1527; but the intermediate accounts till October 1530 are not preserved. Douglas, as treasurer, was succeeded in 1528 by Robert Bertoun of Over-Bertoun.

Line 223—*Bot be his Bowis war weill cumit hame:* the bulls or letters from the Court of Rome, granting or confirming Presentation to Benefices in Scotland, a right claimed and exercised by the Pope.

Line 230—*Pluke at the crawe.* Chalmers notices the phrase in Gawin Douglas's *Palice of Honour* :

*Pluk at the Craw, thay cryit, deplome the Ruik,
Pulland my hair, with blek my face thay bruik.*

Line 272—*Gart pay me, weill, my pensoun.* “Here, then, is Lyndsay's honest acknowledgment, that the King was ever kind to him; and gart pay him well his pension.”—CHALMERS.

Line 283—*Jhone Makrery, the Kyngis Fule.* It was usual at the Scottish Court as well as elsewhere, to entertain licensed jesters or fools to enliven the king, queen, and their attendants. In the notes to *Dunbar's Poems*, vol. ii., pp. 303, 308, 310, and 321, are enumerated the names of various Fools at the Court of James the Fourth. The most

noted in the reign of James the Fifth was this John Makilrie or M'Crery. Lindesay of Pitscottie, in describing the changes at Court when the young king was under the control of the Douglasses, mentions that "all the old officers were discharged," and others appointed in their place. He adds, the last of these officials was "ane fool called John Makilrie." But Pitscottie's statements, for minute accuracy, are not very trustworthy. We find in the Treasurer's accounts various payments to John Makrery between 1526 and 1532, for his livery claitis or dress. For instance, in 1526-1527, Item to Johne M'Crery vj ellis chamelot rede and zallo for his leueray claitis price ell 14s. 4d., summa £4. Item, ij ellis veluot, £6, 17s. 6d. Ane pair hois to him 13s. 6d., and a dowble nekit bonet, 20s. (The accounts 1528 to 1530 are not preserved.) Again in Oct. 1530 to Sept. 1531, Item to Johne Makrery, be the Kingis command, at sindry tymes, xiiij li.; 28th Oct. 1531, Item, to John M'Crery be the Kingis precept, xx li.; 10th Feb., 1531-32 Item to John M'Crery, quhen he wes seik, at syndry tymes, vij li. Makrery had recovered from this fit of sickness, and his name continues to appear in the Treasurer's accounts. In June 1534, he had various articles of dress, including a coat of red and yellow. The same items occur in June 1538, also in December that year; and again in December 1540.

Line 296—*Harlit out be the heid.* "Dragged out by the head. The Douglasses were turned out, *neck and shoulders*, in 1528."—CHALMERS.

Line 311—*That tyme, so failyeyt wes thair sycht.* "The allusion here is to the flight of Archbishop Beaton from the violence of the Earl of Angus."—CHALMERS.

Line 317—*Baith gyding Court and Sessioun.* "The

Bishops were the most active, because the most able men, both in the Court and in the committees of Parliament, for administering justice, before the establishment of the Court of Session."—CHALMERS.

Line 321—*Esayas, in to his work.* A similar reference by Lyndsay occurs in *The Satyre of the Three Estates*, line 3899. (Vol. ii., p. 190.) The passage here referred to is in the Prophecies of Isaiah lvi. 10: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber."

Line 333—*And mollet moylie on ane mule.* "Ride softly on a mule: For this luxurious practice, he again attacks the bishops in his Play, where he thinks it very sinful for old men to ride an *amland mule*. All this shows the practice of the age, and the prejudice of the poet."—CHALMERS.

Line 355—*And feildit uther, in land and burgh.* "Fought each other, in the country, and in town."—CHALMERS.

Line 356—*At Lythgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.* "*Linlithgow*—On the 13th September 1526, where the Douglasses defeated the Earl of Lennox. *Melros*—24th July 1526, when the Douglasses defeated the Scots. *Edinburgh*—30th April 1520, when the Douglasses defeated the Hamiltons in a conflict on the streets of Edinburgh, which was called *Cleanse the causey*. For the Lords who were slain, see Pit-scottie, 215."—CHALMERS.

Line 366—*Bot tyll new Regentis maid thair bandis.* "The allusion is to the bonds of man-rent, which arose from the feebleness of government and the turbulence of the times."—CHALMERS.

Line 368—*The quhilk gart all thair bandis bryste.* “The King made his escape in 1528 from the Douglasses, which circumstance burst many bands.”—CHALMERS.

Line 372—*That thay war faine tyll trott ouer Tweid.* “The Douglasses were attainted in September 1528; and obliged to flee over the Tweed into England.”—CHALMERS.

Line 386—*Ar hangit heych upon the gallowis.* “With the aid of Parliament, James V., in 1529, executed severe justice on the Highlanders and the Borderers.”—CHALMERS.

Line 407—*Johne Upeland bene full blyith, I trow.* “John Upland, like John the Commonweal, was a fictitious personage, who was brought in by the poets of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, to complain of grievances. Dunbar has ‘John Upland’s Complaynt’—Chaucer introduces him in the Canterbury Tales, to complain of the ignorance of the Churchmen, and he appears in several old English pieces.”—CHALMERS.

Chalmers has here by mistake attributed to Dunbar the verses beginning, “Now is our King in tender age,” printed with the title of “Johne Up-on-land’s Complaint.” It is an anonymous poem, referring to the minority of James the Fifth. Lord Hailes, in printing it (in 1770), says: “See Chaucer’s Works, p. 590, where Jacke Upland is introduced complaining of the ignorance of churchmen. This character is a sort of

Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva,
much in the style of Bishop Latimer. . . . John Up-
on-land, ever since the days of Chaucer, had a licence
to revile the clergy.”

Line 408—*Because the rysche bus kepis his kow.* “Because

the rush bush keeps the cow. James V. had made such an example of the thieves, and executed justice on rogues so steadily, that it was a common saying, '*That he made the rush bush keep the cow.*'"—CHALMERS.

Line 450—*Now am I sure to get rewaird.* "Lyndsay was soon after made Lion-King; so that he had the reward which distinguished him ever after."—CHALMERS.

Line 476—*Efter the daye of Jugement.* This jocular way of assigning the repayment to an impossible date, occurs also in his Satyre of the Three Estaitis. See lines 1811, &c.

Line 506—*Unto my sempyll herytage.* The word *herytage* is an emendation made in the face of the edition 1559, and of the subsequent copies which read, *my sempyll hermytage*. "Simple hermitage: I suspect this was not Lyndsay's word; as when he mentions the thing, in other places, he spells the word differently. The context requires *heretage*."—CHALMERS. I rather imagine after all that *hermytage* was the word used by Lyndsay, meaning not a Hermit's cell, but his own quiet, retired country residence, far distant from the noise of towns and the intrigues of the Court.

Line 507—*And spend it that my eldaris woun.* Garmilton, and the Mount, says Chalmers: See Memoir of Lyndsay.

Line 508—*As did Diogenes in his toune* (or tun). In the original edition, printed by Scot in 1559, we find, *As did Matussalem*, &c. Such a mistake was corrected by Charteris in 1568, and in subsequent editions. As already noticed, the Edinburgh manuscript of 1566 wants the concluding lines of this Complaynt, the transcriber leaving off with line 424, the next pages being blank.

THE TESTAMENT AND COMPLAYNT OF
THE POPYNGO—*Page 61.*

“LYNDSAY’S own *Complaynt* had succeeded so well, that he soon resolved to write a fresh *Complaynt* of a very different personage. When our poet closed his *Complaynt*, in 1529, every thing and every body seem to have been reformed; there was nocht,

Without gude ordour, in this land,
Except the *Spiritualitie*.

He now brings out the king’s *parrot* to laugh at the *ecclesiastical persons* and proceedings, approaching, in his ambition of satire and ardour of reform, to the very border of scurrility and profaneness. It must, however, be allowed that, if his satire be sharp, it is, at the same time, sly; if his reprehensions be vehement, they are often just; and if his design be generous, his views are narrow, and his means are bad. He divides this satirical poem, that is written in seven-line stanzas, with alternate rhymes, and in ten-syllable verse, into several sections, which are judiciously applied to different topics. *The Prolog* he begins by apologizing, according to the practice of the poets, for his want of *ingyne*, and for his deficiency of *mater*; the *poets auld* having exhausted, in *termes rethorical*, everilk matter, both *tragedie* and *storie*, and that *sa ornatlie*, that nothing remained for his *dull intelligence* either of subject or embellishment. He now breaks out into a just celebration of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lidgate*, who were conceived to be beyond compare, and said to be inimitable; ‘Whose sweet sentence through Albion ben sung.’ From celebrating thus the fathers of English poesy, Lyndsay proceeds to speak, in *termes aureait*, of Dunbar, Douglas, the *bishop of Dunkell*, and other poets of his country, both the dead and the

living, with whose writings and merits he seems to have been perfectly acquainted: our author shows, indeed, throughout his various poems, that he had read much, and remembered what he had read, as we might infer from his retrospections and adaptations. Lyndsay goes on, in his second division, to illustrate an axiom, which is of great importance to mankind, that, 'Wha climmis too high, perforce his feet must fail.' To establish this position, he perches the parrot on the topmost branch of the highest tree, whence she is thrown down, when Boreas blew a *fretting blast*, and when he gives her not only power of speech, but endows her with the faculty of reflection. Our poet, in his third section, by an easy fiction, makes this unfortunate bird 'give her counsall to the king,' by spreading out before him the Scottish *Chronikillis*, 'Whilk might be *mirrou* to his majestie.' Lyndsay makes the papingo, in his fourth division, address her *brether of the court*, on whom she tries to impress this lesson of experience, 'Wha sittes maist hie sall find the sait maist slidder.' Our poet, in his last section, introduces 'the commoning betwix the papingo and her haly executoris; the pye, a canon regular; the raven, a black monk; and the gled, a holy freir. In the conversation of the papingo with such executors, the reader will find what might easily be expected in such a place, from such parties, much retrospective history, many elegant fictions, and some useful satire. The *Complaynt of the Papingo*, which is one of the most finished of Lyndsay's pieces, was written by him at the age of forty, in the year 1530."—CHALMERS.

The first edition of this poem, and indeed of any one of Lyndsay's poems, is that printed at London by John Byddell in the year 1538. An account of this rare edition will be given elsewhere. That this or some others of his earlier pieces had passed through the press in Scotland during the

author's life is highly probable, but no vestiges of any such impressions have been discovered, the original edition of "The Dialog" in 1554 of course excepted. The 1538 edition of the Papyngo and the two in 1558, are much alike, but the orthography of the former is somewhat Anglicised. The Papyngo was again reprinted by John Scot, when he subjoined Lyndsay's minor poems to his second impression of "The Dialog," in 1559. It is likewise contained in all the subsequent editions of Lyndsay's Poems.

TITLE—*Quhilk lyith sore woundit.* The later editions, 1568, 1574, 1582, &c., read, *Lyand sore woundit. Quhat Scho sayis.* The editions of 1538 and 1558 have *Quhat He sayis.* In connexion with this various reading, Chalmers notices "that Lyndsay himself makes the Pye call the Papingo Sister" (line 649); yet he adds, "I suspect the blunder was committed by himself, and not by the first printers." This is a very absurd notion, when the author throughout the poem speaks of the Papyngo in the feminine gender, as *hir, scho, sister,* &c., even in the editions to which Chalmers refers.

Livor post fata quiescit, (Envy, after death is at rest). This motto is from a line in the 15th Elegy of Ovid. (Amores, lib. i.)

Pascitur in vivis livor: post fata quiescit,
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.

Chalmers, in a note, quotes the first nine lines of the English impression in 1538, "in order to show the more critical reader how this stanza stands in that early edition." I shall here give a much longer, and a literal, extract from that rare edition, in which Lyndsay celebrates the names of the Scottish Makars, most of whom flourished during his own age, and one or two of whose names might otherwise have perished.

INCIPIT PROLOGUS.

- Suppose I had ingyne angelicall, 1
 With sapience super Salomonicall,
 I not what mater put in memory
 The poetis olde in stile heroycal
 In breve subtile termes rethoricall
 Of everylk mater tragedie and story
 So ornatly to their hie laude and glory
 Hath done indite whose supreme sapience
 Transcendeth far, the dull intelligence.
- Of poetis now in tyll oure vulgar tounge, 10
 For why the bell of retorik is rounge
 By Chaucer, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate
 Who dare presume these poetis till impoung
 Whose swete sentence through Albion bene soung
 Or who can now the werkes contrefate
 Of kennedy with termis aureate
 Or of dumbar whylk language had at large
 As may be sene in till his goldyn targe.
- Quintyne, Meersar, Rowle, Henderson, Hay, & Holland
 Though they bene deed, her libellis bene lyuand 20
 Whilke to reherse makes redars to reioyse
- And in the court bene present in this dayes 37
 That balletes breuis lustely and layes
 Whylkes to our prince dayly they do present
 Who can say more than syr James Inglysshe sayes 40
 In ballattes, farssis, and in plesand playes
 But Culrose has his pen made impotent
 Kid in cunnyng and practik ryght prudent

And Steward whilk desiris a stately style
Full ornate werkes dayly doth compyle.

Steward of lorn wyll carp ryght curiously
Galbrayt kinloch when they lyst them apply

In to that art ar crafty of ingyne

But now of late is stert vp hastely

A cunningg clerk whilk wryteth craftely

50

A plant of poetes callid Ballantyne

Whose ornate werkes my wyt can not defyne

Get he in the court auctorite

He wyll precell Quintyne and kenedy.

Line 20—*Thair libellis bene levand.* Recounting the names of several of the early Scottish Poets, Lyndsay uses this phrase, that though dead, their writings survive. *Libel*, from the Latin, literally a little book, is now almost always used for Satire, or defamatory writing, called *famosus libellus*; but in the Civil Law Paper it signifies a declaration or charge in writing against a person exhibited in court.

Line 41—*In farses.* “Farse in that age, signified any drollery, or droll action, adventure, pleasantry. Dict. Comique, in vo. Farce.”—CHALMERS.

Line 42—*His pen maid impotent.* “His promotion to the Abbacy of Culross had made him too impotent to write.”—CHALMERS. This promotion of Sir James Inglis (so named as a priest) to the rich Abbey of Culross, was enjoyed by him but a short time. He was murdered, a few months after the date of this poem.

Line 69—*It dowe no thing,* “it deserves no thing.”—Line 71—*In mowis,* “in jest.”—Line 72—*To landwart lassies.* “To country lassies, who keep kyne and ewes.”—CHALMERS.

Line 73—*Quho clymmis to hycht, perforce his feit mon faill*; and again, line 355, *Quho clymith moist heych*: An old proverbial saying, in various languages. Thus in Latin, *Ut lapsu graviore ruat, tolluntur in altum*: in English, *The highest tree, the greatest fall*; and *The higher up, the lower fall*, (Kelly's Scottish Proverbs, pp. 24, 319).

Line 78—*Contrair the deth* "is the reading of the edit. 1538: Lyndsay almost always places, as here, the article *the* before death. Like better writers of more recent times, he knew not the proper use of the article."—CHALMERS.

Line 80—*One Papyngo*. "*Papingo* was merely the Scottish mode of spelling the English *popingay*; as indeed Lyndsay himself spells the same word, *papingay*, in his *Monarchies*. This is the old English name of the *parrot*; as in Chaucer, "*Singeth wel merier than the popingay*;" also in Shakspeare, "*To be so pestered with a popingay*;" and Coles explains the *popingay* to be a *greenish* parrot.—CHALMERS.

Papejay, papingay, papingoe. See Jamieson's Dictionary, a parrot or parroquet, O.E., *popingay*. He quotes the King's Quair, also Gawin Douglas, who, in reference to Caxton's translation of Virgil, says,—

Qubilk is na mair lyke Virgill dar I lay,
Than the nycht owle resembleis the papyngay.

Dekker, in the *Gull's Horn Book*, 1609, compares his Gull to a mere parrot or talkative coxcomb, by "*haunting theatres, he may sit there, like a popinjay, only to learn play-speeches*. So also Shakespeare (*Henry IV. part i., act i., scene 3*) has, "*To be so pestered with a popinjay*." In like manner Drayton, in his *Fourth Eglogue*, has—

And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the papinjay.

Line 88—*To play platfute, and quhissill fute before.* “These were probably two popular tunes which the papingo learned to whistle. *Platfute* is in Christ’s Kirk on the Green: ‘*Platfute he bobbit up with bends.*’ It had its name, no doubt, from the cross motion of the feet in dancing to this tune. In *Cowkelbie’s Sow*, *ow’rfute* is mentioned as the name of a popular dance when that piece was written.”—CHALMERS.

Line 159—*Thou art rycht fat, and nocht well usit to flie.* Without such explanatory words the tumbling of the papingo or parrot from the top of the tree, and its fatal effects, might seem rather absurd.

Line 161—*Vailye quod vailye.* “Happen what may: Fr. *vaille qui vaille*, Dict. Comique. Lyndsay repeats this phrase, in his *Hist. of Squyre Meldrum.*”—CHALMERS.

Line 170—*Scho cryit for a preist.* “This is one of Lyndsay’s sly strokes at auricular confession.”—CHALMERS.

Line 171—*My hart wes wo begone.* “Overwhelmed with woe. As in all the old poets and dramatists. So in Chaucer, ‘Tho was this wretched woman *wo-begone.*’—Cant. Tales, v. 5338; and in Kyd’s *Cornelia*, ‘Wretches, they are *woebegone*; Dodsley’s O. P., v. ii. p. 289.”—CHALMERS.

Line 179—“*To dispone my geir* are properly law expressions of the Scottish jurisprudence;—to dispose of her goods and geir. Chaucer uses *dispone* in the same sense; “Goode *disponeth* ’hem all.” *Geir*, *gear*, *gere*; goods chattels, as in Shakespeare. Heywood talks in his Four Ps. of certain characters ‘*Pynnyng* up theyr *gere*.’ Sibbald has foisted in *guidis*, for *geir*, after the ed. 1592.—CHALMERS.

Line 225.—*This bird did breve, in hir maneir.* “*Breve*, here, in the French sense, means, I believe, to write down in her own manner punctually what had come into her mind. See the Dict. Comique, in vo. *Breve*, in law, is a writ; *brevet*, a brief, a pope’s bull.”—CHALMERS.

Line 227—*Prepotent Prince.* “Prepotent is coined by Lyndsay for most potent; as he has formed *preplesand* and *precordial*.” Instead of trying to coin words, it might have occurred to Mr Chalmers that Lyndsay, like others, only used the Latin *præp. Præ* compounded with an adjective: in this instance, signifying *præpotens*, very powerful.

Line 229—*Celsitude.* “Highness, eminence; so Chaucer, Goddes of love to thy *celsitude*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 322—*Sen first Kyng Fergus.* From the time of Hector Boyce 1527, the catalogue of the Kings of Scotland, commenced with “Fergus the first King of Scottis.” In the words of Bellenden the translator of Boyce, he “came from Ireland, and conquering the Pichtis, was chosen King, afore the Incarnatioun of God cccxxx. (330) zeris.” After enumerating the names of other fabulous Kings, James the Fifth is reckoned the 105th (in other works the 106th); and Bellenden adds, “JAMES THE FIFTH is the C.v. King of Scottis, regnand now with gret felicite and honour abone us, the maist noble and vailzeand Prince that euir rang afore his tyme. Quhom God conserve and grant him grace to persevere in justice, with lang empire and successioun of his body! Amen.”

Lyndsay at line 325 says, of these One Hundred and Five Kings “*in* (or through) *thair awin mysgovernance*.” Chalmers in his note adds, “the fact is, that few of the Scottish Kings died quietly in their beds. But it was the fault of the *constitution*, and not of *thair awin mysgovernance*.” How this was so, he does not explain.

• Taylor the Water Poet, in his *Pennilesse Pilgrimage* 1618, in visiting his Majesties Palace of Holyrood, says, "In the inner Court, I saw the King's Armes cunningly carved in stone, and fixed over a doore aloft on the wall, the red Lyon being the Crest, over which was written this inscription in Latine :

NOBIS HÆC INUICTA MISERUNT, 106. PROAVI.

I enquired what the English of it was? It was told me as followeth, which I thought worthy to be recorded :—

• 106 *Fore-fathers have left this to us unconquered.*

This is a worthy and memorable Motto, and I think few Kingdomes, or none in the world, can truly write the like, &c." (Workes p. 130, Lond. 1630, folio).

Line 337—*Thou art bot king of Bone* (or *Bene*) referring to the popular custom on Epiphany, or the twelfth day after Christmas, of choosing as Sovereign for that evening the person who found the Bean inserted in the cake prepared for the occasion of that festival.

Line 355—*Quho clymith moist heych, &c.* See *supra*, note on line 73.

Line 390—*Pandaris, pykthankis, &c.* "Chaucer has *pandars*: in Henry IV., Shakespeare speaks of 'smiling *pickthanks* and base newsmongers:' *custrons* are shallow pretenders; and *clatterers* are tatlers, telltales."—CHALMERS.

Line 413—*The Duke of Rothesay.* "The heir apparent of Robert III. was imprisoned by the Duke of Albany, the regent, in the tower of Falkland; wherein he died of want, on the 26th of March 1402. The simple fact is made very unintelligible, by the obscure manner in which Lyndsay mentions it."—CHALMERS.

Line 417.—*Robert the thride*. “Robert III. after losing his eldest son, as above, by assassination, and his youngest son James by captivity, died on the 4th of April 1406.”—CHALMERS. The young prince, after a protracted captivity in England, returned to his native land, and assumed the reins of government in May 1424.

Line 424.—*Duke Murdoke*. “Duke Murdok succeeded his father, the Duke of Albany, as regent of Scotland, on the 3d September 1419. James I. succeeded to the throne of his father in 1424; on the 25th of May, Murdok, the Duke of Albany, was executed, and his family ruined. His long service was *smurit*; smothered; here it means *overlooked*. Such were their treasons, that they merited punishment.”—CHALMERS.

Line 432.—*Flude of eloquence*. “Gawin Douglas calls Virgil ‘*Gem of ingyne and flude of eloquence*.’ Lyndsay had this before him.”—CHALMERS.

Line 436.—*Pieteouslie put down*. “James the First was assassinated at Perth on the 21st February 1437, by the Earl of Athol, Graham, and other conspirators, who were most severely punished for their odious crime.”—CHALMERS.

Line 440.—*The dolent death*. “James II. was slain by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh, on the 3d of August 1460: *rakles schuting*; careless firing. Lyndsay is fond of *devore*, for devour, figuratively.”—CHALMERS.

Line 448.—*And conspiratioun*. “James III., after much civil contest, was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, on the 11th of June 1488. He seems to have been rather assassinated after the battle.”—CHALMERS.

Line 469.—*On Lawder bryge*. “Cochrane, and other favourites of James III. were hanged over the bridge of Lauder, in July 1488.”—CHALMERS.

Line 494.—*The Savage Iles, trymbilit for terrour of his justice*, explained by Chalmers “as the Western Isles,” James IV. displayed unwonted energy and decision in personally crushing their rebellious spirit, and bringing the inhabitants of the Western Highlands into a state of subjection.

Line 495.—*Eskdale, Euisdale, &c., durst nocht rebell*. Chalmers remarks that “those border districts were not so famous for rebellion, as for theft and robbery.”

Line 506.—*His ordinance*. His cannon; *ordinance* was the old form of *ordnance*. So Shakespeare:—

Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In second accent to his *ordinance*.

Line 507.—*Of Floddoun Feilde*. James the Fourth was slain on the 9th September 1513: it might well be called *that moste dolent daye*.

Line 509.—*I nyll*, “for I will not; as in Chaucer, and Shakespeare. Lyndsay repeats this as a favourite expression.”—CHALMERS.

Line 519.—*At one journaye*: in Jascuy's editions 1558. *Att one jornay*, which Chalmers read, or changed to *tornay*; although this I believe is not found in any of the old printed copies. The meaning undoubtedly is at one *jornay* or expedition, as the field of Floddon could never be compared to a tourney or contest of two or more knights, either in deadly combat or a trial of chivalry.

Lines 553-540.—Lyndsay in these lines refers to and deploras the manner in which public affairs had been managed during the King's minority; the great power of the Queen Dowager, and her fall after her quarrell with the Earl of Angus her second husband.

Line 560.—*Dissagysit, like Johne the Reif*, (or robber). One of the popular tales, probably in verse, which unfortunately has not reached our times.

Line 563.—*In the Court of France*. Francis the First was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, in 1525; this was followed by the death of the Duke of Bourbon, at the sack of Rome, in May 1527, and by the surrender of Pope Clement, who in the following month was taken in the Castle of St. Angelo.

Line 571, &c.—Lyndsay next passes in review some of the sudden changes in England, and in particular the fall of *the triumphant courtly Cardinall Wolsey*. It is by no means unlikely that Lyndsay may have had an opportunity of witnessing the Cardinal in all his regal splendour before 1529, the date of his disgrace, when at length

The ledder brake, and he fell to the ground.

He died on the 28th November 1530.

Line 584—*The douchty Erlis of Douglas*. "The allusion is particularly to the two last Earls of Douglas; William, Earl of Douglas who fell by the king's dagger in 1452; and James, his brother, who, after rebellion and forfeiture, died quietly in the Abbey of Lindores in 1488."—CHALMERS.

Line 587—*The Erle of Marche*. "Probably George the 12th Earl of March, who was forfeited by parliament in 1434."—CHALMERS.

Line 590—*Archebalde, umquhyle the Erle of Angous*. “Archibald who succeeded his grandfather in 1514, became chancellor in 1527, and assumed all power, was forfeited, and obliged to flee into England; he returned in 1543, when his attainder was reversed; and he died in 1551. The term *umquhyle*, some time, must be applied to his title, and not to his existence; as he was then living in England under attainder.”—CHALMERS.

Line 626.—*Adew Edinburgh*. “Edwynsburgh is the original name; the other appellations are only derivatives. I mean to give a dissertation on this name in a more proper place.”—CHALMERS. This intention he performed in his *Caledonia*, vol. ii. p 555.

Line 633—*Adew fair Snawdown*. “*Snawdown* means Stirling Castle. We here see, that Lyndsay transmits a tradition which was known to William of Worcester, in the preceding age, about *Arthur* and his *round table*; about Stirling being called *Snowdon*, or West Castle. It was called West Castle, I believe, in contradistinction to the Castle of Blackness.”—CHALMERS.

Line 634—*Thy Chapell Royall*. “The Chapel royal of Stirling Castle was founded by James IV., and richly endowed by him with the dilapidations of several monasteries.—Spottiswood 527; Keith 288.”—CHALMERS.

Line 638—*Adew Lythquo*. “The palace of Linlithgow was no doubt a pleasant residence in the age of Lyndsay; and might possibly have been a *patrone*, which is the old word, or *patren*, which is the reading of the ed. 1592 and Sibbald, for *pattern*. The old word is nearest the Fr. *patron*, and still nearer to the Dutch *patroon*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 640—*Farewell Falkland &c.* “Lyndsay, we see, speaks feelingly of the palaces and places where he had *led a lustye lyfe* with James V. The palace of Falkland had certainly once a tower or keep, wherein the Duke of Rothsay was starved to death; and so might well be called a fortress or strength by Lyndsay who knew it in its ancient state.”—CHALMERS.

Line 645—*Thy burgh.* “The village of Falkland was, no doubt, very *bail* or wretched in the days of Lyndsay. It was made a royal borough by James II. in 1458, by a charter which recites the damage to the prelates, peers, barons, and other subjects who came to the king’s *country-seat*, for want of *victuallers*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 700—*Secundum usum Sarum.* “The old Scottish Liturgy was according to the usage of *Sarum* in England. The satire is obvious. It became proverbial to say of any thing done in a formal manner, that it was executed ‘*secundum usum Sarum*.’ It is a Wiltshire Proverb, to say ‘It is done *secundum usum Sarum*.’”—CHALMERS.

Line 701—*Sanct Blase.* “In the same strain Lyndsay brings in St Blase as *cautioner* or surety for the faithful performance of their promises. *Broch* is a varied spelling of *borgh* for the rhyme; as *browe*, *borrowe*, for the same word. Chaucer brings Saint John to *borwe*, and after him James I. in his *Quair*, calls Sanct John to *borowe*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 704—*Sanct Mungo.* The popular name of Saint Kentigern, the patron Saint of Glasgow, who is said to have been born near Culross about the year 516, and to have died on the 13th of January 601. The Cathedral Church of Glasgow was founded and dedicated to him, probably in the twelfth century.

Line 750—

Quhare thou transcurrit the hote Meridionall,
Syne nyxt the Poill, the plaige Septentrionall.

Bacon uses *transcur* from the Latin *transcurre*, to run or rove to and fro. *Plaige* or *plage* also is from the Latin, *plaga*, a region, zone, or division of the globe. *Plaige* Septentrional may thus be explained as the Northern Frigid Zone, near the Pole. Chalmers points out the use of this word for *region* by Chaucer. It occurs in the *Man of Lawes Tale* (l. 544),

Al Cristen folk ben fled from that contrie,
Thurgh Payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The *plages of the North*, by land and sea.

Ovid speaks of the *coelestes plagae*, the heavenly regions ; and Virgil (*Æneid* vii. 226) says,

————— Et si quem extenta plagarum
Quatuor in medio dirimit plaga Solis iniqui.

Thus rendered by Dryden—

————— if any such there be,
Whose Earth is bounded by the frozen sea ;
And such as born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.

The old version by Gawyn Douglas may also be quoted :—

And thay also, gif ony thare may dwell,
The sunnys myd cirkill remanys under,
Hait *Torrida Zona*, dry as ony tundur ;
Quhilk is amynd the hevynnys situat
Amang four othir plagis temperate.

That is, the Torrid Zone stretching in the middle of the two temperate and the two frigid zones, in Physical Geography.

Line 803—*Constantyne*. In his *Dreme* (see supra p. 228, note to line 33), Lyndsay makes mention of the fatal effects of the Emperor's liberality to Pope Sylvester in conferring riches on the Church of Rome. Constantine the Great died on the 22d March, A.D. 337.

Line 815—*Sanct Sylvester, that time rang Pope in Rome*, "Sylvester became Pope on the 31st January 314, and died on the 31st December 335, A.D."—CHALMERS.

Line 872—*Persave thair proviance*. In the edition 1558, *provyançe*; *purveyance* in the edit. 1592; the word, says Chalmers, here means management.

Line 919—*The Systeris of the Schenis*. "The monastery of the sisters of the Shenis was founded on the *Burrow*, or common moor of Edinburgh, by the Countess of Caithness, for Dominican nuns, whose life was strict and whose conduct was reformed by St. Catherine of Sienna, to whom this monastery was dedicated, and from whom the place got the name of *Siennes* or *Sheens*. Spotswood, p. 509."—CHALMERS.

The name of the Sciennes is still retained in that locality—only some portion of the wall remaining to mark the site of the building. All the information regarding the nunnery that could be obtained is embodied in the preface to a volume printed for the Abbotsford Club, "*Liber S. Katharine Senensis*." Edinb. 1841, 4to.

Line 938—*Ane boubard, braissit up in bandis*. The *bumbard*, which was braced up with bands or hoops, is mentioned by Chaucer as a piece of ordnance; and so, in the *Jew of Malta*,

Which, with our *bombards*, shot, and basilisk,

We rent in sunder —————.

CHALMERS.

Line 976—*Than laid . . . ane Replycation*. This is a law phrase. “Replication, *replicatio*, is an exception of the second degree, made by the Plaintiff upon the first answer of the Defendant.”—Dr Cowel’s Law Dictionary, 1708.

Line 992—*Dyke lowparis*, literally jumping over a dyke or wall. Chalmers explains this, Men leaping over law and rule.

Line 1080—*I tak ane Instrument*, a common law phrase; to take instruments, to take a notarial or official deed to serve as legal evidence.

Line 1112—*Gold, asure, &c.* The words in this line are heraldic terms for colours, which Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary, *vo. Gules*, calls barbarous; *azure*, blue; *Gowles, gules*, red; *purpour*, purple; and *synopier, synople*, green.

THE ANSWER TO THE KINGIS FLYTING.—Page 105.

In the remains of Early Scottish Poetry, the most remarkable specimens of FLYTING, a term equivalent to scolding, are those of Dunbar and Kennedy, about the close of the fifteenth century. It is to be regretted that, since Lyndsay’s coarse Answer has been preserved, the King’s verses should not also have accompanied it. It first appears in the edition published by Henry Charteris, in 1568, where it is said to have been “never befor imprentit;” and it retained its place in all the subsequent editions of Lyndsay’s Poems.

“The grossness of manners in ancient times allowed and encouraged the familiarity of fools and the satyre of poets; hence the establishment of a jester, or the *king’s fool*, and the allowance to a poet-laureat. Henry VIII. had shown

his nephew, James V., an example of *flyting*, and of the practice of familiarity with buffoons. It was, of course, natural for the fool and for the buffoons to be insolent to those who would bear it, and slavish to others who could chastise their audacity :

The bold *buffoon*, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimics but with jest obscene.

The practice of *flyting* became very familiar in Scotland during the reign of James IV., when the greatest poets, Dunbar and Kennedy, scolded one another unmercifully in *jests obscene*. James V. we see *flyted* with Lyndsay, his lyon king; and James VI., in his *Art of Poetry*, lays down rules and *cautelles* for *flyting*, according to the *Norma loquendi*. Lyndsay's Answer to the Kingis Flyting was written when James V. was twenty-four, and our poet forty-six, during the year 1536."—CHALMERS.

Line 8—*That your libellis lukis*. “*Lukis* means here reads, peruses; the ed. 1592, and Sibbald, read, ‘libell on lukis.’”—CHALMERS.

Line 21—*The Prince of Poetry*. This courtly compliment to the young King leaves no doubt as to the claim of KING JAMES THE FIFTH to be reckoned among the Scottish Makers or Poets.

Line 22—*To pley*. “*Pley*, to plea, or contend, as in Chaucer; to bandy, ‘it was not for me to *bandy* compliments with my sovereign.’”—CHALMERS.

Line 49—*Ay lukkand*. A coarse vulgar word is so misprinted by Sibbald. Some of the old editions, such as 1582, has *sukkand*. I do not think it necessary in these notes, like Chalmers, to explain the various coarse expressions which

occur in this Flyting, and elsewhere, although the reader may find most of them by turning to the Glossary.

Line 51—*Cry the Corinoch*. “Alarm: *Corenoch* properly means the funereal lamentation of the Irish and Scots. The *Corenoch* was also used to denote the *war cry*. In the battle of Harlaw we may hear the combatants ‘Cryand the *corynoch* on hie.’ And Dunbar in his Flyting says,

Be he the *corenoch* had done schout,
Erschmen so gadderit him about.”—CHALMERS.

Line 69—*Ane buckler furth of France*. The allusion here to the King’s intended marriage with a French princess, led Chalmers to fix 1536 as the date of this poem.

THE COMPLAYNT OF BAGSCHE.—Page 108.

“It was much the fashion with Lyndsay, as we have seen, to throw his matter into the form of a *Complaynt* for the purpose of satyre. It was equally his custom, as it had been the practice of the poets in every age, to adopt the easy fiction of making his birds and beasts to think and speak for the moral effect. The King’s Papingo, in her dying moments, uttered many a *saw*: ‘His weapons holy *saws* of sacred writ.’ Lyndsay now brings out ‘the Kingis auld hound *Bagsche*,’ at the royal command, to ridicule favouritism and to inculcate the practice of beneficence amid the gales of prosperity. This maxim is proved throughout:—Highest in court, next the gallows. This *Complaynt* of *Bagsche* is composed in eight-line stanzas, with alternate rhymes, and in eight-syllable verse, which glides in very flowing eloquence. This satyre was written immediately before the King’s first marriage, and during the year 1536.

“There are very few notes of time in this *Complaynt* whereby to ascertain the epoch of its authorship. This hound was bred by John Gordon of Pitarie, and was presented to the king by George, the fourth Earl of Huntly, who is often mentioned in this instructive poem. He was the son of Margaret, a natural daughter of James IV., and John, master of Huntly; and he was of course the king’s nephew, by a spurious sister, who was born of a daughter of John, Lord Drummond. George, Earl of Huntly, succeeded his father in 1523; and from the king’s kindness he obtained many grants of land in the period from 1530 to 1540. When the King went to France in 1536, the Earl was made one of the regency. While Bagsche, the gift of this great Earl, was a favourite,

He of na creature tuke care;
 Bot, lap upon the kingis bed,
 With claith of gold, thoch it was spred.

“Had the King been a married man such a freedom could not have been used, even by a favourite, without chastisement. The demerits of Bagsche drove him into banishment, and he was succeeded by Bawtie, ‘the king’s best beloved dog;’

Who now lyis on *the Kingis night gown*.

“If the King had been married it is impossible that Bawtie could have been thus indulged to sleep upon the king’s night gown. The whole context seems to evince that the *Complaynt* of Bagsche was written by Lyndsay for the King’s amusement before he sailed for France in 1536. Our poet forgets not to praise *Lanceman*, Lyndsay’s dog,

Quhilk ay has keepit his lawtie
 And nevir wirryit lamb, nor hog.

“The *Complaynt* of Bagsche seems to have been first

printed in the edition of 1566 [1568], and appears to have retained its place in the subsequent editions of Lyndsay's works."—CHALMERS.

This poem is not printed in either of Jascuy's editions, but is included in the various editions printed in Scotland in and after 1568.

In the editions of Lyndsay's poems printed at London by Thomas Purfoote, the printer found it necessary to use considerable liberty in rendering many of the Scots phrases into an English form. "The Complaynt of Bagshe" is not contained in the edition of 1566, but in those of 1575 and 1581, the first fifteen stanzas (ending with line 120) form the last article in the volume. One or two specimens of this mode of translation may be worth adding, as follows :

Lines 9 to 16—

The Court I long have followed so,
 'Till in good faith no more I may,
 The countrey knoweth I can not go,
 I am crooked, old, and sore in decay,
 That I wot not whither to take my way.
 For when I had authoritie,
 I thought my credite still would stay,
 I never dread necessitie.

Lines 21 to 24—

For Bawtie now getteth such credence,
 That he lieth on the Kinges night gowne furre.
 Where I perforce for mine offence,
 May in the fieldes lie like a curre.

Lines 29 to 32—

Fine coltes through the thornes I made to scour,
 Wherefore their dames did me weerie,
 For they were drowned all in on mier,
 Aske of John Gordon of Pittarie.

Lines 117 to 120—

Now euery dog doth me doune bring,
The which before were wronged by me,
And swears I am fit for no other thing
But in an haulter hanged to be.—Finis.

Line 17—*That Geordie Steill.* He was one of the King's household servants for several years. Thus in October 1534 the Treasurer makes a charge for sending "to the Kingis Grace, with George Steill, xij dusane luyt stringis." Knox, in his History of the Reformation, describes Steill as the King's greatest flatterer, and as an enemy to God, renouncing heaven if the prayers of the Virgin Mary were not sufficient to bring him thereto. Knox also mentions his sudden death by a fall from his horse, about the same time with that of the King's two infant sons, in 1541. (Works, vol. i., p. 68). In the Treasurer's Accounts, about August 1541, we find the name of George Steill, and also in October that year.

Line 31—*Johne Gordoun of Pittarie.* "Pitarie (says Chalmers) is a place in the north-west of Aberdeenshire, which then belonged to the Earl of Huntly." It is suggested to me by competent authority (John Stuart, Esq.) that Pittarie refers to the lands of Botarie, in the old parish of that name, now united to Ruthven, and forming the united parish of Cairnie in the north-west of Aberdeenshire. This old parish of Botarie is spelt Pittarie in 1662 (Index of Retours, Aberdeen, No. 363). In it lay the lands of Pittary which belonged to the old family of the Gordons.

Lines 40, 50, &c., on to line 220.—By some oversight these numbers are each of them placed one line too high; the poem consisting of 224, not 225 lines.

Line 50—*The capitane of Badzeno*. “Probably the captain of Badzenoch, a country and castle of the Earl of Huntly.”—CHALMERS.

Badenoch, a mountainous district in Inverness-shire, was in early times a lordship of the Cummins.

Line 88—*Lanceman*. “Lyndsay’s dog was Lanceman ; Shakespeare’s dog was Lance.”—CHALMERS.

Chalmers seems to forget that Shakespeare’s dog was not Launce, but “Crab!” Launce was the dog’s master.

Line 103—*Betwix Ashwednesday and Paice*. That is *Paice* or *Pasch* for Easter. Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, when eating meat was prohibited by the Romish Church, unless by special licence.

Line 151—*Hiest in court, nixt the widdie*. Kelly prints it, “*Highest incourt, nearest the widdie* (or gallows). Witness the fatal fall of many courtiers,” (Scottish Proverbs, p. 125).

Line 203—*Furth of Balquhidder*. “A hamlet and parish in Braidalban, Perthshire ; Lyndsay recollects this place in his Play.”—CHALMERS.

It is an inland Highland parish and village in the presbytery of Dunblane, Perthshire. Within its bounds are some highland lochs and lofty mountains. “The Braes of Balquhidder” have been celebrated in Scottish song.

Line 218—*The Erle of Hountlie*. “George, the fourth Earl of Huntly, who succeeded his grandfather in 1523, made one of the regency in 1536 ; made Chancellor in 1546 ; commanded at the battle of Pinkey, where he was made prisoner. It was he who, when he was reproached with opposing the marriage of Mary Stuart with Edward VI., said, He did not dislike the match so much as the way of

woosing. The English ambassador wrote that the castle of Huntly, which is now a ruin, was the best furnished house in Scotland. He fell at the battle of Corrichie, in 1562, before the fortune of the Earl of Murray. This Earl of Huntly was the King's cousin by illegitimate blood; being the son of Jean, the daughter of Margaret, the daughter of Lord Drummond, by James IV., the King's father."—
CHALMERS.

Line 224—*In dreid, I waif in tyll ane widdie, for fear I swing on the gallows or in a halter.*

THE DEPLORATION OF THE DEITH OF QUENE
MAGDALENE.—Page 117.

“As a court poet, Lyndsay was often summoned by the circumstances of the times, which were eventful, either to celebrate a wedding, or to deplore a death. James V. seems to have early determined to match himself with some of the daughters of France. His personal Voyage to that kingdom, after various embassies had failed, appears to have fixed his final choice on Magdalene, the eldest daughter of Francis I. But, though they were betrothed on the 26th of November 1536, the marriage was not solemnized till the 1st of January 1537; the physicians having advised Magdalene against a measure which might embitter her days and hazard her life. The King and Queen arrived in Scotland on the 27th of May, and on the 7th of July 1537, Magdalene died, amidst the preparations for the celebration of her nuptials and arrival by an affectionate people. This sad event gave occasion to our poet's *Deploration of the Deith of Quene Magdalene*, which is composed in seven-line

stanzas of alternate rhymes, except the two last, and in ten-syllable verse. Like much of Lyndsay's poetry, this *Deploration* is a mixture of fact and fiction, of religion and mythology, of fitness and impropriety. It was written by him, as we know from the event, during the year 1537."—CHALMERS.

"The events thus evince that the *Deploration* was written in 1537. And it was printed in the French edition of 1558, and reprinted in the English edition of 1566, as well as in the subsequent editions."—CHALMERS.

This interesting poem first appears subjoined to THE DREME in the foreign edition of Lyndsay's poems, "Imprinted at the command and expenses of Maister Samuel Jascuy in Paris," 1558. It was included in the English edition by Purfoote of 1566, by Charteris in 1568, and in all the subsequent editions. In the London editions of 1575 and 1581, the title is altered to "The Bewayling of the Death of Queen Magdalen."

Line 45—*Throw bultryng stremis wode*. "Boisterous waves enraged [rather means a tumultuous or bellowing sound of wild waters]. Pitscottie, in describing the triumphal shows at Paris on account of James the Fifth's marriage, speaks of ships fighting, 'as if it had been in bullering streams of the sea.'"—CHALMERS.

Line 77—*Our richt redoutit Roy*. "Our poet, who saw the splendid spectacle of the marriage of James V. with Magdalene, probably gave to Pitscottie his minute account, in p. 288-9."—CHALMERS.

Line 99—*Thief! saw thow nocht, &c.* WARTON quotes part of this expostulate with Death, describing the whole

order of the procession as a striking and lively prosopopeia, and points out as deserving of attention "this artificial and very poetical mode of introducing a description of these splendid spectacles, instead of saying playnly that the Queen's death prevented the superb ceremonies which would have attended her coronation," (Hist. Engl. Poetry.)"

Line 110—*Disagysit folkis*. "Actors, who were on every stage, to represent a several mystery or morality."—
—CHALMERS.

Line 118—*In claith of grane*. "Perhaps cloth dyed in grain, as in Spencer, "Like crimson dy'd in grain;" or Milton's "sky-tinctur'd grain."—CHALMERS. Milton again uses the word,

Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
All in a robe of *darkest grain*,
Flowing with majestick train.

According to Ash, in his Dictionary, "Grain, a colour which is not subject to fade;" while Bailey says, "This name was given to scarlets, crimsons, and purples;" and Blount and Halliwell have "Grain is a scarlet colour used by dyers."

Line 135—*And din of instrumentis, &c.* "Such were the musical instruments in Scotland during that age; *tabrone* was a small drum; the *schalme* is in Chaucer."—CHALMERS.

Line 157—*Vive la Royne*. It is curious that in the French editions of the poem, these words should have been misprinted "vuen la royua."

Line 167—*Abbey of the Holy Rude*; the Coenobium Sancte Crucis, or the Abbey of Holyrood, Edinburgh.

Line 198—*Quhilk impit was in to the Thrissill kene*. "Grafted was into the thistle keen; as in Chaucer:

That was so *impid* in my thought,
That her doctrine I set at nought.”—CHALMERS.

Line 201—*Thocht rute be pullit, &c.* “Though the root of the *flower-de-lys* be pulled, yet shall the smell of it keep always two realms in amity. Lyndsay thus concludes his Deploration with a very elegant thought.”—CHALMERS.

This may remind some readers of a conceit, by Moore in his Irish Melodies :

Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THE JUSTING BETWIX JAMES WATSOUN AND
JHONE BARBOUR.—Page 125.

“The mourning for Magdalene did not prevent James V. from sending ambassadors to France to demand in marriage Mary of Loraine. The king and the widow of Longville were married by proxy, on the 23th of May 1538. She arrived at Crail, in Fife, on the 10th of the subsequent June, and the marriage was immediately solemnized at St Andrews, which is said to have been then a beautiful city. On that joyous occasion was exhibited the celebrated *justing* ‘betuix James Watsoun and Jhone Barbour.’

“Lyndsay, we have seen, acted a conspicuous part at the solemnization of the royal espousals. And he now *compylit* this ludicrous account of the *womanlie* justing of the king’s *twa medicinars* for the entertainment of the Kingis grace and Quene. This compilation was originally printed in the edition 1568, and has kept its ground in the subsequent editions.”—CHALMERS.

“The sports of the neighbour kingdoms, whether familiar or heroick, were exactly the same during the middle ages, as they proceeded from the same ways of thinking in the people of both. None of those sports was either more grateful to the beholders, or more noble in itself than *Justs*, both with sword and lance, saith Sir Philip Sydney. Yet, whatever this celebrated knight might think, or others might do, those mock encounters of justs, tilts, and tournaments, became very early objects of ridicule, as well as of the censure of the Church, and the prohibition of the State. It was owing to the spirit which thus arose, that we have ‘the Turnament of Tottenham, or the wooing, winning, and wedding of Tibbe, the Reeve’s daughter.’ It was the marriage of James V. with Mary of Longville, which gave rise to the justing between James Watson and John Barbour, the one a *Medicinar* the other a *Leche* of the royal household. The practice of the healing art was not in that age so respectable as it has since become, or we should not have seen the King’s physician and surgeon brought out as objects of ridicule by the King’s command, to make sport for the great vulgar, and the small. This ludicrous poem was written in ten-syllable verse, of the true Alexandrine sort, that ‘like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along,’ in rhyming couplets. And, of course, we find in Lyndsay’s justing of Watson and Barbour, none of the facility, and the flow, and the facetiousness of the ‘Turnament of Tottenham. Lyndsay’s satire was written at the celebration of the nuptials of James V. during the year 1538.’—CHALMERS.

This burlesque poem first made its appearance in the edition by Henry Charteris, 1568. Mr Chalmers alludes to an old English poem, “The Tournament of Tottenham,” not destitute of humour, and described by Warton as a “burlesque on the parade and fopperies of chivalry itself.”

He was inclined to assign it to the reign of Henry the Eighth, but it undoubtedly belongs to the previous century; I will venture, however, to say, that Lyndsay knew nothing of this poem, written in a peculiar measure, on "the wooing, winning, and wedding of Tibbe, the Reeve's daughter there." It is printed in Percy's *Reliques* from an MS. copy written in 1456. Lyndsay was more likely to be familiar with "The Justis betuix the Tailyour and the Sowtar," by Dunbar; and with the well known humorous poem, "Christ's Kirk on the Greene," attributed to King James the Fifth.

Some entries in the Treasurer's Accounts confirm the supposed date of this poem. In December 1538, James Watstone was appointed "in John Murray's place (quhom God assolzie), yemen in the King's chamber," while John Barbour is styled "grume in the wardrop," thus both being in Lyndsay's words, the King's familiar seruitors,

And of his chalmer baith cubicularis.

In August 1539 there was given "ane caiss of silver, to James Watstone, barbour." Some years earlier (1526 or 1527) £13, 6s. 8d. was paid "to Johne Murray the Kingis barbour, for cors-bowis, windaiss, and ganzeis." This John Murray, on the 5th of December 1532, received £93 6s. 8d, paid to him "be the Kingis command and precept.

In this country, as in England, and in other nations, the leches or chirurgions along with the barbers were incorporated, by a charter from the Town Council of Edinburgh, dated 1st of July 1505; and they so continued, with frequent disputes respecting their rights and privileges, until a separation took place—the result of a process before the Court of Session 23d February 1722.

The following entry in the Treasurer's Accounts, May 1539, had probably some reference to this mock tournament of Watsoun and Barbour at St Andrews "Item, deliuerit to

Williame Smebeird for carriage of the Kingis harnes, speris, and uther justing geir fra Edinburgh to Striueling, and fra Striueling to Sanctandrois in Aprile and Maij, as his particular compt beris, £4 16s. 8d."

Line 3—*Past till the barres.* "The barriers established at tournaments."—CHALMERS.

Line 15—*Ane nobill leche.* A physician or surgeon, as variously in Chaucer :

With the hie Godde that is our soulis *leche.*

The word leeches for physician was still used by Spenser ; and *leechcraft* for the art of medicine."—CHALMERS.

Line 27—*My leggis lyke rokkis:* "distaffs. This is a common simile. In Christ's Kirk on the Green, Gillie says of her wooer Jok 'His *lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis.*'"—CHALMERS.

Line 66—*For dirt partis company.* Kelly, under *Dirt parts good company*, has "Spoken when unworthy fellows break in upon our company, which makes us uneasy and willing to break up." (p. 88.)

ANE SUPPLICATION AGAINST SYDE TAILLIS.—

Page 128.

"There are few notes of time in this *Supplication* which Lyndsay made to the King *in contempt of syde taillis*, and which had often been made before, and continued to be made in after times. The Poet speaks, however, of the propriety of dress and politeness of behaviour which distin-

guished the French ladies. This praise seems to intimate that Lyndsay had now returned from France, where he had been to witness the King's marriage. The Poet speaks in several places of *the Queen*, and of the *Queen's Majesty*. This intimation points to the presence of the Queen; and both those circumstances, which are not contradicted by any opposing fact, are sufficient to fix the writing of the Supplication to the year 1538. It was first published in the edition of Lyndsay's works 1568, though it was, no doubt, handed about before. It was comprehended in the subsequent editions, and, strange to tell, it was printed singly on two folio pages in 1690."—CHALMERS.

“Female attire has been the marked object of the Poet's ridicule in every age. The English antiquaries trace up the origin of high head-dresses and long trains to the luxurious reign of Richard II. Camden says, that Anne, the wife of Richard, brought in the fashions of high caps and long gowns. A divine, the Lyndsay of that age, was provoked by those fashions to write a treatise ‘*contra caudas dominarum*,’ as we learn from Hearne's Hemingford. Chaucer, the great shooter at folly as it flew, made his parson cry out against the costly claithing both of men and women, particularly against the superfluity in length of the women's gowns; ‘trailing in the dong and in the myre.’ Lydgate raised his somniferous voice ‘against the high attire of women's heads.’ Hoccleve, too, wrote against *waist clothing*. The parliament of James II. did all that men could do to regulate dress, and to restrain *the tails of women*, as we know from Robertson's Parliamentary Records. Dunbar drew his sharpest pen against the ladies' *fartingailis*, and reproves with wittiest indignation,

Sic fowl taillis to sweip the calsay clene,
The dust upskailis, mony a fillok, &c.

Lyndsay seems to have had his eye on this sumptuary satyre

of Dunbar, when he sat down to pen his Supplication against *Syde Taillis*. This satirical effusion of Lyndsay, which he addressed "to the Kingis grace, in contemptioun of syde taillis," was composed in rhyming couplets of eight-syllable verse, which reads with voluble facility, as we might expect from the nature of the subject,—yet did our poet express his *contemptioun* in vain. In his Monarchies, he again attacks female fashions; he arraigns the *ladyis* with a sort of profane mixture of seriousness and levity at the judgment-seat of final retribution:

Ye wantoun ladyis, and burgis wyvis,
That now for sydest taillis stryvis;
Flappand the filth amang your feit,
Raising the dust into the streit;
That day, for all your pomp, and pryde,
Your taillis sall nocht your hippes hyde.

The Supplication against Syde Tails seems to have been written during the year 1538."—CHALMERS.

Line 63—*Skant twa markis for thair feis*. "Two marks for their yearly wages; 26s. 8d. Scots money, during the reign of James V. were equal to 8s. 8d. at present. Riddiman, *Introd. Diplom. Scotiæ*."—CHALMERS.

Line 86—*Sic giglottis*. CHALMERS says, "*Giglet* and *kittock* equally signify a romping wench; *giglet* is often used by Shakespeare:—

Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglet* wench."

Line 150—*Suld nocht hide thair facis*. "The sumptuary statute of James II. ordains, "That na woman cum to the kirk nor mercat with her face mussaled, that scho may nocht be kend, under the pane of escheit of the curchie."—CHALMERS.

Line 168—*Veritas non quærit angulos.* “Truth does not seek concealment in corners.” This occurs in a quaint little volume by John Clarke, “*Paroemiologia Anglo-Latina, or Proverbs English and Latine, methodically disposed.*” Lond. 1639, 12mo, with this paraphrase, “Truth never shames the Master,” (p. 317.) Another to the same effect, which occurs in Bohn’s *Dictionary of Latin Quotations*, edited by Riley, under the word *Veritas*, is not unlike this in Lyndsay, “*Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi,—Truth fears nothing but concealment,—Truth seeks publicity,*” (p. 489.)

Mr Chalmers, as above, refers to an edition of the *Supplication* “in contempt of Side-Tailles and Muzzled Faces,” printed in 1690. In a printed broadside of that time, without date, a few various readings may be noticed:—Line 32, *great irk*; Line 51, *Saint Bernard*; Line 56, *hir bun*, as in the text, (for the sake of the rhyme); Line 102, *her morn darg*; Line 113, *such stoure strake*; Line 116, *your tail casts such a stew*; Line 123, *Sider then can their hanclets hide*; Line 135, *Halse a French Lady*; Line 146, *lusty champion.*

KITTIE’S CONFESSION.—Page 134.

“In this ridicule of Auricular confession there is scarcely any note of time. By making captious inquiries about *Inglis bukis*, the confessor plainly alludes to the English translation of the Scriptures. By adverting to the dates of that translation, and the circumstances of the times, it seems to be apparent that *Kitteis Confession* must have been written in the intermediate period from 1536 to 1543. There would have been no fitness in those questions after it was made lawful by Lord Maxwell’s act, to have the holy writ in the vulgar tongue without offence, and after the Regent

Arran had caused that Act to be published on the 19th of March 1541-2. It is to be recollected also, that our Sir David Lyndsay sat in that Parliament. This Confession was, therefore written, we may suppose, in 1541. It was printed in the edition of 1568, being "compylit (as is belevit) by schir David Lyndsay of the Mount." Such is the intimation of Henry Charteris, the publisher of that edition, who appears to have been well acquainted with Lyndsay and his labours."—CHALMERS.

"Sir David Lyndsay, as he lived during a long-continued controversy about religion and reform, was a persevering reformer and inexorable satirist. The Estates of the kingdom, both temporal and spiritual, appear to have been full as active as Lyndsay to enact useful laws and salutary canons. Much of the civil state had been reformed in 1529 to Lyndsay's content. He tried to reform the spirituality by his *Complaynt of the Papingo*. He returned to the charge against both when he brought out his *Satyre on the three Estatis*, in 1535. He became again particular in his satirical reprehensions, when he wrote his *Supplication against Syde Taillis*. He now deemed it a point of great importance to bring the *auricular confession* of the Romish Church, which, in itself, is sufficiently opprobrious when carried to the extremes of the preceding age, into popular contempt, by compiling *Kitteis Confession*. This is a short dialogue between the Curate and Kittie, in eight-syllable verse of rhyming couplets, which, as the subject is ludicrous, was composed to run off with flippant volubility. *Kitteis Confession* was probably written after the author's return from the continent during the year 1544."—CHALMERS.

This poem first occurs in Charteris' edition of 1568, with this title, "KITTE'S CONFESION, compylit (as is beleuit,) BE SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MONT, &c."

Line 1—*Kittie*: “The familiar name of a girl. Every reader of poetry remembers Prior’s ‘*Kitty*, beautiful and young,’ the late Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry: but, in the age and writings of Lyndsay, *Kittie* was used as a general appellative for a playful girl.”—CHALMERS.

Line 13—*Tibbie*. “*Tibbie* is the familiar name of *Isabel*; and so it was formerly in England. In the Tournament of Tottenham, the heroine is called, throughout, *Tibbie*.”—CHALMERS.

Line 32—*And schrevin*, “confessed. In Chaucer, *to shrive* is to confess; *shrift* is confession, and *shrift-father* is father-confessor.”—CHALMERS.

Line 41—*Ane plak*. “A small Scots coin of silver or copper, equal to the third part of an English Penny.”—CHALMERS.

Line 140—*Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleve, and birst*. “I know not if there be any allusion here to either of the Codruses who are feigned by poets. Lyndsay may have alluded to Urceus Codrus, an Italian professor and poet of a singular character, who died in 1500.”—CHALMERS.

Dr Irving, who entertained a strong prejudice against George Chalmers (and I can vouch there was no love lost between them) took frequent occasion to point out his want of scholarship, and the note on this line could not fail to afford him such an opportunity. In mentioning Chalmers’ edition of Lyndsay’s Works, he says (doubtless conceiving it to be an example of the most refined irony), “The editor displays a modesty of disposition and an elegance of taste which are only surpassed by the suavity of his manners and the profundity of his learning. All these topics might afford scope for illustration, but I shall at present confine myself

to the subject of his erudition. The following line occurs in *Kittie's Confession* :

Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleve and birst.

'I know not,' says the accomplished editor, 'if there be any allusion here to either of the Codruses, who are feigned by poets; Lindsay may have alluded to Urceus Codrus, an Italian professor and poet, of a singular character, who died in 1500.'—Vol. ii. p. 214. But if his classical studies had ever proceeded so far as the seventh eclogue of Virgil, he would have had no difficulty in discovering to which 'of the Codruses' Lindsay alluded:—

Pastores, hederæ crescentem ornate pœtam,
Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro."

This extract, from a posthumous work, "The History of Scottish Poetry, by David Irving, LL.D." (p. 339), Edinburgh, 1861, 8vo, is followed by some other choice examples of "the radical ignorance of the Latin language" displayed by Mr Chalmers, but which it would here be out of place to adduce. The work itself was prepared for the press nearly forty years ago, but the object of the Doctor's ironical remarks having died so long ago as 1825, he of course could never have seen them. Dr Irving also repeated nearly verbatim these instances in his article "Lindsay, Sir David," in the *Encycl. Britannica*, 7th edition, 1836.

THE TRAGÉDIE OF THE CARDINALL.—Page 141.

"The odious assassination of this great but obnoxious Prelate was achieved by a band of ruffians, who were in the pay of Henry VIII., on the 28th of May 1546. Lyndsay immediately sat down to gratify his prejudice, by satirizing the memory of Beaton, and incidentally protecting the lives of the assassins. This *Tragedie* was printed at London in 1546 [1546-7]. It was reprinted in the French edition 1558;

and it was again printed by Johne Skott at St. Andrews in the subsequent year. This *Tragedie* has been retained in the subsequent editions of Lyndsay's works.—CHALMERS."

"Lyndsay's *Answer to the King's Flyting*, his *Supplication against Syde Tails*, and his *Kitteis Confession*, show the grossness of the times; his *Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton* evinces the atrocity of the age and the men. The whole writings of Lyndsay, perhaps, demonstrate that want of refinement and want of morals are the same. 'The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas' were undoubtedly the great prototypes of those poetical relations of fallen greatness, which Lydgate's *translation* had made familiar, and which the mournful and dreadful events had made attractive, under the name of *tragedies*, before legitimate tragedy had yet appeared in modern literature. The story of none of those princes who had fallen from their estates through *the mutability of fortune* since *the creation of Adam*, had more clearly illustrated the general principle of *fortune's fickleness* than the *Tragedy of David Beaton*. This great and ambitious prelate was the third of the seven sons of John Beaton of Pitfour, in Fifeshire, by his wife Isabel, the daughter of Monypenny of Pitmilly. He was born in 1494, four years after Lyndsay. He studied the civil and canon laws in France, where he became the king's resident in 1519. He was nominated commendator of Arbroath in 1523, and abbot of that opulent house in 1525. He was made keeper of the privy seal on the fall of the Douglasses in 1528. He was sent envoy, in 1533, to France, where he was consecrated bishop of Mirapoix, an event which evinces the notions that were entertained of his influence; and the cardinal's hat was sent him in 1538. He succeeded his uncle, as Archbishop of St. Andrews, in 1539. He became chancellor and prime minister on the 13th of December 1543; and he was assassinated in his own castle at St. Andrews on the 29th of May 1546, at a moment of ferment

in the state and feebleness in the government. Such was the person, and such the fortune, which our poet, who was perfectly acquainted with both, converted into a rhyming narrative, or *tragedie*, for reviling the dead and reforming the living. It is written in seven-line stanzas of ten-syllable verse, which rhyme alternately, except the two last. And Lyndsay, who was perfectly acquainted with Johne Boccace, and John Lydgate, the monk of Burye, sat down, immediately after that dismal event, to write the Tragedie of Cardinal Beaton in 1546."—CHALMERS.

Chalmers, in these remarks, makes no reference to the martyrdom of George Wishart. This was three months before the castle of St. Andrews (from the windows of which this tragedy had been witnessed) was surprised, and Cardinal Beaton murdered, on the morning of Saturday the 29th of May 1546. Chalmers asserts that this assassination was achieved by a band of ruffians who were in the pay of Henry VIII.; and that Lyndsay "immediately sat down to gratify his prejudice by satirizing the memory of Beaton," &c. It is quite clear that its composition was not *immediately* after "that dismal event," as Lyndsay himself says at line 428, that the Cardinal's body had lain unburied "for seven months or more" in a leaden coffin, (according to Knox,) at the bottom of the Sea Tower, nor in fact was it till after the Castle had surrendered about the end of January following. See Knox's Works, vol. i., pp. 176-182.

Lyndsay's poem was soon after this annexed to an account of Wishart's martyrdom, "Imprinted at London by John Daye and William Seres," without date, but evidently in 1547. This little rare volume will be described in the bibliographical notices of the various editions of Lyndsay's poems.

Line 1—*The hour of pryme*. "*Prime*, the first canonical hour, six to nine o'clock in the morning. So Chaucer, 'And fast he swore that it was passed *prime*.'"—CHALMERS.

The Prime followed the Matins, as the second morning service, according to the division of canonical hours in the Roman Catholic Church.

Line 5—*Jhone Bochas*. “John Boccace died at the age of 62, in 1375. It was the book of Johan Bochas, of the *Fall of Princes*, which was translated by Lydgate, and printed in 1494 and in 1527, and which was probably alluded to by Lyndsay.”—CHALMERS.

The original work of Bochas, or Boccaccio “*De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*,” was in Latin, but was translated into different languages. In Lyndsay’s time, at least two editions, in English verse, had been printed of “the Book called John de Bochas descriuinge the Falle of Princis, Princessis, and other Nobles, translated into English by John Lydgate,” at London by Richard Pynson, first in 1494 and again in 1527.

Line 68—*I purchaist*. “Lyndsay is mistaken in saying that David Beaton purchased the bishopric of Merepoix; it was given him by Francis I. for services done and to be done.”—CHALMERS.

But *purchaist* was also used for *acquired*, without reference to purchase in its usual signification.

Line 81—*At cartis and dyce*. “In a MS. account of the receipts and expenditures of the Cardinal Archbishop of St. Andrews, in the Advocates Library, there are the two following payments to the Cardinal: 21st Mar. 1540-1, paid my most reverend Lord at Edinburgh, L.20, 18s. for *playing* with the King’s majesty. 18th May 1541, paid to my most reverend Lord at St. Andrews, L.22, for *playing* with the King’s majesty. The bishops of England were in the same age equally satirized for playing cards and dice. Roy, in his Briefe Dialogue, satirizing the clergy, says,

To play at the *cards* and *dice*,
Some of them are nothing nice,
Both at hazard, and mumchance.”—CHALMERS.

Line 116—*Take sic melancolie*. “The allusion here is to the battle of Solway, where the greatest number of the Scottish nobles, being corrupted by the artifices of Henry VIII., chose to surrender rather than to fight.”—CHALMERS.

Line 119—*He did depart*. The King died on the 14th December 1542.

Line 122—*I wrait all I plesit*. “Lyndsay is perhaps the only witness of this transaction, which, to believe, requires the strongest proof.”—CHALMERS.

It is, however, expressly stated in Sadler’s State Papers, that Beaton, after the death of the King, produced a document, but which was esteemed a forgery, as the Will of the late monarch, nominating the Cardinal chief governor of the realm. See Tytler’s History, vol. v., p. 259.

Line 133—*Erle of Angous*. “The forfeiture of the Earl of Angus was reversed after the demise of James V.”—CHALMERS.

Line 147—*My consent*. “The allusion is to the marriage of the infant Queen of Scots with Edward VI.”—CHALMERS.

Line 161—*This realme, &c.* Chalmers says, “The events are misplaced by the poet.”

Line 164—*Quhilk Lythgow*. “The raid of Linlithgow is alluded to, when the Cardinal collected an army to defend himself against the power of the Douglasses. See Pitscottie, p. 331.”—CHALMERS.

Line 182—*Come harme and heirschip.* “This was done by the Queen mother and the French faction. It is not easy to tell which of the parties, of England or of France, were most corrupt.”—CHALMERS.

Line 189—*Had smorde me in my cude.* “That my nurse had *smothered* me in my *cude*, or face-cloth, with which the child was covered at baptism. The same phrase occurs repeatedly in the Play and the Monarchies of Lyndsay.”—CHALMERS.

Line 206—*Till I his sone and air gat in my cure.* “Till I got the son and heir of the governor in my care. He was placed in the cardinal’s castle for his education. He was found there when the Cardinal was assassinated in 1546, and he was retained by the assassins as a pledge. A pardon was offered them, on condition of delivering up the eldest son of the governor; but, as the assassins were pensioners of England, they seem not to have complied. See the *Epistolæ Reg. Scot.*, vol. ii., p. 351-53.”—CHALMERS.

Line 233—*I made one strenth.* The ruins of the Castle of St. Andrews are too well known to require any description. It was founded about the year 1200 by Roger, Bishop of St. Andrews; but being frequently destroyed, it was at various periods restored or enlarged. Cardinal Beaton was occupied in strengthening the fortifications when it was surprised and seized by Norman Lesley, Kirkaldy of Grange, and others, to the number of fifteen persons, who engaged in the bold enterprise of assassinating the Cardinal. Soon after their success, during the time that the Castle was besieged, it was resorted to as a place of safety by Knox, Lyndsay, and various persons who had not been concerned in the slaughter, but were under suspicion of favouring the Reformers.

Line 236—*Quhilk David said, viz., in Psalm cxxvii., v. 1.* “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” Lyndsay’s words sound rather strange—

Without God of an hous be Maister of wark,
He workis in vaine, thocht it be never so stark.

The Master of Work was the name given to the superintendent of the king’s palaces and other public buildings, but the person holding the office was not necessarily a professional builder or architect.

Line 249—*My dolent deith conspyre.* “See the names of of them quhilk did conspire the dolent deith of the Cardinal in the act of attainder, App. No. xxv. Epist. Reg. Scot.”—CHALMERS.

See also Acts Parl. Scot. 29th July 1546, vol. ii. pp. 478, 479.

Line 260—*Ane spectacle.* This refers to the conspirators suspending by a sheet the dead body of the Cardinal over the Castle wall, to satisfy the Provost and citizens in confused crowds who demanded admittance, that they might speak “with my Lord Cardinall.” (Spottiswood’s History).

Line 262—*Ane manifest myracle.* “In the margin of the first edit. of Knox’s Hist. of the Reformation, thanks were offered to God, for the *godly* act of slaying the Cardinal, as Hume has remarked after Keith. There is the same thanksgiving on the margin of Dr Anderson’s MS. Hist. of Scotland.”—CHALMERS.

Chalmers has here misrepresented the marginal note on p. 145 of the supposed edition of Knox’s History, printed at London about 1586. It *does not give* thanks to God on account of the murder, but refers to the admonition given by Melvin to the Cardinal to repent of his wicked life, “but especiallie of the schedding of the blood of that notable

instrument of God, Maister George Wisharte, which albeit the flame of fyre consumed befor men; yitt cryes it, a vengeance upon thee, and we from God ar sent to revenge it." These are Melvin's, not Knox's words; and Dr P. Anderson merely copies Knox.

The marginal note reads, "The most godly facte and wordes of James Meluin."—In reference to this, I may quote my own note on the passage, in the edition of the Reformer's Works, vol. i. p. 177, Edin. 1846.

"Knox must certainly be held responsible for this marginal note, which has given rise to so much abuse. But after all, this phrase, '*the godly fact and words*,' applies to the *manner* of putting Beaton to death, as a just punishment inflicted on a persecutor of God's saints, rather than an express commendation of the act itself."

Line 266—*Thay saltit me.* See Knox's Works, vol. i. p. 179, note 2.

Line 294—*Quhillk can not guyde.* "All this is largely insisted on by Lyndsay in his Play and in his Monarchies."—CHALMERS.

Line 385—*Maiglit matenis.*—"Mumble over mangled matins; as G. Douglas:—

———— Tak gude tent in tyme
Ye nouthter *magil*, nor mismeter my rhyme."

—CHALMERS.

Line 388—*I was promovit.* "I was promoted by *simoniacal* practices. Shakespeare describes a would-be cardinal as

———— one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom; *Simony* was fair play;
His own opinion was his law."—CHALMERS.

Line 414—*Quhat! and Kyng David levit in thir dayis.*
"What! if Kyng David I. the great founder of religious

houses, had lived in our days; or, what! if he looked down?"
—CHALMERS.

Line 433.—*And failye nocht.* “And fail not, at length, to put in writing my tragedie, as I have indited it.”—CHALMERS.

ANE DESCRIPTION OF PEDDER COFFEIS.—

Page 156.

This poem which has not hitherto found a place in any edition of Lyndsay's Poems, is here given on the somewhat doubtful or suspicious name—LINSDSAY—to whom it is attributed in George Bannatyne's MS. 1568. While some of the phrases may be found in nearly similar words in his Satyre of the Three Estaites. It was originally published by Lord Hailes in 1770, and republished by Sibbald, in his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii., 1804, and by myself in “Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland,” Edinb. 1822, 4to.

The Poem was so carefully and learnedly illustrated by LORD HAILES, that I think it sufficient here, as on the former occasion, to extract his notes, as follows:—

Of PEDDER COFFEIS, Lord Hailes says, “What the author meant by *coffeis*, he explains where he speaks of ‘*pedder knavis*.’ *Coffe*, in the modern Scottish language, means *rustic*. The sense here is peddling merchants. The Seven sorts are—1. An higgler and forestaller; 2. A lewd parish priest; 3. A merchant who traffics in company upon too small a stock; 4. Though obscurely expressed, is a low born fellow who intrudes himself into the magistracy of a royal burgh; 5. A fraudulent bankrupt; 6. A miser; 7. A dignified churchman: the character of each is drawn from the living manners of that age.”

Line 11—“*Sornand all and sindry airts.*” This *scroppit* or *contemptible* dealer is represented as going about in every quarter *sornand*; a contraction from *sojournand*. Hence *sorners*, or *sojourners*, which so often occurs in our more ancient statutes. He is here described as solicitous in purchasing fowls, profiting by the sale of their eggs, forestalling the market, and drawing advantage from a dearth. These are topics of popular discontent, which the legislature has sometimes sanctified by inextricable statutes.

My reason for imagining that *scroppit* means contemptible, is founded on the following passage in Knox, p. 93. “*Thair was presentit to the Quein Regent a calfe having two heidis; whairat she scroppit, and said, it was bot a common thing.*”

Line 17—“A rascally wench among the married women, resides in the country, versant in the arts of subtilty; he interprets to them the legends of the saints, and sanctifies them with dead men’s bones or relics. Such persons seem to have raked the streets of Rome for every superstitious foolery. Sometimes they growl like dogs in the offices of religion; sometimes they pitifully whine like the hypocritical *Symmye and his brother*.”

“The first part of this description alludes to the lascivious and inordinate lives of the secular clergy. The description of their employment in the country resembles that which the younger Vossius profanely gave of a friend of his:—“*Est sacrificulus in pago quodam, et decipit rusticos.*”

Line 25-26—*Thir cur coffeis that sailis ouer sone,
And thretty-sum about ane pak.*

“These lines are unintelligible without the aid of the Statute-book. By act 24. parl. 4. James V., it is provided “That na merchand saill, *without he have ane halfe last of gudes of his awin*, or else in goverance, as factour, to uther merchandes.” And by act 25, “That na schip be frauchted

out of the realme, with ony staple gudes, fra the feast of Simon's day and Judes (28th Oct.) unto the feast of purification of our lady, called Candlemas." The reader will now perceive what it was to sail too early, and wherein they offended, who, to the number of thirty, were joint adventurers in one pack of goods."

Line 33—*Knaifatica coff misknawis himself.* "The word *knaifatica* has been invented to describe a pedlar of mean servile original. Every one knows that knave formerly meant a servant. It is probable that this stanza was aimed at some living character, remarkable for the insolence of office."

Line 38—*With his keis clynkand on his arme.* "The keys of a city are considered as the symbols of trust and power, and therefore they may have been borne by Magistrates. It is an ancient custom for the chief magistrate of a city to deliver the keys to the Sovereign, upon his first entry."

Line 41—*Ane dyvour coffe.* "This stanza describes in very emphatical terms the offence of one who, while unable or unwilling to pay, deals upon credit with foreign merchants."

Line 55—*And eit is thame in the buith that smaik.* "The word *smaik* means a pitiful ignominious fellow. It occurs in a curious poem by the Earl of Glencairn, preserved in Knox, p. 25,

They *smaikis* dois set their haill intent,
To reid the Inglische New Testament.

The churl here described, after having carefully numbered his cakes, conveys one of them under his cloaths, and eats it in his booth or shop."

Line 70, &c.—*And to the Scho-streit ye thame ken,
Syne cutt thair luggis, &c.*

“Shoes are still sold at Edinburgh in the upper part of the Grassmarket, which formerly was also the place of execution. It is probable that lesser punishments, such as that of cutting off the ears of delinquents, were anciently inflicted in the same place. It has been suggested to the editor, that by *Scho-streit*, a street in Perth, still termed the *Shoe-gate*, is understood. But there seems no reason for supposing that this poem was composed at Perth, or that the *Shoe-gate* in Perth was a place of punishment.”—HAILES.

[It may be added, that *Scho-gait* occurs in Lyndsay's Play. See Note on line 4296.]

THE HISTORIE OF SQUYER MELDRUM.—Page 159.

“Sir David Lyndsay and Squire Meldrum of Cleish, as they were both freeholders of Fifeshire, were acquainted with each other. They often met at *Struther*, the residence within the same shire of Lord Lyndsay, where our poet was a frequent visitor and our squire a constant resident. The more retired part of the character and adventure of Meldrum, Lyndsay acquired from his information. The poet, indeed, informs us—

And secreitis, that I did not know
That nobill Squyer did me schaw.

“We thus perceive how well informed Lyndsay must have been with the whole adventures of Meldrum, which were rather singular in themselves, and which he deemed worthy of remembrance, ‘as a due recordation of his virtues.’

Quhilkis poetis puts in memorie,
 For the exalting of thair glorie:
 Quharefor, I think, sa God me saif!
 He suld have place amangis the laif.

"After this solemn avowal of our poet's motive to place the worthy squire among the adventurers of Romance, and as more fit for a niche in the temple of fame than even the far-famed Sir Lancelot du Lake, it were unfit, perhaps, to look for other motives. This romantic storie, however, was probably written for the amusement of Lord Lyndsay's family after the death of such a domestic as Meldrum. Nor is it any objection to this conjecture, that there are scenes and situations described, which would not be seen nor heard with much gratification at present. Those who could sit nine hours to see the *Satire of the Three Estates*, would listen with delight to the recital of the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*, which Lyndsay calls his *legend*. As the storie is romantic, so is the style in the genuine form of romance, in heroic couplets of eight-syllable verse, with all the facility and the flow of such metres. The text of the following edition has been corrected and settled by a collation of the late editions with those of 1594 and 1610, which last is extremely licentious. There was an edition of this *Historie* at Edinburgh, as late as the year 1687. The *Testament of Squyer Meldrum* was *compylit* by Lyndsay, who delighted to change his measures in seven-line stanzas with alternate rhymes, except the two concluding verses, which rhyme together. This legend of Meldrum is declared by very competent authority, the judicious compiler of the *Specimens of English Poetry*, to be the best of Lyndsay's poetry, and to rank with the most polished pieces of Drayton, who flourished a century after him. The storie of Meldrum was first published probably in 1592, and was composed about the year 1550."—CHALMERS.

“ This Historie was founded on the extraordinary adventures of a well known person in Fifeshire, William Meldrum, the laird of Cleish and Binns. He was born probably about the year 1493, at the house of Cleish, in the parish of Cleish, which lies within Kinross-shire rather than in Fife. By his poetical biographer, are we told :

He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
Quhen he began his vassalage.

“ His first service, or *vassalage*, or adventure, was on board the Scottish fleet, which, under the command of the Earl of Arran, burnt Carrickfergus, on the *Ireland coast*, in 1513. From Carrickfergus Arran sailed to Calais, where, as the poet tells,

Hary the aucht, King of England,
That tyme at Caleis was lyand.

“ From history we know that Henry VIII. lay at Calais in July 1513. Meldrum remained in France during the war. Peace between England and France, which included Scotland, was made on the 13th of September 1514. After performing many feats of arms, our squyer visited Paris, where he was admired by the ladies; and repaired to Ambiance in Picardie, where Louis was lying, and where our squyer was esteemed by the captains. Squyer Meldrum, as we are told by his biographer,

—————did remane in France,
Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
Weil estemit, in greit honour.

He was now courted by the ladies, and invited by the lords to remain in France :

Bot *youth* made him sa *insolent*,
That he in France wald not remane.

“ The *Squyer* at length returned to Scotland in 1515, at the age of twenty-two. Such was his fame that wherever he went, he was well received by the men for his spirit, and by the women for his gallantry. Scotland, existing under

an anarchical minority, furnished such a *squyer* many a field, both for the conflicts of war, and the dalliances of love. His concluding adventure in both happened on the road from Edinburgh to Leith, in August 1517, when jealousy and hatred, in the person of Stirling of Keir, marched out with fifty men, to cut off his retreat to Fife: On that occasion Meldrum defended himself with unconquerable bravery, till he was nearly cut in pieces. De la Bastie, a French knight, who then ruled Scotland, as *locum tenens* for the Duke of Albany, did himself immortal honour by the spirit and enterprise with which he pursued and took the assassins. Yet by the skill and care of the surgeons of Edinburgh, the Squyer was enabled to survive many years, though he must have existed in a very crippled state. After a while he was invited by the aged Patrick Lord Lyndsay of Byres to act both as deputy sheriff of Fife, and as marschal of his household. The same connection continued with John Lord Lyndsay. That he lived many years, and died in his old age at the Struther, Lord Lyndsay's seat in Fife, is certain. Yet he first made his *Testament*, and appointed his executors:

First, David, Erle of Crawfuird, wise and wicht;

And, Johne, Lord Lyndsay, my maister special;

The third sall be Sir Walter Lyndsay, ane noble knicht.

“From all those intimations it is probable that the *Historie* and *Testament* of Meldrum were some of the last of our poet's labours and were perhaps written about the year 1550. This is said to have been first printed in the edition of Lyndsay's works in 1592; but the fact is, that it was only annexed to that edition after it was printed separately, in 1594. I doubt whether there was any edition of the *Historie of Meldrum* in 1602, as such edition nowhere appears but in loose assertion. In 1610, when Finlayson printed his edition of Lyndsay's Works, the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum* was appended to it, with a different

titlepage, without any paging, and without being mentioned in the table of contents. The *Historie of Squyer Meldrum* was left out of the subsequent editions of our poet's works, owing to whatever cause of design or accident. The late edition of Mr. Pinkerton pretends to be copied from the edition of 1594. Yet it differs much from the Museum copy of 1594, with which his copy has been collated; it differs even in the sense, and it has been *manufactured* by forming it into books, by changing the orthography, and by *italicizing* the expressions. Mr. Sibbald, in his more recent edition, has servilely copied the very mistakes of the preceding edition."—CHALMERS.

It is somewhat doubtful when *Squyer Meldrum* was first published. In the collected editions of *Lyndsay's Poems* in 1582, in 1592, and again in 1597, its title is included in the list of Contents, but no editions of *Squyer Meldrum* of an early date are known except those at Edinburgh in 1594 and in 1610.

Mr Chalmers, I imagine, in supposing that this poem was composed about the year 1550, has placed it six or eight years too late. The allusion in line 1497, proves indeed that it was subsequent to the death of Sir John Stirling of Keir, in 1539. Regarding the Squire himself it is necessary to say a few words. Chalmers states that about the year 1530, he, "having no regard to money," sold his property to Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss, who, in 1537, made a grant of the lands to his natural son Robert Colville, ancestor of the Lords Colville of Ochiltree. This may have been the case, but it is certain that various portions of the barony of Cleish, belonged to the Colville family during the Squire's minority. Row in his *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, has confounded the above Robert Colville with "Esquyre Meldrum," as he calls him, when narrating the exposure of a pretended miracle of the Hermit of St Alareit, or Loretto, near Musselburgh, which

did not take place till about 1559, or several years after Squire Meldrum's death. . . (See Row's *Historie and Notes*, pp. 449, 455. Wodrow Society edition, 1842.)

Another person who might be confounded with Squire Meldrum, was THE SQUYER OF CLEISCH, who belonged to the household of King James the Fourth, during a considerable part of his reign: he is so designed, without the surname. Thus in March 1501-2, there was paid "to the Squier of Cleisch, be the Kingis command, xxviii s." 1502, June 7. "Item, be the King's command, to the Squier of Cleisch to red him furth of Striuling to pass in Denmark, xxviii s." At the time of the King's marriage in 1503, "the Squier of Cleisch" was one of the numerous persons who received dresses for the occasion, under the head "Vestimenta pro Servitoribus erga Matrimonium Regis." In the following year his name occurs as receiving payment of a pension from the King of £5, 5s., and also in the years 1504, 1505, 1506, and 1507. 1508, March 26. "To the Squier of Cleisch for casting of a gunn xiiij s." In December 1507 his name occurs, when "clathis aganis Zule" or Christmas were provided. In June 1513, before the Scottish fleet sailed for France, occasional payments were made "for furnessing of men to the Schippis," and "the furnessing of the Skipparis." On the 22d July 1513, there was paid "To James Sinclair, the tyme he past away with the Schippis, xij li;" on 24th July, "Item to the Squyer of Cleische, when he suld [have] past in the Schippis, and failzeit, at the Kingis command, xxij li;" and on 26th July, "Item to Thomas Drummond, *alias* Thom unsanit, at the Kingis command, the tyme the Schippis past away, vij li." How it should have happened that this Squire failed in sailing with the fleet to France, we cannot say; it might have either been his own negligence, or in compliance with the King's command, but it sealed his own fate, as within seven weeks he was slain at Floddon. This we learn from

Pitscottie, who says that, after the battle, the English "came throw the Feild, seeking thair noble and principall men that wer slaine, and to have spyed if they could have seine the King of Scotland. But they could not find him, albeit thay fand sundry in his luferay; for the same day of the Feild he caused ten to be in his awin luferay [other MSS. have 'in his coat of armour'], lyke unto his awin present apparell, amangis quhom wes twa of his awin guard: the one called Alexander M'Cullo, and the other THE SQUYER OF CLEISCH, who wer both verrie lyk in makdome to the King," &c.

Had this Squyer of Cleisch been the father of Sir David Lyndsay's hero, it is not likely he would have been passed over in silence. I imagine, however, this Squyer was not a MELDRUM, but a COLVILLE. These notices, of course, could have no reference to 'the young and lusty' Squier Meldrum, who, at this time, was twenty years of age, as Lyndsay states in line 77.

There is still another person to be noticed, who cannot be identified with the Squyer, although of the same name, and receiving a pension from King James the Fifth. This was MAISTER WILLIAM MELDRUM, to whom £40 was paid "for his pension" by the Lord Treasurer in the years 1539-1540, 1540-1541, and in 1541-1542. This title of Maister implies a University degree, to which our Squyer had no claim, even if it could be shown that he survived so long. In the Treasurer's Accounts is also the following payment in August 1539.—"Item to Maister William Meldrum, grantit to him be the Kingis Grace for his brother's service done be him in the partis of France, for this zeir, and the zeir bigane,—xl li."

Line 29.—*Ane nobill Squyer . . . during his lyfe,*

I knaw myself, thairof I wryte,

And all his deidis I dar indyte.

As Lyndsay survived the Squyer for several years, the

statement of Pitscottie that the latter lived for fifty years after escaping the murderous attack on his life in 1517, is manifestly erroneous. If *fifteen* years were substituted for *fifty*, a near approach would be made to the probable date of Squyer Meldrum's death.

Lyndsay affords us no information regarding Squyer Meldrum's parentage, except the general statement at line 67, that he was

- Ane gentilman of Scotland borne,
So was his Father him beforne:
Of nobilnes lineallie descendit.

In a subsequent page (note to line 1575) some notices will be given of the Meldrums of Cleisch. This property had evidently been subdivided in the fourteenth or fifteenth century; and the following particulars respecting the Colvilles of Cleisch may here be subjoined.

Robert Colvill of Hiltoun was the heir male of the Ochiltree family, and was connected with the royal household in the reigns both of James the Third and Fourth. Soon after James the Fourth's accession, in November 1488, he was appointed Director of the Chancery. He had various grants of land, by charters under the Great Seal, as noticed in Wood's edition of Douglass's Peerage, vol. i. p. 352. These show that he had been twice married. The earliest is of the lands of Hiltoun, in the barony of Tulialan, in the county of Clackmannan, to himself and Margaret Logan, his wife, on the 10th October 1483. Other charters from 1504 to 1509, are to himself and to Elizabeth Arnot, his (second) wife, and include the Chemys (or manor house) of Cleisch, the Hiltoun of Cleisch, Mydill Cleisch, West Cleisch, and the Barony of Cleisch (5th January 1506-7). She was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Walter Arnot of Balberton.

Robert Colville of Hiltoun afterwards assumed the title of Ochiltree; and having, among other officers of state,

accompanied the King in his last fatal expedition, he was among the slain at Floddon. The person styled the Squyer of Cleisch was, I presume, the eldest son of this Robert Colville, Director of the Chancery, although overlooked by the Peerage writers. The eldest son of the second marriage, Sir James Colville of Ochiltree, afterwards of Easter Wemyss, then a youth, succeeded. In 1526, he held the office of Comptroller, styled *Computorum Regis Rotulator*; in 1529, he was made Director of the Chancery; and in 1532, nominated one of the newly appointed Lords of Council and Session.

Line 71.—*Gude Williame Meldrum*

And borne within the Schyre of Fyfe

To Cleische and Bynnis richt heritour.

Cleish is a small parish in Kinrosshire, extending six and a half miles in length, by about one in breadth. It is surrounded by a range of low hills. The stream or river Gairney, which divides the parish from Kinross, falls into Lochleven. The old house called the Place of Cleisch, is a large massive building, surrounded with fine old trees. The original building is about 85 feet high, the walls still almost entire. It now belongs to Harry Young, Esq. of Cleish.

Binnis is in the neighbourhood of Cleisch, and lies near the foot of Benarty, not far from Lochleven. It now forms part of the estate of Blair-Adam.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, William Adam of Blair-Adam, having, in 1810, acquired this property, he placed the following inscription on the old house:—

“This House, in the reign of James V., belonged to Squire Meldrum of Cleish and Binns, celebrated in a Poem of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount.”

Line 90.—*The Kingis greit Admirall.* James Earl of

Arran, succeeded his father as second Lord Hamilton in 1479, and was created Earl of Arran, by James the Fourth, 14th August 1503. Ten years later the king sent a body of 3000 auxiliaries to the assistance of Louis XII. of France, then engaged in war with Henry VIII. of England, who with a large army had formed the design of regaining the English possessions in France. The Scottish troops were under the command of the Earl of Arran, and having the charge of the expedition, he may thus have been called the Great Admiral. The three large ships of war, the Michael, the James, and the Margaret, were severally commanded by John Lord Gordon, son of the Earl of Huntley, as Admiral of the Fleet, by Lord Fleming as Vice-Admiral, and by Lord Ross of Halkeid. The vessels set sail on the 27th of July 1513, King James himself remaining on board till they passed the Isle of May, at the mouth of the Forth.

Line 93.—*And as thay passit be Ireland coast,
The Admirall gart land his oist;
And set Craigfergus into fyre.*

Should Lyndsay's statement be held as historically correct, the Fleet must have sailed by the Pentland Firth to reach the north coast of Ireland, and most writers seem to support the account of the burning of Carrickfergus before the vessels had reached their destination in France. But Guthrie in his History of Scotland, vol. iv. p. 340, 342, and other later writers assert with greater probability that it was on the return of the Fleet, that this took place, being driven to the Irish coast by stress of weather, before they landed at Ayr. But in either case there are difficulties not easy to be explained. Pitscottie, following Sir David Lyndsay, asserts that the Earl Arran (but assigns no ostensible reason), instead of conducting the fleet direct to its destination, passed up the west sea on the coast of Ireland, and "thair landit and brunt Craigfergus with all uther villages, and then

came fornent the town of Air, and thair landit and playit thameselves, and reposed be the space of forty days," and only set out for France on learning the King's extreme displeasure at such delay. Such a statement, if the dates and other circumstances are duly considered, is quite incredible. The fleet having sailed from the Frith of Forth on the 27th of July, if forty days afterwards elapsed, as here alleged, the voyage to France could have been made a very short while before the death of James at Floddon.

We need therefore have little hesitation in asserting that this narrative by Pitscottie shows his usual want of minute historical accuracy; and that the account given by Sir David Lyndsay of the Squyer's adventures at Carrickfergus, and his amours with the Irish Lady, is a poetical fiction.

Line 125.—*Of yellow taftais wes hir sark.* "Yellow shirts, made of large pieces of linen plaited, were then worn in Ireland. See Spenser's View of Ireland, &c."—PINKERTON.

Line 215.—*In bauld Brytane.* Chalmers's note on this line is: "Pitscottie and Drummond say that the Earl of Arran brought his fleet to Ayr, upon the Clyde." Neither of the historians say any such thing, not having made the notable discovery that Ayr was *upon the Clyde*. The words of Lyndsay evidently refer to the Scottish fleet having landed at Brest, in Brittany.

During the time that Arran was in France, King James had undertaken his fatal expedition which led to his death at Floddon, and left Scotland in a most pitiable condition, deprived of all its ablest counsellors, and exposed to the evils of a long minority, of fierce party feuds, and misgovernment. Among the claimants proposed for Regent and Governor was James, Earl of Arran, but he ceded his claims in favour of John, Duke of Albany, then in France. The Duke having received a private invitation, despatched

as a messenger Sir Anthony d'Arcie, De la Bastie, in company with the Earl of Arran, Lord Flemyng, and the Lyon Herald: they landed at Ayr on the 3d of November 1513, (Bishop Lesley's History, p. 97). The Duke himself did not arrive at Dunbarton till the 18th of May 1515.

Line 245—*Hary the Aucht*. Henry the Eighth, with a great armament, and at an enormous expenditure, having invaded France, he landed at Calais on the last of June 1513; the town of Terouenne, in Flanders, was besieged and taken, and he afterwards laid seige to Tournay, which capitulated,—the only results of his grand undertaking; he having concluded a treaty of peace with Louis the Twelfth on the 15th of September 1514.

Line 294—*Your crackis, I count thame not ane cute*. “Your boasts I value not a straw.”—CHALMERS.

Line 317—*Like Gowmakmorne*. “Gaul, the son of Morni, one of Ossian's heroes.” See note by Mr Chalmers on line 2091 of the Satyre of the Three Estates.

Line 343—*Monseour De Obenie*. Robert Stewart, Lord D'Aubigny, was created a Mareschal of France, when, says Chalmers, there were only four Mareschals in that kingdom. Robert, Lord of Aubigny, was descended from the Darnley and Lennox family. He was Captain of the King of France's Guards. In November 1520, he arrived in Scotland on an embassy from the French King, for preserving peace during the minority of James the Fifth; and was instructed to recommend that the Duke of Albany should be allowed to remain in France.

Line 590—*Efter the weir, quhill peice wes tane*. “The peace between Henry VIII. and Louis XII., was concluded on the 16th [15th] September, 1514.”—CHALMERS.

Line 611.—*Louis the King of France.* Louis XII. died on the 1st of January 1514-15.

Line 644.—*I would give all the Bynnis.* The name of the Squyer's estate in the shire of Kinross. See note on line 71.

Line 660.—*His brand*—"a sword in Spenser—*was weill seven quarter lang*—was full an ell and three-quarters long."—CHALMERS.

Line 844.—*He wardit him in the Blacknes.* Imprisoned him in the Castle of Blackness, an ancient castle on the south side of the Forth, situated on a small peninsula, about five miles west of the Queensferry. It was often used as a State prison, and is one of four fortresses stipulated in the Act of Union of the two Kingdoms, 1707, to be kept in repair.

Line 856.—*Out throw Stratherne.* That is, the vale of the river Earn, Perthshire. But it has a wider interpretation, as applied to a large district adjacent to this beautiful river and its tributaries, extending from about Comrie on the west to Abernethy on the east (Chambers's Gazetteer of Scotland.) See also the little volume, entitled *The Beauties of Upper Strathearn*, by Charles Rogers, I.L.D. Edinburgh, 1854, 12mo.

In noticing Gleneagles, Dr. Rogers says, "The oldest part of the building has an inscription with the date 1624, but the remains of an older mansion or castle are situated on a height north of the present house, and a small edifice, surrounded by a cemetery, stands in the immediate vicinity."

Line 864.—*Ane lustie Ladie.* In the privately printed volume, "*The Stirlings of Keir*," p. 34, we have the following information:—"Marion Lawson, relict of John Haldane of

Gleneagles, who was killed at Floddon, survived him for the long period of forty years, her death having occurred in July 1553. [Register of Acts and Decrees by the Lords of Session, 13th December 1555, vol. xii.] Marion must have been a young woman as well as a young widow, when first visited by Squire Meldrum in 1515. From the Gleneagles Papers it appears that she and her husband were infest in the barony of Haldane on 23d April 1513, about which time their marriage had probably taken place." ("The Stirlings of Keir," p. 34, note.)

This note requires some correction. What the Gleneagles Papers are I cannot say; but we have in the public records authentic information on some points connected with the Haldanes of Gleneagles at this period, which may correct the statements of peerage writers. It appears that when the honours and estates of the Earl of Levenax, or Lennox, reverted to the Crown, Sir James Haldane of Gleneagles in 1490 brought proof of his descent from Agnes Menteith, one of the co-heiresses of Duncan, last Earl of Levenax (who died in 1425); but his claims at that time were not insisted upon. This Sir James died in 1503, as we learn from the Privy Seal Register (vol. ii. fol. 135), as, on the 8th of November that year a letter was made "to Maister Richard Lawsoun and Johne Elphinstone of Airthe, of the tak of landis, &c., being in the Kingis handis be ressoun of warde *be the deceis of umquhile James Haldane of Glennegas, knyght*, except the terce pertening to the spouse of the said umquhile James, for hir lyfe tyme, &c."

John Haldane who succeeded; obtained the honour of knighthood, and in 1508 married Marjory Lawson, daughter of Mr. Richard Lawson of Humbie and Hieriggs (near Edinburgh), a person of wealth and distinction, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1492, and again in 1504 and 1505; and also Justice-Clerk during the previous part of the reign of King James the Fourth (from 1491 to 1506).

In Douglas's Baronage, p. 581, is an account of the Lawsons of Cairnmuir, descended from a younger son of the Justice-Clerk. It might indeed be supposed from the above note in "The Stirlings of Keir" that his daughter was married only a few months before her husband's death at Floddon. She undoubtedly was married in the year 1508, as will be shewn conclusively in the note to line 1496 at page 322.

James Haldane, who succeeded his father Sir John, in 1513, was afterwards knighted. He married Lady Margaret Erskine, daughter of Robert fourth Earl of Mar; a charter under the Great Seal, in their favour, is dated 1st March 1533-4 (Lib. xv. No. 136). John Haldane their son, will be afterwards mentioned. According to a pedigree annexed to a "Memorial relative to the succession of the Ancient Earls of Levenax," it appears that the male succession of the Haldanes of Gleneagles and Airthrey had continued in an unbroken line till the year 1768. At that time, Robert Haldane having died without male issue, the right of blood devolved upon his sister Margaret, wife of Charles Cockburn, son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk. Their son, Mr George Cockburn, when he came into possession of the property in 1768, assumed the name and arms of Haldane, in terms of his uncle's settlements. A detailed account of the Haldanes, in connexion with the succession to the Lennox titles, is given in Wood's Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, vol. ii. pp. 86-90. See also "Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his brother James Alexander Haldane." Lond. 1852, 8vo.

Line 953.—*Hir courlyke kirtill*. Pinkerton gives, as a various reading from his MS. of 1635, *Her courtlike kirtill*. In the edit. 1610 it is *curtlike*. As this is the only various reading quoted from that MS., I presume it was merely a transcript from the printed copy.

Line 968.—*And seik ane dispensatioun.* “Because her deceased husband was a near relative of Meldrum’s.”—PINKERTON.

In what way the propinquity existed is not known. A very learned note on this passage, in relation to the marriages of cousins-german will be found in Dr Irving’s History of Scottish Poetry, p. 361.

Line 1050.—*At ches and tabill.* The game of chess was well known before the days of Lyndsay. *Tabillis* were the boards used for playing at draughts or chess.

Line 1053.—*From the Lennox.* This was the name of an ancient district in the western part of Scotland, comprising a portion of the shires of Dunbarton and Stirling, within the boundaries of the Highlands. The charter of 1508-9 mentions lands in the Lennox, and in particular Rusky, as comprised in the Barony of Haldane.

Line 1055.—*How that Makfagan.* This name might be intended for Mackfadyan, but, as Pinkerton suggests, it was evidently meant for Makfarlane.

Line 1076.—*Scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif.* “A common custom of chivalry.”—PINKERTON.

Line 1097.—*Quhen to Makferland.* Macfarlane, in making this attempt, may have been actuated by a desire to obtain possession of what he regarded to be his own property. The ancient family of Macfarlane of Macfarlane was descended in a direct line from the old Earls of Levenax, or Lennox. Their pedigree, deduced from the middle of the twelfth century, is given in Douglas’s Baronage, p. 93. Sir John Macfarlane accompanied and shared the fate of his royal master at Floddon, in 1513. His son Andrew, who

is here mentioned, succeeded. He married the daughter of the Earl of Glencairn, and is said to have died early in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

Line 1178.—*Taryand upon dispensatioun.* That is, the Squyer intended to complete their marriage as soon as the Pope's licence was obtained.

Line 1211.—*Sa it fell anis upon ane day.* Pitscottie is the only early writer who gives a detailed account of the assault on Squyer Meldrum by Stirling of Keir. The following extract from his well-known Chronicle is collated with a MS. in the University Library, Edinburgh.

“The King of France sent letters in Scotland to the Duke of Albanie to come and speak with him in all goodlie haste for such affaires as he had adoe at that time. The Duke of Albanie, obedient unto the King of France desyre, patt the Realme in order, and left Monsieur Delabatie Regent in his place, to his returning out of France, and gave him command to use all men equallie, and, in the meanetime, went to his ships and past to France. [7th June 1516]

“In this meanetime, Delabatie beand Regent, as we have shownen, remained in the Abbey of Holyrood hous, and ane guard of Frenchmen about him to the number of fourscoir of Higbitters, to be readie at his command when he charged. And so it happeneth at this time, on the moneth of (*blank*) and in the yeir of God one thousand five hundred and (*blank*) yeeres. At this time, there was ane Gentleman in Edenburgh named WILLIAM MELDRUM, Laird of Binnes, who had, in companie with him, ane fair Ladie, called the Ladie Glenaigies, who was daughter to Mr Richard Lawson of Humbie, Provost of Edinburgh. The which Ladie had borne to this Laird two bairnes, and intended to marrie her, if he might have had the Pope's Licence, because her husband

before and he was sib: yet, notwithstanding, ane gentleman, called Luke Stirling, invyed this love and marriage betwixt thir two persons, thinkand to have the Gentlewoman to himselfe in marriage; because he knew the Laird might not have the Pope's licence be the Lawes; therefore he solisited his Brother sone, the Laird of Keir, with ane certaine companie of armed men, to set upon the Laird of Binnes to take this Ladie from him be way of deed; and, to that effect, followed him betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and set on him beneath the Ruid Chapell, with fiftie armed men; and he again defended him with five in number, and fought cruellie with them, and slew the Laird of Keir's principall servant before his face defendand himselfe, and hurt the Laird that he was in perrell of his life, and sex and twentie of his men hurt and slaine, yet, through multiplication of his enemies, he was oversett and driven to the Earth, and left lying for dead, hought of his legges and strucken thorow the bodie, and the knoppis of his elbowes stricken fra him. Yet, be the mightie power of God, he escaped the death, and all his men that were with him, and lived fiftie yeere thereafter.

“ In the meanetime word came to Monsieur DE LA BATIE, where he was at that time, in the Abbey of Hollyrood-hous, that such a nobleman was slaine and murthered at his hand. And he incontinent gart strick ane larum, and blew his Trumpettis and rang the common Bell, commanding all men to follow him, both on foot and horse, that he might revenge the said slaughter; and rushed fiercelie forward to the place where the battell was strucken, and saw this nobleman lyand deadlie wounded, and his men about him in this same manner; and passed fiercelie after the enemies, and committers of the said crime, and overhyt them at Lithgow, where they tooke the peell upon their heads to be their saif-guard, thinking to defend themselves therein; notwithstanding, this noble Regent lap manfullie about the house,

and sieged it continually till they randered the samine to come in his will; who took them and brought them to Edenburgh, and gave them ane fair assyse; who were all convict and condemned of the said crime; and thereafter were put in the Castle of Edinburgh in sure keeping, induring the Regent's will."

Line 1349.—*Yet quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Upun his kneis he wrocht greit wounder.*

This may remind some readers of the gallant Northumbrian Squire Withrington, celebrated in the ballad of Chevy Chase.

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

In the older English ballad, "The Hunting of the Cheviot," we find the incident thus immortalized:—

For Wetharington my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne should be,
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in two,
Yet he knyled and fought on his kny.

Line 1463.—*Bot thir luifers met nevar agane.*

For scho aganis hir will mariit.

Of this second marriage, which is not at all improbable, there is no record. That Lyndsay should say it was contrary to her own inclination is somewhat strange, if he was aware that she remained her own mistress as possessor of Gleneagles during the long period that intervned between the death of her husband in September 1513, and her own death in July 1553.

Line 1483.—*To the Regent.* The Regent or Governor John,

Duke of Albany, during his absence in France, had appointed Sir Anthony D'Arcie de la Bastie (commonly written or pronounced La Bastie or Bawtye) to act as his deputy. On the death of Lord Hume he became Lieutenant and Warden of the Borders, which, from his being a foreigner, gave great offence, and led to his slaughter by David Hume of Wedderburn, as mentioned in the following note.

Line 1484.—*Bot he, allace! wes richt sone slane,
Be David Hume of Wedderburne.*

This took place on the 17th of September 1517. The event is fully described by Pitscottie, by David Hume of Godscroft (in his Latin History of the Wedderburn Family), and other writers. Bishop Lesley notices the fact that La Bastie's head was cut off "and affixed on the town of Dunse, 19th September 1517." (History, Bannatyne Club, p. 110.)

Line 1496.—*Bot efterward, as I hard say,
On Striviling brig upon a day
This Knicht wes slane with crueltie.*

Sir John Striveling, or Stirling of Keir, knight, succeeded to his father, Sir William, in 1503, and survived till 1539. In the work, "The Stirlings of Keir and their family papers, by William Fraser," Edinburgh, privately printed, 1859, 4to, Luke Stirling, who is spoken of as his uncle at p. 21, appears to have been the fourth son of Sir William Striveling of Keir, who died between 1468 and 1471. He must have therefore been a very unlikely suitor to a "young widow" in 1517; but Mr Fraser, in narrating this treacherous assault, says, "In justification, so far, of Sir John Stirling's conduct to Squire Meldrum, it is not too much to suppose that the lady of Gleneagles and Luke Stirling may have been engaged to be married at the time that the Squire made his fatal appearance at Gleneagles Castle, and overcame the heart and virtue of the lady by his fame and superior address." It

undoubtedly is a great deal *too much to suppose* any such prior engagement, when we consider the interval that had elapsed after her husband's death at Floddon, and the age of Luke Stirling, whose father is said to have died half a century before. The lady in question not only had legitimate issue by her husband, but also two children by the Squyer previously to this cowardly and murderous assault, which took place beneath the Rood Chapel, between Edinburgh and Leith.

Sir John Stirling himself was slain previous to 5th November 1539. On the 4th of November 1542, David Schaw and George Dreghorn had a respite, under the Privy Seal, "for the slaughter of umquhile John Strivilling of Keir, knycht."—(Stirlings of Keir, p. 35, Reg. Secr. Sig., vol. xviii.) Mr Riddell states that Sir John Stirling was murdered by Shaw of Cambusmore, near Stirling, in a fit of compunction for having been the unworthy instrument of Keir in assassinating Buchanan of Leny, whose daughters, co-heiresses, he had stript of a great part of their estate.—(Comments on the Keir Performance, with Drumpellier's Exposition, by John Riddell, p. 227, &c. Edin. 1860, 4to.)

In a previous note (p. 316) I mentioned that Marjory Lawsoun was married in the year 1508, and had legitimate issue before her husband's death. In a charter dated 28th of May 1508, he is styled "Joannes Haldane de Glennegas miles, filius et hæres quondam Jacobi Haldane de Glennegas militis." Eight months later, Sir John had another charter under the Great Seal, by which certain lands in Perthshire (which are specified), were erected into the free Barony of Haldane, in favour of himself, and of Marjory Lawsoun his spouse in conjunct-fee. The following is an extract from this charter:—

"Necnon dicto Joanni Haldane de Glennegas militi et Marjoriæ Lawson ejus spousæ in conjuncta infeodatione et hæredibus inter ipsos legitime procreatis seu procreandis

Quibus deficientibus, legitimis et propinquioribus hæredibus dicti Joannis quibuscunque DE TOTA et integra dimedietate terrarum de Rusky cum manerio lacu et dimedietate mollendini ejusdem," &c. (with other lands), to be created, annexed, and incorporated into a free Barony, "baroniam de Haldane," to be held of the King . . . REDDENDO tres sectas ad tria placita capitalia Curie vicecomitatus de Perth tantum, Necnon Reddendo wardam et relevium prædictarum terrarum et Barroniæ ac maritagium cum contigerint, Testibus *ut in aliis*. Dat. apud Edinb. 20 die Januarii 1508." (Reg. Magni Sigilli, Lib. xv. No. 74.)

Four years later they had another conjunct charter of the lands of Calzemore. It is dated 23d of April 1513. (*Ib.* Lib. xviii. No. 174.) In the Privy Seal Register, we find the Precept of this conjunct charter in favour "Johannis Haldane de Glennegas militis et Marjorie Law-soun ejus spousæ super terris de Calzemore le Ros, &c. jacentibus infra barronias de Haldane et Glennegas. Apud Edinburgh, 30 Aprilis Anno M^o v^o xiiij. et regno Regis xxv^{to}." (vol. iv. fol. 233.)

By virtue of this infestment, the Widow remained in possession of the property until her death in July 1553. It seems very strange that Mr Fraser, in referring to the Register which records the time of this Lady's decease, should have overlooked the fact that the person at whose instance this action was raised against the sheriff of Perth and other officials, *was the legitimate grandson* of Sir John Haldane, by his wife the LADY OF GLENEAGLES.

I give an extract, as the case itself is curious, besides its connexion with the family history of the Haldanes.

"Decimo tertio Decembris 1555.

"Anent our Souerane Ladiis letters purchest at the instance of John Halden of Glennegas Oy and air to um-
quhile Johnne Haldane of Glennegas, quha wes slane at

the feild of Flowdoun vnder our Souerane Ladiis Gudeschiris baner of gud mynd quhom God assolze In defens of this realme, aganis Patrick Lord Ruthven, Scheriff of Perth, Vmfra Pollok, and ——— Murray, his deputes, Gilbert Erle of Cassillis, thesaurar, Maisteris Henry Lawder, and Johne Spens, Advocates to our Souerane Lady for thair entress makand mentioun That quhairas quhair his saidis umquhill Gudschir deit last vestit and seisit in as if the heretabill fee of all and hail the landis and Barony of Rushky, Lanarik, with thair pertinentis lyand within the scheriffdom of Perth, and continuallie fra his deceis, quhilk was in the said field, umquhill Marioun Lawsoun his spous, Gudame to the said John Haldane, now of Glennegas had conjunct fee thairof unto hir deceis quhilk wes in the month of Julij the zeir of God I^m V^c Iij. zeris. Eftir quhais deceis the said Johne enterit immediatelie befor ony terme as air to his said umquhile Gudeschir to the foirsaidis landis. And contenoweit be vertew of the generall Act maid at Twysselhauch be umquhile our derrest Gudschir King James the Feird of gude mynd quhome God assolze, the said Johne Haldane auch and suld be fre of the relieff [of the] foirsaid landis as air to his said umquhile Gudschir, be ressoun that his Fadir and he culd nevir get entress to the saidis landis, quhill the deceis of his said umquhile Gudedame conjunct fear thairof, quha deceissit laitlie, as said is, &c." (Acta Dom. Concilii et Sess., &c., vol. xii., fol. 343.) This claim of exemption, however, was not sustained, apparently on the ground that the Lady herself, as conjunct fiar, had entered on immediate possession of the property.—It is perhaps unnecessary to add that *Oy* is grandson; *Gudeschir*, grandfather; and *Gudedame*, grandmother.

It would be quite out of place to enlarge this note with any detailed account of a controversy commenced during the latter half of the fifteenth century and renewed in our own days, respecting the seniority of Agnes Menteith, who about

1460 married Sir John Haldane of Gleneagles, Master of the Household, and Justice-General beyond the Forth, in the reign of James the Third.

Sir John Haldane of Gleneagles, died 1493. = (In 1460) Agnes Menteith.

Sir James Haldane, died in 1505. = (About 1488) Christian, daughter of William, second Lord Graham of Erskine.

Sir John Haldane, died in 1513. = (In 1508) Marjory Lawson, who died in 1553.

Sir James Haldane, died about 1547. = (In 1533) Margaret Erskine, daughter of Robert, Fourth Lord Erskine. She survived her husband, and was again married.

John Haldane,
see the Deed of July 1555,
quoted above.—For the succession during the subsequent period, see Douglas's Peerage by Wood, vol. ii., p. 587.

The foregoing pages were printed before I remembered that this controversy on a point which involved the succession to the title of the Earldom of Lennox had engaged the research and learning of the late Mr Riddell and Mr Mark Napier in their respective works. By the latter in his "Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston," 1834, 4to, and his "History of the Partition of the Earldom of Lennox," 1835, 8vo ; by the former in "Tracts, Legal and Historical," 1835, 8vo, and more especially in his "Additional Remarks upon the Question of the Lennox or Rusky Representation," &c., 1835, 8vo.

Mr Riddell in this work, p. 40, gave a short extract from the curious deed of 1555, above mentioned, which proves that the Lady Gleneagles by her first husband had a legitimate son, who carried on the succession of the family. Mr Fraser was probably indebted to Mr Riddell's extract for his reference, although withholding the information it contains, as I think he could scarcely have misunderstood its import.

Line 1519.—*Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord.* This refers to Patrick, fourth Lyndsay of Byres, who had a ratification of the gift of the office of Sheriff of Fife to himself, his son, and grandson, in 1519. He died at an advanced age in 1526.—(Wood's Peerage of Scotland, vol. i. p. 334.)

Line 1537. *Quhairfoir during this Lordis lyfe,
Shyref-Deput he was in Fyfe.*

Sir Robert Sibbald, in his Lists of the Sheriffs of Fife, includes the following:—

“About 1514, the Laird of Balgony gets the Sheriffship for five years.

“An. 1517. Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and John Master of Lindsay of Pitcravie.

“30. May 1524. The same Patrick Lord Lindsay gets the Sheriffship heritably, and is Sheriff An. 1530. Esquire Meldrum is his Depute.” (Hist. of Fife and Kinross, p. 100, Edinb. 1710, folio.)

Line 1575.—*Of ancient storeis for to tell.* At line 67, as Lyndsay makes only a general statement regarding the Squyer's parentage, the following notes may here be added.

According to Sir Robert Douglas, in his account of the Setons and Urquharts of Meldrum, (Baronage of Scotland, p. 157,) the family of MELDRUM OF CLEISH traced their origin to a younger son of Philippus de Melgdrum in the thirteenth century.

This ancient family in Aberdeenshire was carried on by the Setons and Urquharts of Meldrum (See Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland.*, p. 157). In the reign of Robert III. there appears a charter to

"William Meldrum of the third part lands of Cleis, third part of the milne of Cleis; third part of Wester Cleis, third part of Bordland, third part of Newistoun, third part of the town and miln of Newstoun, in the barony of Cleis." (Roll of Charters Rob. III., in Robertson's *Index of Records of Charters, &c.*, Edinb. 1798, 4to, p. 137.)

In the reigns of James the Second and Third, Archibald Meldrum of Cleise was one of the landed gentry who were appointed as an Assize for perambulating the marshes in the Western division of the Shire of Fife, 6th June 1457 and 27th June 1466. (*Regist. de Dunfermlyn*, pp. 346, 354.)

In the "*Acta Dominorum Auditorum*," the name of Archibald Meldrum of the Bynnis appears in a dispute respecting a tack or lease of the Bynnis, 19th March 1478-9, p. 81.

In the "*Acta Dominorum Concilii*" 28th April 1483 the name of this Archibald Meldrum of the Bynnis is again met with. In the same record, under the date 10th July 1494 is also the following entry:—

"The Lordes of Consale decrettis and deliueris that for ocht that thai haif yit sene ARCHIBALD MELDRUM *of the Bynnis* the are [heir] of umquhile Jonete Meldrum *of the Cleische* dois urang in the vexacion and trubling of James Meldrum his brother in the pecebale broiking and joysing of the sext parte of the landes of Medill Clesche," &c. (*Acta Dom. Concil.*, 10 Julii 1494, p. 36.)

Looking at the names and dates, it seems tolerably clear that the above extract furnishes us with the name of the Squire's grandfather, as there may have been two of the name of Archibald Meldrum of Cleisch towards the end of the fifteenth century.

Line 1617.—*And John, Lord Lyndsay, my Maister special.* Mr Chalmers in the course of his investigations was enabled to refer to two deeds which confirm this statement in regard to WILLIAM MELDRUM OF BYNNIS. “William Meldrum (he says) was a witness to a charter from John, Lord Lyndsay of Byres to William Lyndsay, dated the 31st of March 1529. William Meldrum of Binns was a witness to another charter of Lord Lyndsay, dated the 15th of May 1532.—(Pub. Rec.) This is the latest authentic notice of William Meldrum.” This vague reference to “Pub. Rec.,” should have rather been, “Reg Magni Sigilli,” (Lib. xxiv., No. 208, and Lib. xxvii, No 90,) being two charters of confirmation under the Great Seal. The first, is to William Lindsay of Piotstoun, uncle (patrons) of John, Lord Lindsay de Byres, and Isabella Logan, his spouse, of the lands of Maw, &c. “*Testibus WILLIELMO MELDRUM et Davide Petblado.*” In the other, of the same lands to James Colvile of East Wemyss, we have “*Testibus Davide Lindsay de Scotistoun et WILLIELMO MELDRUM DE BYNNIS.*”

Lines 1616, and 1621.—“David, the seventh Earl of Crawford, who succeeded his father in 1517, died aged, in 1542; and he was succeeded by David, the eighth earl, who died in 1570.

Line 1617.—“John, the sixth Lord Lyndsay of Byres, who succeeded his grandfather in 1526, and died in 1563, leaving by Lady Helen Stuart, the daughter of John, Earl of Athol, three sons and six daughters. Douglas’s Peer. 161.

Line 1620.—“Sir Walter Lyndsay, Lord of St. John. In Monteith’s Theater of Mortality 1711, there is the monument in the parish church of Torphichen of ‘Walterus Lindesay, Justiciarius Generalis de Scotland, et Principalis Præceptor Torphichensis, 1538. The same inscription is in Sibbald’s Hist. Linlithgowshire, p. 25. This, then, was of Squyer Meldrum the third executor, who died in 1538, if we may believe his tombstone.’”—CHALMERS.

Line 1589.—*Thus at the Struthers into Fyfe,
This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.*

The time of Squyer Meldrum's death is not ascertained. It probably was about 1533 or 1534.

Struther is again mentioned at line 1801. The present name is the Struthers. It is in the parish of Ceres, about two miles to the south-west of the village of Ceres. The building, now in ruins, was formerly the seat of the Earls of Crawford, surrounded with a noble park, and stately beech trees. In the time of the Commonwealth, the house was taken possession of by the English soldiers.

Sir Robert Sibbald, in his "Modern State of the County of Fife," 1711, p. 139, describes Struthers as "a large old house, with gardens, great orchards, and vast inclosures and planting." In 1840, we read, that "little of the large old house, with its towers and battlements, now remain, the greater portion of the buildings having been taken down, nor has the wood with which it was ornamented, been spared. The park around the house, which is enclosed with a stone wall, contains about 200 acres of ground."—(Fife Illustrated, vol. ii., p. 251.)

Line 1747.—*Venus chapel clarkis.* Dunbar says in his Golden Terge,

The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
With curious nottis, as Venus chapel clarkis.

Line 1778.—*With swesche, talburnis, and trumpettis.* With drums and trumpets. On this line Chalmers says, "With roar, or rather clatter;" and in his Glossary, "a rattle," from the Eng. *swash*, to clash, to make a great clatter or noise. Jamieson also mistakes the meaning of *swesche*, *sweschers*, by explaining it a trumpet, the trumpeters. It was the name given to a drum, drummers; and *talburnis* or *tabour*, to a small drum beaten with one stick to accompany a pipe.

On the 10th of May 1568, the Town Council of Edinburgh, in putting the town into a state of defence by placing guns, and appointing guards to watch by day and night, "ordanis twa *Sweschirs* to pass nichtlie through the town at aucht houris at evin, and siclyk at fyve hours in the morning (to beat, says Maitland, the *Reveillé* and the *Tattoo*); they, moreover, to find cautioun for the Townis *sweschis*, to be furthcoming at all tymes quhen thai salbe requyrit." (Council Register, vol. iv., fol. 218, 225. Maitland's Hist. of Edinburgh, p. 31.)

Line 1799.—*My Lord Lyndsay*. "John, Lord Lyndsay, before mentioned, who succeeded his grandfather in 1526, married Helen, the daughter of the Earl of Athol, who lived at *the Struther*, in Fife, and who died in 1563; leaving by his said wife Patrick, his heir, the ruffian who, by personal violence, compelled Mary Stuart to resign her diadem; John, who died in France; Norman of Kilwhiss; Isabel, who married Norman Leslie, the assassin of Cardinal Beaton; Catharine, who married Thomas Myreton of Cambo; Margaret, who married David Beaton of Melgum, a son of the cardinal; Janet, who married first Henry, the heir of Lord Sinclair, and secondly, Sir George Douglas of Lochlevin; Helen, who married Thomas Fotheringhame of Powrie; and Elizabeth, who married David Kinnier, of that ilk. Douglas's Peer. p., 161."—CHALMERS.

Line 1824.—*Sterne of Stratherne*: The Star of Strathern, or the Lady of Gleneagles.—See previous note on the Haldanes, line 864. The property of Gleneagles, in the parish of Blackford, Perthshire, so long in the family of Haldane, now belongs to the Earl of Camperdown.

VARIOUS READINGS.

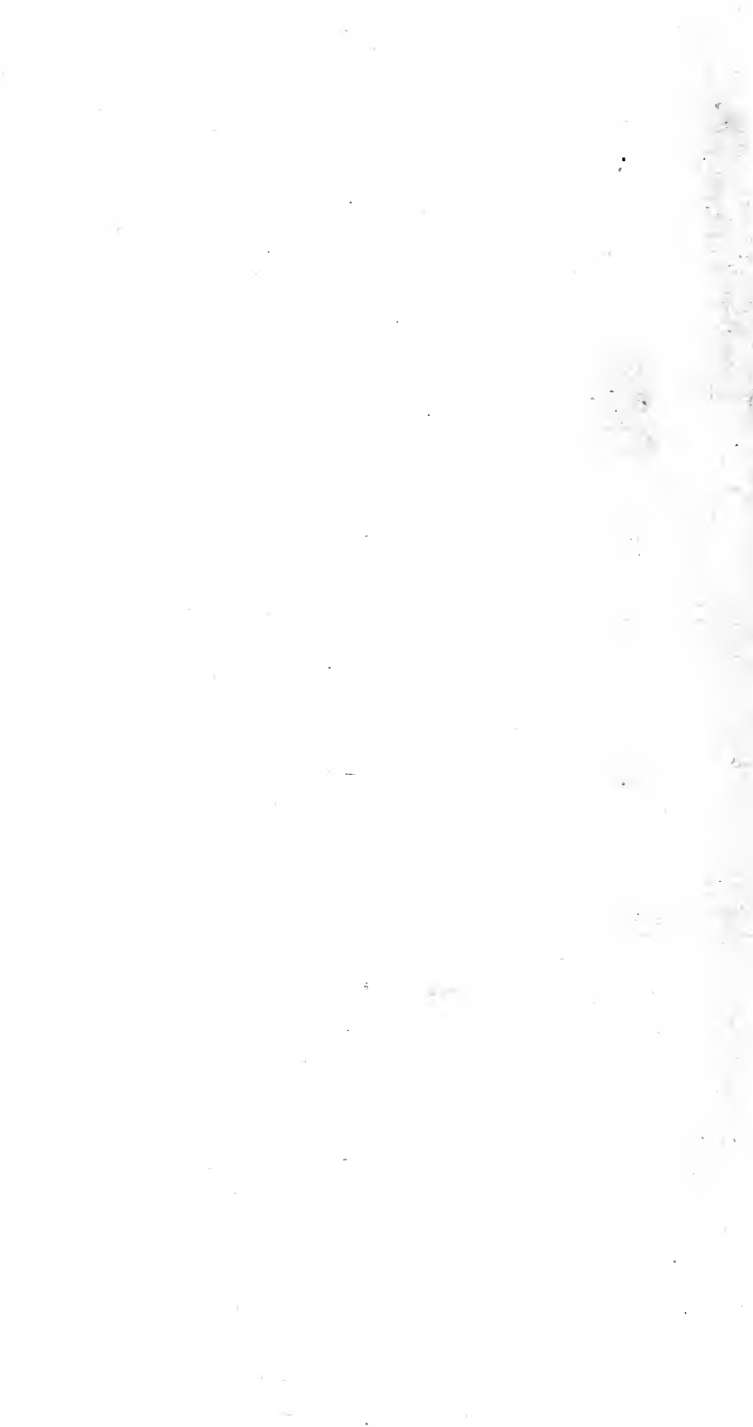
As the only other early impression known of Squyer Meldrum is that printed at Edinburgh for Richard Lawson, 1610, it may be proper to subjoin the chief variations, (although not of special importance,) when collated with the edition of 1594, which has furnished the text of the present edition. Mr Pinkerton had a MS. copy, entitled, "The Historie of a Noble and Valiant William Meldrum, Squyer, umquhyle Laird of Cleish and Binns. Compilled by Sir D. Lindesay, written by James Clark, 1631. Glasgow, 12mo." In the sale of Pinkerton's books, 1812, this MS., which was evidently one of no importance, was bought by Mr. Heber; and in his sale it occurred again.—Bibl. Heberiana, Part xi., 854, Lond., 1836.

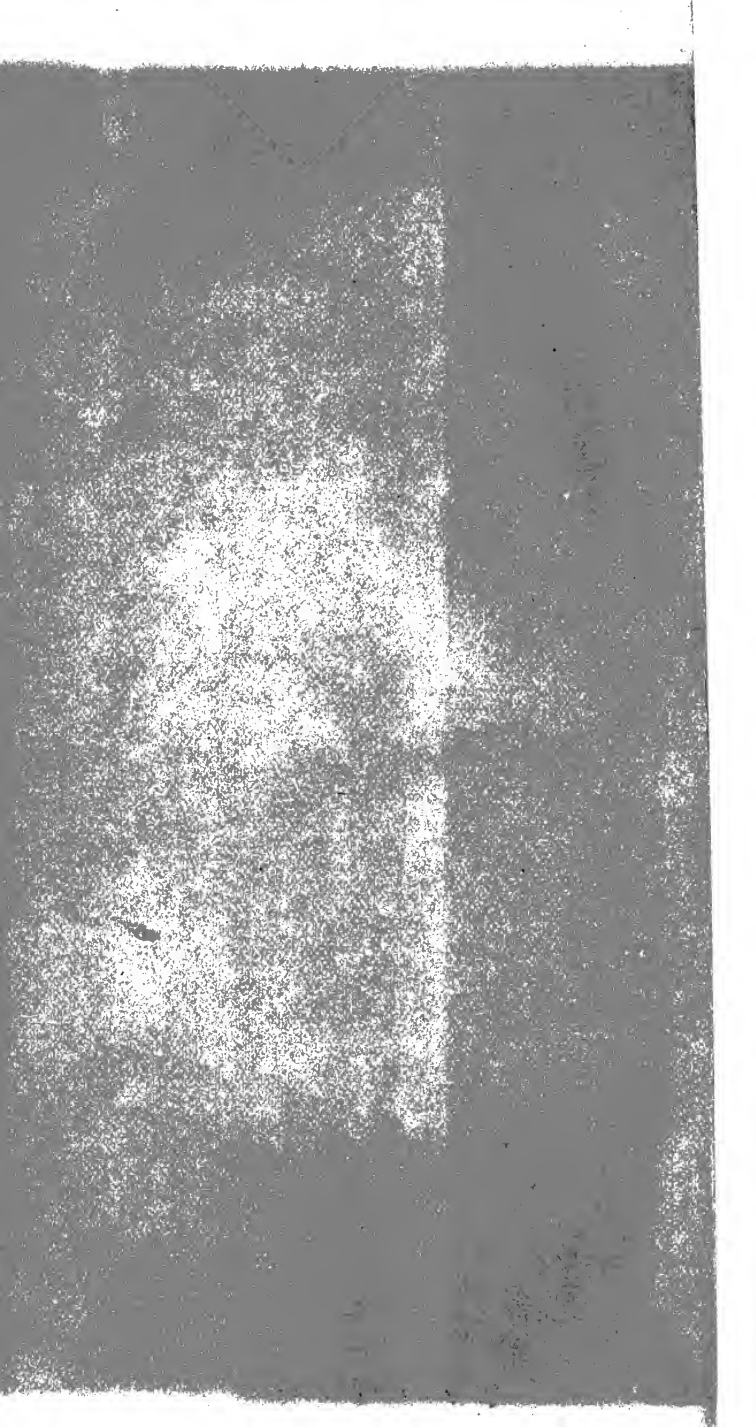
- Line 22.—That wonderouslie wrocht into their weeds.
 „ 40.—As many ane, as men of reads.
 „ 69.—Of Nobles linallie discended.
 „ 86.—And in his deeds honourable.
 „ 125.—Of yallow taffitie was her sark,
 Begaried all with broudered warke.
 „ 143.—With dints sa derflie on him ding.
 „ 156.—Ay till his speir did shake in sunder.
 „ 161.—He founded forward.
 „ 205.—Sould I not love my paramour.
 „ 252.—Howbeit there was na set battell.
 „ 312.—Quhen he with Golias.
 „ 320.—Before nine houres.
 „ 362.—Cheis the best.
 „ 378.—Ane quaif of golde to hide hide (*sic*) his hare.
 „ 400.—Or we come forth of this Pavilion.
 „ 443.—Thir twa noble men of weir.
 „ 451.—Their speirs in sunder flaw.

- Line 462.—Flesh the fire.
- „ 475.—Bane sa fiercelie.
- „ 492.—Quhilk was baith stif and lang.
- „ 516.—Brocht to him with great speed.
- „ 557.—Sould win the field.
- „ 569.—And led him to the Pavilion.
- „ 570.—And gart him tak collatioune.
- „ 616.—Of many sundrie Nation.
- „ 656.—Wonders did that day.
- „ 667.—The Southron saw that sicht.
- „ 808.—Quhereof the English hoast was glad.
- „ 844.—He warded was in the Blacknes.
- „ 852.—He was well treated.
- „ 870.—And how it hapned him in France.
- „ 873.—During this nicht.
- „ 903.—Did nocht but mourned.
- „ 953.—Her curtlike kirtle was unlaist.
- „ 964.—Thinke ye my Maidenheed to spill.
- „ 1057.—Her castell he had tane.
- „ 1106.—With his braid Baner bricht.
- „ 1150.—Receaved was richt pleasantlie.
- „ 1167.—In Scarlot grene, and that richt fine,
Quhilk was ane semelie sicht to syne.
- „ 1225.—He was but aucht men in his rout.
- „ 1236.—Of cruell men.
- „ 1330.—There was ay fyue.
- „ 1446.—And speak we of our kynd Squyer.
- „ 1447.—He saue them.
- „ 1456.—Of this Ladie that maid sik cair.
- „ 1459.—And then hir Freinds.
- „ 1472.—I wat had no greater distres.
- „ 1484.—Bot the Regent was ouer soone slaine.
- „ 1567.—Baith knights.
- „ 1584.—Till dreidfull Death.
- „ 1586.—Strake this kynd Squyer.

- Line 1599.—My by past time was spent in weir and sport,
 My youth is gane, I thinke it bot a dreame,
 Yet after death remaine sall my gude fame
- „ 1622.—Ane valiant Campion.
- „ 1655.—Of Marble stanes.
- „ 1668.—(This line is omitted in edit. 1610.)
- „ 1671.—Inclosed till him ye do present.
- „ 1729.—All of my Lufaray.
- „ 1769.—With grauitie see yee my bodie wend.
- „ 1770.—Into ane sepulture.
- „ 1783.—The starrie heaven:
- „ 1804.—And sa fairwel I may not tary now.
- „ 1808 1809.—(These lines are transposed).
- „ 1840—My Spirit heartlie.







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Lindsay, (Sir) David
Poetical works

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