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THE
ROWLEY POEMS
BY
THOMAS CHATTERTON

REPRINTED FROM
TYRWHITT'S THIRD EDITION

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
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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

ERRATA

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

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

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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

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 Coffer 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 trove 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

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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"¹ 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

¹ 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.

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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,

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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

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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

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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

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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 reproduction¹ in black and white of the original MS. of Chatterton's '*Accounte of W. Canynges 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 engrossing² hand. During the next four years Chatterton 'transcribed' a great quantity of ancient documents, including *Ælla*, a

¹ From the engraving in Tyrwhitt's edition.

² 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 remember¹, 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

¹ 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.

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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

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that a consideration of Walpole's delicate connoisseurship sensibly coloured Chatterton's account of the life of Mastro 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 Mastro Canynge*¹ 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'² 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

¹ 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.

² March 28th, 1769.

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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*.¹ 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

¹ *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.¹

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

¹ 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)¹ 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

¹ But attorneys are seldom 'in regrave' 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.¹

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

¹ 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).

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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'.¹

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

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

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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

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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

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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 onr a hylle one eve fittyng
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

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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.

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.

(*Eclogue 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 tylterrs joyne!

(*Tournament*, 92.)

In

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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 so 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 Seccombe, 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—

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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 imagin'd, 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

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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

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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 Canynge's 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 Læe.

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 Javclin*

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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 motest 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 Saxonnes came

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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.

T H E
C O N T E N T S

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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-ftreet.
 “The young man was at first very unwilling
 “to difcover from whence he had the ori-
 “ginal; but, after many promifes made to
 “him, he was at laft 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 cheft in
 “an upper room over the chapel on the
 “north fide of Redclift church.”

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

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

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
b 3 question.

Barrett, an eminent furgeon 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 a confiderable 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 ſerve to authenticate the reſt of the collection, of which no copies, older than thoſe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments ſhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceſſity follow, that the matter of them was alſo forged by him, and ſtill leſs, that all the other compositions, which he profeſſed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either caſe, the deciſion muſt finally depend upon 'the' internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor ſhould give an opinion upon this important queſtion; but he rather chooſes, for many reaſons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been deſirous
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
S E V E R A L P I E C E S

CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

E C L O G U E T H E F I R S T .	p. 1
E C L O G U E T H E S E C O N D .	6
E C L O G U E T H E T H I R D .	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.

E L I N O U R E A N D J U G A .	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 *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

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 *varfes*, 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. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla.

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

Orig. *whose lockes* — Chat. *'whose bayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *broned*.

22. Orig. *kensl*. — Chat. *bearsl*.

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

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

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

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 taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at 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 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 Hastryngs of Hastryngs 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 tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commissiion 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* } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

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.

GODDWIN, 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^o 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 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^o 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^o 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "*Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Rowlie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated sollicitations 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 Discourse 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*, Somerset'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fædera*, &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 HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.	p. 286
ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the fame. Ibid.	
THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the fame.	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. *Ifcamm* 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, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge¹ from her
 lethal² wounde,
 From her galled necke dyd twytte³ the chayne
 awaie,
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote⁴ graie, 5
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres⁵ dyd abrodden⁶ flie,
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie⁷),
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie ;
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

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

2 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

R O B E R T E.

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 enheped⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre ! oh ! woe and well-a-daie !
 I haveth lyff, bott have eſcaped foe,
 That lyff ytfel mie Senſes doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull¹⁰ dome of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete ; I kenne thie woe in myne ;
 O ! I've a tale that Sabalus¹¹ mote¹² telle.
 Swote¹³ flouretts, mantled meadows, foreſtes
 dygne¹⁴ ;
 Gravots¹⁵ far-kend¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets¹⁷ cell ;

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

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The fwote ribible ¹⁸ dynning ¹⁹ yn the dell; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoaftrie ²⁰ courte ;
 Eke ²¹ the highe fonge and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dyfporte ²² :
 Impeftering ²³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ²⁴ the aye ²⁵ encreafynge
 dome. 30

R O B E R T E.

Oh ! I coulde waile mie kyng-coppe-decked mees ²⁶,
 Mie fpreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ²⁷, and embodyde ²⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ²⁹, far fpreedyng to the fyghte,
 Mie cuyen ³⁰ kyne ³¹, mie bullockes ftringe ³² yn
 fyghte, 35
 Mie gone ³³ emblaunched ³⁴ with the comfreie ³⁵
 plante,
 Mie floure ³⁶ Seyncte Marie fhotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie flore of all the bleffynge Heaven can grant.

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

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 5

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

A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges ⁵⁰ fledden is felynefs ⁵¹, 55

Mynsterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her championnes gore her face depeyncte ;

Peace fledde, diforder fheweth her dark rode ⁵⁵,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with

bloude. 60

⁵⁰ cottages. ⁵¹ happinefs. ⁵² monafterys. ⁵³ only. ⁵⁴ holy.
⁵⁵ complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES¹ of the bleste, the pious Nygelle fed,
 Poure owte yer pleafaunce² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uppone the brede³ fea doe the banners gleme⁴ ;
 The amenufed⁵ nationnes be aston⁶, 5
 To ken⁷ fyke⁸ large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme⁹.
 The barkis heafods¹⁰ coupe¹¹ the lymed¹² streme ;
 Oundes¹³ fynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake¹⁴
 riefe ;
 The water slughornes¹⁵ wythe a swotye¹⁶ cleme¹⁷
 Conteke¹⁸ the dynnynge¹⁹ ayre, and reche the skies. 10
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones²⁰ astedde²¹,
 Poure owte yer pleafaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

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

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 7

The gule ²² depeyncted ²³ oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn ²⁴ wyth fonnes ²⁵ rare, doe fhemrynge ²⁶ ryfe ;
 Upfwalynge ²⁷ doe heie ²⁸ fhewe ynne drierie pryde, 15
 Lyche gore-red eftells ²⁹ in the eve ³⁰-merk ³¹ fkyes ;
 The nome-depeyncted ³² fhields, the fperes aryfe,
 Alyche ³³ talle rofhes on the water fyde ;
 Alenge ³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte fheene ³⁵
 flyes ;
 Sweft-kerv'd ³⁶ 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 ³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth ³⁸ here and there, 25
 Onknowlachynge ³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie ⁴⁰.
 The banner glefters on the beme of daie ;
 The mittee ⁴¹ croffe Jerufalim ys feene ;

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

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

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

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottes ⁴⁵, foe fwyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the fydes of everich bark appere ;
 Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftfoones ⁴⁶ hys fquyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynnyng shielde doe shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷ ;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne ;
 The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeyng gif ⁵¹ to dare,
 Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ fwerde, theie seche to fraie ⁵⁴,
 theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40

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

Now comm the warryng Sarafyns to fyghte ;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

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

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyngge goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
 dyghte ⁵⁹, 45
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblett ⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte ;
 Syke funnys wayne ⁶¹ wyth amayl'd ⁶² beames doe barr
 The blaunchie ⁶³ mone or estells ⁶⁴ to gev lyghte. 50
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Diftraughte ⁶⁵ affraie ⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red
 die,

Terroure, emburled ⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugfomme ⁶⁸ flie, 55
 Enchafyngge ⁶⁹ echone champyonne war to wage.
 Speeres bevyale ⁷⁰ speres ; fwerdes upon fwerdes en-
 gage ;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde ;

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

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable⁷² 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 reles⁷³ hye ;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys feen ;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65
 And beereth meynte⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene ;
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys fleene⁷⁵ ;
 The waylynge⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys fonne ;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to a^ctions deene⁷⁷,
 Doeynge fyke marvels⁷⁸, ftrongers be afton⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the blefte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleafaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne ; Kyng Rycharde master is ;
 The Englonde bannerr kiffeth the hie ayre ;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys⁸⁰, 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre⁸¹ ;

⁷² blacken. ⁷³ waves. ⁷⁴ many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ flain.
⁷⁶ decreafing. ⁷⁷ glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ wonders. ⁷⁹ aftonifhed.
⁸⁰ certainly. ⁸¹ brow.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worfchepped there,
 Twyghte ⁸² into lovyng armes, and feasted eft ⁸³ ;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ⁸⁴,
 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 ſed, whan from the bluie ſea
 The upſwol ⁸⁵ fayle dyd daunce before his eyne ;
 Sweſte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge
 proove.

⁸² plucked, pulled. ⁸³ often. ⁸⁴ grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ ſwollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better
 parte?

Goe, ferche the logges¹ and bordels² of the hynde³;

Gyff⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem⁵ you see the blakied⁶ forme of kynde⁷.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge⁸ of a mynde? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote⁹ bee?

Woulde ytte here phrafe of the vulgar from the
 hynde,

Withoute wiseegger¹⁰ wordes and knowlache¹¹ free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge¹²
 pende;

Gif nete befyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

¹ lodges, huts. ² cottages. ³ servant, slave, peasant. ⁴ if.
⁵ a contraction of *them*. ⁶ naked, original. ⁷ nature. ⁸ liking.
⁹ might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its
 primæval state. ¹⁰ wise-egger, a philosopher. ¹¹ knowledge.
¹² sporting.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

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 ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

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

To hele ¹⁴ 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 ¹⁵ and we'lle fynge, and wylle drenche ¹⁶
of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie sommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ answered. ¹⁴ aid, or help. ¹⁵ work. ¹⁶ drink.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
 With birlette ¹⁷ golde,
 Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ stronge ontolde, 25
 What was shee 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 lovers ²⁰ fon
 Is moe than mee. 30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

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

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

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 15

The cravent³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente³⁴,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente³⁵. 40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon³⁶, Syr Priefst, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preeftschype nowe faye unto mee ;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie fhoulde hee than mee
Bee moe greate, 45
Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and eftate ?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie³⁸ loke arounde the chaper³⁹ delle⁴⁰ ;
An anfwere to thie barganette⁴¹ here fee,
Thys welked⁴² flourette wylle a lefon telle : 50
Arift⁴³ it blew⁴⁴, itte florifhed, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge afcaunce⁴⁵ upon the naighbourc greene ;
Yet with the deigned⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome⁴⁷ felle,
Eftfoones⁴⁸ ytte fhronke upon the daie-brente⁴⁹ playne,

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

16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

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

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

Thou wurchest ⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled ⁵⁸ of foughlys ⁵⁹ fee,
Thou wouldst eftfoones ⁶⁰ 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 ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne ⁶¹,
And eere mie wurche is don
I fynge a songe or twayne ⁶². 70

⁵⁰ fuch. ⁵¹ lord's. ⁵² a purse or bag. ⁵³ flay. ⁵⁴ ease. ⁵⁵ truth.
⁵⁶ happy. ⁵⁷ workest. ⁵⁸ the hidden or secret part of. ⁵⁹ souls.
⁶⁰ full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ car. ⁶² two.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 17

I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb⁶³ 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 heiedeygnes⁶⁴,

And foile⁶⁵ the wyfests feygnes⁶⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynstrelle⁶⁷ am I feene, 80

All a footeyngge it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh ! I wyfhe to be moe greate,

In rennonæ, tenure, and estate.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne feene a tree uponne a hylle, 85

Whose unliste⁶⁸ braunces⁶⁹ rechen far toe fyghte ;

Whan fuired⁷⁰ unwers⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,

Itte shaketh deere⁷² yn dole⁷³ and moke affryghte.

⁶³ a bottle. ⁶⁴ a country dance, still practised in the North.
⁶⁵ baffle. ⁶⁶ a corruption of *feints*. ⁶⁷ a minstrel is a musician.
⁶⁸ unbounded. ⁶⁹ branches. ⁷⁰ furious. ⁷¹ tempests, storms.
⁷² dire. ⁷³ difmay.

18 ECLOGUE THE THIRD

Whyleft the congeon ⁷⁴ flowrette abeffie ⁷⁵ dyghte ⁷⁶
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁷ bie the ftorme : 90
 Syke is a picte ⁷⁸ of lyffe : the manne of myghte
 Is tempeft-chaft ⁷⁹, hys woe greate as hys forme,
 Thiefelfe a flowrette of a fmall accounte,
 Wouldft harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydft
 mounte.

⁷⁴ dwarf. ⁷⁵ humility. ⁷⁶ decked. ⁷⁷ unhurt. ⁷⁸ picture.
⁷⁹ tempeft-beaten.

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

ONNE Ruddeborne ¹ bank twa pynyngē May-
dens fate,

Theire teares fafte dryppeyngē to the waterre cleere ;

Echone bementyngē ² for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyngē ³
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole ⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lychē droppes of pearlie dew, lemed ⁵ the quyvryng
brine.

E L I N O U R E .

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie ⁶ plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte ⁷ in stele ;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte wathe Syrre Roberte
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantafie I feele ;

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

See! fee! upon the grounde he bleedyng lies ;
 Inhild⁸ some joice⁹ 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 levynde¹⁰ okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forlettenn¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gafflie mitches¹² holde the traine of fryghte^{13,20}
 Where lethale¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the misfynette¹⁵ shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie ;
 No moe the amblyng palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie ; 25
 I'll feke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie ;

⁸ infuse. ⁹ juice. ¹⁰ blasted. ¹¹ forsaken. ¹² ruins.
¹³ fear. ¹⁴ deadly or deathboding. ¹⁵ a small bagpipe.
¹⁶ in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche ¹⁷ glebc wyll
goe,

And to the passante Spryghtes lecture ¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie ¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden ²⁰ Moon, ynn fylver mantels dyghte ; 30
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreame
Of Selynes ²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte ;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde !) gif to a
fpryte

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 ²² ryver, on thie linche ²³ 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

¹⁷ church-yard. ¹⁸ relate. ¹⁹ black. ²⁰ decreasing. ²¹ happines.
²² glassy. ²³ bank.

22 ELINOURE AND JUGA.

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 mees⁴ 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie fhrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were
flayne,
Diftraughte²⁵ theie wandered to ſwollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, fonke ynn the waves, and
dyde.

⁴ meeds. ²⁵ diftracted

TO JOHN E 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 oulde friendshippe bee,
Thys ys the onelic 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 fñalle 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 fonnes, 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 aetedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reft)

Thye Spryte to haunte delygteth beste, 20

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest fomme mountayne made of corse of fleyne ;

Orr

Orr feeft 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 Caftle fteeres ; 30

Orr fierye round the mynfterr glare ;
 Lette Bryftowe ftulle be made thie care ;
 Garde ytt fromme foemene & confumynge fyre ;
 Lyche Avones ftreme enfyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, 35
 Tulle 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*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
 Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,
 And thus an answerr 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 fhænynghe lyghtes,

And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves

Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

20

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20

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs
founde;

The courferrs lyffe ¹ about the menfuredd ² felde;
The fhemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;
Quayntyffed ³ fons ⁴ depictedd ⁵ onn eche sheelde.
The feerie ⁶ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ⁷,
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell ⁸ orr beare,
Wythe ftraunge depyctures ⁹, Nature maie nott
yeelde,

Unfeemlie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte ¹⁰ to menne, who thyncke and have a
fpryte ¹¹,

Makes knowen thatt the phantafies unryghte. 10

¹ fport, or play. ² bounded, or meafured. ³ curiously devifed.
⁴ fancys or devices. ⁵ painted, or difplayed. ⁶ fiery.
⁷ ornamented, enameled. ⁸ a young lion. ⁹ drawings, paint-
ings. ¹⁰ that. ¹¹ foul.

I, Sonne

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

Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfteth rounde ; 15
 Soe the neshe ¹⁷ flowerr grees ¹⁸ ynne the woodeland
 shade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde ;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.

As ynn the bowke ¹⁹ nete ²⁰ alleyn ²¹ cann bec donne,
 Syke ²² ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
 onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde²³, bie heavenne these tylterrs staic too long.
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.

The mynstrelles have begonne the thyerde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁴ hath grete mie fyghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25
 I lacke a Guid ²⁵, a Wyllyamm ²⁶ to entylte.

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

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

H E R A W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes ³² dynn ³³ fromm
 farre.

B O U R T O N N E.

Ah! swythenn ³⁴ mie shielde & tylytynge launce bee
 bounde ³⁵.

Eftfoones ³⁶ beheste ³⁷ 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 ³⁸ of menne
 aftounde ;

Harde bee yer shappe ³⁹ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte ;

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

Anenft ⁴⁰ all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴¹.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴² 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 ⁴³.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁴⁴ ; yee mynstrelles tune the ftrynge,
 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 ⁴⁵ hadd knite ⁴⁶,

⁴⁰ against. ⁴¹ pitched, or bent down. ⁴² drink.
⁴³ fervants, attendants. ⁴⁴ fong, or ballad. ⁴⁵ activity. ⁴⁶

Snett

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

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
 Botte metes the arrowe, and eftfoones⁷¹ doth die.
 Forflagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beaftes bee,
 Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe
 alyne⁷².
 The stagge ys ouch'd⁷³ wythe crownes of lillie
 flowerrs. 80
 Arounde their heaulmes their greene verte doe en-
 twyne;
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
 Forflagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeftte thee upponne their fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn
 flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie⁷⁴; who wylle fyrste
 affraie⁷⁵? 85

⁷¹ full soon. ⁷² acrofs his shoulders. ⁷³ 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. ⁷⁴ Turnament. ⁷⁵ fight, or encounter.

H E R A U L D E.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁷⁶ honnoure thyne.

B O U R T O N N E.

I clayme the passage.

N E V Y L L E.

I contake ⁷⁷ thie waie.

B O U R T O N N E.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁷⁸ onn mie gaberdyne ⁷⁹.

H E R E H A U L D E.

A leegefull ⁸⁰ challenge, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁸¹,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. 90

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie ⁸² the tylters joyne!

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

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

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente ⁸⁵ hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; 95
 Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁸⁶ scethe ⁸⁷
 Before I doe departe the liffedd ⁸⁸ felde,
 Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe
 Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ⁹⁰.
 Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie
 foe. 100
 [*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*
 Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
 smethe ⁹¹;
 I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ⁹².

⁸³ vanquished. ⁸⁴ oppose. ⁸⁵ against. ⁸⁶ much.
⁸⁷ damage, mischief. ⁸⁸ bounded. ⁸⁹ bleed. ⁹⁰ easy. ⁹¹ smoke.
⁹² hurt, or damage.

H E R A W D E.

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

B E R G H A M M E.

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 mede⁹³ ;
 Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie⁹⁴ ;
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possesse the daie,
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 110
 Herehawde, toc the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

C L I N T O N.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tend⁹⁵ ; I doe thee fie⁹⁶.
 Lyche forreyng⁹⁷ levynn⁹⁸, schalle mie tylte-launce
 fie.

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

⁹³ reward. ⁹⁴ fight or engage. ⁹⁵ attend or wait. ⁹⁶ defy.
⁹⁷ & ⁹⁸ destroying lightening.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure⁹⁹ thie beevcredd¹⁰⁰
eyne.

I have borne downe, and efte¹⁰¹ doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne¹⁰² begynne, and wrynn¹⁰³ thie shappe¹⁰⁴
orr myne ;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

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

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bię the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee fett asyde, tulle hee doth see

A tylytynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe fraunge knyghtes ; gyff corteous¹⁰⁵
heie¹⁰⁶,

Ytt welle befeies¹⁰⁷ to yeve¹⁰⁸ hemm ryghte of
fraie¹⁰⁹.

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

F I R S T K N Y G H T E.

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

H E R E H A W D E.

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 ¹¹⁴ overthrowne.]*

B O U R T O N N E.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
 Ycrafedd ¹¹⁵ speres and helmetts bee besprente ¹¹⁶,
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houde a piercedd ¹¹⁷
 sheeld,
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
 ftente ¹¹⁸,

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

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marfhalle, anodherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes ¹¹⁹ of fyre ybrente ¹²⁰,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹²¹ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹²² 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 ¹²³ the stronge push of mie straught ¹²⁴ out
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie ¹²⁵ chyrcches walle,

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

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹²⁶ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹²⁷; I champyonn ¹²⁸ you to
warre.

Sounde, founde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm
farre. 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

¹¹⁹ flames. ¹²⁰ burnt. ¹²¹ healm. ¹²² beneath. ¹²³ against.
¹²⁴ stretched out. ¹²⁵ holy. ¹²⁶ faithfully. ¹²⁷ ready. ¹²⁸ challenge.

K Y N G E.

The Mornyng 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 ¹²⁹
 fynges ;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
 sprente ¹³⁰ ;

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 ¹³¹ ;

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

Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹²⁹ atchievements, glorious actions.

¹³⁰ broken spears.

¹³¹ broke, destroyed. ¹³² only, alone.

M Y N-

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

Whann Battayle, smethynge ¹³³ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,

Dydd the merke ¹³⁴ woode of ethe ¹³⁵ 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 ¹³⁶ hys fwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne fhee swotelie ¹³⁷ hymm dydd
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn ¹³⁸ everrie fhape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd change untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge ¹³⁹ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁴⁰, 175

Lych the merk ¹⁴¹-plante doe entwyne.

¹³³ smoaking, steaming.

¹³⁴ dark, gloomy.

¹³⁵ ease.

¹³⁶ hid, secreted. ¹³⁷ sweetly.

¹³⁸ moulded.

¹³⁹ shooting, darting.

¹⁴⁰ gras, hold. ¹⁴¹ night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
 Onknowlchyng¹⁴² ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
 Thys rule yspende¹⁴³, and ynn thie mynde retayne ;
 Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-
 hynde. 180

¹⁴² ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁴³ consider.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:
 OR THE DETHE OF
 SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE 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 entron'd on hyghe! 10
 "CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
 "To-daie shall surelic 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 state.”

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 CHARLESSES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES ! ” sayd CANTERLONE,

25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlic, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says 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 surelie dic.”

“ 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 kyng, for myne hee’s not,

“I’de fooner die to-daie

“Thanne lyve hys flave, as manie are,

“Tho’ I fhoude 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 kyng, 45

And felle down onne hys knee ;

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

“To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kyng, “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 styll was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,
 “ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;
 “ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”
 The kynge ynne furie fayde ;
 “ Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 “ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65
 “ And hee shall have hys meede :
 “ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng e else
 “ Att present doe you neede ? ”

“ My nobile leige ! ” goode CANYNGE fayde,
 “ Leave justice to our Godde, 70
 “ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;
 “ 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,

“ ’Twyll faste thye crowne fulle sure ;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov’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

“ Respect 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 lafte.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the prefence pafte. 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 muft 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 through the tyrant's welcom means
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 " For bothe mye fonnes and wyfe. •

" Before I sawe 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 stoode,
 " Whan thousands dy'd arounde ; 130
 " Whan smokyng streemes of crimson 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 dysmayde ?
 “ 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,
 “ Wly thenne hys wylle bee donne.
- “ My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
 “ To ferve Godde and mye prynce ;
 “ And thatt I no tyme-ferver am,
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.
- “ Ynne Londonne citey 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 shall 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 caufe 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 saye, 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 spoufe, 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

- “ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare difmay’d 175
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne ?
- “ Ne ! haples 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 sonnes 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 brasse 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 sonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie ;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe 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 Christian foule
 “ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

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

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

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyng ! 235

“ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

“ Ytte cke shall ende mye lyfe.” 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

“ Truste thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye fonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race

“ Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

“ FLORENCE ! shou'd dethe thee take—adiou !

“ Yee officers, leade onnc.”

Thenne

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 fledde 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 tassils spanglyngge ynne the sunne,
 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 :

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;
 Behynde theyre backes 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 ſledde,
 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

“ Thou feest mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

“ Expos’d to infamie ;

“ Butt bee assur’d, disloyall manne ! 315

“ I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne. 320

“ Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede ’till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe :

“ Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeaes, 325

“ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

“ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

“ ’Twixt kyng and tyrant hande :

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave !

“ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde ”— 330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kyng

Departed thenne the sledde.

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 ghaftlie terrors brynge,
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
 “ Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! ” 340

“ Soe lett hym die ! ” Duke RICHARD sayde ;
 “ 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 glyfterr 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 servyngge loyally mye kynge, 355
 “ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

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

“ You leave youre goode and lawfuller kynge,
 “ Whenne ynne aduersitye ;
 “ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
 “ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365
 A pray’r to Godde dydd make,
 Befeechyngge hym unto hymselfe
 Hys partyngge soule to take.

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

And

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;
 And teares, enow to wafhe'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 crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-ftreete most nobile.

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

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 Auçthoure

CELMONDE, *Fohan Ifcamm*, Preefte.

HURRA, Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTHA, Maftre *Edwarde Canynge*.

Qdherr Partes bie *Knyghtes Mynftrelles*.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

'**T**YS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent
tym,

Whan Reafonn hylt ¹ herfelfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preefte delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym ;
Lyche peyncted ³ tytyngne speares to please the fyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke ⁴
dere ⁵, 5
Syke dyd their auncyante lee deftlie ⁶ delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenne,
Butt eefte ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher fyde ;
In hallie ⁹ preefte apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,
Inne lithie ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde : 10
But rhym wythe fomme, as nedere ¹² without teethe,
Make pleafaunce to the fenfe, botte maie do lyttel
scathe ¹³.

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

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
 At merrie yaped²⁶ fage²⁷ fomme hard-drayned water
 brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde²⁸ hys lynes.
 Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;
 Wordes wythoute sence fulle groffyngelye²⁹ 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 gyf³⁰ you neere be-
 gone.

Enowe of odhers ; of miefelfe to write,
 Requyringe whatt I doe notte nowe posses,
 To you I leave the taske ; I kenne your myghte
 Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe³¹ of faultes, be
 lefs. 40

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

²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly. ³⁰ if.
³¹ many.

70 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³² 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 ³³ mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untylle anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient
signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE
CANYNGE.

S TRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
oures,
Nete³⁵ butte a bare recytalle can hav place ;
Nowe shapelië poesie haft losfe yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace ;
Heie³⁶ pycke up wolfsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate³⁷,
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie³⁸, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great grandfieres
bore, 10
Emarshalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;
Lette trades, & tounë folck, lett fyke³⁹ thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure ;

³⁵ nought. ³⁶ they. ³⁷ esteem. ³⁸ heraldry. ³⁹ such.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
 Shee nillynge⁴⁰ to take myckle⁴¹ aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunfe upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede⁴² aboute ;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute ; 20
 Eke, gyf⁴³ ynto a vew percase⁴⁴ I tooke
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem⁴⁵ al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes⁴⁶, gyff I faie, onwife 25
 Yee are, to stycke so clofe & bysmarelie⁴⁷
 To hyftorie ; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenufed⁴⁸ thoughtes of poesie ;
 Somme drybblette⁴⁹ share you shoulde to yatte⁵⁰ alyfe⁵¹,
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hyftoric ; 30
 Inftedde of mountynge onn a wynged horfe,
 You onn a rouncey⁵² dryve yn dolefull courfe.

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

Cannyng

Cannyng & I from common course dyffente ;
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene ;
 Ne wylle betweene crafed molteryng bookes be pente, 35
 Botte foare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene ;
 And where wee kenn somme ishad ⁵³ floures besprente,
 We take ytte, & from oulde rouste doe ytte clene ;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes foare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore ?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie ⁵⁴ bewryen ⁵⁵,
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age so fore,
 A keppened poyntelle ⁵⁶ restyng at eche lyne.
 Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more, 45
 An onliff ⁵⁷ lecturn ⁵⁸, and a songe adyngne ⁵⁹ ;
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng yttself mofte bee yttes owne defense ;
 Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50

⁵³ broken.

⁵⁴ elegantly.

⁵⁵ declared, expressed.

⁵⁶ a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius.

⁵⁷ boundless.

⁵⁸ subject. ⁵⁹ nervous, worthy of praise.

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 Byfhoppe 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 ⁶⁰ 'tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced ⁶¹ theyre londe from
 bayne ⁶²,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode dedes doe on the earthe remayne ;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne ⁶³ everych steync, 5
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels ⁶⁴ geafonne ⁶⁵ to be feene.

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

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

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites ¹ 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 fiame thee fayre? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle ² canne bewreene ³?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage
sheene,

Yatt fhemres onn thie comelie femlykeene

Lychenottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde, 10

¹ robes, mantels. ² a pen. ³ exprefs. countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnenn clothe ywreene⁵,
 Syke⁶ woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage fpredde.
 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 fee herr wythe anere⁷! 15
 Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
 And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes⁸ wyll flea.
 Affyft mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
 To flea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie⁹ friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie priefte dyd make me knyghte,
 Bleffyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howē bie mie honde the prevyd¹⁰ Dane ſhoulde blede,
 Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁵ covered. ⁶ fuch. ⁷ another. at once. ⁹ mighty.
¹⁰ hardy, valourous.

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie fofter soule ;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse 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 ¹¹ as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preeft, the lechemanne of the foule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyfnede ¹² vowe :
 Now hallie Ælla's felynesse ys grate ;
 Shap ¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate ¹⁴.

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 mync cyne,
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou fhalte be for aie ;
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie ¹⁵ ;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
 yblente ¹⁶, 40

¹¹ violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate. ¹⁴ lessen, decrease.
¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded.

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the graffe her lemes¹⁷ of fylver fente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie swote to bee,
 Enactyng 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 pheeres¹⁸,
 Awylft thie merrymen dydde laughe and jeaſte,
 Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.
 Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
 Aleſt a daygnous¹⁹ looke to thee be ſente, 50
 And offrendes²⁰ made mee, moc thann yie compheeres,
 Offe ſcarpes²¹ of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente²² ;
 All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed²³ to mee,
 I faie 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 bawſyn²⁴ olyphauntes²⁵ mie gnattes doe
 ſhewe ;

Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate²⁶.

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

Botte hann mie aċtyonns fraughte²⁷ 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 fwete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes²⁸ 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 ĩpere,
 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.

Thie gentle wordis doe thie volunde²⁹ kenne
 To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meynċte of
 menne.

²⁷ stretched. ²⁸ services. ²⁹ memory, understanding.

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,
 Befprengyng far abrode mischaunces nyghte ;
 And thou, fayre Birtha ! thou, fayre Dame, fo
 bryghte,
 Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
 Wythe felyneffe, 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 fopperes pafte we'lle drenche youre ale foe
 stronge, 85
 Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shep³⁰sterr 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, bestoikerre ³¹, I wylle goe,
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³²,
 Lyche the fylver-footed doe,
 Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke, 95
 Pereynge ynne the streme belowe ;
 Here we'lle fytte, yn dewie danke ;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

³⁰ Shepherd. ³¹ deceiver. ³² meadows.

W O M A N N E.

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

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyttē, and harke,
 Howe the ouzle³³ chauntes hys noate,
 The chelandree³⁴, 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 so blatauntlie³⁵,
 Tellynge lecturnyes³⁶ to mee,
 Myfcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

³³ The black bird. ³⁴ Gold-finch. ³⁵ loudly. ³⁶ lectures.

M A N N E.

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

W O M A N N E.

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

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie ; 120
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.
 Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and fynge to lovyng ayres ;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee ; 125
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

³⁷ 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 ſhalt 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 attenes³⁸, thos honde yn honde, 140
Unto divinifre³⁹ goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde ?

³⁸ At once.

³⁹ 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 shrync.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle ⁴⁰ lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate ;
 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.

⁴⁰ A cottage.

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

Laverde⁴¹, wee have; and, gyff you please, wille
 fyngge, 155
 As well as owre choughe-voyses wille permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotolie tune the strynge,
 And fret⁴², and engyne all the human wytte,
 Toe please mie dame.

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

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fyngge.

Myustrelles Songe.

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

The boddyngge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
 The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
 Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
 The nesh⁴³ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁴¹ Lord. ⁴² stretch. ⁴³ 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 sheeneth 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 fomethynge 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 hommage 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 ſee
 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 blake⁴⁴ and sonne-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 wythc woddie fede ys whyte ;
 Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the
 fyghte ;

Whann the fayre apple, ruddy 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 somme
 care.

⁴⁴ 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 chafe⁴⁵ 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
tere⁴⁶,

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

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, 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 hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To falvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee ; 205

⁴⁵ Hot.

⁴⁶ health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee fwythyn ⁴⁷ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hic, yn proovyngge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttyngge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hofen was
knyttyngge, 210
Whatte pleafure 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 aske ytte. 215

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

⁴⁷ Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryfe, doe I fette mie maydennes, 220

Somme to fpynn, fomme to curdell, fomme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe afke for mie aidens,
Thann fwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,

And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225

Botte fchulde 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
fhee ; 230

So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyng.

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys ; goe ynn untoe the feafte ;

Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee ;

There fwotelie fynge eche carolle, and yaped⁴⁸ jcafte ;

And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee ; 235

⁴⁸ Laughable.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spoufe-feafte goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted ⁴⁹ everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coafte ;
Lyche scolles of locufts, cafte oppe bie the fea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoafte, 240
Are ragyng, to be quanfed ⁵⁰ bie none botte thee ;
Haſte, ſwyfte 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.

Beſhrew 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 chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne !

⁴⁹ Drowned. ⁵⁰ Stilled, quenched.

B I R T H A.

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

Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treatc,
 Than groffythe to forbydde thie hongered gwestes
 to eate ?

O mie upswalyng⁵¹ 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 sente
 As thous faste dented to a load of peyne ?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
 And for a bodykyn⁵² a swarthe obteyne ? 265

⁵¹ Swelling.⁵² Body, substance.

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 wyfefte lacketh pore mans rede.
 Reafonne 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 ⁵³ laie,
 The foemenn, everych honde-poync̄te, getteth fote.
 Mie loverde, lett the fpeere-menne, dyghte for fraic,
 And all the fabbataners goe aboute. 275
 I fpeke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryfe
 Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warrour to alyfe.

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou potteft takells ⁵⁴ 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.

⁵³ Still, dead.

⁵⁴ arrows, darts.

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 impleasaunce of fyke blacke a geare. 285
 Yette I wylle bee miefelfe, 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 brafteth from mee atte the holtred eyne ;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyngge spryte wyll
 drayne,
 Gyff drierie 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 breaſte hys Birtha teare ?
 Is ſhee ſo rou and ugſomme⁵⁵ to hys fyghte ?
 Entrykeynge wyght ! ys leathall warre ſo deare ?
 Thou pryzeſt mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
 Thou ſcalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
 Hong pendaunte bie thie ſwerde, and craved for thy
 morte.

Æ L L A.

Dydeſt 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.

⁵⁵ 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 requelte 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 ſynge hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha ; look attoure
 Thie bledeyng cuntrye, whych for haſtie dede
 Calls, for the rodeyng of ſome doughtie power,
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

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 hafte 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 ⁵⁶ Ælla, thie abredynge ⁵⁷ blyng ⁵⁸.
 Twas love of thee thatte foule intende ywrynde. 335
 Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
 Hear from mie groted ⁵⁹ harte the lover and the friende.

⁵⁶ Offended. ⁵⁷ upbraiding. ⁵⁸ cease. ⁵⁹ 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 presse 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, fwestlie goe,
 Telle mie Brystowans to bedyghte yn stele ; 345
 Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn 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 Deth, yette here I woulde notte staie.

Botte

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 agreeme⁶⁰ to accaie⁶¹,
 And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

B I R T H A.

Difficile⁶² ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
 To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breašte.
 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 breašte wyth syghes
 ytorne.

⁶⁰ Torture.

⁶¹ affwage.

⁶² difficult.

Æ L L A.

This mynde ys now thiefelse ; why wylte thou bec
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyfe yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla fee, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes⁶³ he nowe muste leave
 behynde ?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token fende ;
 Onn mie longe fhielde 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.

This Bryftowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
 lynge⁶⁴ ;
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-fhield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; but yette I cannotte goe.

⁶³ Jewels.⁶⁴ flay.

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie fpryte, 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, braſte, braſte ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mec.

Æ L L A.

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

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde, ſtaie.
He's gon, he's gone, alaſ! 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,
 Meetyng from dyftaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
 Albeytte efte thou takeft thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ⁶⁵ ynne a myfte, and wyth thyne eyne
 yblente,
 Nowe commeft thou to mee wythe ftarric lyghte ; 395
 Ontoe thie vefte the rodde fonne ys adente ⁶⁶ ;
 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 ⁶⁷ atte the fetyvenefs of daie ; 400
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
 Is gone, and I mofte followe, toe the fraie.

⁶⁵ Wrapped clofely, covered. ⁶⁶ fastened. ⁶⁷ astonifh'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 fhew yttes
face. 405

I fee onnumbered joies arounde mee ryfe ;

Blake ⁶⁸ stondethe 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 gastnefs fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee fare.

Thou there dysperpellest ⁶⁹ thie levynne-bronde ;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the
gare ; 415

Sleene ys mie comferte bie thie ferie honde ;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

⁸ Naked, Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroadc, bic brasfeynge hyltren woundc.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,

A thyngc of wychencref, an idle dreme ; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made

Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme ;

Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of the
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblyngc waies,

Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be breme, 425

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable spryte,

.For fremde⁷⁰ and dolefulle dede. 430

⁷⁰ Strange.

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

MAGNUS.

SWYTHE⁷¹ lette the offrendes⁷² to the Goddes
 begynne,

To knowe of hem the iffue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-ſteyned ſword and pavyes ynne;

Spreade ſwythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *ſyngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435

Delethe ſeaſonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere aggyulte,

The mone yn bloddie gyttelles⁷³ hylte,

Mooved the ſtarres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

⁷¹ Quickly. ⁷² offerings. ⁷³ mantels.

Whanne the oundyngē waves dyftreftē,
 Stroven to be overeft,
 Sockeyngē yn the ſpyre-gyrte towne,
 Swolteryngē wole natyones downe,
 Sendyngē dethe, on plagues aſtrodde, 445
 Moovyngē lyke the erthys Godde ;
 To mee fend your hefte dyvyne,
 Lyghte eletten⁷⁴ all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyfe
 All the actyonnes of th'emprize. 450.

[*falleth downe and eſte ryſethe.*

Thus ſayethe the Goddes ; goe, yſſue 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 hoafte,
 Athorowe ſwerdes, alyche the Queed dyſtraughte, 455
 Have Magnus preſſyngē wroghte hys foemen loaſte.

⁷⁴ Enlighten.

As

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 109

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

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie groufer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylyted okc.

H U R R A.

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

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465

The cocke faiethe dreft⁷⁵, yett armed ys he alleyne.

Certis this wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

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

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
 myghte. 470

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn this honde,

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

⁷⁵ Leaf.

M A G N U S.

[l. 467 see *Introduction* p. xli]

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ⁷⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makeft armed hartes to blede.
 Este I, caparyfon'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee feene 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.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte ; 485
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.

⁷⁶ Against.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 111

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

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble s'pryte
 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 dys'plaie,
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche ⁷⁷ myckle
 woe. 500
 Oh ! I bee madde, dys'traughte wyth brendyng rage ;
 Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte
 affwage.

⁷⁷ Work.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle ; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dyftresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugformnes⁷⁸
 To thee and recreandes⁷⁹) 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,

⁷⁸ Terror.⁷⁹ cowards.

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

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

H U R R A.

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

Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla come.

⁸⁰ Wavc.

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder fynke toe helle !

Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ! 535

I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.

Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?

'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,

Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſetre felle ;

Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne. 540

Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyſregate.

H U R R A.

I pryze^h thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,

The ſede of malyce and recendize al.

Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes ; 545

Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooſe canſt calle.

Thou beeſt a worme ſo groffile and ſo ſmal,

I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,

Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,

Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550

I Hurra amme mieſel, & aie wylle 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 contekions⁸¹, chiefs; for, as I stode
 Uponne mie wathe, I spiede an armie commynge,
 Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded⁸² 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 sommer's none, 560
 Seemynge as tho' theie styngge as perfante too.

H U R R A.

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

⁸¹ Contentions.

⁸² frightened.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.
 Whatte? doeft forgard⁸³ thie blodde? ys ytte for
 feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,
 And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer 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,

⁸³ Lofe.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

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 fworde, thou arte a verie berne⁸⁴. 580
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure fcanne,
Whanne thou dydft boafte foe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges mofte atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede ;
Sythe fhame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryfe, & inne the battelle flea.

⁸⁴ 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 I A.

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

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the fommer-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, & foldyerres, ynne blacke armore
drere,

Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

There ys ne houfe, athrow thys fhap-fcured⁸⁵ ifle,
 Thatte has ne lofte a kynne yn thefe fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde foyle, 605
 And townes enlowed⁸⁶ lemed⁸⁷ oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes ;
 Oure fonnes lie ftorven⁸⁸ ynne theyre fmethynge
 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, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempeft flame.

Ye Chryftyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;
 Thefe roynneres 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-weltrynge⁸⁹ levyn-bronde,
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne thefe roynners of the londe. 620

⁸⁵ Fate-fcourged. ⁸⁶ flamed, fired. ⁸⁷ lighted. ⁸⁸ dead.
⁸⁹ blafting.

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

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, 625
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,
Pressyng ytte downe binethe the reynyng streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enfwolters⁹⁰ the hyghe stonde,
Beeryng the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre ;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle fynke toe ayre, 635
Brendeyng perforce wythe unenhantende⁹¹ fyre :
Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

⁹⁰ swallows, fucks in.

⁹¹ unaccustomed.

See[ing] the lambe & shepferr 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.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
 Lyche a frynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
 fleene, 645

Lyche [a] loud dynnyng streeme scalle be mie myghte.
 Ye menne, who woulde deserue the name of knyghte,
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte ;
 To comynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bryftow
 flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
 Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or
 die.

I faie ne moe ; youre spyte the reste wylle faie ;
 Your spyte 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 yourselves 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 ;
 Ille 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 fyng yn vayne ;
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou dofte 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 flayne ;
 Go, & ywielde the maffie swerde of deathe. 670

S O L D Y E R R E S.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes ;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.

Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.

Oure mowynge fwerdes shalle plonge hem downe to
helle ;

Theyre throngynge corfes shal onlyghte the starres ;
The barrowes braftyng wythe the sleene schall swelle,
Brynnynge⁹² to comynge tymes our famous
warres ; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shal faie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,

⁹² Declaring.

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne feene 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 slughornes 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 Saxannes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
 heade ; 695
 Lette's frev 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, ſcalle⁹³ marke the goeynge of
 my feete.

⁹³ Shall.

T H Y R D E

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foë,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705

Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyryng battayles wrapte ynn fayles of flame.

The burled Dacyannes, who were ynn the fame,
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the purfuyte of deathe ;

The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobbyng yield yer
 breathe ;

Whylest thofe 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, dyfcourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente⁹⁴ 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 foë,
 Gader the fouldyers lefte to future shappe,

⁹⁴ Coward.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne⁹⁵;

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoc oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde dethe &
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch ourefelves there-
ynne; 725

Goddess! here the Saxonnnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

Retreat.

C E L M O N D E, *near* W A T C H E T T E.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche fcal aftounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyynghe hartes to blede,
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her fable tapiftrie was rente yn twayne.
 The dauncynge ftreakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe themrynghe eie,
 Lychे gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armour
 fteyne, 740
 Sheenynghe upon the borne⁹⁶ whyche ftondeth bie ;
 The fouldyers stooode uponne the hillis fyde,
 Lychе yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forrefte byde.

⁹⁶ Burnifh.

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 dynnyng of the croucheynge ftreme,
 Syche dyd the mormryng founde of the whol armie
 feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne tō faie
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
 Moovyng 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
rynge ;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee ; 765

Lyché fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea ;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed⁹⁷ 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 staic, mie tyngé ; faic nee ;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styllé greater hee
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle ; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne ;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle !

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte ; botte Ælla's speere

⁹⁷ Frighted.

Uponne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes fchoulder felle, 780
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corfe encreafed the pyles of Dacyannes
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyfhe champyons
ftonde,
Lyche bulles, whose ftrengeth & 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

Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 flie ;

Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, the Englyfche foldyerres flaie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyfhe menne remayne ;

Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the flectre staie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem pryfonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,

In other 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,

Whofe feete are wynges, whofe pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805

Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outefstreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
 courfe,
 Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
 Somme hyltren matters doe mie prefence 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 ;
 Quykke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
 heere—awaie !

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the tounne
 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 æterne⁹⁸—ytte ys botte ayre ;
 Breddde ynne the phantafie, & alleyn lyvynge there.

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 same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
 Were blodde, & morthur, mafterie, and warre ;
 Thie I wylle 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 weere⁹⁹. 835
 Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure fellyneffe destroie,
 Floddyngge the face wythe woe, & brynne 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 wiere⁹⁹
 awaie.

⁹⁹ 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! fynge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee, 845
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ¹⁰⁰ ryver bee ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne ¹⁰¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode ¹⁰² as the sommer 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 throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

¹⁰⁰ Running.¹⁰¹ hair.¹⁰² complexion.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftote, 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 fynges,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie ;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude ;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge fkie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude : 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al 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,

890

Gon to hys death-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,

Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;

Lyfe & all yttes goode I fcorne,

895

Daunce bie nete, or feafte by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys death-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytyches, crownede wythe reytes ¹⁰³,

900

Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

¹⁰³ 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
·please ;

Butte mie uncourtlie fhappe benymmes mee of all
cafe. 905

Æ L L A, *atte* W A T C H E T T E.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes ! brynge mee a
 stede !

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 stede, wythe eagle-wynges for
 flyghte ; 910

Swefte as mie wyfhe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
 fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O ! whatte a dome was myne, fythe mafterie

Canne yeve ne pleafaunce, nor mie londes goode leme
 myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &
 bleffe ;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede ¹⁰⁴, yanne bie the fame thyng
warmd,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs,

'Tys Birtha's lofs whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
fesse ; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede ?

Mie hufcarles, hyther hafte ; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers ¹⁰⁵ yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyngue doe entwyne. 925

¹⁰⁴ Frozen, cold.

¹⁰⁵ 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 ftylle ;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme ;

The upryfte ¹⁰⁶ fpytes the fylente letten ¹⁰⁷ fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme ;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the fylver leme ; 930

Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate ;

Uponne the lynche of fomme swefte reynyng streme,

Att the fwote banquette I wylle fwotelie 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 ftrayte, a ftraungerr waytethe
here. 935

¹⁰⁶ Rifen.¹⁰⁷ 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 haste goode
newes.

C E L M O N D E.

The hope ys lofte: for heavic newes prepare.

B I R T H A.

Is Ælla welle?

C E L M O N D E.

Hee lyves; & styll maie use
The behylte ¹⁰⁸ bleffynges of a future year.

B I R T H A.

Whatte heavie tydyngge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

¹⁰⁸ Promifed.

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 fle ; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

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 fle as wynde, & no waie lynge ;

Swefylie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge ; 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 fwefte as ayre ;
 Mie fervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;
 To Ælla I wylle gev you condufte goode.
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ftaunche hys
 bloode, 960
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle
 cheere ;
 Uppone your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ¹⁰⁹ ;
 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

¹⁰⁹ Life.

B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferfe bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftfoones woulde flee ; 970

Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enfeme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychynges, shakeynges everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglynges yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,

Botte feke mie Ælla owte ; brave Celmonde, leade the
 waie. 975

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 ;
 Whatterverre 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 breafte yn gorie letteres scarre,
 Whatt spytes you have, & howe those spytes maie
 dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes fhore,
 Eftefoones we will retourne, & vanquished bee ne
 moere. 985

L 2

The

[l. 985 vanquished : wanquished 1777, 1778]

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof fende,
Besprengynge alle abrode fadde warre & bloddie weere.
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie ;
And thence wylle yffue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkneps doe affraie mie wommanns breafte.
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde !
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dyfmayde ;
The starres doe scantillie ¹¹⁰ the fable brayde ; 1010
Wyde ys the fylver lemes of comferte wove ;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde ?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

¹¹⁰ Scarcely, sparingly.

L 3

BIR-

[l. 1008 Hallie: see *Errata*, p. 307]

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 forrefte, botte thys tore¹¹¹, dothe
sheene, 1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;

See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,

Makeynge thys bower fo pleafynge to the fyghte;

¹¹¹ Torch.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

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 meneft, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie fo 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 betrafte ¹¹²? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven fome onne Celmondes hedde.

¹¹² Betrayed.

B I R T H A.

Awaie !

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders ftynges 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 brendynge love amate.
 Thofe eyne have caufed Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer fmyle fyrft take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didft thou fee mie breaftis troblous state, 1040
 There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha ftylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the fommer 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 fychede flavatie ¹¹³ fedde.

¹¹³ Letchery.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne 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 ¹¹⁴ & 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 ſtrynge as ſtele ;
The merkye ſeeſonne wylle your bloſhes hylte ¹¹⁵.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde was
ſpylte ! 1060

¹¹⁴ heaven.

¹¹⁵ 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 alfe hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or fomme kynde roder
 heare. 1065

Holpe ! holpe ! oh godde !

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

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 ! save mee from thys royner heere ! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee ; nowe faie thie name & londe ;
Or fwythyne schall mie fwerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous ¹¹⁶ honde.

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and fee

Gyff mie stryngge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

*[Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynte Danes he sleath,
and faleth to Hurra.*

¹¹⁶ Furious.

C E L M O N D E.

Oh ! I forflagen ¹¹⁷ 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 wyfc.

H U R R A.

Ah

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenfte hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

¹¹⁷ flain.

Mie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Mie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ¹¹⁸ you mee pyghte, the worste 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
Forlagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente ;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie ;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente ;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter
dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie !

H U R R A.

Bee styllle.

¹¹⁸ 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 forloyne ;
 The captives chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne ;
 Has hee notte untoe fomme of you bynn dygne ? 1100
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian fiede,
 Botte hee behylte the flughorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dynghe shielde.

Whanne you, as caytyfnd, yn fiede dyd bee,
 Hee oathed you to bee styllle, & strayte dydd fette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forflege ¹¹⁹ hys wyfe, because he's brave ?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countrys gare ?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percafe 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,
 Bewryne oure cafe, and to oure waie be gonne ?

¹¹⁹ Slay.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The laſt you do approve ; fo lette ytte bee ;
Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you fafe ſcalle bee wythe
mee. 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleffyngeſ maie the feynctes unto yee gyve !
Al pleaſaunce maie youre longe-ftraughte 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 ¹²⁰ 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 ;

¹²⁰ Monument.

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 ¹²¹ fees her vyfage yn the wavië glaffe ;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla fee,

Or Brystowes wallyd towne ; damoyfelle, followe
 mee. 1135

¹²¹ 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 hyndlettes ; I shal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

This fmyles 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

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? saie, whatte of thec?

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 shee 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 shee? 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.

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
 Lafte 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 spoufe alleyne ¹²². 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 feere ¹²³,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
 wheree. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge! thou lyeft; thou art her
 ayde
 To chere her loufte ;—botte noe ; ytte cannotte bee.

¹²² Only, alone.

¹²³ Search.

E G W I N A.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
 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 enfwote mie
 domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Loveerde ! 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
refte 1180

I ken ne matter; fo, mie hommage made—

Æ L L A.

O! fpeake 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 ¹²⁴ headde I hanne been Ælla
fthylle. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburled ¹²⁵ of alle mie fpryte;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ¹²⁶
wynde,

Thatte fteeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;

A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie honneur yette fomme drybblet joie maie
fynde, 1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;

Whanne thos mie rennome ¹²⁷ & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a rebrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

¹²⁴ Curfed, tormented.

¹²⁵ unarmed.

¹²⁶ foft, gentle.

¹²⁷ renown.

Mie hufcarles, untoe everie asker telle,
 Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
 [*Stabbeth hys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be ftylle: fwythe lette the chyrches ryngie mie knelle.
 Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
 Of thys mie Bryftowe 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 foulnefs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unfpytes ¹²⁸.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unfpyted mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and fo wylle bee.

¹²⁸ Un-fouls.

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 cannottc 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,
 Wordeyngc for mee to flie, att your requeſte, 1230
 To Watchette towne, where you deceafyngc 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 ſpoufal
 bedde. 1235

[Birtha feyncteth.

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyngc toe!
 Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doc,

Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne ?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne ; 1240

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was lofte.

This cuntrymen 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 synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge

of thee. 1245

T H E E N D E.

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 Auſthoure.

GODDWYN, bie *Fohan de Iſcamme*.

ELWARDE, bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN, bie Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNGE EDWARDE, bie Maſtre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrels*.

P R O L O G U E,

Made bic Maiftre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME¹ bie pensmenne² moke³ ungentle⁴
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge⁵ hymme of faie⁶ and fame ;
Unliart⁷ divinistres⁸ haveth faide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie⁹ wurche¹⁰ ; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne¹¹ the churchc.

The aucthoure¹² of the picce whiche we enacte,
Albeytte¹³ a clergyon¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawyngc of hys menne no wytte ys lackte ;
Entyn¹⁵ a kyngc mote¹⁶ bee full pleased to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done ;
Wee better for toe doe do champion¹⁷ anie onne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² writers, historians. ³ much. ⁴ inglorious.
⁵ bereaving. ⁶ faith. ⁷ unforgiving. ⁸ divines, clergymen, monks.
⁹ holy. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ not. ¹² author. ¹³ though, notwithstanding.
¹⁴ clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ entyn, even. ¹⁶ might. ¹⁷ 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 .

HA R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde ¹⁸ !

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ¹⁹ rifeth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.
Theie batten ²¹ onne her flefche, her hartes bloude
dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roical honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ foes, enemies. ²⁰ devour, destroy. ²¹ fatten.

H A R O L D E .

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme ²² blyn ²³, ne aledge ²⁴ stonde ; 5
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore :
 Am I betrayed ²⁵, fyke ²⁶ shulde mie burlie ²⁷ bronde
 Depeyncte ²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spyte ²⁹ ful welle ; gentle thou art,
 Stringe ³⁰, ugfomme ³¹, rou ³², as smethynge ³³ armyes
 seeme ; IO
 Yett este ³⁴, I feare, thie chefes ³⁵ toe grcte a parte,
 And that thie rede ³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme ³⁷.
 What tydynges from the kynge ?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge ³⁸ trayne.

²² Grievance ; a sence of it. ²³ cease, be still. ²⁴ idly.
²⁵ deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ fo. ²⁷ fury, anger, rage.
²⁸ paint, display. ²⁹ foul. ³⁰ strong. ³¹ terrible.
³² horrid, grim. ³³ smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ oft. ³⁵ heat, rashness.
³⁶ counsel, wifdom. ³⁷ strength, also strong. ³⁸ taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne thefe Normannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydyngge withe the foulke ³⁹ ?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer fhap ⁴⁰, ftylle toe the
 kyng
 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 ⁴¹ prayde.

³⁹ People.⁴⁰ fate, deſtiny.⁴¹ nobly.

Moste we those calke ⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre ? 25
 Thos croche ⁴³ oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne ⁴⁴,
 Unburled ⁴⁵, undelievre ⁴⁶, unespryte ⁴⁷ ?
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk ⁴⁸ 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 seafon fyttē. 30
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse ;
 Adented ⁴⁹ prowefs ⁵⁰ to the gite ⁵¹ of witte,
 Agayne the argent ⁵² horse shall daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forfraughteynge ⁵³ wanhope ⁵⁴
 lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe ⁵⁵. 35
 Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse ⁵⁶,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe ⁵⁷ ?
 Upponne the trone ⁵⁸ I fette thee, helde thie crowne ;
 Botte oh ! twere homage nowe to pyghte ⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Cast. ⁴³ crofs, from crouche, a crofs. ⁴⁴ attempt, or endeavour.
⁴⁵ unarmed. ⁴⁶ unactive. ⁴⁷ unspirited. ⁴⁸ fuch. ⁴⁹ fastened, annexed.
⁵⁰ might, power. ⁵¹ mantle, or robe. ⁵² white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. ⁵³ distracting.
⁵⁴ despair. ⁵⁵ bleed. ⁵⁶ allow. ⁵⁷ ease. ⁵⁸ throne. ⁵⁹ pluck.

Thou arte all preefte, & notheynge of the kyng. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte befeies ⁶⁰ thee notte a masse to fyng ;
 Servyng the leegfolcke ⁶¹ thou arte servyng Godde.

H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a feryce. To the skyes
 The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe ascende. 45
 The wyddowe, fahdreleffe, & bondcmennes cries
 Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven aftende ⁶⁵.
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende ;
 Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe these Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
 shalle bee ;
 Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie fwerde shalle
 brende ⁷⁰ ; 50
 Lyche fallyng softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea ⁷² ;
 Wee wayte too longe ; our purpose wylle defayte ⁷³ ;
 Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empryze ⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
 pyones straye.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶¹ subjects. ⁶² contentions, complaints. ⁶³ choke.
⁶⁴ dark, cloudy. ⁶⁵ astonish. ⁶⁶ cut off, destroyed. ⁶⁷ slaves.
⁶⁸ loud roaring. ⁶⁹ flame of fire. ⁷⁰ burn, consume. ⁷¹ them.
⁷² slay. ⁷³ decay. ⁷⁴ make ready. ⁷⁵ 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 ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55
 I wulde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie femlykeenc ⁷⁹,
 And foulde mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸².

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Uprifte ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & caufe unkend ⁸⁷,
 Beheste ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60
 Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding. ⁷⁷ foes. ⁷⁸ mangle, destroy.
⁷⁹ beauty, countenance. ⁸⁰ an ancient sword. ⁸¹ fury. ⁸² cease.
⁸³ deadly. ⁸⁴ lake. ⁸⁵ swollen. ⁸⁶ hidden. ⁸⁷ unknown.
⁸⁸ command. ⁸⁹ still.

The gule-ſteynct⁹⁰ brygandyne⁹¹, the adventayle⁹²,
The feerie anlance⁹² brede⁹³ ſhal make mie gare⁹⁴ 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 drites⁹⁵ unfree, 65

Here liethe Normans coupynge⁹⁶ her bie lotte,

Caltfyſnyng⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre⁹⁸,

Whatte woulde I doe ? I brondeous⁹⁹ wulde hem
flee¹ ;

Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme² ;

Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee, 70

Mie ſpyrte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtremc.

Eftfoones I wylle bewryne³ mie ragefulle ire,

And Goddis anlance⁴ wields yn furie dyrc.

⁹⁰ Red-ftained. ⁹¹ ⁹² parts of armour. ⁹³ broad. ⁹⁴ caufe.
⁹⁵ rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ forbidding. ⁹⁸ grow.
⁹⁹ furious. ¹ flay. ² ſtrength. ³ declare. ⁴ 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 ⁵ hym ordeyne ; 75

Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe ;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ feyncte kyng reygne,

Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ¹¹
reaulme ;

Kyng Edward, yn hys cortefie, wylle deygne 80

To yielde 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.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ more worthy. ⁷ pulled, plucked. ⁸ displayed.
⁹ over-righteous. ¹⁰ counfelled, more wise. ¹¹ uncareful, neglected.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle bouthe ytte frayte ;
 Bete ¹² mee to flea ¹³ mie self, ytte shalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle fwythyne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 fonne.

I have longe feen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree ;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ go
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts fwolynges ²¹ owndes ²² shalle bee ;
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryfe :
 Eftfoons the Normans and owre agrame ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹² Bid, command. ¹³ slay. ¹⁴ presently. ¹⁵ explain.
¹⁶ grievances. ¹⁷ branch. ¹⁸ wet, moist. ¹⁹ fen, moor.
²⁰ drained. ²¹ swelling. ²² waves. ²³ grievance. ²⁴ assemble.
²⁵ broad.

As the ybroched ²⁶ moon, when blaunch ²⁷ the dyghtes ²⁸
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede ;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tieft ²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen ³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests ³¹ a castle-stede ³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke ³³ 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 firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all ; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare ³⁴ 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 ³⁵ the spreddyngge kyngedomme
 bynde.

²⁶ Horned. ²⁷ white. ²⁸ decks. ²⁹ mightiest, most valiant.
³⁰ slain. ³¹ overfets. ³² a castle. ³³ revenge. ³⁴ cause.
³⁵ at once.

No crouched ³⁶ champyone wythe an harte moe
 feygne 100

Dyd yffue owte the hallie ³⁷ fwerde to fynde,

Than I nowe ftrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!

I'lle ryfe mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne ;

I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feaftive halle,

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,

Whan thee or thie felle foemens caufe mofte die.

This geafon ³⁸ wronges bee reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
 pryme ; 120

Nowe wylle thie fonnes unto thie succoure flie.

Alyche a storm egcderinge ⁴⁰ yn the skie,

Tys fulle ande brasteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde ;

³⁶ One who takes up the crofs in order to fight againft the Saracens.

³⁷ holy. ³⁸ rare, extraordinary, ftange.

³⁹ run, fhot up.

⁴⁰ affembling, gathering, ⁴¹ burfteth. ⁴² dry, barren.

Sycke fhalle mic fhuirye on the Normans flie,
 And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
 arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreffionne falle,
 Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele ⁴⁵ fhal
 calle.

Mighty.

⁴⁴ flain.

⁴⁵ 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 ⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?
 Mee thynckethe wec bec notte yn Englyshe londe.
 Thefe browded ⁴⁷ ftraungers alwaie doe appere, 130
 Theie parte yor trone ⁴⁸, 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 ⁴⁹ kepe ;
 Theie dyd mec feefte, and did embowre ⁵⁰ me gronde ;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndneffe flepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not
 used in England till Hen. II. ⁴⁸ throne. ⁴⁹ person, body.
⁵⁰ lodge.

Q U E E N E.

Mancas ⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte ;
 Youre leege-folcke ⁵² make moke ⁵³ dole ⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe afterte ⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I hefte ⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie ⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele ⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes ⁵⁹ are ystorven ⁶⁰ to self endes ; 140
 No denwere ⁶¹ 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 ⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

Q U E E N E.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were ⁶³ ;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks. ⁵² subjects. ⁵³ much. ⁵⁴ lamentation.
⁵⁵ neglected, or passed by. ⁵⁶ require, ask. ⁵⁷ holy. ⁵⁸ help.
⁵⁹ will. ⁶⁰ dead. ⁶¹ doubt. ⁶² waves.
⁶³ heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde fhall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte feefon fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee ;
Botte nowc the folcke doe foe enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne ftrevvyng to flea hymme, ourfelves wee flea ; 160
Syke ys the doughtynefs ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle ftore of marckes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the fame
He fweercs he wylle notte fwelle the Normans ent. 165

⁷⁰ Diveft. ⁷¹ embrace. ⁷² mightinefs. ⁷³ counfel.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a fraunger to the
 launde.

Thou kennefte howe thefe Englyfche erle doe bere
 Such stednefs⁷⁴ in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere⁷⁵, 170
 Onknowlachyng⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clyng.

H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvelle⁷⁷ of a kyng !
 O Edwarde, thou deferveft purer leege⁷⁸ ;
 To thee heie⁷⁹ fhulden al theirc mancas bryng ;
 Thie nodde fhould fave menne, and thie glomb⁸⁰
 forlege⁸¹. 175
 I amme no curriedowe⁸², I lacke no wite⁸³,
 I fpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all fee is
 ryghte.

⁷⁴ Firmnefs, stedfaftnefs. ⁷⁵ doubt, fufpenfe. ⁷⁶ not knowing.
⁷⁷ wonder. ⁷⁸ homage, obeyfance. ⁷⁹ they. ⁸⁰ frown. ⁸¹ kill.
⁸² curriedowe, flatterer. ⁸³ reward.

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
 praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

So fhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acqyre yer
 bredde.

⁸⁴ holy. ⁸⁵ help. ⁸⁶ allow. ⁸⁷ manors. ⁸⁸ alone.

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 spredde ;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;

She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of fylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ² ;
 She hearde onflemed ³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And fadnessse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁴ speere,

On hie she jefte ⁵ her sheelde, 195

Her foemen ⁶ all appere,

And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ fraught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head.
⁹ stretched.

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres ¹³ rolls hys
 eyes, 200

Chaftes ¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before his speere,

She ryfes from the shocke,

Wielderunge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wyttte scillye ¹⁵ wympled ¹⁶ gies ¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys
 gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸,
 arift ¹⁹, 210

Hys feerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyfte—

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like. ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteors. ¹⁴ beats, stamps.
¹⁵ clofely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides. ¹⁸ armed. ¹⁹ arose.
²⁰ helmet.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. R O W L E I E.

B O O K E Ist.

WHANNE Scythyannes, falvage as the wolves
theie chacde,

Peyncted in horrowe ² formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled ³ yn beaftkyns, flepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneyng rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes ⁴ of roddie lyghte 5
Plonged to the hulfred ⁵ bedde of laveynge seas,
Gerd ⁶ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets ⁷
twighte ⁸,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred
defs ⁹,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched ¹⁰ clefs. 10

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.

² unseemly, disagreeable. ³ wrapped. ⁴ rays. ⁵ hidden, secret.

⁶ broke, rent. ⁷ small pieces. ⁸ pulled, rent. ⁹ vapours, meteors.

¹⁰ emblaunched.

Soft

[*Title: See Introduction p. xli*]

Theie 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,
 Theie uncted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 fwaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myndes,
 Leggende ²³ the falvage unthewes ²⁴ of their breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons fonke to æterne reſte.

Eftſoons the gentle Locryne was poſſeft 35
 Of fwaie, and veſted yn the paramente ²⁷ ;
 Halceld ²⁸ the bykrous ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeſte
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente ;
 As hys broade ſwerde oer Homberres heade was
 honge,
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal fede,

Upon whoſe countenance rodde healthe was ſpreade ;

²¹ Anointed. ²² enlightened. ²³ alloyed. ²⁴ ſavage barbarity.
²⁵ myſtic. ²⁶ poliſhed. ²⁷ a princely robe. ²⁸ defeated. ²⁹ warring.

Bloufhing, alyche ³⁰ 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 kyngc Locryne ;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her fhedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;
 The mornyngc tyngc, the rofe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyngc race on her dyd peyncte theyre
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love ;
 Theie lyved foft momentes to a fwotie ³¹ age ;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre difpote engage ;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyngc fage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymrofen floure to decke theyre headde ;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewrecke ³⁵ her bedde ;
 Theie rofe ; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene ;
 The faire Elfrida fledde from the enchafed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like. ³¹ fweet. ³² oft. ³³ a tale. ³⁴ affembled.
³⁵ revenge. ³⁶ 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 haste awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ³⁷ pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere ;
 There dyd Elfrida and Sabryna staie ;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ³⁸
 and gear ;

Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle foone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-
 grate ³⁹. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng ⁴⁰
 fkies,
 To flea her wherefoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Mighty. ³⁸ apparel. ³⁹ esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ glittering.
⁴¹ fettle. ⁴² help. ⁴³ adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte ;
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente 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 pource
 founte,
 On a broade graffie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kened the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie their mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ guide. ⁴⁶ toft. ⁴⁷ astonish. ⁴⁸ glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ leffen, alloy. ⁵⁰ hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course byfmarc ⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente fhotte a ridge of stones,
 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 streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde ⁵². 100

The bawfyn ⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped ⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he ftröd alonge the fhakeynghe lee,
 The roddie levynne ⁵⁵ glefterrd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures fpreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie ⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes ⁵⁷ were
 fed,
 He felle an hepe of afhes on the playne:
 Styлле does hys afhes fhoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ⁵² hid, covered. ⁵³ huge, bulky.
⁵⁴ difpatched. ⁵⁵ red lightning. ⁵⁶ cruel. ⁵⁷ flames, rays.

F I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY ¹,
1464.

IN Virgyne the fweltrie fun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees ² did caste his raie;
The apple rodded ³ from its palie greene,
And the mole ⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraië ;
The peeðe chelandri ⁵ funge the livelong daie ; 5
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte ⁶ in its mofe defte ⁷
aumere ⁸.

The fun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde ftill the aire, and eke the welken ⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somerfetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keyneſham, and died at Weſtbury in Glouceſterſhire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ripened. ⁴ ſoft. ⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ dreſt, arrayed. ⁷ neat, ornamental. ⁸ a looſe robe or mantle. ⁹ the ſky, the atmoſphere.

When

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraic 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the funnis fetive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede,
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
 Longe bretful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulede the almer ¹⁷ flic? 20
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne ;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade !

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once. ¹³ beauteous.
¹⁴ 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. ¹⁵ beggarly.
¹⁶ filled with. ¹⁷ beggar. ¹⁸ 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*. ¹⁹ dry, fapless.

Haste to thie church-glebe-houfe ²⁰, afshrewed ²¹
manne !

Haste to thie kifte ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ 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 forwat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and drenche ²⁶ the
raine ; 30

The comyng ghaftnes do the cattle pall ²⁷,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;

Dafhde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe ;

The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies ;

And the hot fierie smothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹
dies. 35

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² found

Cheves ³³ flowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave. ²¹ accursed, unfortunate. ²² coffin.
²³ a sleeping room. ²⁴ sun-burnt. ²⁵ smoke. ²⁶ drink.
²⁷ *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ²⁸ fly. ²⁹ lightning.
³⁰ steam, or vapours. ³¹ flames. ³² noisy. ³³ moves.
³⁴ swelled, strengthened.

206 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and lofft, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard ³⁵ eare of terroure hanges ;
 The windes are up ; the lofty elmen swanges ; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are brafte ³⁶ attenes in stonen
 fhowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;
 His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the rcine, 45
 And his pencte ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame ;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the fame ;
 The storme encreafen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist ⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne ;
 His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden twynne,

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ burst. ³⁷ a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.
³⁸ painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify curfing. ⁴⁰ poor, needy. ⁴¹ a cloke. ⁴² a loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And his shoone pyke a loverds ⁴³ mighte have binne ;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne :
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with rofes dighte.

An almes, fir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ; 60
 Helpeles and ould am I alas ! and poor ;
 No houe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;
 This is no feason almes and prayers to give ; 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour ⁴⁵ in ;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
 stryve,
 And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurde his steede, and estfoones roadde
 awaie. 70

⁴³ A lord.
 seldom employed.

⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but
⁴⁵ 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 ⁴⁶ were graie, and eke were clene ;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ; 75
 And from the pathwaie fide then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order fake.
 The Limitoure then loofen'd his pouche threade, 80
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
 The mifer pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁷ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe ⁴⁸ thie care ;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we
 bare.

But ah ! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me, 85
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my femecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I see ;

⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ joy. ⁴⁸ ease. ⁴⁹ nought. ⁵⁰ unhappy.
⁵¹ 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 gloure⁵², go
Or give the mittee⁵³ will, or give the gode man power.

⁵² Glory.

⁵³ mighty, rich.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 1.]

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtynge for Kyng Harrold noblie fell,
 Al fleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O fea ! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam'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 fynge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,

And fcond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,

And sonne 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 sportive 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 spake ;

My merrie men, be not caste 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 Wylyyam 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 blesse.
 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 Wylyyam's feet he tumbled deade :

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

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 Wylllyams payne ;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte ;
Thy coloryng excells a fynger ftrayne.

Duke Wylllyam 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 Wylllyam's harte it rayfde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brafen croffe-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundyng arrowe-lede bene fleyne.
Alured's ftede, the fynest ftede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest ;
But nowe his deftind 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 noyse he funken dede.
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie dufte,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
 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 horse-spears could welde ;
 The Englysh manie dethe-fure 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 Wylyyam 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 Wylyyam stooped 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 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 ftopp'd it as it flewe,
 And it fell bootlefs on the bloudie grounde.
 Siere Doullie, when he fawe hys venge thus broke,
 Death-doyng blade from out the fcabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde. on everych fyde,
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave ;
 1262 [19] P 4 They
 [l. 104 of Toffelyn : Toffelyn 1777, 1778. See Errata, p. 307]

216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

They lifted up their 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 burftyng waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 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 hymfelfe, 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 Kynge 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 lyghtnyng, 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

218 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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 dustie 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 leffon 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 :

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
 So true he guarded Harold hys good kyng. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,
 He from Kyng Harold quicklie dyd advaunce,
 And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
 Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
 And then retreted for to garde his kyng, 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-goose pynion, that thereon was fett,
 Eftfoons wyth smokyng crymfon 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 Rosaline's embrace ;
 And like a usefles weede amonge the haie
 Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kyng

Kyng Harold 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 Harold's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;
 The reſte of erlies, fyghtyng other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtyng
 ſperes. 220

As when ſome ryver with the ſeaſon 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 lance 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-frynge 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 sire 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 cunnynge erle, and that can tell ;
 Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,
 And on his freend eftsoons he lifeles fell,

Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne ; great God forefend,
 It be the fate of no such trustie freende ! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque ;
 He turned aboute and vilely fouten fle ;

But

222 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But Egwyn cutt fo deepe into his backe,
 He rolled on the grounde and foon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynfman's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
 He tumbled downe clofe by hys kynfman's fyde,
 Myngle their stremes 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 slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine ;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine ;
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it floode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde ; 275
And was demafing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie 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 muft quyt this lyfe,
Refolved Hubert fould too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie fwerd againft his breste, 285
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte ;
And both together then did take their refte,
Their foules from corpfes unaknell'd depart ;
 And both together foughte the unknown fshore,
 Where we fhall 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 flic,
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 ;

224 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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 hošte,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kyng,
 Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the Brittifsh coafte,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renom'd than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxonneſtes ſteynd the place wyth Brittifsh gore,
 Where nete but bloud of ſacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chryſtians, ſtylle they thoghte mouche of the
 pile, 315
 And here theire 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 smote the erlies hede ;
 Who eftfoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
 And at his hofes feet he tumbled dede :
 His partyng fpirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of fodayne roufhyng 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 ftaiie 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,
 Advanched next before the erlie's fyghte ;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his truftie fwerd forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte ;
 And at eche other vengoullie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte ;
 Bothe fcornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
 Refolv'd to vanquifhe, 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 brefte, his harte was plein to fee ;
 He tumbled at the horfes feet alfoe,
 And in dethe panges he feez'd the recer's knee :

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

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 swerde did sticke
 Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde ;
 And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
 Upon Chatillion's souleles corse of claie ;
 A puddlie streame 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 fecond 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 sward 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 soule 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 drerie 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 fyghte I fee !
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe ;
 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 shoulder, ghaftlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were clofed 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 smore ;
 And now eletten on another horse,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene ;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be sleyn by a wighte so 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 ;
 Close 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 their 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 Powyslonde,
 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 fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode ;
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
 To bleffe his labour, and to heal the fame. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did feck,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on ;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-ftones round his neck ;
 And then did fay ; go, champyon, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;
 His sheelde of wolf-fkinn did him not attend,
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine ; fo 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 destinie be seen ;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries ftryke,
 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 foulders by the claws :
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,
 Upon his fholder wore a lyon's fkin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-fwefte legges he wore
 A hugie goat fkin, all of one grete peice ;
 A boar fkin fheelde 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 itt's waie ;
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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 mucche 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 dismaie,
 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 ftarted 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

236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
 But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd misf :
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
 The poynted launce of Egward did ypafs ;
 The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,
 And he fell breathles on the bloudie grafs.
 As coward Walleris laie on the grounde, 555
 The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
 And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :
 Oh fhome to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
 A captyve villeyyn 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 speak---

* * * * *

238 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !

This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !

Thro' everie troope diforder reer'd her hedde ; 15

Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme ;

Sad dome was theirs, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of comeing 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 searh 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 depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,

And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,

When

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 flyng floe.

The fire wente onne ; ye menne, what mean ye so 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 singe onlie these to all thie crewe

Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doc.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

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 241

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 shame astownd ; 75
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage ;
When throughe the hollow tentes these 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 shepfter in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chafe the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burl'd croke, and fore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowefs fyres the coiftrill 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 fleep and walfome 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 burnysft sheeldes and byll-
 fpear shine ; 95
 Throwote the campe a wild confufionne fprede ;
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne defygne,
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde ;
 Some caught a flughorne, and an onfett wounde ;
 Kyng Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine ; O women cas'd in ftele !
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlance fele,
 And rybbes of folid brasse were made to bleede ?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
 deede. 105

You fouldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh fhame ! oh dyre difhonoure to the lande !

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 243

He fayde ; and shame on everie visage spredde,
 Ne fawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he ; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
 Next the Bryftowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
 And laft the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde ; 115
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bryftowe bande ;
 And Bertrams sonne, 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 styrrd 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 ;

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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 lyoncels coud mate,
 Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste ;
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
 Whilfte dethe and victorie for magystric bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kyng 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 kyng,
 Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare ?
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 245

When Toftus sent me golde and fylver store,
 I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason
 more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd ;
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true ?
 I think of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.
 Girthe saide, 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 stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
 Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165
 Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horfes ty'd,
 Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
 Or waited squier lyke at the horfes syde.

246 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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 empyrize
That fraite the heft for battle fould be fpredd.

To

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 247

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 flakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
 Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change their
 courfe. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
 Linkd man to man, enseemed 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 enrowfe theyr minde;

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Eche shootyngc spere yreaden for the fyghte,
 More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte 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 drest,
 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 enthroned on hie,
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie :
 He fawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
 And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome
 raye. 220

Kyngc Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayfd
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
 Then furyoufe sent it whyftlyngc thro the ayre.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225
In vayne did braffe 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 cuishes 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
 stronge,
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losste its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
The Normannes, like theyr fovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thoufande flocs 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.

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 burnynge 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 cuifhe dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horfebacke for the fyghte adresd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele ;
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horfes hedde, and did to leeche re-
 payre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror fynes,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 251

Hurld by fuch strength along the ayre theie 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 still estande ;
Full foon thie pheon glytted in the aire ;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with fuch lethal geer ;
Itte whyzzd 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 crefte !
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
preft. 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,

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305
Which, han it came, had been Du Roeses lafte,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger 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

Firft 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

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 255

Couldſte thou not kenne, moſt ſkylld 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 everlaſtynge 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 bchight 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,

Befprenge

[l. 343 After la goure : see *Errata*, p. 307, and *Glossary*]

256 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Befprence deftructione 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 Neftor'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 aétions fee,
 And like to them æternal alwaie ftryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathlefs fire
 For ever bended to S^t. Cuthbert's fhryne,

Whofe

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 257

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 bleeddes. 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 fea-gods feeme in most majestie guife,
 And rounde aboute the rifynge waters lave,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestie 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 highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenyng
 lkyne, 405

Or Phoebus ryfinge in a froftie morne,

Her breste more white than fnow in feeldes that lyene,

Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,

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 featlic fell

Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415

Of Phebus charyotte rolynge 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 pleafed 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

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
 Where fainctes and foules departed maffes fynge ;
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth iffuyng 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 fhewed fome entent ;
 Her wordies did difplaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts fhryne,
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie fhrove,
 Tapre as filver chalices for wine,
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
 As fkyllful mynemenne by the ftones above 435
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her foule did fhewe ;
 Thus was fhe outward form'd ; the fun her mind
 Did guilde her mortal fhape and all her charms re-
 fn'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie fhall he clayme,
 What doughtie Homere fhall hys praifes fynge,

260 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

That lefte the bofome of fo fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unafkt, to ferve his lorde the kynge?
 To his fayre fhrine goode fubjects oughte to bringe 445
 The armes, the helmets, all the fpoyles of warre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants fprede hys name to farre ;
 The ftoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng 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 ftree ;
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuouflic, 455
 And breaks the bankes that would its force reftrayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynfte walles and hedges doth its courfe maintayne ;
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
 With eafe at one felle froke full manie is laide
 lowe. 460

So manie, with fuch force, and with fuch eafe,
 Did Adhelm flaughtre on the bloudie playne ;

Before

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr 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 fwerde athur the breaſte ;
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte ;
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he
 laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn ſeerce,
 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 ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe ;
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
 Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng 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,
 Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,

262 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
 He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 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 bleedying 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 astounde, 495
 Befrengd his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
 He peercd 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 heaue 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 brafted 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 greete fyres in Maie,
 Roaftyng 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 looks arounde on lower landes,
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyfe, 545
 Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
 A bleffyng to the erthe sente from the skies,
 In anie kyngdom nee coulede 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 fled fo 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,
Vewyng the fwarthlefs 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 wolfsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys femmlikeen ;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyffynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wylyyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde fo fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to clofer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd fo 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

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the fonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayfte heare the fwotic nyghte larke
chaunte,

Orre wyth fome mokyngge brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferfelie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 585
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete 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 launce,
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 ;

268 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
 And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 600

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
 On whyche the funne his vifage did agleeme,
 Then straynyng, 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 brasse besprente
 Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde ;
 He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde ; 615
 With fraught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
 Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranks
 divide,
 To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe ;

So

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 269

So olyphautes, in kingdomme of the funne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyfe,
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
Hafsted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon ftood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blufh to fee their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude beftreynts the lillie fnowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

270 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sandes belowe
 He skyms alofe, and blents the beatyng wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
 In peecies hee the morthering thief doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste ;
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne ;
 Hee fled, as wolfes 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 thiefselke 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 stoode Campynon, greeete 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 burlie-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 weepens shotte a sparklynge flame ;
 Eftfoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare ;

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 fkie,
 Feeles the broad axes peerfyng his broade fyde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Preffyng all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie ;
 So fraught 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 ufgom on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,
 And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow ;
 So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe ; 695
 Hys Kenters and Bryftowans flew ech fyde,

Betreinted

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. [2] 273

Betrinted all alonge with bloudeles foe,
 And seemd to fwymm alonge with blouddie tyde ;
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
 And rounde aboute them fwarthles corse besprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
 Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
 Forre hee in fother was a manne of myghte ;
 Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705
 As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
 Then upwarde wente : in everlastyng nyghte
 Hee closd hys rolyng 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 stre,
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could drie ;
 But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 715
 Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde ;

274 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouflie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then foone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his crefte and fplit hym to the eyne. 720

* * * * *

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve fittyngge,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke fo fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne ;
 Quod I ; some counynge 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 lackeft knowlachynge ;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyngge. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte ;
 And eke another in the Towne,
 Where glassie bubblyng Trymmme doth roun.
 Quod I ; ne doubtte 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.

274 B A T O U R E L A D I E S C H Y R C H E.

Then; 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 T A Y, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,
Until this fetive pile aftounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveic,
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 shootes 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 Westernne 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

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of slate, 15
Such is greeete 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 rych men shame ;
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.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves ryfyng
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.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came ;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe ;

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye fhall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne fhall yt dye whanne tyme fhalle bee no moe ;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe fhall founde to rife the
folle,
He'll wyngge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys
dolle.

~~THE~~ THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

A N E N T a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Lifteyngge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring fonge,
At dyftaunt 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 ftickeyngge out wyth clowde agefted reedes,
The hoarie Avonne fhow'd dyre femblamente, 10
Whyleft blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the fandes that fhe hepde.

These

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thoughte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Bryftowe 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, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, 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 soe 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,

280 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

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 phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the diftaunt streeme arofe a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ; 40
Lyche to the fylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoifelle dyd come soe blythe amd sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;
Naked shee was, and loked fwete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringlets of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should fee dyd fwotelie hyde, 50
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

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, drepte 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 fweet femblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste ;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falfe oratoryes fhe dyd aie detefte : 70
Sweetneffe was yn eche worde fhe dyd ywreene,
Tho fhee strove not to make that sweetneffe fheene.

282 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

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 gaine 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 slepeis 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 asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge fwathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And faw all a^ctyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled ;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95
I faw 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 with the wastle cake. 100
As wife 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 fyng,
Wondryng at one foe wyfe, and yet foe yinge.

Encreafeyng yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hafteyng to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

Hec

284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

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 Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte ? 120

But landes and caftle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of fylver roufted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyfe,
To change of troulie love was theyr content ;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a houfe 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 chauntrye to redeeme theyre foules ; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 285

Eftfoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte ;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endlefs lyghte, 135
And fled 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 sheweth 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 nobille foule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe ;
I faw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vifion spoke ;
Then belle for even-fonge mie fenfes woke. 150

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE 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 Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee feene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the fame.

JOHNE makes a jarre boutte Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
 worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie entes, adieu ! ne moe the fyghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the fylver 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 storthe unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
 A fhade 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 ycrafe ;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme ;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;
 Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme ;
 The ealdermenne doe fytte arounde,
 Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
 Lyche affes wylde ynne defarte wafte 5
 Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe tafte,

 Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;
 Heie styllle the guesstes ha ne to faie,
 Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aflape. 10
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

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^o 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	— <i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 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.

Achevements, 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. 1. 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 *Astrelagour*; Af-
trotloger. [A singular mistake for
B.'s *Asterlagour an astrolabe*. Sk.]

[Ageded, 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 *Agrifed*,
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. *Beggars.* C.
 [Alofe, H. 1. 292. *Aloft.*]
 [Alfe, *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. *Across 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. *Divest.* C.
 [Arcublafter, 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.]
 [Arduous, 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.]
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*
 C.
 Afenglave, H. 1. 117. [*Ashen-*
spear. K. has glaive, a *weapon*
like a halbert.]
 Askaunted, 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.
 Afshrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-*
fortunate. C.
 Afswaie, *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 *Aflyde;*
 ascended. [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.
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.* C.

B.

Bankes, T. 111. *Benches.*
 [Bante, Æ. 207. *Banned, cursed.*]
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219. [See Appendix, p. 317, § 8.]
 Barbed horfe, Æ. 27. *Covered with armour.*
 [Bardi, H. 1. 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.
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly.* C.
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring.* C.
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks.* Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels.* C.
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large.* C.
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow.* C.
 Beheste, 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. *Curfed, tormented.* C.
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving.* C.
 Bercie, p. 278. 8. [No explanation.]
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child.* C.
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous.* C.
 Befecies, T. 124. *Becomes.* C.

Besprente, 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.
 Betraffed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on.* C.
 Betrafte, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed.* C.
 Betreinted, H. 2. [634] 707. [*Sprinkled*; from K.'s *betreint* (O.), *sprinkled.*]
 Bevyale, 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.
 Bewrynyng, 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.*
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White.* C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly.* C.
 [Blents, H. 2. 638. ?]
 Blente, 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.

Brafasteth, G. 123. *Burfasteth.* 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 *bewrynnning.*]

Burled, M. 20. *Armed.* C.

Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger.* C.

[Burne, Æ. 585. H. 2. 265. ?*Run* (no explanation).]

Byelecoyle, 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.

Byfmarrelie, Le. 26. *Curiously.* C.

C.

Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold.*

Calke, G. 25. *Cast.* C.

Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out.* C.

Calyfning, G. 67. *Forbidding.* C.

Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones.* Brit.

Castle-stede, G. 100. *A castle.* C.

Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates.* [*Dainties.*]

Caytifned, Æ. 32. *Binding, enforcing.* C. [Æ. 1104. *Bound, fettered.*]

Celnefs, Æ. 882. [Probably *coldness*; no explanation.]

Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot.* C.

Chaftes, 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. 1. *Comfort.* C.

Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps *Cherifaunced*. [The mistake is in C.'s authorities; *Cherisaunei* (K.) *Cherisaunie* (B.).]

Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves.* C.

Chevyfed, Ent. 2. *Preserved.* C.

Chirckyng, 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. 1. 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. 1. 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 *Ycorven*.
- Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.
- Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.
- Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.
- Courraciers, 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. *Cross*. C.
- Crokyng, Æ. 119. *Bending*.
- Cross-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*; *cuisse* 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.
- Declynic, H. 1. 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.
- Defis, 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. 1. 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. *Crue*. C.
- Deslavate, H. 2. 333. [*Lecherous, beastly*, from K.'s *deslavty*.]
- Deslavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.
- Detratours, H. 2. 78. [*Slandorous detractors*.]
- Deyde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis*.
- Dheic; *They*.
- Dhere, Æ. 192. *There*.
- Dhereof; *Thereof*.
- Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult*. C.
- Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed*. C.
- Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for *Dispoued*. [B. has *dispand*, to stretch out.]

Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose*.
 Divinistre, 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. 1. 335. *Blockhead*.]
 Donde, H. 1. 51. [*Done, finished*.]
 Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should probably be written thus; *O sea-oerteeming Dovor!*
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room*. C.
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as *Dighte*.
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 481. *D'outrere 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. *Leaf*. 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, gallantry*.
 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.
 Dysporte, 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.
 Emblanchued, 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.]
 Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.
 Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*. C.
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.
 Enheedyngge, 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 Speght.]
 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. *Understand-
 ing*.
 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. *Easy*.
 Ethalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.
 Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with
 evening dew*. C.
 Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.
 Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivious*.
 Eync-gears, p. 279. 13. [Sk. con-
 siders 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. sing. q?
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.
 Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.
 Fetivelie, I.e. 42. *Elegantly*. C.
 Fetivenefs, Æ. 400. as *Festivenefs*.
 Feygues, E. III. 78. A corruption
 of *feints*. C.
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.
 Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.
 Flaite, H. I. 84. [*Frightful*, from
 B.'s *flaite*, to *affright*, to *scare*.]
 Flanced, 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*.]
 Flitze, 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.
 Forsege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.
 Forstraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dif-
 tracted*.
 Forstraughteyng, G. 34. *Distract-
 ing*. C.
 Forwat, 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,

Fructile, 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.

Gasfness, Æ. 412. *Ghaflines*.

Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne so
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. *Assemble*. C.

Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, assem-*
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.

Groffle, Æ. 547. [*Grovelling*, from
K.'s groff or gruff (O.), *groveling*.]

Groffish, Æ. 257. [*Gruffy*.]

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 o' the wisp.]

Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.

Grove, 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.

[Gyilde, G. 152. *Tax*.]

[Gyulteynge, Æ. 179. *Gilding*.]

Gyttelles, Æ. 438. *Mantels*. C.

H.

[Habergeon, H. 2. 346. *A little coat*
of mail (K.).]

Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.

Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile*.

Halceland, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.

Hallie, T. 144. *Holy*. C.

Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholy*. [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. sing. q?

Hantoned, Æ. 1094. [A mistake
for *hancelled*; *hanten* in B. K.
and Speght means *use, accustom*.]

Harried,

- Harried, M. 82. *Toff*. 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. *Have*. 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.
- Heideyngnes, 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 *Custom*; 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.
- Hulfred, 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. Malmesh. 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. *Hidden, secret*. 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.
- Jfete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy*. C.
- Jhantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed*. C.
- Jintle, H. 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 *bewreen, expressed, shewn*.]

K.

K.

- Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.
 Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.
 Keppend, Æ. 44. [*Careful, precise,* from B.'s *kepen, kecp, 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. I. 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. I. 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.*
 Lefsel, 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.
 Levynde, El. 18. *Blasted.* C.
 Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning.* C.
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-melted.* q?
 Liefe, 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. I. 544. *? Pleasure.*]
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble.* C.
 Loaste, Æ. 456. *Lofs.*
 [Lode, H. I. 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. I. 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.
 Lyнге, 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.
[Mokyng, 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).]
Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery.* C.
Mysterk, M. 33. *Mystic.* C.

N.

[Nappy, Ba. 13. B. has *nappy-ale*, [q. 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.*
Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender.* C.
Nete, Æ. 399. *Night.*
Nete, T. 19. *Nothing.* C.
Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling.* C.
Nome-depainted, 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,

Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.
 Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.
 Ribande, 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 *sabatans, soldiers' boots*;
 cf. Lat. *Caligati*.]
 [Sarim, H. I. 301. i.e. *Sarum*.]
 Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.
 Scante, Æ. 1133. *Starce*. 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. *Clofely*. C.
 Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.
 Scond, H. I. 20. for *Abstond*.
 Seck, H. I. 461. for *Suck*.
 Seeled, Ent. II. *Clofed*. C.
 Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.
 Selynefs, E. I. 55. *Happinefs*. C.
 Semblate, p. 281. 67. [= *Semblance*.]
 Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.
 Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-cloke*. 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-scurged, Æ. 603. *Fate-scurged*. 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*.]
 Shepstere, 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. [? *Smearred* 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. sing. q?
 Sparre, H. I. 26. *A wooden bar*.
 Spedde, H. 2. 525. [? *Spied*, or perhaps *Reached*.]
 Spencer,

Spencer, T. 11. *Dispenser*. C.
 Spere, Æ. 69. [*Spare, allow.*]
 Spyrng, Æ. 707. *Towering*.
 Staie, H. 1. 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. [? *Stinted*, 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, Swythyng; *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. 1. 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. [II. 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, II. 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.
 Tyngge, Tyngue; *Tongue*.

U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm*. C.
 Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia* Ital. a sort of rich wine.
 Ugfomenefs, Æ. 507. *Terror*. C.
 Ugfomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly*. C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible*. C.
 [Virgyne, Ch. 1. 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 *unanealed* in his edition of *Hamlet*.]
 Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.* C.
 Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.
 Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.
 Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccus-tomed.* C.
 Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited.* C.
 [Uneyned, Æ. 516. *Blinded*.]
 Unhailie, 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.*]
 Upwalynge, 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.* C. [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.*]
 Wifeggger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C. [But used by C. as an adjective.]
 Wissen, Æ. 685. *Wife.*
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C.
 Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction of *Wither.* C.
 [Wolffynn, T. 51. &c. *Wolf.* Not in K. B. or Speght.]
 Wolfome, Lc. 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.
 Wynnynghe, 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*.

Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched*. C.

Yspende, T. 179. *Consider*. C.

Ystorven, E. I. 52. *Dead*. C.

Ytsel, 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 *Ganteloue*.
 72. ver. 49. *yttts*, r. *yttself*.
 75. 1. *cherifaunei 'tys*, r. *cherifaunce 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. *beawreen*.
 130. 770. *lytbe*, r. *fyke*.
 135. 839. *cherifaunied*, r. *cherifaunced*.
 149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.
 157. 1084. *Bie* thanks, r. *Mie* thanks.
 167. 1197. *stytbe*, r. *swytbe*.
 210. 5. *O sea! our teeming donore*, r. *O sea-oerteeming Dowor!*
 215. 104. r. horfe of *Tosselyn*; or rather *Josselyn*.
 224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.
 255. 343. *After la goure*, r. *Astrelagoure*.
 265. 538. *vyctualle*, r. *vyctimes*.

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, &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 choose 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 *abredyng*e blyng.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 392.

The synest dame the sun or moon *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.

Adented prowefs 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 coulde the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.

That Alured could~~e~~ 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 see 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. 1. 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 naighboure 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 mose deste *aumere*.

Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge 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. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horse, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.

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 *fonne-brente* doe appere.

Blake stondesth future doome, and joie doth mee alyfe.

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 ferche 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*.

Bysmare, 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 dynnynge 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 lyfte 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.

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 onliff *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 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 fwotolie 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. F. 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 fongfter chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wyllē hee *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. ——— Mie stede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wyllē

Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla
stille.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a styngē?

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 foundyngē arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* slayne 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 spirits floe.

319. O Hengift, *han* thy cause 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 should be wanted, see 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 yspoke.

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 *shoulde*n find a place in anie fonge.

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.

Entoughteyng 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;

tury; 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, quae 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 Instila, nescio an a Teut. Umpher, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus seu 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 Frankleins 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. “*Alifed*,

Authori

Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. **Alloved**, ab AS. Alıfēb, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner f might be easily mistaken for a long s.

BESTOIKER. *Æ.* 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also *Æ.* 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "**Bestotke**, ab AS. Beypican, Spican, *Decipere*, Fallere, Prodere, Spica, Proditor, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as **Bestotke**, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. *Æ.* 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKIFD. 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. "**Hancelled**, 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-scourged*. Chatterton.

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer *shap*.—

There ys ne houle athrow thys *shap-scourged* 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 *shap*, nunc mihi *Fato* præstitutum est (i. e.) now is it *shapen* to me, ab AS. Sceanpan, &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 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.

A DENTE, A DENTED; *Fastened, 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.

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; *Modesty*. C.—**Drury**; *Modestia*. Sk.

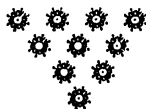
FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—**Fonnes**; *Devifes*. Sk.

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 Nighthingale*, 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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