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CHATTERTON'S  
ROWLEY POEMS



THE  
ROWLEY POEMS

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

REPRINTED FROM  
TYRWHITT'S THIRD EDITION

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY  
MAURICE EVAN HARE

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REPRINT OF THE EDITION OF 1778.

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

### I. CHATTERTON'S LIFE AND DEATH AND THE GENESIS OF THE ROWLEY POEMS

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born in Bristol on the 20th of November 1752. His father—also Thomas—dead

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*Editor's Introduction* p. [xxiv] l. 20 for parallel read no parallel  
p. 296 s.v. Dyrgeynge add reference Æ. 458

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Dec. 1911

'very proud', self-confident, and self-reliant.

Of Chatterton's mother little need be said. Gentle and rather foolish, she was devoted to her two children Mary and, his sister's junior by two years, Thomas the Poet. Of these Mary seems to have inherited the colourless character of her mother; but Thomas must always have been remarkable. We have the fullest accounts of his childhood, and the details that might with another be set down as chronicles of the nursery will be seen to have

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Court of Sessions to receive and take care of the estate of the late James Smith, deceased, and to administer the same according to law.

ADMINISTRATOR

James Smith, deceased, was a resident of the County of Middlesex, and died on the 15th day of January, 1880, leaving a widow, and several children, all of whom are now residing in the County of Middlesex.

Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of February, 1880.



## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

### I. CHATTERTON'S LIFE AND DEATH AND THE GENESIS OF THE ROWLEY POEMS

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born in Bristol on the 20th of November 1752. His father—also Thomas—dead three months before his son's birth, had been a subchanter in Bristol Cathedral and had held the mastership in a local free school. We are told that he was fond of reading and music; that he made a collection of Roman coins, and believed in magic (or so he said), studying the black art in the pages of Cornelius Agrippa. With all the self-acquired culture and learning that raised him above his class (his father and grandfathers before him for more than a hundred years had been sextons to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe) he is described as a dissipated, 'rather brutal fellow'. Lastly, he appears to have been 'very proud', self-confident, and self-reliant.

Of Chatterton's mother little need be said. Gentle and rather foolish, she was devoted to her two children Mary and, his sister's junior by two years, Thomas the Poet. Of these Mary seems to have inherited the colourless character of her mother; but Thomas must always have been remarkable. We have the fullest accounts of his childhood, and the details that might with another be set down as chronicles of the nursery will be seen to have

have their importance in the case of this boy who set himself consciously to be famous when he was eight, wrote fine imaginative verse before he was thirteen, and killed himself aged seventeen and nine months.

Thomas, then, was a moody baby, a dull small boy who knew few of his letters at four; and was superannuated—such was his impenetrability to learning—at the age of five from the school of which his father had been master. He was moreover till the age of six and a half so frequently subject to long fits of abstraction and of apparently causeless crying that his mother and grandmother feared for his reason and thought him ‘an absolute fool’. We are told also by his sister—and there is no incongruity in the two accounts—that he early displayed a taste for ‘preheminence and would preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants’. At seven and a half he dissipated his mother’s fear that she had borne a fool by rapidly learning to read in a great black-letter Bible; for characteristically ‘he objected to read in a small book’. In a very short time from this he appears to have devoured eagerly the contents of every volume he could lay his hands on. He had a thirst for knowledge at large—for any kind of information, and as the merest child read with a careless voracity books of heraldry, history, astronomy, theology, and such other subjects as would repel most children, and perhaps one may say, most men. At the age of eight we hear of him reading ‘all day or as long as they would let him’, confident that he was going to be famous, and promising his mother and sister ‘a great deal of finery’  
for

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for their care of him when the day of his fame arrived. Before he was nine he was nominated for Colston's Hospital, a local school where the Bluecoat dress was worn and at which the 'three Rs' were taught but very little else, so that the boy, disappointed of the hope of knowledge, complained he could work better at home. To this period we should probably assign the delightful story of Chatterton and a friendly potter who promised to give him an earthenware bowl with what inscription he pleased upon it—such writing presumably intended to be 'Tommy his bowl' or 'Tommy Chatterton'. 'Paint me', said the small boy to the friendly potter, 'an Angel with Wings and a Trumpet to trumpet my Name over the World.'

At ten he was making progress in arithmetic, and it should be mentioned that he 'occupied himself with mechanical pursuits so that if anything was out of order in the house he was set to mend it'. At school he read during play hours and made few friends, but those were 'solid fellows', his sister tells us; while at home he had appropriated to himself a small attic where he would read, write and draw pictures—a number of which are preserved in the British Museum—of knights and churches, and heraldic designs in red and yellow ochre, charcoal, and black-lead. In this attic too he had stored—though at what date is uncertain—a number of writings on parchment which had a rather singular history. In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe, the church in which Chatterton's ancestors had served as sextons, there were six or seven great oak chests, of which one, greater than the others and secured by no fewer than six locks,

was



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was traditionally called 'Canynges Cofre' after William Canynge the younger, with whose name the erection and completion of St. Mary's were especially associated. These had contained deeds and papers dealing with parochial matters and the affairs of the Church, but some years before Chatterton's birth the Vestry had determined to examine these documents, some of which may have been as old as the building itself. The keys had in the course of time been lost, and the vestrymen accordingly broke open the chests and removed to another place what they thought of value, leaving Canynge's Coffre and its fellows gutted and open but by no means void of all their ancient contents. Such parchments as remained Chatterton's father carried away, whole armfuls at a time, using some to cover his scholars' books and giving others to his wife, who made them into thread-papers and dress patterns.

In the house to which Mrs. Chatterton had moved upon her husband's death there was still a sufficient number of these old manuscripts to make a considerable tróve for the boy who, then nine or ten years old, had first learnt to read in black-letter and was in a few years to produce poetry which should pass for fifteenth century with many well-reputed antiquaries. It was no doubt on blank pieces of these parchments that he inscribed the matter of the few Rowley documents which he ever showed for originals. We have the account of a certain Thistlethwaite, one of the 'solid lads' with whom Chatterton had made friends at school, that his friend Thomas in the summer of 1764 told him 'he was in possession of some old MSS. which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe Church, and that he had  
lent



lent some or one of them to Thomas Phillips'—an usher at Colston's, an earnest and thoughtful man fond of poetry, and a great friend of Chatterton's. 'Within a day or two after this,' (Thistlethwaite wrote to Dean Milles,) 'I saw Phillips . . . who produced a MS. on parchment or vellum which I am confident was "Elenoure and Juga"<sup>1</sup> a kind of pastoral eclogue afterwards published in the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin for what purpose or by what accident I know not . . . The writing was yellow and pale manifestly as I conceive occasioned by age.'

This was the beginning of the Rowley fiction—which might be metaphorically described as a motley edifice, half castle and half cathedral, to which Chatterton all his life was continually adding columns and buttresses, domes and spires, pediments and minarets, in the shape of more poems by Thomas Rowley, (a secular priest of St. John's, Bristol); or by his patron the munificent William Canynge (many times Mayor of the same city); or by Sir Thibbot Gorges, a knight of ancient family with literary tastes; or by good Bishop Carpenter (of Worcester) or John à Iscam (a Canon of St. Augustine's Abbey, also in Bristol); together with plays or portions of plays which they wrote—a Saxon epic translated—accounts of Architecture—songs and eclogues—and friendly letters in rhyme or prose. In short, this clever imaginative lad had evolved before he was sixteen

<sup>1</sup> An extraordinary production for a boy of twelve, but we need not suppose that if 'Elenoure and Juga' were written in 1764 and not published until 1769 no alterations and improvements were made by its author in the period between these dates.

such a mass of literary and quasi-historical matter of one kind or another that his fictitious circle of men of taste and learning (living in the dark and unenlightened age of Lydgate and the other tedious post-Chaucerians) may with study become extraordinarily familiar and near to us, and was certainly to Chatterton himself quite as real and vivid as the dull actualities of Colston's Hospital and the Bristol of his proper century.

Chatterton's own circle of acquaintance was far less brilliant. His principal patrons were Henry Burgum and George Catcott, a pair of pewterers, the former vulgar and uneducated but very ambitious to be thought a man of good birth and education, the latter a credulous, selfish and none too scrupulous fellow, a would-be antiquary, of whom there is the most delightfully absurd description in Boswell's *Johnson*. The biographer relates that in the year 1776 Johnson and he were on a visit to Bristol and were induced by Catcott to climb the steep flight of stairs which led to the muniment room in order to see the famous 'Rowley's Cofre'. Whereupon, when the ascent had been accomplished, Catcott 'called out with a triumphant air of lively simplicity "I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert" (to the view then still largely obtaining that Rowley's poems were written in the fifteenth century) and he pointed to the "Wondrous chest".' "There" said he 'with a bouncing confident credulity "There is the very chest itself"!' After which 'ocular demonstration', Boswell remarks, 'there was no more to be said.' It was to such men as these that Chatterton read his 'Rouleie's' poems. Another of his audience was Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who collected materials for  
a history

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a history of Bristol, which, when published after the boy-poet's death, was found to contain contributions (supplied by Chatterton) in the unmistakable and unique 'Rowleian' language—valuable evidence about old Bristol miraculously preserved in Rowley's chest.

We hear also of Michael Clayfield, a distiller, one of the very few men in Bristol whom Chatterton admired and respected ; of Baker, the poet's bedfellow at Colston's, for whom Chatterton wrote love poems, as Cyrano de Bergerac did for Christian de Neuville, to the address of a certain Miss Hoyland—thin, conventional silly stuff, but Roxane was probably not very critical ; of Catcott's brother, the Rev. A. Catcott, who had a fine library and was the author of a treatise on the Deluge ; of Smith, a schoolfellow ; of Palmer an engraver, and a number of others—mere names for the most part. Baker, Thistlethwaite and a few more were contemporaries of the poet, but the rest of the circle consisted mainly of men who had reached middle age—dullards, perhaps, who condescended to clever adolescence, whom Chatterton certainly mocked bitterly enough in satires which he wrote apparently for his own private satisfaction, but whom he nevertheless took considerable pains to conciliate as being men of substance who could lend books and now and then reward the Muse with five shillings. For Burgum the poet invented, and pretended to derive from numerous authorities (some of which are wholly imaginary), a magnificent pedigree showing him descended from a Simon de Seyncte Lyse *alias* Senliz Earl of Northampton who had come over with the Conqueror. To this he appended a portion of a poem not included in this edition,

edition, entitled the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte', composed by John de Bergham about A.D. 1320. It was some years before Mr. Burgum applied to the College of Heralds to have his pedigree ratified, but when he did so he was informed that there had never been a de Bergham entitled to bear arms.

With a second instalment of the genealogical table were copies of the poems called *The Tournament* and *The Gouler's* (i. e. Usurer's) *Requiem*, which are printed in this volume. Mr. Burgum was completely taken in, and, exulting in his new-found dignity, acknowledged the announcement of his splendid birth with a present of five shillings. It is worthy of notice that the pedigree made mention of a certain Radcliffe Chatterton de Chatterton, but Burgum's suspicions were not aroused by the circumstance.

In July 1765, that is to say when the boy was aged about 13, the authorities of Colston's Hospital apprenticed him to John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. He had chosen the calling himself, but it was not long before the life became intolerable to him. It was arranged that he should board with Lambert, and the attorney made him share a bedroom with the foot-boy and eat his meals in the kitchen. Further, though his sister has recorded that the work was light, the practice being inconsiderable, Lambert always tore up any writing of Chatterton's that he could find if it did not relate to his business. '*Your stuff!*' he would say. Nevertheless he admitted that his apprentice was always to be found at his desk, for he often sent the footman in to see. And no doubt on some of these occasions Chatterton was copying the legal precedents



precedents of which 370 folio pages, neatly written in a well-formed handwriting, remain to this day as evidence of legitimate industry. At other times he was certainly composing poems by Rowley.

Perhaps at this point it would be well to give some account of Chatterton's method in the production of ancient writings. First it seems he wrote the matter in the ordinary English of his day. Then he would with the help of an English-Rowley and Rowley-English Dictionary (which he had laboriously compiled for himself out of the vocabulary to Speght's *Chaucer*, Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, and Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*) translate the work into what he probably thought was a very fair imitation of fifteenth century language. His spelling Professor Skeat characterizes as 'that debased kind which prevails in Chevy Chase and the Battle of Otterbourn in Percy's *Reliques*, only a little more disguised.' Percy's *Reliques* were not published till 1765, but it is natural to suppose that Chatterton when he was 'wildly squandering all he got On books and learning and the Lord knows what', and thereby involving himself in some little debt, would have bought the volume very soon after its publication. Finally as to the production of 'an original'. We have two accounts; one of which represents the pseudo-Rowley rubbing a parchment upon a dirty floor after smearing it with ochre and saying 'that was the way to antique it'; the other, even more explicit, is the testimony of a local chemist, one Rudhall, who was for some time a close friend of Chatterton's. The incident in which Rudhall appears is worth relating at length.

In

In the month of September 1768 an event of some importance occurred at Bristol—a new bridge that had been built across the Avon to supersede a structure dating from the reign of the second Henry being formally thrown open for traffic. At the time when this was the general talk of the city Chatterton had left with the editor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* a description of the 'Fryars passing over the Old Bridge taken from an ancient manuscript'. This account was in the best Rowleian manner, with strange spelling and uncouth words, but for the most part quite intelligible to the ordinary reader. The editor accordingly published it (no payment being asked) and great curiosity was aroused in consequence. Where had this most interesting document come from? Were there others like it? The Bristol antiquaries, rather a large body, were all agog with excitement. Ultimately they discovered that the unknown contributor, of whom the editor could say nothing more than that his 'copy' was subscribed *Dunelmus Bristolensis*, was Thomas Chatterton the attorney's apprentice. Now the amazing credulity of these learned people is one of the least comprehensible circumstances of our poet's strange life. For on being asked how he had come by his MSS. he refused at first to give any answer. Then he said he was employed to transcribe some old writings by 'a gentleman whom he had supplied with poetry to send to a lady the gentleman was in love with'—the excuse being suggested no doubt by the case of Miss Hoyland and his friend Baker. Finally when, as we can only conclude, this explanation was disproved or disbelieved, he announced that the account was copied from a manuscript his father had taken from

from Rowley's chest. And this explanation was considered perfectly satisfactory.

Yet it seemed obvious that the antiquaries would demand to see the manuscript, and Chatterton, contrary to his usual practice of secrecy, called upon his friend Rudhall and, having made him promise to tell nothing of what he should show him, took a piece of parchment 'about the size of a half sheet of foolscap paper', wrote on it in a character which the other did not understand, for it was 'totally unlike English', and finally held what he had written over a candle to give it the 'appearance of antiquity', which it did by changing the colour of the ink and making the parchment appear 'black and a little contracted'. Rudhall, who kept his secret till 1779 (when he bartered it for £10, to be given to the poet's mother, at that time in great poverty), believed that no one was shown or asked to see this document. Why, it is impossible to say.

The present volume contains a reproduction<sup>1</sup> in black and white of the original MS. of Chatterton's '*Accounte of W. Canynge's Feast*'. This was written in red ink. The parchment is stained with brown, except one corner, and the first line written in a legal texting hand. The ageing of his manuscript of the *Vita Burtoni*, to take a further instance, was effected by smearing the middle of it with glue or varnish. This document was also written partly in an attorney's regular engrossing<sup>2</sup> hand. During the next four years Chatterton 'transcribed' a great quantity of ancient documents, including *Ælla, a*

<sup>1</sup> From the engraving in Tyrwhitt's edition.

<sup>2</sup> See Southey and Cottle's edition, quoted in Skeat, ii, p. 123.

*Tragycal Enterlude*—far the finest of the longer Rowleian poems—the *Songe to Ælla* and *The Bristowe Tragedy* (the authorship of which last he appears in an unguarded moment to have acknowledged to his mother). He told her also that he had himself written one of the two poems *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*—which one, Mrs. Chatterton could not remember<sup>1</sup>, but if it was the first of the two printed in this edition (p. 275) it was a strange coincidence indeed that led him to repudiate the antiquity of the only two Rowley poems which are really at all like ‘antiques’—Professor Skeat’s convenient expression. The two *Battles of Hastings* were written during this period, and it appears that Barrett the surgeon, on being shown the first poem, was for once very insistent in asking for the original, whereupon Chatterton in a momentary panic confessed he had written the verses for a friend; but he had at home, he said, the copy of what was really the translation of Turgot’s Epic—Turgot was a Saxon monk of the tenth century—by Rowley the secular priest of the fifteenth. This was the second *Battle of Hastings* as printed in this book. Again this strange explanation, so laboured and so patently disingenuous, was accepted without comment though probably not believed. And if it appears matter for surprise that there should ever have been any controversy about the authorship of the Rowley

<sup>1</sup> Dean Milles has a delightful account of the reception accorded to Rowley in the Chatterton household. Neither mother nor sister would appear to have understood a line of the poems, but Mary Chatterton (afterwards Mrs. Newton) remembered she had been particularly wearied with a ‘Battle of Hastings’ of which her brother would continually and enthusiastically recite portions.

writings,



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writings, in view of the lad's admission that he had written three such signal pieces as the *Bristowe Tragedy*, the first *Battle of Hastings*, and *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*, it must be considered that the production of the greater part of the poems by a poorly educated boy not turned seventeen would naturally appear a circumstance more surprising than that such a boy should tell a lie and claim some of them as his own.

With his acknowledged work, as with Rowley, Chatterton by dint of continued application was making good progress. In 1769 he had become a frequent contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which he sent articles on heraldry, imitations of Ossian (whom he very much admired) and various other papers; and in December of this year he wrote to Dodsley, the well-known publisher, acquainting him that he could 'procure copies of several ancient poems and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a Priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth \* \* \* If these pieces would be of any service to Mr. Dodsley copies should be sent.' The publisher returned no answer. Chatterton waited two months, then wrote again and enclosed a specimen passage from *Ælla*. He could procure a copy of this work, he wrote, upon payment of a guinea to the present owner of the MS. Again Mr. Dodsley lay low and said nothing, and so the incident closed.

Dodsley having failed him, Chatterton next took the bolder step of writing to Horace Walpole, who must have been much in his mind for some years before his sending the letter. Some one has made the ingenious suggestion

that a consideration of Walpole's delicate connoisseurship sensibly coloured Chatterton's account of the life of M<sup>ast</sup>re William Canynge. More than this, his delight in the Mediaeval—the Gothic—and his content with what may be termed a purely impressionistic view of the past, was singularly akin to the Bristol poet's own outlook on these matters. Walpole had further some three years before this time indulged in the very harmless literary fraud of publishing his *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from a mediaeval Italian MS., only confessing his own authorship upon the publication of the second edition. To Walpole then Chatterton addressed a short letter enclosing some verses by John à Iscam and a manuscript on the *Ryse of Peyncyteyning yn Englande wroten by T. Rowleie 1469 for M<sup>ast</sup>re Canynge*<sup>1</sup> with the suggestion that it might be of service to Mr. Walpole 'in any future edition of his truly entertaining anecdotes of painting'. This drew from the connoisseur one of the politest letters<sup>2</sup> that have been written in English, in which the simple and elegant sentences expressed with a very charming courtesy the interest and curiosity of its author. He gave his correspondent 'a thousand thanks'; 'he would not be sorry to print' (at his private press) 'some of Rowley's poems'; and added—which reads strangely in the light of what follows—'I would by no means borrow and detain your MS.' Now Chatterton's *Peyncyteyning yn Englande* is

<sup>1</sup> Wilson believed that Chatterton never sent the *Ryse, &c.*, at all (see page 173 of his *Chatterton: A Biographical Study*), but this is disposed of by the fact that the *Ryse of Peyncyteyning* is the only piece of Chatterton's which contains Saxon words.

<sup>2</sup> March 28th, 1769.

the clumsiest fraud of all the Rowley compositions, with the single exception of a letter from the secular Priest which exhibits the exact style and language of de Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*.<sup>1</sup> Professor Skeat has pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon words, which occur with tolerable frequency in the *Ryse*, begin almost without exception with the letter *A*, and concludes that Chatterton had read in an old English glossary, probably Somners, no farther than *Ah*. Walpole however 'had not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language,' and it was not until after he had received a second letter from Chatterton, enclosing more Rowleian matter both prose and verse, that he consulted his friends Gray and Mason, who at once detected the forgery. If, as seems certain, *Elinoure and Fuga* was among the pieces sent, it was inevitable that Gray should recognize lines 22-25 of that poem as a striking if unconscious reminiscence of his own *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Now Walpole had some years before introduced Ossian's poems to the world and his reputation as a critic had suffered when their authenticity was generally disputed. Accordingly he wrote Chatterton a stiff letter suggesting that 'when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclination'; and in this one must suppose that he was actuated by a very natural irritation at having been duped a second time by an expositor of antique poetry, rather than by any snobbish contempt for his correspondent, who had frankly confessed himself an

<sup>1</sup> *An account of Master William Canynge written by Thos. Rowlie Priest in 1460.* Skeat, Vol. III, p. 219; W. Southey's edition, Vol. III, p. 75. See especially the last paragraph.

attorney's apprentice. Chatterton then wrote twice to have his MS. returned, asserting at the same time his confidence in the authenticity of the Rowley documents. Walpole for some reason returned no answer to either application, but left for Paris, where he stayed six weeks, returning to find another letter from Chatterton written with considerable dignity and restraint—a last formal demand to have his manuscript returned. Whereupon, amazed at the boy's 'singular impertinence', the great man snapped up both letters and poems and returned them in a blank cover—that is to say without a word of apology or explanation. He might have acted otherwise if he had been a more generous spirit, but an attempt had been made to impose upon him which had in part succeeded, and he can hardly be blamed for showing his resentment by neglecting to return the forgeries. One may notice in passing that when Chatterton, more than a year later, committed suicide there were not wanting a great many persons absurd enough to accuse Walpole of having driven him to his death—a contemptible suggestion. Yet the connoisseur's credit certainly suffers from the fact that he gave currency to a false account of the transaction in the hope of concealing his first credulity.<sup>1</sup>

We now come to the circumstance which procured Chatterton's release from his irksome apprenticeship—his threat of suicide. He had often been heard to speak approvingly of suicide, and there is a story, which has, however, little authority, that once in a company of

<sup>1</sup> See *Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee (Clarendon Press), Vol. XIV, pp. 210, 229; Vol. XV, p. 123.



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friends he drew a pistol from his pocket, put it to his head, and exclaimed 'Now if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!' This anecdote—if not in fact true—illustrates very well the gloomy depression of spirit which alternated with those outbursts of feverish energy in which his poems were composed. And he had much to make him miserable when with a change of mood he lost his buoyancy and confidence of ultimate fame and success. His ambition was boundless and his audience was as limited in numbers as in understanding. He was as proud as the poor Spaniard who on a bitter day rejected the friendly offer of a cloak with the words 'A gentleman does not feel the cold', and his pride was continually fretted. He was keenly conscious of the indignity of his position in Lambert's kitchen; he seems to have been pressed for money, and though he 'did not owe five pounds altogether' he probably smarted under the thought that all his hard work, all the long nights of study and composition in the moonlight which helped his thought, could not earn him even this comparatively small sum. Again, he was not restrained from a contemplation of suicide by any scruples of religion—for he has left his views expressed in an article written some few days before his death. He believed in a daemon or conscience which prompted every man to follow good and avoid evil; but—different men different daemons—his held self-slaughter justified when life became intolerable; with him therefore it would be no crime. Wilson suggests too that the boy who had read theology, orthodox and the reverse, held to the common eighteenth century view that death was annihilation; and this may well

well have been the case. One thing at any rate is certain, that Chatterton on the 14th of April 1770 left on his desk a number of pieces of paper filled with a jumble of satiric verse, mocking prose, and directions for the construction of a mediæval tomb to cover the remains of his father and himself. Part of this strange document was headed in legal form—'This is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Chatterton', and contained the declaration that the Testator would be dead on the evening of the following day—'being the feast of the resurrection'. The bundle was dated and endorsed 'All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday in the utmost distress of mind'. Now while one need not doubt that the distress was perfectly genuine, it is tolerably certain that Chatterton intended his master to find what he had written and draw his own conclusions as to the desirability of dismissing his apprentice. The attorney (who is represented as timid, irritable, and narrow-minded)<sup>1</sup> did in fact find the document, was thoroughly frightened, and gave the boy his release. He was now free to starve or earn a living by his pen—so no doubt he represented the alternative to his mother. He must go to London, where he would certainly make his fortune. He had been supplying four or five London journals of good standing with free contributions for some time past, and had received it appears great encouragement from their editors. He gained his point and started out for the great city.

His letters show that he called upon four editors the very day he arrived. These were Edmunds

<sup>1</sup> But attorneys are seldom 'in regrade' with the friends of Poetry.

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of the *Middlesex Journal*; Fell of the *Freeholder's Magazine*; Hamilton of the *Town and Country Magazine*; and Dodsley—the same to whom he had sent a portion of *Ælla*—of the *Annual Register*. He had received, he wrote, 'great encouragement from them all'; 'all approved of his design; he should soon be settled.' Fell told him later that the great and notorious Wilkes 'affirmed that his writings could not be the work of a youth and expressed a desire to know the author'. This may or may not have been true, but it is certain that Fell was not the only newspaper proprietor who was ready to exchange a little cheap flattery for articles by Chatterton that would never be paid for.<sup>1</sup>

We know very little about Chatterton's life in London—but that little presents some extraordinarily vivid pictures. He lodged at first with an aunt, Mrs. Ballance, in Shoreditch, where he refused to allow his room to be swept, as he said 'poets hated brooms'. He objected to being called Tommy, and asked his aunt 'If she had ever heard of a poet's being called Tommy' (you see he was still a boy). 'But she assured him that she knew nothing about poets and only wished he would not set up for being a gentleman.' He had the appearance of being much older than he was, (though one who knew him when he was at Colston's Hospital described him as having light curly hair and a face round as an apple; his eyes were grey and sparkled when he was interested or moved). He was 'very much himself'—an admirably

<sup>1</sup> Masson's reconstruction of the scene between Chatterton and the editor of the *Freeholder's Magazine* is very convincing (see his *Chatterton: a Biography*, p. 160).

expressive

expressive phrase. He had the same fits of absent-mindedness which characterized him as a child. 'He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour or more till it was quite frightful.' We have accounts of his sitting up writing nearly the whole of the night, and his cousin was almost afraid to share a room with him 'for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept'.<sup>1</sup>

He wrote political letters in the style of Junius—generally signing them Decimus or Probus—that kind of vague libellous ranting which will always serve to voice the discontent of the inarticulate. He wrote essays—moral, antiquarian, or burlesque; he furbished up his old satires on the worthies of Bristol; he wrote songs and a comic opera, and was miserably paid when he was paid at all. None of his work written in these veins has any value as literature; but the skill with which this mere lad not eighteen years old gauged the taste of the town and imitated all branches of popular literature would probably have parallel in the history of journalism should such a history ever come to be written.

His letters to his mother and sister were always gay and contained glowing accounts of his progress; but in reality he must have been miserably poor and ill-fed.

In July he changed his lodgings to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sacque maker in Brook Street, Holborn; the

<sup>1</sup> Almost everything that we know of Chatterton in London was ascertained by Sir H. Croft and printed in his *Love and Madness* (see Bibliography).



dead season of August was coming on and probably he wanted to conceal his growing embarrassment from his aunt, who might have sent word of it to his mother at Bristol.

His opera was accepted—it is a spirited and well written piece—and for this he was paid five pounds, which enabled him to send a box of presents to his mother and sister bought with money he had earned. He had dreamed of this since he was eight. But his *Balade of Charitie*—the most finished of all the Rowley poems—was refused by the *Town and Country Magazine* about a month before the end; which came on August 24th. He was starving and still too proud to accept the invitations of his landlady and of a friendly chemist to take various meals with them. He was offended at the good landlady's suggestion that he should dine with her; for 'her expressions seemed to hint' (to *hint*) 'that he was in want'—no cloak for Thomas Chatterton! He could have borrowed money and gone back to Bristol, but there are many precedents for beaten generalissimos falling on their swords rather than return home defeated and disgraced. How could he return? He had set out so confidently; had boasted not a little of his powers, and had satirized all the good people in Bristol *de haut en bas*. Think of the jokes and commiserations of Burgum, Catcott, and the rest! 'Well, here you are again, boy; but of course *we* knew it would come to this!' He could not endure to hear that.

Accordingly on Friday the 24th August 1770 he tore up his manuscripts, locked his door, and poisoned himself with arsenic.

Southey, Byron, and others have supposed that  
Chatterton

Chatterton was mad; it has been suggested that he was the victim of a suicidal mania. All the evidence that there is goes to show that he was not. He was very far-sighted, shrewd, hard-working, and practical, for all his imaginative dreaming of a non-existent past; and this at least may be said, that Chatterton's suicide was the logical end to a very remarkably consistent life.

Chatterton's character has suffered a good deal from three accusations vehemently urged by Maitland and his eighteenth-century predecessors. The first is that the boy was a 'forger'; the second that he was a free-thinker; the third that he was a free-liver.

To examine these in turn: the first admits of no denial as a question of fact, but justification may be pleaded which some will accept as a complete exculpation and others perhaps will hardly comprehend.

Chatterton could only produce poetry in his fifteenth-century vein; his imagination failed him in modern English. No one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the *African Eclogues* are for a moment comparable with them. If he was to write at all he must produce antiques, and, as it happened, interest had been aroused in ancient poetry, largely by the publication of Percy's *Reliques* and of the spurious Ossian. Appearing at this juncture, then, as ancient writings taken from an old chest, his poems would be read and their value appreciated; while no one would trouble to make out the professed imitations—not by any means easy reading—of an attorney's apprentice. Probably if an adequate audience had been secured in his lifetime, Chatterton would have revealed the secret when it had served

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served its purpose—just as Walpole confessed to the authorship of *Otranto* only when that book had run into a second edition.

To the second count of the indictment no defence is urged. Chatterton was too honest and too intelligent to accept traditional dogmatics without examination.

Finally, he was no free-liver in the sense in which that objectionable expression is used. Rather he was an ascetic who studied and wrote poetry half through the night, who ate as little as he slept, and would make his dinner off 'a tart and a glass of water'. He was devoted to his mother and sister and to his poetry; and what spare time was not occupied with the latter he seems to have spent largely with the former. The attempt to represent him as a sort of provincial Don Juan—though in the precocious licence of a few of his acknowledged writings he has even given it some colour himself—cannot be reconciled with the recorded facts of his life.

Equally ill judged is that picture which is presented by Professor Masson and other writers less important—of a truant schoolboy, a pathetic figure, who had petulantly cast away from him the consolations of religion. Monsieur Callet, his French biographer, knew better than this: 'Il fallait l'admirer, lui, non le plaindre', is the last word on Chatterton.

## II. THE VALUE OF ROWLEY'S POEMS— PHILOLOGICAL AND LITERARY

AS imitations of fifteenth-century composition it must be confessed the Rowley poems have very little value. Of Chatterton's method of antiquating something has already been said. He made himself an antique lexicon out of the glossary to Speght's *Chaucer*, and such words as were marked with a capital O, standing for ('obsolete,') in the Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey. Now even had his authorities been well informed, which they were not by any means, and had Chatterton never misread or misunderstood them, which he very frequently did, it was impossible that his work should have been anything better than a mosaic of curious old words of every period and any dialect. Old English, Middle English, and Elizabethan English, South of England folk-words or Scots phrases taken from the border ballads—all were grist for Rowley's mill. It is only fair to say that he seldom invented a word outright, but he altered and modified with a free hand. Professor Skeat indeed estimates that of the words contained in Milles' Glossary to the Rowley Poems only seven per cent. are genuine old words correctly used. The Professor in his modernized edition is continually pointing out with kindly reluctance that such and such a word never bore the meaning ascribed to it—that because, for instance, Bailey had explained *Teres major* as a smooth muscle of the arm it was not therefore any legitimate inference of Chatterton's that *tere* (singular form) meant a muscle  
and



and could be translated 'health'. Only occasionally does one find the note (written with an obviously sincere pleasure) 'This word is correctly used'. Of course it was impossible that Chatterton should have produced even a colourable imitation of fifteenth-century poetry at a time when even Malone—for all his acknowledged reputation as an English Scholar—could not quote Chaucer so as to make his lines scan. The *Rowley Poems* and Percy's *Reliques* mark the beginning of that renaissance of our older poetry so conspicuous in the time of Lamb and Hazlitt. Before this epoch was the Augustan age, much too well satisfied with its own literature to concern itself with an unfashionable past.

But, after all, however absurd from any historical point of view the language and metres of the boy-poet may be, at least he invented a practicable language which admirably conveyed his impression of the latest period of the middle ages—that after-glow which began with the death of Chaucer. Chatterton's poetry is a pageant staged by an impressionist. It cannot be submitted to a close examination, and it is all wrong historically, yet it presents a complete picture with an artistic charm that must be judged on its own merits. An illusion is successfully conveyed of a dim remote age when an idle-strenuous people lived only to be picturesque, to kill one another in tourneys, to rear with painful labour beautiful elaborate cathedrals, and yet had so much time on their hands that they could pass half their lives cracking unhallowed sconces in the Holy Land and, in that part of their ample leisure which they devoted to study, spell 'flourishes' as 'Florryschethe'.

But

But if any one still anxious for literal truth should insist—'Is not the impression as false as the medium that conveys it? Were the middle ages really like that? Is it not a fact that the average baron stayed at home in his castle devising abominable schemes to wring money or its equivalent from miserable and half-starved peasants?'—such a one can only be answered with another question: 'Is Pierrot like a man, and has it been put beyond question that Pontius Pilate was hanged for beating his wife?' The Rowley writings are—properly considered—entirely fanciful and unreal. They have many faults, but are seen at their worst when Chatterton is trying to exhibit some eternal truth. There is a horrible (but perfectly natural) didacticism—the inevitable priggishness of a clever boy—which occasionally intrudes itself on his best work. Thus that charming fanciful fragment which begins—

As onn a hylle one eve sittyng

At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge  
embodies this truism fit for a bread-platter—or to be the 'Posy of a ring'—'Do your best'.

Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

And the poet's boyishness demands still further consideration. He has a crude violence of expression which is apt to shock the mature person—some of the descriptions of wounds in the two Battles of Hastings would sicken a butcher; while in another vein such a phrase as

Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,  
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

(*Storie of William Canynge*)

has

has an absurd affectation of straightforward good sense divested of sentiment which could not appeal to any one on a higher plane of civilization than a medical student. [you see]

And this is easily explicable if only it is borne in mind that the Rowley poems were written by a boy, and that such lovely things as the Dirge in *Ælla* suggest a maturity that Chatterton did not by any means perfectly possess. In some respects he was as childish (to use the word in no contemptuous sense) as in others he was precocious. And it is a thousand pities that the difficulties of Chatterton's language and the peculiar charm and invention of his metrical technique cannot be appreciated till the boyish love of adventure, delight in imagined bloodshed, and ignorance of sentimental love, have generally been left behind. Nothing—to give an example—could be more frigid than the description of Kennewalcha—

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,

Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine

(an unthinkable study in burgundy and whitewash, *Battle of Hastings*, II, 401); nothing, on the other hand, more vivid, more obviously written with a pen that shook with excitement, than

The Sarafen lokes *owte*: he doethe feere, &c.

(*Eclouge the Second*, 23.)

Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,

And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the

champyon crowne. (*Ælla*, 631.)

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylters joyne!

(*Tournament*, 92.)

In

In fine, there is no poet, one may boldly declare, whose pages are so filled with battle, murder and sudden death, as Chatterton's are; and this is perhaps the clearest indication he gives of immaturity.

But if his ideas were sometimes crude and boyish they were not by any means always so; he has flashes of genius, sudden beauties that take away the breath. A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found:

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.

(Ælla, 872.)

and, from the *Songe bie a Manne and Womanne*,

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
 Chauntynge owte fo blatauntlie,  
 Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,  
 Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

(Ælla, 107.)

Did ever shepherd's pipe play a prettier tune?

He has some fine martial sounds, as for instance:

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval

(*Battle of Hastings*, I, 181.)

He rarely employs personifications, but no poet used the figure more convincingly. The third Mynstrelle's description of Autumn is a lovely thing, and one will not easily forget his Winter's frozen blue eyes—though unfortunately that is not in Rowley.

His art was essentially dramatic, and he has some fine dramatic moments, as for example when the Usurer soliloquizing



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soliloquizing miserably on his certain ultimate damnation suddenly cries out

O storthē unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

(*Gouler's Requiem.*)

The word 'storthē' is a good example of Chatterton's use of strange words. The effect of a sudden outcry which it produces would be lost in a modernized version which rendered it 'death'.

Mr. Watts-Dunton in his article on Chatterton in Ward's *English Poets* speaks of his extraordinary metrical inventiveness and of his ultimate responsibility for such lines as these—

And Christabel saw the lady's eye  
And nothing else she saw thereby  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall—

the anapaestic dance of which breaks in upon the normal iambic movement of the poem with a natural dramatic propriety. He compares too *The Eve of St. Agnes* with the *Excelente Balade of Charitie*, remarking that it was only in his latest work that Keats attained to that dramatic objectivity which was 'the very core and centre of Chatterton's genius'.

Another writer, Mr. Thomas Secombe, speaks of his 'genuine lyric fire, a poetic energy, and above all an intensity remote from his contemporaries and suggestive (as Cimabue in his antique and primitive manner is suggestive of Giotto and Angelico) of Shelley and Keats.'

Chatterton's influence on the great body of poets of the generation succeeding his own was very considerable—

Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed declares him to have been the father of the New Romantic School—and the affection with which Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and many others regarded him was extraordinary. He was their pioneer, who had lost his life in a heroic attempt to penetrate the dull crassness of the mid-eighteenth century.

He had great originality and the gift of an intense imagination. If he is sometimes crude and immature in thought and expression—if his images sometimes weary by their monotony—it is accepted that a poet is to be judged by his highest and not his lowest; and Chatterton's best work has an inspiration, a singular and unique charm both of thought and of music that is of the first order of English poetry.

### III. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A great deal more has been written about Chatterton than it is worth anybody's while to read. To begin with, there are all the volumes and pamphlets concerning themselves with the question whether the Rowley poems were written by Chatterton or by Rowley, or by both (Chatterton adding matter of his own to existing poems written in the fifteenth century), or by neither. It may be said that these problems were not conclusively and finally solved till Professor Skeat brought out his edition of Chatterton in 1871.

Then again there are the various lives of the poet; for the most part mere random aggregations of such facts, true or imagined, as fell in the editor's way, filled out with pulpit commonplaces and easy paragraphs beginning 'But it is ever the

the way of Genius . . .'. Professor Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study* is as final in its own way as Professor Skeat's two volumes. It is a scholarly compilation of all previous accounts, very well digested and arranged. Moreover, the Professor has for the most part left the facts to tell their own story; and thus his book is free from such absurdities as the sentimental regrets of Gregory and Professor Masson that Chatterton was led into a course of folly ending in suicide through being deprived of a father's care. Such a father as Chatterton's was!

While premising that any one who wishes to learn the facts of the boy-poet's life—his circumstances and surroundings—can find them all set forth in Professor Wilson's book: while equally if he is interested in the pseudo-Rowley's language, philologically considered, he will find this elaborately examined in Professor Skeat's second volume; it has been thought that the following bibliography of books dealing with various aspects of the poet which were read and valued in their day may be found of interest to students of literary history.

1598. Speght's edition of Chaucer, the glossary of which Chatterton used in the compilation of his Rowley Dictionary.

1708. Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*, and

1737. Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*. (8th Enlarged Edition.) Bailey is largely copied from Kersey, but Chatterton certainly used both dictionaries in making his antique language.

1777. Tyrwhitt's edition of the Rowley poems. Tyrwhitt was Chatterton's first editor and in his edition many of the poems were printed for the first time. 'The only really good edition is Tyrwhitt's.' 'This exhibits a careful and, I believe, extremely accurate text . . . an excellent account of the MSS. and transcripts from which it was derived. It is a fortunate

circumstance that the first editor was so thoroughly competent.' (Professor Skeat, *Introd. to Vol. II of his 1871 edition.*)

1778. Tyrwhitt's third edition, from which the present edition is printed. With this was printed for the first time 'An appendix . . . tending to prove that the Rowley poems were written not by any ancient author but entirely by Thomas Chatterton'. This edition follows the first nearly page for page; but was reset.

1780. *Love and Madness* by Sir Herbert Croft. This strange book deserves a brief description as it is the source of almost all our knowledge of Chatterton.

A certain Captain Hackman, violently in love with a Miss Reay, mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, and stung to madness by his jealousy and the hopelessness of his position, had in 1779 shot her in the Covent Garden Opera House and afterwards unsuccessfully attempted to shoot himself. Enormous public interest was excited, and Croft—baronet, parson, and literary adventurer—got hold of copies which Hackman had kept of some letters he had sent to the charming Miss Reay. These he published as a sensational topical novel in epistolary form, calling it *Love and Madness*. This is quite worth reading for its own sake, but much more so for its 49th letter, which purports to have been written by Hackman to satisfy Miss Reay's curiosity about Chatterton. As a matter of fact Croft, who had been very interested in the boy-poet and had collected from his relations and those with whom he had lodged in London all they could possibly tell him, wrote the letter himself and included it rather inartistically among the genuine Hackman-Reay correspondence. Amongst other valuable matter, this letter 49 contains a long account of her brother by Mary Chatterton.—(See *Love letters of Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay, 1775-79*, introduction by Gilbert Burgess; Heinemann, 1895.)



1774-81. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, in Volume II of which there is an account of Chatterton.

1781. Jacob Bryant's *Observations upon the Poems of T. Rowley in which the authenticity of those poems is ascertained*. Bryant was a strong Pro-Rowleian and argues cleverly against the possibility of Chatterton's having written the poems. He shows that Chatterton in his notes often misses Rowley's meaning and insists that he neglected to explain obvious difficulties because he could not understand them. Bryant is the least absurd of the Pro-Rowleians.

1782. Dean Milles' edition of the Rowley poems—a splendid quarto with a running commentary attempting to vindicate Rowley's authenticity. Milles was President of the Society of Antiquaries and his commentary is characterized by Professor Skeat as 'perhaps the most surprising trash in the way of notes that was ever penned'.

1782. Mathias' *Essay on the Evidence . . . relating to the poems called Rowley's*—he is pro-Rowleian and criticizes Tyrwhitt's appendix.

1782. Thomas Warton's *Enquiry . . . into the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*—Anti-Rowleian.

1782. Tyrwhitt's *Vindication* of his Appendix. Tyrwhitt had discovered Chatterton's use of Bailey's Dictionary and completely refutes Bryant, Milles, and Mathias. It may be observed in passing that though Goldsmith upheld Rowley, Dr. Johnson, the two Wartons, Steevens, Percy, Dr. Farmer, and Sir H. Croft pronounced unhesitatingly in favour of the poems having been written by Chatterton: while Malone in a mocking anti-Rowleian pamphlet shows that the similes from Homer in the *Battle of Hastings* and elsewhere have often borrowed their rhymes from Pope!

1798. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* by Edward Gardner (two volumes). At the end of Volume II there is a short account

account of the Rowley controversy and, what is more important, the statement that Gardner had seen Chatterton antique a parchment and had heard him say that a person who had studied antiquities could with the aid of certain books (among them Bailey) 'copy the style of our elder poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him. "No," said he; "not Mr. Walpole himself."' But perhaps this should be taken *cum grano*.

1803. Southey and Cottle's edition in three volumes with an account of Chatterton by Dr. Gregory which had previously been published as an independent book. Southey and Cottle's edition is very compendious so far as matter goes, and contains much that is printed for the first time. Gregory's life is inaccurate but very pleasantly written.

1837. Dix's life of Chatterton, with a frontispiece portrait of Chatterton aged 12 which was for a long time believed to be authentic. No genuine portrait of Chatterton is known to be in existence; probably none was ever made. Dix's life, not a remarkable work in itself, has some interesting appendices; one of which contains a story—extraordinary enough but well supported—that Chatterton's body, which had received a pauper's burial in London, was secretly reburied in St. Mary's churchyard by his uncle the Sexton.

1842. Willcox's edition printed at Cambridge; on the whole a slovenly piece of work with a villainously written introduction.

1854. George Pryce's *Memorials of Canynges Family*; which contains some notes of the coroner's inquest on Chatterton's body, which would have been most interesting if authentic, but were in fact forged by one Gutch.

1856. *Chatterton: a biography* by Professor Masson—published originally in a volume of collected essays; re-published and in part re-written as an independent volume in 1899. The Professor reconstructs scenes in which Chatterton played a part

a part ; but it is suggested (with diffidence) that his treatment is too sentimental, and the boy-poet is Georgy-porgied in a way that would have driven him out of his senses, if he could have foreseen it. The picture is fundamentally false.

1857. *An Essay on Chatterton* by S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A. A very monument of ignorant perversity. The writer shamelessly distorts facts to show that Chatterton was an utterly profligate blackguard and declares finally that neither Rowley nor Chatterton wrote the poems.

1869. Professor D. Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study*, and

1871. Professor W. W. Skeat's *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton* (in modernized English) of which mention has been made above.

1898. A beautifully printed edition of the Rowley poems with decorated borders, edited by Robert Steele. (Ballantyne Press.)

1905 and 1909. The works of Chatterton, with the Rowley poems in modernized English, edited with a brief introduction by Sidney Lee.

1910. *The True Chatterton—a new study from original documents* by John H. Ingram. (Fisher Unwin.)

Besides all these serious presentations of Chatterton there are a number of burlesques—such as *Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades* (1782) and *An Archaeological Epistle to Jeremiah Milles* (1782), which are clever and amusing, and three plays, two in English, and one in French by Alfred de Vigny, which represents the love affair of Chatterton and an apocryphal Mme. Kitty Bell.

The whole of Chatterton's writings—Rowley, acknowledged poems, and private letters, have been translated into French prose. *Œuvres complètes de Thomas Chatterton traduites par*  
Javelin

*Javelin Pagnon, précédées d'une Vie de Chatterton par A. Callet* (1839). Callet's treatment of Chatterton is very sympathetic and interesting.

Finally for further works on Chatterton the reader is referred to Bohn's Edition of Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*—but the most important have been enumerated above.

#### IV. NOTE ON THE TEXT.

This edition is a reprint of Tyrwhitt's third (1778) edition, which it follows page for page (except the glossary; see note on p. 291). The reference numbers in text and glossary, which are often wrong in 1778, have been corrected; line-numbers have been corrected when wrong, and added to one or two poems which are without them in 1778, and the text has been collated throughout with that of 1777 and corrected from it in many places where the 1778 printer was at fault. These corrections have been made silently; all other corrections and additions are indicated by footnotes enclosed in square brackets.

#### V. NOTES.

##### 1. *The Tournament*, lines 7-10.

Wythe straunge depyctures, Nature maie nott yeelde, &c. 'This is neither sense nor grammar as it stands' says Professor Skeat. But Chatterton is frequently ungrammatical, and the sense of the passage is quite clear if either of the two following possible meanings is attributed to *unryghte*.

(1) = to present an intelligible significance otherwise than by writing—as 'rebus'd shields' do (un-write);

or (2) = to misrepresent (un-right).

With



With pictures of strange beasts that have no counterpart in Nature and appear to be purely fantastic ('unseemly to all order') yet none the less make known to men good at guessing riddles ('who thyncke and have a spryte') what the strange heraldic forms express - without - use - of - written - words ('unryghte')—or (taking the second meaning of *unryghte*—misrepresent) present-with-a-disregard-of-truth-to-nature.

2. *Letter to the Dygne Mastre Canynge*, line 15.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, (that is to say, coats of arms).

Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede

i.e. 'She unwilling to take much aye doth heed'; 'which is nonsense' says Prof. Skeat. But the sentence is an example of ellipse, a figure which Chatterton affected a good deal, and fully expressed would run 'She—not willing to take much, ever doth heed not to take much', which would of course be intolerably clumsy but perfectly intelligible.

3. *Ælla*, line 467.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou moteft have fayne &c.

Prof. Skeat 'can make nothing of this' and reads 'Certes thy wordes mightest thou have sayn'.

A simple emendation of *maie* to *meynte* would give very good sense.

4. *Ælla*, line 489.

Tyrwhitt has *sphere*—evidently a mistake in the MS. for *sper* which he overlooked. It is not included in his errata. In the 1842 edition the meaning 'spear' is given in a footnote.

5. *Englysh Metamorphosis*.

Prof. Skeat was the first to point out that this piece is an imitation of *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii, Canto X, stanzas 5-19.

6. *Battle of Hastings*, II, line 578.

To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnnes came

Prof.

Prof. Skeat explains *our*t as 'overt' and observes that it contradicts *thight*, which he renders 'tight'. But really there is not even an antithesis. *Our*t *arraie* is what a military handbook calls 'open order' and *thight* is 'well-built', well put together (Bailey's Dictionary). The Saxons were well-built men marching in open order.

## VI. APPENDIX.

### BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE ARGUMENTS USED IN THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY.

(Taken mainly from Gregory's *Life of Chatterton*.)

#### *Against Rowley.*

1. So few originals produced—not more than 124 verses.
2. Chatterton had shown (by his article on Christmas games, &c.) that he had a strong turn for antiquities. He had also written poetry. Why then should he not have written Rowley's poems?
3. His declaration that the *Battle of Hastings* I was his own.
4. Rudhall's testimony.
5. Chatterton first exhibited the *Songe to Ælla* in his own handwriting, then gave Barrett the parchment, which contained strange textual variations.
6. Rowley's very existence doubtful.  
William of Worcester, who lived at his time and was himself of Bristol, makes no mention of him, though he frequently alludes to Canynges. Neither Bale, Leland, Pitts nor Turner mentions Rowley.
7. Improbability of there being poems in a muniment chest.

8. Style unlike other fifteenth century writings.

9. No mediaeval learning or citation of authority to be found in Rowley; no references to the Round Table and stories of chivalry.

10. Stockings were not knitted in the fifteenth century (*Ælla*). MSS. are referred to as if they were rarities and printed books common.

11. Metres and imitation of Pindar absurdly modern.

12. Mistakes cited which are derived from modern dictionaries (Tyrwhitt).

13. Existence of undoubted plagiarisms from Shakespeare, Gray, &c.

*For Rowley.*

1. Chatterton's assertion that they were Rowley's, his sister having represented him as a 'lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason'.

2. Catcott's assertion that Chatterton on their first acquaintance had mentioned by name almost all the poems which have since appeared in print (Bryant).

3. Smith had seen parchments in the possession of Chatterton, some as broad as the bottom of a large-sized chair. (Bryant.)

4. Even Mr. Clayfield and Rudhall believed Chatterton incapable of composing Rowley's poems.

5. Undoubtedly there were ancient MSS. in the 'cofre'.

6. Chatterton would never have had time to write so much. He did not neglect his work in the attorney's office and he read enormously.

7. Chatterton made many mistakes in his transcription of Rowley and in his notes to the poems. (Bryant's main contention.)

8. If Leland never mentioned Rowley it is equally true he says nothing of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve.

*For*

## [xliv] EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

### *For Rowley.*

1. The poems contain much historical allusion at once true and inaccessible to Chatterton.
2. The admitted poems are much below the standard of Rowley.
3. The old octave stanza is not far removed from the usual stanza of Rowley.
4. If Rowley's language differs from that of other fifteenth century writers, the difference lies in provincialisms natural to an inhabitant of Bristol.
5. Plagiarisms from modern authors may in some cases have been introduced by Chatterton but in others they are the commonplaces of poetry.

### *Against Rowley.*

1. No writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe Church are mentioned in Canynge's Will.
2. The Bristol library was in Chatterton's time of general access, and Chatterton was introduced to it by Rev. A. Catcott (Warton).
3. Facts about Canynge may be found in his epitaph in Redcliffe Church; and the account of Redcliffe steeple—(which had been destroyed by fire before Chatterton's time) came from the bottom of an old print published in 1746.
4. The parchments were taken from the bottom of old deeds where a small blank space was usually left—hence their small size.



P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



P O E M S, 1

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,  
BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,  
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE THIRD EDITION;

TO WHICH IS ADDED  
AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE  
LANGUAGE OF THESE POEMS;

TENDING TO PROVE,  
THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT  
AUTHOR,  
BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. P A Y N E and S O N,  
at the M E W S - G A T E.

M D C C L X X V I I I .





## THE

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## P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered,

"that



“that the person who brought the copy  
“was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of  
“age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton,  
“and whose family had been sextons of  
“Redclift church for near 150 years. His  
“father, who was now dead, had also been  
“master of the free-school in Pile-street.  
“The young man was at first very unwilling  
“to discover from whence he had the ori-  
“ginal; but, after many promises made to  
“him, he was at last prevailed on to ac-  
“knowledge, that he had received this, *toge-*  
“*ther with many other MSS,* from his father,  
“who had found them in a large chest in  
“an upper room over the chapel on the  
“north side of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his  
acquaintance with young Chatterton\*, and,  
partly

\* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with  
that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be  
too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short

partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS.

in

life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning drefs in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion.

In

in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett,

In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr.—, Mr.—, Mr.—, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the

Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some

question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it.”

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

of



of a considerable length, written upon vellum\*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August follow-

\* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ing; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness

nuinenefs should ferve to authenticate the reft of the collection, of which no copies, older than thofe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments fhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceffity follow, that the matter of them was alfo forged by him, and ftill lefs, that all the other compositions, which he profefled to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either cafe, the decifion must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor fhould give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather choofes, for many reafons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been defirous  
that

that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.



INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
SEVERAL PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. "*Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*"

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*" which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
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This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure*  
*and*

and *Juga*. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, a secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.	p. 23
SONGE TO ÆLLA.	Ibid.
LYDGATE'S ANSWER.	26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below\*.

## THE

\* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fygbte*, r. *wryte*.

*Songe*

## THE TOURNAMENT.

p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

*Songe to Ælla.*

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastyng*, r. *burstyng*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

*Lydgate's answer.*

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate* — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fygbte*.

*Songe to Ælla.*

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Daey's*.

Orig. *whose lockes* — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. — Chat. *bearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncyng* — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas



Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Effex William Hastyns of Hastyns Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following arti-

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“Item for washyng the church payven ageyns }  
*Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.* } iiij d. ob.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude.

p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.

p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ To

“To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Verification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 2. 237

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “*Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another,

the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "*Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275

ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n. \*.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerfet'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Bishop Carpenter on



19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.	p. 286
ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.	
THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.	287
THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE.	288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscomm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared  
above

above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songes* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £. 500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt." which had been pawned to him for £. 160.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE* Reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton.





## P O E M S, &amp;c.

## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

**W**HANNE Englonde, smeethynge<sup>1</sup> from her  
 lethal<sup>2</sup> wounde,  
 From her galled necke dyd twytte<sup>3</sup> the chayne  
 awaie,  
 Kennynge her legeful fonnes falle all arounde,  
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark furcote<sup>4</sup> graie, 5  
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres<sup>5</sup> dyd abrodden<sup>6</sup> flie,  
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie<sup>7</sup>),  
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie ;  
 Firfte Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,  
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

<sup>1</sup> *Smetbing*, smoking ; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the original as above. <sup>2</sup> deadly. <sup>3</sup> pluck or pull. <sup>4</sup> *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. <sup>5</sup> shepherds. <sup>6</sup> abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne. <sup>7</sup> affright.

## ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe ! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,  
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee ftronge,  
 Ne wylle oure pace fweſte as oure danger goe.  
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped<sup>8</sup> moe, 15  
 The Baronnes warre ! oh ! woe and well-a-daie !  
 I haveth lyff, bott have eſcaped foe,  
 That lyff ytfel mie Senfes doe affraie.  
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie<sup>9</sup> tale,  
 Comme heare the balefull<sup>10</sup> dome of Robynne of the  
 Dale. 20

## RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete ; I kenne thie woe in myne ;  
 O ! I've a tale that Sabalus<sup>11</sup> mote<sup>12</sup> telle.  
 Swote<sup>13</sup> flouretts, mantled meadows, foreſtes  
 dygne<sup>14</sup> ;  
 Gravots<sup>15</sup> far-kend<sup>16</sup> arounde the Errmiets<sup>17</sup> cell ;

<sup>8</sup> Added. <sup>9</sup> ſad. <sup>10</sup> woeful, lamentable. <sup>11</sup> the Devil. <sup>12</sup> might.  
<sup>13</sup> ſweet. <sup>14</sup> good, neat, genteel. <sup>15</sup> groves, ſometimes uſed for a  
 coppice. <sup>16</sup> far-ſeen. <sup>17</sup> Hermit.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The swote ribible <sup>18</sup> dynning <sup>19</sup> yn the dell; 25  
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie <sup>20</sup> courte;  
 Eke <sup>21</sup> the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte <sup>22</sup>:  
 Impestering <sup>23</sup> trobble onn mie heade doe comme,  
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde <sup>24</sup> the aye <sup>25</sup> encreasyng  
 dome. 30

R O B E R T E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees <sup>26</sup>,  
 Mie spreedynges flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
 Mie tendre applynges <sup>27</sup>, and embodyde <sup>28</sup> trees,  
 Mie Parker's Grange <sup>29</sup>, far spreedynges to the fyghte,  
 Mie cuyen <sup>30</sup> kyne <sup>31</sup>, mie bullockes stringe <sup>32</sup> yn  
 fyghte, 35  
 Mie gorne <sup>33</sup> emblaunched <sup>34</sup> with the comfreie <sup>35</sup>  
 plante,  
 Mie floure <sup>36</sup> Seyncte Marie shotteyng wytthe the lyghte,  
 Mie store of all the bleffynges Heaven can grant.

<sup>18</sup> violin. <sup>19</sup> founding. <sup>20</sup> inn, or public-house. <sup>21</sup> also. <sup>22</sup> pleasure. <sup>23</sup> annoying. <sup>24</sup> to keep off. <sup>25</sup> ever, always. <sup>26</sup> meadows.  
<sup>27</sup> grafted trees. <sup>28</sup> thick, stout. <sup>29</sup> liberty of pasture given to the  
 Parker. <sup>30</sup> tender. <sup>31</sup> cows. <sup>32</sup> strong. <sup>33</sup> garden. <sup>34</sup> whitened.  
<sup>35</sup> cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. <sup>36</sup> marygold.



Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;

A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges <sup>50</sup> fledden is felynefs <sup>51</sup>, 55

Mynsterres <sup>52</sup> alleyn <sup>53</sup> can boaste the hallie <sup>54</sup> Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte ;

Peace fledde, diforder sheweth her dark rode <sup>55</sup>,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with  
bloude. 60

<sup>50</sup> cottages. <sup>51</sup> happinefs. <sup>52</sup> monafterys. <sup>53</sup> only. <sup>54</sup> holy.  
<sup>55</sup> complexion.



## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

**S**PRYTES<sup>1</sup> of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce<sup>2</sup> onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
 Uponne the brede<sup>3</sup> sea doe the banners gleme<sup>4</sup> ;  
 The amenused<sup>5</sup> nationnes be aston<sup>6</sup>, 5  
 To ken<sup>7</sup> fyke<sup>8</sup> large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme<sup>9</sup>.  
 The barkis heafods<sup>10</sup> coupe<sup>11</sup> the lymed<sup>12</sup> ftreme ;  
 Oundes<sup>13</sup> fynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake<sup>14</sup>  
     rieſe ;  
 The water flughornes<sup>15</sup> wythe a fwotye<sup>16</sup> cleme<sup>17</sup>  
 Conteke<sup>18</sup> the dynnynge<sup>19</sup> ayre, and reche the ſkies. 10  
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones<sup>20</sup> aſtedde<sup>21</sup>,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

<sup>1</sup> Spirits, souls. <sup>2</sup> pleasure. <sup>3</sup> broad. <sup>4</sup> shine, glimmer. <sup>5</sup> diminished, lessened. <sup>6</sup> astonished, confounded. <sup>7</sup> see, discover, know.  
<sup>8</sup> such, so. <sup>9</sup> strong. <sup>10</sup> heads. <sup>11</sup> cut. <sup>12</sup> glassy, reflecting.  
<sup>13</sup> waves, billows. <sup>14</sup> oak. <sup>15</sup> a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy. <sup>16</sup> sweet. <sup>17</sup> found. <sup>18</sup> confuse, contend with. <sup>19</sup> founding.  
<sup>20</sup> thrones. <sup>21</sup> feated.

The gule <sup>22</sup> depeyncted <sup>23</sup> oares from the black tyde,  
 Decorn <sup>24</sup> wyth fonnes <sup>25</sup> rare, doe fhemrynge <sup>26</sup> ryfe ;  
 Upfwalynge <sup>27</sup> doe heie <sup>28</sup> fhewe ynne drierie pryde, 15  
 Lyche gore-red eftells <sup>29</sup> in the eve <sup>30</sup>-merk <sup>31</sup> fkyes ;  
 The nome-depeyncted <sup>32</sup> fhields, the fperes aryfe,  
 Alyche <sup>33</sup> talle rofhes on the water fyde ;  
 Alenge <sup>34</sup> from bark to bark the bryghte fhene <sup>35</sup>  
 flyes ;  
 Sweft-kerv'd <sup>36</sup> delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20  
 Sprites of the blefte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleafaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte : he doethe feere,  
 That Englonde's brondeous <sup>37</sup> fonnes do cotte the waie.  
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth <sup>38</sup> here and there, 25  
 Onknowlachyng <sup>39</sup> inne whatte place to obaie <sup>40</sup>.  
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie ;  
 The mittee <sup>41</sup> crosse Jerufalim ys feene ;

<sup>22</sup> red. <sup>23</sup> painted. <sup>24</sup> carved. <sup>25</sup> devices. <sup>26</sup> glimmering.  
<sup>27</sup> rifing high, swelling up. <sup>28</sup> they. <sup>29</sup> a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a  
 ftar. <sup>30</sup> evening. <sup>31</sup> dark. <sup>32</sup> rebus'd fhields ; a herald term, when  
 the charge of the fhield implies the name of the bearer. <sup>33</sup> like.  
<sup>34</sup> along. <sup>35</sup> fhine. <sup>36</sup> fhort-lived. <sup>37</sup> furious. <sup>38</sup> runneth. <sup>39</sup> not  
 knowing. <sup>40</sup> abide. <sup>41</sup> mighty.

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie<sup>42</sup>,  
 In balefull<sup>43</sup> dole their faces be ywreene<sup>44</sup>. 30  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleafaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers<sup>45</sup> and cottes<sup>45</sup>, foe swyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the fydes of everich bark appere ;  
 Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35  
 Eftfoones<sup>46</sup> hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.  
 The jynynge shielde doe shemre and moke glare<sup>47</sup> ;  
 The dosheyng eare doe make gemoted<sup>48</sup> dynne ;  
 The reynyng<sup>49</sup> foemen<sup>50</sup>, thynckeynge gif<sup>51</sup> to dare,  
 Boun<sup>52</sup> the merk<sup>53</sup> swerde, theie feche to fraie<sup>54</sup>,  
 theie blyn<sup>55</sup>. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Powre oute yer pleafaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte ;  
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel<sup>56</sup> of warre,

<sup>42</sup> affright. <sup>43</sup> woeful. <sup>44</sup> covered. <sup>45</sup> different kinds of boats.  
<sup>46</sup> full foen, presently. <sup>47</sup> glitter. <sup>48</sup> united, assembled. <sup>49</sup> running.  
<sup>50</sup> foes. <sup>51</sup> if. <sup>52</sup> make ready. <sup>53</sup> dark. <sup>54</sup> engage. <sup>55</sup> cease, stand  
 still. <sup>56</sup> a young lion.

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie <sup>57</sup> gronfers <sup>58</sup>,  
 dyghte <sup>59</sup>, 45

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and feene afarre.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Amenge the drybblett <sup>60</sup> ons to sheene fulle bryghte ;

Syke funnys wayne <sup>61</sup> wyth amayl'd <sup>62</sup> beames doe barr

The blaunchie <sup>63</sup> mone or estells <sup>64</sup> to gev lyghte. 50

Spytes of the blefte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Poure owte your pleafaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Diftraughte <sup>65</sup> affraie <sup>66</sup>, wythe lockes of blodde-red  
 die,

Terroure, emburled <sup>67</sup> yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to difmaie, dothe ugfomme <sup>68</sup> flie, 55

Enchafyng <sup>69</sup> echone champyonne war to wage.

Speeres bevyle <sup>70</sup> speres ; fwerdes upon fwerdes en-  
 gage ;

Armoure on armoure dynn <sup>71</sup>, shielde upon shielde ;

<sup>57</sup> flaming. <sup>58</sup> a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire ; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. <sup>59</sup> deckt. <sup>60</sup> small, insignificant. <sup>61</sup> carr. <sup>62</sup> enameled. <sup>63</sup> white, silver. <sup>64</sup> stars. <sup>65</sup> diftracting. <sup>66</sup> affright. <sup>67</sup> armed. <sup>68</sup> terribly. <sup>69</sup> encouraging, heating. <sup>70</sup> break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. <sup>71</sup> founds.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,  
 Botte falleynge numbers fable<sup>72</sup> all the feelde. 60  
 Sprytes of the blefte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleafaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde ; the crofs reles<sup>73</sup> hye ;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen ;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65  
 And beereth meynte<sup>74</sup> of Turkes onto the greene ;  
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys fleene<sup>75</sup> ;  
 The waylynge<sup>76</sup> mone doth fade before hys sonne ;  
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene<sup>77</sup>,  
 Doeynge fyke marvels<sup>78</sup>, ftrongers be afton<sup>79</sup>. 70  
 Sprytes of the blefte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleafaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne ; Kyng Rycharde mafter is ;  
 The Englonde bannerr kiffeth the hie ayre ;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys<sup>80</sup>, 75  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre<sup>81</sup> ;

<sup>72</sup> blacken.      <sup>73</sup> waves.      <sup>74</sup> many, great numbers.      <sup>75</sup> slain.  
<sup>76</sup> decreasing.      <sup>77</sup> glorious, worthy.      <sup>78</sup> wonders.      <sup>79</sup> astonished.  
<sup>80</sup> certainly.      <sup>81</sup> brow.



Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,  
 Twyghte <sup>82</sup> into lovyng armes, and feasted est <sup>83</sup> ;  
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere <sup>84</sup>,  
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80

Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea  
 The upswol <sup>85</sup> fayle dyd daunce before his eyne ;  
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85  
 And founde his fadre steppenye from the bryne.

Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,  
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge  
 prove.

<sup>82</sup> plucked, pulled. <sup>83</sup> often. <sup>84</sup> grief, trouble. <sup>85</sup> swollen.

## ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better  
 parte?

Goe, ferche the logges<sup>1</sup> and bordels<sup>2</sup> of the hynde<sup>3</sup>;

Gyff<sup>4</sup> theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem<sup>5</sup> you see the blakied<sup>6</sup> forme of kynde<sup>7</sup>.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge<sup>8</sup> of a mynde? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote<sup>9</sup> bee?

Woulde ytte here phrafe of the vulgar from the  
 hynde,

Withoute wifeegger<sup>10</sup> wordes and knowlache<sup>11</sup> free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge<sup>12</sup>  
 pende;

Gif nete befyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

<sup>1</sup> lodges, huts.    <sup>2</sup> cottages.    <sup>3</sup> fervant, slave, peasant.    <sup>4</sup> if.  
<sup>5</sup> a contraction of *them*.    <sup>6</sup> naked, original.    <sup>7</sup> nature.    <sup>8</sup> liking.  
<sup>9</sup> might. The sence of this line is, Would you see every thing in its  
 primæval state.    <sup>10</sup> wife-egger, a philofopher.    <sup>11</sup> knowledge.  
<sup>12</sup> sporting.

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled <sup>13</sup> naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele <sup>14</sup> hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Rogerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke <sup>15</sup> and we'lle fyngge, and wylle drenche <sup>16</sup>

of ftronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

<sup>13</sup> answered.    <sup>14</sup> aid, or help.    <sup>15</sup> work.    <sup>16</sup> drink.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche  
 With birlette <sup>17</sup> golde,  
 Wythe gelten <sup>18</sup> aumeres <sup>19</sup> fstronge ontolde, 25  
 What was fhee moe than me, to be foe ?

## M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar  
 Tryppynge over the lea ;  
 Ich ask whie the loverds <sup>20</sup> fon  
 Is moe than mee. 30

## S Y R R O G E R R E.

The fweltrie <sup>21</sup> sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne <sup>22</sup>,  
 From everich beme a feme <sup>23</sup> of lyfe doe falle ;  
 Swythyne <sup>24</sup> fcille <sup>25</sup> oppe the haie uponne the playne ;  
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre <sup>26</sup> talle.  
 Thys ys alyche oure doome <sup>27</sup> ; the great, the smalle, 35  
 Moſte withe <sup>28</sup> and bee forwyned <sup>29</sup> by deathis darte.  
 See ! the fwote <sup>30</sup> flourette <sup>31</sup> hathe noe fwote at alle ;  
 Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle <sup>32</sup> parte.

<sup>17</sup> a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. <sup>18</sup> gilded.  
<sup>19</sup> borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either  
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. <sup>20</sup> lord.  
<sup>21</sup> fultry. <sup>22</sup> car. <sup>23</sup> feed. <sup>24</sup> quickly, presently. <sup>25</sup> gather.  
<sup>26</sup> grow. <sup>27</sup> fate. <sup>28</sup> a contraction of wither. <sup>29</sup> dried. <sup>30</sup> sweet.  
<sup>31</sup> flower. <sup>32</sup> equal.

The cravent <sup>33</sup>, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente <sup>34</sup>,  
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente <sup>35</sup>. 40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon <sup>36</sup>, Syr Priefst, all-a-boon,

Bye yer preeftschype nowe faye unto mee ;  
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,  
 Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee moe greate, 45

Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and eftate ?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne <sup>37</sup> thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
 Tentyflie <sup>38</sup> loke arounde the chaper <sup>39</sup> delle <sup>40</sup> ;  
 An anfwere to thie barganette <sup>41</sup> here fee,  
 Thys welked <sup>42</sup> flourette wylle a lefon telle : 50  
 Arift <sup>43</sup> it blew <sup>44</sup>, itte florifhed, and dyd welle,  
 Lokeynge afaunce <sup>45</sup> upon the naighboure greene ;  
 Yet with the deigned <sup>46</sup> greene yttes rennome <sup>47</sup> felle,  
 Eftfoones <sup>48</sup> ytte fhronke upon the daie-brente <sup>49</sup> playne,

<sup>33</sup> coward. <sup>34</sup> ceafed, dead, no more. <sup>35</sup> lament. <sup>36</sup> a manner of  
 afking a favour. <sup>37</sup> turn. <sup>38</sup> carefully, with circumfpection. <sup>39</sup> dry,  
 fun-burnt. <sup>40</sup> valley. <sup>41</sup> a fong, or ballad. <sup>42</sup> withered. <sup>43</sup> arifen,  
 or arofe. <sup>44</sup> bloffomed. <sup>45</sup> difdainfully. <sup>46</sup> difdained. <sup>47</sup> glory.  
<sup>48</sup> quickly. <sup>49</sup> burnt.



Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55  
To croppe ytte in the bodde move fomme dred honde.

Syke <sup>50</sup> ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds <sup>51</sup> ente <sup>52</sup>  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea <sup>53</sup>;  
Gyf thou has ethe <sup>54</sup>, the shadowe of contente,  
Beleive the trothe <sup>55</sup>, theres none moe haile <sup>56</sup> yan  
thee. 60

Thou wurcheft <sup>57</sup>; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.  
Couldest thou the kivercled <sup>58</sup> of foughlys <sup>59</sup> fee,  
Thou wouldst eftfoones <sup>60</sup> fee trothe ynne whatte I  
faie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65  
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

## M A N N E.

I ryfe wythe the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne <sup>61</sup>,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I synge a fonge or twayne <sup>62</sup>. 70

<sup>50</sup> fuch. <sup>51</sup> lord's. <sup>52</sup> a purse or bag. <sup>53</sup> flay. <sup>54</sup> ease. <sup>55</sup> truth.  
<sup>56</sup> happy. <sup>57</sup> workeft. <sup>58</sup> the hidden or secret part of. <sup>59</sup> fouls.  
<sup>60</sup> full foon, or presently. <sup>61</sup> car. <sup>62</sup> two.

I followe

I followe the plough-tayle,  
Wythe a longe jubb<sup>63</sup> of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syr Preefte mote notte crie woe, 75

Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beste heiedeygnes<sup>64</sup>,

And foile<sup>65</sup> the wyfest feygnes<sup>66</sup>.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynstrelle<sup>67</sup> am I feene, 80

All a footeynge it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh! I wyfhe to be moe greate,

In rennome, tenure, and estate.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne feene a tree uponne a hylle, 85

Whose unliste<sup>68</sup> braunces<sup>69</sup> rechen far toe fyghte;

Whan fuired<sup>70</sup> unwers<sup>71</sup> doe the heaven fylle,

Itte fhaketh deere<sup>72</sup> yn dole<sup>73</sup> and moke affryghte.

<sup>63</sup> a bottle. <sup>64</sup> a country dance, still practised in the North.

<sup>65</sup> baffle. <sup>66</sup> a corruption of *feints*. <sup>67</sup> a minstrel is a musician.

<sup>68</sup> unbounded. <sup>69</sup> branches. <sup>70</sup> furious. <sup>71</sup> tempests, storms.

<sup>72</sup> dire. <sup>73</sup> dismay.

Whyleft the congeon <sup>74</sup> flowrette abessie <sup>75</sup> dyghte <sup>76</sup>,  
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced <sup>77</sup> bie the storme: 90  
 Syke is a picte <sup>78</sup> of lyffe: the manne of myghte  
 Is tempest-chast <sup>79</sup>, hys woe greate as hys forme,  
 Thiefelse a flowrette of a small accounte,  
 Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste  
 mounte.

<sup>74</sup> dwarf.    <sup>75</sup> humility.    <sup>76</sup> decked.    <sup>77</sup> unhurt.    <sup>78</sup> picture.  
<sup>79</sup> tempest-beaten.

## E L I N O U R E   A N D   J U G A .

**O**NNE Ruddeborne<sup>1</sup> bank twa pynynge May-  
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;

Echone bementynge<sup>2</sup> for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge<sup>3</sup>  
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole<sup>4</sup>, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed<sup>5</sup> the quyvryng  
brine.

## E L I N O U R E .

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie<sup>6</sup> plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte<sup>7</sup> in stele ;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte wache Syrre Roberte  
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantafie I feele ;

<sup>1</sup> Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York.   <sup>2</sup> lamenting.   <sup>3</sup> murdering.   <sup>4</sup> faintly.   <sup>5</sup> glistened.  
<sup>6</sup> sad complaint.   <sup>7</sup> arrayed, or cased.

See! fee! upon the ground he bleedyng lies ;  
 Inhild<sup>8</sup> some joice<sup>9</sup> of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

## J U G A.

Syfters in forrowe, on thys daife-ey'd banke, 15  
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente ;  
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke ;  
 Lyche levynde<sup>10</sup> okes in eche the odher bente,  
 Or lyche foreletten<sup>11</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastlie mitches<sup>12</sup> holde the traine of fryghte<sup>13,20</sup>  
 Where lethale<sup>14</sup> ravens bark, and owlets wake the  
 nyghte.

## [E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette<sup>15</sup> fhall wake the morne,  
 The minftrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie ;  
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the leffel<sup>16</sup> rouze the foxe awaie ; 25  
 I'll feke the forefte alle the lyve-longe daie ;

<sup>8</sup> infuse.    <sup>9</sup> juice.    <sup>10</sup> blasted.    <sup>11</sup> forsaken.    <sup>12</sup> ruins.  
<sup>13</sup> fear.    <sup>14</sup> deadly or deathboding.    <sup>15</sup> a small bagpipe.  
<sup>16</sup> in a confined fenfe, a bush or hedge, though fometimes used as a  
 forest.



Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche <sup>17</sup> glebe wyll  
 goe,  
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture <sup>18</sup> mie tale of woe.

## [J U G A.]

Whan mokie <sup>19</sup> cloudis do hange upon the leme  
 Of leden <sup>20</sup> Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte ; 30  
 The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreame  
 Of Selynefs <sup>21</sup>, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte ;  
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a  
 spryte  
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte  
 Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn  
 thoughte. 35

## E L I N O U R E.

Ah woe bementynge wordes ; what wordes can shewe !  
 Thou lymed <sup>22</sup> ryver, on thie linche <sup>23</sup> maie bleede  
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres  
 flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede !  
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

<sup>7</sup> church-yard. <sup>18</sup> relate. <sup>19</sup> black. <sup>20</sup> decreasfing. <sup>21</sup> happinefs.  
<sup>22</sup> glaffy. <sup>23</sup> bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
 Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the  
 plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
 Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne ;  
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees <sup>24</sup>, 45  
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
 There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were  
 slayne,  
 Diftraughte <sup>25</sup> theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes  
 fyde,  
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, fonke ynn the waves, and  
 dyde.

<sup>24</sup> meeds.      <sup>25</sup> diftracted

## TO JOHN LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla*.]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes  
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte, 5  
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,  
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,  
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte. 10

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF  
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde  
hue 5

Lyche kyng-cuppes braftyng wythe the morning due,  
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,  
Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore ;  
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande, 10  
And bie thie valyante hande

Beefprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,  
Downe to the depthe of helle  
Thoufandes of Dacyanns went ; 15  
Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,  
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,  
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)  
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beſte, 20  
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,  
Orr whare thou kennſt fromm farre  
The dyſmall crye of warre,  
Orr feeſt ſomme mountayne made of corſe of fleyne ;

Orr

Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede, 25  
 Ypraunceyng e o'er the mede,  
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd fpeeres ;  
 Orr ynne blacke armoure ftaulke arounde  
 Embattel'd Bryftowe, once thie grounde,  
 And glowe arduous onn the Caffe fteeres ; 30

Orr fierye round the mynferr glare ;  
 Lette Bryftowe ftylle be made thie care ;  
 Guarde ytt fromme foemene & confumyng e fyre ;  
 Lyche Avones ftreme enfyrke ytte rounde,  
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, 35  
 ( Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.



The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe of Ælla*.

**H**AVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde  
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,  
 Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,  
 And thus an anferr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was 5  
 A Poett mouche renownde,  
 Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius  
 Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne  
 The gyfte of inspyration, 10  
 And Afled to the Sexonne menne  
 Dydd fynge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and  
 Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,  
 Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte, 15  
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes  
Lendes owte hys sheenynghe lyghtes,  
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves  
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

20

## THE TOURNAMENT.

## AN INTERLUDE.

## ENTER AN HERALDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammers  
founde;

The courferris lyffe<sup>1</sup> about the mensuredd<sup>2</sup> felde;

The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;

Quayntyffed<sup>3</sup> fons<sup>4</sup> depictedd<sup>5</sup> onn eche sheelde.

The feerie<sup>6</sup> heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde<sup>7, 5</sup>

Supportes the rampyng lyoncell<sup>8</sup> orr beare,

Wythe straunge depyctures<sup>9</sup>, Nature maie nott  
yeelde,

Unfeemelic to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte<sup>10</sup> to menne, who thyncke and have a  
spryte<sup>11</sup>,

Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

<sup>1</sup> sport, or play.    <sup>2</sup> bounded, or measured.    <sup>3</sup> curiously devised.  
<sup>4</sup> fancies or devices.    <sup>5</sup> painted, or displayed.    <sup>6</sup> fiery.  
<sup>7</sup> ornamented, enameled.    <sup>8</sup> a young lion.    <sup>9</sup> drawings, paint-  
ings.    <sup>10</sup> that.    <sup>11</sup> foul.

I, Sonne

[ll. 7-10 See introduction p. xl]

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer <sup>11</sup> of her joies,  
 Muste fwythen <sup>12</sup> goe to yeve <sup>13</sup> the speeres arounde,  
 Wythe advantayle <sup>14</sup> & borne <sup>15</sup> I meynte <sup>16</sup> emploie,  
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.

Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfteth rounde ; 15

Soe the neshe <sup>17</sup> flowerr grees <sup>18</sup> ynne the woodeland  
 fhade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde ;

Wydhoue unlikeneffe nothyng could bee made.

As ynn the bowke <sup>19</sup> nete <sup>20</sup> alleyn <sup>21</sup> cann bee donne,

Syke <sup>22</sup> ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of  
 onne. 20

### Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde <sup>23</sup>, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.

Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.

The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrd warr fonge,

Yett notte a speere of hemm <sup>24</sup> hath grete mie fyghte.

I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25

I lacke a Guid <sup>25</sup>, a Wyllyamm <sup>26</sup> to entylte.

<sup>11</sup> dispenser.    <sup>12</sup> quickly.    <sup>13</sup> give.    <sup>14</sup> armer.    <sup>15</sup> burnish.  
<sup>16</sup> many.    <sup>17</sup> young, weak, tender.    <sup>18</sup> grows.    <sup>19</sup> body.    <sup>20</sup> nothing.  
<sup>21</sup> alone.    <sup>22</sup> fo.    <sup>23</sup> herald.    <sup>24</sup> a contraction of *them*.  
<sup>25</sup> *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.  
<sup>26</sup> William Rufus.

To reine<sup>27</sup> anente<sup>28</sup> a fele<sup>29</sup> embodiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne rennome<sup>30</sup> gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;  
 I lyche nott unthylle<sup>31</sup> thus to wielde the speare. 30

## H E R A W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes<sup>32</sup> dynn<sup>33</sup> fromm  
 farre.

## B O U R T O N N E.

Ah! fwythenn<sup>34</sup> mie shielde & tylytynge launce bee  
 bounde<sup>35</sup>.  
 Eftfoones<sup>36</sup> behefte<sup>37</sup> mie Squyerr to the warre.  
 I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

## H E R A W D E.

This valourous actes woulde meinte<sup>38</sup> of menne  
 aftounde;  
 Harde bee yer shappe<sup>39</sup> encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

<sup>27</sup> run.    <sup>28</sup> against.    <sup>29</sup> feeble.    <sup>30</sup> honour, glory.    <sup>31</sup> ufelefs.  
<sup>32</sup> a kind of claryon.    <sup>33</sup> found.    <sup>34</sup> quickly.    <sup>35</sup> ready.    <sup>36</sup> foon.  
<sup>37</sup> command.    <sup>38</sup> most.    <sup>39</sup> fate, or doom.

Anenft



Anenst <sup>40</sup> all menne thou bereft to the grounde,  
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte <sup>41</sup>.  
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke <sup>42</sup> eche  
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE  
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-  
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,  
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR  
 KNYGHTEs, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND  
 SERVYTOURS <sup>43</sup>.

## K Y N G E.

The barganette <sup>44</sup>; yee mynstrelles tune the frynge,  
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now fyng.

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde  
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie <sup>45</sup> hadd knite <sup>46</sup>,

<sup>40</sup> against.

<sup>41</sup> pitched, or bent down.

<sup>42</sup> drink.

<sup>43</sup> servants, attendants.

<sup>44</sup> song, or ballad.

<sup>45</sup> activity.

<sup>46</sup> .

Snett

[Note 46 joined (1842; left blank in 1777 and 1778)]

Snett<sup>46</sup> oppe hys long strunge bowe and fheelde  
 aborne<sup>47</sup>, 45

Behesteynge<sup>48</sup> all hys hommageres<sup>49</sup> to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted<sup>50</sup> denne,  
 Lett thie floes<sup>51</sup> drenche the blodde of anie thyng bot  
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere ;

Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd<sup>52</sup>  
 plies<sup>53</sup>; 50

Loude dynns<sup>54</sup> the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare ;

Hee ryfeth, battent<sup>55</sup> roares, he panctes, hee dyes.

Forlagenn att thie feete lett wolvynds bee,

Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-  
 drenn flea.

Throwe the merke<sup>56</sup> shade of twistynde trees hee  
 rydes ; 55

The flemed<sup>57</sup> owlett<sup>58</sup> flapps herr eve-speckte<sup>59</sup> wynges ;

The lordynge<sup>60</sup> toade ynn all hys passes bides ;

The berten<sup>61</sup> neders<sup>62</sup> att hymm darte the stynges ;

<sup>46</sup> bent. <sup>47</sup> burnished. <sup>48</sup> commanding. <sup>49</sup> fervants. <sup>50</sup> hidden.  
<sup>51</sup> arrows. <sup>52</sup> worked with iron. <sup>53</sup> bends. <sup>54</sup> founds. <sup>55</sup> loudly.  
<sup>56</sup> dark, or gloome. <sup>57</sup> & <sup>58</sup> frighted owl. <sup>59</sup> marked with evening dew.  
<sup>60</sup> standing on their hind legs. <sup>61</sup> venomous. <sup>62</sup> adders.

The

Styll, styll, hee passes onn, hys stede astrodde,  
 Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe  
 bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie<sup>63</sup> countries braughte,  
 Coucheynge binethe the fheltre of the brierr,  
 Att commyng dynn<sup>64</sup> doth rayse hymselfe dif-  
 traughte<sup>65</sup>,

He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65  
 Lette thie floes<sup>66</sup> drenche the blood of anie thyng  
 botte menn.

Wythe passent<sup>67</sup> steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge ;  
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
 Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge<sup>68</sup> thonderr  
 ftronge ;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe fendes. 70  
 Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
 Botte bee thie takelle<sup>69</sup> drie fromm blodde of odherr  
 menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie ;  
 The couraciers<sup>70</sup> as sweste doe afterr flie.

<sup>63</sup> hot, fultry.    <sup>64</sup> found, noise.    <sup>65</sup> distracted.    <sup>66</sup> arrows.  
<sup>67</sup> walking leisurely.    <sup>68</sup> rolling.    <sup>69</sup> arrow.    <sup>70</sup> horse coursers.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75  
 Botte metes the arrowe, and estfoones<sup>71</sup> doth die.  
 Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beaftes bee,  
 Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn  
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynge hys bowe  
 alyne<sup>72</sup>.

The stagge ys ouch'd<sup>73</sup> wythe crownes of lillie  
 flowerrs. 80

Arounde theire heaulmes theire greene verte doe en-  
 twyne;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.

Forslagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beaftes bee,  
 Feeftte thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn  
 flee.

## K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie<sup>74</sup>; who wylle fyrfte  
 affraie<sup>75</sup>? 85

<sup>71</sup> full foon. <sup>72</sup> acrofs his shoulders. <sup>73</sup> garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. <sup>74</sup> Tournament. <sup>75</sup> fight, or encounter.

## H E R A U L D E.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte <sup>76</sup> honnoure thyne.

## B O U R T O N N E.

I clayme the passage.

## N E V Y L L E.

I contake <sup>77</sup> thie waie.

## B O U R T O N N E.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette <sup>78</sup> onn mie gaberdyne <sup>79</sup>.

## H E R E H A U L D E.

A leegefull <sup>80</sup> challenge, knyghtes & champyonns  
dygne <sup>81</sup>,

A leegefull challenge, lette the flugghorne founde. 90

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie <sup>82</sup> the tyltters joyne !

<sup>76</sup> that. <sup>77</sup> dispute. <sup>78</sup> glove. <sup>79</sup> a piece of armour. <sup>80</sup> lawful.  
<sup>81</sup> worthy. <sup>82</sup> furiously.



Yee championnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
 fyghtes,  
 Onne hee hathe quacedd <sup>83</sup>, affayle <sup>84</sup> hymm, yee  
 knyghtes.

## FERRARIS.

I wylle anente <sup>85</sup> hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; 95  
 Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle <sup>86</sup> fcethe <sup>87</sup>  
 Before I doe departe the liffedd <sup>88</sup> fielde,  
 Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe <sup>89</sup>.  
 Mie shielde.

## BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe <sup>90</sup>.  
 Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie  
 foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe  
 smethe <sup>91</sup>;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe <sup>92</sup>.

<sup>83</sup> vanquished.

<sup>84</sup> oppose.

<sup>85</sup> against.

<sup>86</sup> much.

<sup>87</sup> damage, mischief.

<sup>88</sup> bounded.

<sup>89</sup> bleed.

<sup>90</sup> easy.

<sup>91</sup> smoke.

<sup>92</sup> hurt, or damage.

## HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.  
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd  
 sheeld.

## BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge ; squire, mie launce and stede. 105  
 I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette ; forr mee staie.  
 Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede<sup>93</sup> ;  
 Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie<sup>94</sup> ;  
 Perchance fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,  
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemane forr thie spere. 110  
 Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,  
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

## CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tend<sup>95</sup> ; I doe thee fie<sup>96</sup>.  
 Lyche forreying<sup>97</sup> levynn<sup>98</sup>, schalle mie tylte-launce  
 fie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

<sup>93</sup> reward.      <sup>94</sup> fight or engage.      <sup>95</sup> attend or wait.      <sup>96</sup> defy.

<sup>97</sup> & <sup>98</sup> destroying lightening.

## BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure <sup>99</sup> thie beeveredd <sup>100</sup>  
eyne.

I have borne downe, and este <sup>101</sup> doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne <sup>102</sup> begynne, and wrynn <sup>103</sup> thie shappe <sup>104</sup>  
orr myne ;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

## HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. <sup>120</sup>

Lett hymm bee fett asyde, tylle hee doth see

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes ; gyff corteous <sup>105</sup>  
heie <sup>106</sup>,

Ytt welle befeies <sup>107</sup> to yeve <sup>108</sup> hemm *tyg*hte of  
fraie <sup>109</sup>.

<sup>99</sup> turn.    <sup>100</sup> beaver'd.    <sup>101</sup> again.    <sup>102</sup> quickly.    <sup>103</sup> declare.  
<sup>104</sup> fate.    <sup>105</sup> worthy.    <sup>106</sup> they.    <sup>107</sup> becomes.    <sup>108</sup> give.    <sup>109</sup> fyght.

## FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme 125  
 The rennome <sup>110</sup> ynn thys Tourneie <sup>111</sup> forr to tylte ;  
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents <sup>112</sup> owre goode  
 name,  
 Bewrynnynge <sup>113</sup> thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

## HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, faie,  
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? 130  
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,  
 and bee everichone <sup>114</sup> overthrowne.]*

## BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde  
 Ycrafedd <sup>115</sup> speres and helmetts bee besprente <sup>116</sup>,  
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd <sup>117</sup>  
 sheeld,  
 Gyff all the feeelde wythe champyonne blodde bee  
 stente <sup>118</sup>,

<sup>110</sup> honour.      <sup>111</sup> Tournament.      <sup>112</sup> cowards.      <sup>113</sup> declaring.  
<sup>114</sup> every one.      <sup>115</sup> broken, split.      <sup>116</sup> scatter'd.  
<sup>117</sup> broken, or pierced through with darts.      <sup>118</sup> flained.

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes <sup>119</sup> of fyre ybrente <sup>120</sup>,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenfte hys val <sup>121</sup> advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe <sup>122</sup> hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall

fall

Anethe <sup>123</sup> the stronge push of mie fraught <sup>124</sup> out

speere,

There schalle aryfe a hallie <sup>125</sup> chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie <sup>126</sup> wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune <sup>127</sup>; I champyonn <sup>128</sup> you to

warre.

Sounde, founde the flughornes, to bee hearde fromm

farre.

150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr *tylt*. Straunger *falleth*.

<sup>119</sup> flames.    <sup>120</sup> burnt.    <sup>121</sup> healm.    <sup>122</sup> beneath.    <sup>123</sup> against.

<sup>124</sup> stretched out.    <sup>125</sup> holy.    <sup>126</sup> faithfully.    <sup>127</sup> ready.    <sup>128</sup> challenge.



## K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

## H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente ;  
 Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, fongs of achments <sup>129</sup>  
 fyng;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-  
 sprete <sup>130</sup>;

To Kyng of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155  
 Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte ;  
 Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee  
 fhente <sup>131</sup>;

Hee joustedd, alleine <sup>132</sup> havynge you ynn thoughte.  
 Comme, mynstrelles, found the strynge, goe onn eche  
 fyde,

Whyleft hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

<sup>129</sup> atchievements, glorious actions.

<sup>130</sup> broken spears.

<sup>131</sup> broke, destroyed. <sup>132</sup> only, alone.

MYN-

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge <sup>133</sup> wythe new quickenn'd  
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge  
hedde,

Dydd the merke <sup>134</sup> woode of ethe <sup>135</sup> and rest explore,  
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vyfage washedd the bloude,

Hylte <sup>136</sup> hys fwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne fhee fwotelie <sup>137</sup> hymm dydd  
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn <sup>138</sup> everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd change untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge <sup>139</sup> fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente <sup>140</sup>, 175

Lyche the merk <sup>141</sup>-plante doe entwyne.

<sup>133</sup> smoaking, steaming.

<sup>134</sup> dark, gloomy.

<sup>135</sup> ease.

<sup>136</sup> hid, secreted.

<sup>137</sup> sweetly.

<sup>138</sup> moulded.

<sup>139</sup> shooting, darting.

<sup>140</sup> grasp, hold.

<sup>141</sup> night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,  
 Onknowlachynge <sup>142</sup> ynn whatt place herr to fynde,  
 Thys rule yspende <sup>143</sup>, and ynn thie mynde retayne ;  
 Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleafaunce lies be-  
 hynde. 180

<sup>142</sup> ignorant, unknowing.      <sup>143</sup> confider.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:  
 OR THE DETHE OF  
 SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

**T**HE featherd songster chaunticleer  
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
 And tolde the earlie villager  
 The commynge of the morne :

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes                    5  
 Of lyghte eclipse the greie ;  
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte  
 Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde  
 "That fytted enthron'd on hyghe!                    10  
 "CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 "To-daie shall furelie die."

Thenne .

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale  
 Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;  
 "Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15  
 " Hee leaves thys mortall ftate."

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,  
 Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe ;  
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,  
 And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,  
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,  
 For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

" O goode Syr CHARLES!" fayd CANTERLONE, 25  
 " Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."

' Speke boldlie, manne," fayd brave Syr CHARLES,  
 " Whatte fays thie traytor kynge?"

" I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne  
 " Does fromme the welkinn flye, 30

" Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,  
 " Thatt thou shalt furelie die."

" Wec



“Wee all muft die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES ;

“Of thatte I’m not affearde ;

“Whatte bootes to lyve a little fpace ? 35

“Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d :

“Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“I’de fooner die to-daie

“Thanne lyve hys flave, as manie are,

“Tho’ I fhoulde lyve for aie.” 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior ftraite

To gett all thynges ynne reddynefs

For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maifterr CANYNGE faughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee ;

“I’m come,” quod hee, “unto your grace

“To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge, “Youre tale fpeke out,

“You have been much oure friende ; 50

“Whatever youre request may bee,

“Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“My

- “ My nobile leige ! alle my request  
 “ Ys for a nobile knyghte,  
 “ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge, 55  
 “ He thoghte ytte ftylle was ryghte :
- “ Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,  
 “ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;  
 “ Yff thatt you are refolv’d to lett  
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60
- “ Speke nott of fuch a traytour vile,”  
 The kynge ynne furie fayde ;  
 “ Before the evening ftarre doth sheene,  
 “ BAWDIN fhall loofe hys hedde :
- “ Juftice does loudlie for hym calle, 65  
 “ And hee fhalle have hys meede :  
 “ Speke, Maifter CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng eife  
 “ Att prefent doe you neede ? ”
- “ My nobile leige ! ” goode CANYNGE fayde,  
 “ Leave juftice to our Godde, 70  
 “ And laye the yronne rule afyde ;  
 “ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was

- " Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,  
     " The best were fynners grete ;  
 " CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes ne fynne, 75  
     " Ynne alle thys mortall state.
- " Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,  
     " 'Twyllle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;  
 " From race to race thy familie  
     " Alle fov'reigns shall endure : 80
- " But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou  
     " Beginne thy infante reigne,  
 " Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows  
     " Wylle never long remayne."
- " CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile 85  
     " Has scorn'd my power and mee ;  
 " Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne  
     " Intreate my clemencye ? "
- " My nobile leige ! the trulie brave  
     " Wylle val'rous actions prize, 90  
 " Respeçt a brave and nobile mynde,  
     " Altho' ynne enemies."

" CANYNGE,

“CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav’n

“Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

“I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95

“Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav’n,

“Thys funne fshall be hys laste.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the prefence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And fatt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

“Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105

“Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

“Dethe ys the fure, the certaine fate

“Of all wee mortall menne.

“Saye why, my friend, thie honest foul

“Runns overr att thyne eye; 110

“Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?”

Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,  
 " Thatt thou so soone must dye,  
 " And leave thy fonnes and helples wyfe ;                    115  
 " 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye  
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge ;  
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power  
 " Of EDWARDE, traytor kyng.                                    120

" Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means  
 " I shall refigne my lyfe,  
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde  
 " For bothe mye fonnes and wyfe.

" Before I fawe the lyghtsome funne,                    125  
 " Thys was appointed mee ;  
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee ?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,  
 " Whan thoufands dy'd arounde ;                                130  
 " Whan smokyng streemes of crimfon bloode  
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde :

" Howe



“ How dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,  
 “ Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
 “ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135  
 “ And clofe myne eyes for aie ?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,  
 “ Looke wanne and bee dyfmayde ?  
 “ Ne ! fromm my herte flie chilydyshe feere,  
 “ Bee alle the manne display’d. 140

“ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,  
 “ And garde thee and thye sonne,  
 “ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,  
 “ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honeft friende, my faulte has beene 145  
 “ To serve Godde and mye prynce ;  
 “ And thatt I no tyme-server am,  
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citee was I borne,  
 “ Of parents of grete note ; 150  
 “ My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote :

- " I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone  
     " Where foone I hope to goe ;  
 " Where wee for ever fhall bee blest, 155  
     " From oute the reech of woe :
- " Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws  
     " Wyth pitie to unite ;  
 " And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
     " The wronge cause fromm the ryghte : 160
- " Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
     " To feede the hungrie poore,  
 " Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie  
     " The hungrie fromme my doore :
- " And none can faye, butt alle mye lyfe 165  
     " I have hys wordyes kept ;  
 " And summ'd the actyonns of the daie  
     " Eche nyghte before I slept.
- " I have a spouse, goe aske of her,  
     " Yff I defyl'd her bedde ? 170  
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie  
     " Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;  
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175  
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne ?

“ Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,  
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe ;  
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause  
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people ! rewyn’d londe !  
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;  
 “ Whyle RICHARD’S fonnes exalt themselves,  
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185  
 “ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,  
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 “ For those of bloude and peyne ?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a fledde bee drawne,  
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190  
 “ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,  
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

"Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,  
     " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,  
 " And ne ryche monument of braffe 195  
     " CHARLES BAWDIN'S name shall bear ;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
     " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,  
 " There wythe the farvants of the Lorde  
     " Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

" Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne  
     " I leave thys mortall lyfe :  
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,  
     " Mye fonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205  
     " As e'er the moneth of Maie ;  
 " Nor woulde I even wyfhe to lyve,  
     " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, "Tys a goodlie thyng  
     " To bee prepar'd to die ; 210  
 " And from thys world of peyne and grefe  
     " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,  
 And claryonnes to founde ;  
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horfes feete 215  
 A prauncyng onne the grounde :

And juft before the officers,  
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,  
 Wythe loude and dyfmalle dynne. 220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,  
 “ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;  
 “ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Chriftian foule  
 “ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why thefe brinie teeres? 225  
 “ Theye washe my foule awaie,  
 “ And almoft make mee wyfhe for lyfe,  
 “ Wyth thee, fweete dame, to ftate.

“ ’Tys butt a journie I fhalle goe  
 “ Untoe the lande of blyffe ; 230  
 “ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,  
 “ Receive thys holie kyffe.”





Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd her treffes tere ;

“ Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe ! ” — 255

Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,

Shee fellen onne the flore ;

Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and fwete ;

Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern

Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And taffils spanglynge ynne the funne,

Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the fyghte, 270

Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,

Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

[9-2]

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume  
 Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;  
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynſtrelles came, 275  
 Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;  
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
 From reſcue of kyng HENRIES friends  
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,  
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,  
 Bye two blacke ſtedes ynne trappyngeſ white,  
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285  
 Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,  
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
 Marched ynne goodlie route :

Seinſte JAMESES Freers marched next,  
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ; 290  
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynſtrelles came,  
 Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt :

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;  
 And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295  
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them, a multitude  
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;  
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,  
 As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,  
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,  
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
 " Washe mye soule clean thys daie ! "

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe fat 305  
 The kynge ynne myckle state,  
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge  
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
 Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310  
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,  
 And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou

- "Thou seeft mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !  
     " Expos'd to infamie ;  
 " Butt bee affur'd, difloyall manne ! 315  
     " I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.
- " Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,  
     " Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;  
 " And haft appoynted mee to dye,  
     " By power nott thyne owne. 320
- " Thou thynkeft I fhall dye to-daie ;  
     " I have beene dede 'till nowe,  
 " And foone fhall lyve to weare a crowne  
     " For aie uponne my browe :
- " Whylft thou, perhaps, for fom few yeares, 325  
     " Shalt rule thys fickle lande,  
 " To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule  
     " 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :
- " Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !  
     " Shall falle onne thye owne hedde "— 330  
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge  
     Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge EDWARDE'S foule ruff'd to hys face,  
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,  
 And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335  
 Hee thus dydd speke and faie :

“ To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe  
 “ Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,  
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,  
 “ Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! ” 340

“ Soe lett hym die ! ” Duke RICHARD fayde ;  
 “ And maye echone oure foes  
 “ Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
 “ And feede the carryon crowes.”

And nowe the horfes gentlie drewe 345  
 Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;  
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,  
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
 As uppe a gilded carre 350  
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs  
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,  
 " Beholde you see mee dye,  
 " For fervinge loyally mye kynge, 355  
 " Mye kynge most rightfullie.

" As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,  
 " Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;  
 " Youre fonnes and husbandes shalle bee flayne,  
 " And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,  
 " Whenne ynne adverfitye ;  
 " Lyke mee, untoe the true caufe ftycke,  
 " And for the true caufe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365  
 A pray'r to Godde dydd make,  
 Befeechyng hym unto hymfelfe  
 Hys partyng foule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde  
 Most seemlie onne the blocke ; 370  
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once  
 The able heddesh-manne froke :

And



And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;  
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375  
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte ;  
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,  
 One onne the mynster-tower,  
 And one from off the castle-gate  
 The crowen dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385  
 A dreery spectacle ;  
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croffe,  
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN'S fate :  
 Godde prosper longe oure kyng, 390  
 And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN'S foule,  
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syng!

Æ L L A :



Æ L L A:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTTE  
THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN  
HOWARD.]

F

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA,    bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preefte, the Aufthoure.

CELMONDE, *Johan Ifcamm*, Preefte.

HURRA,     Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTHA,     Maftre *Edwarde Canynge*.

Odherr Partes bie *Knyghtes Mynftrelles*.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON  
ÆLLA.

'TYS fonge bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent  
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt <sup>1</sup> herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,  
The preefte delyvered alle the lege <sup>2</sup> yn rhym ;  
Lyche peyncted <sup>3</sup> tytyngge speares to please the fyghte,  
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke <sup>4</sup>  
dere <sup>5</sup>, 5  
Syke dyd their auncyante lee deftlie <sup>6</sup> delyghte the care.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare <sup>7</sup> rhym mote bee thenne,  
Butt eeste <sup>8</sup> nowe flyeth to the odher fyde ;  
In hallie <sup>9</sup> preefte apperes the ribaudes <sup>10</sup> penne,  
Inne lithie <sup>11</sup> moncke apperes the barronnes pryde : 10  
But rhym wythe fomme, as nedere <sup>12</sup> widhout teethe,  
Make pleasaunce to the fense, botte maie do lyttel  
scathe <sup>13</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> hid, concealed.    <sup>2</sup> law.    <sup>3</sup> painted.    <sup>4</sup> much.    <sup>5</sup> hurt, damage.  
<sup>6</sup> sweetly.    <sup>7</sup> cause.    <sup>8</sup> oft.    <sup>9</sup> holy.    <sup>10</sup> rake, lewd person.  
<sup>11</sup> humble.    <sup>12</sup> adder.    <sup>13</sup> hurt, damage.





Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and fynge,  
 At merrie yaped <sup>26</sup> fage <sup>27</sup> fomme hard-drained water  
 brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde <sup>28</sup> hys lynes.  
 Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;  
 Wordes wythoute sene fulle groffyngelye <sup>29</sup> he twynes,  
 Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere ;  
 Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35  
 Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf <sup>30</sup> you neere be-  
 gone.

Enowe of odhers ; of miefelfe to write,  
 Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe posses,  
 To you I leave the taske ; I kenne your myghte  
 Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte <sup>31</sup> of faultes, be  
 lefs. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I fende, and hope that you  
 Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-  
 true.

<sup>26</sup> laughable.    <sup>27</sup> tale, jest.    <sup>28</sup> beyond.    <sup>29</sup> foolishly.    <sup>30</sup> if.  
<sup>31</sup> many.

Playes made from hallie<sup>32</sup> tales I holde unmeete ;  
 Lette fomme greate storie of a manne be fonge ;  
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jefus treate, 45  
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.  
 Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie<sup>33</sup> mote ne heare,  
 Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untylle anere<sup>34</sup>.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

<sup>32</sup> holy.      <sup>33</sup> strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient  
 signification stood for *modestly*.      <sup>34</sup> another.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE  
CANYNGE.

**S** TRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of  
oures,

Nete<sup>35</sup> butte a bare recytalle can hav place ;  
Nowe shapellie poesie haft lofte yttes powers,  
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace ;  
Heie<sup>36</sup> pycke up wolfsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5  
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ;  
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate<sup>37</sup>,  
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie<sup>38</sup>, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,  
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great grandfieres  
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,  
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;  
Lette trades, & toun folck, lett fyke<sup>39</sup> thynges alone,  
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fielde of aure ;

<sup>35</sup> nought.    <sup>36</sup> they.    <sup>37</sup> esteem.    <sup>38</sup> heraldry.    <sup>39</sup> fuch.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15  
 Shee nillynge <sup>40</sup> to take myckle <sup>41</sup> aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunfe upponn a piece maye looke,  
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede <sup>42</sup> aboute ;  
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,  
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute ; 20  
 Eke, gyf <sup>43</sup> ynto a vew percafe <sup>44</sup> I tooke  
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,  
 Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,  
 Thorow hem <sup>45</sup> al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes <sup>46</sup>, gyff I faie, onwife 25  
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie <sup>47</sup>  
 To hyftorie ; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
 Whyche amenufed <sup>48</sup> thoughtes of poesie ;  
 Somme drybblette <sup>49</sup> fhare you shoulde to yatte <sup>50</sup> alyse <sup>51</sup>,  
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hyftorie ; 30  
 Inftedde of mountynge onn a wynged horfe,  
 You onn a rouncy <sup>52</sup> dryve yn dolefull course.

<sup>40</sup> unwilling. <sup>41</sup> much. <sup>42</sup> wifdom, council. <sup>43</sup> if. <sup>44</sup> perchance.  
<sup>45</sup> them. <sup>46</sup> Greybeards. <sup>47</sup> curiously. <sup>48</sup> lessened. <sup>49</sup> small.  
<sup>50</sup> that. <sup>51</sup> allow. <sup>52</sup> cart-horfe.

Cannyng

Cannyng & I from common courfe dyffente ;  
 Wee ryde the ftede, botte yev to hym the reene ;  
 Ne wylle betweene crased molteryng bookes be pente, 35  
 Botte foare on hyghe, & yn the fonne-bemes fheene ;  
 And where wee kenn fomme ifhad<sup>53</sup> floures befprente,  
 We take ytte, & from oulde roufte doe ytte clene ;  
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pafure bee,  
 Botte fometymes foare 'bove trouthe of hyftorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearfe yn daies of yore ?  
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie<sup>54</sup> bewryen<sup>55</sup>,  
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age fo fore,  
 A keppened poyntelle<sup>56</sup> reftyng at eche lyne.  
 Vearfe maie be goode, botte poefie wantes more, 45  
 An onlyft<sup>57</sup> lecturn<sup>58</sup>, and a fonge adyngne<sup>59</sup> ;  
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
 Gyff ytt pleafe Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng yttfelf moft bee yttes owne defenfe ;  
 Som metre maie notte pleafe a womannes ear. 50

<sup>53</sup> broken.                      <sup>54</sup> elegantly.                      <sup>55</sup> declared, expreffed.

<sup>56</sup> a pen, ufed metaphorically, as a mufe or genius.                      <sup>57</sup> boundles.

<sup>58</sup> fubject.                      <sup>59</sup> nervous, worthy of praife.

[10-2]

Canyng

[l. 49 yttfelf: ytt 1777, 1778. See Errata, p. 307]

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poefie, botte fenfe ;  
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.  
Canynge, adieu ! I do you greete from hence ;  
Full foone I hope to tafte of your good cheere ;  
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee faie, 55  
Hee wyfche you healthe & felineffe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.



## E N T R O D U C T I O N N E.

S O M M E cherifaunei<sup>60</sup> 'tys to gentle mynde,  
 Whan heie have chevyced<sup>61</sup> theyre londe from  
 bayne<sup>62</sup>,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,  
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne ;  
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne<sup>63</sup> everych steyne,     5  
 Whylest al her gentleneffe ys made to sheene,  
 Lyche fetyve baubels<sup>64</sup> geafonne<sup>65</sup> to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys<sup>66</sup> castell<sup>67</sup> ftede,  
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,  
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,     10  
 Then feel'd<sup>68</sup> hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,  
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
 To faie what he, as clergyond<sup>69</sup>, can kenne,  
 And howe hee fojourned in the vale of men.

<sup>60</sup> comfort.   <sup>61</sup> preserved.   <sup>62</sup> ruin.   <sup>63</sup> inter.   <sup>64</sup> jewels.   <sup>65</sup> rare.  
<sup>66</sup> Bristol.   <sup>67</sup> castle.   <sup>68</sup> closed.   <sup>69</sup> taught.

Æ L L A.

[l. 1 cherifaunei: see *Errata*, p. 307, and cf. p. 135 l. 839]

## Æ L L A.

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

**B**EFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys  
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites<sup>1</sup> of goulde,  
Mee, happelefs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,  
Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myfchaunces  
chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle<sup>2</sup> canne bewreene<sup>3</sup>?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage  
sheene,

Yatt themres onn thie comelie femlykeene<sup>4</sup>,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne  
made redde, 10

<sup>1</sup> robes, mantels. <sup>2</sup> a pen. <sup>3</sup> exprefs. <sup>4</sup> countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene<sup>5</sup>,  
 Syke<sup>6</sup> woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.  
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte  
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste  
 parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere<sup>7</sup>! 15  
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt fhalle not bee.  
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,  
 And hymm, herr, and myfelfe, attenes<sup>8</sup> wyll flea.  
 Affyft mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,  
 To flea miefelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie<sup>9</sup> friende. 20

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

## Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,  
 Blessyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,  
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd<sup>10</sup> Dane shoulde blede,  
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

<sup>5</sup> covered.    <sup>6</sup> fuch.    <sup>7</sup> another.    at once.    <sup>9</sup> mighty.  
<sup>10</sup> hardy, valourous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25  
 Whyche ftrooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer foule ;  
 Nott, whann from the barbed horfe yn fyghte dyd  
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,  
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure <sup>11</sup> as nowe, 30  
 Whann hallie preeft, the lechemanne of the foule,  
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytynede <sup>12</sup> vowe :  
 Now hallie Ælla's felyneffe ys grate ;  
 Shap <sup>13</sup> haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate <sup>14</sup>.

### B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, fyke a joie ys myne ; 35  
 Botte mayden modestie moſte ne foe faie,  
 Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,  
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalte be for aie ;  
 Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie <sup>15</sup> ;  
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin  
 yblente <sup>16</sup>, 40

<sup>11</sup> violence. <sup>12</sup> binding, enforcing. <sup>13</sup> fate. <sup>14</sup> leffen, decrease.  
<sup>15</sup> faith. <sup>16</sup> blinded.

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,  
 And on the graffe her lemes <sup>17</sup> of fylver fente,  
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie fwote to bee,  
 Enactynge ynn the fame moſte faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte, 45  
 Whanne deyſde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres <sup>18</sup>,  
 Awhylſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaſte,  
 Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.  
 Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,  
 Aleſt a daygnous <sup>19</sup> looke to thee be fente, 50  
 And offrendes <sup>20</sup> made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,  
 Offe ſcarpes <sup>21</sup> of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente <sup>22</sup> ;  
 All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed <sup>23</sup> to mee,  
 I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

## Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe, 55  
 Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſoe grete,  
 Lyche bawſyn <sup>24</sup> olyphauntes <sup>25</sup> mie gnattes doe  
 ſhewe ;  
 Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate <sup>26</sup>.

<sup>17</sup> lights, rays.<sup>18</sup> fellows, equals.<sup>19</sup> diſdainful.<sup>20</sup> preſents, offerings.<sup>21</sup> ſcarfs.<sup>22</sup> robes of ſcarlet.<sup>23</sup> bounded.<sup>24</sup> large. <sup>25</sup> elephants. <sup>26</sup> deſtroy.

Botte hann mie actyonns fraughte <sup>27</sup> the rolle of fate,  
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down  
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,  
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,  
 Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

## B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes <sup>28</sup> foe smalle ; 65  
 As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare ;

For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,

Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you ; 70

Be notte toe flacke yn love, ne overdeare ;

A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

## Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis doe thie volunde <sup>29</sup> kenne

To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of  
 menne.

<sup>27</sup> stretched. <sup>28</sup> services. <sup>29</sup> memory, understanding.

Æ L L A,

[l. 73 doe : toe 1777, 1778. See Errata, p. 307]



ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,  
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffynge showre on gentle Ælla's hedde ! 75

Oft maie the moone, yn fylverr sheenyng lyghte,

Inne varied chaunges varied bleffynge shedde,

Besprengeyng far abrode mischaunces nyghte ;

And thou, fayre Birtha ! thou, fayre Dame, fo  
bryghte,

Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80

Wythe selyness, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,

Wyth everych chaungyng mone new joies encrease !

I, as a token of mie love to speake,

Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre  
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale foe  
stronge, 85

Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

## C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your fonge.

*Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.*

## M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepfterr <sup>30</sup> fwayne ;

Bryghte fonne has ne droncke the dewe

From the floures of yellowe hue ;

Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

## W O M A N N E.

No, beftoikerre <sup>31</sup>, I wylle goe,

Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees <sup>32</sup>,

Lyche the fylver-footed doe,

Seekeynge fheltter yn grene trees.

## M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,

95

Pereynge ynne the ftreme belowe ;

Here we'lle fyttte, yn dewie danke ;

Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

<sup>30</sup> Shepherd.

<sup>31</sup> deceiver.

<sup>32</sup> meadows.

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame faie,  
 Yonge damoyfelles schulde ne bee, 100  
 Inne the fwotie moonthe of Maie,  
 Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyttē, and harke,  
 Howe the ouzle<sup>33</sup> chauntes hys noate,  
 The chelandree<sup>34</sup>, greie morn larke, 105  
 Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate ;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
 Chauntynge owte fo blatauntlie<sup>35</sup>,  
 Tellynge lecturnyes<sup>36</sup> to mee,  
 Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

<sup>33</sup> The black bird.    <sup>34</sup> Gold-finch.    <sup>35</sup> loudly.    <sup>36</sup> lectures.

## M A N N E.

See alonge the mees fo grene  
 Pied daifies, kyngge-coppes fwote ;  
 Alle wee fee, bie non bee feene,  
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

## W O M A N N E.

Shepfter fwayne, you tare mie gratche <sup>37</sup>. 115  
 Oute uponne ye ! lette me goe.  
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.  
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

## M A N N E.

See ! the crokyngge brionie  
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys fpraie ; 120  
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie  
 Florryfchethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,  
 Laughe, and fynge to lovyngge ayres ;  
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee ; 125  
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

<sup>37</sup> Apparel.

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde ;  
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe :

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,  
Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng ;  
I wylle no mannes lemanne be ;  
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſyng,  
Thou fhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135  
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,  
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,  
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe  
Wee attenes<sup>38</sup>, thos honde yn honde, 140  
Unto diviniſtre<sup>39</sup> goe,  
.And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde ?

<sup>38</sup> At once.      <sup>39</sup> a divine.

## M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte  
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne ;  
 Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145  
 Make us one, at Cothbertes fhryne.

## B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle <sup>40</sup> lyve,  
 Hailie, thoughe of no eftate ;  
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve ;  
 Wee ynne godeneffe wylle bee greate. 150

## Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well ;  
 And there ys monie for yer fyngeynge nowe ;  
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynge telle ?

## C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynge are botte fewe, I trowe.

<sup>40</sup> A cottage.



M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde<sup>41</sup>, wee have; and, gyff you please, wille  
fynge, 155

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the frynge,  
And fret<sup>42</sup>, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle frayne owre wytte and fynge.

*Mynstrelles Songe.*

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddyng flourettes blshes atte the lyghte; 160  
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nesh<sup>43</sup> yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

<sup>41</sup> Lord.    <sup>42</sup> stretch.    <sup>43</sup> tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne fraughte,  
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheftlyng dynne  
 ys broughte. 165

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge ;  
 The roddie welkynne fheeneth to the eyne ;  
 Arounde the aleftake Mynftrells fynge the fonge ;  
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwyne ;  
 I laie mee onn the graſſe ; yette, to mie wylle, 170  
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe fomethyng ſtyle.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E .

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyſe,  
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde ;  
 Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleaſaunce lyes ;  
 As Inſtrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175  
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and fee  
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

T H Y R D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Whanne Autumpne blake<sup>44</sup> and fonne-brente doe  
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,  
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, 180  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe ;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte ;

Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the  
fyghte ;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,  
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde ; 185

When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,

Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde ;

Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,

Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth fomme  
care.

<sup>44</sup> Naked.

## S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde ; 190

Angelles alleyne fromme chafe <sup>45</sup> defyre bee free ;

Dheere ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee ;

Ne feyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and  
tere <sup>46</sup>,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne  
fayre : 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemfelves, botte  
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire ;

Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre ;

Therefore theie feke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkynefs of kynde, and make hemfelves complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee ; 205

<sup>45</sup> Hot.

<sup>46</sup> health.

Go, take thee fwythyn<sup>47</sup> to thie bedde a wyfe,  
Bee bante or bleffed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

*Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,  
As from the fones hete she harried,  
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hofen was  
knyttynge, 210  
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,  
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,  
Does no cheryfauncys from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as foone as I afke ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,  
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spyunnynge,  
I ftylle wanted fomethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,  
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynyngge.

<sup>47</sup> Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryfe, doe I fette mie maydennes, 220  
 Somme to spynn, fomme to curdell, fomme bleachynge,  
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
 Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225  
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
 In fothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee fayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,  
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyng,  
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente  
 shee; 230  
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyng.

## Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;  
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;  
 There fwotelie fynge eche carolle, and yaped<sup>48</sup> jeafte;  
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

<sup>48</sup> Laughable.



Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spoufe-feaste goe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted <sup>49</sup> everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste ;  
Lyche scolles of locufts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,           240  
Are ragyng, to be quanfed <sup>50</sup> bie none botte thee ;  
Haste, fwyfte as Levynne to these royners flee :  
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragyng bulle.  
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,  
And Wedecefterres rolle of dome bee fulle.           245  
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,  
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Befhrew thee for thie newes ! I moſte be gon.  
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne !  
Thos from dyſportyſmente to warr to ron,           250  
To change the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne !

<sup>49</sup> Drowned.

<sup>50</sup> Stilled, quenched.

## B I R T H A.

O ! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,  
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
 Thou shalte nott, muft not, from thie Birtha ryne,  
 Botte kenn the dynne of flughornes from afarre. 255

## Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesstes  
 to eate ?

O mie upfwalyng<sup>51</sup> harte, whatt wordes can faie  
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente ?  
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spoufalle daie, 260  
 O ! 'tys a peyne beyond entendement.  
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures fente  
 As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne ?  
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the fhade content,  
 And for a bodykyn<sup>52</sup> a swarthe obteyne ? 265

<sup>51</sup> Swelling.<sup>52</sup> Body, substance.

O ! whie

O! whie, yee feynctes, opprefs yee thos mie fowle?  
 How fhalle I fpeke mie woe, mie fremme, mie dreerie dole?

C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.  
 Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.  
 Thanne, loverde, lett me faie, wyth hommaged drede  
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counfelle faie;        271  
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen<sup>53</sup> laie,  
 The foemenn, everych honde-poync̄te, getteth fote.  
 Mie loverde, lett the fpeere-menne, dyghte for fraie,  
 And all the fabbataners goe aboute.                        275  
 I fpeke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryfe  
 Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyfe.

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells<sup>54</sup> yn mie harte;  
 Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to fee herfelle;  
 I wylle upryfe mie myghte, and doe mie parte,        280  
 To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

<sup>53</sup> Still, dead.

<sup>54</sup> arrows, darts.

Botte

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,  
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre ?  
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,  
 Founde out impleafaunce of fyke blacke a geare. 285  
 Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte  
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie  
 fyghte.

## B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde ;  
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne ;  
 I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde ; 290  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.  
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne ;  
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne ;  
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyngge spryte wyll  
 drayne,  
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne. 295  
 Goe notte, Ælla ; wythe thie Birtha staie ;  
 For wyth thie femmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

## Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele ;  
 Yett I muste bee mieselfe ; with valoures gear  
 I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn  
     ftele, 300  
 And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

## B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breafte hys Birtha teare?  
 Is shee so rou and ugfomme<sup>55</sup> to hys fyghte?  
 Entrykeynge wyght ! ys leathall warre so deare?  
 Thou pryzeft mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305  
 Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
 Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy  
     morthe.

## Æ L L A.

Dydeft thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres  
     ybrente,  
 Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn ~~mee~~ falle,  
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310  
 Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

<sup>55</sup> Terrible.

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yan all  
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acqyre,  
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
 Retournyng to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

## B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?  
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde?  
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll morrowes sonne apperes.

## Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;  
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for  
                   yeres; 320  
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a fyngle hower.  
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure  
 Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede  
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

B I R T H A.



B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love ; false and entrykyng wyghte !  
 Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command  
 Under the fygnette of oure lorde the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande? 330  
 Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng !  
 Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double styng,  
 One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted <sup>56</sup> Ælla, thie abredyng <sup>57</sup> blyng <sup>58</sup>.  
 Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. 335  
 Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,  
 Hear from mie groted <sup>59</sup> harte the lover and the friende.

<sup>56</sup> Offended.    <sup>57</sup> upbraiding.    <sup>58</sup> cease.    <sup>59</sup> swollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;  
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe ;  
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to  
 flyghte, 340  
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde preffe downe the foe.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;  
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,  
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtlic goe,  
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to bedyghte yn ſtele ; 345  
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,  
 Botte leave the vrygyn brydall bedde for bedde of  
 warre.

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

## B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe ; O mie agroted harte !

## Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;  
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350  
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte

[l. 345 bedyghte : dyghte 1777, 1778. See *Errata*, p. 307]

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie  
 Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be fedde bie  
 tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,  
 Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie  
 fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme<sup>60</sup> to accaie<sup>61</sup>,  
 And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

## B I R T H A.

Difficile<sup>62</sup> ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev  
 To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaſte.  
 Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reſte.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dyſtreſte;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher ſwaie.

Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,

Shappe foullie thos hathe ſnatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhouthe an ounde of teares and breaſte wyth fyghes  
 ytorne.

<sup>60</sup> Torture.<sup>61</sup> affwage.<sup>62</sup> difficult.

## Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thiefelfe ; why wylte thou bee  
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyfe yn mynde,  
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla fee, 370  
 Whatte wondrous bighes<sup>63</sup> he nowe muſte leave  
 behynde ?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
 On everych wynde I wylle a token fende ;  
 Onn mie longe ſhielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.  
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and  
 friende. 375

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E

*ſpeaking.*

Thie Bryſtowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge  
 lynge<sup>64</sup> ;  
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-ſhield dothe  
 flynge.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; but yette I cannotte goe.

<sup>63</sup> Jewels.<sup>64</sup> ſtay.

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380  
Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, brafte, brafte ynn twaie.  
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385  
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, houfband, friend, and loverde, staie.  
He's gon, he's gone, alafs! percase he's gone for aie.

## C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fufter, fweepeynge thro' the fkie,  
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390  
 Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,  
 Meetynge from dyftaunce the enjoyous fyghte,  
 Albeytte efte thou takeft thie hie flyghte  
 Hecket <sup>65</sup> ynne a myfte, and wyth thyne eyne  
     yblente,  
 Nowe commeft thou to mee wythe ftarrie lyghte ; 395  
 Ontoe thie vefte the rodde fonne ys adente <sup>66</sup> ;  
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depycte wythe fkylledd honde upponn thie wyde  
     aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,  
 Awhaped <sup>67</sup> atte the fetyvenefs of daie ; 400  
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,  
 Is gone, and I mofte followe, toe the fraie.

<sup>65</sup> Wrapped clofely, covered.      <sup>66</sup> fastened.      <sup>67</sup> aftonifh'd.



Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll hafte awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes

face. 405

I see onnumbered joies arounde mee ryfe ;

Blake<sup>68</sup> stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee

alyfe.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastnes fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest<sup>69</sup> thie levynne-bronde ;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the

gare ; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde ;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the

ground,

<sup>8</sup> Naked,

<sup>6</sup> Scattereft.

Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brafteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,  
A thyng of wychenref, an idle dreme ; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made  
Menne wydhoute fpytes, and wommen for to fleme ;  
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the  
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblyng waies,  
Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be breme, 425  
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable fpyte,

For fremde<sup>70</sup> and dolefulle dede. 430

<sup>70</sup> Strange.

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,  
*wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.*

MAGNUS.

SWYTHE<sup>71</sup> lette the offrendes<sup>72</sup> to the Goddes  
 begynne,

To knowe of hem the iffue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-fteyned fword and pavyes ynne ;

Spreade fwythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *fyngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre . . . . . 435

Delethe seafonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,

The mone yn bloddie gyttelles<sup>73</sup> hylte,

Mooved the ftarres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere to the wynde ; . . . . . 440

<sup>71</sup> Quickly.

<sup>72</sup> offerings.

<sup>73</sup> mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundyng waves dystrefte,  
 Stroven to be overest,  
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,  
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,  
 Sendyng dethe, on plagues astrodde, 445  
 Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde ;  
 To mee fend your hefte dyvyne,  
 Lyghte eletten<sup>74</sup> all myne eyne,  
 Thatt I maie now undevyse  
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize. 450

[*falleth downe and efte rysethe.*]

Thus fayethe the Goddes ; goe, yffue to the playne ;  
 Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

### M A G N U S.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.  
 Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,  
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte, 455  
 Have Magnus pressyng wroghte hys foemen loaste.

<sup>74</sup> Enlighten.

As

[l. 442 Stroven : Storven 1777, 1778. See Errata, p. 307]

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,  
 The dyngeynge ounde the fandeie fronde doe tare,  
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,  
 Full meynte a champyones breaste received mie  
 speare. 460

Mie sheelde, lychे sommere morie gronser droke,  
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

## H U R R A.

This wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and  
 eeke

Lychе thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.  
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465

The cocke faiethe drest<sup>75</sup>, yett armed ys he alleyne.

Certis this wordes maie, thou motest have fayne

Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heulmes from heades of myckle  
 myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn this honde,

Lette blowes this actyons speeke, and bie this corrage  
 stonde.

<sup>75</sup> Least.

M A G N U S.

## M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,  
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.  
 Thou fyghtest anente<sup>76</sup> maydens and ne menne, 475  
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.  
 Efte I, caparyfon'd on bloddie stede,  
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,  
 Wythe corfes I investyngge everich mede,  
 And thou aston, and wondryngge at mie myghte. 480  
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,  
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

## H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte  
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.  
 Eftfoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485  
 Thanne to the fouldyers all thou wylte bewreene.

<sup>76</sup> Against.



I'll prove mie courage onne the burlled greene ;  
 Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.  
 Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,  
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490  
 Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,  
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can  
 feare.

## MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte  
 Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to faie.  
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd  
 wryte, 495  
 And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.  
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,  
 'Tys here to meet ytt ; botte gyff nott, bee goe ;  
 Left I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,  
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche <sup>77</sup> myckle  
 woe. 500  
 Oh ! I bee madde, dyftraughte wyth brendyng rage ;  
 Ne feas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte  
 affwage.

<sup>77</sup> Work.

HURRA.

[l. 489 sphere : see note on p. xli]

## H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle ; a wyghte thou art  
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505  
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.  
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugfomnefs <sup>78</sup>  
 To thee and recreandes <sup>79</sup>) thondered on the playne,  
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse !  
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510  
 A ronnynge pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,  
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze  
 wylle gayne.

## M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue !  
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte !  
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylft  
 yyngge, 515  
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

<sup>78</sup> Terror.<sup>79</sup> cowards.

Thie fenfes, lyche thiefelfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
 A scoff to foemen & to beaftes a pheere ;  
 Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,  
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere ; 520  
 Fen vaipoures blafte thie everiche manlie powere,  
 Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolfsome peenes  
 devoure.

Faygne woulde I curfe thee further, botte mie tyngue  
 Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

## H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525  
 Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, perfue ;  
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,  
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curfes fele.  
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,  
 The thonder loude, the fwellynge azure rele <sup>80</sup>. 530  
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete befyde ;  
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle  
 pryde.

Botte doe notte wafte thie breath, left Ælla come.

<sup>80</sup> Wave.

## M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle !  
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ! 535  
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneft welle.  
 Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?  
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,  
 Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to fletre felle ;  
 Botte nowe thou lackeft hem to be all yyne. 540  
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,  
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyfregate.

## H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,  
 The fede of malyce and recendize al.  
 Thou arte a fteyne unto the name of Danes ; 545  
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canft calle.  
 Thou beeft a worme fo groffile and fo smal,  
 I wythe thie bloude woulde fcorne to foul mie fworde,  
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,  
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550  
 I Hurra amme miefel, & aie wyllle bee,  
 As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Blynne your contekions<sup>81</sup>, chiefs; for, as I stode  
 Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,  
 Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded<sup>82</sup> foe, 555  
 Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie,  
 Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
 To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

M A G N U S.

Ar there meynte of them?

M E S S E N G E R R.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a fommer's none, 560  
 Seemyng as tho' theie styng as perfante too.

H U R R A.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes fette oure warr-arraie.  
 Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

<sup>81</sup> Contentions.

<sup>82</sup> frighted.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynghe as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard<sup>83</sup> thie blodde? ys ytte for  
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the foldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere ;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

### M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys  
goode. 570

### H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

## MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

### SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

<sup>83</sup> Lofe.



The furyous Ælla's banner ; wythynne kenne  
 The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoafte 575  
 Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;  
 Styr, ftyr, mie lordes !

M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & foe neare?  
 Thenne Denmarques roiend ; oh mie ryfyng feare !

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
 Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne<sup>84</sup>. 580  
 Of late I dyd thie creand valoure fcanne,  
 Whanne thou dydft boafte foe moche of actyon derne.  
 Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,  
 To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585  
 Telleyng'e 'hem alle to make her foemen blede ;  
 Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eider fyde wylle bee,  
 Mie harte I wylle upryſe, & inne the battelle flea.

<sup>84</sup> Child.

Æ L L A, C E L M O N D E, & A R M I E *near*  
W A T C H E T T E.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590  
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere  
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,  
Unknowen to the ugfomme gratche of fere ; 595  
Mie blodde embollen, wythe mafterie elate,  
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,  
Impatyente forr to mete the perfante stele,  
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate  
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde weale. 600  
Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore  
drere,  
Mie actyons ymytate, mie present redynge here.

There

There ys ne houfe, athrow thys fhap-fcured<sup>85</sup> ifle,  
 Thatte has ne lofte a kynne yn thefe fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde foyle, 605  
 And townes enlowed<sup>86</sup> lemed<sup>87</sup> oppe the nyghtes.  
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes ;  
 Oure fonnes lie ftorven<sup>88</sup> ynne theyre smethynge  
     gore ;  
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,  
 Vexynge oure coafte, as byllowes doe the fhore. 610  
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, difplaie yor name,  
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempeft flame.

Ye Chryftyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;  
 Thefe royerres of oure hallie houfes flea ;  
 Brafte, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the  
     flame, 615  
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.  
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,  
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge<sup>89</sup> levyn-bronde,  
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,  
 Soe flie oponne thefe royners of the londe. 620

<sup>85</sup> Fate-fcured.      <sup>86</sup> flamed, fired.      <sup>87</sup> lighted.      <sup>88</sup> dead.

<sup>89</sup> blafing.

Lette thofe yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,  
Take flepe eterne uponne a feerie lowyng bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne fee herre towne onn fyre,  
And ftrev wythe goulde to ftaiie the royners honde,  
Ælla & Bryftowe havethe thoughtes thattes  
hygher, 625  
Wee fyghte notte forr ourfelves, botte all the londe.  
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,  
Preffynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge ftreme,  
Wythe dreerie dynn enfwolters<sup>90</sup> the hyghe ftrome,  
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630  
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
And throughe a ftorme of blodde wyll reache the cham-  
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,  
To Bryftowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;  
Bryftowe, & alle her joies, wylle fynke toe ayre, 635  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende<sup>91</sup> fyre:  
Thenne lette oure fafetie double moove oure ire,  
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

<sup>90</sup> fwallows, fucks in.

<sup>91</sup> unaccustomed.

See[ing] the lambe & shepfterr nere the brire,  
 Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea ; 640  
 Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the  
 playne,

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns  
 flayne.

Lyché a rodde gronfer, fhalle mie anlacc sheene,  
 Lyché a ftrynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,  
 Lyché fallynge leaves the Dacyannes fhalle bee  
 fleene, 645

Lyché [a] loud dynnynge ftreeme fcalle be mie myghte.

Ye menne, who woulde deferve the name of knyghte,

Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte ;

To commynge tymes no poyntelle fhalle ywrite,

Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bryftow  
 flepte. 650

Yourfelfes, youre chyl dren, & youre fellowes crie,

Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or  
 die.

I faie ne moe ; youre fpryte the refté wylle faie ;

Youre fpryte wylle wryne, thatte Bryftow ys yer  
 place ;

To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655  
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe  
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;  
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourfelves bee menne ;  
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,  
 Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne. 660  
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; goe thou shethe ;  
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe  
 deathe.

## S O L D Y E R S .

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;  
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;  
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665  
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

## C E L M O N D E .

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;  
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;  
 Go, & fytt crowned on corfes of the slayne ;  
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe. 670



## S O L D Y E R R E S.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reynes ;  
 Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

## Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble fpytes  
 Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer mafter telle.  
 Swefte as the rayne-ftorme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675  
 Soe wylle we fall upon thefe royners felle.  
 Oure mowynge fwerdes fhalle plunge hem downe to  
 helle ;  
 Theyre throngynge corfes fhall onlyghte the ftarres ;  
 The barrowes braftyng wythe the fleene fchall fwelle,  
 Brynnyng<sup>92</sup> to commynge tymes our famous  
 warres ; 680  
 Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
 Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall faie,  
 Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,

<sup>92</sup> Declaring.

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685

And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede ;

Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede ;

Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ;

Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,

Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690

Nowe to the warre lette all the flughornes founde,

The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfyng  
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

D A N E S *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes ; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene ;  
 The Saxonnes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre  
     heade ; 695  
 Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene ;  
 Flie, flie ; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde,  
 And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie ?  
 See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are  
     spreade, 700  
 Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.  
 Botte ne ; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete ;  
 Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle<sup>93</sup> marke the goeynge of  
     my feete.

<sup>93</sup> Shall.

T H Y R D E

## T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,  
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705

Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn fayles of flame.

The burlod Dacyannes, who were ynne the fame,  
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe ;

The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710  
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobbyng yield yer  
 breathe ;

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
 Bee deathe-doomed captives taene, or yn the battle  
 flayne.

## H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,  
 Bie cravente<sup>94</sup> havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715

Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote  
 goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,  
 Gader the fouldyers leste to future shappe,

<sup>94</sup> Coward.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To fomme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne<sup>95</sup>;

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwytte untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengge sadde dethe &  
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch ourefelves there-  
ynne; 725

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detefted dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte  
agenne.

<sup>95</sup> Retreat.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie, 730  
 The daie whyche scal aftounde the herers rede,  
 Makeyngre oure foemennes envyyngre hartes to blede,  
 Ybereyngre thro the worlde oure rennomde name for  
 aie.

Bryghte fonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,  
 From the rodde Eafte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735  
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,  
 Her fable tapiftrie was rente yn twayne.  
 The dauncyngre streakes bedecked heavennes playne,  
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe fhemryngre eie,  
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure  
 fteyne, 740  
 Sheenyngre upon the borne<sup>96</sup> whyche ftondeth bie;  
 The fouldyers ftoode uponne the hillis fyde,  
 Lyche yongre enlefed trees whyche yn a forrefte byde.

<sup>96</sup> Burnish.



Ælla rofe lyche the tree befette wyth brieres ;  
 Hys talle fpeere fheenynge as the ftarres at nyghte, 745  
 Hys eyne enfemeynge as a lowe of fyre ;  
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;  
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750  
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayfe & rennome fwelles ;  
 Lyche flowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge ftreme,  
 Syche dyd the mormrynge founde of the whol armie  
 feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to faie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755  
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boefomme  
 tare,  
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banyfhe feere,  
 Woulde afke an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were, 760  
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & ftrynge,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde ;  
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges mafterie arounde hym  
 fledde.

The battelle jyned ; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd  
 ryng ;  
 Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee ; 765  
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;  
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea ;  
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed<sup>97</sup> foe dydde flee,  
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,  
 Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree, 770  
 Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryfe opponne the playne ;  
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tyng ; faie nee ;  
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styll greater hee  
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.  
 Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle ; 775  
 Heere lorde & hyndlette fonke uponne the playne ;  
 Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.  
 Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, fhamme to telle !  
 Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte ; botte Ælla's speere

<sup>97</sup> Frighted.

Uponne

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,  
 He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreafed the pyles of Dacyannes  
 fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyfhe champyons  
 ftonde,

Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys  
 fledde; 785

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes  
 deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yfpedde ;  
 Fromm everich on unmyffyng javlynnes flewe ;  
 Theie fraughte yer doughtie fwerdes ; the foemenn  
 bledde ; 790

Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe ;  
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulyng att their head,  
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne  
 fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-  
     fraie. 795

Sweste, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes  
     flie ;

Sweste, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,  
 Pressyng behynde, the Englyfche foldyerres slaie.  
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyfhe menne remayne ;  
 Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the flectre staie, 800  
 Botte bynde 'hem pryfsonners on the bloddie playne.  
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,  
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.  
 Mie fervant fquyre !

C E L M O N D E, S E R V I T O U R E.

C E L M O N D E.

Prepare a fleing horfe,  
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the  
     wynde, 805  
 Whoe

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn  
course,

Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.

Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810

Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte ;

Flie, flie, be gon ; an howerre ys a daie ;

Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm  
heere—awaie !

## C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the toun

He waytethe, tulle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815

And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the crowne,

Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe ?

O no ! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,

Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe ;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze ; ahe ! ytte were ethe 820

To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe ;

Botte thanne rennome æterne<sup>98</sup>—ytte ys botte ayre ;

Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvynge there.

<sup>98</sup> Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre  
 To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825  
 Yette woulde I battentlie affuage mie fyre,  
 And the fame menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
 Were blodde, & morthur, mafterie, and warre;  
 Thie I wyll holde to now, & hede ne moe 830  
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,  
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be  
 torne.



B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;  
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyngge botte weere<sup>99</sup>. 835  
 Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure sellyneffe destroie,  
 Floddyngge the face wythe woe, & brynie teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
 Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied reste.  
 Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840  
 Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;  
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;  
 Perchaunce the swotie founde maie chafe your wiere<sup>99</sup>  
 awaie.

<sup>99</sup> Grief.

1262 [14]

K 4

BIRTHA,

[l. 839 cherifaunied : see *Errata*, p. 307, and cf. p. 75 l. 1]

## BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

## M Y N S T R E L L E S S O N G E.

O! fyngē untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O! droppe the brynīe teare wythe mee, 845  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynynge<sup>100</sup> ryver bee ;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne<sup>101</sup> as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode<sup>102</sup> as the fommer ſnowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;  
     Mie love ys dedde, 855  
     Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throftles note,  
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

<sup>100</sup> Running.<sup>101</sup> hair.<sup>102</sup> complexion.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftofe, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

All under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

All under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

[14-2]

Nee

Nee one hallie Seyncte to fave  
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys death-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
Rounde his hallie corfe to gre,  
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
Heere mie boddie ftylle fchalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;  
Lyfe & all yttes goode I fcorne,  
Daunce bie nete, or feafte by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

895

Waterre wythes, crowne de wythe reytes <sup>103</sup>,  
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

<sup>103</sup> Water-flags.

I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damfelle fpake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys fyngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte  
pleafe ;

Butte mie uncourtlye fhappe benymmes mee of all  
eafe. 905

Æ L L A, *atte* W A T C H E T T E.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a  
fede!

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte ;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie foul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a fede, wythe eagle-wynges for  
flyghte ; 910

Swefte as mie wyfhe, &, as mie love ys, ftronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne  
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes fo longe.

O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleafaunce, nor mie londes goode leme  
myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the famme thynges wylle bothe bane, &  
bleffe ;

On



On tyme encalede<sup>104</sup>, yanne bie the fame thyng  
warmd,

Eftrougthed foorthe, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

'Tys Birtha's lofs whyche doe mie thoughtes pof-  
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muſte awaie : whie ſtaies mie ſtede ?

Mie hufcarles, hyther haſte ; prepare a dreſſe,

Whyche couracyers<sup>105</sup> yn haſtie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyngue doe entwyne. 925.

<sup>104</sup> Frozen, cold.

<sup>105</sup> horſe courſers, couriers.

C E L M O N D E, *att* B R Y S T O W E.

T H E worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes  
are styllle ;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme ;

The upryfte <sup>106</sup> sprytes the fylente letten <sup>107</sup> fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme ;

The forreste fheenethe wythe the fylver leme ; 930

Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treatte ;

Uponne the lynche of somme swefste reynyng streme,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.

Thys ys the howse ; yee hyndes, fwythyn appere.

## C E L M O N D E, S E R V Y T O U R E.

## C E L M O N D E.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe  
here. 935

<sup>106</sup> Rifen.<sup>107</sup> church-yard.

C E L M O N D E, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

Celmonde! yee feynctes! I hope thou hafte goode  
newes.

C E L M O N D E.

The hope ys lofte: for heavie newes prepare.

B I R T H A.

Is Ælla welle?

C E L M O N D E.

Hee lyves; & ftylle maie ufe  
The behylte<sup>108</sup> bleffynge of a future yeare.

B I R T H A.

Whatte heavie tydyngge thenne have I to feare? 940  
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou fo latelie faie?

<sup>108</sup> Promifed.

C E L-

## C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.  
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie ;  
 In Wedecefter's wallid toune he lyes.

## B I R T H A.

O mie agroted breaft !

## C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

## B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's prefence ethe herr Ælla's payne ?  
 I flie ; newe wynges doe from mie fchoulderrs fprynge.

## C E L M O N D E.

Mie ftede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

## B I R T H A.

Oh ! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge ;

Sweetlie

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng bryng ; 950  
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.  
 O Ælla, Ælla ! dydste thou kenne the ftyng,  
 The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,  
 Thou wouldste fee playne thiefelfe the gare to bee ;  
 Aryfe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

## C E L M O N D E.

The ftede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre ;  
 Mie fervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;  
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;  
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.  
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ftaunche hys  
     bloode, 960  
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle  
     cheere ;  
 Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode <sup>109</sup> ;  
 You doe hys fpryte, & alle hys pleafaunce bere.  
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,  
 Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes  
     fmoke. 965

<sup>109</sup> Life.





## A W O D E.

## H U R R A, D A N E S.

## H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,  
 Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre ;  
 Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle flea,  
 Spreddyng our ugfomme rennome to afarre.  
 Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee  
           are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee ;  
 On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,  
 Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie  
           dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
 Estefoones we will retourne, & vanquished bee ne  
           moere. 985

L 2

The

[l. 985 vanquished : wanquished 1777, 1778]

The battelle lofte, a battelle was yndede ;  
 Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie ;  
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,  
 The Dacyannes, sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde  
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie ; 990  
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte ;  
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the lofs wylle paie,  
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn  
 fyghte ;  
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,  
 deſtroie ;—  
 Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of  
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure ſhuyrie brende ;  
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,  
 The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende ;  
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourettes  
 rende, 1000  
 Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof fende,  
 Beprengynge alle abrode fadde warre & bloddie weere.  
 Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie ;  
 And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth  
 bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkneps doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.  
 Howe fable ys the spreddynges skie arrayde !  
 Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,  
 Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dyfmayde ;  
 The starres doe scantillie <sup>110</sup> the fable brayde ; 1010  
 Wyde ys the fylver lemes of comforte wove ;  
 Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde ?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

<sup>110</sup> Scarcely, sparingly.

## B I R T H A.

Saieft thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.  
 Faygne would I fee once moe the roddie lemes of  
 daie. 1015

## C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

## B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

## C E L M O N D E.

- Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,  
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
 Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore<sup>iii</sup>, dothe  
 sheene, 1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;  
 See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,  
 Makeynge thys bower so pleasyng to the fyghte;

<sup>iii</sup> Torch.

Thys

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,  
 Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves  
 bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alfe mie  
 thoughtes  
 Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
 Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030  
 Am I betraſté<sup>112</sup>? where ys mie Ælla, faie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,  
 Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

<sup>112</sup> Betrayed.

## B I R T H A.

Awaie !

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,  
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

## C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the feynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.  
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.  
 O ! didst thou see mie breaftis troblous state, 1040  
 There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe !  
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,  
 Gyff Birtha styll wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.  
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,  
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleafaunce  
 brooke. 1045

## B I R T H A.

This love ys foule ; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie <sup>113</sup> fedde.

<sup>113</sup> Letchery.



Swythyne flie from mee, and ne further faie ;  
 Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.  
 Yee feynctes ! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050  
 And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the  
 thynges ?

Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde !  
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynges !  
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte !  
 Or welkyn <sup>114</sup> & her starres wyll take a maydens  
 parte. . . . . 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,  
 Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte ;  
 Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte frynges as stele ;  
 The merkye seefonne wylle your blosches hylte <sup>115</sup>.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde was  
 spylte ! . . . . . 1060

<sup>114</sup> heaven.

<sup>115</sup> hide.

## C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.  
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.  
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete alse hede.

## B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,  
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder  
 heare. 1065  
 Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

## C E L M O N D E, B I R T H A, H U R R A, D A N E S.

## H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.  
 I kenn hem; faie, who are you, yatte bee there?

## C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

This wordes wylle ne mie hartis fete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh ! fave mee from thys royner heere ! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee ; nowe faie this name & londe ;  
Or fwythyne schall mie fwerde this boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous <sup>116</sup> honde.

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie stryngge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he sleath,  
and faleth to Hurra.*

<sup>116</sup> Furious.

## C E L M O N D E.

Oh ! I forflagen <sup>117</sup> be ! ye Danes, now kenne,  
 I amme yatte Celmonde, feconde yn the fyghte,  
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, fo forflege youre menne ;  
 I fele myne eyne to fwymme yn æterne nyghte ;—  
 To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

## H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080  
 Saie, who bee you ?

## B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

## H U R R A.

Ah

## B I R T H A.

Gyff anenfte hym you harboure foule despyte,  
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlance take mie lyfe,

<sup>117</sup> flain.

Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,  
 From ewbryce <sup>118</sup> you mee pyghte, the worfste of mortal  
 woe. 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.  
 Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.  
 Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,  
 Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
 From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090  
 Forflagen Magnus, all oure fchippes ybrente;  
 Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to ftraie;  
 The fpeere of Dacya he ynne pieces fhente;  
 Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,  
 Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wyfched hym bytter  
 dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee ftylle.

<sup>118</sup> Adultery.

Botte

[l. 1084 Mie: Bie 1777, 1778. See Errata, p. 307]

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;  
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyn ;  
 The captives chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,  
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne ;  
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne ? 1100  
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,  
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-  
 dyng fhielde.

Whanne you, as caytyfnd, yn fielde dyd bee,  
 Hee oathed you to bee styll, & frayte dydd sette you  
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forflege <sup>119</sup> hys wyfe, because he's brave ?  
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare ?  
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,  
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere ?  
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110  
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoifelle bere,  
 Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne ?

<sup>119</sup> Slay.



The laſt you do approve ; ſo lette ytte bee ;  
 Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you fafe ſcalle bee wythe  
 mee. 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleſſynges maie the feynctes unto yee gyve !  
 Al pleaſaunce maie youre longe-ſtraughte livynges  
 bee !

Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,  
 Wylle thyncke too ſmalle a guyfte the londe & ſea.  
 O Celmonde ! I maie deſtlye rede bie thee, 1120  
 Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;  
 Maie ne thie croſs-ſtone <sup>120</sup> of thie cryme bewree !  
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !  
 Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,  
 I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Eaſte to ſheene ;  
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;  
 The feynthe rodde leme ſlowe creepeth oere the greene,  
 Toe chaſe the merkynes of nyghte awaie ;

<sup>120</sup> Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the  
daie ; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge graffe ;

The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante <sup>121</sup> fees her vyfage yn the wavie glaffe ;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,

Or Brystowes wallyd towne ; damoyfelle, followe  
mee. 1135

<sup>121</sup> Scarce.

A T B R Y S T O W E.

Æ L L A A N D S E R V I T O U R E S.

Æ L L A.

TYS nowe fulle morne ; I thoughten, bie lafte  
nyghte

To have been heere ; mie stede han notte mie love ;

Thys ys mie pallace ; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hýndlettes ; I fhal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove ;

Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.

Egwina, hafte, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne  
more. 1145

M

Æ L L A.

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to mee  
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of fhee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Æ L L A.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys fhee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

E G W I N A.

I will.

Æ L L A.

Caparyfon a score of stedes; flie, flie.

Where ys fhee? swythyne speeke, or instante thou  
shalte die. 1155

E G W I N A.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

Æ L L A.

Oh! speek.

M 2

E G W I N A.

## E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,  
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,  
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte fyke peyne—

## Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

## E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleyne <sup>122</sup>. 1160

As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,  
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe ;  
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere <sup>123</sup>,  
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
 wheere. 1165

## Æ L L A.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her  
 ayde

To chere her loufte ;—botte noe ; ytte cannotte bee.

<sup>122</sup> Only, alone.

<sup>123</sup> Search.

E G W I N A.



E G W I N A.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have fayde,  
 Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe ; I see, 1170  
 Shee wythe fomme louftie paramoure ys gone ;  
 Itte moſte bee foe—oh ! how ytte wracketh mee !  
 Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne ;  
 Nowe rage, & brondeous ſtorm, & tempeſte comme ;  
 Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enſwote mie  
 domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Loverde ! I am aboute the trouthe to faie.  
 Laſte nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reſte.  
 As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
 To Birtha onne hys name & place addreſte ;

Downe to hym camme shee ; butte thereof the  
 reste 1180

I ken ne matter ; fo, mie homage made—

## Æ L L A.

O ! speake ne moe ; mie harte flames yn yttes hefte ;  
 I once was Ælla ; nowe bee notte yttes fhade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned <sup>124</sup> headde I hanne been Ælla  
 ftylle. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburled <sup>125</sup> of alle mie spryte ;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce <sup>126</sup>  
 wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte ; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte ;  
 A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie honneur yette fomme drybplet joie maie  
 fynde, 1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve ;

Whanne thos mie rennome <sup>127</sup> & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a rebrandize to thyncke toe lyve ;

<sup>124</sup> Curfed, tormented.

<sup>125</sup> unarmed.

<sup>126</sup> soft, gentle.

<sup>127</sup> renown.

Mie hufcarles, untoe everie asker telle,  
 Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195  
 [*Stabbeth hys breste.*]

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be ftylle: fwythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.  
 Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde  
 Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.  
 [*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; fo alle maie telle. 1200  
 I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
 Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,  
 Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!  
 1262 [16] M 4 Botte,  
 [l. 1197 fwythe: ftythe 1777, 1778. See *Errata*, p. 307]

Botte, ah! fhee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte fhee moſte bee.

Æ L L A.

Ah! faie notte foe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblic  
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,  
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah! Birtha here!

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle  
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys hee?

Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

Æ L L A.

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed ; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge fee. 1210

This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,  
Ytte mee unsprytes <sup>128</sup>.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!  
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

<sup>128</sup> Un-fouls.

[16-2]

H U R R A.

## H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to  
thee. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Strevynge fulle harde anenfte a burlled fwayne;  
I fente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,  
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.  
Yis damoifelle foughte to be here agayne; 1220  
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;  
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

## C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.  
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could  
Ælla feare? 1225

## B I R T H A.



B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.  
 Botte doe reſte mee uponne mie Ælla's breafte ;  
 I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.  
 Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte,  
 Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeſte, 1230  
 To Watchette towne, where you deceafynge laie ;  
 I wyth hym fledde ; thro' a murke wode we preſte,  
 Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd faie ;  
 The Danes—

Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.— [dieth.

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?  
 O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal  
 bedde. 1235

[Birtha feynclēth.

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyngge toe!  
 Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,  
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne ?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne ; 1240

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste.

This countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,

A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste ;

Further, a just amede to thee to bee,

Inne heaven thou syng of Godde, on erthe we'lle syng  
of thee. 1245

T H E E N D E .

G O D D W Y N ;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,                    *bie T. Rowleie, the Aucthoure.*

GODDWYN,                 *bie Johan de Iscamme.*

ELWARDE,                 *bie Syrr Thybbot Gorges.*

ALSTAN,                    *bie Syrr Alan de Vere.*

KYNGE EDWARDE, *bie Mastre Willyam Canynge.*

*Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynnstrells.*

## P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maiftre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**W**HYLOMME <sup>1</sup> bie pensfmenne <sup>2</sup> moke <sup>3</sup> ungentle <sup>4</sup>  
name

Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,  
Dherebie benymmynge <sup>5</sup> hymme of faie <sup>6</sup> and fame ;  
Unliart <sup>7</sup> diviniftres <sup>8</sup> haveth faide,  
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie <sup>9</sup> wurche <sup>10</sup> ;      5  
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne <sup>11</sup> the church.

The aucthoure <sup>12</sup> of the piece whiche we enacte,  
Albeytte <sup>13</sup> a clergyon <sup>14</sup>, trouthe wyll wrytte.  
Inne drawyng of hys menne no wytte ys lackte ;  
Entyn <sup>15</sup> a kyng mote <sup>16</sup> bee full pleased to nyghte. 10  
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done ;  
Wee better for toe doe do champion <sup>17</sup> anie onne.

<sup>1</sup> Of old, formerly.    <sup>2</sup> writers, historians.    <sup>3</sup> much.    <sup>4</sup> inglorious.  
<sup>5</sup> bereaving.    <sup>6</sup> faith.    <sup>7</sup> unforgiving.    <sup>8</sup> divines, clergymen, monks.  
<sup>9</sup> holy.    <sup>10</sup> work.    <sup>11</sup> not.    <sup>12</sup> author.    <sup>13</sup> though, notwithstanding.  
<sup>14</sup> clerk, or clergyman.    <sup>15</sup> entyn, even.    <sup>16</sup> might.    <sup>17</sup> challenge.

GODDWYN ;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde <sup>18</sup> !

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,  
What foemen <sup>19</sup> riseth to ifrete <sup>20</sup> the londe.  
Theie batten <sup>21</sup> onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude  
dryncke,  
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

<sup>18</sup> Lord. <sup>19</sup> foes, enemies. <sup>20</sup> devour, destroy. <sup>21</sup> fatten.

H A R O L D E .



## H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme <sup>22</sup> blyn <sup>23</sup>, ne aledge <sup>24</sup> ftonde ; 5  
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore :  
 Am I betrayed <sup>25</sup>, fyke <sup>26</sup> fhulde mie burlie <sup>27</sup> bronde  
 Depeyncte <sup>28</sup> the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

## G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie fpryte <sup>29</sup> ful welle ; gentle thou art,  
 Stringe <sup>30</sup>, ugfomme <sup>31</sup>, rou <sup>32</sup>, as smethynge <sup>33</sup> armyes  
     feeme ; 10  
 Yett efte <sup>34</sup>, I feare, thie chefes <sup>35</sup> toe grete a parte,  
 And that thie rede <sup>36</sup> bee efte borne downe bie breme <sup>37</sup>.  
 What tydynges from the kynge ?

## H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the fhemynges <sup>38</sup> trayne.

<sup>22</sup> Grievance ; a fenfe of it.      <sup>23</sup> ceafe, be fill.      <sup>24</sup> idly.  
<sup>25</sup> deceived, impofed on.      <sup>26</sup> fo.      <sup>27</sup> fury, anger, rage.  
<sup>28</sup> paint, difplay.      <sup>29</sup> foul.      <sup>30</sup> ftrong.      <sup>31</sup> terrible.  
<sup>32</sup> horrid, grim.      <sup>33</sup> fmoking, bleeding.      <sup>34</sup> oft.      <sup>35</sup> heat, rafhnefs.  
<sup>36</sup> counfel, wifdom.      <sup>37</sup> ftrength, alfo ftrong.      <sup>38</sup> taudry, glimmering.

## G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15  
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.  
 What tydyngge withe the foulke <sup>39</sup> ?

## H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap <sup>40</sup>, ftylle toe the  
 kynge  
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.  
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a  
 ftyngge ? 20  
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee ?

## G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle fende us ayde.

## H A R O L D E.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde ourefelves wyth powre.  
 Whan Godde wylle fende us ayde ! tis fetelie <sup>41</sup> prayde.

<sup>39</sup> People.<sup>40</sup> fate, deſtiny.<sup>41</sup> nobly.

Moste we thofe calke <sup>42</sup> awaie the lyve-longe howre ? 25  
 Thos croche <sup>43</sup> oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne <sup>44</sup>,  
 Unburled <sup>45</sup>, undelievre <sup>46</sup>, unefpyte <sup>47</sup> ?  
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk <sup>48</sup> thoughte of peyne,  
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untylle fomme feafon fyttē. 30  
 Mie Kentyfhmen, thie Summertons fhall ryfe ;  
 Adented <sup>49</sup> prowefs <sup>50</sup> to the gite <sup>51</sup> of witte,  
 Agayne the argent <sup>52</sup> horfe fhall daunce yn skies.  
 Oh Harolde, heere forftraughteynge <sup>53</sup> wanhope <sup>54</sup>  
 lies.

Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe <sup>55</sup>. 35  
 Whylfte Edwardē to thie fonnes wylle nete alyfe <sup>56</sup>,  
 Shulde anie of thie fonnes fele aughte of ethe <sup>57</sup> ?  
 Upponne the trone <sup>58</sup> I fette thee, helde thie crowne ;  
 Botte oh ! twere homage nowe to pyghte <sup>59</sup> thee downe.

<sup>42</sup> Cast. <sup>43</sup> crofs, from crouche, a crofs. <sup>44</sup> attempt, or endeavour.  
<sup>45</sup> unarmed. <sup>46</sup> unactive. <sup>47</sup> unspirited. <sup>48</sup> fuch. <sup>49</sup> fastened, annexed.  
<sup>50</sup> might, power. <sup>51</sup> mantle, or robe. <sup>52</sup> white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horfe faliant, argent. <sup>53</sup> diftracting.  
<sup>54</sup> defpair. <sup>55</sup> bleed. <sup>56</sup> allow. <sup>57</sup> eafe. <sup>58</sup> throne. <sup>59</sup> pluck.

Thou arte all preefte, & notheynge of the kynge. 40  
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.  
 Know, ytte befeies <sup>60</sup> thee notte a masse to fynge ;  
 Servynge thie leegfolcke <sup>61</sup> thou arte ferynge Godde.

## H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a feryyce. To the skyes  
 The dailie contekes <sup>62</sup> of the londe ascende. 45  
 The wyddowe, fahdreleffe, & bondemennes cries  
 Acheke <sup>63</sup> the mokie <sup>64</sup> aire & heaven astende <sup>65</sup>.  
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende ;  
 Hancelled <sup>66</sup> from erthe these Normanne <sup>67</sup> hyndes  
 fhalle bee ;  
 Lyche a battently <sup>68</sup> low <sup>69</sup>, mie swerde fhalle  
 brende <sup>70</sup> ; 50  
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem <sup>71</sup> flea <sup>72</sup> ;  
 Wee wayte too longe ; our purpofe wylle defayte <sup>73</sup> ;  
 Aboune <sup>74</sup> the hyghe empryze <sup>75</sup>, & rouze the cham-  
 pyones strayte.

<sup>60</sup> Becomes. <sup>61</sup> subjects. <sup>62</sup> contentions, complaints. <sup>63</sup> choke.  
<sup>64</sup> dark, cloudy. <sup>65</sup> astonish. <sup>66</sup> cut off, destroyed. <sup>67</sup> slaves.  
<sup>68</sup> loud roaring. <sup>69</sup> flame of fire. <sup>70</sup> burn, consume. <sup>71</sup> them.  
<sup>72</sup> flay. <sup>73</sup> decay. <sup>74</sup> make ready. <sup>75</sup> enterprize.

## G O D D W Y N.

This fuster—

## H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte<sup>76</sup>, dyd shee speeke her foemen<sup>77</sup> fayre, 55  
 I wulde dequace<sup>78</sup> her comlie femlykeene<sup>79</sup>,  
 And foulde mie bloddie anlace<sup>80</sup> yn her hayre.

## G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir<sup>81</sup> blyn<sup>82</sup>.

## H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal<sup>83</sup> mere<sup>84</sup>,

Uprifte<sup>85</sup> withe hiltrene<sup>86</sup> wyndes & caufe unkend<sup>87</sup>,  
 Beheste<sup>88</sup> it to be lete<sup>89</sup>; so twylle appeare, 60  
 Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

<sup>76</sup> Notwithstanding.

<sup>77</sup> foes.

<sup>78</sup> mangle, destroy.

<sup>79</sup> beauty, countenance.

<sup>80</sup> an ancient sword.

<sup>81</sup> fury.

<sup>82</sup> cease.

<sup>83</sup> deadly. <sup>84</sup> lake.

<sup>85</sup> swollen.

<sup>86</sup> hidden.

<sup>87</sup> unknown.

<sup>88</sup> command. <sup>89</sup> still.

The gule-ſteynct<sup>90</sup> brygandyne<sup>91</sup>, the adventayle<sup>92</sup>,  
The feerie anlace<sup>92</sup> brede<sup>93</sup> ſhal make mie gare<sup>94</sup> pre-  
vayle.

## G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldeſt doe ?

## H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites<sup>95</sup> unfree, 65  
Here liethe Normans coupynge<sup>96</sup> her bie lotte,  
Caltynfnyng<sup>97</sup> everich native plante to gre<sup>98</sup>,  
Whatte woulde I doe ? I brondeous<sup>99</sup> wulde hem  
flee<sup>1</sup> ;  
Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghtefulle breme<sup>2</sup> ;  
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee, 70  
Mie ſpryte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtreme.  
Eftfoones I wylle bewryne<sup>3</sup> mie ragefulle ire,  
And Goddis anlace<sup>4</sup> wielde yn furie dyre.

<sup>90</sup> Red-ſtained.    <sup>91 92</sup> parts of armour.    <sup>93</sup> broad.    <sup>94</sup> cauſe.  
<sup>95</sup> rights, liberties.    <sup>96</sup> cutting, mangling.    <sup>97</sup> forbidding.    <sup>98</sup> grow.  
<sup>99</sup> furious.    <sup>1</sup> flay.    <sup>2</sup> ſtrength.    <sup>3</sup> declare.    <sup>4</sup> ſword.

## G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kyng?

## H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster <sup>5</sup> hym ordeyne; 75  
 Sette uppe som dygner <sup>6</sup> than I han pyghte <sup>7</sup> downe;  
 And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd <sup>8</sup> agayne.

## G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie <sup>9</sup> feyncte kyng reygne,  
 Ande somme moe reded <sup>10</sup> rule the untentyff <sup>11</sup>  
 reaulme;  
 Kyng Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80  
 To yelde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:  
 Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,  
 Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

<sup>5</sup> Monastery. <sup>6</sup> more worthy. <sup>7</sup> pulled, plucked. <sup>8</sup> displayed.  
<sup>9</sup> over-righteous. <sup>10</sup> counfelled, more wise. <sup>11</sup> uncareful, neglected.



## H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle bouthe ytte strayte ;  
 Bete <sup>12</sup> mee to flea <sup>13</sup> mie self, ytte shalle be done. 85

## G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle swythyne <sup>14</sup> the menes unplayte <sup>15</sup>,  
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie  
 sonne.

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,  
 Whatte agrames <sup>16</sup> braunce <sup>17</sup> out from the general  
 tree ;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock <sup>18</sup> gron <sup>19</sup> go  
 Drented <sup>20</sup> of alle yts fwolyng <sup>21</sup> owndes <sup>22</sup> shalle bee ;  
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryfe :

Eftfoons the Normans and owre agrame <sup>23</sup> flies.

## H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote <sup>24</sup> alle mie knyghtes,  
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as  
 brede <sup>25</sup> 95

<sup>12</sup> Bid, command.      <sup>13</sup> flay.      <sup>14</sup> presently.      <sup>15</sup> explain.  
<sup>16</sup> grievances.      <sup>17</sup> branch.      <sup>18</sup> wet, moist.      <sup>19</sup> fen, moor.  
<sup>20</sup> drained.      <sup>21</sup> swelling.      <sup>22</sup> waves.      <sup>23</sup> grievance.      <sup>24</sup> assemble.  
<sup>25</sup> broad.

As the ybroched <sup>26</sup> moon, when blaunch <sup>27</sup> the dyghtes <sup>28</sup>  
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede ;  
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-  
 tieft <sup>29</sup> blede,  
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen <sup>30</sup> foes,  
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests <sup>31</sup> a castle-ftede <sup>32</sup>, 100  
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke <sup>33</sup> yiere woes ;  
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,  
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

## G O D D W Y N.

Botte firte we'll call the loverdes of the West,  
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all ; 105  
 The moe wee gayne, the gare <sup>34</sup> wylle prosper beste,  
 Wythe syke a number wee can never fall.

## H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
 And alle attenes <sup>35</sup> the spreddyngge kyngedomme  
 bynde.

<sup>26</sup> Horned.    <sup>27</sup> white.    <sup>28</sup> decks.    <sup>29</sup> mightiest, most valiant.  
<sup>30</sup> slain.    <sup>31</sup> overfets,    <sup>32</sup> a castle.    <sup>33</sup> revenge.    <sup>34</sup> cause.  
<sup>35</sup> at once.

No crouched <sup>36</sup> champyone wythe an harte moe  
feygne 100

Dyd yffue owte the hallie <sup>37</sup> fwerde to fynde,  
Than I nowe ftrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!  
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne ;

I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feaffive halle,  
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

## G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie fonne.

## H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,  
Whan thee or thie felle foemens caufe mofte die.  
Thie geafon <sup>38</sup> wronges bee reyne <sup>39</sup> ynto theyre  
pryme ; 120

Nowe wylle thie fonnes unto thie succoure flie.

Alyche a storm egederinge <sup>40</sup> yn the skie,

Tys fulle ande brasteth <sup>41</sup> on the chaper <sup>42</sup> grounde ;

<sup>36</sup> One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.  
<sup>37</sup> holy. <sup>38</sup> rare, extraordinary, strange. <sup>39</sup> run, shot up.  
<sup>40</sup> assembling, gathering, <sup>41</sup> bursteth. <sup>42</sup> dry, barren.

Sycke fhalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,  
 And alle theyre mittee <sup>43</sup> menne be fleene <sup>44</sup>  
 arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreffionne falle,  
 Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele <sup>45</sup> fhall  
 calle.

Mighty.

<sup>44</sup> flain.

<sup>45</sup> help.

## K Y N G E E D W A R D E A N D H Y S Q U E E N E .

## Q U E E N E .

BOTTE, loverde <sup>46</sup>, whie fo manie Normannes here ?  
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.  
 These browded <sup>47</sup> straungers alwaie doe appere, 130  
 Theie parte yor trone <sup>48</sup>, and fete at your ryghte  
 honde.

## K Y N G E .

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underftonde :  
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie <sup>49</sup> kepe ;  
 Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre <sup>50</sup> me gronde ;  
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse flepe. 135

<sup>46</sup> Lord. <sup>47</sup> embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not  
 used in England till Hen. II. <sup>48</sup> throne. <sup>49</sup> perfon, body.  
<sup>50</sup> lodge.

Q U E E N E .

## Q U E E N E.

Mancas <sup>51</sup> you have yn store, and to them parte ;  
 Youre leege-folcke <sup>52</sup> make moke <sup>53</sup> dole <sup>54</sup>, you have  
 theyr worthe afterte <sup>55</sup>.

## K Y N G E.

I heste <sup>56</sup> no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.  
 Hallie <sup>57</sup> dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele <sup>58</sup>.  
 Theyre volundes <sup>59</sup> are ystorven <sup>60</sup> to self endes ; 140  
 No denwere <sup>61</sup> yn mie breste I of them fele :  
 I muste to prayers ; goe yn, and you do wele ;  
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie ;  
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele <sup>62</sup>,  
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe prairie. 145

## Q U E E N E.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were <sup>63</sup> ;  
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

<sup>51</sup> Marks.      <sup>52</sup> subjects.      <sup>53</sup> much.      <sup>54</sup> lamentation.  
<sup>55</sup> neglected, or passed by.      <sup>56</sup> require, ask.      <sup>57</sup> holy.      <sup>58</sup> help.  
<sup>59</sup> will.      <sup>60</sup> dead.      <sup>61</sup> doubt.      <sup>62</sup> waves.  
<sup>63</sup> heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E

## K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E.

## K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges  
thee here?

## H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente <sup>64</sup> ;  
The hus dyspenfe <sup>65</sup> unpaied doe appere ; 150  
The laste receivure <sup>66</sup> ys estefoones <sup>67</sup> dispente <sup>68</sup> .

## K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

## H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke  
Untoe the mitte <sup>69</sup> Erle Harolde of the thynges ;  
He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,  
Saieyng, go beare thatte message to the kyng. 155

<sup>64</sup> Purfe, used here probably as a treasury. <sup>65</sup> expence.  
<sup>66</sup> receipt. <sup>67</sup> foon. <sup>68</sup> expended. <sup>69</sup> a contradiction of mighty.

K Y N G E.



## K Y N G E.

Arace <sup>70</sup> hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,  
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

## H U G H E.

Atte feefon fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee;  
Botte nowe the folcke doe foe enalfe <sup>71</sup> hys name,  
Inne strevvyngē to flea hymme, ourfelves wee flea; 160  
Syke ys the doughtyness <sup>72</sup> of hys grete fame.

## K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede <sup>73</sup> ys notte to blame.  
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn  
Kente.

## H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the fame  
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

<sup>70</sup> Diveft.    <sup>71</sup> embrace.    <sup>72</sup> mightiness.    <sup>73</sup> counfel.

## K Y N G E.

## K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.  
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the  
 launde.

Thou kennefte howe thefe Englyfche erle doe bere  
 Such stednefs<sup>74</sup> in the yll and evylle thyng,  
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere<sup>75</sup>, 170  
 Onknowlachyng<sup>76</sup> gif thereunto to clynge.

## H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvelle<sup>77</sup> of a kyng !  
 O Edwarde, thou deferveft purer leege<sup>78</sup> ;  
 To thee heie<sup>79</sup> fhulden al their mancas brynge ;  
 Thie nodde fhould fave menne, and thie glomb<sup>80</sup>  
 forflege<sup>81</sup>. 175  
 I amme no curriedowe<sup>82</sup>, I lacke no wite<sup>83</sup>,  
 I fpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all fee is  
 ryghte.

<sup>74</sup> Firmnefs, stedfaftnefs.    <sup>75</sup> doubt, fufpenfe.    <sup>76</sup> not knowing.  
<sup>77</sup> wonder.    <sup>78</sup> homage, obeyfance.    <sup>79</sup> they.    <sup>80</sup> frown.    <sup>81</sup> kill.  
<sup>82</sup> curriedowe, flatterer.    <sup>83</sup> reward.

K Y N G E.

## K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie <sup>84</sup> manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele <sup>85</sup> mee ynn mie  
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife <sup>86</sup>, 180

And twayne of hamlettes <sup>87</sup> to thee and thie heyres.

So fhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn <sup>88</sup> have fyke love as to acqyre yer  
bredde.

<sup>84</sup> holy. <sup>85</sup> help. <sup>86</sup> allow. <sup>87</sup> manors. <sup>88</sup> alone.

O

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dreſte yn blodde-ſteyned veſte,  
 To everie knyghte her warre-ſonge funge, 185  
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſprede ;  
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;

She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of ſylver hue, 190  
 In vayne affayled <sup>1</sup> her boſomme to acale <sup>2</sup> ;  
 She hearde onflemmed <sup>3</sup> the ſhriekynge voice of woe,  
 And fadneſſe ynne the owlette ſhake the dale.

She ſhooke the burled <sup>4</sup> ſpeere,

On hie ſhe jeſte <sup>5</sup> her ſheelde, 195

Her foemen <sup>6</sup> all appere,

And flizze <sup>7</sup> alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod <sup>8</sup> ſtraught <sup>9</sup> ynto the ſkyes,  
 Hys ſpeere a ſonne-beame, and his ſheelde a ſtarre,

<sup>1</sup> Endeavoured.    <sup>2</sup> freeze.    <sup>3</sup> undismayed.    <sup>4</sup> armed, pointed.  
<sup>5</sup> hoisted on high, raised.    <sup>6</sup> foes, enemies.    <sup>7</sup> fly.    <sup>8</sup> head.  
<sup>9</sup> stretched.

Alyche <sup>10</sup> twaie <sup>11</sup> brendeynge <sup>12</sup> gronfyres <sup>13</sup> rolls hys  
eyes, 200

Chaftes <sup>14</sup> with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fytted upon a rocke,

She bendes before his fpeere,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wioldyng her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe fhe drive ytte on,

Wytted fcillye <sup>15</sup> wymped <sup>16</sup> gies <sup>17</sup> ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe fharpe fpeere, hys fpreddyng fheelde ys  
gon,

He falles, and fallyng rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld <sup>18</sup>,  
arift <sup>19</sup>, 210

Hys feerie heaulme <sup>20</sup> noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ftreynyng fyfte—

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> Like. <sup>11</sup> two. <sup>12</sup> flaming. <sup>13</sup> meteors. <sup>14</sup> beats, stamps.  
<sup>15</sup> clofely. <sup>16</sup> mantled, covered. <sup>17</sup> guides. <sup>18</sup> armed. <sup>19</sup> arofe.  
<sup>20</sup> helmet.

## ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. R O W L E I E.

B O O K E \* I<sup>st</sup>.

**W**HANNE Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves  
 theie chace,  
 Peync<sup>1</sup>ted in horrowe <sup>2</sup> formes bie nature dyghte,  
 Heckled <sup>3</sup> yn beaftskyns, flepte uponne the waste,  
 And wyth the morneyng rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,  
 Swefte as descendeynge lemes <sup>4</sup> of roddie lyghte 5  
 Plonged to the hulfred <sup>5</sup> bedde of laveynge seas,  
 Gerd <sup>6</sup> the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets <sup>7</sup>  
 twighte <sup>8</sup>,  
 And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,  
 Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred  
 defs <sup>9</sup>,  
 That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched <sup>10</sup> clefs. 10

<sup>1</sup> I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.

<sup>2</sup> unseemly, disagreeable. <sup>3</sup> wrapped. <sup>4</sup> rays. <sup>5</sup> hidden, secret.

<sup>6</sup> broke, rent. <sup>7</sup> small pieces. <sup>8</sup> pulled, rent. <sup>9</sup> vapours, meteors.

<sup>10</sup> emblaunched.

Soft

[Title: See Introduction p. xli]

Soft boundeynge over fwelleynge azure reles <sup>11</sup>

The falvage natyves fawe a fhyppe appere ;

An uncouth <sup>12</sup> denwere <sup>13</sup> to theire bofomme fteles ;

Theyre myghte ys knopped <sup>14</sup> ynne the frofte of fere.

The headed javlyn liffeth <sup>15</sup> here and there ; 15

Theie ftonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne ;

The fhypes fayle, boleynge <sup>16</sup> wythe the kyndelie  
ayre,

Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne ;

Theie dryve awaie aghafte, whanne to the ftonde

A burl <sup>17</sup> Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien fweerde yn  
honde. 20

Hymme followede eftfoones hys compheeres <sup>18</sup>, whose  
fwerdes

Glefred lyke gledeyng <sup>19</sup> ftarres ynne froftie nete,

Hayleyng theire capytayne in chirckynge <sup>20</sup> wordes

Kynge of the lande, whereon theie fet theyre fete.

The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
greete, 25

Prepared for battle, marefchalled the fyghte ;

<sup>11</sup> Ridges, rifing waves.

<sup>12, 13</sup> unknown tremour.

<sup>14</sup> fastened, chained, congealed.

<sup>15</sup> boundeth.

<sup>16</sup> fwelling.

<sup>17</sup> armed.

<sup>18</sup> companions.

<sup>19</sup> livid.

<sup>20</sup> a confufed noife.



Their urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete  
 As fleaynge cloudes that fwymme before the fyghte ;  
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceefe the fraie,  
 Their uncted <sup>21</sup> Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns  
 fwaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed <sup>22</sup> up the myndes,  
 Leggende <sup>23</sup> the salvage unthewes <sup>24</sup> of their breste,  
 Improved in mysterk <sup>25</sup> warre, and lymmed <sup>26</sup> theyre  
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.  
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35  
 Of fwaie, and vested yn the paramente <sup>27</sup> ;  
 Halceld <sup>28</sup> the bykrous <sup>29</sup> Huns, who dyd infeste  
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente ;  
 As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was  
 honge,

He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled  
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede,  
 Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade ;

<sup>21</sup> Anointed. <sup>22</sup> enlightened. <sup>23</sup> alloyed. <sup>24</sup> savage barbarity.  
<sup>25</sup> mystic. <sup>26</sup> polished. <sup>27</sup> a princely robe. <sup>28</sup> defeated. <sup>29</sup> warring.

Bloufshing,

Bloufhing, alyche <sup>30</sup> the fcarlette of herr wede,  
 She fonke to pleafaunce on the marryage bedde.  
 Eftfoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde ; 45  
 Elfrid ametten with the kynge Locryne ;  
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her fhedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;  
 The mornynge tyngge, the rofe, the lillie floure,  
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre  
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love ;  
 Theie lyved foft momentes to a fwotie <sup>31</sup> age ;  
 Eft <sup>32</sup> wandringe yn the cppyce, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre difporte engage ;  
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyngge fage <sup>33</sup>, 55  
 Croppe the prymrofen floure to decke theyre headde ;  
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
 Gemoted <sup>34</sup> warriours to bewrecke <sup>35</sup> her bedde ;  
 Theie rofe ; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene ;  
 The faire Elfrida fledde from the enchafed <sup>36</sup> queene. 60

<sup>30</sup> Like.      <sup>31</sup> fweet.      <sup>32</sup> oft.      <sup>33</sup> a tale.      <sup>34</sup> affembled.  
<sup>35</sup> revenge.      <sup>36</sup> heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,  
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she hafte awaie,  
 To where the Western mittee <sup>37</sup> pyles of claie 65  
 Arife ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere ;  
 There dyd Elfrida and Sabryna staie ;  
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch <sup>38</sup>  
 and gear ;  
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-  
 grate <sup>39</sup>. 70

The queene Gendolyne fente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng <sup>40</sup>  
 skies,  
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte <sup>41</sup>,  
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele <sup>42</sup> emprize <sup>43</sup>.  
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn  
 nyghte,

<sup>37</sup> Mighty.      <sup>38</sup> apparel.      <sup>39</sup> esteem, favour.      <sup>40</sup> glittering.  
<sup>41</sup> fettled.      <sup>42</sup> help.      <sup>43</sup> adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint <sup>44</sup> acres lies,  
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte ;  
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myfchaunce hys gye <sup>45</sup>,  
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
 Harried <sup>46</sup> uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,  
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe aftounde <sup>47</sup>,  
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.  
 The flying wolffynnes fente a yelleynge crie ; 85  
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount ;  
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie estfoones die ;  
 Thorowe the fandie grave boiled up the pourple  
 founte,  
 On a broade graffie playne was layde the hylle,  
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed <sup>48</sup>  
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kened the actyons of the wyghte,  
 To leggen <sup>49</sup> the fadde happe of twayne so fayre,  
 Houton <sup>50</sup> dyd make the mountaine bie their mighte.  
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

<sup>44</sup> Many. <sup>45</sup> guide. <sup>46</sup> toft. <sup>47</sup> astonish. <sup>48</sup> glassy, reflecting.  
<sup>49</sup> lessen, alloy. <sup>50</sup> hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course byfmare <sup>51</sup>; 95  
 From female Vyncente fhotte a ridge of ftones,  
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere ;  
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elftryds bones.  
 So are theie cleped ; gentle and the hynde  
 Can telle, that Severnes freeme bie Vyncentes rocke's  
 ywrynde <sup>52</sup>. 100

The bawfyn <sup>53</sup> gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,  
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was yfped <sup>54</sup> ;  
 Whanne, as he ftrod alonge the fhakeynghe lee,  
 The roddie levynne <sup>55</sup> glefterrd on hys headde :  
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures fpreade ; 105  
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie <sup>56</sup> payne ;  
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes <sup>57</sup> were  
 fed,  
 He felle an hepe of afhes on the playne :  
 Stylelles does hys afhes fhootte ynto the lyghte,  
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte  
 hyghte. 110

<sup>51</sup> Bewildered, curious.      <sup>52</sup> hid, covered.      <sup>53</sup> huge, bulky.  
<sup>54</sup> difpatched.      <sup>55</sup> red lightning.      <sup>56</sup> cruel.      <sup>57</sup> flames, rays.

F I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE  
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY<sup>1</sup>,  
1464.

**I**N Virgyne the fweltrie fun gan sheene,  
And hotte upon the mees<sup>2</sup> did caste his raie;  
The apple rodded<sup>3</sup> from its palie greene,  
And the mole<sup>4</sup> peare did bende the leafy sprai; ;  
The peede chelandri<sup>5</sup> funge the livelong daie ;       5  
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
And eke the grounde was dighte<sup>6</sup> in its mose deste<sup>7</sup>  
aumere<sup>8</sup>.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken<sup>9</sup> blue,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersfetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. <sup>2</sup> meads. <sup>3</sup> reddened, ripened. <sup>4</sup> soft. <sup>5</sup> pied goldfinch. <sup>6</sup> drest, arrayed. <sup>7</sup> neat, ornamental. <sup>8</sup> a loose robe or mantle. <sup>9</sup> the sky, the atmosphere.

When



When from the fea arift <sup>10</sup> in drear arraie 10  
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring <sup>11</sup> attenes <sup>12</sup> the funnis fetive <sup>13</sup> face,  
 And the blacke tempeste fwolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie fide, 15  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent <sup>14</sup> lede,  
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle <sup>15</sup> in his weede,  
 Longe bretful <sup>16</sup> of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer <sup>17</sup> flie? 20  
 He had no housen theree, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed <sup>18</sup> face, his sprighte there scanne ;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd <sup>19</sup>, deade !

<sup>10</sup> Arofe. <sup>11</sup> hiding, shrouding. <sup>12</sup> at once. <sup>13</sup> beauteous.  
<sup>14</sup> It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. <sup>15</sup> beggarly.  
<sup>16</sup> filled with. <sup>17</sup> beggar. <sup>18</sup> clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words ; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light ; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. <sup>19</sup> dry, sapless.



Hafte to thie church-glebe-houfe <sup>20</sup>, afshrewed <sup>21</sup>  
manne !

Hafte to thie kifte <sup>22</sup>, thie onlie dortoure <sup>23</sup> bedde. 25

Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves ;

Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;

The forfwat <sup>24</sup> meadowes smethe <sup>25</sup>, and drenche <sup>26</sup> the  
raine ; 30

The comyng ghaftnefs do the cattle pall <sup>27</sup>,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;

Dafhde from the cloudes the waters flott <sup>28</sup> againe ;

The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne <sup>29</sup> flies ;

And the hot fierie smothe <sup>30</sup> in the wide lowings <sup>31</sup>  
dies. 35

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge <sup>32</sup> found

Cheves <sup>33</sup> flowlie on, and then embollen <sup>34</sup> clangs,

<sup>20</sup> The grave.

<sup>21</sup> accursed, unfortunate.

<sup>22</sup> coffin.

<sup>23</sup> a sleeping room.

<sup>24</sup> fun-burnt.

<sup>25</sup> fmoke.

<sup>26</sup> drink.

<sup>27</sup> *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.

<sup>28</sup> fly.

<sup>29</sup> lightning.

<sup>30</sup> steam, or vapours.

<sup>31</sup> flames.

<sup>32</sup> noisy.

<sup>33</sup> moves.

<sup>34</sup> fwelled, strengthened.

Shakes the hie spyre, and lofft, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard <sup>35</sup> eare of terroure hanges ;  
 The windes are up ; the lofty elmen fwanges ;      40  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are brafte <sup>36</sup> attenes in ftonen  
 flowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;  
 His chapournette <sup>37</sup> was drented with the reine,      45  
 And his pencte <sup>38</sup> gyrdle met with mickle shame ;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll <sup>39</sup> at the fame ;  
 The storme encreafen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist <sup>40</sup> almes craver neere to the holme to  
 bide.

His cope <sup>41</sup> was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,      50  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne ;  
 His autremete <sup>42</sup> was edged with golden twynne,

<sup>35</sup> Frighted.      <sup>36</sup> burst.      <sup>37</sup> a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.  
<sup>38</sup> painted.      <sup>39</sup> He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify cursing.      <sup>40</sup> poor, needy.      <sup>41</sup> a cloke.      <sup>42</sup> a loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And his shoone pyke a loverds <sup>43</sup> mighte have binne ;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no finne :  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleafde his fighte, 55  
 For the horfe-millanare <sup>44</sup> his head with rofes dighte.

An almes, fir priefte ! the droppynge pilgrim faide,  
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the funne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loude tempefte of the aire is oer ; 60  
 Helpeles and ould am I alas ! and poor ;  
 No houfe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my filver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, ceafe your dinne ;  
 This is no feafon almes and prayers to give ; 65  
 Mie porter never lets a faitour <sup>45</sup> in ;  
 None touch mie rynges who not in honour live.  
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did  
 ftryve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftfoones roadde  
 awaie. 70

<sup>43</sup> A lord.  
 feldom employed.

<sup>44</sup> I believe this trade is ftill in being, though but  
<sup>45</sup> a beggar, or vagabond.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;  
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was feen ;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;  
 His cope and jape <sup>46</sup> were graie, and eke were clene ;  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ; 75  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim fayde,  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threde, 80  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline <sup>47</sup> fhake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe <sup>48</sup> thie care ;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete <sup>49</sup> of oure owne we  
 bare.

But ah ! unhailie <sup>50</sup> pilgrim, lerne of me, 85  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here take my femecope <sup>51</sup>, thou arte bare I fee ;

<sup>46</sup> A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.    <sup>47</sup> joy.    <sup>48</sup> ease.    <sup>49</sup> nought.    <sup>50</sup> unhappy.  
<sup>51</sup> a short under-cloke.

Tis thyne ; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure<sup>52</sup>, go  
Or give the mittee<sup>53</sup> will, or give the gode man power.

<sup>52</sup> Glory.

<sup>53</sup> mighty, rich.

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N<sup>o</sup> 1.]

**O**CHRISTE, it is a grief for me to telle,  
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte  
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,  
 Al fleyne in Haftyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
 O fea ! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5  
 Han anie fructuous entendement,  
 Thou wouldst have rose and fank wyth tydes of bloude,  
 Before Duke Wylllyam's knyghts han hither went ;  
     Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,  
     And brued the feeld wyth bloude as feason rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,  
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15  
 From out of hearynge quicklie now departe ;  
 Full well I wote, to fyng of bloudie warre  
 Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.  
 Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,  
 And fcond your manfion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,  
 And fonne was come to byd us all good daie,  
 Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
 Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.  
 As when two bulles, deftynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25  
 Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,  
 Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,  
 Lackynge to gage the fportive bloudie warre ;  
 Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,  
 The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen fpake ;  
 My merrie men, be not cafte downe in mynde ;  
 Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
 Before yon funne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.  
 Your lovyng wife, who erft dyd rid the londe 35  
 Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,



Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.

Cheer up youre hartes, chafe forrowe farre awaie,  
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylllyam to his knyghtes did faie ;

My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche ;

Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,

Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.

Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte ; 45

Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse ;

Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte ;

Ne doubtte but God will oure true cause bleffe.

The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille ;

Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys faie ;

He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,

The noife it made the duke to turn awaie,

And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.

His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde ; 55

The cruel spear went thorough all his hede ;

The purpel bloude came goufhyng to the grounde,

And at Duke Wylllyam's feet he tumbled deade :

So

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
It felte the furie of the Danifh menne. 60

O Afflem, fon of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
Come ayde thy freend, and fhewe Duke Wyllyams payne ;  
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte ;  
Thy coloryng excells a fnyger ftrayne.  
Duke Wyllyam fawe hys freende fleyne piteouffie, 65  
Hys lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,  
And theie together bothe han bin ybred :

O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayfde a flame,  
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brafen crosse-bowe in his honde,  
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,  
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
Han by his foundyngge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.  
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75  
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest ;  
But nowe his destind howre did aryve,  
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:  
So have I feen a ladie-smock foe white,  
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,  
 That in his tender guttes it entered,  
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,  
 And downe with flaiten noyfe he funken dede.  
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horfe, 85  
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie dufte,  
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corfe,  
 That Alured coude not hymself alufte.  
 The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,  
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,  
 The Englysh nete but short horfe-spears could welde ;  
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,  
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95  
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,  
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke ;  
 Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.  
 The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the fame,  
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they  
 came. 100

Duke Wylliam drewe agen hys arrowe ftrynge,  
 An arrowe withe a fylver-hede drewe he ;  
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd fynge,  
 And hytt the horfe of Toffelyn on the knee.  
 At this brave Tofslyn threwe his fhort horfe-fpeare ; 105  
 Duke Wylliam ftooped to avoyde the blowe ;  
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,  
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow :  
 Upon his helme foe furious was the froke,  
 It fplete his<sup>e</sup> bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn fplete in tweine,  
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,  
 But on Deftoutvilles fholder came ameine,  
 And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.  
 Then Doullie myghte his boweftrynge drewe, 115  
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,  
 But Harolde's afenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,  
 And it fell bootlefs on the bloudie grounde.  
 Siere Doullie, when he fawe hys venge thus broke,  
 Death-doynge blade from out the fcabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde on everych fyde,  
 And face to face appeared the knyghts full brave ;

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They

[l. 104 of Toffelyn : Toffelyn 1777, 1778. See *Errata*, p. 307]

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They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,  
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.  
 So have I fene two weirs at once give grounde, 125  
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne ;  
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,  
 Burfte waves on waves, and spangle in the funne ;  
 And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,  
 Like cowards, fele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,  
 Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefarre,  
 At echone tylte and tourney he was feene,  
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre ;  
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135  
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe ;  
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,  
 O Chryste ! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.  
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,  
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love ;  
 In England's court, in goode Kyng Edward's regne,  
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove ;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145  
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,  
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,  
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe ;  
And now with fovrayn Wyllyam he came,  
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus fet  
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head ;  
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,  
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.  
So have I fene a mountayne oak, that longe 155  
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne fyde,  
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride ;  
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,  
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,  
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165  
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,

[19-2]

And



And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,  
 And oute the crymfon streme of bloude gan flowe ;  
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,  
 And smok'd in puddles on the duftie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,  
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,  
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
 And bothe together quicklie funken dede.  
 So have I feen a rocke o'er others hange, 175  
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange  
 That he the fleewe unravels all their fate,  
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
 And in the battel he much goode han done ;  
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185  
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;  
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :



True as a shadow to a substant thyng,  
 So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,  
 He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,  
 And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
 Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.  
 And then retretd for to garde his kynge, 195

On dented launce he bore the harte awaie ;  
 An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
 Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie ;  
 The grey-goofe pynion, that thereon was sett,  
 Eftfoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
 Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
 And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
 Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.  
 This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205

Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face ;  
 His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,  
 But lyv'd in love and Rofaline's embrace ;  
 And like a useles weede amonge the haie  
 Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kynge

Kyng Haroldde then he putt his yeomen bie,  
 And ferlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;  
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,  
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwyn too, 215  
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,  
 Kyng Haroldde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,  
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to garde ;  
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,  
 Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge  
 fperes. 220

As when some ryver with the feason raynes  
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,  
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,  
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft ;  
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225  
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,  
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,  
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;  
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,  
 Their foules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
 To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde ;  
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,  
 The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.  
 Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235  
 Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe ;  
 But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head ;  
 He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.  
 So was the hope of all the iffue gone,  
 And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,  
 To where the boddie of Salnarville laie ;  
 Quod he ; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte ?  
 I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.  
 Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said ; 245  
 I am a cunnyng erle, and that can tell ;  
 Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,  
 And on his freend eftsoons he lifelefs fell,  
 Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne ; great God forefend,  
 It be the fate of no fuch trustie freende ! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque ;  
 He turned aboute and vilely fouten flie ;

But

But Egwyn cutt fo deepe into his backe,  
 He rolled on the grounde and foon dyd die.  
 His diftant fonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255  
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynfman's lote,  
 But foone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng fpear  
 Stucke in his harte, and ftayd his fpeed, God wote.  
 He tumbled downe clofe by hys kynfman's fyde,  
 Myngle their ftremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote  
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftfoons dyd flee ;  
 Who dying fayd ; ah me ! how hard my lote !  
 Now flayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.  
 So have I feen a leafie elm of yore 265  
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine ;  
 But, when the fpendyng landlord is growne poore,  
 It falls benethe the axe of fome rude fweine ;  
 And like the oke, the foveran of the woode,  
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it floode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,  
 On Hubert ftrongeft of the Normanne crewe,  
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,  
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde ; 275  
 And was demafing howe to take his life,  
 When he behynde received a ghaftlie wounde  
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe ;  
 Bafe trecherous Normannes, if fuch actes you doe,  
 The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe  
 Han made his crymfon bloude and fpirits floe ;  
 And knowlachyng he foon must quyt this lyfe,  
 Refolved Hubert should too with hym goe.  
 He held hys truffie fwerd againft his breste, 285  
 And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte ;  
 And both together then did take their reft,  
 Their foules from corpfes unaknell'd depart ;  
 And both together foughte the unknown shore,  
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd fpie,  
 And hie alofe his temper'd fwerde dyd welde,  
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,  
 His prooffe steel armoure did him littel fheelde ;  
 And not contente, he fplete his hede in twaine, 295  
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde ;

Mean

Mean while the other erlies on the playne  
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,  
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
 But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode ;  
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,  
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude ;  
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses syng 305  
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,  
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kyng,  
 Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the Brittifh coaste,  
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,  
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)  
 The Saxonnez steynd the place wyth Brittifh gore,  
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.  
 Tho' Chryftians, styll they thoghte mouche of the  
 pile, 315  
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede ;

'Twas

[l. 300 women in men's : men in women's 1777, 1778. See *Errata*,  
 p. 307]



'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle  
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengift bleede ;  
 O Hengift ! han thy caufe bin good and true,  
 Thou wouldst fuch murdrous acts as these efchew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,  
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine ;  
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree  
 He lefte to fmoke upon the bloudie pleine :  
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325  
 And with his bowe he fmote the erlies hede ;  
 Who eftfoons gored hym with his tylying launce,  
 And at his horfes feet he tumbled dede :  
 His partyng fpirit hovered o'er the floude  
 Of fodayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple  
 bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a fquier of low degree,  
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;  
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
 A punie wounde, that caufd but littel peine.  
 So have I feene a Dolthead place a ftone, 335  
 Enthoghte to ftai a driving rivers courfe ;



But better han it bin to lett alone,

It onlie drives it on with mickle force ;

The erlie, wounded by so bafe a hynde,

Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,

Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte ;

His fader was a manne of mickle fame,

And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.

Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe, 345

The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte ;

And at eche other vengouflie they flewe,

As mastie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte ;

Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,

Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,

Thatt fplytte eftfoons his crifted helm in twayne ;

Whiche he perforce withe target covered,

And to the battel went with myghte ameine.

The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355

Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see ;

He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,

And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee :

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
 So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
 And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde ;  
 The erlie's squier then a fwerde did sticke  
 Into his harte, a dedlie ghaftlie wounde ;  
 And downe he felle upon the crymfon pleine, 365  
 Upon Chatillion's foulles corse of claie ;  
 A puddie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine ;  
 Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie ;  
 As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,  
 To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,  
 And nowe agayne appered on the feeld ;  
 And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
 To his dethe-doyng fwerd his life did yeeld ;  
 When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375  
 Intending Herewaldus to have fleyne ;  
 It mis'd ; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
 And at his pole came out with horrid payne.  
 Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,  
 His noble foule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire  
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;  
 Quod he ; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,  
 But I will be revenged for the fame.  
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte, 385  
 And drew thereout a ſteemie drierie lode ;  
 Quod he ; theſe offals are for ever curſt,  
 Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.  
 Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,  
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon  
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,  
 Ah me ! ſayde he ; what woeful ſyghte I fee !  
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than fighe ;  
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.  
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 395  
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;  
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,  
 And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.  
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,  
 White ruſhe the burſtyng waves, and roar along the  
 weir. 400

The

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,  
 And with the other he his launce besped ;  
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.  
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede ;  
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405  
 But peerc'd his shoulde, ghastlie wounde inferne,  
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,  
 Whyche foone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.  
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,  
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse  
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all fmore ;  
 And now eletten on another horse,  
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
 The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415  
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene ;  
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
 As to be fleyen by a wighte fo meene.  
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie fett,  
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete ;  
 The afenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
 The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
 Advaucynge, as a maftie at a bull, 425  
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte ;  
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte ;  
     Clofe by the Norman champyons he han fleine,  
     He fell ; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the  
         pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie juft,  
 A launce, that ftroke Partaie upon the thighe,  
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie dufte ;  
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie fhalt die.  
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte ; 435  
 He fcritch'd and fcreem'd in melancholie mood ;  
 And at his backe eftfoons came out, God wote,  
 And after it a crymfon ftreme of bloude :  
     In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,  
     While life and dethe ftrove for the mafterrie, 440  
         He

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,  
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.  
 Behynde the erlie Fifcampe did advaunce,  
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife ;  
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445  
 Eftfoons his trustie fwerde he forthwyth drewe,  
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fifcampe sent,  
 That foule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.  
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
 Will black there earthlie name, if not their foule. 450

When lo ! an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge ;  
 And slewe the noble flower of Powyflonde,  
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.  
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455  
 With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde ;  
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,  
 Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode ;  
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,  
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460



Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did feck,  
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on ;  
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck ;  
 And then did say ; go, champyon, get agone.  
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465  
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;  
 His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,  
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;  
     As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
     Falls to the pleine ; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,  
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
 As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.  
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475  
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
 All living creatures flie far from their fyghte,  
 Ne by the race of deffinie be seen ;  
     For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
     Their foules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
 The Normans eftfoons fled awaie aghaste ;

And



And lefte behynde their bowe and afenglave,  
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart hafte.  
 His garb fufficient were to move affryghte ; 485  
 A wolf fkin girded round his myddle was ;  
 A bear fkin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
 Was tytend round his fhoulders by the claws :  
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,  
 Upon his fhoulder wore a lyon's fkin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-fweftte legges he wore  
 A hugie goat fkin, all of one grete peice ;  
 A boar fkin sheelde on his bare armes he bore ;  
 His gauntletts were the fkyynn of harte of greece.  
 They fledde ; he followed clofe upon their heels, 495  
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne ;  
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels ;  
 He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.  
 His bloude went downe the fwerde unto his arme,  
 In fpringing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His fwerde was fhorte, and broade, and myckle keene,  
 And no mann's bone could ftonde to ftoppe itts waie ;  
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,  
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505  
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;  
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,  
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte ;  
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,  
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,  
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;  
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,  
 And bloude afrefhe came trickling from the wounde.  
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515  
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym ;  
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym ;  
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great difmaie,  
 They turned about, eftfoons upon hym lept,  
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.  
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525  
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque ;

And

And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier,  
His vifage was turned round unto his backe.

Backe to his harte retyr'd the ufelefs gore,  
And felle upon the pleine to rife no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,  
And broke his helm and feiz'd hym bie the throte :  
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.  
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ftronge, 535  
And from their fockets started out his eyes ;  
And from his mouthe came out his blamelefs tonge ;  
And bothe in peyne and anguifhe eftfoon dies.

As fome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore  
laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came  
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to affift ;  
A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel lift.  
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545  
And Ethelbert at Walleris fet his ;

And

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,  
But Ethelbert by a myfchaunce dyd mifs :

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the ftrande,  
He ne deferved a death from erlies hande.

550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
The poynted launce of Egward did ypafs ;

The diftaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,  
And he fell breathlefs on the blouddie grafs.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,

555

The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,

And hytt the fquier thylke a lethal wounde,

Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :

Oh fhame to Norman armes ! a lord a flave,

A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave !

560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;

Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :

There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions fpeak—

\* \* \* \* \*

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N<sup>o</sup> 2.]

**O**H Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe to  
     pryze,  
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe fylver rays,                      5  
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,  
 With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,  
 The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;  
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,  
 She fees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curfe and  
     pryde.    10

With ale and vernage drunk his fouldiers lay;  
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

Sad

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !

This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !

Thro' everie troope diforder reer'd her hedde ; 15

Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme ;

Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of coming dethe afraide,

All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and  
praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde ;

Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,

And search how farre our foeman's campe doth  
bound ;

Yourself have rede ; I nede to faie ne more.

My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25

My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,

Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,

And waiten tyll I fende the heft for fyghte.

He faide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,

Succes and cheerfulness depicte'd on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,

And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,

When

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce  
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.

He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35

Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;

Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;

The proto-flene manne of the fiede he felle ;

Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curls,

Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth  
 pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-fonge came,

Roufd from their praiers by the flotting crie ;

Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,

Not once theie stoode abashd, or thoghte to flie.

He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45

Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,

That makes a vallie wherefoe're it lie ;

\* Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne ;

So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,

And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone  
 lowe. 50

\* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe so fierce that it threw  
 a stone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this  
 lefte out o line.



Tancarville thus ; alle peace in Williams name ;  
 Let none edraw his arcublafter bowe.  
 Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the fame,  
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.  
 The fire wente onne ; ye menne, what mean ye fo 55  
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte ?  
 Quod Gyrthe ; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,  
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte ;  
 Here fingle onlie thefe to all thie crewe  
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught ;  
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde ;  
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65  
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were ;  
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,  
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.  
 Quod Willyam ; thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English  
 ground. 70

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypafs'd,  
 And fawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde ;  
 They flepte, as thoughe they woulde have flepte theyr  
 laft,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth fhame aftownd ; 75  
 Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage ;  
 When throughe the hollow tentes thefe wordes dyd  
 found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age !

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde ?

Awake, ye hufcarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chafe the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burled croke, and fore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowes fyres the coistrell lad ;

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine ;  
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line ;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-  
     spear shine ; 95  
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde ;  
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne defygne,  
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde ;  
 Some caught a slugorne, and an onfett wounde ;  
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the  
     founde. 100

Thus Leofwine ; O women cas'd in stele !  
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede  
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,  
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede ?  
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the  
     deede. 105  
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.  
 Oh shame ! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande !

He

He sayde ; and fham on everie vifage fprede,  
 Ne fawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he ; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.  
 The Kentyfh menne in fronte, for ftrenght renownd,  
 Next the Bryftowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
 And laft the numerous crewe fhall preffe the grounde.  
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde ; 115  
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bryftowe bande ;  
 And Bertrams fonne, the man of glorious wounde,  
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande ;  
 And let the Londoners and Suffers plie  
 Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte fkyrts anie. 120

He faide ; and as a packe of hounds belent,  
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
 If one perchaunce fhall hit upon the fcent,  
 With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run ;  
 So ftyrrd the valiante Saxons everych one ; 125  
 Soone linked man to man the champyones floode ;  
 To 'tone for their bewrate fo foone 'twas done,  
 And lyfted bylls enfeem'd an yron woode ;

Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,  
 And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand  
                   fights. 130

Thus Leofwine ; today will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state ;  
 This funnes aunture be felt for years to come ;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.  
 Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135  
 From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chafd,  
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,  
 Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste ;  
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
 Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd ;  
 And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer ?  
 Gyrthe waxen hotte ; fhuir in his eyne did glare ; 145  
 And thus he faide ; oh brother, friend, and kynge,  
 Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare ?  
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

When Toftus sent me golde and fylver ftore,  
 I fcornd hys prefent vile, and fcornd hys trefon  
 more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd ;  
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true ?  
 Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.  
 Girthe faide, with looke adigne ; my lord, I doe.  
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe ; 155  
 By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.  
 Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myftell them fo,  
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
 Quod Girthe ; why will ye then provoke theyr hate ?  
 Quod Harolde ; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 160

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,  
 And fretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.  
 Firft did a ranke of arcublaftries ftande,  
 Next thofe on horfebacke drewe the afcendyng flo,  
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165  
 Theyr afenglave acrofse theyr horfes ty'd,  
 Or with the loverds fquier behinde dyd goe,  
 Or waited fquier lyke at the horfes fyde.



When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd faie,  
 Prepare thyfelfe wyth fpede, to Harolde hafte awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of thefe three to take ;  
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceafyth, make,  
 Or to the judgment of Chryfts vicar ftande.  
 He faide ; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175  
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this meffage bear ;  
 Who faid ; tell thou the duke, at his likand  
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.  
 He faid, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,  
 And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie  
 fyghte. 180

A ftandarde made of fylke and jewells rare,  
 Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,  
 An armyd knyghte was feen deth-doyng there,  
 Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.  
 This ftandard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185  
 Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,  
 Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze  
 That fraite the heft for battle fould be fprede.



To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,  
 And cries a *guerre* and flughornes shake the vaulted  
 heaven. 190

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,  
 In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,  
 The warring force of water, air, and fyre,  
 Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,  
 Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of  
 lyght; 195  
 Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,  
 Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;  
 Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,  
 And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,  
 Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change their  
 course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,  
 Linkd man to man, ensemed one boddie light;  
 Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,  
 That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.  
 Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205  
 Ne neede of flughornes to enrowse their minde;

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Eche fhootyngc fperc yreaden for the fyghte,  
 More feerce than fallynge rocks, more fweſte than  
 wynd ;

With ſolemne ſtep, by ecchoe made more dyre,  
 One ſingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on  
 fyre. 210

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreft,  
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
 Fled with her roſie radiance to the Weſt :  
 Forth from the Eaſterne gatte the fyerie ſteedes  
 Of the bright funne awaytyngc ſpirits leedes : 215

The funne, in fierie pompe enthron'd on hie,  
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,  
 And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie :  
 He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
 And ſtopt his driving ſteeds, and hid his lyghtfome  
 raye. 220

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majeſtic rayfd  
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;  
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,  
 Then furyouſe ſent it whyſtlyngc thro the ayre.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225  
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;  
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;  
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne ;  
His hollow cuifhes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes fonge  
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full  
ftronge,  
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;  
Then fwyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235  
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;  
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
Nor losfe its force, but stuck into the feelde ;  
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,  
And shotte ten thousande floes upryfyng in the aire. 240

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie  
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,  
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie.

[21-2]

Soon

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 245  
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende ;  
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie ;  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend :  
 So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,  
 And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or  
 helle. 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burnyng in his breste ;  
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255  
 Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte adressd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele ;  
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,  
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re-  
 payre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,  
 Hurd from the Englysh handes by force aderne,  
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurd

Hurld by such strength along the ayre the burne, 265  
 Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude ;  
 Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,  
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude ;  
 Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,  
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd  
 end. 270

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou fill estande ;  
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire ;  
 The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande  
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer ;  
 Itte whyzdd a ghaftlie dynne in Normannes ear, 275  
 Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
 He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte ;  
 Ah ! what avayld the lyons on his creste !  
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was  
 prest. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,  
 Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,  
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 285  
 There throghe dyd peerfe, and stycke into his groine ;  
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne ;  
 Diftort with peyne he laie upon the borne,  
 Lyke fturdie elms by ftormes in uncothe wrythynges  
 torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,  
 He drewe his fwerde, his lefte hande helde a fpeere,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he fent a prayre ;  
 Then fent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295  
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,  
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame ;  
 Next with his fwerde he 'fayld the Seiur de Roe,  
 And brafte his fylver helme, fo furyous was the  
 blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had feen hys prowefse great,  
 And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,  
 Tooke a ftroong arblafter, and bigge with fate  
 From twangyng iron fente the fleetynge floe.



As Alric hoiftes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305

Which, han it came, had been Du Roeses lafte,

The fwyfte-wyngd meffenger from Willyams bowe

Quite throwe his arme into his fyde ypaſte ;

His eyne ſhotte fyre, lyke blazyng ſtarre at nyghte,

He grypd his ſwerde, and felle upon the place of  
fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, faie, how ſhalle I fyng of thee

Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle ;

Not Haroldes ſelf more Normanne knyghtes did flee,

Not Haroldes ſelf did for more praifes call ;

How ſhall a penne like myne then ſhew it all ? 315

Lyke thee their leader, eche Briſtowyanne foughte ;

Lyke thee, their blaze muſt be canonical,

Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte :

Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,

Full half a ſcore from thee and theie receive their fatale  
wounde. 320

Fiſt Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force ;

Nete did hys helde out brazen ſheelde availe ;

Eſtfoones throwe that thie drivynge ſpeare did peerce

Nor was ytte ſtopped by his coate of mayle ;

Into



Into his breaſte it quicklie did aſſayle ; 325  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde ;  
 With purple ſtayned all hys adventayle ;  
 In ſcarlet was his cuiſhe of ſylver dyde :  
 Upon the bloudie carnage houſe he laie,  
 Whylſt hys longe ſheelde dyd gleem with the ſun's ryſing  
 ray. 330

Next Feſcampe felle ; O Chrieſte, howe harde his fate  
 To die the leckedſt knyghte of all the thronge !  
 His ſprite was made of malice deſlavate,  
 Ne ſhoulden find a place in anie ſonge.  
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde fo  
 ſtronge 335  
 As thine came thundrynge on his cryſted beave ;  
 Ah ! neete awayld the braſs or iron thonge,  
 With mightie force his ſkulle in twoe dyd cleave ;  
 Fallyng he ſhooken out his ſmokyng braine,  
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the  
 playne. 340

For, Norcie, could thie myghte and ſkilfulle lore  
 Preferve thee from the doom of Alfwold's ſpeere ;  
 Couldſte

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la goure,

How in the battle it would wythe thee fare ?

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345

From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,

Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,

It gave thee death and everlastyng fame ;

Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,

As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,

Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,

His foule and bloude came roushyng from the  
wounde ;

He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.

It can ne be I should behight the rest, 355

That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,

Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,

How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle ;

As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,

So laie the Normannes flain by Alfwold on the strand. 360

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles

Affayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,

Besprenge

[l. 343 After la goure : see *Errata*, p. 307, and *Glossary*]

Befprenge deftructions oer the woodes and delles ;  
 The fhepfter fwaynes in vayne theyr lees lement ;  
 So foughte the Bryftowe menne ; ne one crevent, 365  
 Ne onne abafhd enthoughten for to flee ;  
 With fallen Normans all the playne befprent,  
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee ;  
 In vayne on every fyde the arrowes fled ;  
 The Bryftowe menne ftyll ragd, for Alfwold was not  
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the flayne ;  
 'Twould take a Nefor's age to fynge them all,  
 Or telle how manie Normannes prefte the playne ;  
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath flayne, 375  
 O Truthe ! for good of after-tymes relate,  
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve  
 agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate ;  
 So after-ages maie theyr actions fee,  
 And like to them æternal alwaie ftryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathlefs fire  
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's fhryne,

Whofe

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,  
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine ;  
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 385  
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte ;  
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,  
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte ;  
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
 His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave ;  
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,  
 Who was alreadie haftyng to the grave ;  
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395  
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
 And rounde aboute the rifynge waters lave,  
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the higheft colour'd Gallic wine,  
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

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Her lippes more redde than fummer evenyng  
 fkyne, 405  
 Or Phœbus ryfinge in a froftie morne,  
 Her brefte more white than fnow in feeldes that lyene,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been fhorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-brafte brooklettes gently whyfpringe in the  
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the fhelle,  
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell  
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.  
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415  
 Of Phebus charyotte roillynge thro the fkie,  
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,  
 So greie appeard her featly fparklyng eye ;  
 Thofe eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look  
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday  
 book. 420

Majeftic as the grove of okes that floode  
 Before the abbie buylt by Ofwald kyng ;

Majeftic

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
 Where faintes and foules departed masses fyng; ;  
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 425  
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle ;  
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,  
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle ;  
 None fell in vayne ; all shewed some entent ;  
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,  
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.  
 As skylful mynemenne by the stons above 435  
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
 The lovelie ymage of her foule did shewe ;  
 Thus was she outward form'd ; the fun her mind  
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-  
 fin'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,  
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praifes fyng,



That leste the bosome of so fayre a dame  
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to ferve his lorde the kyng?  
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445  
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,  
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre ;  
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng he blowes he  
 delte. 450

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes  
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,  
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
 And alle the graffe with clotted gore doth stree ;  
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuouflic, 455  
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,  
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,  
 Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne ;  
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,  
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide  
 lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,  
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne ;

Before



Before hym manie dyd their hearts bloude leafe,  
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.  
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne ; 465

He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breafe ;  
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure flayne,  
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste ;

Lyke a tall oke by tempefte borne awaie,  
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he  
 laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he fent his javlyn feerce,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.  
 But foon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475

The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe ;  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilft lyfe and bloude came iffuyng from the blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,  
 Advaucyng forward to provoke the darte,

When foone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere  
Had founde an easie passage to his hearie.

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe aftarte, 485

Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse ;

But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,

So it came down upon Troyvillains horse ;

Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe ;

Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde  
doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,

Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,

Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.

Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie aftounde, 495

Befprengd his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,

Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enfoond,

He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde

The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie fyghte !

He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,

A man well skilld in swerde and foundyng strynge,

Who

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,  
 For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,  
 He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 505  
 An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte the fame did ringe,  
 Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
 Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,  
 With mighte that none but such grete championes  
 know;  
 Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
 Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;  
 His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 515  
 Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;  
 From eyther fyde the bloude began to flow,  
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
 Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,  
 Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520



Dightynge hys altarre with greeete fyres in Maie,  
 Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,  
 'Twas here that Hengyft did the Brytons flee,  
 As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,  
 That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,  
 And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.  
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyfe, 545  
 Within this vylle fyrfte adrewe the ayre,  
 A bleffyng to the erthe sente from the skies,  
 In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer ;  
 Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande  
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,  
 The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande  
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze ;  
 Alle the whole felde a carnage-howfe he fees, 555  
 And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude ;  
 From place to place on either hand he flees,  
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronDED floude ;

[22-2]

Dethe

Dethe honge upon his arme ; he fleed so maynt,  
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in hafte han drove hys fierie wayne  
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,  
 Vewynge the swarthlefs bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.  
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565  
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
 The wolfomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,  
 And dyd disfygure all hys femmlikeen ;  
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowfe,  
 In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wylyyam gave commaunde, eche Norman  
 knyghte,  
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to clofer fyghte  
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,  
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 575  
 Orre Cornyssh wraflers at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,  
 To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came ;

There



There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre  
 Dyd know that Saxonnes were the fonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoer thie spryte dothe haunte,  
 Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,  
 Where thou mayfte heare the fwotie nyghte larke  
 chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,  
 Or rowle in ferfelie wythe ferfe Severnes tyde, 585  
 Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme  
 Wyth such greeete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,  
 Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,  
 Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
 That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere ;  
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched lance,  
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595  
 Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyрте of lere,  
 In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie ;

Neere



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Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
 And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde fo sfronge. 600

Thryce rounde hys heade hee fwung hys anlace wyde,  
 On whyche the funne his visage did agleeme,  
 Then strayingnge, as hys membres would dyvyde,  
 Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme ;  
 Alonge the felde it made an horrid cleembe, 605  
 Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,  
 Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,  
 And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne ;  
 So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
 Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the  
 grounde. 610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious fente  
 A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde ;  
 Upon the playne the broken braffe besprente  
 Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde ;  
 He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde ; 615  
 With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,  
 Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes  
 divide,  
 To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe ;

So

So olyphautes, in kingdomme of the funne,  
 When once provok'd doth throwe their owne troopes  
     runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,  
 Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,  
 Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon hafte awaie,  
 As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,  
 Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 625  
 The steele bylle blufhyng oer wyth lukewarm  
     bloude ;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize  
 Hafted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon ftood,  
 Who aynewarde went, whylfte everie Normanne  
     knyghte  
 Dyd blufh to fee their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wyld,  
 When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,  
 Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,  
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,  
 He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635  
 Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

    Throwe

Throwe Severne rollynge oer the fandes belowe  
 He skyms alofe, and blents the beatyng wave,  
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne  
 In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste ;  
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne ;  
 Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,  
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.  
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645  
 And sayd ; Campynon, is it thee I see ?  
 Thee ? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,  
 Now poorlie come to hyde thiefelfe bie mee ?  
 Awaie ! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's  
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,  
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,  
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne :  
 So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will flee, 655  
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape ;

And

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,  
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape ;  
 Thus ftoode Campynon, greete but hertleffe knyghte,  
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymfelfe for fyghte,  
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie fyde dyd flee,  
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
 Campynon's fwerde in burlic-brande dyd dree ;  
 Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee ; 665  
 Hys Bryftowe menne came in hym for to fave ;  
 Eftfoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
 And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave ;  
 Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,  
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle  
 The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came ;  
 It made a dentful brufe, and then dyd fayle ;  
 Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame ;  
 Eftfoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675  
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and fkyrts of lare ;

A tyde

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,  
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare ;  
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle  
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide ;  
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
 Feeles the broad axes peerfyng his broade fyde,  
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
 Pressfyng all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685  
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie ;  
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

\* \* \* \* \*

Bled, gron'd, and dyed ; the Normanne knyghtes  
 aftound

To see the bawfin champyon preste upon the grounde.690

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,  
 And thunders ugfom on the fandes below,  
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,  
 And sweeps the black fande rounde its horie prow ;  
 So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe ; 695  
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans flew ech fyde,

Betreinted

Betreinted all alonge with bloudlefs foe,  
 And feemd to fwymm alonge with bloudie tyde ;  
 Fromme place to place befmeard with bloud they went,  
 And rounde aboute them fwarthlefs corfe befprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,  
 Of fkyll in bow, in tylte, and handefworde fyghte  
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,  
 Forre hee in fothen was a manne of myghte ;  
 Fyrfte dyd his fwerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705  
 As hee on horfeback was, and peersd hys gryne,  
 Then upwarde wente : in everlaftyng nyghte  
 Hee clod hys rollyng and dymfyghted eyne.  
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
 Bie various caufes funken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwoulde he oppofyng went,  
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of ftre,  
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente  
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree ;  
 But on hys payncted sheelde fo bifmarlie 715  
 Aflaunte his fwerde did go ynto the grounde ;

T

Then

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyoullie,  
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,  
 Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,  
 And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

720

\* \* \* \* \*



## ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

**A**S onn a hylle one eve fittyngē,  
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyngē,  
 The counyngē handieworke so fyne,  
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne ;  
 Quod I ; some counyngē fairie hande 5  
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande ;  
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte  
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.  
 Quod Trouthe ; thou lackest knowlachyngē ;  
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyngē. 10  
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canyngē hight,  
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte ;  
 And eke another in the Towne,  
 Where glaffie bubblyngē Trymme doth roun.  
 Quod I ; ne doubtē for all he's given 15  
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.  
 Yea, quod Trouthe ; than goe thou home,  
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod I ; I doubte, that can ne bee ;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe ; as thou haft got, give almes-dedes foe ;

Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

## O N T H E S A M E.

**S**TAY, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,  
Until this fetive pile aftounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,

And okes with okes entremed difponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5

Fyre-levyn and the mokie ftorme defie,

That fhootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou feeft this mayftrie of a human hand,

The pride of Bryftowe and the Wefterne lande, 10

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou feeft the faynctes and kynges in ftonen ftate,

That feemd with breath and human foule difpande,

As

As payrde to us enseem these men of flate, 15  
 Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God  
 elate.

Well maieft thou be astound, but view it well ;  
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
 And learn the Builder's vertues and his name ;  
 Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20  
 And with thy tale the lazing ryche men flame ;  
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle ;  
 How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
 And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and  
 fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

**T**HYS mornynge starre of Radcleves ryfynge  
 raie,

A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,  
 Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,  
 Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.  
 Thyarde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came ;  
 Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe ;

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;  
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rife the  
folle,  
He'll wyngge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys  
dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**A** N E N T a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
Lifteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,  
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,  
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,  
At dystaunt ryfyng Avonne to he sped, 5  
Amenged wyth ryfyng hylles dyd shewe yts head ;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of ofyer weedes  
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,  
And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,  
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10  
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thowghte  
 Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,  
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,      15  
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
 Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,  
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte  
 Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,      20  
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,  
 And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore ;  
 Orr, foone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I fayd, or els my mynde dyd faie,      25  
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie ?  
 Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie  
 In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie ;  
 Thie actes foe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.      30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
 As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
 I fee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :  
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35  
 Ynn vifyonn fore mie phantafie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge frayde,  
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,  
 Whan from the diftaunt freeme arofe a mayde,  
 Whofe gentle treffes mov'd not to the wynde ; 40  
 Lyche to the fylver moone yn froftie neete,  
 The damoifelle dyd come foe blythe amd fweete.

Ne browded mantell of a fcarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,  
 Ne coftlye paraments of woden blue, 45  
 Noughte of a drefse, but bewtie dyd fhee weere ;  
 Naked fhee was, and loked fwete of youthe,  
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre  
 What ne a manne fould fee dyd fwotelie hyde, 50  
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin fo fayre  
 Dyd fhowe lyke browne freemes fowlyng the white tyde,  
 Or

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,  
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from fafr.

Aftounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55  
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte ;  
 Mie fenfes forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie ;  
 But was ne forfraughte whan fhee dyd alyghte  
 Anie to mee, drefte up yn naked viewe,  
 Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte ;  
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,  
 Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins anete ;  
 I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65  
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule efchewe.

Wyth sweet femblate and an angel's grace  
 Shee 'gan to leature from her gentle breste ;  
 For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,  
 Falfse oratoryes fhe dyd aie detefte : 70  
 Sweetneffe was yn eche worde fhe dyd ywreene,  
 Tho fhee ftrove not to make that sweetneffe fheene.



Shee fayd ; mie manner of appereynge here  
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;  
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere, 75  
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I fawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,  
 Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80  
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,  
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne  
 What troulie nobleneffe yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85  
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of fweltrie daie,  
 Yn flepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,  
 So, senfes fonke to reste, mie boddie laie ;  
 Eftfoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe afyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whylst Canynge fwathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

And faw all aċtyons whych han been before,  
 And all the ſcroll of Fate unravelled ;  
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte,      95  
 I ſaw hym eager gaſpyng after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen gambols and chyldes plaie,  
 In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie ;  
 He eate downe learnyng wyth the waſtle cake.      100  
 As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,  
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,  
 So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore ;  
 Eche daie enhedeyng mockler for to bee,      105  
 Greete yn hys counſel for the daies he bore.  
 All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym fynge,  
 Wondryng at one foe wyſe, and yet foe yinge.

Encreafeyng yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,  
 And haſteyng to hys journie ynto heaven,      110  
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,  
 And uſe the ſexes for the purpoſe gevene.

Hee

Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede,  
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jefus reft hys foule !) 115  
Who loved money, as hys charie joie ;  
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole !)  
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie ;  
What then could Canyng wiffen as a parte  
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte ? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,  
And hoardes of fylver roufted yn the ent,  
Canyng and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyfe,  
To change of troulie love was theyr content ;  
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a houle adygne, 125  
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But foone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,  
And lefte to Willyam ftates and renteynge rolles,  
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne fupplie.  
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre foules ; 130  
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,  
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftfoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte ;  
 Hys dame, hys feconde felfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
 Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endlefs lyghte, 135  
 And fleed good Canynge ; fad myftake of dethe !  
 Soe have I feen a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
 Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,  
 Whare Canynge fheweth as an instrumente,) 140  
 Was to my bifmarde eyne-fyghte newlie giv'n ;  
 'Tis pafte to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
 You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge fee  
 Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I fawe the myndbruch of hys nobile foule 145  
 Whan Edwarde meniced a feconde wyfe ;  
 I faw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;  
 Nowe fyx'd fromm feconde dames a preefte for lyfe.  
 Thys ys the manne of menne, the vifion fpoke ;  
 Then belle for even-fonge mie fenfes woke. 150

## ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**M**AIE Selyneffe on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?  
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secreet fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
 Does yt agrofed shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,  
 To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thyne,  
 And Chryftis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

## ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

**J**OHNE makes a jarre bout Lancafter and Yorke;  
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie  
 worke.

## THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

**M**IE boolie entes, adieu ! ne moe the fyghte  
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,  
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;  
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs ! I call you myne : 5  
 Whydder must you, ah ! whydder must I goe ?  
 I kenn not either ; oh mie emmers dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe ;  
 I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle ;  
 O storth unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,  
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme ;  
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,  
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme ;  
 Thye los, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame ; 15  
 For thee, O Gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase ;  
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame ;  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;  
 Botte now to mee thie pleafaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES  
FEAST.

**T**HOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;  
Byelecoyle doe the Grave befeeme ;

The ealdermenne doe fytte arounde,  
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.

Lyche affes wylde ynne defarte waste 5  
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,

The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;

Heie styllle the gwestes ha ne to faie,

Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape. 10

Thus echone daie bee I to deene,

Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne feene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS-





### [NOTE ON THE GLOSSARY

THE following glossary was compiled by Tyrwhitt before he had discovered Chatterton's use of Kersey's and Bailey's dictionaries (vide Introduction, p. xxviii) and a number of words were thus necessarily left unexplained by him. The present editor has added, in square brackets, explanations of all these words except about half-a-dozen which neither Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (*K.*), nor Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (*B.*), nor the glossary to Speght's edition of Chaucer (*Speght*), nor the notes of Prof. Skeat in his 1871 edition (*Sk.*), nor any native ingenuity of his own has served to elucidate.]

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS  
IN THIS VOLUME.

**I**N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF  
REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for <i>Ælla</i> ; a tragycal enterlude,	p.	76
Ba.	— <i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	— <i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	— <i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	— <i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	— <i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	— <i>Elinoure and Fuga,</i>	—	19
Ent.	— <i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	— <i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	— <i>Goddwyn ; a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	— <i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	— <i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	— <i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	— <i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	— <i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	— <i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

## A G L O S S A R Y.

[B. = Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (8th ed. 1737).  
K. = Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (1708).  
Sk. = Prof. Skeat's Aldine Edition (1871).  
Speght = Glossary to Speght's Chaucer (1598).  
T. = Tyrwhitt.  
C. = Chatterton's notes to the poems.]

**A**BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*.  
C.

Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.  
Abounde, H. I. 55. [Evidently  
*avail*; K. B. and Speght do not  
help.]

Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.

Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.

Abrew, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.

Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.

Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.

Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.

Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*.  
C.

Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.

Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.

Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.

Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.

Adave, H. 2. 402. [Probably *beheld*;  
cannot be explained from K., who  
has nothing nearer than *adawe*  
(O.), *to awaken*; *awoke* can hardly  
be the meaning.]

Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.

Addawd, H. 2. 110. [*Limply*. Sk.  
translates *wakened* from B.'s  
*addawe*, *to waken*, which makes  
no sense. K. has 'adaw, *to*  
*awaken*'; but it is used by the

poet Spencer *to slacken*'; hence  
the meaning I have given.]

Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.

Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*.  
C.

Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne*,  
*Dernie*. [*Sad, cruel*, from K.'s  
*dern* (O.), *sad*, &c.]

Adigne. See *Adygne*.

Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.

Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.

Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous*; *worthy*  
*of praise*. C.

Affynd, H. I. 132. *Related by mar-*  
*riage*.

Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to  
drive away, to affright.

After la goure, H. 2. 353. should  
probably be *Afrelagour*; Af-  
tologer. [A singular mistake for  
B.'s *Asterlagour anastrolabe*. Sk.]  
[Agested, p. 278. 9. *Heaped up* (B.).  
(For C.'s *clowde* Sk. boldly reads  
*clod*.)]

Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.

Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—  
G. 5. *Grievance*. C.

Agrofed, p. 286. 6. as *Agriefed*;  
terrified.

- Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.  
 Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.  
 Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.  
 Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.  
 Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.  
 Alatche, Æ. 117. [? *call for help*.  
 K. has latch (O.) *release, let go*,  
 but this cannot be the meaning  
 intended.]  
 Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.  
 Aleft, Æ. 50. *Left*.  
 All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of*  
*asking a favour*. C.  
 Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.  
 Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.  
 [Alofe, H. 1. 292. *Aloft*.]  
 [Alse, Æ. 1063. *Else*.]  
 Alufte, H. 1. 88. [The sense is  
 clearly *draw himself out, release*  
*himself*; but K. B. and Speght  
 throw no light on the word.]  
 Alyne, T. 79. *Acrofs his shoulders*.  
 C.  
 Alyfe, Le. 29. *Allow*. C.  
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy*. C.  
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled*. C.  
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded*.  
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;  
 mixed.  
 Amenufed, E. II. 5. *Diminished*. C.  
 [Ametten, M. 46. *Met*.]  
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, enameled*.  
 C.  
 [Anenfte, as *Anente*; against.]  
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against*. C.  
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another*. C. [Ep.  
 48. *another time or occasion*.]  
 Anete, p. 281. 64. [put an end to,  
 from C.'s *nete, nothing*.]  
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.  
 [Anie, H. 1. 120. *Annoy*.]  
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword*.  
 C.  
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before*.  
 Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees*. C.  
 Arace, G. 156. *Diveft*. C.  
 [Arcublaster, H. 2. 52. K. has arcu-  
 balista, a *warlike engine for cast-  
 ing great stones*, and Speght has  
 arblasters, *crosse-bowes*. This last  
 is evidently C.'s meaning.]  
 [Ardurous, p. 25. 30. ? as if *ardour-  
 ous, valiant*.]  
 Arift, Ch. 10. *Arofe*. C.  
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74. [Neither  
 K. B. nor Speght throws any  
 light on *-lede*. Sk. reads *arrow-  
 head*.]  
 Afaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully*.  
 C.  
 Afenglave, H. 1. 117. [*Ashen-  
 spear*. K. has *glaiue, a weapon*  
*like a halbert*.]  
 Afskaunted, Le. 19. [Look *carelessly*  
*at*, from two words side by side  
 in K., *askaunce* (O.), *if by chance*,  
 and *askaunt* (O.) *to look askaunt*  
*i. e. to look sideways*.]  
 Aflee, Æ. 504. [Probably *sidle* would  
 give the meaning. Sk. renders  
*dost but slide away*.]  
 Affeled, E. III. 14. *Answered*. C.  
 Afhrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-  
 fortunate*. C.  
 Affwaie, Æ. 352. [There is no  
 satisfactory explanation; the sense  
 is clearly *cause*.]  
 Aftedde, E. II. 11. *Seated*. C.  
 Aftende, G. 47. *Astonish*. C.  
 Afterte, G. 137. *Neglected*. C.  
 Aftoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished*. C.  
 Aftounde, M. 83. *Astonish*. C.  
 Afyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Aftyde*;  
 afcended. [More probably *wyth*  
*Trouthe afyde* means *at the side of*  
*Truth*.]  
 Athur, H. 2. 466. as *Thurgh*;  
 thorough.  
 Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once*. C.  
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn*. C.  
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around*.  
 Ave, H. 2. 636. for *Eau*. Fr. Water.  
 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or*  
*mantle*. C.  
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of gold*  
*and silver, &c*. C.  
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aventure* :  
 adventure.



Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white robe, worn by priests.* C.  
 Awshaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.  
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.* C.

## B.

Bankes, T. III. *Benches.*  
 [Bante, Æ. 207. *Banned, cursed.*]  
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219. [See Appendix, p. 317, § 8.]  
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with armour.*  
 [Bardi, H. I. 305. *Bards.* (Latin plural!)]  
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*  
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or ballad.* C.  
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292. [Evidently a musical instrument, but Sk. can get no nearer an etymological explanation than O. F. *battant*, a fuller's mallet.]  
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.* Fr.  
 Batten, G. 3. *Fatten.* C.  
 Battend, T. 52. *Loudly.* C.  
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring.* C.  
 Battone, H. I. 520. *Beat with sticks.* Fr.  
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels.* C.  
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large.* C.  
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow.* C.  
 Behefte, G. 60. *Command.* C.  
 Behight, H. 2. 365. [Name; from *hight*, called.]  
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised.* C.  
 Belent, H. 2. 121. [? from Speght's blent, *stayed, turned back.*]  
 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet.*  
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament.* C.  
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented.* C.  
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving.* C.  
 Bercie, p. 278. 8. [No explanation.]  
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child.* C.  
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous.* C.  
 Befeies, T. 124. *Becomes.* C.

Befprente, T. 132. *Scattered.* C.  
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3. [Lost, K.'s *bestad* (O.).]  
 Bestanne, Æ. 411. [= Bestadde.]  
 Bested, H. 2. 140. [Contended. ? from B.'s *bestad*, *beset, oppressed.*]  
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver.* C.  
 Bestreynts, H. 2. 634. [Sprinkles, from K.'s *betreint* (O.), *sprinkled*; but affected by *bestrewed.*]  
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid.* C.  
 Betrafed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on.* C.  
 Betrafte, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed.* C.  
 Betreinted, H. 2. [634] 707. [Sprinkled; from K.'s *betreint* (O.), *sprinkled.*]  
 Bevyte, E. II. 57. *Break. A herald term signifying a spear broken in tilting.* C.  
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127. [Treachery.]  
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge.* C.  
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express.* C.  
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed.* C.  
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare.* C.  
 Bewrynnng, T. 128. *Declaring.* C.  
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels.* C.  
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head.* C.  
 Bifmarde, p. 285. 141. [Curious, *wondering*; from *bismar*, *curiosity*, K. B. and Speght.]  
 Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked.* C.  
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original.* C.  
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure.*  
 Blanchie, E. II. 50. *White.* C.  
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly.* C.  
 [Blents, H. 2. 638. ?]  
 Bliente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead.* C.  
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed.* C.  
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease.* C.  
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still.* C.  
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, substance.* C.  
 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling.* C.  
 [Bollen, H. 2. 636. *Swollen* (K.).]



Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33.

*Different kinds of boats.* C.

Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved.* C.

Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage.* C.

Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager.*

Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish.* C.

[Borne, H. 2. 289. ?*ground.* (No satisfactory explanation.)]

Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready.* C.

Bounde, T. 32. *Ready.* C.

Bourne, Æ. 483. [*Borne.*]

Bouting matche, p. 23. 2. [*Bout, trial of skill.*]

Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.

*Body.* C.

Brafteth, G. 123. *Bursteth.* C.

Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed.* C.

Brayde, Æ. 1010. [cf. B.'s braid, a *small lace, &c.*]

Breme, subft. G. 12. *Strength.* C.

—adj. E. II. 6. *Strong.* C.

Brende, G. 50. *Burn, consume.* C.

Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with.* C.

[Brigandyne, H. 2. 645. *An old-fashioned coat of mail, K.*]

Broched, H. 2. 335. *Pointed.*

Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious.* C.

Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered.* C.

Brynnynge, Æ. 680. *Declaring.* C. [*? contracted for bewrynnynge.*]

Burled, M. 20. *Armed.* C.

Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger.* C.

[Burne, Æ. 585. H. 2. 265. ?*Run* (no explanation).]

Byelecocyte, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil.*

Fr. the name of a personage in the *Roman de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *Fair welcoming*. [Speght followed by K. has Bialacoyl [Fr. *Bel-acueil*], *faire welcoming*. C. did not observe that the word was a proper name, but uses it to mean *hospitality*.]

Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle.*

Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring.* C.

Byfmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curious.* C.

Byfmariele, Le. 26. *Curiously.* C.

C.

Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold.*

Calke, G. 25. *Cast.* C.

Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out.* C.

Caltysning, G. 67. *Forbidding.* C.

Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones.* Brit.

Castle-stede, G. 100. *A castle.* C.

Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates.* [*Dainties.*]

Caytifined, Æ. 32. *Binding, enforcing.* C. [*Æ. 1104. Bound, fettered.*]

Celnefs, Æ. 882. [Probably *coldness*; no explanation.]

Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot.* C.

Chafes, G. 201. *Beats, stamps.* C.

Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Challenge.* C.

Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, sunburnt.* C.

Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A small round hat.* C.

Chefe, G. 11. *Heat, rashness.* C.

Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch.* C.

Cheorte, p. 288. 4. [*? Pleasant*; K. B. and Speght have *chert*,

*cheorte, love, jealousy*, and K. and B. have also *chertes, merry people.*]

Cherifaunce, Ent. I. *Comfort.* C.

Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps *Cherifaunced*. [The mistake is in C.'s authorities; *Cherisaunnei* (K.)

*Cherisaunie* (B.).]

Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves.* C.

Chevyfed, Ent. 2. *Preserved.* C.

Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confused noise.* C.

Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24. *Grave.* C.

[Chyne, H. 2. 640. *Cut thro' the back.* K.]

[Cleembe, as *Cleme.*]

Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound.* C.

Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or clergyman.* C.

Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught.* C.

Clevis, H. 2. 46. [*Cliffs, or rocks.* K.]

Cleyne,

- Cleyne, Æ. 1102. [*Sound*, ? from clymbe (O.) *noise*. K.]
- Clinie, H. I. 431. [Apparently a *declination*, a stooping attitude; part of the science of arms.]
- Cloude-agedsted, p. 278. 9. [See *Agested*.]
- Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noisy*. C.
- Coiftrell, H. 2. 88. [*A young lad* (O.) K.]
- Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions*. C.
- Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf*. C.
- Contake, T. 87. *Dispute*. C.
- Conteins, H. I. 223, for *Contents*.
- Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuse*; *contend with*. C.
- Contekions, Æ. 553. *Contentions*. C.
- Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke*. C.
- Corven, Æ. 56. See *Yorven*.
- Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.
- Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.
- Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.
- Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-courfers*. C.
- Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy*. q?
- Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward*. C.
- Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recreand*.
- Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair*. C.
- Croched, H. 2. 511. perhaps *Broched*. [What is *broched*? Sk. renders *crooked*, but surely a javelin should be straight. Perhaps C. was thinking of the *cross-piece* of a halbert. Cf. *croche*.]
- Croche, v. G. 26. *Crofs*. C.
- Crokyngge, Æ. 119. *Bending*.
- Crofs-stone, Æ. 1122. *Monument*. C.
- [Crouchee, p. 281. 63. *Cross*; from Speght's crouch, *cross*.]
- Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry*. q?
- [Cuishes, H. 2. 230. *Armour for the thighs*; *cuisses* K.]
- Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-gate*. C.
- Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer*. C.
- Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows*. C.
- D.
- Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endeavour*. C.
- Declynie, H. I. 161. *Declination*. q? [See *Clinie*.]
- Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved*. C.
- Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthy*. C.
- [Deene, p. 288. 11. *Dine*?]
- Deere, E. III. 88. *Dire*. C.
- Defs, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors*. C.
- Defayte, G. 52. *Decay*. C.
- Defte, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental*. C.
- Deigned, E. III. 53. *Disdained*. C.
- Delievretie, T. 44. *Activity*. C.
- Demasing, H. I. 276. [? *Considering*; no explanation.]
- Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente*.
- Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented*.
- Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt*. C.—M. 13. *Tremour*. C.
- Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, destroy*. C.
- Dequaced, p. 280. 38. [*Dashed* K. and Speght.]
- Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage*. C.
- Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer*. q?
- Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 522. [*Barbarous, cruel* K.]
- Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamentable*. C.
- M. 106. *Cruel*. C.
- Deflavate, H. 2. 333. [*Lecherous, beastly*, from K.'s *deslavty*.]
- Deflavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.
- Detratours, H. 2. 78. [*Slandorous detractors*.]
- Deyfde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis*.
- Dheie; *They*.
- Dhere, Æ. 192. *There*.
- Dhereof; *Thereof*.
- Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult*. C.
- Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed*. C.
- Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for *Disponed*. [B. has *dispand*, to stretch out.]

- Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose*.  
 Divinifre, Æ. 141. *Divine*. C.  
 Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle*. C.  
 Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation*. C.  
 Dole, adj. p. 283. 13. [*Doleful*.]  
 Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish*. C.  
 [Dolthead, H. I. 335. *Blockhead*.]  
 Donde, H. I. 51. [*Done, finished*.]  
 Donore, H. I. 5. This line should probably be written thus; *O sea-oerleeming Dovor!*  
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room*. C.  
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as *Dighte*.  
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 481. *D'outr mere*. Fr. From beyond sea.  
 [Draffs, Æ. 717. *Lees, dregs, so useless, worthless*.]  
 Dree, Æ. 983. [H. 2. 664. ?*Work, or Drive*.]  
 Drefte, Æ. 466. *Least*. C.  
 [Drenche, Æ. 85. *Drink*. (Really to dose with medicine.)]  
 Drented, G. 91. *Drained*. C.  
 Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned*. C.  
 Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insignificant*. C.  
 Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties*. C.  
 Drocke, T. 40. *Drink*. C.  
 Droke, Æ. 461. [Meaning and source quite uncertain.]  
 Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's note. *Druerie* is *Courtship, galantry*.  
 Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted*. [Probably *modest*, from B.'s *drury, modesty*.]  
 Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce*.  
 Dureffed, E. I. 39. *Hardened*. C.  
 Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be *Dyght*.  
 Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy*. C.  
 [Dyngeynge, . *Dinging or striking*.]  
 Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding*. C.  
 Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest*. C.  
 Dyfporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure*. C.
- Dysportifment, Æ. 250. as *Dysporte*.  
 Dyfregate, Æ. 542. [? *Deprive of command*.]
- E.
- Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw*;  
 Draw.  
 Eft, E. II. 78. *Often*. C.  
 Eftfoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly*. C.  
 Ele, M. 74. *Help*. C.  
 Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten*. C.  
 Eke, E. I. 27. *Also*. C.  
 Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened*. C.  
 Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout*. C.  
 [Embollen, Æ. 596. as *Bollen*.]  
 Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge*. C.  
 Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed*. C.  
 Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease*. C.  
 Emmers, p. 287. 7. [? *coins*. No explanation.]  
 Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*. C.  
 [Emprize, M. 74. *Adventure*. C.]  
 Enaffe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.  
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.  
 Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*. C.  
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.  
 Enheedynge, p. 283. 105. [*Taking heed, studying*.]  
 Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*. C.  
 Enrone, Æ. 661. [Evidently *Unsheath*; no explanation.]  
 Enfeme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*. q?  
 Enfeeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.  
 Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, darting*. C.  
 [Enfooned, H. 2. 497. Probably *In a swoon*; not in K. B. or Spight.]  
 Enstrote, H. 2. 503. [No explanation.]

Enfwote,

- Enfwote, *Æ.* 1175. *Sweeten.* q?  
 Enfwolters, *Æ.* 629. *Swallows,*  
*sucks in.* C.  
 Enfyрке, p. 25. 10. *Encircle.*  
 Ent, *E.* III. 57. *A purse or bag.* C.  
 Entendement, *Æ.* 261. *Understanding.*  
 Enthoghteing, *Æ.* 704. [*Thinking;*  
*cf. Enheedyng.*]  
 Entremed, p. 276. 4. [*Intermingled,*  
*from Speght's Entremes, enter-*  
*mingled.* (Really *entremes* means  
 a side-dish.)]  
 Entrykeynge, *Æ.* 304. as *Tricking.*  
 Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even.* C.  
 Estande, H. 2. 271. for *Ystande;*  
 Stand.  
 Estells, *E.* II. 16. A corruption of  
*Estoile*, Fr. A star. C.  
 Estroughted, *Æ.* 918. [*Stretched*  
*out.*]  
 Ethe, *E.* III. 59. *Eafe.* C.  
 Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Eafy.*  
 Evalle, *E.* III. 38. *Equal.* C.  
 Evefpeckt, T. 56. *Marked with*  
*evening dew.* C.  
 Ewbrice, *Æ.* 1085. *Adultery.* C.  
 Ewbricious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivious.*  
 Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13. [Sk. con-  
 siderers this a compound of *eyne,*  
*eyes* and *gear, tackle* and renders  
*objects.*]  
  
 F.  
 Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest.* C.  
 Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully.* C.  
 Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or va-*  
*gabond.* C.  
 Faldstole, *Æ.* 61. *A folding stool,*  
*or seat.* See Du Cange in v.  
*Faldistorium.*  
 [Fay, H. 2. 144. *Faith.*]  
 [Faytour, p. 280. 37. as *Faitour.*]  
 Fayre, *Æ.* 1204. 1224. *Clear, in-*  
*nocent.*  
 Feere, *Æ.* 965. *Fire.*  
 Feerie, *E.* II. 45. *Flaming.* C.  
 Fele, T. 27. *Feeble.* C. [A Row-  
 leian contraction, cf. *gorne* for  
*garden.*]  
 Fellen, *E.* I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. *ing.* q?  
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly.* C.  
 Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive.*  
 Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly.* C.  
 Fetivenefs, *Æ.* 400. as *Festivenefs.*  
 Feyngnes, *E.* III. 78. A corruption  
 of *feints.* C.  
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury.* C.  
 Fie, T. 113. *Defy.* C.  
 Flaiten, H. 1. 84. [*Frightful,* from  
*B.'s flaitte, to affright, to scare.*]  
 Flanchd, H. 2. 242. [*Arched,*  
*from K.'s flanch, in heraldry, an*  
*ordinary made of an arch-line.*]  
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted.* C.  
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult.* [*Daunted,*  
*from B.'s flemed.*]  
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly.* C.  
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow.*  
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly.* C.  
 [Flotting, H. 2. 42. ? *Flying,* cf.  
*flott;* or *Whistling,* from B.'s  
*floting* (O.), *whistling, piping.*]  
 Foile, *E.* III. 78. *Baffle.* C.  
 Fons, Fonnes, *E.* II. 14. *Devices.*  
 C.  
 Forgard, *Æ.* 565. *Lose.* C.  
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forfaken.* C.  
 Forloyne, *Æ.* 722. *Retreat.* C.  
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying.* C.  
 Forslagen, *Æ.* 1076. *Slain.* C.  
 Forslege, *Æ.* 1106. *Slay.* C.  
 Forftraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-*  
*tracted.*  
 Forftraughteyng, G. 34. *Distract-*  
*ing.* C.  
 Forfwat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt.* C.  
 Forweltring, *Æ.* 618. *Blasting.* C.  
 Forwyned, *E.* III. 36. *Dried.* C.  
 Fremde, *Æ.* 430. *Strange.* C.  
 Fremded, *Æ.* 555. *Frighted.* C.  
 Freme, *Æ.* 267. [and *Fremed,* H.  
 2. 147. *Strange,* from K.'s *fremd*  
 (O.), *strange.*]  
  
 Fructile,



Fruçtile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful.*  
[Furched, Æ. 519. *Forked.*]

## G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of armour.*  
C.

Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted.* C.

Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause.* C.

Gasfnets, Æ. 412. *Gasfnines.*

Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne fo  
gayne a pryze. Gayne has  
probably been repeated by  
mistake. [More probably C.  
intended it to mean *Worth*  
*gaining.*]

Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-*  
*ment.*

Geafon, Ent. 7. *Rare.* C.—G. 120.  
*Extraordinary, strange.* C.

Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier.*

Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite.*

Gemote, G. 94. *Assamble.* C.

Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, assen-*  
*bled.* C.

Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent.* C.

Gies, G. 207. *Guides.* C.

Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twist.*

Gif, E. II. 39. *If.* C.

Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels.* C.

Glair, H. 2. 570. [*? Glare.*]

[Gledes, H. 2. 217. *Glides.*]

Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid.* C.

Glomb, G. 175. *Frown.* C.

Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-*  
*jected.* C.

Glytted, H. 2. 272. [*Glittered.*]

Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden.* C.

Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops.*

Gouler, p. 282. 76. [*Usurer, from*  
K.'s *goule, usury.*]

Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards.*  
C.

Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pas-*  
*ture.* C.

Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel.* C.

Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate,*  
*mayor.* [Where does T. find this

meaning? B. and K. have *grave,*  
*a German title signifying a great*  
*lord etc., but no word of mayor.]*

Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves.* C.

Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow.* C.

Groffile, Æ. 547. [*Grovelling, from*  
K.'s *groff or gruff* (O.), *groveling.*]

Groffith, Æ. 257. [*Gruffly.*]

Groffynglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly.* C.

Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor.* C.

Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor, from*  
*gron a fen, and fer, a corruption*  
*of fire.* C. [? then whether C.  
does not mean a will of 'the wisp.]

Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors.* C.

Grore, H. 2. 27. [No explanation.]

Groted, Æ. 337. *Swollen.* C.

[Gryne, H. 2. 706. *Groin.*]

Gule-depincted, E. II. 13. *Red-*  
*painted.* C.

Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained.*  
C.

[Guyld, G. 152. *Tax.*]

[Guylteynge, Æ. 179. *Gilding.*]

Gyttelles, Æ. 438. *Muntels.* C.

## H.

[Habergeon, H. 2. 346. *A little coat*  
*of mail* (K.).]

Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy.* C.

Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile.*

Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated.* C.

Hallie, T. 144. *Holy.* C.

Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholly.* [But here  
*Hallie* would seem to be put for  
*hailie, happy.* Sk. renders *blissful.*]

Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy.* C.

Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed.*  
C.

Han, Æ. 734. *Hath.* q? [One of  
C.'s fundamental mistakes.]

Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had.* particip.  
q?—Æ. 685. *Had.* pa. t. fing. q?

Hantoned, Æ. 1094. [A mistake  
for *hancelled; hanten* in B. K.  
and *Speght* means *use, accustom.*]

Harried,

- Harried, M. 82. *Toft*. C. [But in Æ. 209 plainly = *hurried*.]
- Hatched, p. 25. 1. [Probably C. meant covered with a cloth exhibiting its rider's coat of arms. Cf. *Hatchments*.]
- [Hatchments, H. 2. 489. In heraldry, a coat of arms. (K.).]
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Hæve*. 1st perf. q?
- Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.
- Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heavenward*. C.
- Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped closely, covered*. C.
- Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.
- Heie, E. II. 15. *They*. C.
- Heideygnnes, E. III. 77. *A country dance, still practised in the North*. C.
- Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.
- Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.
- Hem, T. 24. A contraction of *them*. C.
- [Hendie, H. 1. 95. ? *Hand to hand*; K. B. and Speght all have *neat, fine, genteel*, for this Chaucerian word.]
- Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold*. C.
- Hentyll, Æ. 1161. [Evidently *Custum*; no explanation.]
- [Herehaughte, M. 78. *Herald*.]
- Herfelle, Æ. 279. *Herself*.
- Heste, Æ. 1182. [? *Command*.]
- Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hidden*. C.
- Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.
- Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick house*. C.
- [Hocktide, H. 1. 25. *A festival celebrated in England antiently in memory of the sudden death of King Hardicanute A. C. 1042 and the downfall of the Danes*. B.]
- Holtred, Æ. 293. [? *Hidden*, from B.'s *hulstred*.]
- Hommeur, Æ. 1190. [? *Honour*.]
- Hondepoint, Æ. 273. [Sk. renders (*every*) *moment*; K. B. and Speght give no help.]
- Hopelen, Æ. 399. [*Hopelessness*—'I from a night of hopelessness am awakened.']
- Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disagreeable*. C.
- Horfe-millanar, Ch. 56. See C.'s note. [According to Steevens a Bristol tradesman in 1776 so described himself over his shop-door.]
- Houton, M. 93. *Hollow*. C.
- Hulftred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.
- Hufcarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *House-servants*.
- Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*. Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif. Ang. L. iv. ['The eagle or "bore" of the Severn is a large and swift tide-wave which sometimes flows in from the Atlantic Ocean with great force.' Sk. II, p. 61, note.]
- Hylle-fyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon*.
- Hylte, T. 168. *Hid, secreted*. C.
- Æ. 1059. *Hide*. C.
- [Hylted, Hyltren, T. 47. 65. *Hidden*. C.]

## I.

- Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.
- Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised*. C.
- Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy*. C.
- Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed*. C.
- Jintle, E. I. 2. 82. for *Gentle*.
- Impeftering, E. I. 29. *Annoying*. C.
- Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse*. C.
- Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken*. C.
- Jubb, E. III. 72. *A bottle*. C.
- [Iwimpled, H. 2. 528. *Muffled* (Speght).]
- Iwreene, p. 286. 9. [Evidently the same as K.'s *bewreene, expressed, shewn*.]

## K.

- Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.  
 Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.  
 Keppend, Le. 44. [*Careful, precise,* from B.'s *kepen, keep, take care of.*]  
 Kifte, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.  
 Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part.* C.  
 Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.

## L.

- [Lack in C. generally = *to be in need of* rather than simply *to be without*; cf. G. 176.]  
 Ladden, H. 1. 206. [*Lay.*]  
 Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.  
 Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician.*  
 Leckedft, H. 2. 332. [No explanation.]  
 Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.  
 Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.  
 Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.  
 Ledanne, Æ. 1143. [? *Leaden, heavy*; or it may be an adj. formed from K.'s *leden* (O.), *languish.*]  
 [Lee, Ep. 6. *Lay*; or ? *lie.*]  
 Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obeysance.* C.  
 Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.  
 [Leffed, H. 1. 141. *Left.*]  
 Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.  
 [Legeful, E. I. 3. *Loyal.*]  
 Leggen, M. 92. *Lessen, alloy.* C.  
 Leggende, M. 32. *Alloyed.* C.  
 Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*  
 Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.  
 Lemed, El. 7. *Glistened.* C.—Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.  
 Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 597. *seems to be put for Leather.*  
 Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.  
 Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.  
 Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.  
 Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.  
 Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.  
 Levynnde, El. 18. *Blasted.* C.  
 Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning.* C.  
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-melted.* q?  
 Lief, Æ. 217. [? from K. and B.'s *lief, rather.* Sk. renders *at my choice.*]  
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf.*  
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. [? *Lay low*, from K.'s *lig, lie.*]  
 Likand, H. 2. 177. *Liking.*  
 Limed, El. 37. } *Glassy, reflecting.*  
 Limmed, M. 90. } C.  
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded.* C.  
 [List, H. 1. 544. ? *Pleasure.*]  
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble.* C.  
 Loaste, Æ. 456. *Lofs.*  
 [Lode, H. 1. 33. Probably as *load*, a *task* or *burden.* Sk. renders *praise*, as if *laud*; this is far from convincing.]  
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages.* C.  
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their hind legs.* C.  
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's.* C.  
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire.* C.  
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames.* C.  
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames.* C.  
 [Lurdanes, H. 1. 36. From B.'s 'Lurdane, lordane, a *dull heavy fellow*, derived by some from *Lord* and *Dane*'. So the word becomes for C. an opprobrious equivalent for *Dane.*]  
 [Lygheth, Æ. 627. *Lay*, from K.'s *lig, to lie.*]  
 [Lymed, E. II. 7. *Glassy, reflecting.* C.]  
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished.* C.  
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank.* C.  
 Lyng, Æ. 376. *Stay.* C.  
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion.* C.  
 Lyped, El. 34. [? miswritten for *lithed*, Speght's *lith*, *to make less*, so *wasted.* Sk. renders *wasted away*,



*away*, deriving *lyped* from B.'s liposychy, a small swoon, which seems too far-fetched even for Rowley.]

Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play.* C.  
Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded.* C.

## M.

Mancas, G. 136. *Marks.* C.  
Manchyn, H. 2. 222. *A sleeve.* Fr.  
[Mastie, H. 1. 348. 425. ? *Mastiff.*]  
Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many, great numbers.* C.  
Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow.* C.  
Meeded, Æ. 39. *Rewarded.* [The construction *meeded out* is probably affected by *meted out.*]  
Memuine, H. 2. 120. [? *Body of troops, ? Command.* No explanation.]  
Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced.* q? [The sense is *threatened to make him marry again.*]  
Mere, G. 58. *Lake.* C.  
Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade.* C.  
Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy.* C.  
Miefel, Æ. 551. *Myself.*  
Miskynette, El. 22. *A small bag-pipe.* C.  
Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy.* C.  
[Mister, Ch. 82. as *Mist*, poor, needy.]  
Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins.* C.  
Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty.* C.  
Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More.*  
Moke, Ep. 5. *Much.* C.  
Mokie, El. 29. *Black.* C.  
[Mokyngge, H. 2. 584. K. and B. have *moky* (O.), *cloudy*; so perhaps C. meant a brook the surface of which reflected the clouds. Sk. reads *mocking.*]  
Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft.* C.  
Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist.* C.  
Morglaien, M. 20. *The name of a*

*sword* [Morglay] in some old Romances.

Morthe, Æ. 307. [*Violent death.* K. has *morth, murder.*]  
Morthynge, El. 4. *Murdering.* C.  
Mote, E. I. 22. *Might.* C.  
Motte, H. 2. 184. *Word, or motto.*  
Myckle, Le. 16. *Much.* C.  
Myndbruch, Æ. 401. [*A hurting of honour and worship* (B.).]  
Mynfter, G. 75. *Monastery.* C.  
Mysterk, M. 33. *Mythic.* C.

## N.

[Nappy, Ba. 13. B. has *nappy-ale*, [g. d. such as will cause persons to take a nap] *pleasant and strong.* But the word *nappy* in this connexion has nothing to do with causing sleep.]  
Ne, P. G. 6. *Not.* C.  
Ne, p. 281. 58. *Nigh.*  
Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder.* C.  
Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night.*  
Nefh, T. 16. *Weak, tender.* C.  
Nete, Æ. 399. *Night.*  
Nete, T. 19. *Nothing.* C.  
Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling.* C.  
Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.  
Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown.*

## O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide.* C.  
Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings.* C.  
Olyphautes, H. 2. 609. *Elephants.*  
Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing.* C.

Onlight,

- Onlight, *Æ.* 678. [*Put out, extinguish.*]  
 Onlift, *Le.* 46. *Boundless.* C.  
 [Ore, *H.* 2. 25. Contracted for *other.*]  
 Orrests, *G.* 100. *Oversets.* C.  
 Ouchd, *T.* 80. See C.'s note.  
 Ouphante, *Æ.* 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves.*  
 Ourt, *H.* 2. 578. [Contraction for B.'s *overt.*]  
 Ouzle, *Æ.* 104. *Black-bird.* C.  
 Owndes, *G.* 91. *Waves.* C.

## P.

- Pall, *Ch.* 31. Contraction from *appall*, to fright. C.  
 Paramente, *Æ.* 52. *Robes of scarlet.*  
 C.—M. 36. *A princely robe.* C.  
 [Passante, *El.* 28. *Passing, going by.*  
 (K.)]  
 Paves, *Pavyes, Æ.* 433. *Shields.*  
 Peede, *Ch.* 5. *Pied.* C.  
 [Peene, *Æ.* 484. *Pain.*]  
 Pencte, *Ch.* 46. *Painted.* C.  
 Penne, *Æ.* 728. *Mountain.*  
 Percafe, *Le.* 21. *Perchance.* C.  
 'Pere, *E. I.* 41. *Appear.* C.  
 Perpled, *p.* 283. 99. *Purple.* q?  
 [From B.'s *disparpled*, *disperpled*,  
*in heraldry, scattered loosely.* T.'s  
 suggestion is certainly wrong.]  
 Perfant, *Æ.* 561. *Piercing.*  
 Pete, *Æ.* 1001. [as *Pighte.*]  
 Pheeres, *Æ.* 46. *Fellows, equals.* C.  
 Pheon, *H.* 2. 272. in *Heraldry, the*  
*barbed head of a dart.*  
 Pheryons, *p.* 285. 147. [A mistake  
 for *pheons.* Sk.]  
 Picte, *E. III.* 91. *Picture.* C.  
 Pighte, *T.* 38. *Pitched, or bent down.*  
 C.  
 Poyntel, *Le.* 44. *A pen.* C.  
 Prevyd, *Æ.* 23. *Hardy, valourous.* C.  
 Proto-slene, *H.* 2. 38. *Firſt-ſlain.*

- Prowe, *H. I.* 108. [? *Forehead.*  
 No explanation.]  
 Pynant, *Le.* 4. *Pining, meagre.*  
 Pyghte, *M.* 73. *Settled.* C.  
 Pygtheth, *Ep.* 15. *Plucks, or tortures.* C.  
 [Pyke, *Ch.* 53. See *Shoone-pykes.*]  
 [Pynne, *Æ.* 213. Probably the peg  
 which supported the target; which  
 a clever marksman might split.  
 There is no satisfactory explanation  
 of 'the basket'.]

## Q.

- Quaced, *T.* 94. *Vanquished.* C.  
 Quayntyffed, *T.* 4. *Curiously de-vised.* C.  
 Quanfd, *Æ.* 241. *Stilled, Quenched.*  
 C.  
 Queede, *Æ.* 284. 428. *The evil one; the Devil.*

## R.

- Receivre, *G.* 151. *Receipt.* C.  
 Recer, *H. I.* 87. for *Racer.*  
 Recendize, *Æ.* 544. { for *Re-*  
 Recrandize, *Æ.* 1193. { *creandice;*  
 { *cowardice.*  
 [Though Sk. renders *Recendize* re-  
 sentiment.]  
 Recreand, *Æ.* 508. *Coward.* C.  
 Reddour, *Æ.* 30. *Violence.* C.  
 Rede, *Le.* 18. *Wisdom.* C.  
 Reded, *G.* 79. *Counſelled.* C.  
 Redeyng, *Æ.* 227. *Advice.*  
 Regrate, *Le.* 7. *Esteem.* C.—M.  
 70. *Esteem, favour.* C.  
 Rele, *n. Æ.* 530. *Wave.* C.  
 Reles, *v. E. II.* 63. *Waves.* C.  
 Rennome, *T.* 28. *Honour, glory.*  
 C.  
 Reyne, *Reine, E. II.* 25. *Run.* C.  
 Reying,

- Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.  
 Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.  
 Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*. C.  
 Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Ornaments of ribbands*.  
 Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.  
 Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.  
 Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.  
 Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, traveller*.  
 Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.  
 Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.  
 Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.  
 Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.  
 Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.  
 Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.  
 Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

## S.

- Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.  
 Sabbatanners, Æ. 275. [*Soldiers, from B.'s sabbatans, soldiers' boots; cf. Lat. Caligati.*]  
 [Sarim, H. I. 301. i.e. *Sarum*.]  
 Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.  
 Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.  
 Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, sparingly*. C.  
 Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.  
 Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.  
 Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.  
 Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.  
 Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.  
 Scond, H. I. 20. for *Abscond*.  
 Seck, H. I. 461. for *Suck*.  
 Seeled, Ent. II. *Closed*. C.  
 Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.  
 Selynefs, E. I. 55. *Happines*. C.  
 Semblate, p. 281. 67. [= *Semblance*.]  
 Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.  
 Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short undercloke*. C.  
 Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. [as *Semlykeene*.]  
 Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance*. C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance*. C.  
 Sendaument, p. 284. 126. [*Appearance*. The word has no authority; B. and K. are silent.]  
 Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat*.  
 Shappe, T. 36. *Fate*. C.  
 Shap-fcured, Æ. 603. *Fate-scoured*. C.  
 Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering*. C.  
 Shente, T. 157. *Broke, destroyed*. C.  
 Shepen, p. 283. 97. [*Simple*, from K.'s shepen (O.), *simple, fearful*.]  
 Shepftere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd*. C.  
 Shoone-pykes, p. 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes*. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.  
 Shrove, H. 2. 432. [It is difficult to discover the probable sense of this word. Perhaps an allusion to an imaginary legend is intended; cf. the reference (H. 2. 417) to Conyan's goats. Sk. has a note 'Shrove is the Rowleian for shrouded'; this is possible but hardly convincing.]  
 [Slea, Æ. 18. *Slay*.]  
 [Sleeve, H. I. 178. *Silk not yet twisted, floss*.]  
 Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter*.  
 Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy*. C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion*. C.  
 Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke*. C.  
 Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking*. C.  
 Smore, H. I. 412. [? *Smeared or Smothered*.]  
 Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours*. C.  
 Snett, T. 45. *Bent*. C.  
 [Sorgie, G. 17. *Surging*.]  
 Sothen, Æ. 227. *Sooth*. q?  
 Souten, H. I. 252. for *Sought*. p. t. fmg. q?  
 Sparre, H. I. 26. *A wooden bar*.  
 Spedde, H. 2. 525. [? *Spied*, or perhaps *Reached*.]  
 Spencer,

Spencer, T. II. *Dispenser*. C.  
 Spere, Æ. 69. [*Spare, allow.*]  
 Spyrung, Æ. 707. *Towering*.  
 Staie, H. I. 198. [B. has Stay, *stop, let, hindrance*; so possibly C. uses it as a paraphrase for *armour*; or some special piece of armour may be meant.]  
 Starks, T. 73. *Stalks*.  
 [Steeked, Æ. 1188. Not in K. B. or Speght, but Sk. notes that C. has *steeked = stole*; so here the sense would be *stole upon.*]  
 Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs*.  
 Stente, T. 134. *Stained*. C.  
 Steynced, Æ. 189. [? *Stinied*, from B.'s stent (Saxon), *stint.*]  
 Storthe, p. 287. 10. [*Death*; cf. *Storven.*]  
 Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead*. C.  
 Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched*. C.  
 [Stre, H. 2. 712. *Straw.*]  
 Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch*. C.  
 Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive*.  
 Stringe, G. 10. *Strong*. C.  
 Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981. [*Sufficient.*]  
 [Swanges, Ch. 210. *Swings.*]  
 Swarthe, Æ. 265. [A *swath*, or *swarth* (so rarely, but cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii, where Maria calls Malvolio 'an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths') is as much hay as the mower can cut at one movement of the scythe. So, an unsubstantial thing compared with a *boddekin.*]  
 Swartheing, Æ. 295. [*Darkling, darkening.*]  
 Swarthlefs, H. 2. 563. [*Dark-less, i. e. pallid.*]  
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd*. C.  
 Swoltering, Æ. 444. [? *Swallowing.*]  
 [Swote, E. I. 25. *Sweet*. C.]  
 Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet*. C.  
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythin; *Quickly*. C.  
 Syke, E. II. 6. *Such, so*. C.

## T.

Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow*. C.  
 [Talbot, H. 2. 89. *A kind of hunting dog (K.)*; a *dog with a turned-up tail (B.)*.]  
 Teint, H. I. 462. for *Tent*. [*Bandage.*]  
 Tende, T. 113. *Attend, or wait*. C.  
 Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow*.  
 Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully*. C.  
 Tere, Æ. 194. *Health*. C.  
 Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for *Thought*. pa. t. sing. q?  
 [Thraslarkes, H. 2. 427. Presumably a kind of lark. K. B. and Speght give no help.]  
 Thyghte, p. 283. 104. [H. 2. 578. *Well-built.*]  
 Thyssen, E. II. 87. *These, or those*. q?  
 Tochelod, Æ. 205. [Perhaps a mistake for *Tochered = dowered*. (Sk.)]  
 Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch*. C.  
 Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget*; Deceit.  
 Treynted, Æ. 454. [? *Scatter*, from K.'s *Betreint (O.)*, *sprinkled.*]  
 Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked, pulled*. C.  
 Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck, or pull*. C.  
 Tynge, Tyngue; *Tongue*.

## U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm*. C.  
 Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia* Ital. a fort of rich wine.  
 Ugfomenefs, Æ. 507. *Terror*. C.  
 Ugfomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly*. C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible*. C.  
 [Virgyne, Ch. I. The sign of the zodiac, *Virgo*, which the sun enters about the 21st of August.]

Unaknell'd,



- Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without any knell rung for them.* q? [*unaknelled* was Pope's reading of *un-anealed* in his edition of *Hamlet*.]
- Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.* C.
- Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.
- Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.
- Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccustomed.* C.
- Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited.* C. [Uneyned, Æ. 516. *Blinded.*]
- Unhaille, Ch. 85. *Unhappy.* C.
- Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving.* C.
- Unlift, E. III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.
- Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned.* C.
- Unlydgefull, Æ. 537. [*Disloyal.*]
- Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ. 1238. *Explain.* C.
- Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt.* C.
- [Unryghte. See Note 1.]
- Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls.* C.
- Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful, neglected.* C.
- Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless.* C.
- Unwer, E. III. 87. *Tempest.* C.
- Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory, understanding.* C.—G. 140. *Will.* C.
- Uprifte, Æ. 928. *Risen.* C.
- Upryne, H. 2. 719. [? *Raise up*, from B.'s *uprist*, *uprisen*, *risen up*.]
- Up(walyng), Æ. 258. *Swelling.* C.
- W.
- Walfome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatsome; loathsome.*
- Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair.* C.
- Waylde, Æ. 11. *Choice, selected.*
- Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing.*
- W. [Wayled (O.), *grown old* (K.).]
- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C.
- Weere, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C.
- Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C.
- Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C.
- [Whaped, H. 2. 579. *Amazed*, from K.'s *Awhaped* (O.), *amazed*.]
- Wifeegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C. [But used by C. as an adjective.]
- Wiffen, Æ. 685. *Wish.*
- Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C.
- Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction of *Wither.* C.
- [Wolfynn, T. 51. &c. *Wolf.* Not in K. B. or Speght.]
- Wolfome, Le. 5. See *Walfome*.
- Wraytes. See *Reytes*.
- Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C.
- Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C.
- Wychencref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.*
- Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* C.
- Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C.
- Wynnyng, Æ. 219. [The sense is 'which my father's hall had no winning,' i.e. 'which I could never get in my father's hall'. Sk. is almost certainly wrong here.]
- Y.
- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
- Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
- Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
- Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.
- Ybroched, G. 96. *Horned.* C.
- [Ybrogten, Æ. 919. *Brought.*]
- Ycorne, Æ. 374. [Contracted for *ycorven*.]
- Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.
- [Ycrase, p. 287. 16. *Break.*]
- Yceafedd, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
- Yenne; *Then.*
- Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
- Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*
- Ygrove, H. 2. 434. [? *Shaped*, for *y-graven*.]
- Yinder, Æ. 692. *Yonder.*

Yis; *This*.

Ylach'd, H. 2. 436. [*? Concealed*.

B. has Lach, *catch* or *snatch*; but  
this is hardly to the point.]

Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Inter*. C.

Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless*.

Yreaden, H. 2. 207. [*Ready*.]

Yroughte, H. 2. 318. for *Ywroughte*.

Yfped, M. 102. *Dispatched*. C.

Yfpende, T. 179. *Confider*. C.

Yftorven, E. I. 52. *Dead*. C.

Ytfel, E. I. 18. *Itself*.

Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered*. C.

Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid*, *covered*.  
C.

Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine*.

Z.

Zabalus, Æ. 428. as *Sabalus*; the  
Devil.

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for *Canterlone*, r. *Canterloue*, or *Canteloue*.  
 72. ver. 49. *ytt*s, r. *yttself*.  
 75. 1. *cherisaunci* 'tys, r. *cherisaunce it ys*.  
 80. 73. *toe*, r. *doe*.  
 100. 345. r. to be *dyghte*.  
 101. 367. *feares*, r. *teares*.  
 108. 442. *Storven*, r. *Stroven*.  
 110. 486. *be awreene*, r. *bewreen*.  
 130. 770. *sythe*, r. *syke*.  
 135. 839. *cherisaunied*, r. *cherisaunced*.  
 149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.  
 157. 1084. *Bie* thanks, r. *Mie* thanks.  
 167. 1197. *sythe*, r. *sawythe*.  
 210. 5. *O sea! our teeming donore*, r. *O sea-oerteeming Dowor!*  
 215. 104. r. horse of *Toffelyn*; or rather *Toffelyn*.  
 224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.  
 255. 343. *After la goure*, r. *Astrelagoure*.  
 265. 538. *vyctualle*, r. *vyctimes*.

F I N I S.





## A P P E N D I X;

CONTAINING

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE  
LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS  
ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY  
ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY  
BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,  
Sed sublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.

VIRGIL, Æ. X.



## A P P E N D I X, &amp;c.

WHEN these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *some observations upon* THE LANGUAGE\* *of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

\* I have chosen this *part* of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, considered with respect to their *significations* and *inflexions*. A complete examination of this subject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding, I chöose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one *postulatum*, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions\*.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be referred to three general heads; the *first* consisting of words

\* Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of *style* than of *language*. The *local situation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol.

not used by any other writer; the *second*, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the *first* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whylest the congeon flowrette *abessie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334.

Agylted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 392.

The fynest dame the sun or moon *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.

*Adented* prowes to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.

Leave me fwythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

Where from the hail-stone coulede the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE, H. 1. 88.

That Alured coulde not hymself *aluste*.

11. ALYNE, T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*.

12. ALYSE, Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette share you shoulde to that *alyse*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *alife*.

13. ANERE, Æ. 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to fee herr wythe *anere*?

————— Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE, p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the blofom woulde such fins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS, E. I. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodyde trees.

16. ARROW-LEDE, H. 1. 74.

Han by his foundynge *arrowe-lede* bene fleyne.

17. ASENGLAVE, H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE, Æ. 504.

That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE, Æ. 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*

Moe torturyng peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE, G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.



I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

1. ABOUNDE. H. I. 55.

His cristede beaver dyd him smalle *abounde*.

The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.

*Aledge*, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41.—p. 23. l. 4.

*All-a-boon*, fyr Priest, *all-a-boon*.

Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.

Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for alone, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say—*my son alone* for *my only son*.

## 5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighbour greene.

The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways, obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the English language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

## 6. ASTERTE. G. 137.

————— You have theyr worthe *asterte*.

I despair of finding any authorized sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signify *neglected or passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

## 7. AUMERE. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.  
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mofe deste *aumere*.  
Wythe gelten *aumeres* fronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de soye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

## 8. BARBED.

8. BARBED. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horſe, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnyng.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horſe* was a proper expreſſion, in the XV Century, for a *horſe covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* ſignified a *hall in which armour was hung*? or what other ſenſe can *barbde* have in this paſſage?

9. BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and ſonne-brente doe appere.

*Blake* ſtondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyſe.

*Blake*, in old Engliſh, may ſignifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both theſe paſſages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, ſome ſuch ſignification ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to make any ſenſe.

10. BODYKIN. Æ. 265.

And for a *bodykin* a *ſwarthe* obteyne.

*Bodekin* is uſed by Chaucer more than once to ſignifie a *bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other ſignification in his time. *Swarthe*, uſed as a noun, has no ſenſe that I am acquainted with.

11. BORDEL. E. III. 2.—Æ. 147. BORDELIER. Æ. 410.

Goe ſerche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.

We wylle in a *bordelle* lyve.

Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though

Though *bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-house*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course *bysmare*.

*Bismare*, in Chaucer, signifies *abusive speech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, v. PG. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champion* anie onne.

I do not believe that *champion* was used as a verb by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

14. CONTAKE. T. 87. CONTEKE. E. II. 10.

—— I *contake* thie waie.

*Conteke* the dynnyngre ayre and reche the skies.

*Conteke* is used by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no instance of its being used as a *verb*.

15. DERNE. Æ. 582. DERNIE. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didst boaste foe moche of actyon *derne*.

Oh Raufe, comme lyste and hear mie *dernie* tale.

O gentle Juga, heare mie *dernie* plainte.

He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

*Derne* is a Saxon adj. signifying *secret*, *private*, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

## 16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,

Bee placed in the same ———.

The only sence that I know of *druerie* is *courtship*, *gallantry*, which will not fuit with this passage.

## 17. FONNES. E. II. 14. Æ. 421. FONS. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fannes* rare ———

On of the *fannis* whych the clerche have made.

Quayntyffed *fons* depictedd on eche sheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer signifies a *fool*, and *fannes*—*fools*; and Spenser uses *fon* in the same sence; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

## 18. KNOPPED. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froste of fere.

*Knopped* is used by Chaucer to signifie *fastened* with a button, from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would say that any thing was *buttoned with frost*?

## 19. LECTURN. Le. 46.

An onlist *lecturn* and a songe adygne.

I do not see that *lecturn* can possibly signifie any thing but a *reading-desk*, in which sence it is used by Chaucer.

## 20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.

Inne *lithie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any such word as this, we should naturally expect

pect

pect it to follow the signification of *lithe*; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

*Clevis* or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ. 681.

In everich *eyne* aredyngne nete of wyere.

Wythe fyke an *eyne* shee swotelie hymm dydd view.

*Eyne*, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say—*In every eyes*;—*With such an eyes*.

HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 355.

*Heie*, the old plural of *He*, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in these poems.



THYSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyssen* was ever in use as the plural number of *this*. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular forts they were. In the same manner *coyen*. Æ. 125. and *sothen*. Æ. 227. are put for *coy* and *sothe*, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the singular number in n* \*. I will set down a number of instances, in which *han* is used for the present or past time *singular* of the v. *Have*; only premising, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9. The Brytish Merlyn oftenne *hanne*

The gyfte of inspyration.

\* It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the singular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.



Ba. 2. The featherd songster chaunticleer

*Han* wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wylle wyffen hee *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. ——— Mie ftede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla  
fstyle.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a ftynge?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire she *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the braveft in the londe

*Han* by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* flayne a noble's fon.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe

*Han* made his crymfon bloude and fpirits floe.

319. O Hengift, *han* thy caufe bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,

And *han* that daie full manie Normannes fleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more instances fould be wanted, fee H. 1. 396. 429.

455. H. 2. 306. 703.—p. 275. ver. 4.—p. 281. ver. 63.—

p. 288. ver. 1.

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used *singularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fellen* on the grounde and thus yspeke.

H. 2. 665. Bewopen Alfwoulde *fellen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned aboute and vilely *souten* flie.

H. 2. 339. Fallyng he *shooken* out his smokyng braine.

H. 2. 334. His sprite—Ne *shoulden* find a place in anie songe.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyse—

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laste nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *shewn*, he *thoughten* coste no sinne.

See also H. 2. 366. where *thoughten*, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in Æ. 704.

*Enthoughteyng* for to scape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Cen-

tury;

ture; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him\*. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* †. In many cases, where the

\* This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled "*Englysh Metamorphosis*," [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

† Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u u, and is entitled "*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt, &c.*"

words

words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right ; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explain any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical ; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315.

*A manner of asking a favour*, says Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

“**All a boon**, exp. Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab AS. Bene, unde nostrum *Boon* additis particulis Fr. G. *A la*. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. 1. Col. 2.”

The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, *Canterb. Tales*, ver. 9492.

“And alderfirst he bade them *all a bone*,” i.e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer should have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver*, &c. And AUMERE in Æ. 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment*. And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

“*Aumere* ex contextu videtur *Fimbria* vel *Infita*, nescio an a Teut. *Ambher*, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus feu ambitus. *Ch. f. 119. p. 1. C. 1.*”

BAWSIN. Æ. 57. *Large*. Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge, bulky*. Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of *Bawfin*, I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large*, than Skinner. “*Bawfin*, exp. *Magnus, Grandis*, &c.”

BRONDEOUS. E. II. 24. *Furious*. Chatterton. BRONDED. H. 2. 558. BRONDEYNGE. Æ. 704. BURLIE BRONDE. G. 7. *Fury, anger*. Chatterton. See also H. 2. 664.



All these uses of *Bronde*, and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. "**Bronde**, exp. *Furia*, &c." though in another place he explains **Burly brand** (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus ensis*. It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand*, if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Creseide*, a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.

**BURLED**. M. 20. *Armed*. Chatterton. So Skinner, "**Burled**, exp. *Armatus*, &c."

**BYSMARE**. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. Chatterton. **BYSMARELIE**. Le. 26. *Curiously*. Chatterton. See also p. 285. ver. 141. **BISMARDE**.

It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained **Bismare** to mean **Curiosity**. The true meaning has been stated above, p. 318.

**CALKE**. G. 25. *Cast*. Chatterton. **CALKED**. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected*. Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. "**Calked**, exp. **Cast**, credo **Cast up**." Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out* and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "**Calked** for **Calculated**. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I

think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Franklein's tale*, which in the common editions stands thus :

“ Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this.”

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in affixing to them exactly the same meaning.

I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.

ALYSE. Le. 29. G. 180. *Allow*. Chatterton. See before, p. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. “*Alfred*,

Authori



Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. **Alloved**, ab AS. Alþeð, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner f might be easily mistaken for a long f.

BESTOIKER. Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also Æ. 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "**Bestoike**, ab AS. Berycan, Spican, *Decipere*, Fallere, Prodere, Spica, Proditor, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as **Bestoike**, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKIED. E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "**Blake and bare**, videtur ex contextu profus *Nuda*, fort. q. d. **Bleak and Bare**, dum enim nudi fumus eoque aeri expositi, præ frigore pallefcimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 1. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the exposition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

HANCELLED. G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed*. Chatterton. *Hancelled* from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "**Hanceled**, exp. **Cut off**, credo dici proprie, vel primario saltem, tantum de prima portione seu segmento quod ad tentandam seu explorandam rem abscindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to Hancell a pasty or a gammon of bacon*." Chatterton, who had

neither

neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning of this explanation; and understanding *Cut off* to mean *Destroyed*, he has used *Hancelled* in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate*. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-fcourged*. Chatterton.

*Shap* haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer *shap*.—

There ys ne houfe athrow thys *shap-fcourged* ifle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* should have been used in the English language to signify *Fate*, till I observed the following article in Skinner. “*Shap, now is my thap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i. e.) now is it thapen to me, ab AS. Sceapan, &c.*” I suppose that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand *now is my shap* to mean *now is my fate*.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight’s tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

*Now is me shape* eternally to dwelle

Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is me shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner’s explanation shews that he read *me*.

I fancy

I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance\*. I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument.

It

\* I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility*. C.—**Abessed**;—*Humiliatus*. Sk.

ABORNE; *Burnished*, C.—**Borne**; *Burnish*. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune, Abreawe, Acome, Aderne, Adygne, Agrame, Agreme, Alest, &c.*

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of *good*. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. **Abone**,—a Fr. G. *Abonnir*; *Bonum facere*.

ABREDYNGE; *Upbraiding*. C.—**Abrede**, exp. *Upbraid*. Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly*. C.—**Crool**, exp. *Murmurare*. Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADENTE, ADENTED; *Fallen, annexed*. C.—**Adent**;—*Configere, Conjungere*. Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is used in the sense of *raise*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of **Ajust**, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyse* and *Bestoiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE,

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word *entirely*, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premises, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more

DERNE, DERNIE; *Woeful, lamentable, cruel*. C.—~~Derne~~; *Dirus, crudelis*. Sk.

DROORIE; *Modestly*. C.—~~Drury~~; *Modestia*. Sk.

FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—~~Fonnes~~; *Devifes*. Sk.

KNOPPED; *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.—~~Knopped~~; *Tied*. Sk.

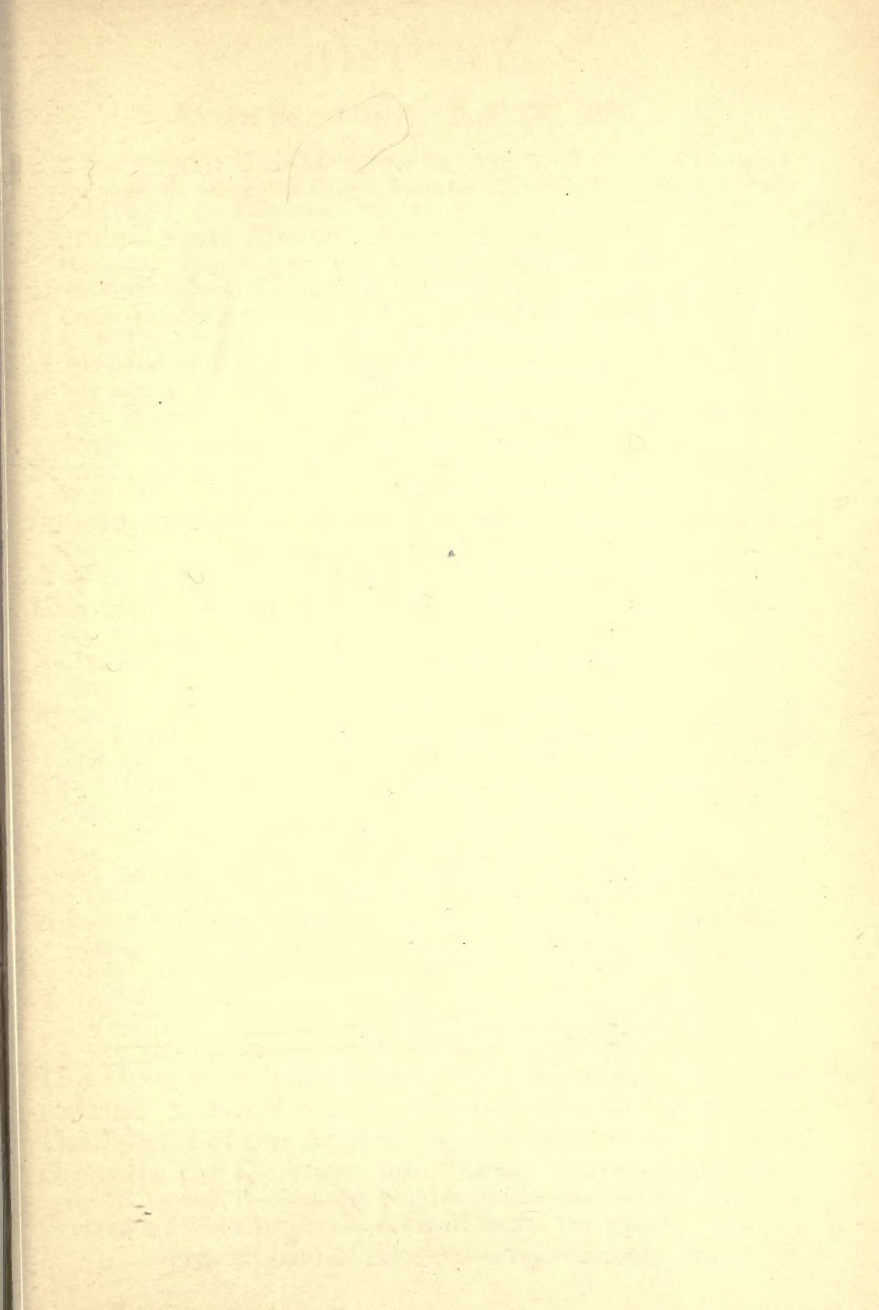
LITHIE; *Humble*. C.—~~Lithy~~; *Humble*. Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

probable

probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.



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