RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.
These venerable antient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

Rowe.
RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other
Pieces of our earlier Poets,
Together with some few of later Date.
THE FOURTH EDITION.
VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON.
PRINTED BY JOHN NICHOLS,
FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON.
MDCCXCIV.
TO
ELIZABETH,
LATE DUCHESS AND COUNTESS
OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
IN HER OWN RIGHT
BARONESS PERCY,
&c. &c. &c.
WHO, BEING SOLE HEIRESS
TO MANY GREAT FAMILIES
OF OUR ANCIENT NOBILITY,
EMPLOYED THE PRINCELY FORTUNE,
AND SUSTAINED THE ILLUSTRIOUS HONOURS,
WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THEM,
THROUGH HER WHOLE LIFE
a 4
WITH
WITH THE GREATEST DIGNITY, GENEROSITY, AND SPIRIT; AND WHO FOR HER MANY PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES WILL EVER BE REMEMBERED AS ONE OF THE FIRST CHARACTERS OF HER TIME, THIS LITTLE WORK WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED: AND, AS IT SOMETIMES AFFORDED HER AMUSEMENT, AND WAS HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED BY HER INDULGENT APPROBATION, IT IS NOW, WITH THE UTMOST REGARD, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE, CONSECRATED TO HER BELOVED AND HONOURED MEMORY.
ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

TWENTY years have near elapsed since the last edition of this work appeared. But, although it was sufficiently a favourite with the public, and had long been out of print, the original Editor had no desire to revive it. More important pursuits had, as might be expected, engaged his attention; and the present edition would have remained unpublished, had he not yielded to the importunity of his friends, and accepted the humble offer of an Editor in a Nephew, to whom, it is feared, he will be found too partial.

These volumes are now restored to the public with such corrections and improvements as have occurred since the former impression; and the Text in particular hath been emended in many passages by recurring to the old copies. The instances, being frequently trivial, are not always noted in the margin; but the alteration hath never been made without good reason; and especially in such pieces as were extracted from the folio Manuscript so often mentioned in the following pages, where
where any variation occurs from the former impression, it will be understood to have been given on the authority of that MS.

The appeal publicly made to Dr. Johnson in the first page of the following Preface, so long since as in the year 1765, and never once contradicted by him during so large a portion of his life, ought to have precluded every doubt concerning the existence of the MS. in question. But such, it seems, having been suggested, it may now be mentioned, that, while this edition passed through his press, the MS. itself was left for near a year with Mr. Nichols, in whose house, or in that of its Possessor, it was examined with more or less attention by many Gentlemen of eminence in literature. At the first publication of these volumes it had been in the hands of all, or most of, his friends; but, as it could hardly be expected that he should continue to think of nothing else but these amusements of his youth, it was afterwards laid aside at his residence in the country. Of the many Gentlemen above-mentioned, who offered to give their testimony to the publick, it will be sufficient to name the Honourable Daines Barrington, the Reverend Clay.
CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE, and those eminent Critics on Shakespeare, the Reverend Dr. FARMER, GEORGE STEEVERNS, Esq. EDMUND MALONE, Esq. and ISAAC REED, Esq. to whom I beg leave to appeal for the truth of the following representation.

The MS. is a long narrow folio volume, containing 191 Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The first and last leaves are wanting; and of 54 pages near the beginning half of every leaf hath been torn away, and several others are injured towards the end; besides that through a great part of the volume the top or bottom line, and sometimes both have been cut off in the binding.

In this state is the MS. itself: and even where the leaves have suffered no injury, the transcripts, which seem to have been all made by one person (they are at least all in the same kind of hand), are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate
terate fingers; so that a considerable portion of
the song or narrative is sometimes omitted; and
miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently in-
troduced into pieces of considerable merit. And
often the copyist grew so weary of his labour
as to write, on without the least attention to
the sense or meaning; so that the word which
should form the rhyme is found misplaced in the
middle of the line; and we have such blunders as
these, want and will for wanton will*; even pan
and wale for wan and pale †, &c. &c.

Hence the Public may judge how much they
are indebted to the composer of this collection;
who, at an early period of life, with such mate-
rials and such subjects, formed a work which
hath been admitted into the most elegant libraries;
and with which the judicious Antiquary hath just
reason to be satisfied, while refined entertainment
hath been provided for every Reader of taste
and genius.

THOMAS PERCY,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

* Page 130. Ver. 117. (This must have been copied from a
reciter.)
† Pag. 139. Ver. 164, viz.
"his visage waxed pan and wale."
THE PREFACE.

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men, who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio Manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.*

This Manuscript was shewn to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the Rambler and the late Mr. Shenstone.

* Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Libius Difconius," and some others, which are found in this MS. (See the Essay prefixed to Vol. III. p. xxiii. & seqq.) It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century, but not one that alludes to the Restoration.
Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into volumes, each of which contains an independent series of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and shewing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each volume, or series, is divided into three books, to afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the Reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean Critics* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in

* Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See below.
which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for po-
fterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due
to the old strolling Miniftrels, who composed their
rhimes to be fung to their harps, and who looked no
farther than for present applause, and present sub-
fiftence.

The Reader will find this class of men occasionally
described in the following volumes, and some particu-
lars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to
this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the
other Collections that were consulted, and to make my
acknowledgements to those gentlemen who were so kind
as to impart extracts from them; for, while this selec-
tion was making, a great number of ingenious friends
took a share in the work, and explored many large
repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian
library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder,
Sam. Pepys *, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty in the
reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large
collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in
number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in
folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies.
This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. Selden;
" improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto
" in time; and the whole continued down to the year
" 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz.
" of the black letter with pictures, seems (for cheap-
ness fake) wholly laid aside for that of the white
" Letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small col-
lection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year
1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many

* A life of our curious collector Mr. Pepys, may be seen in
  "The Continuation of Mr. Collier’s Supplement to his Great Diction.
ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleian Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. VIII. Edw. VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected; and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

AMID such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted ‘commas.’ And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For, these old popular rhimes being many of them copied only from itinerant ballad-fingers, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-fingers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff, as neither came from the Bard, nor was worthy the press; when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that
that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indolge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title, as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties * were taken with the old copies, and to have retained either in the text or margin any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar, so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious Antiquary, and the Reader of Taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him †. Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgement of his friend. The old folio MS. above-mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq. of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire ‡, to whom this public ac-

* Such liberties have been taken with all those pieces which have 3 afterisks subjoined, thus **

† That the Editor hath not here under-rated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Gr ves, dated March 1, 1761. See his Works, Vol. III. Letter CIII. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

‡ Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, Author of the "Jocular Tenures, 1679," 4to. and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's Athenæ, II. 73; the earliest of which is "The Art of making Devises, 1646," 4to. wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the
knowledge is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. of Hales, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John Mac Gowan, Esq. of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq. of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgements: to Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished*. Many extracts from ancient collection was made by this Lawyer, (who also published the "Law Dictionary, 1671," folio;) it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

* To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent Editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmiston, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spanish, in 6 vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Northallerton (author of a learned "History of Chefs," 1764, 8vo, and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.); and to G. Paton, Esq. of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the publick, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations; to the Honourable Daines Barrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. whose most correct and elegant edition...
ancient MSS. in the British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of THOMAS ASTLE, Esq. to whom the publick is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleyan Catalogue *. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. NORTON, deserved acknowledgement for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. DR. BIRCH he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the suppliance of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. LYE, Editor of Junius's Etymologicum, and of the Gothic Gospels.

edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo. is a standard book, and shews how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. GEO. ASHBY, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to THOMAS BUTLER, Esq. F. A. S. agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex; whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history, have been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by SAMUEL PEGGE, Esq. author of that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

* Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower,
PREFACE.

The names of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

Except in one Paragraph, and in the Notes subjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the first edition in MDCCCLXV.
AN ESSAY ON
THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

I. THE MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, or others. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment (B). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and careless, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the capital Letters (A) (B) &c. are thrown together to the end of this Essay.

* Wedded to no hypothesis, the author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been proved to be in this Essay; and considering the novelty of the subject, and the time, and place, when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. —That the term MINSTREL was not confined, as some contend, to a mere Musician, in this country, any more than on the continent, will be considered more fully in the last Note (G g.) at the end of this Essay.
The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards (C), who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race*; but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors †, particularly by all the Danish tribes ‡. Among these they were distinguished by the name of scalds, a word which denotes "Smoothers and Polishers of language". The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their Gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shewn by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the

* Vid. Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes. tom. 1. 1. 2. c. 6. 10.
† Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.
‡ Vid. Bartholin. de Causis contemptæ a Danis mortis. lib. 1. cap. 10.—Wormij Literatura Runic. ad finem.—See also "Northern Antiquities, or, A Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations: from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vol. 8vo.
§ Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist.—Pref. to "Five pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.
Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great (E). There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shewn to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds (F). And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical Romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels, who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if History had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon Ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the CimbriC Cheritone, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen,
Angelen, and Holstein*. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danifh people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark †; so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendentsof their own ancestors ‡. From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more, than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been fevered in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropped all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect, that the colony here settled had adopted a new Religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic flock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language ||.

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this latter nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early an-


† Anglia Vetus, bodie etiam Anglens, sita est inter Saxones et Giotes [Iutos], babens oppidum capitale . . . . Slefwick. Ethelwerd. lib. 1.

nals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective (G), that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendents of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither, that they afterwards subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendor than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word Glee, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds (I).

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and
and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the Conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to shew, that Minstrels and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shews that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist *, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as an Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth (K), the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first

* See Rapin's Hist. (by Tindal, fol. 1732. Vol. I. p. 36.) who places the incident here related under the year 495.
Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffrey, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later History affords us two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly shew, that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation; and that the privileges and honours, which were so lavishly bestowed upon the northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music*, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel (M); when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant † (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and stayed among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after ‡, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel (N), Aulaff §, king of the Danes, went

* By Bale and Spelman. See Note (M). † Ibid.
‡ Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.
§ So I think the name should be printed, rather then Anlaff the more usual form, (the same traces of the letters express both names in MS.) Aulaff being evidently the genuine northern name Olaff, or Olave. Lat. Olau. In the old Romance of "Horn-Childe" (see Vol. III. p. xxxiii.), the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Ollaf, with the vowels only transposed.
among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the
king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately
admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords
with his singing and his music, and was at length dis-
missed with an honourable reward, though his songs
must have discovered him to have been a Dane (O).
Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stra-
tagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the
the money which had been given him, either from some
scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This oc-
casioned a discovery.

Now, if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have
MINSTRELS of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and
unusual a character would have excited suspicions
among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not
been customary with the Saxons to shew favour and re-
spect to the Danish SCALDS, Aulaff would not have
ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of
a battle (P). From the uniform procedure then of both
these kings, we may fairly conclude, that the same mode
of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that
the MINSTREL was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved
from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular
and flated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings:
for in Doomsday book, Joculator Regis, the KING'S
MINSTREL, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire;
in which county it should seem that he had lands
assigned him for his maintenance (Q).

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the
Norman Conquest: and as the Normans had been a late
colony from Norway and Denmark, where the SCALDS
had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's
expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this ad-
venturer, like the other northern princes, had many of
these men in his train, who settled with him in his new
duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in
their art: so that, when his descendant, WILLIAM the
BASTARD,
Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century *, that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shews that the arts of Poetry and Song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the north; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished not less for the minstrel-arts (R), than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed, the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel-talents, than an eminent French writer (S) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all Modern Poetry, and shews, that they were celebrated for their Songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain †. We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it; and although the favour of the Norman Conqueror would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the Minstrel Arts; and in the first ages after the Conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own

* Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy, A. D. 912. William invaded England, A. D. 1066.

Norman French: yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved, that they were all proscribed and massacred, as, it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards, by the severe policy of king Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual. (S. 2.)

The honours shewn to the Norman or French Minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English Vassals and Tenants, even if no favour or distinctions had ever been shewn here to the same order of men, in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt, but the English Harper and Songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English Gentry and Populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them, as belonging to the same community, as inferior members at least of the same College; and therefore, in gleaning the scanty materials for this flight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to Minstrels and their Art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the flight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For, it need not be remarked, that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected, that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minstrel Art and its professors, or have sufficient infor**
information, whether every Minstrel or Bard composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other: and it would have been wonderful indeed, if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes, which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar, or the solitary monk. (T.)

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels*. I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here without being expected to prove that every finger composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts, which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman conquest the first occurrence, which I have met with relating to this order of men, is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them: scil. the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the King’s Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I. A. D. 1102. He was the first Prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death. (T. 2.)

* See Note (B.) and (A a.)
In the reign of K. Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a Harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the Abbey of Hide near Winchester: and, as in the early times every Harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his Music and his Songs; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude, would be in the English language.

Under his romantic son, K. Richard I, the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendor. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels. He himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant *. They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His Chancellor, William bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with rewards; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world. (U. 2.) This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French Nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to Poetry and Song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shewn by the Monarch or his great courtiers to the Provençal Troubadour, or Norman Rymour, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman, or Minstrel. At more than a century after the Conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the

* See a pathetic Song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, Vol. I. p. 5. The reader will find a Translation of it into modern French, in Histoire littéraire des Troubadours, 1774, 3 Tom. 12mo. See Vol. I. (p. 58,) where some more of Richard's Poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, Vol. II. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.
great (V. 3.); so that probably about this æra, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels: the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories being found in the old metrical Romances of both nations (V.)

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own Minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer *

"The Englishmen were more then a whole yeare, without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Râmer of Minstrill †, called Blondell de Nesle: who (so faith the Manuscript of old "Poesies ‡, and an auncient manuscript French Chronicle)"

* Monf. Favine's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood; translated from the French. Lond. 1623. fol. Tom. II. p. 49.—— An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of Presid. Fauchet's Recueil, &c.) may be seen in "Miscellanies in prose and verse: by Anna Williams. Lond. 1766." 4to. p. 46.——It will excite the Reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of that Collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

† Favine's words are—Joncleur appellé Blondiaux de Nesle (Paris, 1620. 4to. p. 1106.) But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, Or ce roy ayant mouru un Menestrel appellé Blondel. &c. liv. 2. p. 92. "Des anciens Poètes François."—He is however said to have been another Blondel, not Blondel (or Blondiaux) de Nesle: but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

‡ This the author calls in another place, "An ancient MS. of "old Poesies, written about those very times."——From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the duke of Austria, who sold him to the emperor. As for the MS. chronicle,
nicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his
life seemed wearisome to him, and he became con-
founded with melancholy. Knowne it was, that he
came backe from the Holy Land: but none could
tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this
Blondel, resoluing to make search for him in many
countries, but he would heare some newes of him; af-
ter expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a
towne * (by good hap) neere to the castell where his
maister king Richard was kept. Of his host he de-
demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host
told him, that it belonged to the duke of Austria.
Then he enquired whether there were any prifoners
therein detained or no: for always he made such se-
cret questionings wherefoever he came. And the
hoste gave answver, there was one onely prisoner, but
he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained
there more then the space of a yeare. When Blondel
heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he became
acquainted with them of the castell, AS MINS T R E L S
DOE EASILY WIN ACQUAINTANCE ANY WHERE†:
but see the king he could net, neither understand that
it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of
the castell, where king Richard was kept prifoner,
and began to sing a song in French, which king Ri-
"chard and Blondel had sometime composed together.
When king Richard heard the song, he knew it was
Blondel that sung it: and when Blondel paused at halfe
of the song, the king, 'BEGIN THE OTHER HALF

nicie. it is evidently the same that supplied FAUCHET with this
story. See his Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue & Poësie Françoise,
Ryme, & Romans, &c. Par. 1581.

* TRIBALES.—" Retrudi cum præcepit in Triballis: a quo car-
cere nullus ante dies illos exivit." Lat. chron. of Otho of Austria:
apud Favin.

† Comme M E N E S T R E L S s'accointent légere ment, Favine. (Fau-
chet expressit it in the same manner.)

"AND
THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS. xxxv

"AND COMPLETED IT*. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his master, and returning home into England, made the barons of the country acquainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines, are given as the very original song†: which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney. (T. 237.)

BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas
Elas bellas faillis
Els bels oils amoros
Els gens cors ben taillats
Don fieu empreafenats
De vostra amor que mi lia.  

Tour beauty, lady fair,
None viewes without delight;
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are bound like me.

RICHARD.

Si bel trop auffanfa
Ja de vos non portrai
Que major honorai
Sol en votre deman
Que fautra des beifan
Tot can de vos volria.

No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around
Unwilling to decide:
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.

The access, which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a MINSTREL, is not the only

* I give this passage corrected ; as the English translator of Favine's book appeared here to have mistaken the original:—Seil. Et quant Blondel eut dit la mettie de la Chanson, le Roy Richard se prist a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva. Favine. p. 1106. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words. Recueil. p. 93.

† In a little romance or novel, intitled, La Tour Tenabreufe, et les Jours lumineux, Contes Angloisés, accompagnez d'Histories, & tirez d'une ancienne Chronique composee par Richard, surnomme Coeur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre, &c. Paris, 1705. 12mo —In the Preface to this Romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Nelle, as also a copy of the song written by K. Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above (in Note* page, xxxii.) yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here; but in the old French, called Langage Roman.
instance upon record of the same nature. (V. 2.) In this very reign of K. Richard I., the young heirels of D'hvreux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province: at first under the disguise of a Pilgrim, till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dres and character of a Harper, and being a jocose person exceedingly skilled in "the Gestis of the antients*;" so they called the romances and stories, which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and He beflowed her on his natural brother William Longespee, (son of fair Rosamond) who became in her right Earl of Salisbury. (V. 3.)

The next memorable event, which I find in history, reflects credit on the English Minstrels; and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of K. John, and is related to this effect †.

"Hugh the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection, occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his...

* The words of the original, viz. 'Citbarifator homo jocesius in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus, I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel. See Note V. 2. That Gest A was appropriated to romantic stories. See Note I. Part. IV. (i.)

† See Dugdale, (Bar. I. 42. 101.) who places it after 13 John, A. D. 1212. See also Plot's Staffordsh. Camden's Britannia. (Cheshire.)"
successors. For Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland) to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord De Lacy Constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrels of all forts, then met at Chester Fair; by the allurement of their minstrel, got together a vast number of such loose people, as, by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his steward)" a gallant youth, who was also his son in law. The Welsh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For this good service Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy by Charter the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people, who retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the Jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots*: and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even to late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit, that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since. (W).

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction, are thus described by Dugdale † as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midsummer fair there, all the minstrels of that country resorting to Chester, do attend the heir of Dutton, from his

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* See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary. (Art. Minstrel.)
† Ibid. p. 101.
lodging to St. John's church (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country) one of the Minstrels walking before him in a furcoat of his arms depicted on taffeta; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] Steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that Society, with penalties on those who transgress.

In the same reign of K. John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of Soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerpted out of an old English boke yn ryme*", and is as follows:

Whittington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the coheires of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines †, had in the reign of K. John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice a retainer of that Prince, to whom the king out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at Chefs ‡) not only

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† This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight, who should vanquish all his opponents in solemn contest, &c. appears to be buried in the Tournament of Tottenham. (See Vol. II. p. 13.) as is well observed by the learned author of Remarks, &c. in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794, p. 613.
‡ "John, son to K. Henry, and Fulco fallte at variance at Chefs "[r. Chefs]; and John brake Fulco's] heath with the Chest borde: "and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid "hym."
only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of K. Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England, after various conflicts, "Fulco resorted to one John of Raumpayne, a SOTH-""SAVER and JOCULAR and MISTRELLE, and made "hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco, "and his brethren laide waite for Morice, as he went "toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and "Bracy"a knight, who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Morice [s] hedde." This sir Bracy being in a subsequent encounter fore wounded, was taken and brought to K. John: from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for "John "Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte "Bracy, into a deadely slepe; and so he and Bracy "cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add, that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in Juuls and Turnaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true stile of chivalry, rescued "certayne ladies owt of "prison;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of K. Henry III, we have mention of MASTER RICARD the King's Harper to whom in his

"hym." (Lei. Coll. t. p. 264) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age!—Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "K. Henry dubbid Fulco & 3 of his bretherne "knights at Winchester." ibid.
36th year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings, and a pipe of wine; but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife *. The title of Magister, or Master, given to this Minstrel deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards K. Edward I.) in his Crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: Who must have been officially very near his person—*as we are told by a contemporary historian†, that, in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendant, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod or trefoil, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains ‡. And though the Prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead; yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have have induced Edward to en-


‡ Accurrentes ad haec Ministri ejus, qui a longe feterant, invenerant eum [feil. Nuntium] in terra mortuam, et appreenderunt eum eos eorum tripodi. felicet CITHARIDA SULS & percußit eum in capite, et effundit cerebrum ejus. Insepauitque eum Edwardus quasi hominem mortuam percußit. Ibid. Theae MINISTRI must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters, which the assassin had delivered to the Prince from his master.
treat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great Monarch’s severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigor *; yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son, and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow (X). And

Under the succeeding reign of K. Edward II, such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dilatory persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance; and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A. D. 1315 (Y). Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow (Z).

"In the year 1316, Edward the second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the tables, flaying partime; and at length came up to the king’s table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed."—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions.

* See Gray’s Ode; and the Hist. of the Gwedir Family in "Miscellanies by the Hon. Daines Barrington," 1781. 4to. p. 386; who in the Laws, &c. of this Monarch could find no instances of severity against the Welsh. See his Observations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th Edit. p. 358.
minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition, that she was not a real Minstrel: for there should seem to have been Women of this profession, (A a.) as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to Females, by our ancient Bards, as their singing to, and playing on the Harp. (A a. 2.)

In the fourth year of K. Richard II. John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a Court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester (p. xxxviii.) and which, like a Court-Leet or Court-Baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring countries, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them. (B b.) These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plott*: in whose time however they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string Musick†."


N. B. The barbarous diversion of Bull-running, was no part of the original Institution, &c. as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge in Archaeologia. Vol. II. No. XIII. pag. 86.

† See the charge given by the Steward, at the time of the Election in Plot's Hist. ubi supra; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363, 4.
The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the Heralds: And the King of the Minstrels, like the King at Arms, was both here and on the continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of K. Edward I. mention of a King Robert, and others. And in 16. Edw. II. is a Grant to William de Morlee "the King's Minstrel, styled Roy de North," of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler. (B b. 2.) Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by K. Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects, and allies.

In the subsequent reign of K. Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own Kimours, Ministrals; for by these names they describe them, (B b. 3.) This act plainly shows that far from being exterminated by the rigorous policy of K. Edward I, this order of men were still able to alarm the English Government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings, and contributions.

When his heroic son K. Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels fifteen in number to attend him †: and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii. d. a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present §. Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, flighted the pageants and verses, which were prepared.

* So among the Heralds Norrey was anciently styled Roy d'Armes de North. (Anstis, II. 300.) And the Kings at Arms in general were originally called Reges Heraldorum (Ibid. p. 302.) as these were Reges Ministrorum.
† Rymer's Foedera. Tom. VII. p. 555.
‡ Rymer IX. 255. § Ibid. p. 260.
pared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holinghshed *, would not suffer "any Dityes to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and "and thankes altogether given to God" (B b. 4.) But this did not proceed from any disregard for the Professors of Music or of Song; for at the feast of pentecost which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor, and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preferred by Rymer †. And having before his death orally granted an annuity of 100 shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son K. Henry VI, A. D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer ‡.

The unfortunate reign of K. Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year, A. D. 1456; we have in Rymer § a Commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the king's Minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his Majesty.

* See his Chronicle, sub anno 1415, (p. 1170.) He also gives this other instance of the king's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his Helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes, whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes, as hee received the daye of the battell." Ibid. Vol. T. de Elmham, c. 29. p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inferred in our 2d Vol. No. V. (p. 25) which would be considered as a Hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the Vol. may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for 3 and 4 voices," and in Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music. II. p. 384.

† T IX. 336. ‡ Ibid. X. 287. They are mentioned by name being ten in number: one of them was named THOMAS CHATTERTON.

§ Tom. XI. 375.
In the following reign, K. Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469) upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen, and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the king's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom and committed other disorders, the king grants to WALTER HALIDAY MARSHAL and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a Charter *, by which he creates, or rather restores a Fraternity or Perpetual Gild (such, as he understands, the Brothers and Sisters of the Fraternity of Minstrels had in times past), to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are impowered to admit Brothers and Sisters into the said Gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted.)—This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's Court among the Heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance, which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as Marshal in the foregoing Charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding Monarchs K. Henry V †. and VI †. nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the 3d year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from K. Edward of 10 marks per annum during life directed to him with that title §.

But besides their Marshal, we have also in this reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a

* See it in Rymer, T. XI. 642. and in Sir J. Hawkins, Vol. IV. p. 366 note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of K. Charles I. 15 July. (11 Anno Regni) for a Corporation of Musicians, &c. in Westminster, which may be seen, ibid.
† Rymer. IX. 255. † Ibid. XI. 375. § Ibid. XI. 512.
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particular occasion was able to do his royal master a
singular service, wherein his confidential situation and
ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent:
for "as he [K. Edward IV.] was in the north contrary
in the month of September, as he lay in his bed,
one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt
of the Mynnstellis, cam to him in grete hast,
and badde hym aryfe for he hadde enemies cumying
for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis,
of the which tydinges the king gretely marveylid,
&c. *." This happened in the same year, 1469,
wherein the King granted or confirmed the Charter for
the Fraternity or Gild above-mentioned; yet this Alex-
ander Carlile is not one of the Eight Minstrels to whom
that Charter is directed †.

The same Charter was renewed by K. Henry VIII. in
1520, to John Gilman his then Marshal, and to seven
others his Minstrels ‡: and on the death of Gilman, he
granted in 1529 this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to
Hugh Wodehouse §, whom I take to have borne the
office of his Serjeant over them.||

VI. In all the establishments of Royal and Noble
Households, we find an ample provision made for the
Minstrels; and their situation to have been both ho-
nourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to

* Here unfortunately ends a curious Fragment, (an. 9. E. IV.)
T. Warton's Hift. II. p. 134. Note (c.). † Rymer XI. 642.
‡ Rymer. XIII. 705. § Ibid. XIV. 2. 93.
|| So I am inclined to understand the term Serviens nofer Hugh
Wodebow, in the original Grant. (See Rymer ubi supra.) It is needless
to observe that Serviens expressed a Serjeant as well as a Servant.
If this interpretation of Serviens be allowed, it will account for his
placing Wodehouse at the head of his Gild, although he had not been
one of the eight Minstrels, who had had the general direction. The
Serjeant of his Minstrells, we may presume, was next in Dignity to
the Marshal, although he had no share in the Government of the
Gild.

refer
refer to the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512. (C c.) And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here (C c. 2.)

The name of Minstrel seems however to have been gradually appropriated to the Musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the Composer of heroic or popular rhymes*.

In the time of K. Henry VIII. we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies, not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasimus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions; but the others that did, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges (D d.)

For even long after, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as those of king Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwick and others like" in "short and long meetres, and by Breaches or Divisions, [sc. Firts] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe" as the reader may be informed, by a courtly writer, in 1589 †. Who himself had "written for pleasure a little brief Romance or historickall Ditty...of the Ile of Great Britaine" in order to con-

* See below, and Note G g.
† See Vol. II. pag. 174.
‡ Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. pag. 33. See the quotation in its proper order in Vol. II. pag. 175.
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tribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof", (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c. to be sung to the harpe in such places of Assembly) "and " consideration of the causes alleged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every Romance, or short " historicall ditty for that they be not written in long " meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing verfification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such Romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer*, who mentions that "common Rimmers" were fond of using rimes at short distancies, "in small and popular Musickes song " by these Cantabauqui" [the said common Rimmers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c. "or else by " blind Harpers or such like Taverne Minstrels that " give a Fit of mirth for a great; and their matter being " for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of " Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy " of Warwické, Adam Bell, and Cylime of the " Clough, and such other old Romances, or historicall " rimes," &c. "also they be used in Carols and " Rounds, and such light or lascivious Poemes, which " are commonly more commodiouly uttered by these " Buffons, or Vices in Playes, then by any other person. " Such were the rimes of Skelton (ulurping the name " of a Poet Laureat) being in deede but a rude railing " rimer, and all his doings ridiculous.+

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect: Yet that they still sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the Singers of old Ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

* Puttenham, &c. p. 69. (See Vol. II. p. 174, 175.) + Ibid.
When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present *, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

("Ee). "A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, appareled partly as he would himself. His cap off; his head seemly rounded Tonsur-wise †: fair kembled, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's grace was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair flarched, fleeced and glittering like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i.e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshnesses of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he lift. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bofom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin ‡ edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet.

* See a very curious "Letter: wherin, part of the entertain-ment unto the Queenz Majesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this soomerz Progres 1575, iz signified," &c. bl. 1. 4to vid. p. 46. & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, &c. in 2 Vol. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Ro. LANIHAM, or rather LANGHAM; see p. 84.
† I suppose "Tonsure-wife," after the manner of the Monks.
‡ i.e. handkerchief. So in Shakspere's Othello, passim.
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"His gown had side [i.e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, flit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets * of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fuslian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with foot, and shining as a shoing horn. About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest † tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter ‡, for) silver, as a squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendent upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Hslington."

—This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families, wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge §. From the expression of

* Perhaps, Points.
† The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.
‡ The Reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one perfonating that character: his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.
§ As the House of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family, (a silver crescent on the right arm) and are thus distributed; viz. One for the barony of Prudhoe, and Two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court leets and fairs held for the Lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bag-
of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtseys, cleared his voice with a "hem... and... wiped his lips with the hollow of "his hand for filing his napkin, tempered a string or "two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on "his Harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn "song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, "&c."—This song the reader will find printed in this work, Vol. III. pag. 25.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth *, a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering "abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, "and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession. (E e. 2.)

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is scarce an old historical song or Ballad, (F f.) wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of "The North Countreye †:" and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such compositions,

bag-pipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller; and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percy, was revived by their illustrious representatives the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

† See this Vol. Song VI. v. 156. 180. &c.
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It shews that this representation is real.* On the other hand the scene of the finest Scottish Ballads is laid in the South of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a Piper is asked, by way of dictation, Come zie frae the Border †? —— The martial

* Geraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of K. Henry II. mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the North of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony" or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the back, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's Version, Vol. II. p. 108.) This he describes, as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes [So Duci signifies in our old writers] and Norwegians, who long over-run and in effect new-peopled the Northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed. (Vide Cambriaæ Descriptio, cap. 13, and in Burney ubi supra.) —— Giral dus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic Scalds had carried the Arts of Poetry and Singing to great perfection at the time the Danish Settlements were made in the North. And it will also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our Northern Minstrels and Harpers afterwards: who had preferred and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic Ancestors. See Northern Antiquities, Vol. I. c. 13. p. 386. and five pieces of Ruic Poetry, 1763. 8vo.—Compare the original passage in Giral dus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, I. 408, and by Dr. Burney, II. 108, who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giral dus, which hath been attacked by some partial and bigotted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "Antiquities of Ireland" by Edward Ledwich, LL. D. &c. "Dublin, 1790," 4to. p. 207. & seq.

† This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish Poetry is now usually printed, (see pag. 381. N.) would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "Scottish Songs," 1794. 2 Vol. 12mo. I. p. 267. thus, (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish Idiom,) "Live you up' the Border?" had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "Historical Essay" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to "Ye live up' the Border;" the better to favour a position, that many of the Pipers "might live upon the border, for the convenience of attending fairs, &c. in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England,
martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their Songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our Southern Metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

Countrie harp*e battel morning
Lady singer damsel loving,
instead of country, lady, harper, singer, &c.—This liberty is but sparingly allowed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of Ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior

England, knows that on the English Frontier rude Mountains and barren Waste reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary Shepherds; many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the DEBATABLE LANDS, which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas; till these disputes were settled, not many years since, by arbitration between the present Lord Douglas, and the late Duke and Dutchess of Northumberland.
sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry.—The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in this volume No. III. of Book III. with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above), the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the Ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of Garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections (F f. 2.)

P. S. By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question, whether the term Minstrels was applied in English to Singers, and Composers of Songs, or confined to Musicians only. But it is referred for the concluding Note (G g.)
(A) The Minstrels, &c. The word Minstrel does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest: whereas it had long before that time been adopted in France*.—Minstrel, so early as the VIIIth century, was a title given to the Mefbro di Capella of K. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or Leader of any Band of Musicians. [V. Burney's Hist of Musick, II. 263.] This term Menefrel, Menefteir, was thus expressed in latin, Miniftellus, Miniftrellus, Miniftrellus, Menefterellus, &c. [Vid. Gloss. Du Cange & Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above-mentioned from Miniferialis or Ministeriarius, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a Workman or Artificer (still called in Languedoc Minfral) as if these men were styled Artificers or Performers by way of excellence [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given perhaps more truly by Du Cange "Minifelli... quos vulgo Mefetreux, vel Meneftriers appellamus, quod minoribus autæ Minifritis accessionentur." [Gloss. IV. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word "Minister" is sometimes used "pro Minifellus," [Ibid.] and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

Minstrels sometimes affixed at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV. quoted above in p. xlv. by which Holiday and others are erected into a perpetual Gild, &c. See the Original in Rymer. XL. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty "to sing in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c."—The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "Minister... pro Minifellus Joculator †.—Vetus ceremoniale MS. B. M. deaurata Tolos."

* The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was GLEEMAN [see below, Note (I.) sect. 1.] so that, wherever the term Minstrel is in these pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was JOOCELER, or JOCULAR. Lat. Joculator. [see p. xxx. as also Note (V. 2.) and Note Q.] To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word Minstrel: Which (as the Author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. Minister, sicil. Miniftrerus, Minifstrellus.


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"Item, etiam congregabantur Piscatores, qui debent interesse is to die in "processione cum MINISTRIIS seu Joculatoribus: quia ipsi Piscatores te-
"mentur babere is to die Joculatoris, feu Mimos ob non rem CUCIIS
"et vadunt primi ante processionem cum MINISTRIIS seu Joculatoribus
"semper pulsatibus usque ad ecclesiam S. Stephani." [Gloss. 773]—

This may perhaps account for the clerical appearance of the MIN-
STRELS, who seem to have been distinguished by the TONSURE,
which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character *.

Thus Jeffery of Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of
a Minstrel, says, Rafit capillos suis & barbam (see Note K).

Again a writer, in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of
an ancient Minstrel, speaks of his head as "rounded Tonfier-
wife," (which I venture to read Tonsure-wife), "his beard
figurly shaven." See above above, p. xlix.

It must however be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical
appearance of the Minstrels, and though they might be sometimes
countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals,
their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the
more rigid Ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were
of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with
heavy complaints of the great encouragement shewn to those men
by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better
name than that of Scurræ, Famelici, Nebulones, &c. of which innum-
erable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an esta-
blished order in some of the monasteries, that no Minstrel should
ever be suffered to enter their gates †.

We have however innumerable particulars of the good cheer and
great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the Convents,
which are collected by T. Warton, (I. 91. &c.) and others. But

* It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned
and ingenious author of "Irish Antiquities," 4to. that the ancient
Mimi among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is
1620, fol. p. 385. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin,
though it afterwards might make the Minstrels sometimes pass for
Ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Bur-
ney tells us that Hifiriones, and Mimi, abounded in France in the
time of Charlemagne (II. 221.) so that their profession was handed
down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and there-
with some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet
with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most
confined to singing and music.

† Yet in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath
this inscription: "Thys Pillar made the Mynftryls;" having its
capital decorated with figures of 5 men in short coats; one of
whom holds an instrument resembling a Lute. See Sir J. Hawkins.
Hist. II. 298.
(Sub. An. 1224) deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of their being Mimi or Minstrels, gained admittance. But the Cellarer, Facrist, and others of the brotherhood, who had hoped to have been entertained with their diverting arts, &c., when they found them to be only two indigent ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monastery. (Ibid. p. 92.) This passage furnishes an additional proof that a Minstrel might by his dress or appearance be mistaken for an Ecclesiastic.

(B) "The Minstrels use mimicry and action, and other means of diverting, &c." It is observable, that our old monkish historians do not use the words Cantator, Citharæus, Musicus, or the like, to express a MINSTER in Latin, so frequently as Mimis, Hishiro, Foculator, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c. or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.]

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his life of S. Lewis, speaks of some Armenian MINSTRELS, who were very dextrous Tumblers and Posture masters. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyremark (Armenia) . . . et avoient trois cors—— Quand ils encommenceroient a chanter, vous dizez que ce font les "voix de cygnes, . . . et fesoient les plus douces melodies.—" Ils fesoient trois merveilleus saus, car on leur metoit une touaille "defos les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . Les deux tournoients les teftes ariéres? &c. [See the Extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's Observations on the Anc. Statutes, 4to. 2d Edit. p. 173. omitted in the last impression.]

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the patent warrant of Henry VI. "De Ministralibus propter folatium regis provendis," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided in arte Ministrallatis instructos, should also be membris naturalibus elegantibus. See above pag. xlv. (Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 4th Edit. p. 337.)

Although by MINSTREL was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others; yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or acting separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the above arts connected with these *. Music however being the leading idea, was

* Vid. infra, Not. A 2.
at length peculiarly called MINSTRELSY, and the name of MIN-
STREL at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the
general name of Menestraudie, Menstraudife, Jonglerie, &c. [Med.
Lat. Menestellorum Art, Ars Joculatoria, &c.]—"On peut com-
prendre sous le nom de JONGLERIE tout ce qui appartient aux
anciens chanfonniers Provencaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le
corps de la Jonglerie etoit formé des Trouveres, ou Troubadours,
qui compofoient les chantons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des
Improvisateurs, comme on en trouve en Italie; des Chanteurs ou
Chanteres qui executoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des
Conteurs qui faifoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les
histoires; des Jongleurs ou Menstrels qui accompagnoient de
leurs instrumens.—L'art de ces Chantres ou Chanfonniers, etoit
nommé la Science Gaie, Gay Saber." (Pref. Anthologie Franç.
1765. 8vo. p. 17.)—See also the curious FAUCHET (De l'Orig.
de la Lang. Fr. p. 71, &c.) "Bien tost apres la divifion de ce grand
empire François en tant de petits royaumes, duchez, & comtes,
au lieu des Poetes commencerent a fe faire cnoigniftre les Trou-
veres, et Chanteres, Conteurs, et Jugleurs: qui font Trouveurs,
Chantres, Conteurs, JONGLEURS, ou JUGLEURS, c'est à dire,
"MENESTRIERS chantans avec la viole."

We see then that Jongleur, Jugleur, (Lat. Joculator, Jugulator) was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "Les Jon-
geurs ne faifoient que chanter les poftes sur leurs instrumens. On les
appelloit auffi MENESTRELS:" says Fontenelle, in his Hift. du
Theat. Franch. prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(C) "Successors of the ancient BARDS."] That the MIN-
STRELS in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the
British BARDS and to the Danish SCALDS, appears from this, that
the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the
fame names in Latin. Thus Geoffery of Monmouth, himself a
Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in
singing and music, so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the
Patron Deity of the BARDS, uses the phrase Deus JOCULATORUM;
which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Min-
strels*. In like manner, William Malmesbury, speaking of a
Danish king's assuming the profession of a SCALD, expresses it by,
Profijus MiNUM; which was another name given to the Min-
strels in Middle Latinity†. Indeed DU CANOE, in his Glossary,

* Vid. Not. B. K. Q. † Vid. Note N.
FOREGOING ESSAY.

quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the middle ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the monks, he stigmatizes by the name of Scurræ; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.


"Qui veut avoir renom des bons & des vaillans,
"Il doit aler forvent a la pluie & au champs
"Et etre en la bataille, ainsi que fu Rollans,
"Les Quatre Fils Haimon, & Charlon li plus granis,
"Li dus Lions de Bourges, & Guions de Connans
"Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, & Trifans,
"Alixandres, Artus, Godfoi li Sachts,
"De quoy cils Menestriers font les nobles Romans."

"Nicolaus de Braia descriptens solenne convivium, quo post inaugurationem fam proceres expectit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatum, in medium prodiisse Mimum, qui regis laudes ad cytharam decantavit."—

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Durnque sovent genium geniali munere Bacchi,
"Neftarre commixto curas removente Lyæo
"Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte
"Affurgit Mimus, ars musica quem decoravit.

"Hic
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 hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista?
 inclyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,
 quem vigor & virtus extollit in æthera famæ, &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitt
reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino post eujusmodi Mimorum &
Minstrellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitaffe. . . .
Id praebem in pigna præcinctu, dominis suis occinabant, ut
marmum adorem in eorum animis concitarent: eujusmodi can-
tem Cantilenam Rollandi appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.—
Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. Tanta vero illis se-
crastas . . ut Scurræm se precedere faeitent, qui musico instrumenta
res solum glosas et prorum bella praecineret, quatenus bis aemius ineita-
rentur, &c." As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder
at his calling the Minstrel, Scurræm.

This word Scura, or some one similar, is represented in the
Glossaries as the proper meaning of Lectator (Fr. Lecteur.) the an-
cient term by which the Minstrel appears to be expressed in the
Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxvii. On this head I
shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du
Cange's Glossary, (Sc. ad verb. Menestellus & ad verb. Le-
cator.)——"Philippus Moufkes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum
M. Provincie comitatum Scurris & Mimir suis olim donasse, in-
deque posita tantum in hac regione poetarum numerum ex-
crevissa.

Quae quant il buens Rois Karlemaigne
Ot toute mife a son demaine
Provence, qui mult iert plentive
De vins, de buis, d'aigue, de rive,
As Leceurs as Menestreus
 Qui sont auques luxurieux
Le donna toute & departi."

(D) "The Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two per-
sons." The word Scala comprehended both characters among
the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for ei-
ther of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons.
They called a Poet Scop, and Leospinta: the last of these
comes from Leod, a Song; and the former answers to our old
word
word Maker (Gr. Ποιητής) being derived from Scippan or Scoopan, formare, facere, fingere, creare (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of Driegman, and perhaps by the more simple title of Peanpepe, Harper: [See below, notes H, I.] This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhyMists. See in this work Vol. I. p. 71. &c. Vol. III, p. 43, &c.

(E) "Minstrels . . . at the houses of the great, &c"") Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries: especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their flatters: (prefertim quibsluncti Minstrellorum afflictionibus defeetabuntur.) He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which shew what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old Songsters.

"Rigordus de Gobis Philippi Aug. an. 1185. "Cum in varis regum "feu aliorum principum, frequens tuba Histrionum converire soleat, "ut ab eis aurum, argentum, equos, seu vestes *, quos persever "mutare consuerant principes, ab eis extorquant, verba tectoralia "varius adolutionibus plena proferre nuntur. Et ut magis placeat, "quiesquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicet omnes "delicios et lepores, et yiris dignas urbanitates et equester inquietas, tru-"tioantibus buccis in medium crudelare non erubescent. Vidimus quandam "quojaen principes, qui vestes div exccgitatas, et varius florar pie-
"turationibus artificiosè elaboratas, pro quibus forfan 20 vel. 30 marcas "argenti consumpserant, vix revolstis septem diebus, Histrionibus, "ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c."

* The Minstrels in France were received with great magni-
cence in the 14th century. Froissart describing a Christmas enter-
ainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there were "many Mystrelles, as well of his own as of strangers, and "each of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties, The same day "the Erle of Foix gave to Haraulds and Minstrelles the som of "Fyve hundred Frankes: and gave to the Duke of Tourayns "Mynstrelles Gownes of Clothe of Gold furred with Ermynce va-
"lued at two hundred Frankes." B. III. c. 31. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)
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The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Prefid. FAUCHET: (Recueil de la lang. Fr. p. 73.) (who says, that, like the ancient Greek Ἀοίδοι, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, "prenans leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloyent "Gette, venant de Gesia Latin) alloient ... par les cours rejouir "les Princes ... Remportans des grandes recompenses des "seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoyent jusques aux robes "qu'ils avoyent vestues: & lesquelles ces seigneurs ne failloyent "de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille "liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il me souvient "AVOIR VEU Martin Buraton (ja viel Meneftrier d'Orleans) le-

"quel aux feftes et noceps batoit un tabourin d'argent, femé des "plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il "avoit appris a DANSER."—Here we fee that a Minstrel sometimes performed the function of a Dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. "Les princefles "& les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs favours. "Elles estoient fort foibles contre les beaux prits." (Hist. du Théât.) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houfes. "Tel qui par les partages de fa famille "n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateau bien feigne-

"neural, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et reve-

"noit acquérir le reffe de Chateau." (Fontenelle Hist. du Théât.) We see then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient Songs and Romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings daughters, &c. and discovering themselves to be the sons of some sovereign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Jo-

hannes Sarifburensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no lefs than the monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shewn to these men. Non enim more nugatorum ejus feculi in Histriones & Mimos, et bujusmodi monfa bominum, ob famæ redemptionem & dilata-

tionem nominis effunditis opes veftris, &c. [Epif. 247 *.] The Monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who,

* Et vid. Policraticon, cap. 8, &c.
at his marriage with Agnes of Poitou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. *Infinitam Histironum, & Joelatorum multituidinem fine cibo & numeribus vacum & mor- rentem abire permisit.* (Chronic. Virziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. 4. p. 771, &c.

(G) “The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective.” Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgements, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic economy of their countrymen. The Saxon Chronicle, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for Ethelward, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle*; and the Pseudo-Affer, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. “Conjecturis (licet nusquam sine verisimili funda-imento) aliquoties indulgenus . . . utpote ab Histories ejusm nimas & indiligenter res nostras tradantibus coalit . . . Nos primus . . . nuda factorum commenratione plerique contenti, reliqua omnia, in eum ob ipsarum rerum, fve meliorum literarium, fve Iftoricorum officii ignorantiam, fere intalce priscercunt.” Vide plura in Prefat. ad Ælftr. Vitam a Spelman. Ox. 1678. fol.

(H) “Minstrels and Harpers.”] That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the Britifh, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. Æanpe, Æanpa. Iceland. ḫarpa, Paurpa. Dan.
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But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib. 4. c. 24. where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob eire 680.) he says:

"Nibil unquam frivoli & supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quae ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu seculari, usque ad temporum praevectoris ætatis constitutum, nil Carmine aliquando didicrat. Unde nonnumquam in convictu, sum effet laetitiae causa ut omnes per ordinem cantare deberent, ille ubi appropinquare fibi Citharam cernebat, surgebat a mediæ cændi, et aggressus ad suam domum repetebat."

I shall now subjoin King ALFRED'S own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

Be...næppe noht learpunga. ne idelep leodeber pýrcean. He...never no leaspings, nor idle songs compose ne mihte. ac épne sa an sa de to æfertëprü ne might; but lo! only those things which to religion [piety] belong. Í hir sa æfertan tungan gedæfenode, and his then pious tongue became tungan; þær he þe man in þeone-hade æfertæl 0s to sing: He was the [a] man in worldly [secular] state set to ða æþe de he þær of gelyþeone ylde. Í he næppne þe time in which he was of an advanced age; and he never æþe pæþ geþæþnodo. Í he þon hin ðæt in þeþoneþepæþ any song learned. And he therefore ðæt in an entertainment
In this version of Alfred’s it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heanpan jingan," *SING TO THE HARP*; as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of Singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat a media cena*; he assigns a motive, “*anær pon yceome,*” *AROSE FOR SHAME*; that is, either from an austerity of manners; or from his being deficient in an accomplishment, which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1) "The word *GLEE*, which peculiarly denoted their art, &c.")

This word *GLEE* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Gliw,* [Gliw.] *Musica, Music, Minstrelly* (Somn). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the Minstrel-Art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

I.

(1) *Elyp, [Gliw.] Mimus, a Minstrel.*
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Gleeman, gleymon, gleyman, [Glee-man *] Histrio, Minstrel, Pantomimus; all common names in Middle Latinity for a Minstrel; and Sommer accordingly renders the original by a Minstrel; a Player on a timbrel or taber. He adds, a Fiddler; but although the Fydel, or Fiddle, was an ancient instrument, by which the Joglar or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song, (see Warton, l. 1-) it is probable that Sommer annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

Hence.

Eyeumannanna-yppa Orchestra, vel Pulpitus. The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2) But their most proper and expressive name was Eiphleoprienc. Musicus, a Minstrel; and Eiphleophriencletic. Musicus, Musical.

These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing, at once their Music and Singing, being compounded of Eip, Musicus, Minus, a Musician, Minstrel; and Leot, Carmen, a Song.

(3) From the above word Elise, the profession itself was called

* Gleeman continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Brunne's metrical version of Bishop Grosvenor's Manuel de Peche, A. D. 1303. (See Warton, L 61.) we have this,

—Gode men, ye shall here
When ye an Gileman here


Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intituled, "The Duncè", what passed in the infernal regions "amongst the Feyndes", says

'Na Menfralls playit to thame: but dowl,
For Gle-men thairse wer holdin oot,
Beauty and eke by mycht.

See Poems from Bannatyne's M.S. Edim. 1770, 12mo. pag. 30.

Maitland's M.S. at Cambridge reads here Glewe men.
(4.) As Musical Performance was the leading idea, so

Elligbeam, [Glig or Glee-beam] Tymanum; a

Tymbril or Taber. (So Somn.) Hence

Ellypían. Tymanum pulfare; and

Ellip-meben; Ellipiëne-maben; [Glee-maiden] Tym-

panístria; which Somner renders a She Minstrel; for it should

seem, that they had Females of this profession; One name for

which was also Ellypbybenepepsa.

(5.) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing is

Ellypc. [Glywc.] Tibia, a Pipe or Flute.

Both this and the common radix Ellig, are with great appearance
of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic Elliggar, Flatus; as
supposing that the first attempts at Music among our Gothic an-
cestors were from Wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. Etym. Ang. V.

Glee.

II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves
to the mere exercise of their primary arts of Music and Song, but
occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence from the
above Root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1) E'eo, and pinrvm Ellip. Facetiae.

Ell epian, jocari; to jest, or be merry; (Somn.) and

Ell epient, jocans; jesting, speaking merrily;

(Somn.)

Elligman, also signified Jocifla, a Jester.

Ellig-gamen. [Glee-games.] jecf. Which Somner ren-
ders, Merriments, or merry Jests, or Tricks, or Sports;
Enjambles.

(1) Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the Cause for
the Effect,
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Elle, gaudium, alacritas, leetitia, facetiae; Joy, Birth, Clar-
ness, Cheerfulness, Glee. [Somner.] Which last application
of the world still continues, though rather in a low debasing
sense.

III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Min-
strels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe,
that before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much fa-
voured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession.
For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be
considered by those austere ecclesiastics, as tending to levity and
licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the
monks an infuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon
Harpers and GlereMen were the immediate successors and imi-
tators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters
of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and out-
rage in their countrymen the Danes, which fell with such peculiar
severity on the religious and their convents.—Hence arose a third
application of words derived from Elgg, MINSTRELSY, in a
very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of reli-
gion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus

(1) Elgg, is Ludibrium, LAUGHING TO SCORN *. So in S. Basil.
Regul. II. Di harpbon him to glige halpenbe mineyunge.
Ludibrio babebant salutarem ejus admonitionem. (io.)—This sense of
the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the sport of rude un-
cultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbably but
the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this fort, and that of no
very delicate kind. So again,

Elgg-man, was also used to signify Scurra, a laucy Jetter
(Somn.)

Elgg-geon. Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quâm par est amans.
Officium Episcopale, 3.

Elpian. Scurrilibus oblelamentis indulgere; Scurram agere. Ca-
on. Edgar. 58.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an or-
der of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be

* To gleek, is used in Shakespeare, for "to make sport, to
jest," &c.
considered by those grave censors, as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

\textit{Ullpejl, Parafitus, Assentator; a Fabwer, a Togger, a Paralise, a Flatterer}. (Somn.)

\textbf{IV.}

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word \textit{Gle} : Notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied; yet the derivative \textit{Glee} (though now chiefly used to express Merri ment and Joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify Music and Minstrelsy. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) E. g.

"For though that the best harper upon live
"Would on the best sounid jolly harpe
"That evir was, with all his fingers five
"Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,
"Were his nailes pointed nevir so sharpe
"It shoulde makin every wight to dull
"To heare is glee, and of his strokes full

Troyl. L. II.

Junius interprets \textit{Glees} by \textit{Musica Instrumente}, in the following passages of Chaucer's \textit{Third Boke} of Fame.

"... Stoden... the castell all aboutin
"Of all maner of \textit{Mynstrales}
"And \textit{Jestours} that tellen tales

\textbf{* The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon words, so full and copious beyond any thing that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious \textit{Anglo-Saxon Lexion}, in MS. but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy, had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English Interpretations given by \textit{Somner}, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that \textit{Glee} signified \textit{Minstrelly}, or \textit{Glicman a Minstrel}. 
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"Both of wepyng and of game,
"And of all that longeth unto fame:
"There herde I play on a harpe
"That fowned both well and sharpe
"Hym Orpheus full craftily;
"And on this fyde faft by
"Sate the harper Orion;
"And Eacides Chirion;
"And other harpers many one,
"And the Briton GLASKYRION.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds;

"And small Harpers with her GLEES
"Sat under them in divers fees.

* * * *

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds,

"There sawe I fyt in other fes
"Playing upon other sundry GLEES,
"Which that I cannot neven *
"More than starrs ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1) That by JESTOURS, I suppose we are to understand GESTOURS; tell, the relatres of GESTS, (Lat. Gesla) or stories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in profe, or verse. (Compare the record below, in Note V.) Of the stories in profe, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the Gesla Romanorum, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called Conteurs, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first Prose Romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

* Neven, i.e. name.

(2) That
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(2) That the "Briton Glaskeryon," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous Harper Glasceryon, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, in Vol. III. pag. 42.

In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the Minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the Minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3) As for the word Glee, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements, proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or Glee?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth."

Geoffrey's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [E. Malachus] non haberet, raft capillum sias & barbam *, cultumque Juculatoris cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quis in Lyra componebat, sese Cytharistam exhibebat." Galf. Monum. Hist. 4to. 1508. Lib. 7. c 1. — That Juculator signifies precisely a Minstrel, appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to Citbarista or Harper, (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another

* Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the Juculatores or Minstrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c. from the Minstrels of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaved: (see above p. lvi. Note *) as they likewise did the Metricly, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the Composing and Singing to the harp heroic song, &c. which they inherited from their own progenitors the Bardic and Scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other Northern nations, brought these with them into Italy. For "in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a Minstrel of Lombardy, whose Song promised him success and victory. Contigit Juculatorum ex Longobardorum gentes ad Carolum venire, et Cantorum uncam amisse, Burari in conspectu suorum, cantare." Tom. II. p. 2. Carol. Monast. Notul. b ii. cap. x. p 717. (T. Warton's Hist. Vol. II. Emend. of Vol. I. p. 113.)
passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to Cantor. See Lib. 1. cap. 22. where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes cantores quos precedens aetas habuerat & in modulis & in omnibus musicis instruerebat; ita ut Deus Joculatorum videtur."—Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relator of facts, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts."] Both these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury: and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest *, and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Anti-Norman writer; so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the Joculator or Minstrel was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but 33 years †. Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times, which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is most positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three flight Anglo-Saxon epitomes, that are now remaining. (Vid. Note (G).

As for Asser Menevenstis, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story; it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds ‡. Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related, below, as reflecting in his opinion no great honour on his patron.

* Natus, 1030; scripsit, 1091; obit, 1109. Tanner.
† Obit, Anno 1142. Tanner.
‡ (See above, p. lxviii.) Both Ingulph, and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans; who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.
The learned Editor of Alfred's life in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did, if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. *Vid. Annot. in Ælf. Mag. Vitam, p. 33. Oxon. 1678. fol.*

(M) "Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel."] *Fingens se Joculatorem, assumpta cithara, &c. In gulphi Hist. p. 869. Sub specie Mimi . . . ut Joculatori professor artis. Gul. Malmeb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43.* That both Joculator and Minimus signify literally, a *Minstrel*, see proved in notes B K. N. Q. &c. See also Note G g.

Malmesbury adds, *Unius tantum fideliissimi truebatur conscientia*. As this Confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old Metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection: *See Vol. I. Song VI. Vol. III. Song VII. &c. Among the French and Provençal bards, the Trouverre, or Inventor, was generally attended with his finger, who sometimes also played on the Harp, or other musical instrument. "Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un "Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menefrels ou Jongleurs; et il leur faisait "chanter sur leurs Harpes ou Vieilles les Vers qu'il avait composez. Ceux "qui faisaient les sons auffi bien qu'il les mores estoient les plus estimés." Fontenelle Hist. du Theat.*

That Alfred excelled in Music is positively asserted by Balf, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS. many of which subsisted in his time, that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who we may conclude had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that that Alfred "provided himself of "mufitian, not common, or such as knew but the præstick part, "but men skilful in the art itself, whose skil and service he yet "further improved with his own instruction." p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the Theory of Music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? Which, we have seen above, Note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons; even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was shameful to be
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ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason, why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment favouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs [Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audens . . . memoriter retinebat. p. 16. Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, &c. p. 42. & ib.] Now the Poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever Songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody *.

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel." Assumpta manu citbarâ . . . professus Mimus, qui bu-jusmodi arte stipem quotidiamam mercatur . . . Iussus abire pretium Cantus acceptit. Malmesb. l. 2. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (not any mimicry or tricks, but) his singing (Cantus); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader, that Mimus in Middle Latinity signifies a Minstrel, and Mimia, Minstrelly, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange.

"Mimus: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Pat-"

* Thus Leob, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a Song, and its derivative Lied signifies a Ballad to this day in the German tongue: And Cantare we have seen above is by Alfred himself rendered, Be heppan jingan.

† The Tabour or Tabourin was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon
(O) "To have been a Dane." The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish Scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation) that, if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.


This same Egiill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a Scaldr, and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan, that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis & fertinis duobus bene (vid. p. lxvii.): thus in an ancient Fr. MS. in the Harl. collection (2253. 7s.) a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback, and bearing his Tabour.

Entour son col porta son Tabour,
Depuynt de Or, e riche Aspar.

See also a passage in Menage's Diction. Eym. [v. Menestriers] where Tabours is used as synonymous to Menestriers.

Another frequent instrument with them was the Vielle. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a Guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the instrument, and, with his other hand, plays on some keys, that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the Vielle, Vol. II. p. 263. who thinks it the same with the Rote, or wheel. See p. 270 in the note.

Il est un Jangleor a Sens,
Qui n'avoit pas sovent robe entiere;
Sovent estoit sans sa VIELE. Fabliaux & Cont. II. 184, 5.

"magnis
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"magnis argento repletis... Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus
quidvis praeterea a se petens, obtinuerit; bona mobilia, free immobilia,
praebendam vel praefecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam
gratum excipienti, Carmen Encomiafixikon, á se, lingua Norvegiac, (qua
rum bis regnis communis) compositum, regi dicit; ac pro eo, duas Mar-
cas auri puri (pondus Marca... uncas aquabat) honorarii loco re-

See more of Egill, in "The Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45. whose Poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all
in rhime, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European
language, except Latin. See Egil's Islandic original, printed at the
end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Min-
strels of their own... and to shew favour and respect to
the Danish Scalds," If this had not been the case, we may be
assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have
been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-saxon times
as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be de-
ceived as to particular Facts, could not be so as to the general Manners
and Customs, which prevailed so near their own times among
their ancestors.

(Q) "In Doomesday Book," &c.] Extract. et Libro Domesday:

Clowcestertshire.

Fol. 162. Col. 1. Verdic Joculator Regis habet iii villas, et
ivi v. car. nil redd.

That Joculator is properly a Minstrel might be inferred from the
two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth, (v. Note K.)
where the word is used as equivalent to Citbarifa in one place, and
to Cantor in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the cha-
acter.
But more positive proofs have already offered, vid. supra, p. lviii.
See also Du Cange's Gloss. Vol. III. c. 1543. "Jogulator pro
"Joculator.—Consilium Manl. an. 1381. Nullus Ministres, seu Jo-
gulator, audiat pintare vel sonare instrumentum cujufcunque genrrii:
"&c. &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French Jongleur and Jugleur; so
he was called in Spanish Juglar and Juglar. "Tenemos canciones y
versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los Juglares,
"que
"que asistían en los banquetes, como los que pintó Homero." Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749. 4to.

"El año 1328, en las fiestas de la Coronación del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Aragón, ... * el JUGLAR RAMASET cantó una Villanesca de la Composición del ... infante [Don Pedro] ; y otro JUGLAR, llamado NOVELLET, recitó y representó en voz y sin cantar más de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro, que llamaban RIMA VUL- GAR." Ibid.

"Los TROBADORES inventaron la GAYA Ciencia ... estos TRO- BADORES, eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.—Es verdad, que ya entonces se bavían entrometido entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los Contadores, los Cantores, los JUGLAKES, los Truanes, y los Bu- fones." Ibid.

In England the King's JUGLAR continued to have an esta- blishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. [vid. Note (C c)] But in what sense the title was there applied does not appear. In Barklay's ELOGES written circ. 1514, Jugg- glers and Pipers are mentioned together. ECL. iv. (vid. T. Warton's Hist. II. 254.)

(R) "A valiant warrior, named TAILLEFER, &c."] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, "Quod Ministellorum munus interdum praebant milites probatissimi. Le Roman DE "VACCE, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir
"Mont veifiez Engleiz fremir. . . .
"TAILLEFER qui mout bien chantoit,
"Sur un cheval, qui toft aloit,
"Devant enls aloit chantant
"De Kallemaigne & de Roullant,
"Et d' Olivier de Vaffaux,
"Qui moururent en Rainchevax.

"Qui quidem TAILLEFER a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in bofles ira ruaret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occupuit."

Gloss. Tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

* ROMANSET JUGLAR canta alt veix ... devant lo seynor Rey. 'Chron. d'Aragon. apud Du Cange. IV. 771:

"Les
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"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un ecuyer nommé Taillefer, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la Chanson De Roland, qui fut si long temps dans les bouches des François, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment. Le Taillefer après avoir entonné le chanson que les soldats repetoient, le jeta le premier parmi les Anglais, et fut tue." [Voltaire. Add. Hist. Univ. p. 69.]

The reader will see an attempt to restore the Chanson de Roland, with musical notes in Dr. Burney's Hist. II. p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, vol. III. p. xxii. Note (m.)

(S) "An eminent French writer." &c. [M. l'Eveque de la Ravallière, qui avait fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, pretend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non a la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire avant celles des Provençaux, mais postérieurement au Regne de Philippe I, ou à l'an 1100."[v. Revolutions de la Langue Françoise, à la suite des Poésies du Roi de Navarre.] "Ce feroit une antériorité de plus d'un demi siecle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostredame fixe à l'an 1162, &c." Pref. a l'Anthologie Fran. Svo. 1765.

This subject hath been since taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c. to M. Le Grand's "Fabliaux ou Contes du xiiie & du xiiiie Siecle Paris. 1783." 5 Tom. 12mo. who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old Rimeurs of the North of France, over the Troubadours of Provence, &c.

(S.2) "Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist." Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child (Vol. III. No. 1. p. xxxii) which, although from the mention of Sarazens, &c. it must have been written at least after the first crusade in 1096, yet from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for, a Gleeman, or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth, for after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition or phraseology: no quotation "As the Romance fayth:" Not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of Northern extraction.
F O R E G O I N G  E S S A Y.

tration. Child Horn is the son of Alolf (i.e. Olaf or Olave) king of Sveden (I suppose Sweden) by his queen Godyske, or Godyl. Athulf and Eykenylf are the names of subjects. Eylme or Aylmer is king of Westmeffe, (a part of Ireland.) Rymenyld is his daughter; as Ermynyld is of another king Thurfan; whose sons are Athylf and Beryld. Alicheus is steward of K. Aylmer, &c &c. All these favour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance, as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original, from which w. s translated the old French fragment of Dan Horn in the Harlayan MS, 527. mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, IV. 68.) and by T. Warton (Hist. I. 38.) whose extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rhyme, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in Hickes's Thesaurus, Tom. I. cap. 24. p. 224, and 231.

(T) "The different production of the sedentary composer and the rambling Minstrel." Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addresed to Readers, or mention Reading: these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is Eglamour of Artas (No. 20. Vol. III. p. xli.) of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library A. 2. folio. 3. the II Fitte thus concludes,

... thus ferr have I red.

Such is Ipomydon (No. 23. III. p. xlii.) of which one of the divisions (sign E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus

Let hym go, God him spede
Tyll effecte bone we of him reed. [i.e. read.]

So in Amy's and Amylon *, (No. 31. III. p. xliii.) in stanza 3d. we have

In Gestes as we rede,

and similar phrases occur in stanzas, 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These

* It ought to have been observed in its proper place in No. 31. Vol. III. p. xliii, that Amy's and Amylon were no otherwise "Brothers" than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Elsyist formerly with a curious transcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c &c: and that it was his opinion that both
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These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast, to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the Minstrels themselves.

Of this class I conceive the Romance of Horn Child (mentioned in the last note (S. 2.) and in No. 1. Vol. III. p. xxxii.) which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the Squire of Lowe Degree (No. 24. III. p. xliii.) in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "As the Romance sayth,*" or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance, as one would expect from an itinerant Bard. And such also is A lytell Gesle of Robyn Hode, &c. in 8 Tyltes, of which are extant 2 editions, 4to, in black letter, described more fully in page 83 of this volume.---This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant faine aimed at Abbots and their Convents, &c. could not possibly have been composed by any Monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced; but especially of the former kind is Syr Lawfal (No. 11. III. p. xxxviii.) the 121st ft. of which has

In Romances as we rede

the fragment of the Lady Bellefent mentioned in the same No. 31 and also the mutilated Tale, No. 37, (p. xlv.) were only imperfect copies of the above Romance of Amys and Amylïn, which contains the 2 lines quoted in No. 37.

* Wherever the word Romance occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the Romance or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton, (I. 146: Note.) from two passages in the pr. copy of Sir Eglamour. viz. Sign. E. i.

In Romanaue as we rede.

Again in fol. ult.

In Romanaue this cronycle is.

But in the Cotton MS. of the original the first passage is

As I herd a Clerke rede.

And the other thus,

In Rome this Geft cronycled ys. So that I believe references to "the Romaunce," or the like, were often meer expletive phrares inferted by the oral Reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old Syr E glamour in the manner that the copy was printed.

This
This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe
the only one, in which is inserted the name of the author.

(T. 2.) "Royer or Raherus the king's Minstrel." He is re-
corded by Leland under both these names, in his Collectanea, scil.
"Hospitale S. Bartholomaei in West-Smithfelde in London.
"Royer Mimus Regis fundator."
"Raherus Mimus Regis H. 1. primus fundator, an. 1102. 3. H. 1.

That Mimus is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the
word in this essay, one extract from the accounts [Lat. Computis.]
of the priory of Maxtock near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently
show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. M1M1S Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citbari-
Juntibus, ludentibus, &c. illi. i. (T. Warton. II. 106. Note q.) The
same year the Prior gave to a doctor predicans for a sermon preached
to them only 6d.

In the Monasticon, Tom. II. p. 166, 167, is a curious history
of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection: which
seems exactly such a composition, as one of those, which were ma-
ufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous Legend-maker, in 1380;
(see T. Warton's curious account of him, in Vol. II. p. 190. Note.)
Who required no materials to assist him in composing his Narra-
tives, &c. For in this Legend are no particulars given of the
Founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pi-
uous work, of its having been before revealed to K. Edward the
Confessor; and predicted by 3 Grecians, &c. Even his Minstrel
profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance, or design, as
the profession was perhaps falling into discredit when this Legend
was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he
frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself
juavitate joculari. (This last is the only word that seems to have any
appropriate meaning.) This will account for the indistinct in-
coherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a-pleasant-witted
"gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's Minstrel."

(U.) "In the early times every Harper was expected to sing?"
See on this subject K. Alfred's version of Cædman, above in Note
(G.) pag. lxiv.
So in Horn-Child, K. Allof orders his steward Athelbrus to

—teche him of harpe and of song.
In the Squire of Lowe Degree the king offers to his daughter,
Ye shall have harpe, sautry *, and song.

And Chaucer in his description of the Limitour or Mendicant
Friar speaks of harping as inseparable from singing (I. p. 11. ver.
268.)

—in his harping, when that he hadde souge.

(U. 2.) "As the most accomplished" &c.] See Hoveden, p. 103,
in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to
K. Richard himself, till Mr. TYRWHITT (Chaucer, IV. p. 62.)
shewed it to belong to his Chancellor. "Hic ad augmentum et famam
sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et
de regno Francorum CAN. ORES ET JOCULATORES muneribus allexerat,
ut de illo camerent in plateis: et jam diecubatur ubique, quod non erat talis
in orbe." For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see
T. Warton's Hist. Vol. II. Addit. to p. 113 of Vol. I.

(U. 3.) "Both the Norman and English languages would be
heard at the houses of the great."] A remarkable proof of this is,
that the most diligent inquirers after ancient English rhymes find
the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman no-
bles. Such as that of Robert Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in
1173. temp. Hen. 2. (little more than a century after the conquest)
recorded by Lambarde in his Dictionary of England, p. 36.

Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken
Ingland is thine and myne, &c.

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot Earl of Norfolk in the same
reigne of K. Henry II. vid. Camdeni Britannia (art. Suffolk) 1607,
folio.

Were I in my castle of Bungey
Vpon the riuere of Waneney
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.

* The Harp. (Lat. Citbara) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry
(Lat. Psalterium) in that the former was a stringed instrument, and
the latter was mounted with wire: there was also some difference in
the construction of the bellies, &c. See "Bartholomaeus de pro-
prietatibus rerum," as Englished by Treviſa & Batman. Ed. 1584,
Indeed many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—'Listen, Lordings,' and the like. These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from Vol. III. p. xxiii. & seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language:

(V. "that intercommunity &c. between the French and English Minstrels," &c.) This might perhaps, in a great measure, be referred even to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables, which could not fail to be adopted by the English Minstrels and others, who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c. between the Minstrels of the two nations, would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry, which led knights, and their attendants the heralds, and Minstrels, &c. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other seats of arms.

(V. 2.) "is not the only instance," &c.] The constant admission granted to Minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus in the old Romance of Horn-Child, the Princefs Rymenyl being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince her lover and some assisting knights with concealed arms assume the Minstrel character, and approaching the castle with their "Gleyinge" or Minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, and fythelers;" has them admitted, when

Horn sette him abencé [i.e. on a bench.]
Is [i.e. his] harpe he gan clenche
He made Rymenild a lay.

This sets the princefs a weeping and leads to the catastrophe, for he immediately advances to "the Borde" or table, kills the ravisher, and releaese the lady.

(V. 3.)

* Jogeler, (Lat. Joculator) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the Joculator was, we may learn from the Register of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton. I. 69.) "Et cantabat JOCULATOR quidam nominé
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(V. 3) “assumed the dres and character of a Harper,” &c.)

We have this curious Historiæ in the records of Lacock Nunnery in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury. See Vincent’s Discovery of Errors in Brooke’s Catalogue of Nobility, &c. folio. pag. 445, 6, &c. Take the following Extract (and see Dugdale’s Baron. I. p. 175)

“Ela uxor Gulielmæ Longepsæ primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbriam; patre et matre Normanniæ.


(W.) For the preceding account Dugdale refers to Monast. Angl. I. (r. II.) p. 185. but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his Hist. of Cambria, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welfa MSS. The words in the Monasticon are—Qui accessitis Sutoribus Caftriæ et Historiæbus, foßenanter cum exercitu suo

Homine Herebertus Canticum Colbrondi, necon Geftum Emme regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris.” His instrument was sometimes the Pythalia, or Fiddle, Lat. Ficicula: which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200, (T. Warton’s Hist I. p. 17.) viz.

Christofre him served longe

The kyng loved melodye much of fithele and of songe:

So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faste,

And in a tyme he humped in his song the devil at lafte.
venit domino suo facere succursum. Waleses vero videntes multiitudinem
magnam venientem, relietâ obfidiâe fugerunt . . . . Et propter hoc
dedit comes antedictus . . . . Confularius dominatione Sutorum et Hi-fi-
trionum. Confularius vero retinuit sibi et bcredibus suis dominationem
Sutorum: et Hi-fi trionum dedit vero Scut.cheallo. (So the passage should
apparently be pointed; but either et or vero seems redundant.)

We shall see below in note (Z) the proper import of the word
Hi-fi triones: but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used
in the grant of the constable De Lacy to Dutton, but Magifterium om-
nium Leccatorum et Meretricium totius Cefireftrici, ficit liberius
illum-[sic-] Magifterium tenc de comite. (vid. Blount’s Ancient Tenures,
p. 156.) Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly
held for many ages a magifterial jurifdiction over all the Minfrels
and Musicians of that county, and as it could not be conveyed by
the word Meretricies, the natural inference is, that the Minfrels
were exprressed by the term Lecctores. It is true, Du Cange com-
piling his Glossary could only find in the writers, he consulted, this
word used in the abusive fense, often applied to every synonyme
of the sportive and difloufe Minfrel, viz. Scuva, vanilgous, para-
fitus, epulo, &c. (This, I conceive, to be the proper arrangement
of thefe explanations, which only expres the character given to the
Minfrel elsewhere: See Du Cange, paffim and notes, C. E. F. I.
iii. 2. &c.) But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre,
wherein the Leccour (Lat. Lecctator,) and the Minfrel are
joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of the
Territory of Provence, and from whom the Provencal Tribouardours
were derived, &c. See the paffage above in note C, pag. ix.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton, is thus ex-
“Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars.”

§ II. . . . ‘ All Fencers, Bearwards; Common Players of
Enterludes, and Minfrels, wandering abroad, (other than
Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or
any other honourable Perfonage of greater degree, to be author-
ized to play under the hand and fceal of arms of such Baron or
Perfonage;) all Juglers, Tiskers, Pedlers, &c. . . . shall be ad-
judged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.

§ X. Provided: always that this Act, or any thing therein con-
tained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise ex-
tend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder John Dutton of Dutt-
on in the County of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or alligns, for,
touching or concerning any liberty, preheminence, authority,
jurifdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now
lawfully ufeth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to ufe within
the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of
Chefter, or either of them, by reafon of any ancient Charters of

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'any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever.'

The same Clauses are renewed in the last Act on this Subject, passed in the present Reign of Geo. III.


"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, & cum eo Comites Warennae & Arundelie, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos & quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Lodem die cum sedissent Rex in mensa, provis militibus circumdatus, ingressa Minstrellorum Multitudo, portantium multiplicit ornatu amicorum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, & inducerent, ad uovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."


Forasmuch as . . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelie, and going in meffages, and other figned busines, have ben and yet be received in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely confered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houses: &c. . . . . We wylyng to restrayne suche outrageous enterprizes and idlenes, &c. have ordeyned . . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles and Barons none refort to meate and drynke, unleffe he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none except it be three or four Minstrels of honour at the most in one day, unleffe he be desired of the Lord of the House. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unleffe he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke, and with such curtelsie as the Maister of the Houfe wyl thewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their akyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynft this Ordinaunce, at the firste tyme he lofe his Minstrelie, and at the second tyme to forswere his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrell in any house. . . . Yeven at Langley the vi, day of August, in the ix. yere of our reigne."

These shufes arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after; in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter, 9 E. 4. referred to in p. xlv. "Ex querela insigniione . . . Minstrallorum nostrorum accipimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolae & artifices diversarum mysteriarum regni"

It may be observed here, that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their Great Halls. See in this Vol. p. 72. &c.

The Answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "Non eft moris domus regiae Histriones ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingham.

That Stow rightly transliterated the Latin word Histrione here by Minfrel, meaning a musician that sung, and whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof: for in the Gesta Romanorum, chap. cxxi. Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he incepit, more Histrionico, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare. (T. Warton, III. p. l.) And Muratori cites a passage, in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan.—Super quo Histriones cantabant; sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio. Antich. Ital. II. p. 6. (Oberv. on the the Statutes, 4th Edit. p. 362.)

See also (E.) pag. lxii. (F.) p. lxii. &c.

(A a) "There should seem to have been women of this profession." This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz. Anglo-Sax. Glip-meden [Glee- maiden], &c. gilpennbemaden, gilpbydeneterya. (vid. supra, p. lxvii.) Fr. jengleresse, Med. Lat. fuculatrix, Ministrallissa, Femia Ministerialis, &c. (vid. Du Cange Gloss. & Suppl.)
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See what is laid in pag. 1xlv, concerning the "sisters of the fra-
ternity of Minstrels;" see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney
(II. 315.) from Muratori, of the Chorus of women singing thro'
the streets accompanied with musical instruments in 1268.

Had the female described by Wallingham been a Tombefiere, or
dancing-woman, (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer IV. 307. and V. gloss.)
that historian would probably have used the word Saltatrix. (see T.
Warton I. 240. note n.)

These Saltatrixes were prohibited from exhibiting in churches
and church-yards along with joculatores, biflirionis, with whom
they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesi-
astics, who cenfured, in the severest terms, all these sportive cha-
racters. (vid. T. Warton in loco citato, & vide supra Not. E. F.
&c.)

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet, and other
subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the
minstrel profession under the different classes of Irrovers (ot trouba-
dours), chanteres, conteours, and jugleurs, &c. (vid. pag. 1xvii.) as if
they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguis-
ed from each other by these appropriate terms, we find no suffi-
cient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in
Latin, biflirio, mimus, joculator, minisfrallus, &c. in French, menefrier, me-
nisfrrel, jongleur, jugleure, &c. and in English, jogleur, jugler, minisfrlel, and
the like, seem to be given them indiscriminately. And one or other of
these names seem to have been sometimes applied to every species of
men, whose business it was to entertain or divert (joculari) whether
with Poesy, Singing, Music, or Geftication, singly; or with a
mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as
belonging to one Clafs, Order or Community, (many of the above
arts being sometimes exercised by the same person) they had all of
them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon
the general History of the Profession to shew what favour or en-
couragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any
one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to in-
quire, whether, in the various passages quoted in these pages, the
word Minfrel, &c. is always to be understood in its exact and pro-
per meaning of a Singer to the Harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under
the common name of Minfrels, &c. appears from a variety of
authorities. Thus we have Menisfrel de Trompes and Menisfrel de
Rouche in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227. and it appears still
more evident from an old French Rhymer, whom I shall quote at
large.

“Le
"Le Quens * manda les Menestrels;" * Le Compte.
"Et si a fet * crier entre els," † fare
"Qui la meilleur truffe || fauroit || Sornette, [a gibe, a jeff; (or flouting.)
"Dite, ne fare, qu'il auroit
"Sa robe d'es-carlate meue.
"L'uns Menestrels a l'autre reuve
"Fere son mestier, tel qu'il feto;
"Li uns set l'yevre, l'autre feto;
"Li uns chante, li autre note;
"Et li autres dit la riote;
"Et li autres la jenglerie †; † Jangling, babillage, raillerie.
"Cil qui seuent de janglerie
"Vient par devant le Conte;
"Aucuns ja qui fabliaus conte
"Il i ot dit mainte riife."

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo. Tom. 2. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient
Juggleurs we learn from the following citation from an old romance,
written in 1230.

"Quand les tables oftees fureat
"C'il juggleurs in pies esturent
"S'ont vieilles, et harpes prises
"Chanfons, fons, vers, et reprifes
"Et gdes chantè nost ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, U. 44. from Andr. du Chene. See also Tyr-
whitt's Chaucer, IV. p. 299.

All the before mentioned Sports went by the general name of
Ministralia, Minifletorum Ludiera, &c.—" Charta an. 1377, apud
Rymer. VII. p. 160. Peraæto autem prandio, aseendebat D. Rex in
tameram suam cum Praealtis, Magnatibus & Proceribus prædictis: &
deinceps Magnates, Milités & Domini, alique Gentis diem illum, uf-
que ad tempus caene, in TRIPUDIIS, COREIS & SOLEMNIBUS
MINISTRALCIIS, pro gaudio solnptatis illius continuarunt." (Du
Cange. Gloss. 773.) [This was at the Coronation of K. Ri-
chard II.]
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It was common for the Minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing, (see above, note E. p. lxii.) thus in the old Romance of Tirante el Blanco; Val. i. 1511. The 14th Cap. Lib. 2. begins thus, Despues que las Mesas fueren alzadas vinieron los Minstrelles; y delante del rey, y de la Reyna danzaron un rato: y despues trucheron colacion.

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of flight of hand, hence the word JUGLKR came to signify a Performer of Legerdemain; and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his Squire's Tale, (II. 108.) speaks of the horse of braes, as

_——— like_

**An apparence ymade by som magike,**

**As JUGLKR plaien at thiste festes grete.**

See also the Frere's Tale. l. p. 279. v. 7049.

(A a. 2.) "Females playing on the Harp.")] Thus in the old Romance of "Syr Degore (or Degree," No. 22. Ill. p. xli.) we have, [Sign. D. i.]

The lady, that was so faire and bright,
Upon her bed shee fette downe rght;
She harped notes swete and fine.
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]
And Syr Degore, fette him downe,
For to hear the harpes fowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is supplied from the folio MS.

In the "Sqayr of lowe Degree" (No. 24. Ill. p. xlii.) the king fayes to his daughter [Sign. D. i.]

_Ye were wont to harpe and syng,
And be the meryest in chamber comynge._

In the "Carle of Carlifie," (No. ro. Ill. p. xxxvii.) we have the following passage. [Folio MS. p. 451. v. 217.]

Downe came a lady faire and free,
And sett her on the Carles knee:
One whiles fhee harped another whiles fong,
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

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And in the Romance of "Eger and Grime" (No. 12. Ill. p. xxxviii.) we have [Ibid. p. 127. col. 2.] in Part I. v. 293.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde
Shee fate downe by the bed side
Shee laid a fouter [pfultry] vpon her knee
Theron shee plaid full love:omelye.

... And her 2 maydens fweetlye fange.

A fimilar paffage occurs in Part. IV. v. 129. (pag. 136.)—But these instances are sufficient.

(B b.) "A charter . . . . to appoint a king of the Minstreles."

Intitled Carta Le Roy de Minijraulx. (in Latin Hisfrones. vid. Plott. p. 437.) A copy of this charter is printed in Monafs. Anglic. I. 355, and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717. (art. KING.)

That this was a most refpectable officer both here, and on the Continent, will appear from the paffages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms Minijraulx, and Hisfrones, was forgot, that he was called KING OF THE FIDLERS; on which subjedt see below Note (E e. 2.)

Concerning the KING OF THE MINSTRELS we have the following curious paffages collected by Du Cange, Glosfs. IV. 773.


"There is a very curious paffage in Pasquier's "Recherches de la France" Paris, 1633, folio. liv. 7. ch. 5. p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a lost how to account for the title of Le Roy assumed by the old composers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a MINSTREL. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been Le Roy des Memfrels, will be esteemed more probable that what Pasquier here advances; for I have never seen the title of Prince given to a Minfrel, &c.

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scil.—"A nos vieux Poëtes . . . comme . . . faut qu'ils eussent cer .
"tait jeux de priz en leurs Poëses, ils . . . houroient du nome .
"tantôt de Roy, tantôt de PRINCE, celui qui avoit le mieux faict
"comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalestiers, & Harque-
"busiers effe fut le semblable. Ainsi l'Auteur du Roman
"d'Oger le Danois, s'appelle Roy .

"Icy endroit est cil Livre finex
"Qui des enfants Oger est appellez
"Or vuellle Diez qu'il soit paracheuez
"En tel maniere kefri n'en puiff blamex
"Le Roy Adams [t. Adenes] ki il'ef t rimez .

"Et en ceulx de Cleomades,
"Ce Livre de Cleomades
"Rime-je le Roy Adenes
"Menestrie au bon Duc Henry

"Mot de Roy, qui seroit tres-mal approprié à un MEnestRIER,
"fi d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit a un jeu du priz : Et de faict il
"semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encore quelque remar-
"ques, en ce que le mot de JouINGLEUR s'estant par sucession
"de temps tourné en batelage nous avons veu en nostre jeunesse
"les Jouingleurs se trouver à certain jour tous les ans en la ville
"de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestier de-
"vant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis ici n'est pas
"pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainsï pour monstre qu'il n'y
"a chose si belle qui ne s'anéantisse avec le temps ."

We see here that in the time of Pasquier the poor MINSTREL
was sunk into as low estimation in France, as he was then or after-
wards in England : but by his apology for comparing the JouIN-
GLEURS, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to
the ancient Rimeurs, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for king Adenes, or Adenez, (whole name in the first passage
above is corruptly printed Adams,) he is recorded in the "Biblio-
theque des Romans, Amst, 1734." 12mo. Vol. I. p. 232. to have
composed the two Romances in verse above-mentioned, and a third
intitled Le Roman de Bertin : all three being preserved in a MS.
written about 1270. His Bon Duc Henry, I conceive to have
been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B b. 2.) "king of the Minstrels," &c.] See Anstis's Register of
the Order of the Garter, II. p. 303, who tells us "The President
"or Governor of the Minstrels had the like denomination of Roy
"in France, and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an Officer by a Patent; and long before his time payments were made by the crown, to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto Ministrallo scutifero ad arma commone- rantis ad vagina Regis anno 50o. [Bibl.-Cotton. Vespas. c. 16. f. 3.] as likewise [Libro Garderob. 25. E. 1.] Ministralliis in die nuptia- rum comitissse Holland filic. Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori &c. Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Montbaut, and Jactetto de Svat. Regibus, cuihabet eorum xli. Regi Pago de Hollandia, &c. under Ed. I. We likewise find other entries, Regi Roberto et aliiis Ministrallis fu- cientibus Ministrallias [Ministralias. qu.] suas coram Rege. [Bibl.-Cotton. Nero. C. 8. p. 84. b. Comp. Garderob.] That King granted, Willielmo de Morlee dito Roy de North, Ministrallo Regis, domos quae fuerunt Johannis le Boteler diti Roy Brunboud [Pat. de terr. for. &c. 16. E. 3]." He adds below, (p. 304.) a similar instance of a Rex Jugulatorum, and that the "King of the Minstrels" at length was styled in France Roy des Violons, (Furtiere Diction. Univers.) as with us "King of the Fidlers," on which subject see below, note (Ec. 2.)

(Bb. 3.) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402.) c. 27. runs in these terms, Item, pur esbribir plusieurs désespes et mifébifs sont advenus de- vaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales; par plusieurs Weoffers Rymours, Minifralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeignez, eft et efiabiliz que nul Weoffer, Rymour Minifral ne Vacabond folt aucunement suffezus en la terre de Gales pur faire hymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoques. This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the regimen occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bardz had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English Government, it is not to be wondered, that the act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as Rymours, Minifralx, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to ex- press the Welsh Bardz with the usual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their Minifralx had been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legislature to suppress them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced les désespes & mifébifs en la Terre de Gales.

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does or still more clearly appear in the commiinion issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's Specimens of Welsh Poetry, 1764. 4to. p. v. for bestowing the Siluer Harp on "the chief of "that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle "persons, naming themselves Minstrels, Rythmers, and Bards," had "lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Prinicipa- lity in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their "shameless
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"shameles disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, "but also expert Minstrels and Mynstrels in tongue and cunynge thereby "much discouraged, &c." and "hindred of livings and prefer- "ment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that "intend to maintain their living by name or colour of Minstrels, "Ryghters, or Bards" within 5 shires of N. Wales, shall appear "to show their learnings accordingly, &c." And the commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exer- "cise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in "such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c. upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(Bb. 4.) Holingshed translated this passage from Tho. de Elm- ham's "Vita et Gesta Henrici V." scil. Soli Omnypotenti Deo fe velle victioriam imputari ... in tantum, quad cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citbarijas vel alios gosfunanque cantari penitus probibebat. [Ed. 
Hearnii, 1727. p. 72.] As in his version Holingshed attributes the making, as well as singing Dities to Minstrels, it is plain, he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(C c.) "the Housshold Book," &c.] See Section V. "Of the Noombre of all my lords Servaunts.
"Item, Mynstrals in Household iii. viz. A Tabret, a Luyte, "and a Rebecc." [The Rebeck was a kind of Fiddle with 3 firings.] Sept.XLIV. 3.

"Rewarde to his lordship's Servaunts, &c." "Item, My lord usith and accustometh to gyff yery, when his "lordship's at home, to his Mynstralis that he daily in his "houshold, as his Tabret, Lute, and Rebeke, upon New Yereiday "in the morninge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour "for his Lordship and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. iii. s. iii. d. for my "Lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my Lady, if she be at my lordys syn- "dynges, and not at hir owen; And for playing at my lordis Sone "and Heir's chamber dour, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playinge "at the chamber doures of my lord's Yonger Sonnes, my yunge "masters, after vii. d. the peace for every of them.—xxii. s. "iii. d."

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"Rewards to be gaven to strangers, as Players, "Mynstrals, or any other, &c.

" Fürst, my lorde utth and accustometh to gif to the Kings "Jugleen; . . . when they custome to come unto hym yery, "vi. s. viii. d."

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"Item, my lorde ufith and accustomed to gif yerely to the kings or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custome to come uuto hym yerely,—vi. s. viii. d.

"Item, my lorde ufith and accustomed to gyfe yerely to every Erles Minstrels, when they custome to come to hym yerely, iii. s. iiiii. d. And if they come to my lorde feldome, ones in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d.

"Item, my lorde ufith and accustomedeth to gife yerely to an Erls Minstrels, if he be his speciall lorde, frieude, or kyneff-man, if they come yerely to his lordfhip . . . . And, if they come to my lord' feldome, ones in ii or iii years . . . ."

"Item, my lorde ufith and accustomed to gyfe yerely a Dooke, or Erles Trumpets, if they come vi together to his lordfchip, viz. if they come yerely, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than x. s.

"Item, my lorde ufith and accustomed to gife yerely, when his lordfchip is at home, to gyfe to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they com to my lorde yerely, x. s."

I cannot conclude this note without observing that in this enumeration, the family Minstrels seem to have been Musicians only, and yet both the earl's Trumpets and the king's Shawmes, are evidently distinguished from the earl's Minstrels, and the king's Jugler: Now we find Jugglers still coupled with Pipers in Barklay's Egloges, circ. 1514. (Warton II. 254.)

(Cc. 2.) The honours and Rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c. in the middle ages, were excessive, as will be seen by many instances in these Volumes; v. Note E. F. &c. But more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c. See T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry. I. p. 89—92. 116. &c. II. 105, 106. 254. &c. Dr. Barney's Hist. of Musick. II. p. 316—319. 397—399. 427. 428. On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the Fleta. Lib. 2. c. 23. Officium Eleemosinarij et... Equos relietos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Eleemosinam largiter recipere et fideltur distribuire; debet etiam Regen super Eleemosine largitiones crebris summonitionibus simulare & praecipue diebus sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suae quee magni sunt profici Histriomibus, Blanditoriibus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel Menestralibus, sed ad Eleemosine suae incrementum jubet largiri. Et in c. 72. "Ministralli, vel Additavit."
French called by the peculiar name of Contecours, or Reciters in prose: It is in his Ecclesiastes, where he is speaking of such Preachers, as imitated the Tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—

"Apud Anglos est simile genus dominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circutatorum [Mountebanks] de quibus modo dictum est; qui irruptant in concivia MAGNATUM, aut in CAUPONAS VINARIAS: et argumentum alligat, quod edidicerunt, recitant: putem mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis fere conflat, quem-addmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latere videntur verius quam loqui."

Opera, Tom. V. c. 958. (Jortin. Vol. z. p. 193.) As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the Moral Reciters of Prose, than from Chanters of Rhime; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(Ed.) This Character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the Romance of Morte Arthur; but none, it seems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to shew, how nearly the idea of the MINSTREL character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark king of Cornwal had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot" is comforted by a knight, named Sir Dinadan, who tells him: "I will make a "LAY for him, and when it is made, I shall make an HARPER to "sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it "an Harper, that byght Eliot; and when hee could it, Hee "taught it to many Harpers. And to... the Harpers went "straight unto Wales and Cornwall to sing the Lay... which "was the worst Lay that ever Harper sung with Harpe, or with "any other Instrument. And [at a] great feast that king Markes "made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had, ... came Eliot the "Harper; ... and because he was a curious Harper, men heard "him sing the fame Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which "spake the most vilanie by king Marke of his treason, that ever "man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, "king Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou "Harper, how durft thou be so bold to sing this Song before me? "Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a MINSTRELL, and I must "doe, as I am commanded of thee Lord's that I bear the arms of; "And Sir king, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the "Round Table made this Song, and he made me to sing it before "you.
**FOREGOING ESSAY.**

"you. Thou faiest well, said king Marke, I charge thee that "thou hie thee faft out of my fight. So the Harper departed, &c."

[Part II. c. 113. Ed. 1634. See also Part III. c. 5.]

(E e 2). "This art seems to have put an end to the profession," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fidlers or other common Musicians: which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. (See his Historical Antiquities of Cheshire, 1673. p. 141.)

In this sense it is used in an ordinance in the times of Cromwell (1656). Wherein it is enacted that if any of the "persons commonly called Fidlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken "playing, fiddling, and making music in any Inn, Al-houses, or "Tavern or shall be taken proffering themselves, or defiring, or "intreating any ... to hear them play or make music in any of the "places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's King of the Minstrels, at length come to be called, like Le Roy des Violons in France (v. Note B b. 2.) King of the Fidlers. See the common ballad intitled "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood "with Clorinda, queen of Tutbury Feast:" which though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject * seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated Outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted Lemman "Maid Marian:" Who together with his chaplain "Frier Tuck," were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice Dance, as may be seen.

* Of the 24 songs in what is now called "Robin Hood's Garland," many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in p. xiii.) are ancient fragments of the following, viz.—Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in 2 parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robine Hoofe his Death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS. where half of every leaf hath been torn away.
NOTES ON THE

from the passage in (C. p. lix.) where the most noted Romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B b.) p. xcii, we have the Titles of some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were GLEE-MAN*, JOGELER †, and latterly MINSTREL; not to mention HARPER, &c. In French he was called jongleur or Jugler, Menistrel or Menestrier ‡. The writers of the middle ages, expressed the character in Latin by the words Joculator, Minus, Hisfrio, Miniftrellus, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish, and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find after a very strict research to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly MINSTREL, Lat. Miniftrellus, &c.

Thus Joculator (Eng. Jogeler, or Juglar) is used as synonymous to Citbarfia (Note K. p. Ixxi.) and to Cantor (p. lixxii.) and to MINISTREL (vid. infra p. ci.) We have also positive proof of that the subject of his songs were Gestes and Romantic Tales (V z. Note.) So Minus is used as synonymous to Joculator (M. p. Ixxiii.) He was rewarded for his singing (N. p. lxxiv.) and he both sang, harped and dealt in that sport (T. 2.) which is elsewhere called Ars Joculatoria (M. ubi supra.)

Again Hisfrio is also proved to have been a singer (Z. p. Ixxxvii.) and to have gained rewards by his Verba Joculatoria (E. p. Ixii.) And Hisfriones is the term by which the Fr. word Miniftraux is most frequently rendered into Latin. (W. p. lxxiv. B b. p. xci. &c.)

The fact therefore is sufficiently established that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, SINGERS: so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here under the more general name of MINSTRELS, they are described as having sung.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to so common a book, as T. Warton's History of Eng. Poetry: where we shall find extracted from Records the following instances.

seqq. III. 266. &c. Yet this writer, like other French Critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of Fablier, Conteur, Menetrier, Ministrel, and Jongleur, (Tom. I. Pref. p. xcviii.) whereas his own Tales confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of Menetrier or Ministrel was applied to them all.

* See pag. lxvi. † See pag. lxxxiii. ‡ See p. xxxii, Note.
Ex Registr. Priorat. S. Wthin Winton. (sub anno 1374.) In festo Alwyni Epi. - - Et durante pietania in Aula Conventus sex MINISTRALLI, cum quattuor CITHARISATORIBUS, faciebant Ministralcias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata dom. prioris cantabant idem Gestum in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsole Prioris habens pieturas trium Regum Coelest. Veniebant autem dicti JOCULATORES a Castello domini Regis & ex familia Epi. (vol. II. p. 174)

Here the Minstrels and Harpers are expressly called Joculatores, and as the Harpers had Musical Instruments, the Singing must have been by the Minstrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minstrels sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Accompt Roll of the Priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire. (under the year 1432.) Dat. Sex MINISTRALLIS de Bokyngbam cantantibus in refctorio Martyrium Septem Domientrium in feflo Episbanie, iv. s. (Vol. II p. 175.)

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the MINSTREL is represented as Singing. To mention only a few:

In the old Romance of Emaré (No. 15. vol. iii. p. xxxix) which from the obsoleteness of the file, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars I should judge to be next in point of time to Hornbichl, we have,

—"I have herd Menstrelles syng yn fawe."

Stanza 27.

In a Poem of Adam Davie, (who flourished about 1312) we have this Distich,

"Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,
"The Minstrelles syng, the Jogelours carpe."


So William of Naffyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, (Chaucer IV. 319.)

—"I will make no vain carpinge
"Of dedes of armys ne of amours
"As dus Mynstrelles and Jefours [Gestours]
"That makys carpinge in many a place
"Of Octaviane and Isembrase,
"And of many other Jeftes [Gestes]
"And namely whan they come to feftes."

See

* The fondness of the English, (even the most illiterate) to hear Tales and Rimes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in
See also the Description of the Minstrel in Note E. from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. (See T. Warton. II. 235.)

By proving that Minstrels were Singers of the old Romantic Songs and Geftes, &c. we have in effect proved them to have been the Makers at least of some of them. For the Names of their Authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhimes, as to the men, who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them; especially as in the rhimes themselves Minstrels are often represented, as the Makers or Composers.

Thus in the oldest of all, *Horn Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in consequence said (fo. 92.) to have "made Rymenild [his mistref] a lay."

In the old Romance of *Emar*, we have this exhortation to Minstrel, as composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to chuse their subjects. (ft. 2.)

"Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde
"Her and ther in every a syde
"In mony a dyverfe londe
"Sholde ut her bygymnyng
"Speke of that ryghtwes kyng
"That made both fee and fonde." &c.

And in the old Song or Geft of Guy and Colbronde (No. 4. vol. iii. p. xxxiv.) the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye
"Then lords and ladyes will wil be
"And fitt and solace lythe
"Then itt is time for mee to speake
"Of keene knights and kempe great
"Such carping for to kythe."

We have seen already that the Welsh Bard, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they chanted to the Harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own Rimer, Minstrels: (vid. Note B b. 3. p. xliii.)

1330. (Warton. I. p. 59. 65. 75.) All Rimes were then sung to the harp: even Troilus and Cresside, though almost as long as the *Nideid*, was to be "redd... or else fonge." I. ult. (Warton. I. 388.)
And that the Provençal Troubadour of our King Richard, who
is called by M. Favine Jongleur, and by M. Fauchet Minstrel, is
by the old English Translator termed a Rimer or Minstrel,
when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses:
(p. xxxiii.)

And lastly that Holinfheil, translating the prohibition of K.
Henry V, forbidding any songs to be composed on his Victory, or
to be sung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not
permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his
glorious Victory" &c. (vid. p. xlv, and Note B b. 4.)

Now that this order of Men at first called Gleemen, then Juc-
ers, and afterwards more generally Minstrels, existed here
from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting
to the harp or other instruments Songs and Tales of Chivalry, or
as they were called Gestes * and Romances in verse in the English
Language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions, they
so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance and exhi-
bite a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon,
till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates
many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of
this Bard still the Courtly language, it shows that the English
was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to
our Nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of
Lording: and sometimes more positively "Lords and Ladies."
(p. cii.)

And tho' many of these were translated from the French, others
are evidently of English origin † which appear in their turns to have
afforded Versions into that language; a sufficient proof of that in-
tercommunity between the French and English Minstrels, which

* Gestes at length came to signify Adventures or Incidents in
general. So in a narrative of the Journey into Scotland, of Queen
Margaret and her attendants, or her marriage with K. James IV,
in 1503 [in Appendix to Leland. Collect. IV. p. 265.] we are pro-
mised an account of their Gestys and manners during the said
"Voyage."

† The Romance of Richard Coeur de Lion (No. 25.) I should
judge to be of English origin from the names Wardrew and Eldrede,
&c. III. p. xxv. xxvi. As is also Egere and Grime. (No. 2.) wherein
a knight is named Sir Gray Steel, and a lady, who excels in sur-
gery is called Lospaine, or Lose-pain; these surely are not derived
from France.

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hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such Translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply whether from their own native stores, or from other languages.

We have seen above that the Joculator, Mimus, Histrio, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harper*, when the term implied a Singer, if not a composer of Songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to Vocal and Instrumental Musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of Royal and Noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the Band of Music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental Performers chiefly, if not altogether: for as the Composer or Singer of heroic Tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the Band along with the Trumpeters, Fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of Music:†" so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and Musicians of Tongue and Cunning" (Bb. 3. p. xciv†) meaning doubtless

---

* See the Romance of Sir Ifenbras (No. 14.) sign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall
With other Minstrels all.

† T. Warton. II. 258, note (a) from Leland's Collect. (Vol. 4.)

‡ The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773." 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in tune and contray;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367.) concerning the Gymnasth or meeting, wherein the Bards exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars, he enumerates, and, as it should seem, in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minstrels . . . struck up; the harp, the crowth, "and the pipe filled the meafures of enthusiasm, which the others "had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the Harp; and as for the Term Minstrel, it was not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the Bard, and the Musician.
by the former Singers, and probably by the latter phrase Composers of Songs. Even "Minstrels Music" seems to be applied to the species of Verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.*

But although from the predominancy of instrumental Music, Minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the Poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie." p. 9. Who, speaking of the first comperes of Latin Verses in ryme, says, "all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of princes, they did it in such manner of "Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small foole, when "they could make their verses go all in ryme."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelcy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental Music then in use.

"Al manner Mynstralcy:

"That any man kan speциfiye.

"Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,

"And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:

"SONGES, Stampes, and eke Daunces;

"Divers plente of plesaunces:

"And many unkouth notys new

"Of swiche folke as lovid treue +

"And instrumentys that del excelle,

"Many moo than I kan telle.

"Harpy, Fythales, and eke Rotys

"Well according to her [i. e. their] notys,

* "Your ordinarie rimer use very much their measures in the "odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last "fillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a "Minstrels musicke." (Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie 1589. p. 59.) This must mean his Vocal Music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject.

† By this phrase I understand, New Tales or Narrative Rymes compos'd by the Minstrels on the subject of True and faithful Lovers, &c.

"Lutys;
NOTES, &c.

"Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
"More for estaty, than tavernes:
"Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—
"There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
"Lowde Shalleys, and Doucettes.

T. Warton. II. 225. Note (*)

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, has been very much enlarged and improved since the first Edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some Objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the Reader may find in the second Volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA, printed by the Antiquarian Society: but which that Gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the Third Volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA, No. xxxiv. p. 310.

And in consequence of similar Objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject: which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to MINSTRELSY in all its branches, as it was established in England, whether by natives, or foreigners.

ERRATA
ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA, &c.

VOL. I.

Page xi. l. 8. for 191. read 195.
xxix. l. 29. for Conqueror. conquerors.
xxx. l. 13. for distinctions. distinction.
Ibid. l. 21. for inferior. subordinate.
xxxii. l. 1. for Bard. Harper.
xxxii. l. 22. r. in the first.
Iv. l. 25. r. their duty to pray (exorare: which it is
presumed they did by afflicting in the chant, and
musical accompaniment, &c.)
Ibid. Note *. l. 6. r. p. xxviii.
Ivil. l. 1. r. itinerant.
Ix. l. 19. r. Leccour. l. 29. r. Leccours.
66. v. 50. for 'leeve thou. 'leeveth on.
Ibid. v. 64. r. bring her from bowre.
75. verse 273. read byte.
77. line 18. r. Wife or Sister *.
82. l. 15. for earles. carles.
84. The second note should begin thus, Ver. 1. for Shaw.
the MS. has Shales: and Shrads should perhaps be
Swards: . . .
153. for 1775 r. 1774.
194. l. 4. for Seil r. Scil.
Ibid. l. 22. r. in the tune.
224. l. 6. r. Pepys,
236, ver. 12, for In r. Is.
267, l. 21. r. bydys.
Ibid. l. 30, add a comma after "field,"

* See Lysons' "Environs of London," 4to. Vol I.
Page 279, at the end of the first note (*) add—to which the modern reader apparently alludes, instead of the "Even-song Bell" or Bell for Pespers of the original author, before the Reformation, vide supra pag. 13. v. 97. 303, v. 142, r. in his heart. 311, v. 66, r. so as well as I. Ibid. preface, l. 2. r. Μυθ.γαμος. 348, for 1667 r. 1767. Ibid. l. antepenult. r. "published by Messieurs Wood and Dawkins." 351. 353. Rio Verde is said to be the name of a River in Spain: which ought to have been attended to by the Translator had he known it. 360, v. 5, for place r. palace. 381, l. ult. for gean r. gean.

Vol. II.

Page 20, v. 144, r. Io forth. 21, v. 154, r. chylde. 22, v. 169, r. fyzt. Ibid. subjoin this note, ver. 190.—the PC. reads ilk throng. 35, v. 158, r. to fyght. 38, v. 231, for shote r. shorte. 61, v. 6, r. azont. 64, l. 12, r. one of the angry partisans. 111, l. 22, r. Tragic Ballads, and of. 128, l. 4, for conclusion r. completion. 146, l. 32, r. 1153. 175, l. 28, r. Romance on Guy and Colbronde, p. 349. 187, Note, r. Schefferei. 238, v. 86, to her laws * add the note below. * So the folio MS. Other editions read his laws. 367, preface, l. 4, r. sullenly mad. 369, preface, l. 7, r. effected. 372, v. 13, for anger r. angel.
Page xiv. note, l. 4, r. every thing must be derived.
xvi. l. 33, for peculiar respect r. distinguished respect.
xviii. l. 10, r. fabulous Songs and Romances in verse.
xxii. l. 6, for abandoned r. abounded.
Ibid. note (p) l. 8, strike out what follows the word
"Termagant."
xlv. No. 39. l. 2. for 37. r. 38.
8, v. 135, after self, add foe.
11, v. 195, r. such a lovely.
Ibid. preface, l. 6, dele "at first."
30, v. 40, 41, the folio MS. reads father... sonne.
33, note (*) for Esclaberd r. Escalberd.
83, l. 5, r. that play.
162, l. 6, for "have" r. "having."
198, The marginal line should have been in Roman types.
203, l. 3, r. "Ben Jonson, (tho)"
210, r. castles high, and toures.
217, l. 14, r. page 101.
240, at the end should follow this mark **
246, v. 118, r. be neare.
264, v. 3, for wounds r. words.
269, v. 39, for most r. modelt.
294, v. 155, for cloud r. cold.
303, v. 76, r. Bespeak.
397, l. 9, r. monastery.
308, at the end add this,—N. B. The "Two days
and a night," mentioned in ver. 125, as the duration
of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.
315, v. 3, for To r. Te.
318, v. 83, r. Frewin's.
327, v. 295, r. cylindric.
332, l. 21, r. praecipuam.
Since this Volume was printed off, the "FABLIAUX OU CONTES" 1781. 5 Tom. 12mo. of M. Le Grand, have come to hand: and in Tom. I. p. 54. he hath printed a modern Version of the Old Tale Le Court Mantel, under a new Title Le Manteau mantaillé; which contains the story of this Ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the MANTLE; but without any mention of the KNIFE, or the HORN.

348, v. 184, r. prize.
354, l. 19, r. theefe get.
355, l. 21, r. then said.
356, l. 8, r. haue me in.
Ibid. l. 26, r. blesed.
Ibid. l. ult. r. hencforst.
357, l. 13, r. Gawaine.
Ibid. l. 14, r. liffe.
Ibid. l. 15, r. sweare.
Ibid. l. 19, r. layes.

In the Fac Simile Copies after all the care which has been taken, it is very possible that a redundant e, &c. may have been added or omitted.
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1. Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudesly. — — 154
2. The
I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style; which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!

Sir Philip Sydney's Defence of Poetry,
THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

THE fine heroic song of CHEVY-CHASE has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.
Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney; perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament, that it was so evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbriigen s Hist. 1719, 8vo. vol. I. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale†; whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland ‡ (fol. 42.), under the title of the Huntis of Chevet, where the two following lines are also quoted:

The Perffee and the Mongumrye mette §,
That day, that day, that gentil day ||:

Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of James the Scottish King ¶, with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King

* Specul., No. 70. 74.
† Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, expliceth [explicit] quoth Rychard Sheale.
‡ One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title-page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.
§ See Pt. 25 v. 25. || See Pt. 1 v. 104. ¶ Pt. 2 v. 36. 140. James
James I., who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.; but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the Hunting a' the Cheviat. Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would natu-

* Who died Aug. 5, 1406, in the 7th year of our Hen. IV.
† James I. was crowned May 22, 1424; murdered Feb. 21, 1436-7.
‡ In 1460.-Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain, 1471.
§ Item... Concordatum est, quod, ... NULUS unus partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quecunque alicujus partis alterius subditus, causa venandi, piscandi, auncupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa, ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus .... ad quem ... loca .... .. pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. Vid. R.P. Nicolson's Leges Marchiarum, 1705, &c. pp. 27. 51.
|| This was the original title. See the ballad, Pl. 1. v. 106. Pl. 2. v. 165.

B 2 rally
ANCIENT POEMS.

rally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourn *, a very different event, but which at times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of Chevy Chase, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together: if indeed the lines †, in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61. 70. & passim.

THE FIRST FIT ‡.

THE Perse owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughte Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattifte hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and carry them away:
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

* See the next ballad. † Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167. ‡ FIF. see ver. 100.

V. 5. magger in Hearne's PC. [Printed Copy.]
ANCIENT POEMS.

Then the Perse owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear chosen out of theyars thre *.

This begane on a monday at morn.
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every fyde shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll shear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;

Ver 11. The the Perse. PC. V. 13. archardes bolde off blood and bone. PC. V. 19. thorowe. PC.

* By these "theyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of shires, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot. These are Island-shire, being the district so named from Holy-Island: Norehamshire, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham); and Bamboroughshire, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay. 39

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on fydis shear;
To the querry then the Perse went
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyfle he wold saylle verament:
A gret oth the Perse swear.

At the lafte a s quyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge:
With him a myghtè meany,

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti fight to se.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
Withouten any sayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

V. 31. blywe a mot. PC. V. 42. myghtte. PC. passim. V. 43. brilie. PC. V. 48. withowte... feale. PC. Leave
Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed;  
For never sithe ye weare on your mothars borne  
Had ye never so mickle need.  

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede  
He rode att his men beforne;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
A bolder barne was never born.  

Tell me ‘ what’ men ye ar, he says,  
Or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?  

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,  
Yt was the good lord Perse:  
We wyll not tell the ‘ what’ men we ar, he says,  
Nor whos men that we be;  
But we wyll hount hear in this chays  
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.  

The fattisfe hartes in all Chyviat  
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.  
Be my troth, sayd the doughte Dogglas agayn,  
Ther-for the ton of us flall de this day.

V. 52. boys. PC. V. 54. ned. PC. V. 59. whos. PC. V. 65. whoys. PC. V. 71. agay. PC.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Then sayd the doughter Doglas
Unto the lord Perse:
To kyll all these gilteless men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Perse, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti flande;
And do the battell off the end of me.

Nowe Cristies cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Perse.
Who-soever ther-to says nay.
Be my troth, doughter Doglas, he says,
Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton* was his nam;
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

* This is probably corrupted in the MS. for Rog. Widdrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Heralds' office.

I wat
ANCIENT POEMS.

I wat youe byn great lorde thaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never fe my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first fit * here I fynde.
And youe wyll here any mor athe hountynge athe
Yet ys ther mor behynde. [Chyviat,

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the slouge.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was fene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,

V. 3. first, i.e. flight. V. 5. bydys. PC. * FIT. Vid. Gleaf.

With
ANCIENT POEMS

With suar speares off myghttè tre 
The cum in on every fyde.

Thrughe our Ynggylshe archery 
Gave many a wounde full wyde; 
Many a doughete the garde to dy, 
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynggylshe men let thear bowys be, 
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright; 
It was a hevy fyght to se 
Bryght swordes on bañtes lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple 
Many sìrne the stroke downe streght: 
Many a freyke, that was full free, 
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At laft the Duglas and the Perfé met, 
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne; 
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat 
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght 
Ther-to the wear full layne, 
Tyll the bloode owte off thear bañtes sprente, 
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

V. 17. boys. PC. V. 18. briggt. PC. V. 21. thorowe. PC. 
V. 22. done. PC. V. 26. to, i. e. two. Ibid. and of. PC. 
V. 32. ran. PC.
ANCIENT POEMS

Holde the, Perse, sayd the Doglas,]
And i' feth I shal the brynge
Wher thoue shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ranfom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thoue,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay ' then' sayd the lord Perse,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastelie
Forthe off a mightie wane*,
Hit hathe ftrekene the yerle Duglas
In at the breft bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was †, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys
ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

* Wane, i.e. one, ye, man. an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man. † This seems to have been a Gloss added.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The Perse leanyde on his brande, 55
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the deede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that se a Skottishe kynght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
He spendyd a spear a truisti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he came to the good lord Perse.

He set uppone the lord Perse
A dynte, that was full soare;
With a suer spear of a myghte tre
Clean thorow the body he the Perse bore,

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
Then that day flain wear ther.

V. 74. ber. PC.
Ancient Poems.

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say flean was the lord Perfe, 80
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard stele halyde he;
A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and far,
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-sethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete *.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde flc,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche outhar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat 95
An owar befor the none,
And when even-fong bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke ' on' on outhar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;

V So. Say, i.e. Sawe. V. 84. haylde. PC. V. 97. far. PC.
* This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn; in which Sir
Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (son of John Lord Montgomery) was slain with
an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

Many
ANCIENT POEMS

Many hade no strenght for to stonde,
In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 105
But even five and fifti:

But all wear flayne Cheviat within:
The hade no strengthe to stand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Ther was flayne with the lord Perse
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wylyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
A knyght of great renounen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he flayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys knee.
Ancient Poems

Ther was flayne with the dougheti Douglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and hasell fo ' gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears *
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe such captayns, as flayne wear thear,
On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,

V. 132. gay. PC. V. 136. mon. PC. V. 138. non. PC.
For the Names in this and the foregoing page, see the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

* A common pleonasm, see the next poem, Fit. 2d. V. 155. fo Harding in his Chronicle, chap. 14. fol. 148. describing the death of Richard I. says,
He throve him then unto Abbots thre
With great flobbyng .... and wepyng teares.

ANCIENT POEMS.

That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merchis,
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Perfc, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry.
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Yynglonde, he sayd,
As good as ever was hee:
But Perfc, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renouwen,
For the deth of the lord Perfc,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher sfx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytterde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

V. 146. ye feth. PC. V. 149. cheyff tennante. PC.
This was the hontynge off the Cheviat; That tear begane this spurn: Old men that knowen the grownde well yenough, Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghté Doglas seale,
The Perse never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas and the Perse met,
But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the frit.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God send us all good ending!

* * * The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present Turnpike Road, in a spot called ever since Red-Riggs.—Humbledon is in Glen-dale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 103.

Vol. I. C II. The
ANCIENT POEMS.

II.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourne, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiased. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it, with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the West-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August *, they invaded Northumberland; and, having wasted part of the county of Durham †, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours ‡ belonging to Henry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the earl of

* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.
† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough; formerly the residence of the Northumbrian Kings.
‡ This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

"North-
ancient poems. 19

Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a
castle near Otterbourn: and, in the evening of Aug. 9., (as
the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart,
Aug. 15.) after an unsuccessful assault were surprized in
their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at
the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But
James earl of Douglas rallying his men, there ensued one
of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both
armies shewing the utmost bravery*: the earl Douglas
himself being slain on the spot; the earl of Murray mort-
tally wounded; and Hotspur +, with his brother Ralph
Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have
given occasion to the event of the engagement's being dis-
puted; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch
knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many
of Fox§) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the
field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary.
These left maintain that the English had the better of the
day: but night coming on, some of the northern lords,
coming with the bishop of Durham to their assistance, kil-
led many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots;
and the earl of Dunbar, at the same time falling on an-
other side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prison-
ers, and carried them off while both parties were fight-
ing. It is at least certain, that immediately after this
battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way.

* Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to on,
but that those had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from
sleep, while the English were greatly fatigue with their previous march.
† By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English
historians, as Stowe, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may
believe Froissart.
‡ Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John
lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action
with an arrow, according to Crawford's Peerage; and seems also to be
alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p 13.), but taken prisoner and ex-
changed for Hotspur, according to this ballad.
§ Froissart (according to the Eng. Translator) says he took his account
from two figures of England, and from a knight and esquire of Scotland;

C 2

kmntz
"home: and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englishmen on the one party, "and Scots on the other party, are good men of warre, "for when they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no book between them as long as speares, "swords, axes, or dagers will endure; but lay on eche upon other: and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifie so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the field; "so that shortly ECHB OF THEM IS SO CONTENIE "WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARYNGE "CURTOYSLY THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. "But in fyghtynge one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge." Froissart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bourehiuer Lord Berners), Cap. cxlij.

The following Ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many stanzaes more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293. fol. 52.] In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battle of Otter-burne, betwene Lord Henry Percy earle of Northom-

* So in Langbarn's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12° p. 61. "Heer was no bo in devout drinking."  
† i.e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.  
‡ The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge with many other obligations, owing to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. late Clerk of the House of Commons.

"berlande
ANCIENT POEMS.

"berlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno " 1388." — But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent, but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knit. surnamed Hotspur, (in those times they did not usually give the title of Lord to an earl's eldest son.) 2. Also the battle was fought in Richard IId's time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

YT felle abowght the Lamaffe tyde,
When husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglaffe bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:

The yerlle of Fysse *, withoughten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway †:
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Ver. 2. winn their heaye. Harl. MS. * This is the Northumberland phrase to this day: by which they always express "getting in their bay."

† i.e. "over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. — Bowynd, or Bounde him; i.e. bied him. Vid. Gloss.

C 3 Over
ANCIENT POEMS.

Over "Ottercap' hyll they * came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,

Upon Grene * Leyton* they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande many a flagge ±:

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglysh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,
Of conforte that was not colde,
And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stawurthlye.

* They: fe. the earl of Douglas and his party.—The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodeliffe—(or as it is more usually pronounced Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward: It lies south-east of Ottercap, and has, within these few years, been distinguished by a small tower erected by Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. which, in Armstrong's map of Northumberland, is pompously called Rodeley-castle. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley.—Both the orig. MSS. read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.

† Ver. 12. This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz. 'Many a styrande flage.'—Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wafes in Northumberland.
Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards shone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,
And theither they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withouften drede;
He had byn a march-man * all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
Syr Harye Percy, and thow byfte within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlond,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And fyne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottysfsh ofte for to se;
And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full fore it rewyth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;

* Marche-man, *i.e.* a scourer of the marches.
\*\* For 39, syne seems here to mean since.
ANCIENT POEMS.

For the trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye.'

Where schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas?
Or where wylte thou come to me?
"At Otterborne in the hygh way *
Ther maitth thou well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee:
The fawkon and the fefaunt both,
Amonge the holtes on ' hee.'

Ther maitth thou have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maitth be.
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,
By the fayth of my bodye.
Thethere schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles, 65
For soth, as I yow faye:

* Otterbourn is near the old Watling-street road, in the parish of Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the River Read. The place where the Scots and English fought, is still called Battle Riggs.

Ver. 55. Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wales not far fromHexham in the reign of Geo. I.—Whitfield, Esq. of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them.

V. 56. hye. MSS.
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,  
And all hys ofte that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,  
For sōth withowghten naye,  
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne  
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght hys stanlerd dowyn,  
Hys gettyng more and leffe,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldyns greffe.

A Skottyshe knyght hoved upon the bent,  
A wache I dare well faye:  
So was he ware on the noble Percy  
In the dawynnge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne,  
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love, that fyttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For thow maiste waken wyth wynne;  
Yender have I spyd the prowde Percy,  
And sevyn standerdes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,  
It ys but a sayned taylle:

V. 77. upon the best bent. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

He durste not loke on my bred banner,
   For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
   That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy hade,
   He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He steppe owt at hys pavelyon dore,
   To loke and it were lesse;
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
   For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye*, thow arte my eme,
   The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerle of Huntlay cawte and kene,
   He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan† in armure bryght
   On the other hand he schall be:
Lorde Jhonflone, and lorde Maxwell,
   They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde
   To batell make yow bowen:
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
   Syr Jhon of Agurstone.

A FYTTE.

* The earl of Menteith.  † The lord Buchan.
THE Perfly came before hys ofte,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haft brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou haft me done,
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answered hym agayne
With grete wurds up on 'hee',
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one *,
Byholde and thow maide fee.

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd fore,
For sothe as I yow saye:
[†He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote his horsle clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd foo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsle him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

V. 1. 13. Peary, al. MS. V. 4. I will hold to what I have promised.
Ver. 10. hYE. MSS. Ver 11. the one. MS.
* He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.
† All that follows, included in Bracket, was not in the first Edition.

Thus
ANCIENT POEMS.

Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde,
   For soth, as I yow faye:
Jefu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
   Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
   The cronykle wyll not layne:
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
   That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
   In haft ther came a knyght,
'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne
   And thus he sayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
   Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to byde
   That he may see thys fygbt.

The Baron of Graftoke ys com owt of the weft,
   Wyth hym a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
   And the Battel fayne wold they see.

For Jefu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,
   That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,
   And faye thow faw me not with yee:
My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysk knyght,  
It nedes me not to layne,  
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,  
And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde  
For soth unfoughten awaye,  
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and renede,  
By Mary that mykel maye;  
Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd  
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
And let scharpe arowes flee:  
Mynstreells, playe up for your waryson,  
And well quyjt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,  
And marke hym to the Trenite:  
For to God I make myne avowe  
Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,  
Hys standerde flode on hye;  
That every man myght full well knowe:  
By syde flode Staries thre.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,  
Forsoth as I yow fayne;  
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both:  
The Skotts fought them agayne.*]

Uppon fent Andrcwe lowde cane they crye,  
And thryste they schowte on hyght,  
And fyne marked them ove Ynglyshe men,  
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,  
To name they † were full fayne,  
Owr Ynglyshe men they cryde on hyght,  
And thryste the schowte agayne.

Wyth that fcharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in fortayne;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne;  
Many a dowghty man was ther flayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,  
That ether of ether was fayne;  
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,  
With sfores of fyne Collayne;

* The ancient Arms of DOWGAS are pretty accuratsly embrazored in the former stanza, and if the readings were. The crowned harte and Above yde starres time, it would be minutely exact at this day — As for the Percy family one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances, was a white Lyon Statant and the Silver Crecent continues to be used by them to this day: They also give three Lunes Argent for one of their quarters.

† I.e. The English.
Tyll the bloode from ther basonetts ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne.  
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglás,  
Or ells thow schalt be slayne:

For I see, by thy bryght basonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght;  
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,  
Thow art an yerre, ells a knyght.*

By my good saythe, sayd the noble Percy,  
Now hast thou rede full ryght,  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyl I may fonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;  
Ych on other so faste they beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenthth,  
I tell yow in thyß frounde,  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and fore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte, he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

* Being all in armour be could not know him.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,
   With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght, 115
   And many a dowghty man was ' slone.'

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,
   But styffly in stowre can flond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
   Wyth many a bayllefull bronde. 120

Ther was flyayne upon the Skottes syde,
   For soth and fertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was flyayne,
   That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle Mentaye of he was flyayne,
   Gryfely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scote, Syr Walter Steward,
   Syr ' John' of Agurstone *.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
   That never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
   With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

V. 116. flayne. MSS. V. 124. t. e. He died that day.

* Our old Minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their Heroes:
   — fortaremque Gyam, fortaremque Cloanthum, &c. &c.
Both the MSS read here, ' Sir James,' but see above, Pt. I. ver. 112.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes fyde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of foure and forty thousand Scots
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyfshe fyde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were fore,
The gentyll ‘Lovelle’ ther was slayne,
That the Percyes slanderd bore.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyfshe perte,
For soth as I yow saye;
Of nyne thousand Ynglyfshe men
Fyve hondert cam awaye;

The other were slayne in the fyld,
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo,
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beere
Of byrch, and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

V. 143. Covelle. MS.—For the names in this page, see the Remarks at the end of this Ballad.

V. 153. one. i. 6. on.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas loft hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.*

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,
For soth as I yow faye,
He borowed the Percy home agayne†.

Now let us all for the Percy praye 165
To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng hys fowle to the blyfie of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght.

** Most of the names in the two preceding ballads are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Pag. 14.

Ver. 112. Agerstone.] The family of Haggerston of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. 6, 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston abovementioned.

N. B. The name is spelt Agerston, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, Vol. VII. p. 54.

* sc. captive.
† In the Cotton MS. is the following Note on ver. 164, in an ancient band.
"Syr Hewe Mongomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Persfy."

V. 165. Percyes. Harl. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Ver. 113. Hartly.] Hartley is a village near the sea in the barony of Tynemouth, about 7 m. from North Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114. Hearone.] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration, in Northumberland. Hadston, the Caput Baroniae of Heron, was their ancient Residence. It descended 25 Edw. I. to the Heir General Emeline Heron afterwards Barone's Darcy.—Ford, &c. and Bockenfield (in com. eodem) went at the same time to Roger Heron the Heir Male; whose descendants were summoned to Parliament: Sir William Heron of Ford Castle being summoned 44 Edw. III.—Ford Castle hath descended by Heirs General to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article.)—Robert Heron, Esq. who died at Newark in 1753, (Father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.) was Heir Male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family.—Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart. is Heir Male of the Herons of Chip-Chase another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115. Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34 Hen. VII.—Joh. de Lavele, mil. in the 1 Edw. VI. and afterwards. (Fuller. 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Loyel, p. 354. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose Ancestor was one of the 25 Barons appointed to be Guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117. Rugbé.] The ancient family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby’s Ducat. Leod. p. 253, fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119. Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 30 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311.)
ANCIENT POEMS.

311.)—Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV. and many others of the same name afterwards.—See also Nicholson, p. 331.—Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124. Mongonberry.] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington.

Ver. 125. Lwdale.] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddel Castle, and of the Barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

In THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Pag. 26. ver. 101. Mentaye.] At the time of this battle the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of K. Robert II. who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our Minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this Earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103. Huntleye.] This shews this ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley by K. James II.

Ver. 105. Bowghan.] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of K. Robert II.

Ver. 107. Jhonstone—Maxwell.] These two families of Johnstone Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was Johnston Marquis of Annandale; of the latter was Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distin-
guished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written.
ANCIENT POEMS.

written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh. So above, in N° I. v. 90. Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver. 169. Swintone.] i. e. The Laird of Swintone; a small village within the Scottish border, 3 miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111. Scotte.] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house, when the Ballad was written.

Ibid. Stewarde.] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112. Agurstonne.] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richard-dus Hagerston, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249. temp. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2. note.)—It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Pag. 32. ver. 129. Murrey.] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays sometime Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Pag. 33. ver. 139. Fitz-hughe.] Dugdale (in his Baron, V. I. p. 403.) informs us, that John, son of Henry Lord Fitz-hugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 403. col. 1. and Nicholson, pp. 33. 60.

Ver. 141. Harbottle.] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about 10 m. west of Rothbury. The fa-
mily of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller, pp. 312, 313.) A daughter of Guifchard Harbottle, Esq., married Sir Thomas Percy, Knt., son of Henry the Fifth,—and father of Thomas seventh, Earls of Northumberland.

III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,
A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioreffe's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland Town, it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town: the Pa is evidently the river Po; altho' the Adige, not the Po, runs thro' Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.
ANCIENT POEMS.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doun the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twind the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drefed him like a swine,
And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
With zour sweit play-feres nine.
Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleepe.
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fiftie fathom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was fung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And fair fair gan she weip:
And she ran into the Jewis castel,
Quhan they wer all afleip.

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik.
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour sonne wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny sir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik."
ANCIENT POEMS.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa fall meet."

IV.

SIR CAULINE.

This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but in a very defective and mutilated condition (not from any chasms in the MS. but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred on his three sons" by K. Edw. I. he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained "an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there
ANCIENT POEMS.

"began the ROUND TABLE, (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form:) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jufts and turnaments Hatililudia Menæ Rotundæ.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners; it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsel slanting the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands *. And even so late as the time of Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison’s Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed’s Chronicle, &c.

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In faßyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.


Syr
ANCIENT POEMS.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreve his counsay1 to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so bessell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spreth his armes him fro,
One while he spreth them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serue the wyne?

Then annswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serue him with the wyne foe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.
Ancient Poems.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye foe cowardlee;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, fyr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deeds of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,)
Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
Upon the mores brodinge;  
And dare ye, fyr knighe, wake there all nighte  
Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knighe, so mickle of mighte,  
Will examine you before:  
And never man bare life awaye,  
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighe he is a foul paynim,  
And large of limb and bone;  
And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke *,  
For thy fake, fair ladie;  
And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbere,  
Her maydens following bright:  
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,  
He walked up and downe;  
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
Over the bents foe browne;  
* Perhaps wake, as above, in ver. 61.
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am far from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furious wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee fyle,
For ' but' if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, ' No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his truflye speare,
And the timber these two children * bare
Soe soone in sunder flode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye braft.

* i.e. Knights. See the Preface to Child Waters, vol. III.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
   And stiffe in flower did stande,
But fyr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
   He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up fyr Cauline lift his brande
   All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
   Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
   Fast wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
   Withold that deadlye brande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
   Now Smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
   He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
   And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Chrift his laye,
   And therto plight thy hand:
And that thou never on Eldridge come
   To sporte, gamon, or playe:

Ver. 109. aukeward. MS.

And
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfull sighne;
And sware to obey syr Caulines heft,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle alone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the blody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be done.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither flint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye,
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hefts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!
Ne more his tongue colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill fighe:
Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's foe highe?

But sith thou haft bight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to bliffe,
The teares sterte from his ec.

Vol. I. E

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father holde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his fight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt hour.

††† In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of Sigismunda and Guiscard, as told by Boccace and Dryden: See the latter's Description of the Lovers meeting in the Cave; and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "EVERYE WHITE, &c. viz.

"But as extremes are short of ill and good,
"And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
"So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,
"Took a malicious pleasure to destroy
"Tancred, who fondly loved, &c."
ANCIENT POEMS. 51

PART THE SECOND.

EVERE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as fyr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and fyr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee fletterd forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe fyr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.
The queene she was fyr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you save fyr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea some:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule death is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he fighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weep
To tint her lover soe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.
Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
    And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
    But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
    Ne conforte s lle colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
    To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
    Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
    Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
    In purple and in palle:
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
    Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
    Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
    He wan the prize eche daye.

His a&ton it was all of blacke,
    His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
    When they came from the feelde.
And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfull fight they see.

A hugye giaunt siface and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldain!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousin,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that sayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy
ANCIENT POEMS.

Thy head, fyr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lifts foe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round about,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round table,
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme foldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim foldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gult from her eye.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Though he be unmaclye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truflte in Christe for to slay this fiende
Though he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven affift thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he lepped into the lifts,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armour dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lifts soe broad;
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The
The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
    That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
    And thrice she deeply sighde,

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
    And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
    And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
    Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
    And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
    All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
    Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
    And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's fyde,
    And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
    Whan they sawe the soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
    That had reskewed her from thrall.
And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the lites,
That curteous knighte to greete. 170

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare, 175
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye; 180
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she fayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye. 185

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He cloied his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe. 190

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But when she found her comelye knighte
   Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
   And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
   For mee thy faithfulle seere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
   Who haft bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
   And with a deepe-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,
   Fayre Christabelle did dye.

V.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

QUHY dois zour brand fae drop wi' bluid,
   Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand fae drop wi' bluid?
   And quhy fae sad gang zee, O?

O, I
ANCIENT POEMS

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,
Edward, Edward.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,
My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, Mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was fae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.

He set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
ANCIENT POEMS. 61

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovr the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovr the sea, O?

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir fon, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

This curious Song was transmitted to the Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart, late Ld. Hailes, a Lord of Session.
VI.

KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS, containing very great variations), bears marks of considerable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old Romances. The author of the ancient Legend of Sir Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and Termagaunte*;"

And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

"I will not ones stirre off this grounde,"
"To speake with an heathen hounde."
"Unchristen houndes, I rede you sle."
"Or I your harte bloud shall se †."

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere

"A christen hounde ‡."

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations, in which he places his royal personages, for that k.

Adland

* See a short Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note † ‡.  
† Sign. C. ii. b.  
‡ Sign. C. i. b.
Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic *. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing, that the reader will see, in this ballad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the Bards) placed in a very respectable light †: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred (as we have already seen) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters §. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate ||—As to Eflmere's riding into the hall while the

* Odysse. a. 105.
† See vol. II. Note subjoined to 1st Pt. of
Beggar of Bednal, &c.
‡ See the Essay on the antient Minstrels prefixed to this Volume.
§ Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country.
Cap. cxi.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.*

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader in that part which relates to the subject of the Harper and his attendant.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever borne ye-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,
The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds,
As any were fart and neare:

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle:
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
I know not that ladye in any land
That's able † to marrye with mee.

* See also the account of Edw. II. in the Essay on the Minstrels, and Note (x).
† He means fit, suitable.
Ver. 3. brether. fol. MS. Ver. 10. his brother's hall. fol. MS.

7 Kyng
ANCIENT POEMS.

Kyne Ad'and hath a daughter, brother,
   Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
   That ladye shold be my queene.

Saiés, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
   Throughout merry Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger
   Betwixt us towre to sende.

Saiés, You shal ryde you尔斯elfe, brothеr,
   Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
   And I feare lef foé shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
   Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to king Adlands halle,
   Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when the came to kyng Adlands hall
   Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good kyng Adlànнd
   Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Adлänd;
   Now Christ you save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, king Estmere,
   Right hartilye to mee.

Ver. 27. Many a man... is. fol. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughter
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeve thou Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake
To glad my guestes alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her bowre to hall;

Ver. 46. The king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS.
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye ring on her small finger,
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sai's, God you fave, my deere madam;
Sai's, God you fave and see.
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you faye,
Soe well and hartilée,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I faye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he fayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of the king of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrie me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrie her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye sayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrie her home.

Shee sent one after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
ANCIENT POEMS.

That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, rydings, kyng Estmere!
What rydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you fore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the town,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladye.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade shall ryde * at thee,

* sic MS. It should probably be ryde, i.e. my counsel shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

Whether
ANCIENT POEMS.

Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise * at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye †,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something she taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That fworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

* See MS. † See at the end of this Ballad, Note *4*
Ancient Poems.

And you shall be the best harper,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;

And I will be the best finger,
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shall be written in our forheads
All and in grammarè,
That we towre are the boldeft men,
That are in all Christentye.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes;
And when they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedses.

And when the came to kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Chrift thee fave, thou proud portèr;
Sayes, Chrift thee fave and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land foever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge,
Come out of the northe countrye;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd,
ANCIENT POEMS.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold faye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters armes:
And ever we will thee, proud portér,
Thow wilt faye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eftmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Saier, Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle;
It doth not befeeme a proud harpèr
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is so lither, he said,
He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate.

Ver. 202. To stable his steede. fol. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Thou speak'st proud words, sakes the king of Spaine,
   Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
   Will beate thy ladd and thee.  

O let that man come downe, he said,
   A fight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
   Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kempereye man,
   And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
   He durft not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kemp, said the kyng of Spaine,
   And how what aileth thee?  
He saies, It is writ in his forhead
   All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
   I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
   And plaid a pretty thinge:
The ladye upstart from the borde,
   And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
   For Gods love I pray thee

For
ANCIENT POEMS.

For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou’lt till * my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee fate by the king.

Saies, fell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringes all,
For as many gold nobles ‘ thou shalt have’
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, ‘ he sayd,’
If I did fell itt yee?
“To playe my wiffe and me a fitt †,
When abed together wee bee.”

Now fell me, quoth hee, thy bryde foe gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde foe gay,
1ff I did fell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre budy
to lye by mee then thee.

* i.e. Entice. Vid. Gloff.
† i.e. a tune, or strain of music. See Gloff.
Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did fyng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayest see;
"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rofe the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Eftmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Eftmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in flour can stand.

And aye their swordes foe fore can fyte,
Through the help of Gramarye
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this Edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Kyng Eftmere tooke that fayre ladye,
   And married her to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England
   With her to leade his life.

** The word Gramarye, which occurs several times in the foregoing Poem, is probably a corruption of the French word Grimoire, which signifies a Conjuring Book in the old French Romances, if not the Art of Negromancy itself.

††† Termagaunt (mentioned above in p. 62.) is the name given in the old romances to the God of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy the Soudan (Sultan) feavars,

"So helpe me Mahowne of might,
   "And Termagaunt my God so bright."
   Sign. p. iii b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon Tyn very, and Wagan mighty.

--- As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps Tyn-magan or Termagant had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be implied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law, were necessarily Pagans and Idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of Termagant to the God of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of Sarazen to express any kind of Pagan
Pagan or Idolater. In the ancient romance of Merline (in the editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengift, because they were not Christians, are constantly called Sarazens.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their frequent appearance in the Pageants and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey:

"Like Mahound in a play,
"No man dare him withsay."

Ed. 1736, p. 158.

In like manner Bale, describing the threats used by some Papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grynnyng upon her lyke Termagauntes in a playe." [Acts of Engl. Votaries, pt. 2. fo. 83. Ed. 1550. 12mo.]—Accordingly in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife, who, it seems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer[s] mad to rid in a "cart," he expresses his concern that she should "fall into "the bands of suche Tarmagants." [So the orig. dated May 2, 1593, preferred by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.]—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I could have "such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant: it "out-herods Herod." A. 3. sc. 3.—By degrees the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of Termagant was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or enterludes of our ancestors, was the Sowdan or Soldan representing a grim eastern tyrant: This appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals [p. 453.]—In a stage-play "the people know right well that he that plaib the sow;"
"DAIN, is percafe a fowter [fhoemaker]; yet if one fhould
"call him by his owne name, while he standeth in his ma-
"jeftie, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head."
The fowdain, or foldan, was a name given to the Sarazen
king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word
sultan), as the foldan of Egypt, the foudan of Perfia, the
fowdan of Babylon, &c. who were generally represented as
accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to
punifh and torment Christians.

I cannot conclude this short Memoir, without observing
that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word Ter-
magant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances,
corrupted it into TERYGAUNTE: And from them La Fon-
taine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales.
—— This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these
volumes of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted be-
tween the old miniftrels and legendary writers of both nations,
and that they mutually borrowed each others romances.

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,
A Scottifh Ballad,
—— is given from two MS. copies transmitted from Scot-
land. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when
this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the
Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of
opinion, that their catastrophe is not altogether without
foundation in history, though it has escaped my own re-
searches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the
northern seas were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry
months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James
the III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards)
"That there be na schip franched out of the realm with
"any
ANCIENT POEMS.

"any staple guedes, fra the feast of Simons day and Jude,
unto the feast of the purification our Lady called Candel-
mess."  Jam. III. Parlt. 2. Ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid sailor,
To fail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kene:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That fails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter *,
And signd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the land.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

* A braid Letter, i. e. open, or patent; in opposition to close Rolls.
O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o’the zeir,
To fail upon the se?

Mak haft, mak hafte, my mirry men all,
Our guid fchip fails the morn.
O say na fae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadly storme.

Late late yeastreen I saw the new moone
Wi’ the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a’ the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
Wi’ thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum failing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi’ thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For thay’ll se thame na mair.

Have
A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,*
It's fiftie fadon deep:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit†.

VIII.
ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.
The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter; and, forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration, a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and, from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.
Among all those, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest,

* A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated De mortuo mari.
† An ingenious friend thinks the Author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scottish songs in this collection.

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in Nottinghamshire; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlaws, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the outset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poor mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all thevees he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." Annals, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirklees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

* Hear underneath his kist clean
Isi3 robert earl of huntington
Nea arci ber a3 pie lce geyd
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud
Uck uilaw3 as yi an is men
Vit England nibir & ajen,
Obit 24 kal. Dekembris, 1247.

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This Epitaph appears to me suspicious; however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of ROBIN HOOD, which, if genuine, shews that he had real pretensions to the Earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was ROBERT FITZ-OTH*. Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman † in a very old legend in verse, preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge ‡, in eight Fyttes or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed: "Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode " and his meyne, and of the proude jherysfe of Notyngham." The first lines are,

"Lithe and lysten, gentylmen, "That be of fre-bore blode: "I shal you tell of a good YEMAN, "His name was Robyn hode. "Robyn was a proude out-lawe, "Wyles he walked on grounde; "So curtseyfe an outlawe as he was one, "Was never none yfounde." &c.

The printer's colophon is, "Explicit Kinge Edwarde "and Robin hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprinted at London in "Fleetsestre at the sygne of the bone by Wynkin de Worde." —In Mr. Garrick's Collection § is a different edition of the same poem "Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane "cobarfe by Wylyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subjeft of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe "for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of "pafyyme. "&c.""

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the bero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edward III. In the

* Stukeley, in his Palæographia Britannica, No. II. 1746.
† See also the following ballads, v. 147. ‡ Niam. D. 5. 2.
§ Old Plays, 4to, K. vol. X.

G 2
ANCIENT POEMS.

Visions of Pierce Plowman, written in that reign, a monk says,

I can rimes of Roben Hod, and Randal of Chelteer,
But of our Lorde and our Lady, I kene nothing at all.


See also in Bp. Latimer's Sermons * a very curious and characteristic story, which shews what respect was shewn to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol III. p. 410, 410.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-bill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery), see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Drefs of the Ancient and Modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this Edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

WHEN shaws beene sheene, and shradds full
And leaves both large and longe, [fayre,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birdes sone.

The woodweele fang, and wold not cease,

Sitting upon the spraye,

Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,

In the greenwood where he lay.

Ver. 1. Shacle's MS. It should perhaps be Swards: i. e. the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields are in their beauty:" or perhaps shades.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, Master, quoth John,
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow itt may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where the bee.

Then the caft on their gownes of grene,
And tooke their bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrest
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee,
There were the ware of a wight yeomâo,
His body leaned to a tree.

G 3
ANCIENT POEMS.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,
Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How oft send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selffe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates * he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,

* i.e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. Gate is a common word in the North for Way.
ANCIENT POEMS.

For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlett he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the sherriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shooe now I will shooe, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe faft,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shooe:
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee,

His shooe it was but losely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
ANCIENT POEMS.

Than to be that day in the green wood flade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men bemett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriff hath taken little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so sayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellow, quoth he:"
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou holdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the stranger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
ANCIENT POEMS.

Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound foe good.

Now come with me, thou wightye yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some maisterye make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unfett steven.

They cutt them downe two summer shrogs,
That grew both under a breere,
And seth them threescore rood in twaine
To shoothe the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoothe foe.

The second shoothe had the wightye yeman,
He shote within the garlande:

But
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But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth boide Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Gisborne,

My dwelling is in this wood, fayes Robin,
By thee I set right mought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnedale,
Whom thou so long haft fought.

He that had neither beeene kithe nor kin,
Might have seene a full fayre fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne * and bright.

* The common epitbet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is BROWN. As “brown brand,” or “brown sword; brown bill,” &c. and sometimes even “bright brown sword.” Chaucer.
To see how these yeomen together they fought
   Two howres of a summers day: 159
Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
   Them settled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
   And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all, 155
   And hitt him ore the left side,

Ah deere Lady, sayd Robin Hood, tho'
   That art both mother and may',
I think it was never mans deftynye
   To dye before his day. 169

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
   And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
   And he sir Guy hath slayne.

Chaucer applies the word RUSTIE in the same sense; thus he describes the

REVE:
   "And by his side he bare a rustie blade."

Ps. ver. 629.

And even thus the God MARs:
   "And in his hand he had a roultc sword."

Test. of Cressid. 183.

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet. See Warton's Observ. vol. II.
p. 62. It should seem, from this particularity, that our ancestors did not
pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they
deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their
enemies.

Ver. 163. awkwarde. MS.
He took sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck it on his bowes end:
Thou haft bee a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing muft have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniſfe,
And nicked sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
And with me be not wroth:;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on sir Guy did it throwe,
And nee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnefdale,
To fee how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth, And a loud blast in it did blow.
The beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham, As he leaned under a lowe.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
   I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
   And he hath flaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
   Itt blowes foe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
   Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
   Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
   Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have flaine the mafter, he sayes,
   Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske;
   Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
   Thou sholdest have had a knights fee:
But seeing thy asking hath bee ne toe bad,
   Well granted it shal be.

When Litle John heard his mafter speake,
   Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looet, quoth Litle John,
   With Christ his might in heaven.

Faft
Faft Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
He thought to loose him belive;  
The sherieffe and all his companye  
Faft after him did drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;  
Why draw you mee soe neere?  
Itt was never the use in our countrie,  
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
And losed John hand and foote,  
And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,  
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,  
His boltes and arrowes eche one:-  
When the sherieffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
He settled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham town,  
He fled full fast away;  
And soe did all his company:  
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
But Litle John with an arrowe soe broad,  
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.
The title of Sir was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this Title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities, who are still stiled, Domini, "Sir," to distinguish them from Under-graduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are stiled Magiftri, "Masters."

IX.
AN ELEGY
ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The subject of this poem, which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.
If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton’s best), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, K N I G H T S, S Q U I R E S, and even B A R O N S; see v. 32, 183. &c. which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court. before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

J O H N S K E L T O N, who commonly styled himself Poet Lau-reat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among SKEL-TON’S Poems in bl. let. 12mo. 1568.—It is addressed to Henry Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit,
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quaèque suo patri triñia justa cano.
Aft ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente voluet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo fit felix, & Neftoris occupet annos;
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

S K E L T O N L A U R E A T U P O N T H E D O L O R U S D E T H E A N D
MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST
HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

W a y l e, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigf ful fore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle deffenny
Of him that is gone, alas! withoute restore,
ANCIENT POEMS.

Of the blade* royall descendinge nobelly;
Whos lordshepe doules was slayne lamentably
Thorow trefon ageyn hym compassyd and wrought;
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
In the college of musis goddess hystoryall,
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame
In elect uterance to make memoryall:
To the for soccoure, to the for helpe I call
Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle
With the frethe waters of Elyconys welle.

Of noble actes auncyently enrold
Of famous princis and lorde of aflate,
By thy report ar wonte to be extold,
Regestringe trewly every formare date;
Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,
Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy nobles,
Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In sefons past who hathe harde or sene
Of formar writinge by any president
That vilane hastarddis in ther furions tene,

* The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancasfer, whose father Edmond was second son of K. Henry III. — The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal defendants of K. Edward III. — The Percys also were lineally descended from the Empearour Charles the second Kings of France, by his ancestor Joseline de Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II. Vid. Camden Brit. Edmonston, &c.
Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,
Confeterd togeder of commoun concente
Falsly to flo theire moste singular goode lorde?
It may be registere of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken;
At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night
Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when
He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men;
Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde
To flo theire owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I say also,
That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,
To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust:
They bode not till the rekening were discuft.

What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glose or paynt?
Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretyly was redouted;
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede;
To whome grete aysters obeyde and lowttede;
A mayny of rude villayns made him for to blede:
Unkindly they slew hym, that holp them oft at nede:
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them befal.
I say,
I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad?
What frantyk frensy fyll in your e brayne?
Where was your wit and refen, ye shuld have had?
What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayn
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chysteyne, your shield, your chef defence,
Redy to assist you in everyyme of nede:
Your worship depended of his excellency:
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede:
Your hap was unhappy, to il was your spede:
What movyd you agayn hym to war or to fight?
What aylde you to fyle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarrel was for his sovereyn lord,
The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,
Demaundying soche dutyes as nedis most acord [stand;
To the right of his prince which shold not be with-
For whos cause ye flew hym with your awne hande:
But had his nobill men done wel that day,
Ye had not been hable to have saide hym nay.

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begyld:
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,
For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shield,
This noble man doubtels had not be slayne.
Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn,
And held with the commouns under a cloke,
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.
The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay
Of them demaundand and asked by the kinge;
With one voice importune, they playnly said nay:
They bust them on a bushment, themself in baile to bringe:
Agayne the kings plesure to wrastle or to wringe,
Bluntly as bestis withe bosse and with cry
They saide, they forfede not, nor carede not to dy.
The nob’enes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght,
As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,
Presed forthe boldly to withstand the myght,
And, lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them’agayne,
Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,
Truftinge in noble men that wer with hym there:
Bot all they fied from hym for falshode or fere.
Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,
Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,
Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,
Of whos [life] they counted not a fyle;
Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.
Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente.
Upon suche a fort was ille bestowed and spent.
He was envyronde aboute on every fyde
Withe his enimys, that were stark mad and wode;
Yet whils he fode he gave them woundes wyde:
Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde were goode,
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode!
All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne;
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne. 105

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,
The famous erle of Northumberlande:
Of knightly prowes the sworde pomel and hylt,
The myghty lyoun * doubted by se and lande!
O dolorous chance of fortuns fruward hande! 110
What man remembriug how shamfully he was slayne,
From bitter weeping he hymself kan restrayne?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous teusday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar! 115
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Whiche werd endyed with rede blode of the fame!
Moste noble erle! O fowle mysuryd grounde
Whereon he gat his synal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre,
Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,
All merciles, in the ys no pite! 120
O homycide, whiche fleest all that thou kan,
So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede,
Thou kit afonder his perfitght vitall threde!

My wordis unpullysh be nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne

* Alluding to his crest and supporters. Doubted is contracted for re-
doubted.
ANCIENT POEMS

Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge. Which whils he lyvyd had fuyfon of every thing, Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure and toune, Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare, Surmountinge in honor all eis he did excede, To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare. Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede, Valiaunt as Hec tor in every marciall nede, Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse, Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortunes duble dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust? Whos noble actis shew worshiply his name, Transcendying far myne homely muse, that muft Yet sumwhat wright supprisid with hartly lust, Truly reportinge his right noble astate, Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteneyd was, Trew to his prince for to defende his right, Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas, Treytory and trefon he bannesht out of fyght, With trowth to medle was all his hole de lyght, As all his kuntrey kan tesfey the same: To flo suche a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne In me all onely wer fett and comprisyde, Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,
As perfayly as could be thought or deyfyde
To me also allthouche it were promysyde
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were to litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,
Grow and encrse, remembre thyn aflate,
God the alyst unto thyn herytage,
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
Agaynre rebellyouns arme to make debate.
And, as the lyoune, whiche is of bestis kinge,
Unto thy subjeceis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God fende the prosperous lyf and long,
Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast,
Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge:
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast:
Let double delinge in the have no place,
And be not light of credence in no case.

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may forow in his inward thought,
Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd
Allgyf England and Fraunce were thorow saught.
Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought
Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne
Thhis noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knygtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with hym enterteyned
In fee, as menyall men of his houfold,
Whom
ANCIENT POEMS.

Whom he as lord worshiply manteynd:
To sorrowful weeping they ought to be constreynd,
As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyalle,
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall;
Which to thy resemblaunce wondersly haft wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere haft boght,
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay,
And us redeemed, from the fendys pray:

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,
As thou art of mercy and pite the well,
Thou bringe unto thy joye eternynable
The sowe of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
In endles bis with the tobyde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
Maiden mosie pure, and goddis moder dere,
To sorrowfull harts,chef comfort and folace,
Of all women O floure withouten pere,
Pray to thy son above the farris clere,
He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun
To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole forte of, that glorious place,
His soule mot receyve into ther company

Thorowe
ANCIENT POEMS.

Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace:
Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The father, the son, and the holy gosfe
In Trinitate one God of myghts mofte.

††† I have placed the foregoing poem of Skelton's before the following extract from Hawes, not only because it was written first, but because I think Skelton is in general to be considered as the earlier poet; many of his poems being written long before Hawes's Graunde Amour.

X.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intitled, "The Hift. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1. p. 6. and Warton's Observ. v. 2. p. 105. He was also author of a book, intitled, "The Temple of Gla's. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to. no date.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hift. above-mentioned. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governaunce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c."—As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I Loked
I
Loked about and saw a craggy roche,
Farre in the west neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
The royal tower of Morall Document, 5
Made of fine copper with turrets fayre and hye,
Which against Phebus shone soe marvelyously,
That for the very perfect bryghtnes
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,
I could nothyng behold the goodlines
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:
Tyll at the last, with myfly wyndes donne,
The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus
Auiler gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere, 15
And often mused of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare:
But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches
Was all about,) sexangled doubtles;
Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde; with divers sundry dragons.

The little turrets with ymages of golde
About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved
With propre vices, that I did well beholde
About the tower, in sundry wyse they hoved
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,

* Greyounds, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

V. 25. towers. PC.

That
That with the wynd they pyped a daunce
Iclipped Amour de la hault plesaunce.

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,
To whyche ther was no way to paſſe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres:
A grece there was ychesyld all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I
Wyth bothe the Grayhoundes in my company*

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,
Where I fawe ftondynge the goodly Portres,
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late;
To whome I gan in every thynge exprefse
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,
And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:
Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called Countenaunce;
Into the ' base' courte she dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depurred of plesance,
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
And on the toppre four dragons blewe and foute
Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

* This alludes to a former part of the Poem.
V. 44. beſy courte. PC. V. 49. partyes. PC.
Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50
Sweter than Nylus * or Ganges was ther odoure;
Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere:
I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,
Fragraunt of fume, and swete as any floure;
And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55
Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.
And after thys further forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:
The wyndowes cleare depured all of cryftall, 60
And in the roufe on hye over all
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;
Inslede of grapes the rubies there did flyne.
The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillers made of stones precious, 65
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
It myght be called a palaice glorious,
So muche delectable and folacious;
The hall was hanged hye and circuler
With cloth of arras in the rycheft maner.
That treated well of a ful noble story,
Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous †;
Howe a noble knyght shoule wynne the victory
Of many a serpente soule and odious.

* Nylus. PG. † The story of the poem.
The Child of Elle

is given from a fragment in the Editor’s folio MS: which, tho’ extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

O
n yonder hill a castle standes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And flood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stooode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe
ANCIENT POEMS.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sendes thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe
Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither fint ne stayd
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who fate in her bowre to wepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake,
Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
Come, mount this faire palfraye:  
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,  
Nowe nay, this may not bee;  
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
Mayst safelye wend alone,  
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,  
Of lynage proude and hye;  
And what would he faye if his daughter  
Awaye with a knight should fly?"

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meate shold doe him no goode,  
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel father,  
Nor the worst that he could doe.
Oladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his brest,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so tall,
And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damfelle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.
The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:

"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye:

"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye lineâge,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valour’s force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carliQi knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carliQi knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold barôn,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true love’s band."
Thy daughter I have dearly loved
   Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
   Hath freelye sayd wee may.  

O give consent, shee may be mine,
   And bless a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
   My house and lineage faire:

My mother she was an earl's daughter,
   And a noble knyght my sire——
The baron he frowned, and turn'd away
   With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
   And did all tremblinge stand:
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee.
   And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
   This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlifh knyght,
   I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
   Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
   Your Emmeline destroye.
The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting tears,
He proudly strive to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And mused a little space;
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye white hand;
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

†††. From the word kirke in ver. 159, this hath been thought to be a Scottifh Ballad, but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the Northern counties of England, kirk is used in the common dialect for church, as well as beyond the Tweed.
was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intitled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House, or Castle of the Rodes, stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire; some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordon's were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about 10 miles from the castle of the Rodes*. The fact,

* This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is intitled ADAM O' GORDON. It may be observed, that the famous freeholder, whom Edward I. fought with, hand to hand, near Furnibam, was named ADAM GORDON.
However, on which the Ballad is founded, happened in the North of Scotland, (See below, p. 126.) yet it is but too faithful a specimen of the violences practised in the feudal times in every part of this Island, and indeed all over Europe.

From the different titles of this Ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further West, and vice versa.—The foregoing observation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have since been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs,) the principal Commander of the expedition was a Gordon, and the immediate Agent a Car, or Ker; for then the Reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon, or a Car, as best suited his purpose. In the third volume the Reader will find a similar instance. See the song of Gil Morris, wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS. instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Britons-borrow," and also "Drafitours" or Draitours-borrow," (for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Western-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw till a hauld.

I 4 And
ANCIENT POEMS.

And quhat a hauuld fall we draw till,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down:
There she was ware of a hoist of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a'?  
O see ze nat quhat I see?
Methinks I see a hoist of men:
I marveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
And putten on hir goun,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.
ANCIENT POEMS

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa faft as she could hie,
To see if by hir fair speechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady faif,
And hir yates all locked faft,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
To-morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordon,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is fae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady' fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I fall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordon,
To nae sik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord fall make ze drie.

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But reach my pifioll, Glaud, my man *,
    And charge ze weil my gun * :
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
    My babes we been undone.

She ftude upon hir castle wa',
    And let twa bullets flee * :
She mift that bluidy butchers hart,
    And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordon,
    All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
    As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
    I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' flāne.
    Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
    I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa flāne,
    To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
    Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man,
    Maun either doe or die.

* These three lines are restored from Foulis's edition, and the fol. MS.
which last reads the bullets, in ver. 58.
O than bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nurses knee:
Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wald I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma:
O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordons spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreipt.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wisle alive again.
He turnd hir owre and owre againe,  
O gin hir skin was whyte!  
I might ha spared that bonnie face  
To hae been sum mans delyte.

Bulk and boun, my merry men a',  
For ill dooms I doe guess;  
I kannae luik in that bonnie face,  
As it lyes on the gras.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits wil follow thame:  
Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire  
Cum flaming owre hir head,  
She wept and kist her children twain,  
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,  
And said, Awa', awa';  
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,  
I hauld it time to ga'.

F. 98, 102, O gin, &c. a Scottisb idiom to express great admiration  
V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. i. e. Thems that look after omens of ill  
luck, ill luck will follow.
O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
  As hee cam owr the lee;
He fled his castle all in blaze
  Sa far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,
  And all his hart was wae;
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
  So faft as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
  Sa faft as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
  Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
  Fou faft out-owr the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
  Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
  And wept in teenefu' muid;
O traitors, for this cruel deid
  Ze fall weep teirs o'bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
  Sa faft as he might drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladle.

††† Since the foregoing Ballad was first printed, the
subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's
History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259: who informs
us, that

"Anno 1771. In the north parts of Scotland, ADAM
Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the earl of
Huntley) did keep a great fir; and under colour of the
queen's authority, committed divers omissions, especially
upon the Forbes's .... Having killed Arthur Forbes,
"brother to the lord Forbes .... Not long after he sent to
"summon the house of Tavoy pertaining to Alexander For-
"bes. The LADY refusing to yield without direction from
"her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein,
"with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons
"in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name
"odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he
"was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was
in the most obliging manner pointed out to him, by an inge-
nious writer who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May
9.) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.
Ballads that illustrate Shakespeare.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve
ANCIENT POEMS.

Serve as many of these as could be recovered, and that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This Second Book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English Stage, and on the conduct of our first Dramatic poets: a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already*, will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

ON

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE,

&c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shews, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most im-

* Bp. Warburton's Shakesp. vol. V. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodgley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Act. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c. These were all the Author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.
proved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodgley's *Old Plays* and in Osborne's *Harleyan Miscel*. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic poets, (a) intitled ... a *merge* *Jelt* of a man that *was called Howleglas* (b) &c. being a *translation* from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenpiegle*. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a *leman* or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds, ... "And than in the meane seasion, "while Howleglas was parysh clarke, at Eater they "should play the *Resurrection* of our Lorde: and for "because than the men wer not learned, nor could "not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in "the grave for an Aungell: and this feing Howleglas, "toke to hym iij of the *lymplest* persons that were in "the towne, that played the iij *Maryes*; and the Per-
"fon [i.e. *Parson* or *Rector*] played Christe, with a "baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the "lymple persons. Whan the Aungel aketh you, "whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman "with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was "come that they must playe, and the Aungel asked "them whom they fought, and than sayd they, as "Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and "than anfwered they, We seke the priests leman with "one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he "was mocked. And when the priesters leman herd

(b) Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M,ccc,l. At the end of the book, in M,ccc,l.
"that, she arose out of the grave, and would have
"smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but
"she miffed him and smote one of the simple persons
"that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave
"her another; and than teke the him by the heare,
"[hair]; and that seing his wyfe, came running hal-
"fely to smite the priesles leaman; and than the
"priesl seeing this, calle down his barer and went to
"helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other
"for strokes, and made great noyse in the churche.
"And than Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by
"the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way
"out of the village, and came no more there (c)."

As the old Mysteries frequently required the represen-
tation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifica-
tions. These they intitled Moral Plays, or Mor-
alities. The Mysteries were very inartificial, re-
presenting the scripture stories simply according to the
letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention;
they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they con-
tain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to
delineate characters and manners. I have now before
me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry
VIII; in which I think one may plainly discover the
seeds of Tragedy and Comedy; for which reason I shall
give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is intitled Every Man (d). The sub-
ject of this piece is the summoning of Man out of the
world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then
avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of re-
ligion. This subject and moral are opened in a mo-

(c) C. Imprinted ... by Wyllyam Copland: without date,
in 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.
(d) This Play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his
3 vols. of Old Plays, intitled, The Origin of the English

nologue
nologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the Prologue on their rude stage:) then God (e) is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the Human Race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forfake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good-deeds, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her (f), introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the "holy man Confession," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits (g) have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-deeds still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his Requiem: and the Epilogue is spoken by a person, called Doctour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

"C. This memoriall men may have in mynde, 
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge, 
And forfake Pryde, for he disceyveth you in thende, 
And remembre Beaute, Five Witts, Strength and 
They all at laft do Every-man forfake; [Discretion, 
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take; 

(e) The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.
(f) The before-mentioned are male characters.
(g) i.e. The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage; (see Riccoboni, p. 98.) but our moralist has represented them all by one character.
ANCIENT POEMS.

"But beware, for and they be small,
"Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that Every Man is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every-man, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan (k).

The other play is intitled Dick Scomner (i), and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is spoken by Pity represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyl, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his disdolute companion Imaginacion, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the feasts and other

(b) See more of Every Man, in vol. II. Pref. to B. II. Note. (i) Imprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, no date; in 4to. bl. Let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama." Vol I. p. 69.
places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and, agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness; at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplation, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Freewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacioun from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of Epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, batting the moral and religious reflection of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.
ANCIENT POEMS.

II. At what period of time the Moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover. But plays of miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable, and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a miracle-play of St. Catherine, composed by himself (a). This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. Catherine was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: And an eminent French Writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the revival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Representations of Mysteries in France; for these did not begin till the year 1398 (b).

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays, representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of Interludes appear not to have been then unknown (c). In the subsequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of

(a) Apud Dunstableiam . . . quendam ludum de sancta Katerina (quem miracula vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quae decoranda, petuit a sancto sancti Albani, ut sibi Capae Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina. Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 56.—We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens; quoted below.

(b) Vid. Abregé Chron. de l'Hist. de France, par M. Henault à l'ann. 1179.

(c) See Fitz-Stephens's description of London, preferred by Stow, (and reprinted with notes, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.) Londontia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis sceniciis, ludos babet sanciores, representationes miraculorum, &c. He is thought to have written
"of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips *(d)*.

They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the council of Constance *(e)* ascribes to the English the introduction of Plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor having been absent from the council for some time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English fathers in particular did, upon that occasion, cause a sacred Comedy to be acted before him on Sunday Jan. 31, 1417; the subjects of which were: The nativity of our Saviour; the arrival of the eastern magi; and the massacre by Herod. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject will appear from the Houshold Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512 *(f)*: whence I shall select a few extracts which show, that the exhibiting Scripture Dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed ten in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of this book we find mentioned Henricum regem tertium; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as Rex juvenis, Rex filius, and sometimes they were jointly named Reges Angliae. From a passage in his Chap. De Religione, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the church of Canterbury.

*(d)* See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyrwhitt's Ed.


*(f)* "The Regulations and Establishments of the Houshold of " Hen. Alg. Percy, 5th Earl of Northumb. Lond. 1770." 8vo. Whereof a small imprention was printed by order of the late Duke and Duche's of Northumberland to beflow in presents to their friends.—Although begun in 1512, some of the Regulations were composed so late as 1525.
part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the Chaplain in those days to compose Plays for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

"My Lordes Chapleyns in Household vj. viz. The Almonar, and if he be a maker of Interludys, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the Parts; and eels to have non. The maister of gramery &c." Sect. V. p. 44.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely if is lordship kepe a chapell and he at home, them of his lordshipes chapell, if they doo play the Play of the NATIVITIE uppon cristynmes day in the mornynge in my lords chapell befir his lordship—xxs." Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"Item, .... to them of his lordship chappell and other his lordshipis servaunts that dooth play the Play befir his lordship uppon SHROF-TEWSDAY at night yerely in reward—xs." Ibid. p. 345.

"Item, .... to them .... that playth the Play of RESURRECTION uppon eflur day in the mornynge in my lordis ‘chapell’ befir his lordship—frome—xxs." Ibid.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the MASTER OF THE REVELLS yerly in my lordis hous in criftmas for the overseyinge and orderinge of his lordship Playes, Interludes and Drefinge that is plaid befir his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Crifitenmas and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs." Ibid. p. 346.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf every of the iiiij Parfones that his lordship admyted as his PLAYERS to com to his lordship yerly at Cri- flynmes ande at all other such tymes as his lordship shall comande them for playing of Playe and Inter- ludes affor his lordship in his lordshipis hous for every of their fees for an hole yere" .... Ibid. p. 351.
"ITEM, to be payd . . . for rewards to PLAYERS for Playes playd in Christynmas by Stranegeres in my house after xx'd. (g) every play, by estimacion somme—xxxijjs. iiiij. (h)."

"ITEM, My Lorde uith, and accustometh to gif yerely when his Lordshipp is at home, to every erlis PLAYERS that comes to his Lordshipe betwixt Cristynmas ande Candelmas, if he be his special Lorde & Frende & Kynfman—xxs."

The Reader will observe the great difference in the Rewards here given to such PLAYERS as were Retainers of noble Personages, and such as are stiled STRANGERS, or, as we may suppose, only Strolers.

The profession of a Common Player was about this time held by some in low estimation. In an old satyre, intitled, Cock Lorreles Bote (i) the Author, enumerating the most common trades or callings, as "carpenters, coopers, joyners," &c. mentions

"PLAYERS, purse-cutters, money-batterers,
"Golde-wafhers, tomblers, jogelers,

III. It hath been observed already, that Plays of Miracles, or MYSTERIES, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays, or MORALITIES, which prevailed so early, and became so common, that, towards the latter end of K. Henry VIIth's reign, John Raftel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived

(g) This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for, in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d. and for a lean one 8s.

(b) At this rate the number of Plays acted must have been twenty.

(i) Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-fr. by W. de Worde, no date, b. 1. 4to.
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A design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published 'C. A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iii elements declarynge many proper points of philosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys, (a) &c. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;

—— “Within this xx yere
“Westwarde be founde new landes
“That we never harde tell of before this,” &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Household Book). The play of trick-Scorne was probably some what more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of “the Newe founde Ilonde.” [Sign. A. vij.]

It is observable that in the older Moralities, as in that last mentioned, Every-man, &c. is printed no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the

(a) Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, (Old Plays, i. vol. III.)

The Dramatis Personae are, “C. The Messenger [or Prologue] “Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studyous Desire. Senfualle Appe-“tyte. The Taverner: Experyence. Ygnoarance. (Alfo ye “llyfte ye may brynge in a dysfyynge.)” Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude; among which are,

“C. Of certeyn conclusions provynge the yerthe must nedes be “rounde, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle.”——

“C. Of certeyne points of cofmographye—and of dyvers straunge “regyon:s—and of the new founde landys and the maner of the “people.” This part is extremely curious, as it shews what no tions were entertainted of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.
moral interlude of Lufry Juventus (b), written under Edward VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin (c) : at length in Q. Elizabeth’s reign Morailties appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early printed plays, it may just be observed, that, although so few are now extant, it should seem many were printed before the reign of Q. Elizabeth, as, at the beginning of her reign, her INJUNCTIONS in 1559 are particularly directed to the suppressing of “many Pamphlets, PLAYES, “ and Ballads; that no manner of person shall enter “prize to print any such, &c.” but under certain re- strictions. Vid. Sect. 5.

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy (d), but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and, could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. Corboduc, a regular tragedy, was acted in

(b) Described in vol. II. Preface to Book II. The Dramatis Per- sonæ of this piece are, “C. Messenger, Lufty Juventus, Good Counsel, Knowledge, Satan the devyll, Hypocrifte, Fellowship, Abominable-lyving [an Harlot], God’s-merciful-promises.”

(c) I have also discovered some few Exitus and Intritus in the very old Interlude of the Four Elements.

(d) Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Mystery of Gods Promises, in 1538. In 1540 John Palfgrave, B. D had republished a Latin comedy, called Acolatus, with an English version. Holingshed tells us (vol. III. p. 850), that so early as 1520, the king had “a good comedie of Plautus plaied” before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious “Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare,” 8vo. p. 31.
1561 (e); and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited Iocasta, a
translation from Euripides, as also The Supposes, a
regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before
any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their
old Mysteries and Moralities (f), and the popular dra-
matic poets seem to have made them their models.
From the graver sort of Moralities our modern Tra-
gedy appears to have derived its origin; as our Comedy
evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that
kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd
mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic
(g) has well deduced from thence the origin of our un-
natural Tragi-Comedies. Even after the people had
been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moral-
ities still kept their ground: one of them intitled The
New Custom (h) was printed so late as 1573: at length
they assumed the name of Masques (i), and with
some classical improvements, became in the two fol-
lowing reigns the favourite entertainmenis of the court.

IV. The old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted
after the Reformation, appear to have given birth to
a Third Species of stage exhibition, which, though
now confounded with Tragedy and Comedy, were by
our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct

(e) See Ames, p. 316.—This play appears to have been first
printed under the name of Corboduc; then under that of Ferrer
and Porrett, in 1569; and again, under Corboduc, 1590.—
Ames calls the first edition Quarto; Langbaine, Octavo; and
Tanner, 12mo.

(f) The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage,
will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory.
Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

(g) Bp. Warbur. Shakesp. vol. V.

(b) Reprinted among Dodwley's Old Plays, vol. I.

(i) In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as
in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's Masque of Christ-
mas, 1616, one of the personages is Minced Pye.
from them both: these were Historical Plays, or Histories, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedies, just as much as Historical poems do from Epic: as the Pharsalia does from the Aeneid.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited, was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called The Mirror for Magistrates (a), wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast; and therefore, as an elegant writer (b) has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historical Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an Historical Play itself, which was perhaps as early as any Mystery on a religious subject: for such, I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English History, that was expressed in Actions and Rhymes. This was the old Coventry Play of Hock-Tuesday (c), founded on the story of the Massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002 (d). The play in question was performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other shows and entertainments at Kenelworth Castle, in July 1575, prepared for Queen

(a) The first part of which was printed in 1559.
(c) This must not be confounded with the Mysteries acted on Corpus Christi day by the Franciscans at Coventry, which were also called Coventry Plays, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, &c. in Malone's ShakeSp., vol. II. Part II. p. 13, 14.
(d) Not 1002, as printed in Laneham's Letter, mentioned below; Eliza-
Elizabeth, and this the rather "because the matter " mentioneth how valiantly our English Women, for " the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose Words are here quoted (e), hath given a short description of the performance; which seems on that occasion to have been without Recitation or Rhimes, and reduced to mere Dumb-Show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danifh and English "lance-knights on horse- " back," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen: which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and "many led captive by our English women." (f)

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there (g), had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well-meaning, but precise preachers, of whose "fourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill-manners, papistry, or any superstition;" (b) which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious Mystery. But having been discontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the Players apparently had not been able to recover the old Rhimes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action: which, if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars (*) ;" his counselling, and contriving the plot to dispatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression — "expressed in Actions " and Rhimes after their manner (i)," one can hardly

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(e) Ro. Laneham, whose Letter, containing a full description of the Shows, &c. is reprinted at large in Nichols's "Progresses of Q. Elizabeth," &c. vol. I. 4to. 1788.—That writer's orthography being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

(f) Laneham, p. 37.  
(b) Ibid.  
(*) Ibid. p. 32.  
(i) Ibid. p. 35.  

con-
conceive a more regular model of a compleat drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe (†).

Whatever this old play, or "tiorial show (k)" was at the time it was exhibited to Q. Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakespeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these "Princely pleasures of Kenelworth (l)," whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry Play, "whereat "her Majestie laught well," and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks, and 5 marks in money: who, "what " rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what tri- "umphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their "Play was never so dignified, nor ever any Players "before so beatified;" but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a Play, which the same evening, after supper, was there "presented of a very good theme, but so set-forth by "the actors' well-handling, that pleasure and mirth "made it seem very short, though it lasted two good "hours and more (m)," we may imagine what an im- pression was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dra- matic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment which continued nineteen days, and was the most splen- did of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the Addreses to the Queen in the personated Characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as he ap- proached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or, the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagina- tion, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

(†) The Rhimes, &c. prove this Play to have been in English: whereas Mr. THO. WARTON thinks the Mysteries composed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's Shakesp. Vol. II. Pt. II. p. 9.

(k) Laneham, p. 32. (l) See Nichols's Progresses, Vol I. p. 57
(m) Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on SUNDAY evening, July 9.
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But that the Historical Play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakespeare himself, as distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages in their works. "Of late days," says Stow, "in place of those stage-plays (n) hath been "used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and Histo-"ries both true and fayned (o)."—Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to The Captain, say,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy, "Nor History."—

Polonius in Hamlet commends the actors, as the best in the world, "either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall," &c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623 (p), have not only intitled their book "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, "and Tragedies:" but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads; placing in the class of Histories, "K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Rich. III. and Henry VIII." to which they might have added such of his other plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's Lives.

Although Shakespeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama (q), yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of Genius, that his Histories maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the Classic School, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

(n) The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners-well in 1409:
(p) The same distinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.
(q) See Malone's Shakefp. vol. I. part II. p. 31.
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Before Shakespeare wrote, Historical Plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Q. Elizabeth's Licence in 1574 (r) to James Burbage and others, who are only empowered "to use, exercyse, and occupie the arte and facultye "of playenge Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, Stage-"Playes, and such other like."—But when Shakespeare's Histories had become the ornaments of the stage, they were considered by the publick, and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distinguished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the Licence granted by K. James I. in 1603 (f), to W. Shakespeare himself, and the Players his fellows; who are authorized "to use and exercife the arte "and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-plaies, "and such like."

The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the Theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late Comedians of Q. Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie "and exercife of playing Comedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-Plaies, and such "like (*)." The same appears in an Admonition issued in 1637 (t) by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the masters and wardens of the company of Printers and Stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of his Majesty's servants the Players, that "diverse of their books of Comedyes and "Tragedyes, Chronicle-Histories, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

(*) Ibid. p. 49. Here Histories, or Historical Plays are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity.—In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636, (ibid. p. 144.) Histories are not particularly mentioned; but so neither are Tragedies: They being briefly directed to "act Playes, Comedies, "and Interludes, without any lett," &c. (t) Ibid. p. 139.

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This
This distinction, we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakespeare's Histories appear to have been no longer relished; at least the distinction respecting them is dropt in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beefton in June 1660 (w), to use the house in Salisbury-court "for a Play-house, wherein Comedies, "Tragedies, Tragi-comedies, Pastoralls, and Interludes, "may be acted," but also from the fuller Grant (dated August 21, 1760) (v) to Thomas Killigrew, esq. and Sir William Davenant, knt. by which they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the representation of Tragydies, "Comedyes, Playes, Operas, and all other entertain- "ments of that nature."

But while Shakespeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his Histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon (w), that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our Bard vindicated his Historical Plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very "ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct "the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who

(w) This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone. Vol. II. p. 239.
(v) Ibid. p. 244.
(w) See Malone's Shakefp. vol. VI. p. 427. This ingenious writer will, with his known liberality, excuse the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.
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preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable Lectures on English History so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the first who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof, that both Shakespeare and his contemporaries considered his Histories, or Historical Plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from Tragedy and Comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the Unities, and departure from the classical Dramatic Forms. For, if it be the first Canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever Rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakespeare's Histories by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the Rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than Nineteen Playhouses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prinone published his Histriomastix (a). From

(a) He speaks in p. 492, of the Playhouses in Bishopsgate-street, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the Seventeen enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's Old Plays. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that Twenty-Three Playhouses had been at different periods open in London; and even Six of them at one time. See Malone's Shakesp. Vol. I. Pt. II. p. 48.
this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine, and "beer (b)," were in those days the usual accommoda-
tions in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the Players themselves, the several
companies were (as hath been already shewn) (c) re-
tainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen (d),
who protected them in the exercise of their profession:

(b) So, I think, we may infer from the following pas-
 sage, viz.
"How many are there, who, according to their several qualities,
spend ad. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a
play-house, day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine,
beere, and such like vaine expences, which players doe usually
occasion, be caft into the reckoning?" Prynne's Hiftriom. p. 322.
But that Tobacco was smoaked in the playhoufes, appears from
Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propaga-
tion. "Let PLAY-HOUSES, drinking-schools, taverns, &c. be con-
tinually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it
be possible) bring it into the CHURCHES, and there choak up
their preachers." (Works, p. 253.) And this was really the cafe
at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter in 1607, against "taking To-
bacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.
A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in
Holland, he saw the male part of the audience fitting with their
hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in
his morning-gown.

(c) See the extracts above, in p. 136, from the E. of Northumb.
Houfhold Book.

(d) See the Pref. to Dodfley's Old Plays.—The author of an
old Invef tive against the Stage, called, A third Blaf t of Retreat from
Plaies, &c. 1580, 12mo. fays, "Alas! that private affe ction should
"so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleafure their fervants, and to
"upholde them in their vanitie, they fhoild refraine the magiftrates
"from executing their office! ... They [the nobility] are thought to
"be covetous by permitting their fervants. . . . to live at the devotion
"or almes of other men, paffing from countrie to countrie, from one
"gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a
"kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more trulie, are be-
"come beggers for their fervants. For comonlie the good-will, men
"beare to their Lordes, makes them draw the stringes of their purses
"to extend their liberalitie." Vid. pag. 75, 76, &c.

and
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and many of them were occasionally Strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the playhouse called the Globe, who founded Dulwich college, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of splendor, which was thought enormous in that frugal age (c).

(c) Stephen Goffon, in his Schoole of Abuse, 1579, 12mo. fo. 23, says thus of what he terms in his margin PLAYERS-MEN: "Over "laithing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very vyerylings "of some of our Players, which stand at revirfion of vi. s. by the "week, jet under gentlemens nofes in futis of fike, exercising them-"felves to prating on the stage, and common croffing when they "come abrede, where they look afsance over the shoulder at every "man, of whom the SUNDAY before they begged an almes. I speake
"not this, as though every one that profeffeth the qualitie so abused "himselfe, for it is well known, that some of them are fober, "discreete, properly learned, honeft houfholders and citizens, well-"thought on among their neighbours at home." [he seems to mean EDW. ALLEN above-mentioned] "though the pryde of their sha-"dowes (1 meane those hangbyes, whom they fuccour with stipend) "cause them to be somewhat il-talked of abroad."

In a subfequent period we have the following fatirical fling at the fhey exterior, and suppoed profits of the actors of that time.—

Vid. GREENE's Greatworth of Wit, 1625, 4to. "WHAT is your "profefion?"—"Truly, Sir, ... I am a PLAYER." "A Player? "... I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for, if "by outward Habit men should be cenfured, I tell you, you would "be taken for a fubftantial man." "So I am where I dwell .... "What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was "fayne to carry my playing-fardle a foot-backe: Tempora mutantur "... for my very share in playing apparrell will not be fold for "TWO HUNDRED pounds .... Nay more, I can serve to make a "pretty speech, for I was a country Author, paffing at a MoraL, "&c." See Roberto's Tale, sign. D. 3. b.
At the same time the ancient Prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches (f). The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman-Hater (g). And seats of three-pence and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: That playhouse called the Hope had seats of five several rates from six-pence to half-a-crown (h). But a shilling seems to have been the usual price (i) of what is now called the Pit, which probably had its name from one of the playhouses having been a Cock-pit (k).

(f) So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his Praife of Beggerie, p. 99.

"Yet have I seen a begger with his many, [sc. vermin]
"Come at a Play-houfe, all in for one penny."

(g) So in the Belman's Night-Walks by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy two-pence to a Player, in this gallery thou mayest fit "by a harlot."

(b) Induct. to Ben. Jonfon's Bartholomew-fair. An ancient satirical piece, called, "The Blacke Book, Lond. 1604, 4to." talks of "The Six-Penny Roomes in Playhoufes;" and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "Arch-tobacco-taker of England, in ordina-"ries, upon stages both common and private."

(i) Shakesp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover.

(k) This etymology hath been objected to by a very ingenious writer (see Malone's Shakesp. Vol. I. P. II. p. 59.), who thinks it questionable, because, in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, the area that is under the pulpit, and surrounded by the galleries, is (now) called the Pit; which, he says, no one can suspect to have been a Cock-pit, or that a playhouse phrase could be applied to a church.—But whoever is acquainted with the licentiousness of boys, will not think it impossible that they should thus apply a name so peculiarly expressive of its situation: which from frequent use might at length prevail among the senior members of the University; especially when those young men became seniors themselves. The name of Pit, so applied at Cambridge, must be deemed to have been a cant phrase, until it can be shewn that the area in other churches was usually so called.
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The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouses were only licensed to be opened on that day (l): But before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon (m), plays being generally performed by day-light (n). All female parts were performed by men, no English

(l) So Ste. Goffon, in his Schoole of Abuse, 1579, 12mo. speaking of the Players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play "every Sunday, make iii, or v. Sundayeas at leaft every week," fol. 24.—So the author of A Second and Third Blast of Retra"

(m) Second Blast of Retreat from Plaies, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from "the libertie of playing on the Sabboth-daie. . . . To plaie on "the Sabboth is but a priviledge of sufferance, and might with ease "be repelled, were it thoroughly followed," pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabbath of all other daies the most abused? . . . Where-fore abufe not so the Sabbath-daie, my brethren; leave not the "temple of the Lord." . . . . "Those unsavourie morfels of un-"seemelie sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plaier, "doth more content the hungrie humers of the rude multitude, and "carrieth better relifh in their mouths, than the bread of the "worde, &c." Vid pag. 63, 65, 69, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in this time.

It should also seem, from the author of the Third Blast above-

quoted, that the Churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he says, that the Players, (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility) "under the title of "their masters, or as reteiners, are priviledged to roave abroad, "and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, "and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of "prayer."

(n) "He entertaines us (fays Overbury in his character of an Actor) "in the best leasure of our life, that is, betweene meales; the "most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise."—Even so late as in the reign of Cha. II. Plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon.

(n) See Biogr. Brit. I. 117, n. D.
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actress being ever seen on the public stage (a) before the civil wars.

Lastly, with regard to the playhouse Furniture and Ornaments, a writer of King Charles IIId's time (p), who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly (q)."

Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c. splendid, when compared with what he saw abroad: Speaking of the Theatre for Comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately Playhouses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for Apparrell, "Shewes, and Musicke. Here I observed certaine things

(a) I say "no English Actresses—on the Public Stage," because Payne speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that "they had French-women actors in a play not long since performed in Blackfriars Playhouse." This was in 1629, vid. p. 215. And tho' female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet in Masques at Court, the Queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the restoration, introduced Women, Scenery, and higher Prices. See Cibber's Apology for his own Life. (p) See a short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknoe's "Love's Kingdom," 1674, 12mo.

(q) It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal Theatres in his time, viz. The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark, (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole parish,) had been covered with Thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—(See Taylor's Sculler, Epig. 22, p. 31. Jonson's Excruciation on Vulcan.) Puttenham tells us they used Vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . "princes chambers with too many folkes." [Art of Eng. Poef. 1589, p. 26.] From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the Masques at Court.
ANCIENT POEMS. 153

“that I never saw before:” For, I saw Women act, a
“thing that I never saw before, though I have heard
“that it hath been sometimes used in London; and
“they performed it with as good a grace, action,
“gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a Player, as
“ever I saw any masculine Actor.”

It ought however to be observed, that, amid such a
multitude of Playhouses as subsisted in the Metropolis
before the Civil Wars, there must have been a great
difference between their several accommodations, orna-
ments, and prices; and that some would be much
more showy than others, though probably all were
much inferior in splendor to the two great Theatres
after the Restoration.

(r) Coryate’s Crudities, 4to. 1611, p. 247.

The preceding Essay, although some of the mate-
rials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving
notice, from what it was in the 2d Edition, 1767, except
in Section IV. which in the present impression hath been
much enlarged.

This is mentioned, because, since it was first published,
the History of the English Stage hath been copiously handled
by Mr. Tho. Warton in his “History of English Poetry,
“1775, &c.” 3 vols. 4to. (wherein is inserted whatever
in these Volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond
Malone, Esq. who, in his “Historical Account of the
“English Stage,” (Shakespeare. Vol. I. Part II. 1790) hath
added greatly to our knowledge of the Oeconomy and Usages of
our ancient Theatres.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

I. ADAM
I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY,

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad Englewood, whereas Engie, or Ingle-wood, signifies Wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE, OF ROBIN HOOD," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of ROBIN a Forester was, —  
And he shot in a lusty long-bow  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,  
And William a Cloud'slee  
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;  
And our Forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of "MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING," Act i. makes Benedicke con-
firm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, 
"If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat *, and shoot at me, 
"and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and 
"called Adam:" meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald 
rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in 
our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor 
has also well conjectured, that "Abraham Cupid" in Ro- 
meo and Juliet, A. 2. Sc. 1. should be "Adam Cupid," 
in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym 
o'the Clough in his Alchemist, Act 1. Sc. 2. And 
Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The 
"long vacation in London," describes the attorneys and 
proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields. 

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde; 
"Where arrowes stick with mickle pride; . . . . 
"Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme. 
"Sol jests for fear they'll shoot at him."

Works, 1673, fol. p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal Hero 
of this Ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the 
North so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See in Rymer's 
Federa, a letter from lord William Howard to some of the 
officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from 
the style, orthography, and numbers, to be of considerable 
antiquity, they were here given (corrected in some places by 
a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to. 
Imprinted at London in Lothburge by Wyllyam Copland 
(no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly fol-
lowed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond. 
"1791," 8vo. the variations from which, that occur in 
the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio

* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle 
might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat 
in a small cask or firkin, half filled with salt: and then a parcel of clovens 
on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity 
in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

† i. e. Each with a canvas bow-case tied round his loins.
ANCIENT POEMS.

MS. above-mentioned, and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma,' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this Ballad is followed by another, intitled YOUNGE ClouDESLEE, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

PART THE FIRST.

M E R Y it was in the grene forest
Amonge the levèès grene,
Wheras men hunt easte and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raiſe the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche fightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough *,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyſhe wood for to gone.

* Clym of the Clough, mean Clym. [Clement] of the Cliff: for so Clough signifies in the North.

Now
ANCIENT POEMS.

Now lith and lyften, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllym was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care:
He sayne to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleile he would fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys children thre.
By my trouthe, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If that the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Trufe you then that I am ' taken,'
Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
And to Carlile he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne windowe
Shortlye and anone.

\textit{Ver. 24. Caerlel, in PC. passim. V. 35. take. PC. lune. MS. Wher -}
ANCIENT POEMS.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,
My wife and chyldren three?
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbande,
Wylliam of Cloudeflee.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous fore,
Thys place hath ben befette for you
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeflee,
I would that in I were.

Now fetche us meate and drynke ynough, 
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle befyde the fyre,
Whych Wylliam had found of charytè
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth shee goes,
Evill mote shee speede therfore;
For shee had sette no foote on ground
In seven yere before.
Ancient Poems. 159

She went unto the justice hall,
    As fast as she could hye:
Thys night, shee sayd, is come to town
    Wyllyam of Cloudeflye.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
    And so was the shirife also:
Thou shalt not travaile hither, dame, for nought,
    Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune,
    Of scarlate, and of graine:
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
    And couched her doute agayne.

They rayfed the towne of nyery Carleile
    In all the haile they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
    As fast as they might gone.

There they befette that good yeman
    Round about on every lyde:
Wyllyam heard great noyfe of folkes,
    That thither-ward fast hyed.

Alyce opened a backe wyndowe,
    And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
    Wyth a full great route.

Ver. 85. ye MS. shop window, PC.

A'as!
Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
   Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd,
Swete Wylyam of Cloudeflee.

He toke hys sward and hys bucler,
   Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
   Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
   Took a pollaxe in her hande:
Said, He shall dye that cometh in
   Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

Cloudeflee bente a right good bowe,
   That was of a trysty tre,
He smot the justife on the brest,
   That hys arowe burst in three.

'A' curse on his harte, said William,
   Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better then myne,
   It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde the Cloudefle, sayd the justife,
   And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
   That my husband councelleth so.
Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
    Synth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he saide,
    Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
    The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fayre Alice,
    I se we here shall dye.

William openyd a backe wyndow,
    That was in hys chamber hie,
And there with sheetes he did let downe
    His wyfe and children three.

Have you here my treausre, sayde William,
    My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christes love do them no harme,
    But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
    Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
    That hys bowflyng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
    Good Wyllyam of Cloudefle:
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
    Thys is a cowardes death to me.
Leever had I, sayde Wylyam,
With my s worde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sward and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroakes,
So ferfly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
And so toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in a deepe dungeon him cast:
Now Cloudeles, sayd the justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in haft.

* A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shal I for thee make;'
And the gates of Carlei shal be shutte:
No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shal Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Ver. 151. Sic MS. hye Justice. PC.
Ver. 153, 4. are contracted from the fol. MS. and PC.

Early
ANCIENT POEMS.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first can he gone,
And commaunded to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he could e hye;
There a payre of new gallowes he set up
Beside the pyllorye.

A lytle boy * among them asked,*
What meant that gallow-tre?
They sayde to hange a good yeman,
Called Wylyam of Cloudefle.

That lytle boye was the towne swynne-heard,
And kept sayre Alyces swynne;
Oft he had seen William in the wodde,
And geuen hym there to dyne.

He went out at a crevis of the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anon.

Alas! then sayde the lytle boye,
Ye tary here all too longe;
Cloudeflee is taken, and demned to death,
And readye for to honge.

Ver. 179. yonge men. PC.
M 2

Alas!
Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we saw thy daye!
He had better have tarryed with us,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwelt in grene foreste,
Under the shadowes greene,
And have kepte both hym and us att reste,
Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart fone hee had slayne:
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
Tarry we no longer here;
We shal hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we buy itt full dere.

To Caerleil wente these bold yemen,
All in a mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYT * of Cloudeflye,
And another is for to faye.

Ver. 190. sic MS. shadowes sheene, PC.
Ver. 197. jolly yeomen, MS. wight yong men, PC.
* See Gloss.
AND when they came to merry Carleile,
All in ' the' mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untill
About on every fyde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous fast,
We may not come therein.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyfely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seale;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates
With strokes great and stronge:
The porter marvelled, who was therat,
And to the gates he thronge.

Who is there now, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys knockinge?
ANCIENT POEMS.

We be tow messengers, quoth Clim of the Clough,  
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,  
To the justice we must it bring;  
Let us in our message to do,  
That we were agayne to the kyng.  

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wylyam of Cloucette.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
And if that we stonde long wythout,  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:  
What, Lurden, art thou wode?  
The porter went * it had ben so,  
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome is my lorde's seale, he saide;  
For that ye shall come in.  
He opened the gate full shortlye:  
An euyl openyng for him.

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. PC. * i.e. weened, thought, (which last is the reading of the folio MS.)—Calais, or Rouen was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Wherof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,
Then might we come out wel ynowgh
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrang his necke in two,
And caste hym in a depe dungeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,
Se brother the keys are here,
The worst porter to merry Carleile
That the had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were round *,

* So Ascham in his Toxophilus gives a precept: "The Stringe must be rounde." (p. 149. Ed. 1761.) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the Arrow will not fly true.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The markett place in mery Carleile
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them beseide,
A paire of new galowes 'they' see,
And the justice with a quest of squyers,
That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudefle lay redy there in a cart,
Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,
Cloudefles clothes hee shold have,
To take the measure of that yeman,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaile, said Cloudefle,
As betweye thys and pryme,
He that maketh a grave for mee,
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudlye, said the justice,
I will thee hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudefle cast his eyen afyde,
And saw hys 'brethren twaine'
ANCIENT POEMS. 169

At a corner of the market place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeflè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my handes at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
Brother, se you marke the justyce wel;
Lo! yonder you may him se:

And at the shyrife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;
A better shote in may Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one byt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sidos gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sherife nye hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

Ver. 105. lowfed thre. PC.  Ver. 108. can bled. MS.

All
ANCIENT POEMS.

All the citzens fast gan flye,
   They durst no longer abyde:
There lyghtly they losted Cloudeslee,
   Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne,
   Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
   Hee thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
   Thys daye let us lyve and die,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
   The fame shal you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
   Theyr stringes were of silke ful fure,
That they kept the stretes on every side;
   That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
   Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
   And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
   Men preceded to them full fast,
They drew theyr swordes then anone,
   And theyr bowes from them cast.
ANCIENT POEMS.

They went lightly on their way,
Wyth swordes and bucklers round;
By that it was mydd of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horne* in Carleil blowen,
And the belles backward dyd ryng,
Many a woman layde, Alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was,
Wyth hym a ful great route:
These yemen dred hym full fore,
Of theyr lyves they stode, in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that flowre to stande.

The mayre finot at Cloudeflee with his bil,
Hys bucler he braft in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! Treafon they cryed for wo.
Kepe well the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytours therout not go.

* Outborne, is an old term signifying the calling forth of subjeEs to
arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Dict. Bailey, &c.
Ver. 148. For of. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

But al for nought was that they wrought,
   For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
   Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
   Myne office I here forfake,
And yf you do by my counsell
   A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
   And bad them well to thryve *,
And all that letteth any good yeman
   To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yeman gon to the wod,
   As lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
   Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

When they came to Englyshe wode,
   Under the truly tre,
There they found bowes full good,
   And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
   And Clym of the Clough fo fre,

* This is spoken ironically.
Ver. 175. merry green wood. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS. 173

I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynye.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A second fyr of the wightye yeomen: 185
Another I wyll you tell.

PART THE THIRD.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.

Sore then fyghed the fayre Alyce:
'That ever I fawe thys day!'
For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have spoken wyth hys derebrethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To shew them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudefle walked a lytle béside,
He looked under the grene wood lynde,
He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Vor. 185. see Part I. vor. 97. Welcome,
Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wylllyam,
Under 'this' trusti tre:
I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
Thou sholdest me never 'have' se.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we must supp withinall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares all thre;
Eche of them swe a hart of greece;
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wylllyam of Cloudeflye;
By cause ye so bouldly flode by me
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppere
Wyth suche meate as they had;
And thanked God of ther fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

*Ver. 20, never had &c.* PC. and MS.  

And
And when they had supped well,
  Certayne withouten leafe,
Cloudeflë sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
  To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng
  In a nunnery here besyde;
My tow sonnes shal wyth her go,
  And there they shal abyde.

Myne eldeste son shal go wyth me;
  For hym have 'you' no care:
And he shal bring you worde agayn,
  How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
  As fast as they myght 'he'
Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
  Where they wolde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,
  Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they alke no leave,
  But boldly went in therat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
  Of no man had they dreae:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
  And with them began to chyde.

Ver. 56. have I no care. PC.
  * t. e. hie, hasten.

The
The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have? 
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make ofycers shent:
Good fyers, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
Certayne withouten leafe;
And hether we be come to the kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we befeche the here,
That ye wyl graunt us grace;
For we have slayne your fat falow dere
In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then sayd our king,
Anone that you tell me?
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudefle.

Be ye thofe theves, then sayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here so God I make an avowe,
Ye shal be hanged al thre.
Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.

He commanded his officers everichone,
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them al thre:
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we befeche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuch as 'frely' we be to you come,
'As frely' we may fro you passe,

With such weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, when I came syrft into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The syrft boone that I wold aske,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

*Ver. 111, 119. sic MS. bowne. PC.*

*Vol. I.*
And I asked you never none tyll now;
    Therefore good lorde, graunt it me,
Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
    And graunted it shal be.

Then, good my lord, I you befeche,
    These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a Boone,
    That shuld have been worth them all thre.

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
    Parkes and forrestes plente.
None soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
    Nor none soe lefe to me.

Madame, fith it is your defyre,
    Your askyng graunted shal be;
But I had lever have geven you
    Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
    And sayde, Lord, gramarcy:
I dare undertake for them,
    That true men shal they be.

But good my lord, speke som mery word,
    That comfort they may fe.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king;
    Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

*Ver. 130. God a mercye. MS.*
They had not setten but a whyle
Certayne without lefyngge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kyng,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without lefyngge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng;
Anone that thou tell me?
"Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeflè."

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kyng:
My hart is wonderous fore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

N 2

The
The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he red it thro,
And founde how these outlawes had slaine
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alvye were 'scant' left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the sergeauntes of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In hys harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
To the buttes wyth hym to go:
I wyll fe these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,
And the quenes archers also;
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
With them they thought to go.

There twyfe, or thryse they shote about
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote these yemen shot,
That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wylyam of Cloudeflè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

'At what a butte now wold ye shote,'
I pray thee tell to me?
At suche a but, fyr, he sayd,
As men use in my countree.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
And 'with him' his two brethren:
There they set up two hasell roddes
Twenty score paces betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeflè,
That yonder wande cleveth in two.

Ver. 185. blythe. MS.  * i.e. mark.
Ver. 202, 203, 212, to. PC.  Ver. 204. i. e. 400 yards.

N 3 Here
Here is none such, sayd the kyng,
Nor no man can so do.

I shall affaye, syr, sayd Cloudeflè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudefly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
Forsothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wylyam,
I wyll do more maystery.

I have a sonne is seuen yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go fyxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode arow
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now hafte the, then sayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

Ver. 208. sic MS. none that can. PC.  Ver. 222. i.e. 120 yards.
And thou touche his head or gowne,
   In fyght that men may fe,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
   I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
    That I wyll never forsake.
And there even before the kyng
   In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
    And bad hym stand styll theraft;
And turned the childes face him fro,
    Because he shoule not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
    And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe score paces they were meaten,
    And thether Cloudeflè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
    Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
    That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
    That they † all still wold † stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager,
    Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Ver. 243. sic MS. out met. PC.        Ver. 251. stedye. MS.

N 4        Muche
Muche people prayed for Cloudeflè,
That his lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many weeping ee.

'But' Cloudeflè clesfte the apple in two,
'His sone he did not nee.'
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydere.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my say;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shal say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so femely to fe.

Your sone, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shal be;
And when he commeth to mans estate,
Better avanunced shal he be.

Ver. 265. And I geve the xvij pence. PC.
ANCIENT POEMS

And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, said the quene;
  Me longeth her fore to se:
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
  To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanked them all curteously.
  To some byshope wyl we wende,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
  To be affoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
  As fast as they might 'he *';
And after came and dwellid with the kynge,
  And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
  God send them eternall blysse;
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth:
  That of heven may never mysshe. Amen.

Ver. 282. And sayd to some Bishopp wee will wend. MS.
* he. i.e. bie, haisten. See the Glossary.
II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's song in Hamlet, A. 5, is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time; or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preferred among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made "upon his death-bed:" a popular error which he laughs at." (See his Elys. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Poësies, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum*. This Lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c., for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord "Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his "metre, and the aptness of his descriptions such as he "takeoth upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, "wherein he showeth the COUNTERFAIT ACTION very "lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poësie, 1589, p. 51. See another Song by this Poet in vol. II. No. VIII.

Loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweete,

* Harl. MSS. num. 1703, § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs, &c. of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to."
ANCIENT POEMS.  187

As time requires: for my behove
   Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
   My fancies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
   Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steeling steps,
   Hath clawde me with his crowch,
And lusty 'Youthe' awaye he leapes,
   As there had bene none such.

My muse doth not delight
   Me, as she did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
   As they have bene of yore.

For Reason me denies,
   'All' youthly idle rime;
And day by day to me she cries,
   Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
   The furrowes in my face
Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now;
   Where youth must geve him place.

Ver. 6. be. PC. [printed copy in 1557.]
V. 10. Crowch perhaps should be Clouch, clotch, grasp.
V. 11. Life away she. PC.
V. 13. This. PC.
V. 23. So Ed. 1583; tis hedge in Ed. 1557.

hath caught him. MS.
The harbenger of death,
To me I fe him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a throwing flete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knoles the carefull knell;
And bids me leave my ‘wearye’ warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers * knit the knot,
That youth doth laugh to scorne,
Of me that ‘shall bee cleane’ forgot,
As I had ‘ne’er’ bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whole badge I long did weare:
To them I yeld the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared skull;
By whose balde signe I know,

* Alluding perhaps to Eccles. xii. 3.

V. 30. wyndynge-sheete. MS. V. 34. bell. MS. V. 35. wofull.
PC. V. 38. did. PC. V. 39. cleene shal be. PC. V. 40. not. PC.
V. 45. bare-bedde. MS, and some PCG.
ANCIENT POEMS.

That blooping age away shall pull
‘What’ youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her bane,
These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye ‘turne’ to dust.

V. 48. Which. PC. That. MS, What is conject. V. 56. waft. PC.

III.

JEPHTHAH JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

In Shakespeare's Hamlet, A. II. the Hero of the Play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old Ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection: for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the Reader; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said, that the original Ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this Song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former Edition.

The
The Banter of Hamlet is as follows:

"Hamlet. "O Jeptha, Judge of Israel," what a treasure hadst thou?
"Polonius. What a treasure had he, my Lord?
"Ham. Why, "One faire daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well."
"Polon. Still on my daughter.
"Ham. Am not I "th' right, old Jeptha?"
"Polon. If you call me Jeptha, my Lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.
"Ham. Nay, that follows not.
"Polon. What follows then, my Lord?"
"Ham. Why, "As by lot, God wot:" and then you know, "It came to passe, As most like it was." The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more."

Edit. 1793, Vol. XV. p. 133.

Have you not heard these many years ago, Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved passing well:
And, as by lott,
God wot,
It so came to passe,
As Gods will was,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he.

And
And when he was appointed judge,
And chieftain of the company,
A solemn vow to God he made;
If he returned with victory,
At his return
To burn
The first live thing,*
That should meet with him then,
Off his house, when he should return again.

It came to pass, the wars was o'er,
And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter first of all
Came to meet her father foremost:
And all the way
She did play
On tabret and pipe,
Full many a stripe,
With note so high,
For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear
Coming on most foremost,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And cried out most piteously;
Oh! it's thou, said he,
That have brought me
Low,
And troubled me so,
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he said,
The which must be replenished:
* * * * * * *
"What thou hast spoke
Do not revoke:
What thou hast said,
Be not afraid;
Altho' it be I;
Keep promises to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one request,
That I may go to the wilderness,
Three months there with my friends to stay;
There to bewail my virginity;
And let there be,
Said she,
Some two or three
Young maids with me."

So he sent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.
ANCIENT POEMS.

IV.

A ROBYN JOLLY ROBYN.

In his Twelfth Night, Shakespeare introduces the Clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song; which has been recovered from an antient MS. of Dr. Harrington’s at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these only a small part hath been printed in the NUGÆ ANTIQUE, 3 vols. 12mo; a work which the Publick impatiently wishes to see continued.

The Song is thus given by Shakespeare, Act IV. Sc. 2.

(Malone’s edit. IV. 93.)

    “Tell me how thy lady does.”

Malvolio. Fool ———

Clown. “My lady is unkind, perdy.”

Malvolio. Fool ———

Clown. “Alas, why is she so?”

Malvolio. Fool, I say ———

Clown. “She loves another.” — Who calls, ha?

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the Song should begin thus:

“Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
    “How does thy lady do?
    “My lady is unkind perdy —
        “Alas, why is she so?”

Vol. I. O But
But this ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old Song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS, and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (feil. p. 68.) That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII. and, as it contains many of the Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, hath had almost all the Contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this Song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyatt also; but the discerning Reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old MS. to the 3d and 5th stanzas is prefixed this title Retponse, and to the 4th and 6th, Le Plaintif; but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles, and to mark the changes of the Dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the MS. is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin—Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened the tune.

A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde perde."
Alack! why is she so?

Ver. 4. shall. MS.

"She
ANCIENT POEMS.

"She loveth an other better than me;
   "And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:
I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowltes,
   And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth laft;
   "But I say, as I fynde,
   "That women's love is but a blast,
   "And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
   That can abide their torn.
   "But I alas can no way prove
   "In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme
Lerne this lessen of me,
At others fieres thy selfe to warne,
   And let them warne with the.
ANCIENT POEMS.

V.
A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

This sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards*, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakespeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his Romeo and Juliet, A. IV. Sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the Musicians.

"Peter.... why "Silver Sound"? why "Musicke with her silver sound?" what say you, Simon Cating?
"1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
"Pet.... I will say for you: It is "Musicke with her silver sound," because Musicians have no gold for sounding."


This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25), intitled, "Divers things of Hen. viiij's time?" with some corrections from The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596.

* Concerning him see Wood's Athen. Oxon. and Tanner's Biblioth. also Sir John Hawkins's Hist of Music, &c.
ANCIENT POEMS.

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver sound
With spede is wont to send redresse:
Of trobled mynds, in every fore,
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads releyef hath founde,
By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes:
Our sences all, what shall I say more?
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse;
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye:
For, as the Romayne poet fayes,
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin faved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the gods affinde
To comforthe manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

O 3

VI. KING
VI.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

—is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakespeare, in his ROMEO AND JULIET, A. II. Sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

——"Her (Venus's) purblind sou and heir,
"Young Adam * Cupid, he that flot so true,
"When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

As the 13th line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare wrote it SHOT SOTRIM, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to TRUE. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.

In the 2d Part of HEN. IV. A. 5, Sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistol,

"O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
"Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof."

These lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombast play of KING COPHETUA. No such play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow

* See above, Preface to Song I. Book II. of this vol. p. 155.
† Since this conjecture first occurred, it has been discovered that SHOT SOTRIM was the genuine read. See Shakesp. Ed. 1793, XIV. 393, that
ANCIENT POEMS.

Hat it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers *, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any List. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says, in his Comedy of EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR, A. 3, Sc. 4.

"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be "made as rich as King Cophetua."

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's riches in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's "Crown Garland of "Goulden Roses," 1612, 12mo. (where it is intitled simply A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING:) corrected by another copy.

I

Read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,

As poets they did faine:

From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,

But did them all disdaine.

But, marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,

He saw a beggar all in gray,

The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did lie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierce him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did slique,
He looketh as he would dye.
What suddain chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seakes which way to prove
How he his fancie might remoue,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And,
ANCIENT POEMS.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
   He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
   That so did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
   The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
   When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty,
   The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
   Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his pursfe did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
   That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, With us you shal remaine
   Till such time as we dye:

For
ANCIENT POEMS.

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seen:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.
Penelophon *, O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsey;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallace:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoice
That you will take me for your choyce,
And my degree's so base.

* Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour lost," Act IV. Sc. 1.) gives the Beggar's name Penelophon, according to all the old editions: but this seems to be a corruption; for Penelophon, in the text, sounds more like the name of a Woman.—The story of the King
and the Beggar is also alluded to in K. Rich. II. Act V. Sc. 3.
And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his maffe,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie, as we read.
Disdaine no whir, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

Ver. 90. i.e. tramped the streets.
Ver. 105. Here the Poet addresseth himself to his mistrefa.
And thus they led a quiet life
  During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
  As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cried pittioufly,
  Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme *.

Vtr. 112. Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.
* An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

VII.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

—is supposed to have been originally a Scotch Ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespeare, in his Othello, A. 2, has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings of that stanza are however given in the margin.
THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill;
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife;
She sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.
O Bell, why doft thou flyte 'and scorne'?
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
Itt is soe bare and overworne
A cricke he theron cannot renn:
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
' For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.
Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheefe, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, counsell take of mee,
It is not for us to goe soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

He.
My cloake it was a verry good cloake, 
It hath been alwayes true to the weare, 
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and forty yeere:
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a high clout as you may see,
It will neither hold out wind nor raine;
And Ie have a new cloake about mee.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us two
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'floute!'
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Secke now all the world throughout,
Thou kefst not clownes from gentlemen.
They are clad in blacke, grene, yelowe, or 'gray,'
See far above their owne degree:
Once in my life Ile 'dee as they,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

V. 41. fylte. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear;
Therefore he called the tailor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou but of a low degree:
It is pride that puts this countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though I am good-man:
It is not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
As we began we now will leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

Ver. 49. King Harry.. a verry goode king. MS. Ver. 50. I trow his hoge cost but. MS. Ver. 51. He thought them 12d. to deere. MS. Ver. 52. clowne. MS. Ver. 53. He was king and wore the crown. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

VIII.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4, sc. 3, though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did for sake her. She had a Song of—Willow.
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it."


This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, thus intitled, "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." To a pleasant tune.

Poore foule fat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
  Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
  O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
  O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
  O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pity me, (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
  O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; she roes not my mone.
  O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
  O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
  O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds fate by him, made tame by his mones:
  O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
  O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!
Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace, or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine;
O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdain.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falsoer than the.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

PART THE SECOND.

LOUE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruel, still still I complain,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A signe of her falseness before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
ANCIENT POEMS.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
    O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:
    O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view
    O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
    O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
    O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."
    O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thins unkindly hath scorned my love,
    O willow, &c.
And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
    O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
    O willow, &c.
Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
    O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The name of her founded so sweete in mine care,
O willow, &c.
It ray'sd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted:plaints end with my breath!
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
ANCIENT POEMS.

IX.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of Henry IV. A. 2. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called Morte Arthur) being a poetical translation of Chap. cviii, cix, cx, in Pt. 1st, as they stand in Ed. 1634, 4to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Hen. IV. Silence hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar
As he fate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his round table:
And he had jousts and tourneaments,
   Wherto were many presst,
Wherin some knights did farre excell
   And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
   Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes,
   All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
   In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
   In some adventurous fort.

But Sir Lancelot du Lake,
   Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes,
   All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
   In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
   In some adventurous fort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,
   And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
   Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
   For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,
   And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
   That now is of great fame:
Therfore tell me what wight thou art,
   And what may be thy name.

V. 29. Where is often used by our old writers for whereas: here it is just the contrary.
V. 18. to sportt. MS.
P 4
"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison three score knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck foe hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spied;
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou haft,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.
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If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And eache att other flie.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran,
As though there had beene thunder)
And strucke them each immidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backes brake under them,
The knights were both astonound:
To avoyd their horses they made haste
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than,
With mighty strokes most eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
They both for breath did stand,
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I shall ask.
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate:
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelott;
But fith it must be foe,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He flew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds son of Schuwake;

And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee:
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defy I thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rashing*;
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another flashing:

The ground besprinkled was with blood:
Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave backe for wearinesse,
And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espysde,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And rashing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
And, when he had foe done,
From prifon threescore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

* Rashing seems to be the old hunting term to express the stroke made by the wild boar with his fangs. To rake has apparently a meaning something similar. See Mr. Steevens's Note on K. Lear, A. III. Sc. 7. (Ed. 1793, Vol. XIV. p. 193.) Where be quartos read,
"Nor thy fierce fister"
"In his anointed flesh rashed fangs."
So in K. Richard III. A. III. Sc. 2. (Vol. X. p. 567, 583.)
"He dreamt"
"To night the Boar bad rashed off his helm."

X. CORYDON'S
X.

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS,

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespeare's TWELFTH-NIGHT, A. 2, Sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany, intitled, "The Golden Garland of "Princely Delights," 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the Twelfth-Night, SIR TOBY sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection [Vol. I. pp. 33, 496.], but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a faire woman,
SUSANNA she was callde by name:
A woman fair and vertuous;

Lady, lady:

Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?

If this song of CORYDON, &c. has no more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL,
FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe,
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—
Sweet, kisfs me once; sweet kisfs time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
Kisds oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.
What shall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

XI.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "Life of Pope Sixtus V. translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti, by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect:

"It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of flesh it is a lie. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them. That, if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from
"from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly swore he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, When contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The Editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious "Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. I. page 128," has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakespeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the Connoisseur, Vol. I. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority Mr. Warton had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1586, and it is very certain that a play of the Jews, "representing the greediness of worldly "chusiers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called the Bull before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's School of Abuse, which was printed in that year.

* Warton, ubi supra.
ANCIENT POEMS.

As for Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto 1600; though it had been exhibited in the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Meres's Wits Treasury, &c. 1598, 12mo. fol. 282. See Malone's Shakesp. The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Popps collection*, intitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow."

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice town not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

* Compared with the Ashmole Copy.
ANCIENT POEMS. 225

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Ver. 32. Her Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, Act I. to which Antonio replies,

"Was this inserted to make interest good?"
"Or are your gold and silver ewes and rams?"
"Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast."

Vol. I. Within
Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crowne:
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing looks)
Sir, ask what you will have.

No penny for the loan of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeiture;
Of your owne flesh a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With
With right good will! the merchant says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd,

The merchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To think he doth begin:

And to Gernutus srait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forseyture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Command it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger weight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe:
ANCIENT POEMS.

And layd him into prison strong,
And foued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

"Of the Jews crueltie; setting forth the mercifullnesse
of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of
"Blacke and Yellow."

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernatus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgment here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand *
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond,

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

* The passage in Shakespeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other. See All IV. sc. 2.


Sith
Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have; Which is of flesh a pound: See that thou shed no drop of bloud, Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer, Thou here shalt hanged be: Likewife of flesh see that thou cut No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse To the value of a mite, Thou shalt be hanged presentely, As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad, And wotes not what to say; Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes, I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free. The judge doth answere make; You shall not have a penny given; Your forfcyture now take.

At the last he doth demand But for to have his owne. No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either
ANCIENT POEMS.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
' Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Devilseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

**Since the first Edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reason to believe that both SHAKESPEARE and the Author of this Ballad are indebted for their Story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was first printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book intitled, Il Pecorone, nel quale si...**

Ver. 61. griped. Afdmol. cpy.
contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche, &c. republished at Florence about the year 1748, or 9.—The Author was Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time in which the scene of Boccace's Decameron is laid. (Vid. Manni Istoria del Decamerone di Giov. Boccacc 4to Fio. 1744.)

That Shakespeare had his Plot from the Novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the Ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the Ballad some hints that were not suggested by the Novel. (See above, Pt. 2, ver. 25, &c. where, instead of that spirited description of the whetted blade, &c. the Prose Narrative coldly says, "The "Jew had prepared a razor, &c." See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the Abridgement of the Novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the End of his Commentary on Shakespeare's Play. The Translation of the Italian Story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title,—"The Novels, "from which the Merchant of Venice written by Shakespeare "is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added "a Translation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Boc- "caccio. London, Printed for M. Cooper, 1755, 8vo."

XII.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 3, Sc. 1, and hath been usually ascribed (together with the Reply) to Shakespeare himself by the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this madrigal
ANCIENT POEMS.

containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting),
accompanied with the first stanza of the answer, being printed in "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, and SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, LOND., printed for W. JAGGARD, 1599."

This was this sonnet, &c. published as Shakespeare's in his life-time.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW wrote the song, and Sir WALTER RALEIGH the "Nymph's Reply:" For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his COMPLETE ANGLER *, under the character of "that smooth song, " which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty "years ago; and ... an Answer to it, which was made "by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. ... Old-
"fashioned poetry, but choicely good." — It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old Poetical Miscellany, intitled ENGLAND'S HELICON, it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it; and the Reply is subscribed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus:

"COME live with me, and be my dear;
"And we will revel all the year,
"In plains and groves, &c."

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, and RALEIGH; notwithstanding the authority of Shake-
Speare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly re-
gardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir
JOHN OLDCASTLE, THE LONDON PRODIGAL, and THE

* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.
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Yorkshire Tragedy, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside *.

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among Donne’s Poems, intituled “The Bait,” beginning thus:

“COME live with me, and be my love,
“And we will some new pleasures prove
“Of golden sands, &c.”

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high rpute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, I. 138.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

* Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other sonnets, &c. of Shakespeare, in his correct edition of the Passionate Pilgrim, &c. See his Shakep. Vol. X. p. 349.
ANCIENT POEMS. 235

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choiceely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's toung,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And
ANCIENT POEMS.

And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
In fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of flax, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

XIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS's COMPLAINT.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them
ANCIENT POEMS.

them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in page 223, for the priority of the ballad of the Jew of Venice may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bajfianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself. — After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredil in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces.

* Mr. Malone thinks 1591 to be the era when our author commenced a writer for the stage. See in his Shakespeare, the ingenious "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakespeare were written."
ANCIENT POEMS.

and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt*.

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland" intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, intitled, "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c.—To the tune of, Fortune. Printed for E. Wright."—Unluckily none of these have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martials wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sones I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them fiille my sones and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sones were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five and twenty sones, I brought but three
Alive, the flately towers of Rome to see.

* Since the above was written, Shakespeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the best critics. See what has been urged by Steevens and Malone in their excellent editions of Shakespeare, &c.

When
When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The moore, with her two sons did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the moore of bloody minde
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friends,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sons I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cefars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two sons, bereaved was of life.
He being slaine, was cast in cruel wife,
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sourre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write;
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpses, and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmses.
But when I saw her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I saw she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
"The luftfull sonnes of the proud emperësse
"Are doers of this hateful wickedness."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
I wished this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroke then lame.

The moore delighting still in villainy
Did say, to set my sonnes from prison free
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speed,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.
ANCIENT POEMS.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootleffe hand againe,
And therewithal the heads of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes * towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empress then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(Sh)e nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veins † a certaine space,
Untill my friends did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

* If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words." Ps. 64. 3.
† i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

Then
ANCIENT POEMS.

Then with their flesh I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet servde in stately wife:
Before the empress set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empress then I swee with bloody knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

XIV.
TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

The first stanzas of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic * juflly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, A. 4, sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's Bloody Brother, A. 5, sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim†, &c.

* Dr. Warburton in his Shakespeare.
† Mr. Malone, in his improved edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, &c. hath substituted this instead of Marlowe's Madrigal, printed above, for which he hath assigned reasons, which the Reader may see in his Vol. X. p. 340.
TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisles bring againe,
Scales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bofom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XV.
KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of
KING LEAR, which (as a sensible female critic has well
observed *) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of
Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be
doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the
tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which
the old chronicles + do not mention, as also the extravagant
cruelty exercis'd on him by his daughters. In the death of

† See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingfed, &c. who relate Lear's history
in many respects the same as the ballad.

Lear
Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within; this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakespeare was not the first of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the Story of LEIR to the Stage. His first 4to. edition is dated 1608; but three years before that had been printed a play intitled, "The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted, 1605. 4to."—This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shake- speare to undertake the subject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir's madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece: in all which Shakespeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgement of Shakespeare's merit, the curious Reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch; which he will find printed at the end of the TWENTY PLAYS of Shakespeare, republished from the quarto impressions by GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq; with such elegance and exactness as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath since published.

The following Ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable song of the Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters. To the tune of When flying Fame."

KING Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.

Amongst
Ancient Poems.

Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas’d the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render’d be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain,

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I’ll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;

That
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus
Thus flattering speeches won renown, 
By these two sisters here; 
The third had causeless banishment, 
Yet was her love more dear: 60
For poor Cordelia patiently 
Went wandring up and down, 
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid, 
Through many an English town:

Untill at laft in famous France 65
She gentler fortunes found; 
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd 
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard, 
And this fair lady seen, 70
With full consent of all his court 
He made his wife and queen,

Her father king Lear this while 
With his two daughters said: 
Forgetful of their promis'd loves, 75
Full soon the same decay'd; 
And living in queen Ragan's court, 
The eldest of the twain, 
She took from him his chiefest means, 
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont 80
To wait with bended knee:

She
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe,

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.

I will
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;  
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away;
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,

Grew
ANCIENT POEMS.

Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood beslain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possessed with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance;
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant fort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And
And so to England came with speed,  
To repose his king Leir,  
And drive his daughters from their thrones  
By his Cordelia dear.  
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
Was in the battle slain:  
Yet he good king, in his old days,  
Possess his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
Who died indeed for love  
Of her dear father, in whose cause  
She did this battle move;  
He swooning fell upon her breast,  
From whence he never parted;  
But on her bosom left his life,  
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
The end of these events,  
The other sisters unto death  
They doomed by consents;  
And being dead, their crowns they left  
Unto the next of kin:  
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
And disobedient sin.

XVI. YOUTH
XVI.

YOUTH AND AGE,

—is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intitled the Passionate Pilgrimage*, the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of IV. more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

CRABBED Age and Youth

Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Ages breath is short;

* Mentioned above, Song XI. B. II.
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defie thee;
Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

** See MALONE's Shakesp. Vol. X. p. 325.

XVII.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, as the Induction to Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told* of PHILIP the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and

was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other do-
mentsick sports, or to see ladies dance: with some of his
courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all
about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking
late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke,
snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him
to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes,
and attyring him after the court fashion, when he
wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his
excellency, and persuaded him that he was some great Duke.
The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served
in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance,
heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like plea-
sures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and
again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so con-
veyed him to the place, where they first found him. Now
the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before,
as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest
was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after
some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he
had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not
otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's
'Anatomy of Melancholy,' Pt. II. sect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d.
Ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys
collection, which is intituled as above. "To the tune of
Fond boy/"

NOW as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The
ANCIENT POEMS.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durst,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.
From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac’d at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed,” lin’d with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he fat at his meat, the musick play’d sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
’Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry’d him strait, where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.
ANCIENT POEMS.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak;
Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVII. THE
Ancient Poems.

XVIII.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrim's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And
ANCIENT POEMS.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon*. 

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladys love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

* These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. WARB. Shakesp. Vol. VIII. p. 224.
ANCIENT POEMS.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not foe;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart;
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say
O say not foe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not foe:
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And
ANCIENT POEMS.

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
   And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
   A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-loves grave
   My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kifs the green-grass turf,
   That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
   Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
   And drizzly rain doth fall,

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
   O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
   Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
   And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
   Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
   These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
   To end my days I thought.

S 4

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But haply for my year of grace ‡
   Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
   No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
   Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
   We never more will part.

† The year of probation, or noviciate.

* * As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the Plan of his beautiful ballad of Edwin and Emma (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield") it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his Poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad Gentle Herdsman, &c. printed in the second volume of this Work, which the Doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved. See Vol. II. Book I. Song xiv. ver. 37, pag. 81. &c.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.
At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of Chevy Chace. The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford
an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For tho' he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in page 14, which, in modern orthography, &c. would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woe,"
"That ever he slain should be;"
"For when his legs were hewn in two,"
"He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both sad and sore,"
"He on Montgomery set:"
"The swan-feathers his arrow bore"
"With his hearts blood were wet."  p. 13.

WE might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottifh warriours chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 9.) is to the following effect:

"The
"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which flew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but, notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, at soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropped their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length, the two great earls meet, and after a spirited encounter agree to breathe upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unfortunately both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the bent," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the field!" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have underfoot by bent, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject *

"To drive the deer with bound and horn
"Earl Douglas had the bent."

ONE may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either; though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

* In the present Edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four flanzas modernized from the ancient copy.
He attributes flight to neither party, as hath been done in
the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English.
For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots
to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own
arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in
which the lines are thus transposed:

"Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs
"Went hame but fifty-three;
"Of twenty hundred Englishmen
"Scarce fifty five did flee."

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two
stanzas between ver. 240 and ver. 249.—From that Edition
I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the
modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only
mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ
much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be
made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the begin-
n ing of the last century*.

Sir Philip Sidney, when he com-

* A late writer has started a notion that the more modern copy "was
written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas in the
year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it
gives the advantage to the English Soldiers above the Scotch, it gives
yet so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch con-
mander above the English?" See Say's Essay on the Numbers of Par-
radoshe Loff, 4to 1745, p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture: the language seems too mo-
dern for the date above-mentioned; and, had it been printed even so early
as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy
wherein the first line would have been,

God prosper long our noble queen,

as was the case with the Blind Beggar of Exham Green; see Vol. II.
Book II. No. X, ver. 23.
plains of the antiquated phrase of *Chevy Chase*, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase *Doleful Dumps,* which in that age carried no ill found with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above, B. II. Song V. ver. 2:

Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. *Vide* Hudibras, Pt I. c. 3, v. 95.

THIS much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison *. With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 32. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their grey-hounds for derr:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chase, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho'
ANCIENT POEMS.

"he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black-letter.—In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy-Chace into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopall character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all;  
A woefull hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
Erle Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unbeorne,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottifh woods  
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace  
To kill and beare away.

These
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,  
In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of neede  
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
To chafe the fallow deere:  
On munday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had  
An hundred fat buckes flaine;  
Then having dined, the drovyers went  
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
Theire back-sides all, with speciall care,  
That day were guarded sure.

Ver. 36. That they were. fol. MS.
ANCIENT POEMS.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
  The nimble deere to take *,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
  An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
  This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
  Noe longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
  Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
  His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spere
  All marching in our fight.

* The Cheviet Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void of Deer, and almost stript of their Woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the Description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of CHEVY-CHASE. Levland, in the reign of Hen. VIII. thus describes this County:
  "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no Forests, except Cheviet Hills;
  "where is much Brushe-Wood, and some Oak; Grounds over-growne with Linge, and some with Maffe. I have harde say that "Cheviet Hilles stretchetbe xx miles. There is greate Plente of REDDE-
  "Dere, and RoD BUKKES." Itin. Vol. VII pag. 56.—This passage, which did not occur when pages 22. 24. were printed off, confirm the accounts there given of the STAGGE and the ROE.
Ancient Poems

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speedes:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a sparre.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt foe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chafe
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, Wee lift not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we bee:

Vol. I. Yet
Yet wee will spend our decreit blood,
Thy cheefeit harts to slay.
Then Douglas sware a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, foe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pitty it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,
By whome this is denied.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two erles, sayd Witherington,
And I a squier alone:
ANCIENT POEMS. 275

He doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
. Full four-score Scots they flew.

*Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three;
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

* The 4 stanzas here inclosed in Brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient Copy, are offered to the Reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the Editor's folio MS.

To drive the deere with bound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captains moved with mickle might
Their speres to shivers went.

T 2 Through.
Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.
Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart.
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ!
O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who freight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Earl Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could slaine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He
He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell *,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton †,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witheringston needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes ‡;

* See the Curfew bell; usually rung at 8 o'clock.
† For the surnames, see the Notes at the End of the Ballad.
‡ i.e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads woffull dumpes.
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sitters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They wafted their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.
ANCIENT POEMS. 281

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scottland may witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chese:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yett shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes fake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:

Thus
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plente, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

** Since the former impression of these volumes hath been published, a new edition of Collins's Peerage, 1779, &c. IX. Vols. 8vo. which contains, in Volume II. p. 334, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding Ballad: viz.

"In this ... year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius,
"was fought the Battle of Pepperden, not far from the
"Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland
"[Ild Earl, son of Hotspur,] and Earl William Douglas,
"of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand
"men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As
"this seems to have been a private conflict between these two
"great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national
"war, it has been thought to have given rise to the cele-
"brated old Ballad of Chevy-Chase; which, to ren-
"der it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened
"with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." [See Ridpath's
Border Hist. 4to. p. 401.]

THE surnames in the foregoing Ballad are altered, either
by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in
common editions extremely corrupted. They are here recti-

Pag. 279.

Ver. 202. Egerton. This name is restored (instead of
Ogerton, con. Ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The
pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many
of them composed (among which might be this Ballad) by
an inhabitant of Cheshire; who was willing to pay a Compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent Family De or Of Egerton (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgewater: and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewsbury all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. Ratcliff.] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil. was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII. and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of enclosure in 1552. See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS. however, reads here, Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William. The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. See Fuller, p. 224. Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. Baron.] This is apparently altered, (not to say corrupted) from Hearone, in p. 14, ver. 114.

Ver. 207. Raby.] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Rebbye, in the fol. MS. and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire, see p. 14, p. 35. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Pag. 280.

Ver. 215. Murray.] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. MS.
Ver. 217. Murray.] So the Scot. edit.—The common copies read Murrell. The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

"Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too."

Ver. 219. Lamb.] The folio MS. has.

"Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed."

This seems evidently corrupted from Lwdale or Liddell, in the old copy; see pages 15, 36.

II.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song, in a play of James Shirley's, intitled, "The Conventicle of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, &c—Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened October 29, 1666. Æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of these that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite Song with K. Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Mult tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:

All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved
ANCIENT POEMS.

so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary, of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicestcr (Elizabeth’s favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen’s candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person*. The Earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the

* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.
ANCIENT POEMS. 287

ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner * (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq; of Norton-couvers: who, with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden), distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c. and caused masts to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York, but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, tho' Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of SUFFEX, accompanied with Lord Huntley and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bleeding, the Earl of SUFFEX and Sir George Bowes marshal of the army put quite numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that, for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, between Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds

* Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two Noblemen.
the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin: it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
. The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladie *:
I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight, or flee:

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee: 10
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee.

* This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.
O' goe to the court yet, good my lord,
    And take thy gallant men with thee;
If any dare to doe you wrong,
    Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
    The court is full of subtiltie;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
    Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
    And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord,
    His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
    Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
    My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
    Come thou hither unto mee,
To maister Norton thou must goe
    In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemonian,
    And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
    He will ryde in my companie.
ANCIENT POEMS.

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?

Father, my counselle's fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.
Come you hither, my nine good sonses,
   Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
   Will stand by that good erle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
   Eight of them spake hastilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
   We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
   You shewe yourselvses right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
   A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
   Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
   Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
   Your head is white, your beard is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
   For you to ryle in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
   Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
   Why did I make soe much of thee?

But,
ANCIENT POEMS.

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their hoft,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his aneyent raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out mort roallye •.

* Ver. 102. Dun Bull, &c.] The supporters of the Nevilles
Earls of Westmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold,
armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the Device mentioned in the
Ballad, among the Badges, &c. given by that House. This however is
certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny (who
were of the same family) is a Dun Cow with a golden Collar: and the
Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland Branch) gave
for their Crest, in 1513, a Dog's ' (Grey-bounded's) Head erased.—So that
it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of
Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above Device
on his Banner.—After all our old Minstrel's verses here may have under-
gone some corruption; for, in another Ballad in the same folio MS. and
apparently written by the same hand, containing the Sequel of this Lord
Westmoreland's History, his Banner is thus described, more conformable to
his known Bearings:
"Sett me up my faire Dun Bull,
"With Gilden Hornes, hee beares all foe hye."
ANCIENT POEMS. 293

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Halfe-Moone shining all foe faire *:
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rofe,
After them some spoyle to make:
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his caftle fled,
To Barnard caftle then fled hee.
The uttermoſt walles were eate to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermoſt walles were lime and bricke;
But though he they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermoſt walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then

* Ver. 106. The Half-Moone, &c.] The SILVER CRESCENT is a well-known Crest or Badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Cruzades againſt the Sarazens. In an ancient Pedigree in verse, finally illuminated on a Roll of Vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family) we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of Gernon or Algernon, often born by the Percies; who, he says, were

.... Gernons fyrf named of Brutys bloude of Troy:
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persé [Perse]
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nght,
An hevyly myftery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherfe;
In hys scheld did schyne a Mon E veryfying her lyght,

Which
Then newes unto leewe London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore *;
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the carles i'th' North countrie.

With them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' erle Sussex and the lord Hunfdên;
Untill they to Yorke castle came
I wifs, they never stint ne blan.

Which to all the oofte yave a persyttte fyght,
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persfue;
And therefore the Persês [Percies] the Cressant doth renew.

In the dark ages no Family was deemed considerable that did not derive
its descent from the Trojan Brutus; or that was not distinguished by
prodigies and miracles.

* This is quite in echaraCter: her majesty would sometimes sware at
her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Now
Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against foe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED
BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the pre-
ceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland
had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured
to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the
thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by
them. At length he reached the house of Hector, of Harlaw,
arm Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for,
Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was
under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this
faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to
Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle
of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All
the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was
rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so
infamous, that to take Hector’s cloak, grew into a
proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. See Cam-
den, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-
leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of
Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord
Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered
death. As Morton’s party depended on Elizabeth for pro-
tection, an elegant Historian thinks “it was scarce possible
for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had
taken up arms against her. But, as a sum of money was
paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his
kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in
England, had been much indebted to Northumberland’s
friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevi-
table destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary
act.” Robertson’s Hist.

So far History coincides with this ballad, which was ap-
parently written by some Northern Bard soon after the event.
The interposal of the Witch-Lady (v. 53.) is probably
his own invention: yet, even this hath some countenance from
history; for, about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas,
Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus, and nearly related
to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pre-
tended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the
Witch-lady alluded to in verse 33.
The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this Ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another Ballad on the escape of the E. of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

HOW long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
   In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
   It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
   And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
   A Scot he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border side,
   To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
   With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
   On Bramham moor had lost the day,

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
   They dealt with him all treacherously;
For they did strip that noble earle:
   And ever an ill death may they oye.

False
Falfe Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide:
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouslie:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day;
To the regent * the lord warden † sent,
That banništ earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banništ man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper fate
With many a goodly gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began:

* James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland November 24, 1572.
† Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.
What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullye?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are set, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltye:
And I am sworn into my bille,
Thither to bring my lord Percye.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wILT ryde to the worldes end,
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name:
You shall byde here, good English lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitie:
For he hath tane liverance of the earle *
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all England,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

* Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.
When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea *
Then ere my brother come againe
To Edenborow castle † Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

* i.e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.
† At that time in the bands of the opposite faction.
Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
When I thinkie on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
And fore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man,
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie:

This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray.

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet step one moment here aside,
Ile shewe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honour, free from guile.
If you'll not come yourselfe my lorde,
   Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but speak three words with him,
   And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
   She sh owed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
   So royallye on yonder greene?
O yonder is the lord Hunsdèn *:
   Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
   That walkes so proudly him beside?
That is Sir William Drury †, thee sayd,
   A keene captaine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madame,
   Betwixt yond English lords and mee?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
   To faile to them upon the sea.

* The Lord Warden of the East marches.
† Governor of Berwick.
ANCIENT POEMS.

I never was on English ground,
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother shee was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an aufterne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foller *, quoth shee,
Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe;
He wept; his heart he was full of woe:
And he is gone to his noble Lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to shew.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard,
I may not believe that witch ladie:
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,

* Warden of the Middle-march.
Yett have I never had noe outrake,  
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight:  
Betide me weale, betide me woe,  
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
And gave it to that gay ladie:  
Sayes, It was all that I cold fave,  
In Harley woods where I cold bee *.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
Then farewell truth and honestie;  
And farewell heart and farewell hand;  
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,  
And all the sailors were on borde;  
Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!  
The lady fett a fish foe deep,  
And in a dead swoone down thee fell.

* i.e. Where I was.  An ancient Idiom.
Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;
Come on, come on, and let her bee:
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to cheere that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,
Come on, come on, and let her bee:
My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had fayled * fifty myle,
Now fifty mile upon the sea;
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting fee.

* There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea:
but a Ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.
Faire words, quoth he, they make foole s faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen:
You may hap to thinke itt foone enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Erle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord;
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea:
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he sayth;
What needest thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horfeman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.
A fale Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie:
A fale Armstrong hath my spurre,
And all the geere belongs to mee.

When they had fayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea:
They landed low by Berwicke side,
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percye.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a sorrowful slyght:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

Ver. 224. Fol. MS. reads land, and ha not the following stanzas.
"Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
"To sing, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,'
"When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foodes."

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Music book, intitled, "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts: &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queens Majesties honorable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East, &c." 4to. no date: but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements, and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th), were had from two other ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, "A sweet and pleasant sonet, intitled, 'My Minde to me a Kingdom is.' To the tune of, In Crete, &c."

Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest: they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde:
Though much I want, that most would have, 5
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies. 10

Loe!
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And haftie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as fit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
The°se get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a fore,
No shape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind cau tosse;
I brooke that is anothers bane:

I feare
I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Crefus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortunes fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine.
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I brake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mighties gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I seele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath.
The golden meane betwixt them both,
Doth surest fit, and fears no fall.
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect eafe;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so well as I!

VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The subject of this tale is taken from that entertaining Colloquy of Erasmus, intitled, "Uxor Mevγαμος, sive Conjugium:" which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little Miscellaneous Publication, intitled, "Moralities, &c. by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem intitled Albion's England, written by W. Warner, a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The Reader will find some account of him in Vol. II. Book II. Song 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to.; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in bl. let. 4to.—The edition in 1602 is in thirteen Books; and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to.; yet, in 1606, was published "A Continuance of Albion's England, by the first author, "W. W. Lond. 4to. :" this contains Books xiv. xv. xvi.
ANCIENT POEMS.

In Ames's Typography, is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled "Warner's Poetry," printed in 1586, folio, and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant, under the name of Warner, "Syrinx, or seven fold Hisp. pleasant, and profitable, comical, and tragical," 4to.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the Author in stanzas but in long Alexandrines of 10 syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

I

Moatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
But jalousie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd
Ill husbands to live well;
As did the ladie of an earle,
Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle, there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and lived long
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet
At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untrill the chace,
Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge
Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And pertions might afford)
Brown bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were set him on the borde.

A cushion
ANCIENT POEMS. 313

A cushion made of lifts, a stoole
  Halfe backed with a hoope  20
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
  Besides a forry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
  Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds  25
  Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in ruffet neatly clad,
  With linen white as swanne,
Herselfe more white, fave roifie where
  The ruddy colour ranne:  30

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
  Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter flurres to see
  That all were seat and well;
The earle did marke her, and admire  35
  Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
  And held him at a feast:
But as his hunger flaked, so
  An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,
  And welcome too; he sayd  40
Unto his host and hostesse, in
The hearing of the maid:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
Of this, and many townes;
I also know that you be poore,
And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
That yonder lasse and I
May bargeine for her love; at least,
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it? nay who dares
Into my doings pry?

First they mislike, yet at the length
For lucre were mislaid;
And then the gameesome earle did wowe
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
So coyish to be kist,
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
She lastly did consent;
With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.
He tooke occasion oftentimes
In such a fort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often mist,
Contrary to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewhere;
It greev'd her not a little, though
She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,
Some fault perhaps in me;
Somewhat is done, that so he doth:
Alas! what may it be?

How may I winne him to myself?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke *;
Although hee now were chaste:
A man controled of his wife,
To her makes lesster haste,

* To check is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit; To check also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.
ANCIENT POEMS.

If duty then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make
My selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less, than that
His lady knew the same:
Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this devise did frame:

When long she had been wrong'd, and fought
The foresayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie household knowing her,
Did wish themselves without her;
Yet, for she looked merily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her.

When
ANCIENT POEMS.

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(Then blushing fairnes fairest)
Such beauty made the countesse hold
Then both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
Though she: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarfe one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie ba'kt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares
Her caufe of coming thither;
My lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house;
I thanke you for the same;
For why? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
Beseeching such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come my selfe
To see his lodging drest.

With
ANCIENT POEMS.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd;  
In which were hangings brave,  
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,  
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,  
She prays them to have care  
That nothing hap in their default;  
That might his heath impair:

And, Damself, quoth she, for it seemes  
This houshold is but three,  
And for thy parents age, that this  
Shall chieflly rest on thee;

Do me that good, else would to God  
He hither come no more.  
So tooke she horse, and ere she went  
Bestowed gould good store:

Full little thought the countie that  
His countesse had done so;  
Who now return'd from far affairs  
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within  
The late deformed cote,  
But that the formall change of things  
His wondering eyes did note.
ANCIENT POEMS.

But when he knew those goods to be  
His proper goods; though late,  
Scarce taking leave, he home returns  
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he  
With her his lodging tooke;  
Sir, welcome home (quoth she); this night  
For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such  
His stuffe bestowed see.  
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did  
Your love and lodging knowe.

Your love to be a proper wench,  
Your lodging nothing lese;  
I held it for your health, the house  
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,  
Your lordship loveth me;  
And greater hope to hold you such  
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my duty, your delight,  
And to retaine your favour,  
All done I did, and patiently  
Expect your wonted 'haviour.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kissing her a score of times) Amend, sweet wife, I shall:
He said, and did it; 'so each wife
'Her husband may' recall.

VII.

DOWSABELL.

The following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of 2. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. * They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheardes Garland fashioned in nine Egloges. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine musees. Lond. 1593." 4to. They are inscribed with the Author's name at length "To the noble and valerous gentleman master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton repinted them in the first folio Edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds:

* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Biog. Brit.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Lisfen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft bath tolde to me.

The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances, particularly that of Sir Isenbras* (alluded to in v. 3.) as the Reader may judge from the following specimen:

Lordynes, lysfen, and you shal here, &c.
* * * * *
Ye shall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,
And doughtye of his dede:
His name was Syr Ifenbras,
Man nobler then he was
Lyved none with breade,
He was lyvely, large, and longe,
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,
That myghtie was to se:
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym se,
For a gentyll knight was he:
Harpers loved him in hall,
With other minstrells all,
For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient Legend was printed in black-letter, 4to, by Wylliam Copland, no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS. copy of the same Romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French Original.

* As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas, v. 6.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Farre in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,
As bolde as Isenbras:
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,
A mayden fayre and free:
And for she was her fathers heire,
Full well she was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curtesie.

The filke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke:
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a flock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Y-wrought full featously.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove;
And lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweete cetywall,
The honey-fuckle, the harlocke,
The lilly and the lady-smocke,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
She chanced to espie
A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
And pip’d full merrilie.

He lear’d his sheepe as he him lift,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feede about him round;
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
Untill the fields and medowes rung,
And all the woods did found.
In favour this fame shepheards fwayne
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne *,
Which helde proud kings in awe:
But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
An innocent of ill as he †
Whom his lewd brother flaw.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,
Which was of the finest loke,
That could be cut with sheere:
His mittens were of bauzens skinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
His breech of coyntrie blewe:
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks:
So like a lover true,

And pyping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
Which liked Dowfabel:
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought;
She in love-longing fell.

* Alluding to "Tamburline the great, or the Scythian Shepheard," 1590, 8vo, an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe. † Sc. Abel.
At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,
She drew the shepheard nye;
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forfooke their foode,
To heare his melodye.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly shepheard swayne,
The which can pipe so well:
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away
In love of Dowfabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
Left they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seen fayre Dowfabel
Come forth to gather maye.

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd:
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
   And all for long of thee.
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my fould 
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,
   Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,
Then I shold lose my mayden-head,
   And all for love of men.
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
   To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Rosalinde,
   Of curtesie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever mayden yet might be
   Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
   And him she sweetely kist:
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, ther's never shepheards boy
   That ever was so blift.

VIII. THE
 VIII.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,


ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;

I am free again.

Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,

Bewitching pain,

Fly to fools, that figh away their time:

My nobler love to heaven doth climb,

And there behold beauty still young;

That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,

Immortal sweetnefts by fair angels fung,

And honoured by eternity and joy:

There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,

Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.
IX.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's Triumph: a pastoral tragicomedy," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to, 1623 *—Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor), has inserted a small Portrait of him in a full-length Picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
   Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
   And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toyle,
   That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
   And spend the night in sleepe.

* In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "Tragedie of Cleopatra, London, 1607, 12mo."
ANCIENT POEMS.

ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toiles as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toyle!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honor, nor report,
Yet manliness would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport:

For
ANCIENT POEMS.

For toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Where to yeelds all your toyle;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To shew that it was ill.
Syren.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem borne to turne them best:
To purge the mischiefes, that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syren.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
ANCIENT POEMS.

I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin
T' undo or be undone.

X.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I. is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's Poems*, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo.—Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary 2. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [ Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.

* See the full title in Vol. II. Book III. No. IV.
ANCIENT POEMS.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by:
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth
Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain:

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'lt not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd; and through that breast
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start?

She
ANCIENT POEMS.

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow:
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherds hastie too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love fate on a tree,
And laught that pleasant sight to see.

XI.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eaton in 1639. Æt. 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, intitled, RELIQVÆ WOTTONIANÆ, 1651, 12mo; compared with one or two other copies.

HOW happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose
Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertaines the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the Gildroy, who is the hero of Scotch Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thompson’s Orpheus Caledonius, Vol. II. 1733, Svo. is a copy of this ballad, which, tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary 2. of Scots: ex. gr.

"The Queen of Scots posses'd nought,
' That my love let me want:
" For cow and ew to me he brought,
" And ein when they were feant."

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy that appears to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriances that required the pruning-hook.
GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
    Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
    Wi' garters hanging doun'e:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
    To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
    My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! fike twa charming e'en he had,
    A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
    But costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
    Nane eir tull him was coy:
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day
    For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
    Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor'n,
    We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
    Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
    Twixt me and Gilderoy.
ANCIENT POEMS.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding fark of holland fine,
Wi' filken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laffie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time,
Among the leaves fae green;
Aft on the banks we'd fit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feates of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.
And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi'thee;
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent Sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was fae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or afs,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made fae strick,
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.
Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang like handsome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottifh land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy fae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave fae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

** **
XIII.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo."

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.
ANCIENT POEMS.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mothers features,
To hear them lip their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.
XIV.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY

...was published in a small collection of poems, intitled, Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony, &c. 1756, written, in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furnished by the late Mr. Shenstone, with some variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propose, and for which the Author's indulgence was intreated. In this Edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy; but, as that may be seen correctly given in Pearch's Collection, Vol. I. 1783, p. 161, it was thought the Reader of Taste would wish to have the variations preserved; they are therefore still retained here, which it is hoped the worthy Author will excuse with his wonted-liberality.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave, in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.
IN aunciente days tradition showes
A bafe and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
Which feem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends fayne,
She chose to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their neft,
While wolves its craggy sides possesed,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholesome herb could here be found;
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And mar'ed all goodly cheer.
All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes;
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despiught,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shewn,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chaunteled out his godlie booke,
He croft the water, blest the brooke,
Then—pater nofer done,—
The ghastly hag he sprinkied o'er;
When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
That has not seen the witch in stone,
With all her household gear.

But
ANCIENT POEMS.

But tho’ this lerned clerke did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curse behind:
That Wok-y-nymphs forfaken quite,
Tho’ sense and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant:
Here’s beauty, wit, and sense combin’d,
With all that’s good and virtuous join’d,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then such maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be stone,
As thus forfaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair;
Virtue’s the gods’ peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find such men,
As best deserve your choice.

XV. BRYAN
— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about the beginning of the present reign. The Editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger *, who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1667. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine Ode on Solitude, printed in the IVth Vol. of Dudley's Miscel. p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The Reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the Author:

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's tracklefs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clipted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wafes survey, &c.

all ding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day †.

* Author of a poem on the Culture of the Sugar-Cane, &c.
† So in pag. 235. it should be, Turn'd her magic ray.
ANCIENT POEMS.

THE north-eaft wind did briskly blow,
   The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew flow,
   And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
   His heart long held in thrall;
And whofo his impatience blames,
   I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
   He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
   Tho' ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
   Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
   He scant had twenty een.

But who the countless charms can draw,
   That grac'd his mistres true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
   Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
   Like tendrils of the vine:
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
   Her eyes like diamonds thine.
Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient flood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave:

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely twain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste;
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

XVL

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances, and have collected them into volumes under the title
titles of El Romancero, El Cancionero*, &c. Most of
them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a
spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But, of
all the Spanish ballads none exceed in poetical merit those
inserted in a little Spanish * History of the civil wars of
Granada,* describing the differences which raged in that
later part of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the
reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History
(or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are
inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth
of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn
up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate those beau-
tiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that
they are translations from the Arabic or Moorish language.
Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and
the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which
runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been
composed soon after the conquest of Granada† above men-
tioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted
was published about a century after. It should seem at
least, that they were written before the Castilians had
formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on
the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy
that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for near
two centuries past so much infected the Spanish poetry, and
rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very
much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels,
the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following
poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of
this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for
his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language.

* i.e. The ballad-singer. † See Vol. III. p. xv. Note.
As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporary songs, as we learn from Baret's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

poné casa meteni arcón
noble cañas muere gamo

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in AA, the other in AA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line:

Rio verde, rio verde *,
which could not be translated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,
would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

* Literally, Green river, green river.
Río verde, río verde,
Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña
De Christianos y de Moros
Muertos por la dura espada!

Y tus ondas cristalinas
De roxa sangre se esmaltan:
Entre Moros y Christianos
Muy gran batalla se trava.

Murieron Duques y Condes,
Grandes señores de salva:
Murio gente de valia
De la nobleza de España.

En ti murio don Alonfo,
Que de Aguilar se llamaba;
El valeroso Urdiales,
Con don Alonfo acababa.

Por un ladera arriba
El buen Sayavedra marcha;
Naturel es de Sevilla,
De la gente mas granada.

Tras el iba un Renegado,
Deña manera le habla;
Date, date, Sayavedra,
No huyas de la Batalla.

Yo
GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons flow retire;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?

A a 2

Well
Yo te conozco muy bien,
'Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa;
'Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
'Bien te vide jugar cañas.

Conozco a tu padre y madre,
'Y a tu muger doña Clara;
'Siete años fui tu cautivo,
'Malamente me tratabas.

'Y aora lo feras mio,
'Si Mahoma me ayudará;
'Y también te tratare,
'Como a mi me tratabas.

Sayavedra que lo oyera,
'Al Moro bolvio la cara;
'Tirole el Moro una flecha,
'Pero nunca le acertaba.

Hiriole Sayavedra
'De una herida muy mala:
'Muerto cayo el Renegado
'Sin poder hablar palabra:

Sayavedra fue cercado
'De mucha Mora canalla,
'Y al cabo cayo allí muerto
'De una muy mala lanzada.
ANCIENT POEMS.

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv’d beneath thy roof;
Oft I’ve in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro’ the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant funk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.
Ancient Poems.

Don Alonfo en este tiempo
Bravamente peleava,
Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
Y le tiene por muralla.

Mas cargaron tantos Moros
Que mal leieren y tratan:
De la sangre, que perdia,
Don Alonfo se desmaya.

Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
Al pie de un pena alta,——
—— Muerto queda don Alonfo,
Eterna fama ganara.'

* * * * * *
ANCIENT POEMS.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * * * *

* * * In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

Renegado properly signifies an Apostle; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the Lion, &c. in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in IA, viz.

'Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
'Como un leon rebolbia.'
ANCIENT POEMS.

XVII.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A Moorish Tale,

Imitated from the Spanish.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines:

* For la calle de su dama
* Passeando se anda, &c.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon place lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting
ANCIENT POEMS.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he fighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair luftre
To the loft benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid'form dispersing
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.
Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That seduced by fordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend;
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows:
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart:
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient Poems.
Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
Long have rent our house and thine;  
Why then did thy shining merit  
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee  
Spite of all their hateful pride,  
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings  
Oft I've from my mother borne;  
What I've suffered here to meet thee  
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;  
All, to force my hand combine;  
And to-morrow to thy rival  
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida  
Can survive so great a wrong;  
Well my breaking heart assures me  
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!  
Farewell too my life with thee!  
Take this scarf a parting token;  
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon,
Soon, lovd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—to him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida!
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Allâ be thy guide!

The end of the third book.
A GLOSSARY
OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN
VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin
by l. Anglo-Saxon by A.S. Icelandic by I.I. &c. For
the etymology of the words in this and the following
Volumes, the Reader is referred to JUNII ETIMOLOGI-
CON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYK, OXON.
1743, fol.

For such words as may not be found here, the Reader is
desired to consult the Glossaries to the other Volumes.

A

A

Ancyent, standard.
Aras, p. 5, arros, p. 9, arrows.
Arcir, p. 83, archer.
Affinde, assigned.
Affoyld, affoyled, absolved.
Affate, osteate; also, a great person.
Aftound, aftonyed, flunneed, asfo-
nished, confounded.
Ath, p. 6, athe, p. 9, o' th' of
the.
Aureat, golden.
Austere, p. 303, stern, austere.
Avoyd, p. 217, void, vacate.
Avowe, p. 29, vow.
Axed, asked.
Ayance, p. 293, against.

A Twyde, p. 6, of Tweed.
Abacke, back.
Abone, aboon, s. above.
Abowght, about.
Abraid, abroad.
Afton, a kind of armour made of
taffaty, or leather quilted, &c.
worn under the babergeon, to
save the body from bruises.
A Guyetoun.
Aft, s. oft.
Agayne, against.
Agoe, gone.
Ain, awin, s. own.
Ail gife, although.
Alate, p. 107, of late.
An, p. 83, and.
Ane, s. one, an.

Ba, s. ball.
Bacheleere, p. 84, &c. knight.
Bairne,
A G L O S S A R Y.

Bairne, s. child.
Baith, s. bathe, both.
Baille, bale, pp. 44, 87, evil, hurt, mischief, misery.
Bals bete, p. 17, better orr bales, i.e. remedy our evils.
Band, p. 52, bond, covenant.
Bane, bone.
Bar, bare.
Barde, bare-head, or perhaps bared.
Barne, p. 7, berne, p. 22, man, person.
Bate court, the lower court of a caffle.
Bafnete, bafnite, baunyte, bafyonet, baunonette, helmet.
Bauzen's skinne, p. 324, perhaps, sheepe's leather dressed and coloured red, f. bazane, sheepe's leather. In Scotland, sheepekin mittens, with the wool on the inside, are called Bauzon-mittens.—Baufon also signifies a badger, in old English; it may therefore signify perhaps badger-skin.

Be that, p. 6, by that time.
Bearing arrow, p. 182, an arrow that carries well.—Or, perhaps bearing, or birring, i.e. whirring, or whizzing arrow: from Ll. Bir. Ventus, or A. S. Beppe, fremitus.
Bedeight, bedecked.
Bedyls, beadles.
Behued, beard.
Beinste, did beat.
Beinfor, before.
Beegyld, beguiled, deceived.
Beheft, commands, injunctions.
Behove, p. 187, beboof.

Belyfe, p. 177, belive, immediately, by and by, shortly.
Bende-bow, a bent bow, qu.
Ben, bene, been.
Benison, blessing.
Bent, p. 5, heuts, p. 45, (where bents, long coarse grass, &c. grow) the field; fields.
Benynge, p. 103, benigne, benign, kind.
Befte, becfs art.
Befits, beastis.
Beftrawghted, p. 197, distraught.
Beth, be, are.
Bickarte, p. 5, bicker'd, skir mished. (It is also used sometimes in the sense of "Swiftly coursed," which seems to be the sense, p. 5. Mr. Lambe.)
Bill, &c. p. 299, I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.
Blane, p. 12, blanne, did blin, i.e. linger, stop.
Blaw, s. blow.
Blaze, to emblazon, display.
Blee, colour, complexion.
Bleid, s. blede, bleed.
Bliff, bleeding.
Blive, belive, immediately.
Bloomed, p. 323, beset with blooms.
Blude, blood, bluidy, s. blood red.
Bluid, bluidly, s. blood, bloody.
Blyve, belive, instantly.
Boare, bare.
Bode, p. 95, abode, flayed.
Boltes, shafts, arrows.
Bomen, p. 5, bowmen.
Bonny, bonnie, s. comely.
Boone, a favour, request, petition.

* Mr. Lambe also interprets "BICKERING," by rattling, e.g. And on that flee Ulysses head Sad curses down does BICKER.

Translat. of Ovid.
GLOSSARY.

Boot, boote, advantage, help, assistance.
Borrowe, borowe, pledge, surety.
Borowe, p. 164, to redeem by a pledge.
Borrowed, p. 34, warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.
Bot and s. p. 121. (It should probably be both and) and also.
Bot, but.
Bote, boot, advantage.
Bougill, s. bugle-born, bunting-born.
Bounde, bowynd, bowned, referred, got ready.
The word is also used in the North in the sense of 'went' or 'was going.'
Bowne ye, prepare ye, get ready.
Bowne, ready; bowned, prepared, Bowne to dine, p. 154, going to dine.
Bowne is a common word in the North for 'going,' e.g. Where are you bowne to? Where are you going?
Bowre, bower, habitation: chamber parlour, perhaps from 12. boun, to dwell.
Bowre-window, chamber-window.
Bowys, bows.
Eraid, s. broad, large.
Brandes, swords.
Breere, breune, briar.
Bred bannor, broad banner.
Breech, p. 324, breeches.
Breeden bale, breed mischief.
Breng, bryng, bring.
Brether, brettren.
Broad arrow, a broad forked-headed arrow.
Brodinge, pricking.
Brooke, p. 16, enjoy.
Brooke, p. 306, bear, endure.
Broud, broad.
Brytlynge, p. 6, brytling, p. 7, cutting up, quartering, carving.

Bugle, bugle-born, hunting-born.
Buslment, p. 100, ambushment, ambush; a snare to bring them into trouble.
Bufke ye, defye.
Busket, buskt, dressed.
Buskt them, p. 100, prepared themselves, made themselves ready.
Busk and boun, p. 124, i.e. make yourselves ready and go. Boun, to go (North country.)
But if, unless.
Buttes, buts to shoot at.
By thrre, p. 156, of three.
Bye, p. 164, buy, pay for; also, abye, suffer for.
Byears, heeres, biers.
Bydys, bides, abides.
Byll, bill, an ancient kind of bate or battle-ax, p. 6.
Byn, hine, hin, been, be, are.
Byrne, birch-tree, birch-wood.
Byste, beast, art.

C.

Calde, callyd, p. 8, called.
Camfcho, s. stern, grim.
Can, cane, pp. 27, 29, 'gan'; p. 26, began to cry.
Capull hyde, borfe-bide.
Care-bed, bed of care.
Carpe of care, p. 15, complain thro' care.
Casts, p. 7, mean, intend.
Cawte, vid. Kawte.
Caytiffe, caitif, slave, despicable wretch, p. 47.
Cetiwall, p. 324, fetiwall, the herb Valerian: also, Mountain Spikenard. See Gerard's Herbal.
Chanteclere, the cock.
Chays, chace.
Check, to rate at.
AGLOSSARY.

Check, to stop.
Christentye, christiantæ, Christendom.
Churl, one of low birth, a villain, or vassal.
Chyf, chyfe, chief.
Clawde, clawed, tore, scratched; p. 187, figuratively, beat.
Cleaped, cleped, called, named.
Clerke, scholar.
Clim, the contraction of Clement.
Clyf, chyfe, chief.
Clim, the contraction of Clement.
Clove, cot, cottage.
Coly, a North country word for a broken cliff.
Coate, cot, cottage.
Cockers, p. 324, a sort of bukins or short boots fastened with laces or buttons, and often worn by Farmers or Shepherds. In Scotland they are called Cutikins, from Cute, the ankle.—"Co-"kers: Fishermen's Boots." (Littleton's Dictionary.)
Collayne, Cologn:feet.
Comen, commyn, come.
Confetered, confederated, entered into a confederacy.
Cordiwin, p. 324, cordwayne, properly Spanifh, or Cordovan leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.
Corfware, p. 12, courser, field.
Cote, cot, cottage. Item, coat.
Could, cold. Item, could.
Could be, p. 304, was. Could dye, p. 32, died (a phrase.)
Countie, p. 318, count, earl.
Coupe, a pen for poultry.
Couth, could.
Coytrice, p. 324, Coventry.
Croney, merry, sprightly, exulting.
Credence, belief.
Crevis, crevice, chink.

Cricke, s. properly an ant: but in p. 191, means probably any small insect.
Crifies cors, p. 8, Christ's curse.
Crowch, clutch.
Clowch, clutch, grasp.
Cryance, belief, i.e. creance. [During recreant.] But in p. 115, &c. it seems to signify 'fear,' f. crainte.
Cum, s. come, p. 10, came.

D.

Dampned, condemned.
De, dey, dy, pp. 7, 10, 15, die.
Deepe-fette, deep-fetched.
Deil, s. dede, deed. Item, dead.
Deip, s. depe, deep.
Deir, s. deere, dere, dear.
Dell, deal, part; p. 107, every dell, every part.
Denay, deny (rubrhim gratia.)
Depured, purified, run clear.
Defcreve, describe.
Dight, decked, put on.
Dill, p. 41, dole, grief, pain.—Dill I drye, p. 41, pain I suf-fer.—Dill was dight, p. 40, grief was upon him.
Dint, stroke, blow.
Dis, p. 83, this.
Disquiet, discuffed.
Dites, dities.
Dochter, s. daughter.
Dole, grief.
Doleful dumps, pp. 197, 279, sorrowful glooms; or heaviness of heart.
Dolours, dolorous, mournful.
Doth, dothe, doeth, do.
Doughte, Doughete, Doughetie, Dowghtye, doughty, formidable.
Doughetie, i.e. doughty man.
Downae,
A Glossary

Downae, s. p. 40, am not able; properly, cannot take the trouble.
Doute, doubt. Item, fear.
Doutted, doubted, feared.
Dois, s. doys, does.
Drap, s. drop.
Dre, p. 13, drie, p. 12*, suffer.
Dreid, s. dreede, drede, dread.
Dreips, s. drips, drops.
Drovyers, drovers, p. 271, such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.
Dryvare, s. idem.
Dryye, p. 29, suffer.
Dryghnes, dryness.
Duble Dyfe, false diet.
Dughtie, doughty.
Dyght, p. 12, sight, p. 56, dressed, put on, put.
Dyte, dint, blow, broke.
Dygysynge, disguising, masking.

E.
Eame, ene, uncle.
Eathe, easy.

* In the Ballad of Sir Gawine, we have 'Eldridge Hills,' p. 45. 'Eldridge Knight,' p. 45, 54. 'Eldridge Sword,' p. 43, 56.---So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the 'Erlchies Brethren,' i.e. brethren (b. ii. p. 91, l. 16.) and in his Prologue to b. vii. (p. 202, l. 3.) he thus describes the Night-Owl.

"Laithely of forme, with crukit camfho beik, "Ugforme to here was his wyld Erlische fkreik."

In Bannatyne’s MS. Poems, (fol. 135; in the Advocate’s Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical Rhapsody of a deceased old woman, travelling in the other world; in which

"Scho wonderit, and zeid by, to an Erlrich well."

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, Erliche, &c. is explained by "Wild, hideous: Lat. Trux, immannis;" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay’s Glossaries.

VOL. I.
GLOSSARY.

F.

Fa, s. fall.
Fach, feche, fetch.
Fain,ayne, glad, fond.
Faine of fighte, fond of fighting.
Fain,ayne, feign.
Fals, false. Item: falletb.
Fare, paft.
Farden, faid, failed.
Farley, wonder.
Faulcone, faulcon.
Fay, fair.
Faycre, ^.
Faytors, deceiver, cheats.
Fendeys pray, &c. p. 104, ffrom being the prey of the fiends.
Ferly, fiercely.
Fefante, pheasant.
Fette, fetched.
Fetteled, prepared, addressed, made ready.
Filde, field.
Finanunce, p. 104, fine, forfeiture.
Fit, g. fyt. p. 164, fytte, p. 83. Part or Division of a song.

Hence in p. 74, fitt is a strain of music. See vol. II. p. 174 and Glossary.

Flyte, to contend with words, scold.
Foo, p. 31, foes.
For, on account of.
Forbode, commandment, p. 184.

* An ingenious correspondent in the north, thinks FREET is not an unlucky omen,’ but “that thing which terrifies;” viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. FRIGHT is pronounced by the common people in the north, FREET. p. 124.
A Glossary.

371

Growende, growynd, ground.
Gude, guid, gaud, s. good.

A.S. Lamenian, jo-
cari. Hence Backgammon.
Gane, gan, began.
Garde, garred, made.
Ganyde, p. 10, gained.
Gare, gar, s. make, cause; force, compel.
Gargeyld, p. 106, from Gargou-
ille, f. the spout of a gutter.
The tower was adorned with
spouts cut in the figures of grey-
bound, lions, &c.
Garland, p. 89, the ring, within
which the prick or mark was set
for to be foot at.
Gear, s. geer, goods.
Getinge, what he had got, his
plunder, booty.
Geve, gevend, give, given.
Gi, gie, s. give.
Giff, gift, if.
Gin, s. an, if.
Give owre, s. surrender.
Glede, p. 7, a red-hot cole.
Glent, p. 5, glanced.
Glof, p. 98, set a false gloss, or
colour.
Gode, good.
Goddes, p. 100, goddess.
Goggling eyen, goggle eyes.
Gone, p. 51, go.
Gowd, s. gold, gold.
Graine, scarlet.
Gramercye, i.e. I thank you. fr.
Grand-mercie.
Grange, p. 312, granary; also,
a lone country-house.
Grea-hondes, grey-bounds.
Grece, a step, p. 107, a flight of
steps.
Grece, p. 174, fat (a fat hart)
from f. graiffe.
Greennyng, p. 77, grinning.
Gret, great.
Greves, groves, bushes.
Gryfely groaned, p. 32, dreadfully
groaned.
Groundwa, groundwall.

H.

Ha, hae, s. have. Item. half.
Habergeon, f. a lesser coat of
mail.
Hable, p. 90, able.
Halched, halfed, saluted, embraced;
fell on his neck; from.
Halfs, the neck; throat.
Halefome, tubolefume,kealtby.
to be fooled at.
Gear, s. geer, goods.
Getinge, what he had gotten,
plunder, booty.
Geve, gevend, give, given.
Gi, gie, s. give.
Giff, giff, if.
Gin, s. an, if.
Give owre, s. surrender.
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groaned.
Groundwa, groundwall.
GLOSSARY.

Heft, p. 47, command, injunction.
Hether, biter.
Heavyng, hewinge, hewing, backing.
Hewyne in to, hewn in two.
Hi, hie, he, hee, high.
Hight, p. 49, p. 41, engage, engaged, promised, (p. 156, named, called).
Hillys, hills.
Hinde, hend, gentle.
Hir, s. her.
Hirfel, s. berfelf.
Hit, f. n.
Hoo, ho, p. 20, an interjection of stopping or desisting: hence stoppage.
Hode, hood, cap.
Holtes, woods, groves, p. 24. In Norfolk a plantation of cherry-trees is called a "cherry-holt."
Holy, p. 103, wholly. Or perhaps hole, whole.
Hom, hem, them.
Hondrith, hundred, hundred.
Honge, hang, bung.
Hontyng, hunting.
Hoved, p. 106, beaved; or perhaps, bovered, (p. 24.) bung moving. (Gl. Chaue.) Hoved or hoven means in the north, 'swelled.' But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the same as Houd, still used in the north, and applied to any light substance gliding to and fro on an undulating surface. The vowel u is often used there for the conon. v.
Hound, hunt.
Hyghte, p. 30, on high, aloud.

I.

I' setli, in faith.
I ween, (I think:) verify.
I wys, I wis, (I know:) verily.
I wot, (I know:) verily.
Iclipped, called.
If, if.
Jimp, s. slender.
I'd, I'd, I would.
Ile, I'll, I will.
Ilka, s. every.
Im, p. 82, bim.
In fere, I fere, together.
Into, s. in.
Intres, p. 107, entrance, admission.
Jo, p. 338, sweet-heart, friend.
Jogelers, p. 137, juglers.
J-tuned, tuned.
Iye, eye.
Is, p. 83, is, his.

K.

Kall, p. 104, call.
Kan, p. 101, can.

*HOLTES seems evidently to signify HILLS in the following passage from TURBerville's "Songs and Sonnets," 12mo. 1567, fol. 56.

"Yee that frequent the hilles,"
"And highest HOLTES of all;"
"Aslift me with your skilfull quilles,"
"And listen when I call."

As also in this other Verse of an ancient Poet.
"Underneath the HOLTES so hoar."
A GLOSSARY.

Karl, carl, churls, karlis of kind, p. 98, churls by nature.
Kauld, p. 82, called.
Kawte and keene, p. 26, cautious and active, l. causus.
Kees, p. 325, care, heed.
Keepe, p. 174, lawn.
Kemperye man, f, 70, soldier, warrior, fighting-man.*
Kempe, a soldier.
Kerne, s, combs.
Ken, know, known.
Kepers, &c, f, jS3, Sc.
Kiaicht, s, knight.
Knights fee, p. w, such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and horse.
Knowles, knolls, little bills.
Knycled, knelt.
Kowarde, coward.
Kuntrey, p. 101, country.
Kurteit, p. 103, courteous.
Kyrtille, kirtle, petticoat, gown.

Laith, s. lotb.
Laithly, s. loathsome, bidesous.
Langfome, s, p. 339, long, tedious.
Lang, s, long.
Lauch, laughed, s. laugh, laughed.
Launde, p. 174, lawn.
Lay-land, p. 47, land that is not plowed; green-field.
Lay-lands, p. 55, lands in general.
Layden, laid.
Laye, p. 47, law.
Layne, lain, vid. leane.
Leane, p. 29, conceal, hide; Item, lye, (query).
Leanyde, leaned.
Learnd, learned, taught.
Leafe, p. 175, lying, fall-flood.
Withouten leafe, verily.
Leafynge, lying, fall-flood.
Lee, p. 125, Lea, the field.
Leeche, physician.
Leechinge, doctoring, medicinal care.
Lefe, p. 128; leves, leaves.
Leive, p. 345, look.
Leeveth, believeth.
Lefe, p. 178; leeve, dear.
Leive, leaves, leaves.

GLOSSARY.

Leive, s. leave.  
Leman, leaman, leiman, lover, mistress. A. S. leifman.  
Lenger, longer.  
Lere, p. 53, face, complexion, A. S. hiéane, facies, vultus.  
Lerned, learnt.  
Lefynge, leafing, lying, faljoked.  
Let, p. 5, bind, kindred.  
Lettyng, hindrance, i.e. without delay.  
Lever, rather.  
Leyre, lere, learning, taught.  
Lig, s. lig.  
Lightsome, cheerful, sprightly.  
liked, p. 324, pleased.  
Linde, p. 173, the lime tree; or collectively, lime trees; or trees in general.  
Lingell, a thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c. used by rustics for mending their shoes.  
Lith, lithe, lythe, p. 157, attend, bearken, listen.  
Lither, p. 72, idle, worthless, naughty, forward.  
Liver, deliver.  
Liverance, p. 299, deliverance, (money; or a pledge for delivering you up).  
Loke, p. 324, lock of wool.  
Longes, belongs.  
Loofet, lofed, loosed.  
Lope, leaped.  
Loveth, love, plur. number.  
Lough, p. 172, laugh.  
Louked, looked.

Loun, s. p. 340, lown, p. 207, loun, rascal, from the Irish lian.  
lotful, sluggisb.  
Louted, lowede, bowed, did obeyance.  
Lowe, p. 92, a little hill.  
Lurden, lurdeyne, sluggard, drone.  
Lynde, p. 172, 173, lyne, p. 90.  
See Linde.  
Lyth, p. 323, lythe, lithsome, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.

M.

Mahound, Mahowne, Mabomet.  
Majeste, maist, mayeste, may'st.  
Mair, s. mare, more.  
Makys, mak's, mates *.  
Male, p. 10, coat of mail.  
March perti, pag. 15, in the Parte lying upon the Marches.  
March-pine, p. 368, march-pane, a kind of biscuit.  
Maff, maft, may'ft.  
Masterye, p. 89, mayesty, p. 182, a tryal of skill, high proof of skill.  
Mauger, maugre, spite of.  
Maun, s. mun, must.  
May, maid, (rhythm gratia).  
Mayd, mayde, maid.  
Mayne, p. 57, force, strength, p. 85, borne's mane.  
Meany, retinue, train, company.  
Meed, meede, reward.

* As the words MAKE and MATE were, in some cases, used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the words CAKE and CATE seem to have been applied with the same indifference: this will illustrate that common English Proverb "To turn CAT (i.e. " CATE) in pan." A PAN-CAKE is in Northamptonshire still called a PAN-CATE.
AGLOSSARY.

Men of armes, p. 23, gen d'armes.
Meniveere, a species of fur.
Marches, marches.
Met, p. 6, meit, s. mete, meet, fit, proper.
Meyne, meany.
Mickle, much.
Minged, p. 46, mentioned.
Mifcreants, unbelievers.
Mifdoubt, mistake; also in the Scotch Idiom, "let a thing alone." (Mr. Lambe).
Mode, p. 172, mood.
Monynday, Monday.
Mores, p. 45, hills, wild downs.
Morne, s. p. 79, on the morrow.
Mort, death of the deer.
Moft, must.
Mought, mot, mote, might.
Mun, maun, s. must.
Mure, mures, s. wild downs, beaths, &c.
Mufis, muses.
Mighttè, mighty.
Myllan, Milan steel.
Myne-ye-ple, p. 10, perhaps, many pleis, or, folds. Monople is still used in this sense in the north (Mr. Lambe).
Myrry, merry.
Myfuryd, p. 99, misused, applied to a bad purpose.

N.

Na, nae, s. no, none.
Nams, names.
Nar, p. 6, nare, nor. It than.
Nat, not.
Nee, ne, nigh.
Neigh him near, approach him near.
Neir, s. nere, ne'er, never.

Neir, s. nere, near.
Nicked him of naye, p. 65, nicked him with a refusal.
Nipt, pinched.
Nobles, p. 27, nobles, nobleness.
None, noon.
Nourice, s. nurse.
Nye, ny, nigh.

O.

O gin, s. 0 if! a phrase.
On, one; on man, p. 8, one man.
One, p. 25, on.
Onfowghten, unfoughten, unfought.
Or, ere, p. 20, 24, before.
Or eir, before ever.
Orions, prayers.
Oft, ofte, oft, boist.
Out owen, s. quite ever: over.
Out-horn, the summoning to arms, by the sound of a horn.
Outrake, p. 304, an out ride; or expedition. To raisk, is to go fast. Outrake is a common term among Shepherds, when their sheep have a free passage from enclosed pastures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good outrake. (Mr. Lambe).
Oware of none, bour of noon.
Owre, owr, s. o'er.
Owt, out.

P.

Pa. s. the river Po.
Palle, a robe of state. Purple and pall, i. e. a purple robe, or cloak, a phrase.
Paramour, lover. Item, a mistress.
Paregall, equal.
Parti, party, p. 8, a part.
A GLOSSARY.

Paves, p. 98, a pavice, a large field that covered the whole body, f. pavoiis.
Pavilliane, pavillion, tent.
Pay, p. 167, liking, satisfaction: hence, well apaid, i.e. pleased, highly satisfied.
Peakish, p. 312.
Peere, pere, peer, equal.
Penon, a banner, or streamer born at the top of a lance.
Perelous, parlous, perilous; dangerous.
Perfight, perfect.
Perlefe, p. 104, peer left.
Perte, part.
Pertyd, parted.
Play-sers, play-fellows.
Plaining, complaining.
Pleasant, pleasure.
Pight, pyght, pitched.
Pil'd, p. 307, peeled, bald.
Pine, famifi, s. put.
Pious Chanison, p. 190, a godly song or ballad.*
Pite, Pittye, pyte, pity.
Pompal, p. 247, pompous.
Portres, p. 167, porters.
Popingay, a parrot.
Powe, pou: pow'd, s. pull, pulled.
Pownes, p. 314, pounds, (rhythmi gratia).
Prece, prese, pres.
Preced, p. 175, presed, pressed.
Pref, ready.
Preftly, p. 175, preftlye, p. 53, readily, quickly.
Prickes, p. 89, the mark to shoot at.
Pricke-wand, p. 89, a wand set up for a mark.

Pricked, spurred on, hasted.
Prowes, p. 100, prowes.
Prycke, p. 18, the mark: commonly a hazle wand.
Pryme, p. 151, day-break.
Pulde, pulled.

Quail, shrink.
Quadrant, p. 106, four-square.
Quarry, p. 272, in Hunting or Hawking, is the slaughtered game, &c. See page 6.
Quere, quire, cboir.
Quest, p. 168, inquest.
Quha, s. who.
Quhan, s. when.
Quhar, s. where.
Quhat, s. what.
Quhaten, s. what.
Quhen, s. when.
Quhy, s. why.
Quyrry, p. 6. See quarry above.
Quyte, p. 16, requited.

R.

Raine, reign.
Raffing seems to be the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. See p. 219.
Rayne, reane, rain.
Rayste, p. 21, race.
Reachles, careless.
Reas, p. 5, raise.
Reave, bereave.
Reckt, regarded.

* Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first Row of the Rubrick;" which has been supposed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the Red-lettered Titles of old Ballads. In the large Collection made by Mr. Pepys, I do not remember to have seen one single Ballad with its title printed in Red Letters.
A G L O S S A R Y.

Reek, s. smoke.
Reid, s. rede, reed, red.
Red-rozen, s. red-rozen, p. 60.
Rookeles, reck'lefe, regardles, void of care, rash.
Renish, p. 65, renisht, p. 71.
Renisht, p. 65. 71, perhaps a derivation from reniteo, to shine.
Renn, run, p. 205.
Renyled, p. 100, refused.
Reth, runt; Rewe, pity.
Riall, ryall, royal.
Richt, s. right.
Ride, make an inroad.
Roche, rock.
Ronne, ran; Roone, p. 25, run.
Roode, crofs, cruefix.
Roufe, roof.
Routhe, ruth, pity.
Row, rowd, s. roll, rolled.
Rowght, rout.
Rowyned, round.
Rowned, round, d, whispered.
Rues, ruehe, pitieth.
Rype, p. 289, i.e. make an inroad.
Rype, in p. 69, (v. 136.) should probably be rife.
Ryder, p. 184, ranger.
Rynde, p. 29, rent.

S.
Sa, sae, s. so.
Sail, s. sail.
Sall, s. ball.
Sar, fair, s. sore.
Sark, sight, sight.
Sat, sate, set.
Savyde, saved.
Saw, Say, speech, discourse.
Say us no harme, say no ill of us.
Sayne, say.

Scathe, hurt, injury.
Schapped, p. 30, perhaps swapp'd. Vid. loc.
Schip, s. ship.
Scho, sche, p. 24, s. she.
Schone, sone.
Schooite, foot, let go.
Schowte, schowtte, scout.
Schroil, s. shrill.
Se, s. see, sea, p. 6, see.
Seik, s. seke, seek.
Sene, seen.
Sertayne, sertenlye, certain, certainly.
Setywall. See setiwall.
Shaws, little woods.
Shear, p. 5, entirely, (penitus).
Shee, she'll, she will.
Sheene, thene, thinning.
Sheets, s. thetes, sheets.
Shent, disgraced.
Shimmering, thinning by glances.
Shoke, p. 101, shookes.
Shold, sholdhe, should.
Shoen, s. shone, p. 260, shoes.
Shote, shot.
Shraddes, p. 84, vid. locum.
Schrift, confession.
Shrogs, thurbs, thorns, briar.
G. Doug. scroggis.
Shulde, should.
Shyars, skires.
Sib, kin: akin, related.
Side, long.
Sic, sich, tick, s. such.
Sik, sike, such.
Sied, s. saw.
Siker, surely, certainly.
Sigh-clout, p. 206, (fyth-clout) a clout to strain milk through a straining clout.
Sith, p. 7, since.
Slade, a breadth of greensward between plow-lands, or woods.
Slaw, slaw, p. 324. (Sc. Abel.)
Slean, slone, slain.
Sle, flee, slay; fleeth, slayeth.
Sleip,
A GLOSSARY.

Sleip, s. flepe, sleep.
Slo, p. 98, floe, sley.
Slode, p. 46, slit, split.
Stone, p. 48, s lain.
Sleuge, p. 9, slew.
Smi her, s. smother.
Soldain, soldan, sowdan, sultan.
Soll, foule, scwle, soul.
Sort, company.
Soth-Ynglende, South England.
Soth, s. south, southe, soute.
Sord, com for, s. sort.
Sowre, sower, sower, sower, sower.
Sowter, sower, tournament.
Soy, s. soy.
Spak, s. speak.
Spak, s. speak.
Spacd, s. speak.
Spaced, s. spoke.
Spede, s. speeded.
Sped, s. speeded.
Spedis, s. speed.
Spanned, s. spanned.
Spere, s. speer, spear.
Spill, s. spill, s. spoil.
Sprentc, s. sprung out.
Spurn, s. spur, a kick, p. 16. See Tear.
Spyde, s. spied.
Spylit, spoiled, destroyed.
Spyt, s. spite, spite.
Stahyle, s. stahyle, p. 103, p. 103, perhisp, strilsh.
Stalworthye, s. stoutly.
Stane, s. stane, p. 82, stone.
Stark, s. stark, p. 53, stife, p. 100, entirely.
Steedie, s. stead, s. stede, steed.
Steid, s. stide, steeed.
Steel, s. steel.
Sterne, stern; or, perhaps, stars.
Sternis, stars.
Sterte, s. start.
Sterte, s. start, s. started.
Start, s. start, p. 334, started.
Steven, p. 93, voice.
Steven, p. 93, time.
Still, s. still, silent.
Stint, s. stop, stopped.
Stirande stage, p. 22. A friend interpreted this, "many a stirring, " travelling journey."
Stonderes, s. fanderes-by.
Stound, s. stownde, time, while.
Stour, p. 13, 75, stower, p. 46, stower, p. 29, 55, s. strike, disturbance, &c.
This word is applied in the north to signify dust agitated and put into motion: as by the sweeping of a room, &c.
Straight, s. straight.
Strekene, s. stricken, struck.
Stret, s. street.
Strick, s. struck.
Stroke, p. 10, s. struck.
Stude, s. stood.
Styntyde, s. tinted, stayed, stopt.
Suar, s. sware.
Sum, s. some.
Sumpters, p. 318, s. sumpters, p. 318, s. sumpters, p. 318.
Swatte, p. 10, s. swapped, p. 10, s. swapped, p. 28, s. swapped, p. 28, struck violently.
Swate, s. swept, to scourge, (vid. G. Sw. Doug.) Or perhaps 'exchanged' for blows: so swap or swopp signifies.
Swat, s. swat, s. swatte, s. swotte, did sweat.
Swear, s. sware.
Sward, s. sword.
Sweaven, s. sware.
Sweat, s. sweet, sweet.
Swith, s. swith, quickly, instantly.
Syd, s. side.
Syde s. hear, s. hear.
Sye, s. sne.
Syne, s. s. sne.
Take, s. taken.
Talents, p. 66, s. talent, p. 66.
GLOSSARY. 379

Moments hung from her head, to the value of talents of gold.

Taine, tane, taken.

Tear, p. 16, this seems to be a proverb, "That tearing or pulling occasioned his spurn or kick."

Teenefu', s. full of indignation, wrathful, furious.

Teir, s. tere, tear.

Teene, tene, sourrow, indignation, wrath. Properly injury, affront.

Termagaunt, the god of the Saxon. See a memoir on this subject in page 76 *.

Thair, their. Thair, thare, there.

Thame, s. them. Than, then.

The, thee. Thend, the end.

The, they. The wear, p. 5, they were.

Thear, p. 23, ther, p. 6, there.

Thee, thrive; mote he thee, may be thrive.

Ther, p. 5, their.

Therior, p. 7, therefore.

Therto, therto. Thes, these.

Theyther-ward, thisether-ward, towards that place.

Thie, thy. Thowe, thou.

Thoufe, s. thou art.

Throw, s. through.

Thralld, p. 309, captive, p. 114, thraldom, captivity.

Thrang, s. throng.

Thre, thrie, s. three.

Threape, to argue, to affirm or assert in a positive overbearing manner.

Thrîtë, thirty.

Throng, p. 154, fastened.

Till, p. 16, unto, p. 73, entice.

Tine, tine; tint, lost.

To, too. Item, two.

Ton, p. 7, tone, the one.

Tow, s. p. 123, to let down with a rope, 

Tow, towes, two. Twa, s. twa.

Towyu, p. 22, town.

Treytory, traitory, treachery.

Tride, tried.

Trim, exact.

Trow, think, conceive, know.

Trowthe, troth. Tru, true.

Tuik, s. took.

Tul, s. till, to.

Turn, p. 318, such turn, such an occasion.

Twinn'd, s. p. 30, parted, separated, vid. G. Douglas.

V. U.

Uglose, s. fleshing, horrible.

Vices, (probably contracted for De-)

* The old French Romancers, who had corrupted TERMAGANT into TERVAOANT, couple it with the name of MAHOMET as constantly as ours; thus in the old Roman de Blanchardin,

"Cy guerpifon tuit Apolin,
"Et Mahomet et TERVAOANT."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his Tale, intituled Le Fianc'e du Roy de Garbe, says,

"Et reniant Mahom, Jupin, et TERVAOANT,
"Avec maint autre Dieu non moins extravagant."

Mem. de l'Acad. des inscript. tom. 20, 4to. p. 352.

As TERMAGANT is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation and can only be explained from the elements of that language, its being corrupted by the old French Romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.
vices), p. 106, screws; or perhaps turning pins, swivels. An ingenious friend thinks a vice is rather "a spindle of a preste" that goeth by a vice, that seemeth to move of itself.

Vilane, p. 95, rafely.
Undight, undecked, undressed.
Unmacklye, mis-shapen.
Unlettered, p. 89, unappointed time, unexpectedly.
Untyll, unto, p. 165, against.
Voyded, p. 169, quitted, left the place.

W.
Wad, s. wold, wolde, would.
Wae worth, s. we be tede.
Warling, waltling.
Wane, p. 11, the same as ane; one: so wone, p. 13, is one *.
War, p. 6, aware.
Wolde, s. worlds.
Waryon, reward.
Wat, p. 8, wot, know, am aware.
Wat, s. wot.
Wavde, waved.
Wayward, froward, peevish.
Weale, p. 111, happiness, prosperity.
Weal, p. 15, wail.
Wedesful, widows.
Weedles, clothes.
Weel, we'll, we will.
Weene, ween'd, think, thought.
Weet, s. wet.
Weil, s. wepe, weep.
Wel-away, an interjection of grief.
Wel of pite, source of pity.

* In fol. 355, of Bannatyne's MS. is a short fragment, in which 'wane' is used for 'ane' or 'one,' viz.
"Amongst the Monsters that we find,"
"There's wane beloved of woman-kind,"
"Renowned for antiquity,"
"From Adame drivs his pedigree."

Wome, womb, belly, hollow.
Wende, p. 174, weened, thought.
Wend, wends, go, goes.
Werke, work.
Welflings, western, or wibbling.
While, p. 306, until.
Whoard, board.
Whos, p. 100, whose.
Whyllys, wibliff.
Wight, p. 199, person, p. 306, strong, lusty.
Wighty, p. 85, strong, lusty, active, nimble.
Wightlye, p. 41, vigorously.
Will, s. p. 79, shall.
Wilsulle, p. 88, wandering, erring.
Windling, s. winding.
Winnas, s. will not.
Winfome, s. agreeable, engaging.
Wifs, p. 294, know, wist, knew.
Withouten, withouten, without.
Wo, wo, woe.
Woe begone, p. 53, lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.
Wond'd, p. 322, wonn'd, dwelt.
Wone, p. 13, one.
Wonderfull, wonderly, p. 108, wonderously.
Wode, wood, mad, wild.
Wonne, dwell.
Woodweele, p. 84, or wodewale; the Golden Owl, a bird of the thrysh-kind. Gloss. Cbace. The orig. MS. bas here woodweete.
Worthè, worthy.
Wot, know, wotes, knows.
Wouch, p. 9, mischief, evil. A. S. pohè i.e. Wolig, malum.
Wright, p. 200, wright.
Wrag, s. wrang.
Wreke, wreak, revenge.
A GLOSSARY.

Wringe, p. 100, contended with violence.
Writhe, p. 304, writhe, twisted.
Wroken, revenged.
Wronge, wrong.
Wull, s. will.
Wyght, p. 321, strong, lusty.
Wyghtye, p. 181, the same.
Wyld, p. 5, wild deer.
Wynde, wende, go.
Wyenne, joy.
Wyffe, knew.

Y.
Y-cleped, named, called.
Y-con’d, taught, instructed.
Y-fore, together.
Y-founde, found.
Y-picking, picking, calling, gathering.
Y-flaw, plain.
Y-were, were.
Y-wis, p. 109, worldly.
Y-wrought, wrought.
Yave, p. 294, gave.
Yate, gate.
Ych, yche, each.
Ychyfeled, cut with the chizzle.

Ychone, p. 32, each one.
Ydle, idle.
Ye bent, y-bent, bent.
Ye feth, y-feth, in faith.
Yee, p. 28, eye.
Yenough, ynough, enough.
Yeldyde, yielded.
Yerarrchy, hierarchy.
Yere, yeere, year, years.
Yerle, p. 8, yerlle, earl.
Yerly, p. 5, early.
Yeftreen, s. yefer-evening.
Yf, if.
Ygnaunce, ignorance.
Yngglithe Ynglyshe, English.
Ynglond, England.
Yode, went.
Yone, you.
Yt, it.
Yth, p. 6, in the.

Z:
Ze, zea, s. ye.
Zeir, s. year.
Zellow, s. yellow.
Zonnder, s. yonder.
Zong, s. young.
Zour, s. your.

* The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ß, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this ß was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ß, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ßean yard, ßean year, ßeont young, &c.

THE END OF THE GLOSSARY.
Lanham describes this play of Hock Tuesday, which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storie show" (p. 32).—And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 32): Although we are also told by Bevil Higges, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhimes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo. p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734.)

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.
Reliques of ancient English poetry

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