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The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY:
SELECTED AND EDITED,
WITH A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES, BY
H. MACAULAY FITZGIBBON.

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AUTHORS AND TITLES.

BARBOUR, JOHN	PAGE
The Fox and the Fisherman	14
Apostrophe to Freedom	15
BARCLAY, ALEXANDER	
The Mutability of Fortune	132
DOUGLAS, GAWAIN	
Morning in May	117
Sleep	122
Spring	123
Love the Enslaver	124
Commendation of Honour	126
DUNBAR, WILLIAM	
The Merle and the Nightingale	63
Christ's Nativity	67
To a Lady	69
Advice to Lovers	69
The Changes of Life	70
No Treasure without Gladness	71
Meditation written in Winter	73
The World's Instability	75

DUNBAR, WILLIAM— <i>Continued.</i>	PAGE
Lament for the Makars	77
A May Day-Dream	81
Opening Stanzas of "Thistle and Rose"	83
Crowning the Scottish Lion	84
The King and Queen of Flowers	85
On Content	86
Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins	88
The Devil's Inquest	91
Of Life	94
Amends to Tailors and Soutars	95
How shall I govern me?	96
EDWARDS, RICHARD	
Affirming his Constancy	254
May	255
Amantium Iræ	256
Wisdom	258
Of Fortune's power	259
Women	260
In praise of Music	261
GASCOIGNE, GEORGE	
Arraignment of a Lover	232
A Lullaby	234
A strange passion of a Lover	235
The Swiftmess of Time	236
Sonnet on his Love	237
Echo Verse	237
Good Morrow	238
Good Night	290
Praise of Philip Sparrow	293
The Steel Glass	295
Ode to Mars	297

GOOGE, BARNABY	PAGE
To the Tune of Apelles	299
Harpalus and Phillida	301
The Fly	304
A Refusal	305
Out of Sight out of Mind	206
 GOWER, JOHN	
The Envious Man and the Miser	17
Alexander and the Robber	19
The Tale of the Coffers	21
Phœbus and Daphne	24
 GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS	
A True Love	242
Virtue	243
Friendship	243
Praise of Measure keeping	245
 HARRINGTON, JOHN	
Sonnet on Isabella Markham	281
 HAWES, STEPHEN	
Character of a True Knight	128
In Praise of Moderation	129
 HENRY THE MINSTREL	
Morning	62
 HENRYSON, ROBERT	
The Abbey Walk	47
The Garment of Good Ladies	49
The Three Dead Skulls	51
Tale of the Upland Mouse and the Burgess Mouse	52
Testament of Cresseid	56
A Vision of Æsop	58
The Praise of Age	60

	PAGE
HEYWOOD, JASPER	
Look ere you Leap	309
HEYWOOD, JOHN	
A Praise of his Lady	195
HOCCKLEVE, THOMAS	
Lament for Chaucer and Gower	27
Health	29
JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND	
Description of his Prison Garden	40
Description of his Love	42
Good Counsel	45
JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND	
The Gaberlunzie Man	251
KENNEDY, WALTER	
Praise of Age	100
LANGLAND, WILLIAM	
On the Priesthood	16
LINDESAY, SIR DAVID	
The Hope of Immortality	135
The Creation of Adam	136
The Building of the Tower of Babel	137
Meldrum's Duel	139
A Carman's Account of a Law-Suit	141
The Pardoner's Song	142
The Confessional	143

LYDGATE, JOHN	PAGE
The London Lackpenny	30
A Mediæval Schoolboy	34
Conclusion of his "Testament"	35
A Sylvan Retreat	36
The Golden Age	36
Sunrise	37
God's Providence	37
As straight as a Ram's Horn	38
MAITLAND, RICHARD	
The Creation and Paradise Lost	161
MANNING, ROBERT	
Praise of Good Women	4
MARSHALL, THOMAS	
Remember	307
MINOT, LAURENCE	
How Edward the King came in Brabant	8
MOFFAT, SIR JOHN	
Remember the end	98
MORE, SIR THOMAS	
On a new-married Student	124
PARKER, LORD MORLEY	
To his Posterity	313
RHODES, HUGH	
Cautions	194

ROLLE, RICHARD	PAGE
“What is in Heaven?”	5
Dame Fortune’s Wheel	6
The Broad and Narrow Way	6
SACKVILLE, THOMAS, LORD BUCKHURST	
Sorrow	317
Winter	318
Midnight	319
Allegorical Characters from “The Mirror for Magis- trates”	320
SCOT, ALEXANDER	
Hence, Heart	185
Rondel of Love	186
The Eagle and the Robin	187
Lament when his Wife left him	189
SKELTON, JOHN	
To Isabell	102
Upon a Dead Man’s Skull	103
To Mistress Margery Wentworth	105
Calliope	106
Complaint of a Rustic against the Clergy	107
Lament for Philip Sparrow	110
To Mistress Margaret Hussey	115
On Time	116
STILL, BISHOP	
I cannot eat but little meat	311

SURREY, THE EARL OF	PAGE
His Love, Geraldine	218
Complaint of his Lady	218
A Careless Man	219
How no age is content	220
Complaint of a Lover rebuked	222
Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there	222
How each thing receiveth pleasure in Spring	224
A Carol of Spring	225
A Vow to love faithfully	225
The Beauties of the Morning	226
A praise of his Love	227
The Happy Life	228
The Lover unbeloved laments by night	229
Love's Patience	229
On the Death of Sir Thomas Wyat	231
Sonnet on Sir Thomas Wyat	232
Death of Laocoon	233

TURBERVILLE, GEORGE

The Lover confesseth himself to be in love	271
The Lover, to his Lady, who gazed much up to the skies	271
To one that had little wit	272
The assured promise of a constant Lover	272
In Praise of Lady Anne, Countess of Warwick	273
All things are as they are used	276
Of a deaf Plaintiff, a deaf Defendant, and a deaf Judge	278
Of Drunkenness	279
Of a Rich Miser	280
The Niggard and the Mouse	280

TUSSER, THOMAS	PAGE
Sonnet to Lady Paget	263
Reflections on the Wind	264
Sonnet to his Wife	264
Good-Husband and Unthrift	265
Moral Reflections	267
Time and the Year	268
Principal Points of Religion	269
UDALL, NICHOLAS	
The Minion Wife	310
VAUX, LORD	
The Assault of Cupid	235
The Aged Lover renounceth Love	237
Grey Hairs	239
Death in Life	240
Of a Contented Mind	240
VERE, EARL OF OXFORD	
A Renunciation	314
The Shepherd's commendation of his Nymph	315
WEDDERBURN, JAMES	
Go, Heart	191
Leave me not	192
WYAT, SIR THOMAS	
A Supplication	198
The Lover's Appeal	199
Death's Bounties	200
Description of such a one as he would love	200
Of Dissembling Words	201

WYAT, SIR THOMAS— <i>Continued.</i>	PAGE
The Careful Lover complaineth, and the Happy Lover counselleth	201
The Complaint of a Deserted Lover	202
The Re-cured Lover exulteth in his freedom	204
A Renouncing of Love	205
The Lover forsaketh his unkind Love	206
The Lover complaineth the unkindness of his Love	206
The Lover determineth to serve faithfully	208
The Lover's lute cannot be blamed	209
"Blame not my Lute" moralised	210
Comparison of Love to an Alpine Stream	211
Of his Love that pricked her finger with a needle	212
On his return from Spain	212
Pleasure mixed with every pain	212
The Courtier's life	213
On the mean and sure estate	213
Yea or Nay	214
Disdain me not	214
Satire "On the mean and sure estate"	215
WYNTOUN, ANDREW OF	
Macbeth and the Witches	26
ANONYMOUS	
A Little Geste of Robin Hood	146
Ancient Love Song	178
Care away for evermore	179
Earliest English Sea-Song	175
Gossip mine	167
Hymn on the Passion	246
I had both money and a friend	172
Love Ditty of about the year 1300	3
Love Song to Mistress Alysoun	2

ANONYMOUS— <i>Continued.</i>	PAGE
May Song	247
Money, ballad on	173
My Sweet Sweeting	171
Of the choice of a Wife	248
On the uncertainty of this life	3
Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Three Sons	151
Sir Penny	12
Spring Song	1
The Clown's Courtship	180
The Lover laments	249
The Nut-brown Maid	155
Trust in Women	144
 NOTES	 327

P R E F A C E.

IN the choice of selections for the present volume, I have necessarily been confined within certain defined limits. Roughly speaking, the period embraced is from Layamon to the early Elizabethans—in dates from about 1300 to 1560 A.D. From this certain exceptions are to be made: the works of Chaucer and Spenser are not included, nor are the Border Ballads, these being all treated in separate volumes of this series.

In order to render the collection acceptable to the general public, and holding, as I do, that literary merit does not consist in mere obsolete phraseology, I have—wherever it was possible to do so without destroying the metre, rhyme, or alliteration, and without losing the poetic flavour—endeavoured to modernise the more antique extracts as much as possible. In so doing I have followed certain definite

rules as under. When a word differs from the modern word in spelling only, I have not preserved the antiquated spelling. As a general rule, wherever it is possible, I have in the text substituted for obsolete terms their modern synonyms; giving the original words in the notes at the end of the volume. In cases where this is not possible or desirable, I give the archaic word, along with its modern equivalent, at the head of the poem. If it be a word still in use, *but in a different sense*, and might thus prove misleading, I print the word in the text in italics. I have throughout endeavoured to secure the best texts, and I here, once for all, beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to all previous writers on the subject, of the result of whose labours I have freely availed myself.

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THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS AND THEIR WORKS.

SECTION I.—CHAUCER'S PREDECESSORS.



THE long period of European history known as the Dark Ages was at length drawing to a close. With the beginning of the thirteenth century there came the dawn of a new and brighter day. Man's intellect seemed once more to arouse itself from its long slumber, and to apply itself once again to study with renewed vigour. Nor are the causes which brought about this improved state of affairs far to seek. The two great barriers to the wider diffusion of learning were—(1) the inadequacy of the vernacular tongue for literary composition, and (2) the want of books. The removal of the first of these obstacles had commenced; the second remained until the introduction of the art of printing, more than a century later, multiplied copies to an innumerable extent, and placed the means of enlightenment within the reach of all. Formerly Latin, the language of the schools, was the sole vehicle of literary composition, and in this dress all the higher kinds of knowledge were communicated. The vernacular being used only to express the ordinary everyday affairs of life, learning became the possession of a privileged few. But the introduction

and use of the tongue of the common people into literature now became more frequent, and, as a necessary result, that tongue became gradually more adapted for the expression, not merely, as before, of tangible objects, but also of abstract ideas. The cause and effect reacted on one another, and the more the vernacular was used to express literary ideas, the more capable it became of so doing. Other causes which contributed to this revival of letters are to be found in the establishment of the great monastic orders, and the foundation of schools and universities at which the monks were educated ; also in the patronage afforded to learning by the princes and nobility.

The English language dates from about the year 1250. For the century and a half previous the nation's speech was passing through a transition period. Norman-French was still the language of the law, the court, and the nobility ; but nevertheless the native vernacular, spoken solely by the larger mass of the despised commonalty, more than held its own, until at length the hostile tongues—like the antagonistic races of conquerors and conquered,—Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon, became fused and welded into one, the noble English language. These three stages, Latin, French, and Earliest English, are well typified in three celebrated works—first, the *History of Britain*, in nine books, written in Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, the historian of Arthur, Lear, and Cymbeline, about the year 1130 ; second, a translation of this work by Wace into 15,000 French lines some forty years later ; third, another translation, at about an equal interval of time, into Earliest English, by a Worcestershire priest named Layamon. This, the most noteworthy production of the latter portion of this transition period, is entitled *The Brut* ; it extends to

some 32,000 lines, and contains both alliteration and rhyme. The language is almost entirely Saxon—a remarkable fact when we bear in mind Layamon's French original. In fact, Layamon was the last of the Saxon poets, and his work may be fittingly termed the last great Anglo-Saxon, rather than the Earliest English poem of any length. It is quite unintelligible to the ordinary English reader. Another remarkable poem of this period, second in importance to *The Brut* only, was *The Ormulum*, so named after its author Ormin, consisting of a series of homilies on the New Testament lessons read in the daily service of the Church. It exists in a single incomplete MS., containing but the homily for a single Sunday. This numbers some 10,000 lines of fifteen syllables each: if the entire work was completed on the same scale, it must have been one of the very longest poems in this or any other language. It differs from Layamon's poem as having neither alliteration nor rhyme, but possesses rhythm and accent; and may therefore be considered the forerunner of our blank verse. In language it is much more modern than *The Brut*. The only other poem of this period that deserves to be mentioned is *The Owl and the Nightingale*, nearly 1800 lines, relating a contention between the two birds—a favourite device of the older poets, which reached its climax in Dunbar's *Merle and Nightingale* (*infra*, p. lvi).

As a rule, the first attempts at literary composition in any language are of the metrical or poetical kind, and the subjects first so treated are Love and Nature. In our own country we have specimens of both descriptions dating from the very beginning of our literature.

The first extract in the present volume is a short poem descriptive of Spring, said to be the most ancient English song with musical notes attached. This may be

approximately dated A.D. 1300, and is apparently contemporaneous with the love ditties which follow it (p. 1).

Nor was satire wanting at this early stage in the history of our poetry. At the end of the thirteenth, or early in the fourteenth century, there was published a famous satirical poem on the vices of the clergy and the prevalent corruptions of the Church. It is entitled *The Land of Cokaygne*—an ideal Fools' (and Gluttons') Paradise. Similar pieces are to be found in the literatures of various European countries, and this poem is thought by some to be merely a free paraphrase of a French fabliau on the same subject. Its authorship has been ascribed to the first Irishman who wrote English verses—one Michael of Kildare; but this is very doubtful.

Early in the fourteenth century a new form of narrative poetry made its appearance in English literature. This was the metrical Romance of Chivalry, which continued to flourish till the close of the fifteenth century. Its birthplace was France, and its parents were the *trouviers* and *troubadours*; therefore our earlier efforts of this description are mostly, if not entirely, translations of early French *fabliaux*. These romances, which are exceedingly numerous and long—histories rather than poems—are all very similar in style. They are the work of unknown authors, and have been divided, according to subject, into five classes:—1st. Arthur and his Knights; 2nd. Charlemagne; 3rd. The Siege of Troy; 4th. Alexander the Great (whence “*Alexandrine*” metre is so named); 5th. Those which properly belong to none of these classes. The heroes and heroines of the first cycle once more live, thanks to Lord Tennyson, in the hearts of all lovers of true poetry. To enter more fully into these poems is not possible within the scope of the present sketch; I shall

therefore merely give a short outline of *Havelok the Dane* as a specimen, and refer any reader desirous of further information on the subject to Ellis's *English Metrical Romances*, a most excellent and complete treatise. Havelok, who is the child of a Danish king, and an orphan, is given by his faithless guardian to a fisherman named Grim, in order that he may be drowned. The fisherman does not drown the child, but takes him to England. Landing in Lincolnshire, he founds the town of Grimsby. Another false guardian compels an English princess to marry the supposed child of the fisherman; his royal descent is then revealed, and he wins back his father's kingdom.

The first English poet of the fourteenth century, Robert Mannyng (*cir.* 1260-1340), often called Robert De Brunne, from his birthplace in Lincolnshire, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, and, as such, lived for many years in the priory of Sempringham. The only particulars of his personal history now known are such as he has himself furnished. His earliest extant production, which is dated 1303, he entitled *The Handlyng Synne* (*i.e.*, Sinner's Manual), a very literal rendering of the title of its French original, *Le Manuel des Pechiez*. This poem consists of tedious moral and didactic anecdotes, illustrative of the Seven Deadly Sins and of the Decalogue (p. 4). Mannyng's largest and most important work, however, is his *Brut*, or Metrical Chronicle of England. It is divided into two parts, and is throughout a translation from the French of Wace and of Peter Langtoft, a canon of Yorkshire, and one of Mannyng's contemporaries. In both portions the translator has adopted the metre of his original. Notwithstanding the fact that some critics have judged him to be our best poet before Chaucer, still Mannyng's works possess but little literary merit, and he was, as we have

seen, merely a translator, whose chief talent lay in what Ellis calls "his extraordinary facility of rhyming."

Passing by Adam Davie (1312), who wrote a series of poems on sacred subjects, and of whose life nothing whatever seems to be known, the only other predecessors of Chaucer requiring notice are Richard Rolle, a somewhat voluminous writer of religious pieces, both in prose and verse, and Laurence Minot, who sang the victories of English arms under Edward III.

Richard Rolle (*Cir.* 1290-1349), known as "The Hermit of Hampole," was a native of Yorkshire, and wrote in the northern dialect. His compositions, which are devoid of imagination or elegance, consist of metrical paraphrases of divers portions of Scripture, and a prolix moral work, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*, containing about 10,000 lines divided into seven books. A fair idea of the latter may be formed from the list of subjects treated in these seven books: they are as follows:—1, Of the beginning of Man's Life; 2, Of the Unstableness of this World; 3, Of Death, and why Death is to be dreaded; 4, Of Purgatory; 5, Of Domesday; 6, Of the Pains of Hell; and 7, Of the Joys of Heaven.

Up to this point all the writers whom I have mentioned were translators or imitators of the works of Latin or French authors. We now, for the first time in the history of our poetry, meet with original invention combined with vigorous expression, in the war-lyrics of our earliest national poet Laurence Minot (*Cir.* 1300-1352); who may be appropriately termed the laureate of Edward the Third's reign, as all his extant works celebrate the victories of that monarch. His poems, ten in number, are all short, and remind one of our old heroic ballads. In subject they treat of the battles of Bannockburn, Halidon Hill, Crecy, and Nevil's Cross; the sea fight of Sluys, and another with the Spaniards off Winchelsea,

the sieges of Tournai, of Calais, and of Guines Castle, and King Edward's expedition into Brabant (p. 8). This last is in the same stanza as Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*. The facility which Minot displays in the use of very various metres in these poems, including the ancient Anglo-Saxon alliteration, and his comparative freedom from obscurity and obsolescence of language, fully entitled him to be classed among the earliest English writers deserving of the title of a poet.

We now sum up the most notable features of this first period of the history of our poetry. Two facts were accomplished :—(1) Authors began to write, not in a dead or foreign language, but in the living tongue of the nation, henceforth to be known as English ; and (2) the feeling of nationality was born. The productions of the period are, as a whole, marked by four distinctive characteristics :—(1) The poems are of great length ; (2) they were written by ecclesiastics of some kind or description ; (3) they are merely translations or imitations, hence their similarity to early French productions ; (4) they employ alliteration. Rhyme, probably first introduced into English poetry by the Normans after the Conquest, was never used by the Anglo-Saxons, who invariably employed alliteration ; which consists of the frequent employment of words beginning with the same letter (called the rime-letter), generally two in the first line, and at least one in the second line of each couplet, each short line having at least two strong accents, thus :—

“ And on a May Morning
On Malvern Hills,
Under a Broad Bank
By a Burn's side.”

Another peculiarity of Anglo-Saxon poetry was that it was written as prose, the division of the lines being

marked with a dot. Sometimes, as in Layamon's *Brut*, and in *The Owl and Nightingale*, already mentioned, rhyming couplets were intermingled with alliterative couplets, for the purpose of ornamentation perhaps. Alliteration survived into the fifteenth century, and, indeed, its use in a modified form can hardly be said to be extinct at the present day; witness Mr. Swinburne.

The finest extant example of this kind of versification is the poem which stands at the beginning of the next section—viz., *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*.

SEC. II.—CHAUCER'S CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS.

We have already seen (in the *Land of Cockayne*) that the increasingly corrupt state of the church and the immorality of the clergy had become the object of the poet's satire. The example thus set was speedily followed by almost all the writers of the period, including Chaucer himself.* It reached its climax in the work of an obscure ecclesiastic, which was destined to be the most important poem in our language previous to the *Canterbury Tales*. The name of the monk was William Langland or Langley, and his poem was the *Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman*. Of its author little appears to be known, save that his wife's name was Kitty and his daughter's Calote, and that he lived in Cornhill, London. Whether he was a Wickliffite in name is not of much consequence; it is clear from his poem that at heart he sympathised with the efforts of the reformer. In addition to its religious and moral bearing, the *Vision* has moreover considerable political significance. It is a protest, not only against the sale of pardons by the pound, but also against the political oppression of the many by the few; it is the

* Chaucer is treated in a separate volume.

cry of the enslaved masses for liberty, civil as well as religious; in it the pent-up feelings of the nation find voice. Being addressed to the Saxon portion of the people, the form of versification used is Saxon, which would endear it to its auditors. That the poem was extremely popular is abundantly evident from the number of MSS. still in existence; from the fact that the name Piers Ploughman henceforward became a favourite appellation of the English sans-culotte; from the imitations which from time to time appeared, notably *Piers Ploughman's Creed*; and from the numerous allusions to it in the writers of the next two centuries, including Lydgate, Skelton, Gascoigne, Drayton, and Spenser. To give here anything like a complete description of this truly national work would be impossible. The probability is that the author re-wrote the entire poem twice over. It consists of some 14,000 lines, divided into a prologue and twenty distinct *passus* or sections, containing nine visions in the allegorical style, which had been rendered fashionable by *The Romance of the Rose*. The author begins his poem by wandering out among the Malvern Hills as one of a flock of sheep,

“In a somer seson whan soft was the sonn e.”

He grows weary, and lying down beside a stream, he sleeps and dreams. In his dream he sees a large meadow, on one side the town of Truth, on the other the dungeon of Wrong. The Lady Holy Church appears; then the Lady Mede (Worldly Reward), with all her virtues and vices. Other allegorical figures are introduced; Sir Inwit, with his five sons, See-well, Say-well, Hear-well, Sir Godfrey Go-well, and Sir Work-well-with-thine-hand; also some characters not strictly allegorical, but drawn from real life, such as Hawkin,

the active man. The name Piers (Petrus; a rock) is a reference to 1st Corinthians, x. 4. He is at first the type of the humble and honest Christian labourer, who finally becomes identified with Christ. Both in matter and in manner of treatment this poem reminds us of the great prose allegory of our literature, *The Pilgrim's Progress*; and for word-painting and lifelike portraiture it is hardly inferior to its great successor. Here and there also the well-sustained allegory is enlivened by vivid and picturesque touches of external nature, and throughout by the keenest satire; but unhappily its vigour too often degenerates into repulsive coarseness. One portion of the work, containing a description of Nature sending forth diseases from the planets at the command of Conscience and his attendants, Age and Death, is especially interesting, as having possibly been present to the mind of Milton in his description of the Lazar-house (Par. l. xi). Although Langland and Chaucer treat of the same period, still, as Mr. Minto has pointed out, so different are these two poets "in the spirit of their pictures, that it needs an effort of reflection to discover the shadows of the one and the lights of the other." According to the same critic, Langland is a Puritan of the fourteenth century, and between him and the author of the *Canterbury Tales* we see the beginning of the antagonism between Roundhead and Cavalier.

Both the anti-clerical and the political element are also to be found in the works of Chaucer's third great contemporary—the most noteworthy from a purely literary point of view—John Gower (1325-1408). Of his personal history little seems to be known; his birth-place, his university, his profession in life, are all matters of uncertainty, but one thing is certain—viz., that Gower was a thorough scholar. His three

long poems, each written in a different language, French, Latin, and English, display a vast accumulation of mediæval knowledge of all kinds. In the year of Chaucer's death he became blind from old age, and probably ceased to write. He survived his illustrious friend and fellow-poet some eight years, and was buried in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which he had richly endowed. A costly monument was there erected in his honour; from it we derive some interesting particulars as to Gower's personal appearance. He is portrayed as having long curling auburn hair, a small forked beard, and is clad in a long robe of purple damask, closely buttoned, and reaching to his feet; round his neck is a collar of S.S., from which depends a swan. Near this monument there hung formerly a table, granting 1500 days' pardon to all who prayed devoutly for his soul. Under his head are three volumes representing his three principal productions. Of these the earliest in point of date, the *Speculum Meditantis*, (The Meditative Man's Glass,) written in French—probably one of the last works written in that language by an Englishman—would appear to have been a dull didactic treatise on the virtues and vices; as no copy has yet been discovered, we may pass on, merely remarking that Mr. Morley conjectures that this book earned for the poet the very appropriate epithet "moral" (first applied to him by Chaucer in the dedication of his *Troilus and Creseide*), which has stuck to him till the present day. Gower further showed his skill in French versification by composing fifty ballads, or short love poems, in that language. The second volume on which the poet's head rests is his *Vox Clamantis* (Voice of one Crying), so entitled in allusion to John the Baptist. This poem, which has reference to the recent insurrection of Wat Tyler, is written in Latin elegiacs, and numbers seven

books. It has never been printed until recently. The author clearly shows himself to be, if not an avowed and open follower of Wickliffe—whose disciples he elsewhere designates as “This newé sect of Lollardie”—at any rate, a sympathiser with the objects of the reformer and his brother-poet, the creator of *Piers*. He afterwards wrote a supplement to this poem, in three books, entitled, *Cronica Tripartita*. The third volume, the *Confessio Amantis* (Confession of a Lover, pp. 17-25), being in English, is that by which Gower is most generally known. Dr. Pauli conjectures that it may have been undertaken in English owing to the great success of Chaucer’s English works. In date it immediately precedes the immortal *Canterbury Tales*, some of which may have been suggested by stories in Gower’s poem. The latter work was undertaken at the request of King Richard; it is in the form of a dialogue between Confessor and Penitent; extending to over 30,000 octosyllabic lines (that is, about twice as long as the *Canterbury Tales*), divided into a Prologue and eight books. The outline of the plot is as follows:—An unhappy lover wanders out to the woods on a May morning, complaining that he is dying of love; Venus appears and sends for her Confessor Genius to shrive him. The Confessor then questions him as to the use of his five senses, and explains the delusions of these senses, whilst the lover urges his great love for an unknown beauty, by whom he is cruelly treated. The Confessor then illustrates each of the seven deadly sins with apposite tales culled from the Classics, the Chronicles, and Romances, the *Gesta Romanorum* (that favourite storehouse of our early writers), and a variety of other sources in divers languages. Further instructions from Genius follow, and a final appeal of the Lover to Venus, which is refused by the goddess, who

reminds him of his advanced age. At the intercession of some old servants to Love, Cupid draws the dart out of the aged Lover's breast, and Venus anoints the wound with cold ointment; and the poem concludes with the absolution of the Lover and a compliment to Chaucer. In the course of the work we meet with many strange and amusing anachronisms: thus Ulysses is portrayed as a clerk, accomplished in all arts and sciences, including magic, which he learned from Zoroaster, and divination, which he learned from the prophet Daniel! Amongst astrological writers mentioned are Noah, Abraham, and Moses! Shakespeare is twice indebted to the *Confessio*—in *Pericles*, where ancient Gower, from ashes come, opens the play as chorus; and in the story of the three caskets in the *Merchant of Venice* (p. 21).

The most interesting fact in connection with Gower is the friendly intimacy which is known to have existed betwixt him and his great contemporary poet, Chaucer. According to tradition, that intimacy was begun at Oxford, and they were also fellow-students in the Inner Temple. It is to be regretted that this friendship appears not to have continued to their lives' end. Their names are always linked together in the history of the literature of the time, not indeed as equals, for one is as immeasurably superior to the other as Shakspeare is to his brother-dramatists, but as having been the first two writers of formed English. Both were alike well versed in French and Italian literature, especially Petrarch and Boccaccio, and were each more or less influenced thereby. Their differences may all be summed up in this: "Chaucer was a poet and Gower was not." Gower was a moralist, not a humorist; Chaucer was a humorist, not a moralist. Gower is nothing if he is not didactic, sententious, moral; he is sadly deficient in that love of external nature in which Chaucer abounds. Chaucer

was a soldier and a courtier, mixing in all the gaieties of his time ; Gower was a scholarly recluse, whose shadowy personages have no real existence for us nowadays, whilst Chaucer's pilgrims, drawn four hundred years ago, are living at this moment. But the most obvious defect in Gower is his absolute want of originality and inventive power ; for this his imitative fluency is but a poor substitute. Though of high repute in his own time, I fear that nowadays most readers will, in the main, agree with the following amusing criticism by Professor Lowell, which I cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* : —“ Gower,” he says, “ has positively raised tediousness to the precision of science ; he has made dulness an heirloom for the students of our literary history. As you slip to and fro on the frozen levels of his verse, which give no foothold to the mind ; as your nervous ear awaits the inevitable recurrence of his rhyme, regularly pertinacious as the tick of our eight-day clock, and reminding you of Wordsworth's

‘ Once more the ass did lengthen out
The hard, dry see-saw of his horrible bray,’—

you learn to dread, almost to respect, the powers of this indefatigable man. He is the undertaker of the fair mediæval legend, and his style has the hateful gloss, the seemingly unnatural length, of a coffin. Love, beauty, passion, nature, art, life, the natural and the theological virtues—there is nothing beyond his powers to disenchant, nothing out of which the tremendous hydraulic press of his allegory (or whatever it is, for I am not sure if it be not something even worse) will not squeeze all feeling and freshness and leave it a juiceless pulp. It matters not where you try him, whether his story be Christian or Pagan, borrowed from history of

fable, you cannot escape him. Dip in at the middle or the end, dodge back to the beginning, the patient old man is there to take you by the button and go on with his imperturbable narrative. You may have left off with Clytemnestra, and you may begin again with Samson; it makes no odds, for you cannot tell one from t'other!"

Of the immediate successors of Chaucer and Gower in the earlier half of the fifteenth century, two only are entitled to even a passing notice—Thomas Hoccleve, or Occleve (1370-1454?), and John Lydgate (1375?-1430?). Of the two, Hoccleve is the worst and most fossiliferous. They both declared themselves to be devoted disciples of Chaucer, and Hoccleve, in his principal work, *De Regimine Principum*, or *The Governail of Princes*, inserts a rather graceful and pathetic lament for the death of "his dear master and father" (p. 27); and, furthermore, he has apparently, with his own hand, adorned the margin of one of the MS. copies of this work (now in the British Museum) with the famous coloured drawing of Chaucer with his beads, the best authentic portrait now in existence of "The Father of English Poesy." This poem, written about 1412, is a metrical English version, in 5000 or 6000 lines in rhyme-royal, of a Latin paraphrase of the spurious Aristotelian *Secretum Secretorum*, combined with another Latin book on Chess, and is addressed to Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V. The greater portion is feeble and devoid of fancy, consisting mainly of politics and commonplace morals versified; but from the long autobiographical prologue, in the form of a dialogue between the author and an old man, and from his *Male Regle* (*Misrule*, p. 29), we derive all our knowledge of this genial but impecunious Clerk of the Privy Seal. This latter poem is a warning to youth against follies of all kinds,

written evidently from considerable personal experience in such matters. The author, whenever his salary was in arrear, wrote a poem begging for prompt payment of the same. Many of his minor pieces have never been printed, and probably the world has suffered no loss thereby, as Hoccleve is called a poet by courtesy only, being almost devoid of all true poetic feeling. The best thing that can be said of either him or Lydgate is, that they continued and carried on the linguistic improvements begun by Chaucer and Gower.

Equally at home in satirical ballads, such as the *London Lackpenny*, and in devotional hymns, such as the *Life of Our Lady*, John Lydgate (p. 30), of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury, was the most voluminous and versatile writer our language had as yet produced. In addition to numerous prose works, this "eternal scribbler," as he has been termed, has left us poems on every subject and in every style. The most notable of the immediate successors of Chaucer, he follows him at the shortest interval, but that interval is just what constitutes the difference between a true poet and mere versifier. The monk has none of his great master's conciseness or brilliancy of expression. He never indulges in animated flights of fancy or in touching pathos. His chief excellence lies in flowing and diffuse—not to say prolix and languid—descriptions of scenery. Still, notwithstanding all this, combined with the roughness of his versification, his verbose productions are interesting to the student of our language; and he is, at any rate, superior in all respects to Hoccleve. Many of these defects may have arisen from the fact that Lydgate manufactured most of his rhymes to order, and was, it is said, the first Englishman that wrote for hire. Amongst the two hundred and fifty works attributed to him by Ritson, the three principal are *The Fall of*

Princes, The Story of Thebes, and The Troy Book. All three are more or less translations or paraphrases from Latin or French, with numerous original prologues and *balades* interpolated. The *Story of Thebes* was the first in order of production, but the *Fall of Princes* is the most important and most readable. It is entitled by its author, "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas of all such Princes as fell from theyr Estates through the mutability of Fortune since the creation of Adam until his time; wherein may be seen what vices bring menne to destruccion, with notable warnings howe the like may be avoyded;" this gives a very good notion of the scope and nature of the poem. The plan, which was subsequently more fully developed in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, is dramatic. A number of persons, including Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, are supposed to appear in turn before the author, and each to relate his experience and sufferings.

The Story of Thebes (Cir. 1420) was constructed as an additional Canterbury Tale. Thus the poet, on recovering from a severe illness, visits the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. He puts up at the Tabard Inn, where Chaucer's pilgrims are staying. The host asks him to supper, thinks him lean for a monk, and prescribes nut-brown ale at supper, and annis, or coriander, or cummin seed afterwards at bedtime. He most of all, however, prescribes cheerful company. So the monk is persuaded to return in company with the rest of the pilgrims, and on the way, in accordance with the rule that each pilgrim should tell a tale, he recites the story of the destruction of Thebes. The metre is the ten-syllabled rhyming couplet of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. The same metre is used in *The Troy Book*, containing five books, on a subject also versified by Barbour, a portion of whose version has recently

been discovered in a MS. of Lydgate's work. An amusing point in connection with this poem is the manner in which Lydgate apologises for those passages which satirise women; laying the blame on his original, Guido of Colonna, and adding that, were he alive, he would give him a bitter penance. The work contains a rather eloquent tribute to his "maister Chaucer, chefe poete of Bretayne," and includes many poetical descriptions of rural beauty, of which two samples are given in these specimens, one descriptive of sunrise and the other of a sylvan retreat; of this latter Warton says, "There is great softness and facility in the delineation of a delicious retreat" (p. 36).

Of Lydgate's very numerous minor poems, the best are (1) *The London Lackpenny* (p. 30), a vivid and forcible satire on the prevailing greed of money, relating the adventures of a countryman in London, and affording a curious picture of the customs and manners of the citizens of that day. This is the best known of all Lydgate's poems; (2) *Bycorne and Chichevache*, an extraordinary production, a kind of dramatic allegory. Bycorne and Chichevache represent two beasts, one fat, the other lean. The fat one lives on patient husbands, the lean one on patient wives. This popular old fable is referred to in Chaucer's *Tale of Griselda*, but Chichevache says that—

"It is more than thirty Mays,
That I have sought from lond to lond,
But yet one Gresield never I fond"—

(3) *Lydgate's Testament* (p. 35), which somewhat resembles Hoccleve's *Male Regle* in subject; (4) a *Dance of Death*, translated from the French; and (5) *The Temple of Glass*, printed by Caxton in 1479, a work which recalls Chaucer's *House of Fame* and *Assembly*

of Fowls. The portraits of Lydgate which adorn his MSS. represent him as an old, bareheaded man, in a black monkish habit. Popular, and of considerable reputation in his own day, the poet Gray considered that in "choice of expression and the smoothness of his verse he far surpassed Gower and Hoccleve." Ritson, on the contrary, was very severe on poor "Dan John"—he styled him "a most prolix and voluminous poetaster, a prosaic and drivelling monk;" and speaks of "his stupid and fatiguing productions, which by no means deserve the name of poetry;" "his elaborate drawlings, in which there are scarcely three lines together of pure and accurate metre;" "and their still more stupid and disgusting author," and so on in the same style.

The period at which we are now arrived was a remarkably barren one in the annals of our poetry. Chaucer, Gower, Langland, had all passed away with the fourteenth century. No great poet had arisen to fill their place. But though no single writer of pre-eminent excellence, and not a single work of great literary genius, adorns this epoch, still it by no means follows that poetry, as an art, was but little cultivated; as already shown, Lydgate and Hoccleve endeavoured to follow in the immediate footsteps of their beloved master, Chaucer; and, at a slightly later date, Skelton, Hawes, Barclay, and several other now justly-forgotten and obscure versifiers, made the like attempt. From this period again, date many of our old ballads, handed down orally from father to son for generations, till at length rescued from impending oblivion by the printing press. They embrace almost every variety of subject; some are of an historical nature, such as the famous *Chevy Chase*, so much admired by Sir Philip Sydney: some are political, some are love songs. Of these last

the most important is *The Nutbrown Maid* (p. 155), printed in 1502, though written considerably earlier, probably by a female pen, say some; whence Prior derived the groundwork of his *Henry and Emma*. Others deal with the adventures of semi-fabulous popular heroes, of whom Robin Hood was the chief favourite. The traditions which gathered around the name of this reputed Earl of Huntingdon became extremely numerous, and a whole cycle of ballads describe his exploits, as champion of the poor man's rights, in various encounters with sheriffs and prelates and potentates of divers degrees. The earliest of these now known is *A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hood* (p. 146), printed by Wynkyn de Worde in or about the year 1489. This "lytell geste" numbers nearly two thousand lines, and was probably the original ballad on our hero.

If this fifteenth century does not stand high in our poetic annals, on the other hand it was marked by many great events. It was signalised by the great revival of classical learning in England, and, as a consequence thereof, the opening of many colleges and schools for the cultivation of that learning and the study of that long-buried literature of antiquity, which "rose like a shining cloud on the horizon of a world dark with monkish superstition and narrow-mindedness" (Scherer). Moreover, it was an age of enterprise and discovery, and the finding of the new world by Cabot and Columbus opened up to the eyes of Europe novel countries and unknown races of men.

But by far the greatest of all—the greatest event in the whole history of literature, an event whose influence is daily felt by millions in all quarters of the habitable globe—was the glorious invention of the art of printing. The blessings conferred by this mighty instrument of enlightenment, "furnishing thought with never-resting

wings," may, justly, be termed "countless." It infused a new life into all branches of human learning and literature. Just try and picture to yourself the world without the printing-press! It is almost impossible to realise it. So long as all books were in manuscript, produced with great expenditure of labour and time, and purchasable only at great expense, libraries, in our modern sense of the term, were very few and far between indeed, and the books they contained strictly limited in number. Many monastic libraries did not contain more than twenty volumes; one hundred volumes would apparently be considered a very large collection! But by the introduction of printing, and the substitution of paper for parchment, copies were multiplied *ad infinitum*, and the prices reduced. Thus not only was the growth of libraries greatly fostered, but also the circle of readers, hitherto necessarily very circumscribed, became enormously widened and enlarged. The second great obstacle to the progress of knowledge—the scarcity of books—was removed for ever, and, to once more quote D'Israeli, books became "mere objects of commerce, and dispersed the treasures of the human mind free as air, and cheap as bread."

"The only writer deserving the name of a poet in the reign of Henry VII.," says Warton, "is Stephen Hawes" (1483-1512?); and, if we take Barclay as belonging rather to the next reign, the statement is, to my thinking, correct. Hawes travelled considerably, and had apparently a fair acquaintance with the works of foreign poets; he, however, avowedly, and with fair success, imitated Lydgate, ranking him equal with Chaucer,

"Whose name
In printed bookés doth remain in fame."

In several of his poems he refers to

" My master Lydgate,
The eloquent poet and monk of Bury,"

an expression which occurs in two of his minor poems—viz. : a *Joyful Meditacion on the Coronation of Henry VIII.* and the *Conversion of Swearers* (1509), in octave-stanzas, with Latin *lemmata*. But Hawes's chief work—the only one by which he is now remembered, and which is compared by Hallam to Bunyan—is his tiresome and didactic allegorical and scientific romance in the seven-lined stanza of Chaucer, entitled *The Pastime of Pleasure; or, the History of Grand Amour and La Belle Pucel; containing the knowledge of the seven Sciences, and the Course of Man's Life in this World. Invented by Stephen Hawes, groom of King Henry the Seventh his chamber* (p. 128)—a title which, says Mr. Minto, is a pious fraud, as "the design of the writer is to entice young men, by the promise of pastime and pleasure, into a course of valuable instruction in the seven sciences and in moral habits." This poem is a history of the life and death of the hero Grande Amour, or Great Love. From Fame he hears a glowing description of La Belle Pucelle, or the Fair Maid. He visits the Tower of Doctrine, by Fame's direction, and is there taught by her seven daughters the seven sciences—Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astronomy. In the chamber of Music he first meets his lady love, La Belle Pucelle, whom he woos and wins; but before he can obtain her he must overcome many monsters. He next visits the Tower of Chivalry, in order to qualify himself for his coming adventures, and the Temple of Venus; after which he encounters a three-headed beast, twelve feet high, and clad in brass, having a

streamer from each head with the names written thereon—Falsehood, Imagination, Perjury. Him he slays with his sword Claraprudence. After this he returns to the palace of La Belle Pucelle, where he is met by Peace, Mercy, Justice, Reason, Grace, and Memory. The lovers are then happily married by Lex Ecclesiæ, and live together till Old Age enters the Hero's chamber, and strikes his breast; Age is followed by Policy and Avarice. Death then appears, he is buried by Dame Mercy and Charity, and his epitaph is engraved by Fame. The whole closes with an exhortation by Time and Eternity, and an epilogue by the poet. Such is the brief outline of the work which Southey pronounced to be "the best English poem of its century!" and which Warton declares to have been unjustly neglected, and to be "almost the only effort of imagination and invention which had yet appeared in our poetry since Chaucer." This latter remark is true: it is one of the very few original poems in this age of bad translations and feeble imitations; its personifications show considerable inventive power. Hawes in his language displays an evident advance; with him we have almost reached the fixed form of Elizabeth's days. *The Pastime of Pleasure* is termed by Mrs. Browning "one of the four columnar marbles, the four allegorical poems" (the other three being *Piers Ploughman*, Chaucer's *House of Fame*, and Lydgate's *Temple of Glass*), "on whose foundations is exalted into light the great allegorical poem of the World, Spenser's *Faerie Queen*. There was a force of suggestion which preceded Sackville's, and Hawes uttered it." The same critic points out a fine passage descriptive of man's life and death, concluding thus:—

"After the day there cometh the dark night;
For though the day appear ever so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong."

No poet would be ashamed to own this last couplet. According to Warton, it is the "one fine line" which Hawes wrote.

A fresh impetus was given to the progress of learning in England by the accession of Henry VIII., the most literary monarch who had yet occupied the British throne. He patronised literature and its professors, himself attempted authorship, fostered the infant Press and best of all, attracted to his court some of the greatest scholars and authors of the day. Amongst these was one John Skelton (1460), Rector of Diss in Norfolk, a man of extensive learning and of a high reputation throughout Europe for laborious scholarship. He was known as a translator from Greek, Latin, and French; and was poet-laureate of three Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Louvain. In his day this dignity did not resemble the modern laureateship, but was a recognised degree in grammar, rhetoric, and versification. Ample proof of the estimation in which Skelton was held is found in the fact that he was chosen by Henry VII. to be tutor to his son Prince Henry; and Erasmus, in dedicating a Latin ode to the Prince, then a boy of nine, congratulates him on having such an instructor in learning, "who can not only excite your studies, but complete them," terming Skelton "Unum Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus," the sole light and ornament of British scholarship. On the accession of Henry VIII., he was appointed orator royal, and became a court poet. Although this witty and eccentric parson had originally a friend in Wolsey, his piquant and trenchant satires, *Colin Clout* (p. 107) and *Why come ye not to Court?* belabouring the corrupt clergy, and abounding in open personalities and scurrilous invectives, soon drew down upon him the wrath of the mighty object whom he had dared so openly to attack, and he was compelled

to flee for safety and take sanctuary with his friend Abbot John Islip at Westminster, where he died in 1529. His audaciously satirical disposition appears to have embroiled him all his life long in a succession of literary quarrels, chiefly with Alexander Barclay (1476-1552), our first writer of Eclogues, now remembered as the translator of Brandt's *Narrenschiff*, a work of European celebrity, then recently published. Barclay's adaptation, *The Ship of Fools*, contains considerable additions, and is almost entitled to rank as an original poem. It abounds in trite proverbial phrases, and is excessively prosy (p. 132).

Skelton's poems are to be divided into two main classes, serious and comic, or satiric. The former include a couple of elegies on Edward IV. and on the Earl of Northumberland; these are now deservedly forgotten. To the latter class belong all of his most interesting and characteristic works; mostly written in that peculiar, headlong, rigmarole style of doggerel versification which has been named after him, "Skeltonical;" consisting of short lines of six, five, or even four syllables only; an unlimited number of lines, often as many as five or six, rhyming together, and abounding in accent and alliteration, somewhat after the fashion of the Anglo-Saxon versification. His extraordinary command of the vernacular (including slang), the ease with which he pours forth his breathless torrents of jingling rhymes, the number of new words which he coins and adapts from foreign and dead languages, the frequent introduction of scraps of Latin—(a usual trick with writers of that time, *e.g.*, Dunbar)—have naturally caused him to be compared to his contemporary, Rabelais; just as his coarse and often disgusting, but always powerful and vivacious satire have reminded many of his critics of Swift. Many passages call to mind *Piers*

Ploughman; like Langland, he took the side of the common people against spiritual wickedness in high places, with this difference, that he was much bolder and more outspoken in his vituperative attacks. These poems, the first political satires in the language, are at the same time quite unique in style, and display inexhaustible versatility and keen observation combined with great natural humour. Of those written in this peculiar metre, the principal, in addition to those already mentioned, are the *Tunning of Elinour Rummyng*, a piece of low burlesque, a kind of poetical Dutch interior, which has earned for its author the epithet "beastly" from the poet Pope; and *The Book of Phillip Sparrow* (p. 110), or the lament of Jane Scrope (who was being educated at Carowe by the Black Nuns) for her dead bird, killed by a cat. Here we see Skelton at his best. This playful elegy, abounding in graceful fancies and humorous pathos, was probably suggested to Skelton by Catullus' dirge on a like occasion. It extends to nearly 1400 lines, and forms, in every respect, the most complete contrast to the description of the ale-wife's brewing. The only other poems of Skelton requiring mention are his Wolseyan satire, *Speak Parrot*, his allegorical *Bouge (Fare) of Court*, and his somewhat egotistical *Crown of Laurel*, containing several charming little lyrics (p. 102). A number of pranks and "merrie tales" have been fathered on Skelton; they are probably devoid of any foundation. One specimen will suffice—"Once coming to an inn, calling for drink, and not being attended to, he cried 'Fire!' in order to arouse attention, and pointed to his throat when asked by a terrified crowd where the conflagration was."

One other production of Skelton's deserves our notice—his solitary dramatic attempt now extant, a Morality play, entitled *Magnificence*. This piece—one of the

best existing specimens of this species of drama—extends to 2500 lines, divided into scenes only. Skelton is said to have written another drama, *The Necromancer*, wherein the Devil kicked the Necromancer for waking him too early in the morning; it concluded with a dance between these two personages, who finally disappeared together in smoke and fire. This play is now lost.

The Morality play was the second form of dramatic representation in England. It succeeded the earlier Mysteries or Miracle plays founded on Scriptural subjects. In the Morality the characters are all merely impersonations of different virtues and vices. The great defect felt in these dramas was the entire absence of any human interest, arising from the lack of real characters. Skelton is the only poet of any note who is now known to have written a morality. It is to be noticed that he describes his play as an Interlude—a title usually applied to the earliest form of English comedy, and consisting of a kind of short farce of a single act only, containing but little plot and very few characters, mostly representing various professions or callings in life, and acted during the intervals of a banquet. The principal writer, and perhaps the inventor, of these “merry interludes” was one John Heywood (1500 ?-1565); usually known (in contradistinction to other writers of the same name) as “The Epigrammatist,” from his *Six Centuries of Epigrams*, which are much praised by his contemporaries. His best performance in the dramatic line is *The Four P's*—*i.e.*, a Palmer, a Pardoner, a 'Poticary, and a Pedlar; the first three of whom debate which sends most souls to Heaven, and then compete who shall tell the biggest lie, the Pedlar acting as umpire. The 'Poticary, who asserts that of the 300,000 he has seen in his travels he never yet knew one woman out of patience, is adjudged the

winner! This play contains an abundance of broad, farcical humour, which is more than can be said of its author's long and feeble burlesque, entitled *The Spider and the Fly*, by which allegory is meant the Protestant and Catholic parties respectively—somewhat after the manner of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. Heywood also wrote a curious poem containing all the proverbs in the English language, and some minor pieces (p. 195). In his day he was celebrated both as a musician and as a wit, and, in the latter capacity, occupied the position of jester to Henry VIII. D'Israeli has preserved one of his "quick answers":—Having been absent for some time from the Court, he returned thither suddenly. Asked by the queen, "What wind blew him there?" "Two specially—the one to see your majesty!" he replied. "We thank you for that," said the queen; "but I pray you what is the other?" "That your grace might see me!" One of John Heywood's sons, Jasper, translated three of Seneca's plays into English, and contributed several poems to *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (p. 309).

Another favourite and eccentric humorist of the reign was one Andrew Borde, physician to the king. Two of the popular jest-books of the period have been attributed to his pen, and a memorial of his facetious performances is still preserved in the term "Merry Andrew," said to owe its origin to the learned doctor's custom of addressing his audience from an open stage at markets and fairs. Being much given to travelling, he visited the greater portion of Europe, and he has bequeathed to us the fruits of his travel in his principal production, partly in prose and partly in verse, entitled *The Introduction of Knowledge*. The poetical portions of this work possess no merit of any kind, but it is interesting as a description of the national character, customs, and languages of the various countries visited. It contains specimens of Welsh,

Irish, Scottish, Cornish, Turkish, Egyptian, and other languages, and is adorned with rude wood-cuts. Borde also wrote works on medical and sanitary subjects. He died in 1549.

In glancing back over this second period, the first fact that strikes us is the continued development of English as a literary language; and hand-in-hand with this development goes the steady growth of the national life and love of freedom—freedom of thought as well as of person, religious as well as national freedom. As the natural outcome of this spirit of nationality we find that hearty love and appreciation of the natural beauties of his native land, which is one of the great characteristics of Chaucer:—our first great painter of the beauties of Nature, and whose influence is to be traced in all the succeeding poets of the period. Again, we see the great middle class of society beginning to assert its claims, and taking part not only in the nation's politics but also in its literature—taking part, I repeat, not merely as readers, but even as writers, and thus infusing into their productions a new life and interest such as the recluse ecclesiastic could never impart. Lastly, the famous *Roman de la Rose* has attracted the admiration of all Europe; the love of didactic allegory is the prevailing literary characteristic of the age, and continues so till it reaches its climax (so far as English poetry is concerned) in the *Faëry Queen*.

Meanwhile in Italy a bright literary constellation had burst upon the world—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Their influence is visible even in Chaucer, notwithstanding his deep nationality. But that influence does not reach its culmination until the next period—that of Wyatt and Surrey. Before entering on it let us glance briefly at a group of poets who belong in some respects to both this period and that which was to follow, and

who thus form a natural link between the two—I mean the early Scottish school of Dunbar.

SECTION III.—EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

We see that after Chaucer's death the English poets were of but small account; for one cause or another the voice of poetry was almost silent in the land. But when we turn our attention to that portion of the kingdom lying north of the Border we meet with a different state of affairs; there we find flourishing a school of poets of very considerable excellence. First of all, however, I must ask my readers to retrace their steps back some centuries, in order to glance over the previous poetical literature of Scotland.

Literature was much later in making its appearance in the north than in the south; *Beowolf* and *Layamon* had no Scottish contemporaries. The name of the half-mythical Thomas the Rhymer of *Ercildoune* is usually placed at the head of the long list of Scottish poets, but as he owes his fame to his prophecies rather than to his poems, and as no undoubtedly authentic relics of the latter are now ascertained with certainty to be in existence, he may be dismissed with a very brief notice. One of his prophecies respecting the bridge over the *Don*,

“ Brig of Balgownie, wicht's thy wa'
Wi' a mare's ae foal and a wife's ae son
Down shalt thou fa' ”—

is reported to have impressed itself so forcibly on the mind of Lord Byron, who considered it related to himself, that he insisted on crossing the bridge in question! The popular account of the death, or rather disappearance, of this Scottish Merlin is thus given by Scott:—

“Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, when a person came running in with fear and astonishment, and told that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were com-posedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The poet arose instantly and followed the animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still undergoes his doom in Fairy Land, and is expected at some future day to revisit the earth.”

The principal production of our poet-prophet would appear to have been a metrical romance on the favourite chivalric story of Tristram and Iseult, versified in recent times by Lord Tennyson, and dramatised by Wagner. Two other early Scottish poems of this description deserve mention, *Gawen and Gologras*, and *Goloran of Galoway*, a couple of Arthurian stories, usually attributed to “Gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,” as Dunbar styles him (*Lament*, p. 79). To this writer are also ascribed the *Pystyl of Swete Susane*, founded on the Apocryphal story of Susanna, and a popular humorous tale of *Ralph the Collier*, which would appear to have attained great popularity. All of these poems abound in alliteration.

The beginning of the fourteenth century was an eventful epoch in Scottish history, marked as it was by the romantic struggles—begun by William Wallace and continued by Robert Bruce—to maintain the national independence. Ere long the two great national heroes met each with a poet-laureate. The first in order of time (and, I may add, of merit) was John Barbour (1316 ?-1395), who is justly entitled to be termed The Father of Scottish Poetry. Of the personal history of this scholar-patriot but little is known, save that he became Archdeacon of Aberdeen, his native place. So

great was his zeal for knowledge, that on four several occasions we find him obtaining passports permitting him to travel for the purpose of studying at Oxford and in France. He would appear to have been a person of very considerable importance in his day, and his anniversary mass was regularly celebrated in Aberdeen Cathedral until the time of the Reformation. To literature he is known as the author of the earliest heroic poem in our language, usually styled shortly *The Bruce*. In the choice of his subject Barbour was most happy; possessing a knightly spirit, he is the poet of Scottish chivalry, and his fine old epic is a truly national poem. The fact that it has been reprinted over twenty times since its first appearance in 1570 bears sufficient testimony to its intrinsic merit and continued popularity. The metre of this "romaunt," as its author terms it, is the eight-syllabled rhymed couplet, of which there are some 7000, about 14,000 lines in all—a very fairly long poem even for those days of diffuseness and tautology! Although Barbour deservedly claims the merit of telling "a soothfast story," founded on fact, he frequently embellishes his narrative with poetical fictions. In style it combines a simple and energetic terseness with a picturesque minuteness of detail. This is more especially noticeable in the vigorous and Homeric descriptions of battles, as of Bannockburn, and suggests (as Ellis remarks) that they were possibly compiled from the relations of eye-witnesses. It is in these animated descriptions of combats and in the reflective passages that Barbour's strength lies. Of the latter the best is his well-known enthusiastic apostrophe to Freedom (p. 15)—the first of that long series of poems on Liberty which English literature can boast. *The Bruce* is the only poem of its century which bears comparison with the masterpieces of Chaucer; whom its

author resembles further, inasmuch as he was the first to embody for all time, in a poetical form, the manners and characters, the habits and customs of his nation.

In the midst of the beautiful and romantic Loch Leven, the scene of the captivity of Mary, Queen of Scots, is the small islet or Inch of St. Serf, on which may still be seen the ruins of the ancient priory of St. Servianus. Of this monastery, from 1395 to 1413, the prior was the rhyming chronicler,

“ Andrew of Wyntowne
Of Sanct Androwys a chanone
Regulare.”

And amidst these lovely surroundings he compiled the greater portion of his *Original Chronicle of Scotland*, finished about 1420. Regarding the title of this quaint and amusing work, the writer himself explains that he wishes it to be called “original, for that beginning shall make clear,” and he accordingly starts with the creation of mankind, or even before it (as was then the most approved fashion with historians and poets). Having filled five books with the history of the entire world terrestrial and celestial, he devotes the remaining four books to that of Scotland down to his own times. The whole is divided into nine books in honour of the nine orders of Holy Angels! Amongst the subjects treated in the earlier portion, which contains much of the marvellous and fabulous, are the nature of angels, the primæval race of giants, the confusion of tongues, the Amazons; but most marvellous of all are the legends and miracles related of his patron Saint, St. Serf and his wonderful ram. The metre is the same as that of Barbour’s great epic, but Wyntoun is greatly inferior in every way to his contemporary poet, frequently degenerating into mere doggerel. He is, however, quite as

good a poet as his English contemporary, Hoccleve—which, assuredly, is not saying much! This ponderous work is now valuable for its historical rather than for its poetical worth. Its author is first and foremost an historian, and only in the second place does he aim at being a poet. With him what he tells is of more importance than how he tells it. The most interesting part of his *Chronicle* to modern readers is the story of Macbeth (p. 26), to which Shakespeare has imparted an undying interest. In Wyntoun the whole scene of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters is a dream.

Barbour was a poet and an historian; Wyntoun was an historian and a poet; I am afraid that the laureate of Wallace cannot be truly said to have been either the one or the other. More than half a century elapsed between the death of Barbour and the appearance of Henry the Minstrel (fl. 1460), popularly known as Blind Harry, to celebrate the second great national hero in twelve books, containing 12,000 ten-syllabled lines of heroic rhyming couplets. This rude patriotic epic, *The Wallace*, is a marvellous farrago of exaggerations and floating traditionary stories; and is, from an historical point of view, quite worthless. The hero, whose gigantic physical prowess is brought into strong prominence throughout, is made out to be a kind of cross between a Scotch Jack the Giant Killer and the biblical Samson. The author intended his work to be a companion poem to *The Bruce*, but he falls far short of his predecessor; only very occasionally, as in his battle-scenes, does he approach within measurable distance of him. Still *The Wallace* enjoyed a long-continued popularity; it has been modernised and paraphrased several times, and influenced both Scott and Burns, whose "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was probably inspired by it. In

one respect Henry differs greatly from both Barbour and Wyntoun, that whereas they never suffer their patriotism to hinder them from bestowing due and fair praise on the valour of the enemies of their country, Henry is quite unable to allow them a single redeeming quality. Bearing in mind the fact of the author's blindness, it is remarkable that his work contains several vivid and picturesque descriptions of natural scenery, which he could never have beheld (p. 62).

With Blind Harry closes the earliest group of Scottish poets, which may be aptly termed The School of Barbour. They were followed by the most brilliant period in the history of the Caledonian muse. Before proceeding to investigate that period, a few remarks on the language of these early Scottish writers may prove acceptable to the reader. The early English dialects have been classified by Mr. Morris into Southern, Midland, and Northern; and, properly speaking, the language generally used in the Lowlands of Scotland down to the end of the fourteenth century was not Scotch at all, but "Inglis" (English) of the Northern *lede* (form), differing in no important respect from that then spoken in the north-east counties of England. This is the dialect of Barbour, Wyntoun, Henry, James I., Dunbar, and Lindesay, who all speak of their language as "Inglis." Gawain Douglas would appear to have been the first writer who called his language "Scotch," and rejected the term "English." On close investigation it will be found that the peculiarities of the Scottish writers are but few in number and trifling in extent. The principal are, the substitution of the vowels *u* or *a* and *o* for *o* and *e* in such words as *buke*, book; *bane*, bone; *scho*, she; the terminations *and* and *it* for *ing* and *ed* in the present and past participles of verbs; such strong forms as *sch* for *sh*, *quh* for *wh*, and *gif* for *if*. In the

selections I have substituted the modern English form wherever it was possible to do so.

Dr. Murray thus classifies the changes in the Scottish variety of the northern dialect under three heads:—(A) Those of native growth and due to Celtic influences: these were scanty in number, and were chiefly terms relating to Gaelic customs and names of places. (B) Those due to the close intimacy with France: these were the most numerous, and have many of them survived to the present day; *e.g.*, the eliding of the final letters and use of the apostrophe in such words as “fall” (fa’), etc. (not found in the earliest writers); the use of “ane” for the indefinite article (Fr. *une*); such plural forms as “the quhilkis persons” (Fr. *les-quels*), etc. (C) Those of classical origin: many of these are direct borrowings from the Latin, *e.g.*, matutine, celsitude, prepotent, pulchritude, immundicitie, etc. The *Complaint of Scotland* (printed 1549) complains of ‘lang-taillit’ Latin terms, such as “honorificabilitudinatatibus!” It is a curious fact that the very oldest poets of this first period are easier to read, and much more nearly resemble their English contemporaries, than those of a later date. All the Scottish versifiers yet mentioned belonged to the class of grave chroniclers and annalists, ‘who furnish us with the history of the entire globe in endless octo-syllabic verses,’ and are valuable for their historical rather than for their poetical merits. There now arose, however, a distinguished school of Chaucerian imitators, forming the golden age of Scottish poetry, which is fittingly opened by the name of King James I.—the Chaucer of Scotland. The history of this, our first royal bard, is a romantic one. Born at Dunfermline in 1394, his father, Robert III., fearing a repetition of the murder of his eldest son David (whose tragic fate is related in Scott’s *Fair*

Maid of Perth), in 1405 shipped his second son James, then a boy of eleven, off to France, in order that he might complete his education there in safety. The ship was intercepted by an English man-of-war off Flamborough Head, and James was carried as a prisoner to Windsor Castle. Looking out of his window one day he espied, walking in the little garden adjoining his prison, Lady Jane Beaufort, the fair grand-daughter of "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," in whose veins ran the blood-royal of England. Taking her for his heroine, he set himself to work, and produced one of the most celebrated poems of his century, widely known by name, though now but little read, *The King's Quhair* (i.e. little book). This poem, which, in its personifications and elaborate allegories, exhibits a curious mixture of Christianity and Pagan mythology, is in the seven-lined decasyllabic metre of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, henceforth known as "rhyme-royal." It is the favourite form of stanza in early English poetry. As this is an epoch-making poem in the history of Scottish verse, I give the following brief outline:—The poet, having waked from sleep, is reading Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, and bewailing his own hard fate: the matin bell rings and the birds begin to sing. He looks out of his window and sees "the fairest and freshest youngé flower" that he had ever beheld, of whom he instantly becomes enamoured. She disappears and he half swoons, half dreams: he is transported in imagination to the sphere of Venus, whose court is then described at full length. Venus herself and her attendents, Fair-calling and Secrecy, welcome him; and as his case is a desperate one, she directs him to Minerva under the escort of Good Hope. They are admitted into Minerva's palace by Patience, the porter. Minerva questions him as to the sincerity

of his love, discourses him on the abstruse doctrines of Necessity and Free-Will, and sends him back to earth on a journey in quest of Fortune. This goddess and her dwelling are next minutely described; she places him on her wheel and takes him by the ear so earnestly that he wakes from his vision. The last brief canto tells how a white turtle dove of Venus lights on his hand with a message of cheering comfort written on a bunch of red gillyflowers in her bill; and the whole concludes with an epithalamium on his own marriage. The work, as a whole, resembles Hawes's great poem; it displays considerable refinement throughout, and in some passages great beauty; that descriptive of the heroine is the gem (p. 42). James subsequently married his heroine, and regained his liberty.

Many of the productions of this royal bard have probably perished for ever; two extant humorous pieces, very similar in choice and treatment of subject, are usually attributed to his pen—*Christ's Kirk on the Green* and *Peblis at the Play*. If these droll and burlesque descriptions of national rustic merry-makings be really by him (and not by a subsequent king of the same name, the reputed author of the *Gaberlunzie Man*, p. 251), they prove James I. to have been possessed of great versatility, excelling equally in comic and serious poetry. As spirited pictures of the popular manners and amusements of the common people, among whom the king is reported to have often mingled in disguise, they call to mind the productions of Burns. The life of this king, poet, scholar, musician, legislator (for he was each and all of these) began sadly; it ended tragically. He had been spending the Christmas of 1436 in the Carthusian Monastery near Perth. There he passed the evening of the 20th February 1437—destined to be his last—in reading, music, and playing games, with the

queen and her attendant ladies. Meanwhile, shrouded by the darkness of the night, a gang of three hundred Highland outlaws, headed by Sir Robert Grahame, silently creep closer and closer round the walls. A plank is thrown across the moat, and the gate is opened by some traitor within. The assassins, having first slain the king's cup-bearer in the passage, rush upon their victim. For a brief moment a frail barrier is interposed; Catherine Douglas, one of the queen's maids-of-honour, immortalises her name, supplying the place of a bolt, which had been clandestinely removed from the door, by thrusting her own fair arm into the staples. But the heroic act is all in vain: the slender impediment is soon swept away, crushed and broken; the king is dragged from his hiding-place, and after a brief struggle—during which his faithful queen twice receives the murderous daggers in her own person—lies dead, a hacked and mangled corpse! Thus miserably ended prematurely the career of one of the most highly gifted and accomplished monarchs the world ever saw; celebrated alike for his skill in all manly exercises, and for his proficiency in "those gay, elegant, and gentle arts, which soften and refine the character of a people and wreath a grace round the loftiness of a proud and warlike spirit" (Irving, *Sketch Book*).

While James yet reigned, the earliest and best Scottish fabulist, Robert Henryson (*Cir.* 1425-1500), was born. We know the man only by his works. Of these the principal are the thirteen *Fables of Æsop*, in which he proves himself a capital story-teller, endowed with very considerable humour and skill in the delineation of character. His best fable is that of the "Town and Country (or, to use the Scottish terms, the "Borrowstoun and Landwort") Mouse," with its finely expressed moral (p. 52). This tale, originally told by Horace, has

been versified also by Wyat and Cowley, but to my thinking neither of them have excelled the version of the old Scot. The most notable amongst Henryson's other works are, *The Testament of Cresseid*, a sequel to Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, relating the punishment and wretched end of that faithless dame. The passage descriptive of the last silent meeting between Troilus and the leprosy-stricken Cresseid (p. 56) is full of heart-moving pathos, and is almost, if not quite, equal to the best work of Chaucer himself. Like most of his contemporaries, Henryson abounds in quaint anachronisms, such as picturing Troilus as a mediæval knight talking of a 'kirk,' making Mercury speak of the 'parliament,' etc. Owing to the fact of its finding a place in Percy's *Reliques*, Henryson is now best known as the author of *Robin and Makyne*, the earliest, and, I may add, one of the most charming, of the many Scottish Pastorals. He would appear to have, in his later years, turned his attention to the composition of grave religious pieces of a highly moral and didactic tone. They are frequently fitted with a refrain. The best are *The Abbey Walk* and the quaint *Garment of Good Ladies* (pp. 47, 49).

If James I. be the Chaucer of Scotland, William Dunbar may well be termed the Burns of his century. He is incomparably the greatest of the early Scottish poets; indeed, with the exception of the Ayrshire Ploughman at his best, Dunbar is the greatest poet, ancient or modern, that Scotland has ever produced. No English poet from Chaucer to Spenser approaches him, and in some respects I would rank him above the latter. Wyat and Surrey are not to be spoken of in the same breath with this "darling of the Scottish muse," as Scott termed him. Born about the middle of the fifteenth century, he began life as a travelling

Franciscan friar and pardoner, and he has given us an amusing poetical account of "how he was in a dream desired to be a friar," by a spirit who turned out to be a fiend in the guise of St. Francis. The life apparently did not suit him, as we soon find him exchanging it for that of a court poet. At the Court he quickly became a prime favourite, and many of his pieces proved him to have been on very familiar terms with the king and queen. The latter may have regarded him with special favour on account of his fine allegorical poem, *The Thistle and the Rose*, composed in celebration of her nuptials. In this noble Prothalamium Chaucer's influence is manifest throughout. The work displays no mean power of invention. It opens with the usual description of a "fair, fresh May" morning. The poet dreams that May leads him into a garden; Dame Nature then appears, and summons before her all the beasts, birds, and flowers; they are collected by the roe, the swallow, and the yarrow respectively. The Lion (of Scotland) is crowned King of the Beasts, the Eagle, King of the Birds, and the "awful Thistle with his bush of spears," King of the Flowers. The Rose, "of colour red and white" (Margaret), Queen of Flowers, is then wedded to the Thistle (James); whereupon the birds sing so loud for joy that they awake the poet. The opening stanzas,

is usually the case in these early allegorical pieces, are among the most beautiful in the poem (p. 83).

Dunbar's poems, which are very numerous, and show a rare versatility of talents, may be divided into four classes—(1) Allegorical; (2) Moral; (3) Personal; (4) Comic and Satiric. To the first class (in addition to the poem already described) belongs his most elaborately finished work *The Golden Targe*—i.e., the Shield of Reason. The object of the work is to show that it is powerless as a defence against the assaults of Love.

Although containing some vivid passages, it is as a whole inferior to *The Thistle and Rose*. In the second, or moral class, his most striking poem is *The Merle and the Nightingale* (p. 63), a moral apologue, of the same species of composition as Chaucer's *Cuckoo and Nightingale* (Minto). Many of these short serious pieces have a burden-line at the end of each stanza. The third or personal class is very numerous, chiefly touching supplications to the king for a benefice, an object of ambition which poor Dunbar long sighed for, but never obtained. Perhaps the only poem in which he displays true pathos is the *Lament for the Makars* (p. 77). It is, however, in the comic and satiric department that we have Dunbar at his best; this is his true sphere. Unrestrained by any feeling of reverence, he vigorously lashes the vices and follies of clergy and laity with equally scathing ridicule. In these pieces, and those of Lindesay, we have the Scottish counterpart to the attacks of Langland and Gower on the sensuality of the clergy. To this class belongs Dunbar's most truly remarkable and original poem—one which shows a master hand, not excelled by Spenser himself—*The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins* (p. 88). The metre is that of Chaucer's *Sir Topas* and Burns's *Jolly Beggars*. The only epithets which can fittingly characterise this most striking and animated picture are "grotesque," "ghastly," "diabolic." The poem is a description of the Revels in the domain of Mahoun—His Satanic Majesty. One John Damian, a French quack, who had been created Abbot of Tunland, made an attempt to fly with wings from the ramparts of Stirling Castle; on this grotesque incident our poet founded two satires. Dunbar also wrote a number of Macaronic pieces, somewhat after the manner of Skelton; in several of these the Litanies and other portions of the Breviary are burlesqued in the most

profane manner. To sum up :— this master alike of the comic and serious muse produced a great number of very miscellaneous pieces, many having merely a temporary interest, none of any considerable length. They are characterised by great skill in mechanical arrangement and variety of metres, aptitude in the delineation of life and manners, and frequently excessive coarseness and indelicacy, the fault of the age. They prove their author, though lacking the pathos of Chaucer, to have possessed a brilliant and inventive imagination, a great command of language, considerable lyric grace, a genuine love of nature, and, above all, a caustic wit and rich humour; and they justify the encomium of Scott, that “the genius of Dunbar and Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance.”

“The Reverend Father in God, Master Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and uncle to the Earl of Angus,” who

“In a barbarous age
Gave rude Scotland Virgil’s page,”

— *Marmion*.

was the third son of Archibald, the great Earl of Douglas, surnamed Bell-the-Cat (1475-1522). He was renowned for his political as well as for his literary talents. It is with the latter that I have here to deal; the former belong to Scottish history. About the year 1500 he produced his earliest and longest original work now extant, *The Palace of Honour* (p. 126) a complex allegory, somewhat in the style of Hawes and Lydgate. It has, also, been compared to Bunyan’s great allegory. “Its object” (says Warton) “is to show the instability and insufficiency of worldly pomp, and prove that a constant and undeviating habit of virtue is the only way to true Honour and Happiness, who reside in a magnificent palace situated on

the summit of a high and inaccessible mountain." In the carrying out of this somewhat original design, the author displays very considerable learning, but the blending of Christian subjects with heathen mythology and the mixture of classic and Christian characters is amusing. Thus amongst the personages introduced are the Sibyls, Deborah, Aristotle, Solomon, Ulysses, Job, Cicero, Melchisedek, Virgil, and Enoch; and "it is somewhat incongruous to find a nymph of Calliope's train expounding the scheme of redemption"—(Small). Cataline attempts to enter the Palace of Honour by a window, but Cicero hits him a severe blow on his head with a huge folio, which repels the intruder. Douglas's other poem, *King Heart* (of Man), though much shorter, is on the whole superior to his earlier work. It is an allegory exhibiting the progress of human life, and may be compared with *The Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher. As Mr. Ross has remarked, "It is in its essence and purpose a sermon on the text, 'Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'" Douglas is thought by some to have written a portion of the famous lament after Flodden, *The Flowers of the Forest*. The whole of his life was passed in hunting after every rich ecclesiastical "plum" that became vacant in the Scottish church. A celebrated historical witticism is attributed to him. The leaders of the two great rival factions of the Douglasses and the Hamiltons had met together at Edinburgh to hold a conference for the purpose of reconciling their differences. Bishop Douglas endeavoured to persuade Archbishop Beaton (of the Hamilton faction) to assist in bringing matters to a peaceful solution. Beaton, protesting that he knew nothing of the warlike designs of his party, said, striking his breast, "By my conscience,

I know nothing of the matter ;” the vehemence of the stroke made a coat of mail, which the wily cleric had concealed under his robes, resound, whereupon Douglas replied, “Your conscience, my lord, is not sound, for I hear it clatters” (*i.e.*, tells tales).

It remains to speak of Douglas’s last and altogether most remarkable work, his translation of Virgil into Scottish metre—our earliest metrical translation of any classical author. The most interesting portions of this interesting work are the highly original and poetical prologues (p. 117) prefixed to the several books, mostly descriptive of Scottish landscapes ; these are no mere feeble imitations of Chaucer, but real, genuine pictures of the northern scenery painted by an enthusiastic and observant eye-witness. According to Mr. Ross, the poet’s great claim to remembrance is his choice of a subject. It is the first sign that the rising wave of the Renaissance had at length reached the remote shore of Scotland. Some of the modernisations of ideas are very comic. Thus the Sibyl becomes a nun, Bacchantes are ‘the nuns of Bacchus,’ Æneas is ‘a gentle baron,’ who counts his beads. The translator occasionally adds amusing explanations, thus :—

“By running strandes nymphs and naides
(Such as we call wenches and damosels).”

I shall briefly glance at another intrepid satirist, slightly later in date and very inferior in poetical merits to either Dunbar or Douglas, but resembling, and even exceeding, them in the severity with which he attacks the prevalent disorders and corruptions of the Church and its clergy.—one who, as Dryden has it, literally “lashed vice into reformation,” and who is justly entitled The Poet of the Scottish Reformation—Sir David Lindsay of the Mount (1490-1557). All his

works (save one) more or less directly refer to the then burning question; he is a kind of Scottish Langland, and advocate of poor 'Jack Upland.' He lacks imagination and pathos, but he abounds in coarse, pungent humour (like that of Swift), is a vigorous delineator of character, and has considerable fluency of versification. To the historian of Scottish manners his writings are invaluable. He was early appointed Master Usher to the infant James V., and he tells us that the monarch's first syllables were "Pa, Da. Lyn."—Play, David Lindesay. Of his numerous works the most important are *The Dream*, *Squire Meldrum*, *The Monarchy*, and *The Satire of the Three Estates*. The first of these is in substance a kind of prosaic Scottish *Divina Commedia*, and the main idea is clearly modelled on Dante, and also partly on Æneas' visit to the Shades, which he probably had read in Douglas' recent translation. Lindesay finds the principal inhabitants in "the painfull poisonit pit" of Hell, are clergy of all kinds in full canonicals, and herein lies the point of the satire. Other inhabitants are Nero, Pharaoh, Herod, Mahomet, etc. He next visits Purgatory and Limbo, and the "christalline" heaven of heavens, where he sees St. Peter as "lieutenant-general!" From Paradise he, by a somewhat rapid transition, returns to Scotland, and hears much of the lamentable state of that realm from 'John the Commonweal.' *Squire Meldrum*, Lindesay's most agreeable production, is a burlesque metrical romance on the life of a real contemporary Fifeshire squire, somewhat resembling Chaucer's *Sir Topas*. It differs from his other works inasmuch as it contains no allusions to prevalent corruptions or abuses. Lindesay's longest work, *The Monarchy*, (p. 136), is one of those early colossal poems which attempt to give a complete history of mankind from the creation to

the day of judgment, and even afterwards. The author terms it "a little quire of matter miserable." It is in the form of a dialogue between a Courtier and a very dull and gloomy gentleman, named Experience, on the somewhat trite subject of "the miserable estate of this world." As this book is meant for 'Jok and Tom,' it is in the vernacular: Moses, says the author, as a precedent, gave the law in Hebrew, and St. Jerome translated the Bible into Latin; but had he been born in Argyle, he would have compiled it in the Erse (Gaelic) tongue! The whole bears a distinct family resemblance to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*.

The Pleasant (?) Satire of The Three Estates is remarkable as being the earliest specimen, now extant, of Scottish dramatic writing. The three estates signify the Landholders, Merchants, and Clergy. It is a kind of Morality play "in commendation of Virtue and vituperation of Vice," and took from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. to perform, being divided into two parts, that the audience may "go take a drink and make collatioun" (*i.e.*, refresh their inner man) "with ale and claret wine." It is entirely innocent of any regular plot. Between the parts is an interlude of The Poor Man and Sir Robert Rome-raker the Pardoner, who complains that the sale of his goods is much injured by the circulation of the New Testament in English. The scene ends by the Poor Man's upsetting the relics into the water (p. 143). This portion somewhat resembles Heywood's *Four P.'s*. This play is the masterpiece of early Scottish satire, and it had a great effect upon the king; for immediately after its performance he sent for the chief of the clergy and directed them to reform their fashions and manners. David Lindesay was, till Burns appeared, the poet of the Scottish people, and the decision, "Ye'll no find

that in Davie Lindesay," was always considered final. He was clearly a prime favourite with Sir Walter Scott, who has introduced him into his *Marmion*. "Hout, awa' wi' your daft nonsense," said an expiring man to his pious neighbour, who was reading for his edification a chapter from the Bible, "hout awa'! bring me Davie Lindesay." One more anecdote and I have done:—On one occasion the poet requested the king to appoint him "master-tailor." His Majesty replied, with surprise, that he could neither cut out nor sew; he satirically retorted, "Sir, that makes no matter, for you have given benefices to many who can neither teach nor preach!"

The minor Scottish poets of this early period deserving notice are Quintin Shaw, Patrick Johnston, Kennedy (p. 100), with whom Dunbar had a 'flying,' and Mersar; and, later in date than Lindesay, Maitland (p. 181), the celebrated collector of early Scottish poems, who shares the satirist's feelings of the subject of ladies' dress, and adds another name to the list of blind poets; Alexander Scot (fl. 1550), whose elegant and refined amatory poems have gained for him the title of The Scottish Anacreon (p. 186); Moffat, the supposed author of a still celebrated humorous ballad, *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*; Alexander Arbuthnot, Principal of Aberdeen (p. 327); and lastly, the three Wedderburn brothers, John, Robert, and James. These men flourished about 1550, and their most remarkable productions are to be found in a collection entitled *Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs* (p. 191), with sundry other ballads changed out of profane and unclean songs. This extraordinary volume contains numerous adaptations and parodies of popular songs and tunes, turning them into hymns, and frequently retaining the first line or the burden of the secular

ditty, such as "John, come kiss me now," "The hunt's up," "Hay trix, trim go trix, under the green-wood tree," "I'll never leave thee," etc. The intention of the compilers was that the maids-of-honour and courtiers should sing these instead of love-sonnets; "but," as old Anthony-a-Wood informs us, "they did not, save a few." This practice, a favourite one with the early Reformers, is alluded to by Shakespeare:—"They do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves'" (*Merry Wives*, ii. 1); and again, "But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes" (*Win. Tale*, iv. 2). In the subsequent reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth it exceeded all bounds, being fostered by the Puritans, who are said to have even moralised Ovid! Pinkerton says that the seven classic poets of Scotland are Barbour, Blind Harry, James I., Dunbar, Lindsay, Douglas, and Drummond; and beyond doubt we must regard the third and fourth as the real successors of Chaucer. They carried on the stream of poesy in these islands till the appearance of Wyatt, Surrey, and Spenser heralded in a new epoch.

In conclusion, let us briefly summarise the chief characteristics, merits, and defects of these bards

"Of the North countrie,
A nation famed for song."

The first thing to be noted is, that, although all are ardent admirers and imitators of Chaucer and Gower, their productions have nevertheless a distinctly national flavour, and every one of them, from Barbour downwards, is saturated with the spirit of patriotism. They exhibit the sound common-sense, the shrewd wit, the

didactic and moralising seriousness, which are still the characteristics of the Scotch people all the world over; but in pathos, in imagination, in character-painting, they are each and all sadly deficient. It is a remarkable fact that no one of these poets has given to the world, not to say a complete portrait-gallery such as that of Chaucer's *Prologue*, but not even any single character which has lived in the minds of men. Moreover, their most refined efforts are marked with a certain indescribable harshness, resembling the rugged mountains of their native land. It is, I fear, beyond the power of even their most ardent admirers to deny that, with the exception of Dunbar, they only occasionally venture into the realms of poetry proper, and their works are now remembered—if they are remembered at all—as rhymed descriptions of the manners and customs of their day rather than as poems.

SECTION IV.—RENAISSANCE.

Turning our attention once more to the southern portion of the kingdom, we find a new epoch dawning in the history of our literature—the Elizabethan era. Although so named, this, the golden age of English poesy, is not confined merely to great Eliza's glorious days, but extends also to the reign of her immediate successor, James I. With the introduction of Italian style into English writing came the first foreshadowings of the "giant race" of poets who were soon to dazzle the world. At this time the leading poet of Europe was Petrarch; his favourite poems were his sonnets on Laura: these ere long were reproduced in an English dress by a brace of poets, whose names, like those of Beaumont and Fletcher, are for ever inseparably united together—namely, Wyatt and Surrey. These men

avowedly took Petrarch as their model, and in many instances they were most happy in their imitations. They thus, as it were, struck a new poetical lode. A whole cluster of poets almost immediately followed, who produced their 'Songs and Sonnets' with a boundless profusion. It is quite impossible, in the space at my disposal, to do more than notice very briefly a few of the principal names amongst the earliest group.

The year before Elizabeth ascended the throne was marked by the appearance of the first printed English anthology, or collection of poems by various authors. This most interesting little book, which, as Mrs. Masson remarks, "appears like a landmark dividing the poetry of the earlier Tudors from that of Elizabeth's reign," was fully entitled thus:—*Songs and Sonnettes, written by the Right Honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and other.* Apud Richardum Tottel. 1557; and is shortly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*, so called after its first publisher. His venture was eminently successful; two editions of the work appeared in the first year, within one month of each other—the second containing considerable alterations and additions—and were rapidly followed by half-a-dozen more editions. Success breeds imitation, and consequently Tottel's example was soon followed by others, so that ere long these miscellanies of verse became the leading article in the poetical annals of the period, from which we derive our best information respecting the general tone and features of the poetry of the age, and in which are preserved many of its brightest gems. The titles of some of these volumes are very quaint; here are a few of the earlier ones:—*A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions; A Handful of Pleasant Delites; A Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers; The Phoenix Nest; The Arbor of Amorous Devises*, etc. The four greatest and most

valuable collections are *Tottel's*, Edwards' *Paradise of Dainty Devises* (1576), *England's Helicon* (1600), and Davison's *Poetical Rapsody* (1602). Concerning these it has been well remarked that they display a curious progress from the mournful passion and lugubrious cast of thought which reflect the troubled times of early reformation, as portrayed in the first two, to the festive gaiety of Elizabeth's reign, as reflected in the fanciful contents of *England's Helicon*, which is much the best and richest of all these miscellanies, and includes amongst its contributors most of the celebrated poets of the day—Spenser, Surrey, Sidney, Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and even Shakespeare himself. Properly speaking, the present sketch has only to do with the first of these—*Tottel's Miscellany*—to which, therefore, I return.

The greater proportion of the pieces comprised in this volume were posthumous; it even includes Chaucer's *Good Counsel*. Although, doubtless owing to his rank, Surrey's name appears on the title-page, and his poems come first in order, he was not the principal contributor in point of number, Sir Thomas Wyatt having ninety-six to Surrey's forty. The only other known contributor of any considerable number of pieces is Nicholas Grimoald, who also supplies forty. The remainder of the volume is made up of two pieces by Thomas Lord Vaux (a portion of one of which, p. 237, is sung by the gravedigger in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*), one by John Heywood, one by Edward Somerset, and one hundred and thirty by "unknown authors."

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) was not only, as already mentioned, the principal contributor, but he was, moreover, the earliest in point of date, and Surrey refers to him several times as his master. He is described as having been handsome in face and elegant in manners; dexterous in martial exercises, a form (says Surrey)

where force and beauty met, an accomplished performer on the lute (the favourite instrument of his times), and a linguist, speaking French, Spanish, and Italian with fluency. This "delight of the muses and of mankind," as Anthony-a-Wood calls him, is reported to have cherished a Platonic passion for Queen Anne Boleyn, somewhat like that of Surrey for Fair Geraldine. According to the same authority, he visited Italy in 1526, and, doubtless, his study of the Italian poets received, at any rate, a considerable impetus from this visit. In 1541 he was arrested on a malicious and unfounded charge of high treason, and at his trial produced his celebrated defence, which gained him an acquittal. After this he retired from public life, and devoted himself to the composition of his three Satires and translations of the seven Penitential Psalms.

Probably the best known name in the list of English poets between Chaucer and Spenser is that of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516 ?-1546?). This, England's first noble poet, has been claimed by both Oxford and Cambridge, and is said to have early showed great talent, and to have excelled in many exercises—to have been, in short, "a scholar, courtier, soldier." A romantic halo has been spread round Surrey by his half-mythical love for a certain Fair Lady Geraldine—his 'Laura'—to whom several of his poems are dedicated. The real name of the lady was Elizabeth Fitzgerald, second daughter of Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, and it is generally (and I believe rightly) supposed that the attachment was a purely Platonic one, as the lady in question was only about twelve years of age, whilst Surrey was married. Upon this very slight foundation quite an elaborate fabric has been built, and the story of their loves forms the subject of one of Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*—Howard to Geraldine. In the end the lady married a

gentleman of the unpoetical name of 'Brown. Surrey would appear to have been a man of violent and somewhat petulant temper, and on several occasions was imprisoned in the Fleet—once for taking part in a night riot in London, and breaking citizens' windows with a crossbow, his defence being that his object was to suggest to the dissolute citizens at their feasts the suddenness of divine judgments, and so to awaken them to repentance! Finally, in 1546, he was arrested and charged with high treason, as having set up and borne the arms of Edward the Confessor. He was tried at Guildhall, condemned, and executed on Tower Hill.

These "chief lanterns of light" (as old Puttenham terms them), Wyatt and Surrey, were the founders of that school of courtly 'makers' which subsequently boasted a Spenser, a Daniel, a Waller, and a Herrick; and their graceful lyrics—almost, if not quite the first in the language—exercised a marked influence on the literature of their age and country. Modern English poetry may be said to date from them. They both attempted successfully the improvement of our poetical diction and our poetical forms. They were both enthusiastic students and admirers of the Italian masters, and by translating the sonnets of Petrarch they naturalised that form of versification—that "scanty plot of ground"—which has been essayed by almost every English poet of note up to the present day. They introduced new and artificial involutions into their verses; they broke loose from the pedantic and diffuse school of Lydgate—a school which describes all objects by the same epithets, and takes twenty lines to say that the poem was begun in October! They gave up the use of prolix similes 'long-drawn-out,' and rejected the 'aureate and mellifluate,' but quite meaningless terms such as "aromatic,"

“full solacious,” etc., which the earlier writers had applied with impartial hand to such diverse objects as flowers, winds, eloquence, and parts of speech (Nott). Abandoning quaint Latinised polysyllables, and using only current English, they returned to Nature and simple truth. And along with this reformation of our language they introduced a reformation of our versification, substituting a metrical system for the rythmical one which had previously generally prevailed, and which, paying less attention to the number of syllables than to the number of beats in a verse, had done very well so long as poetry was heard by the ear rather than read by the eye in printed books. When contrasted together, Surrey is, on the whole, superior to his brother poet. Their works, no doubt, are very similar in style and subject;—indeed, like Petrarch, they have but one subject, viz., sentimental love, which is twisted and turned into a thousand different shapes;—but still there is a perceptible difference. “The deep-witted Wyat,” of “visage stern and mild,” is more lofty and didactic, ofttimes melancholy: a grave moralist rather than an amatory poet; a diplomatist rather than a soldier. He has at his command a great variety of metres and a vigorous style, but his language is more frequently obscured by unnatural and fantastic conceits and antitheses. He lacks the originality and vivacity of his less learned but more artistic disciple. Surrey possesses more of the marks of a genuine poet, more love of Nature, more harmony, a greater wealth of words, more pathos, more imagination. In short, Surrey excells Wyat both in his matter and in his manner. In one respect both are alike praiseworthy—their freedom from all indelicacy of thought or language.

As Wyat was the first polished English satirist, so

Surrey was the first to introduce into the English language that noble form of versification afterwards adopted by a Shakespeare and a Milton. This he did in his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*—our earliest blank verse poem. He is supposed to have derived the idea from the Italian poets. Our next writer of blank verse was Nicholas Grimoald (1519?-1562), a Huntingdonshire man, and the third principal contributor to *Tottel's Miscellany*: in which appeared his two unrhymed pieces on the deaths of Cicero and Zoroas, the Egyptian astronomer, translated from Beza and Guatier. Grimoald's blank verse shows a slight improvement on that of Surrey. He is supposed by Mr. Arber to have been the chief editor, if not the originator, of Tottel's collection.

Amongst the many results of the revival of classical learning, one of the most natural, and by no means the least beneficial, was the rage for the translation into English of the more important classics of Greece, of Rome, and also of Italy, whereof all the principal were translated before 1600. These translations were made by many of the leading English poets of the time, and no doubt at first the free growth of native poetry was somewhat checked thereby; but, in the long run, they could not fail to be beneficially influenced by the consequent close contact and familiarity with the literary masterpieces of the ancient world. Most of the earliest translations were naturally those of the Latin poets.

Caxton had published in 1490 what purported to be a prose translation of Virgil, but his paraphrase (or parody rather) was merely a kind of romance translated from the French of Guillaume de Roy, and made out of a small portion of the *Æneid*. Douglas, who is very severe on Caxton's book, was the first British metrical

translator of the Mantuan bard. Surrey's translation soon followed, which, though very superior to the rugged Scottish version, was probably suggested thereby; and from it Surrey borrows freely, not only particular phrases and expressions, but often whole lines, especially in the second book.

Probably the oddest translation of an ancient classic that ever appeared in English, or in any other language, was that of the first four books of the *Æneid* by an Irishman, Richard Stanyhurst, into lumbering English hexameters, after the manner of Gabriel Harvey.* Stanyhurst's version of the great Latin epic is exceedingly comic and amusing, abounding in 'thrasonical huffenuffe' (Nash), and in such terms and phrases as "thwick-thwack," "rif-raf," "robel-hobble," "cocksure," "break the ice," "in the wrong box," "beblubbered," and in mimetic lines, such as—

"Like bandog grinning, with gnash tusk greedelye snarring."

"Whear curs barek bawling, with yolp yalpe snarrye rebounding,"

"Like wrastling meere winds with blaste contrarius huzing."

* And here, perhaps I should explain, for the sake of my fair readers, that a hexameter line consists of six feet, the first four either dactyls (- 0 0) or spondees (- —), the fifth being almost always a dactyl, and the sixth always a spondee or a trochee (- 0). Thus (to use Spedding's example)—

"*Virgil* my model is : accent, cesura, division,
His practice regulates ; his laws my quantity obeyeth."

This attempt to introduce into English rhythms the

"Lumber of Liddell and Scott ; O musical chaff of old Athens,"
—*Clough*.

has been attempted at various epochs in the story of our literature, from Harvey to Longfellow ; but, as a rule, such attempts have fully merited the verdict of Lamb—

"O begone measure, half-Latin, half English, then."

He translates "parvulus Æneas" as "a cockney, a dandiprat hop-thumb!" Campbell has said somewhat hardly of him, that if Chaucer is the well of English undefiled, Stanyhurst may be called the common sewer of the language. In 1567 appeared George Turbervile's translation of Ovid's *Heroical Epistles*, partly in blank verse and partly in rhyme. This Dorsetshire man was a somewhat voluminous sonneteer and translator. In this same year he produced English versions of the Latin *Eclogues* of Mantuan, and, in 1576, a set of ten tragical tales in verse, translated from the Italian novelists. Whilst acting as secretary to the embassy in Russia he wrote three poetical epistles giving amusing descriptions of the manners and customs of that country, which were printed in Hackluyt's *Voyages*. His principal original work is entitled *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Sonys, and Sonnets*, published in 1567; several of these pieces, written in imitation of Surrey's, possess considerable merit. (p. 271).

Turning for a moment to Italy, we find that all her great poets, save Dante only, had already, before 1600, found their way into an English dress. Petrarch (portions of), by Lord Morley about 1555, and by Surrey; Ariosto, by Sir John Harrington in 1591; Tasso (portions only), by Richard Carew, 1594, and complete by Fairfax in 1600; Boccaccio, various portions, by divers hands.

The second poetical miscellany, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, was collected by a Somersetshire man, Richard Edwards (1523?-1566). Although not published till 1576, it was mostly written in the reign of Mary. The tone of this collection is monotonously lugubrious. As a whole, it is very inferior to Tottel's. Edwards was both a lyricist and a dramatist; and his comedy of *Damon and Pythias* is amongst our

earliest extant dramas. One of his numerous contributions to *The Paradise* is quoted in *Romeo and Juliet* (p. 261). His poem *Amantium Iræ* has been much admired (p. 256). Other contributors to this second collection were Lord Vaux (p. 235), Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford (p. 314), and William Hunnis. Contemporary with Edwards was Thomas Tusser, 'The British Varro,' and one of the earliest English didactic poets. Born in Essex about 1520, he went to school at Eton, where he was under the severe rule of Udall (the author of our first comedy). In his piece, entitled *The Author's Life*, Tusser refers to Udall's administering fifty-three stripes castigation "for fault but small, or none at all!" Tusser soon abandoned literature for farming in Suffolk and elsewhere. His one production of note, which Southey thought deserving of republication, is a practical, homely, and not very elegant attempt to teach agriculture in verse; valuable and amusing as a picture of the English farming methods of his day rather than as a poem. This once popular "old English Georgic" (Warton) is entitled in its first edition (published the same year as Tottel's collection) *One Hundred points of Good Husbandry*. It was subsequently enlarged to Five Hundred points (p. 263). Each 'point' contains four lines, and is complete in itself; and the whole work is divided into the twelve months, beginning with September and ending in August. The author of this highly moral and sententious, if not wildly exciting work, would appear, according to Fuller, to have been a regular "rolling stone, and to have gathered little or no moss; he spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none would stick thereon. His plough and his poetry were alike unprofitable," and accordingly he died in poverty in London A.D. 1580. Tusser's work went through a great many editions, and was parodied in *A Hundred points*

of *Evil Huswifry* in 1565. In 1710 appeared *Tusser Redivivus*, with a prose commentary by Hillman.

Another writer of an agricultural nature, but superior in poetic genius to Tusser, was Barnaby Googe (1540-1594), a translator of some diligence. It is, however, as the author of the earliest English pastorals that Googe claims a place in the history of our poetry. These appeared in 1563, under the title of *Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnettes*; the volume contains eight eclogues, four epitaphs, and a number of sonnets. The very pretty and graceful pastoral, *Harpalus and Phillida*, in Tottel's volume is attributed with probability to Googe (p. 301).

George Gascoigne (1540?-1577), soldier and scholar, "tam Marti quam Mercurio," deserves to be remembered as the writer of the first non-dramatic blank verse poem of any length in the language—viz., *The Steel Glass*. Many details of his 'well-employed' life have been preserved in a poetical *Remembrance* thereof by a contemporary, George Whetstone. Originally intended for the law, he soon abandoned that pursuit for the army, and served in Holland as a captain under William, Prince of Orange. He has given us the result of these experiences in his *Fruits of War*, a poem in seven-lined stanzas. On his return this martial bard devoted himself to poetry. Before his death he became very penitent, and was continually bewailing the errors of his unthrifty youth. His numerous works of various descriptions, show great versatility of talent. He figures as a dramatist, as a lyricist, as a satirist, as one of our earliest literary critics (in his *Notes on Making Verse*, 1575), as a prose pamphleteer, as a novelist, and as a translator. His two plays were written for performance at Gray's Inn in 1566. *The Supposes*, a translation from Ariosto, is said to be our earliest prose comedy, and supplied Shake-

speare with a hint for his *Taming of the Shrew*. His 'woful tragedie of *Jocasta*' (p. 297), a somewhat languid version of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, is the second blank verse drama in our language—the first being Sackville's *Gorboduc*. Most of his shorter pieces, which, though abounding in conceits, are many of them lively, graceful, and display considerable harmony and variety of versification, are included in his *Posies* (1575), a collection divided into three parts: 1st, Flowers, "because being invented upon a very light occasion, they have yet in them some rare invention and method before not commonly used;" 2nd, Herbs, "being indeed moral discourses and reformed inventions, and therefore more profitable than pleasant;" 3rd, Weeds, which "might seem to some judgments neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meet to be cast away. . . . I pray thee to smell unto these posies as Flowers to comfort, Herbs to cure, and Weeds to be avoided" (p. 282). Several of his works have quaint titles, such as the *Droome of Doomesday*, and *Delicate diet for dainty mouthed Drunkards*. Satire, however, was his forte. In his principal production, *The Steele Glas* (p. 295), a poem of some 11,000 blank verse lines, published the year before his death, we have an interesting and amusing picture of the time, its manners and habits, its vices and follies. To this volume are prefixed the earliest known verses of Sir Walter Raleigh. Gascoigne was apparently a favourite with his contemporaries, although a political opponent once branded him as a "scandalous rhymer, a notorious ruffian, an atheist, a manslaughterer, and an extensive debtor" (Minto), which, to say the least of it, seems a pretty strong indictment! Mr. Minto has pointed out several points of similarity of life and works between him and Byron.

Some two years after the publication of *Tottel's Miscellany* there appeared a poetical collection of a somewhat different nature, entitled *The Myrroure for Magistrates*. The projection of this singular work has usually been attributed to Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1536?-1608), but Mr. Minto has demonstrated that this popular theory is not quite correct, and that the idea originated with one Wayland, a printer, who was engaged at a new edition of Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*—a paraphrase of Boccaccio's *De Casibus* (see p. 17, *ante*). Wayland's intention was "to have the story continued from whereas Bochas left unto this present time, chiefly of such as Fortune hath dallied with here in this island, which might be a mirror to all men, as well nobles as others." From this extract the reader can gain a good idea of the scope and nature of this stupendous and sombre production. As originally designed, it was to give, as a sequel to Lydgate and Boccaccio, a kind of poetical and biographical chronicle of the misfortunes of all the illustrious Englishmen from the conquest onwards. Each was to tell his own sad history. There was no finality, no fixed limit to the work, but it went on gaining accretions year after year, from all sides, "like," says Professor Craik, "a sort of continually growing monument or cairn, to which every man added his stone." The greater portion of this "crude abortion of the grand epic" (Minto) was the work of minor and now forgotten writers—such as William Baldwin, an ecclesiastic (who wrote the prose introduction and conversations between the poems), and George Ferrers, a lawyer. These men contributed twelve and three legends respectively to the first edition in 1559, which contained nineteen stories in all, beginning with Tresilian, and chiefly relating to the period of the Wars of the Roses. The poet Churchyard, Phaer, the translator of Virgil,

and Skelton are all said to have contributed. In the fourth edition, by John Higgins, appeared some sixteen additional lives, from the time of the mythical Brutus to the commencement of the Christian era, prefaced by a new introduction in eight-lined stanzas. In this portion is found the legend of Cordelia. Blennerhasset, in 1578, added a dozen fresh legends, "from the conquest of Cæsar to the coming of William the Conqueror;" and finally, in 1610, the entire collection, with considerable additions, alterations, and modernisations, numbering some ninety legends in all, was republished by Richard Nichols. Various editions and numerous contemporary references and imitations testify to the popularity of the work. The very title, 'Mirror,' became quite frequent. Of all the various "builders," Sackville is by far the most distinguished, and his contributions are the only portions of the ponderous collection which now deserve remembrance. These are two in number—*The Induction*, or prefatory poem, and the *Complaint of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham*, which was to have formed the conclusion of the entire series (p. 317). The *Complaint*, though containing passages of considerable beauty, is on the whole a tedious production, lacking the vitality and vividness of *The Induction*, to which it is in every respect inferior. The main idea of the latter is copied from Dante's *Inferno* and the visit to the shades in Virgil. It is, as Campbell has said, "a landscape on which the sun never shines." The metre used is the seven-lined stanza of Chaucer. The whole is marked by a certain majestic dignity and solemnity of thought and language, notwithstanding the occasional stiffness of the latter, and is, all things considered, our most important poetical production between the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Facrie Queen*. Spenser is considerably indebted to the *Mirror*, which afforded him

many hints for the portrayal of his allegorical personages; a fact to which he alludes in a sonnet prefixed to his great allegory; it was, moreover, a storehouse of plots for future dramatists. But Sackville, by his one other literary production of importance, contributed still more directly to the drama of his country. In his *Gordobuc*, published the year after Shakespeare's birth, we have the first extant specimen of an English tragedy, and our first drama in blank verse. To enter into a description of this play would be beyond the scope of the present sketch; suffice it to say that it fully justifies the bestowal on Sackville of the proud title, "Founder of English Tragedy."

As the chief characteristics of this fourth period—the period of extraneous literary influences—we find that tedious trivialities and commonplaces have been to a great extent superseded by artistic arrangement of ideas and choice of diction: English poetry now appears for the first time clad in a fitting garb, now first has become an art. The imaginary courts and elaborate cavalcades which abound in the works of the earlier poets have disappeared along with the chivalry which gave them birth; and, on the other hand, short poems—lyrics—sonnets—have become the fashion. The one subject is Love, but it is treated in a more exalted manner; coarseness and indecency are dying out. Finally, writers view all things with reference to themselves; their poetry is strictly subjective, intuitive, reflective.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured, however feebly, to trace the meanderings of the stream of English poetry from its rise in Layamon, though the triumvirate, 'Masters Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate,' through "Angry Skelton's breathless rhymes," thence to Scotland, and once again back to the English

Wyat, Surrey, and Sackville, the worthy forerunners of Spenser, and the heralds of that splendour which was to adorn the latter portion of Elizabeth's glorious reign. With Spenser my allotted period closes, and, Moses-like, I can only gaze fondly on those golden fields of poesy—which stretch far out in front of me, but which I must not enter.

Early English Poetry.


A N O N Y M O U S.



SPRING SONG.

Verteth, harbours among the fern.

Summer is y-comen in,
Loud sing, cuckoo :
Groweth seed,
And blometh¹ mead
And spring'th the wood now :
Sing cuckoo !
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Low'th after calf cow.
Bullock starteth,
Buck verteth,
Merry sing, cuckoo !
Cuckoo, cuckoo !
Well sings thou, cuckoo !
Nor cease² thou never now.



LOVE SONG TO MISTRESS ALYSOUN.

Bandoun, command; y-hent, caught; lough, laughed; make, mate.

Between March and Averil,
 When spray beginneth to spring,
 The little fowl hath her will
 On her song¹ to sing.
 I live in love-longing,
 For seemliest of allé thing
 She may me blissé bring,
 I am in her bandoun.
 An handy hap I have y-hent,
 I wot² from Heaven it is me sent,
 From all women my love is lent,
 And 'light on Alysoun.

I think³ her hair is fair enough,
 Her brow brown, her eye black;
 With lovesome cheer she on me lough,
 With middle small and well y-mak.
 Save⁴ she will me to her take,
 For to been her own *make*,
 Long to livé I shall forsake,
 And, faith! fallé adown.
 An handy hap, etc.

—Circa, 1250 A.D.

A LOVE DITTY OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1300.

Slake, am deprived (of sleep).

For her love I cark and care,
For her love I droop and dare,
For her love my bliss is bare
And all I wax wan.
For her love in sleep I slake,
For her love all night I wake,
For her love mourning I make,
More than any man.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THIS LIFE.

Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leaves waxeth bare ;
Oft I sigh^t and mourne sare,
When it cometh in my thought,
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

Now it is and now it n' is,
All so it ne'er n' were, I wis,
That many man saith, sooth it is,
All goeth, but Godis will :
All we shall die, tho' us like ill.

ROBERT MANNYNG.

PRAISE OF GOOD WOMEN.

Neven, know ; glew, delight ; hurd, family.

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannér.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true ;
Nor dearer is none in God's hurd
Than a chaste woman with lovely word.

—*Handling Sin.*

RICHARD ROLLE.



"WHAT IS IN HEAVEN."

(MODERNISED.)

Stede, place ; eild, age.

All manner of joyes are in that stede,
There is life without any death ;
And there is youth without any eild ;
And there is all kind wealth aye to weild ;
And there is rest without any travail ;
And there is all goods that never shall fail ;
And there is peace without any strife ;
And there is all manner of liking of life ;
And there is aye summer full bright to see,
And never more winter in that countrie :
And there is more worship and honour,
Than ever had king or emperor,
And there is great melody of angels' song,
And there is praising them among :
And there is all manner friendship that may be,
And there is ever perfect love and charitie.
And there is wisdom without folly,
And there is honesty without villany.
All these a man may joys of Heaven call :
But yet the most sovereign joy of all
Is sight of God's bright face,
In whom resteth all manner grace.

—*Prick of Conscience.*

DAME FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

But with the world comes Dame Fortune,
 That either hand may changé soon ;
 For she turns about aye her wheel,
 Up and down, as many may feel ;
 When she her wheel lets about go,
 She turns some down from weal to woe,
 And, oft, againward from woe to weal ;
 Thus turns she oft about her wheel,
 The which the clerks nought else calls
 But hap or chance that suddenly falls,
 And that men hold(es) here nought else,
 But wealth and anger in which men dwells.
 Therefore worldly hap is aye in doubt
 Whilst Dame Fortune turns her wheel about.

—*Prick of Conscience.*

THE BROAD AND NARROW WAY.

(IN THE ORIGINAL FORM.)

—
 Won, dwell.
 —

This world es the way and passage
 Thurgh whilk lyes our pilgrimage
 By this way by-hoves us al gang,
 Bot be we war we ga noght wrang ;
 For in this world liggis twa ways
 Als men may fynd that tham assays
 The tane es way of the dede calde,
 The tother es way of lyfe to halde
 The way of dede semes large and eesy

And that may lede us ouer-lightly,
Un-til the grysly land of mirknes
Thar sorow and pyn ever-mare es.
The way of lyfe semes narow and harde
That ledes us til our contré-wardé
That es the kyngdom of heven bright
Whare we sal won ay in goddes sight
And goddes awen sons than be calde
If we the way of lyfe here halde.

—*Prick of Conscience.*

LAURENCE MINOT.



HOW EDWARD THE KING CAME IN BRABAND,
AND TOOK HOMAGE OF ALL THE LAND.

Mene, retinue; japes, artifices; fare, go; feard, fear; wone, number; ascry, reported; boon, prayer; bydene, besides; frek, eager; Beme, Bohemia; on row, in rank; nakers, drums; alblast, cross-bow; swink, strive; wight, valiant.

Edward our comely king,
In Brabant has his dwelling,¹
With many comely knight;
And in that land trully to tell
Ordains he still for to dwell
To time he thinks to fight.

Now God that is of mightés most,
Grant him grace of the Holy Ghost,
His heritage to win;
And Mary, mother of mercy free,
Save our king and his mené
From sorrow, shame, and sin.

Thus in Brabant has he been
Where he before was seldom seen,
For to prove their japes;
Now no longer will he spare,
But unto France fast will he fare
To comfort him with grapes.

Forth he faréd into France,
God save him from mischance,
And all his company !
The noble Duke of Braband
With him went into that land,
Ready to live or die.

Then the rich flower de lis
Won there full little prize,
Fast he fled for feard ;
The right heir of that country
Is come with all his knightés free
To shake him by the beard.

Sir Philip the Valayse
With his men in those days,
To battle had he thought ;
He bad his men them purvey
Withouten longer delay,
But he held it nought.

He brought folk full great wone,
Aye, seven against one,
That full-weapon'd were ;
But soon when he heard ascry
That King Edward was thereby
Then durst he not come near.

In that morning fell a mist,
And when our Englishmen it wist,
It changed all their cheer :
Our king unto God make his *boon*,
And God sent him good comfort soon,
The weather wax'd full clear.

Our king and his men held the field
Stalworthy with spear and shield,
And thought to win his right,
With lordés and with knightés keen,
And with other doughty men bydene
That were full frek to fight.

When Sir Philip of France heard tell,
That King Edward in field would dwell,
Then gained him no glee ;
He trusted of no better boot,
But both on horse and on foot
He hasted him to flee.

It seemed he was 'feared for strokes
When he did fell his great oaks
About his pavilion ;
Abated was then all his pride,
For longer there durst he not bide,
His boast was brought all down.

The king of Beme has cares cold,
That was full hardy and bold,
A steed to bestride ;²
He and the king of Naverne
Were fair 'feared in the fern
Their headés³ for to hide.

Believe well, it is no lie,
The field hight⁴ Flemangrye,
That King Edward was in,
With princes that was stiff and bold,
And dukes that were doughty told
In battle to begin.

The princes that were rich *on row*,
Great nakers strike and trumpets blow,
 And made mirth at their might ;
Both alblast, and many a bow,
Were ready rail'd upon a row
 And full frek to fight.

Gladly they gave meat and drink,
So that they should the better swink
 The wight men that they were.
Sir Philip of France fled for doubt,
And hied him home with all his rout :
 Coward, God give him care !

For there then had the lily flower
Torn all wholly his honour
 That so gat fled for feard ;
But our King Edward came full still
When that he trowed no harm him till,
 And kepted him in the beard.

ANONYMOUS.



SIR PENNY.

Boon, ready; rad, void; saw, words; assize, Courts of
Justice; dead, death; rede, counsel.

In earth it is a little thing,
And reigns as a riché king,
Where he is lent in land :
Sir Penny is his name call'd :
He makes both young and old
Bow unto his hand.

Popes, kings, and emperors,
Bishops, abbots, and priors,
Parson, priest, and knight,
Dukes, earls, and each baroun,
To serve him they are full boon
Both by day and night.

He may buy both heaven and hell,
And each thing that is to sell,
In earth has he such grace :
He may loose and he may bind,
The poor are aye put behind
Where he comes in place.

There strife was Penny makes peace,
 Of all anger he may release,
 In land where he will lend ;
 Of foes may he make friendés sad,
 Of counsel there them never be rad
 That may have him to friend.

Penny is a good felláw
 Men welcome him in deéd and *saw*,
 Come he never so oft ;
 He is not welcom'd as a guest,
 But evermore served with the best,
 And made to sit full soft.

Sir Penny may full mickle avail,
 To them that has need of counsáil,
 As seen is in *assize* :
 He lengthens¹ life, and saves from *dead*.—
 But love it not overwell, I rede
 For sin of covetise !

If thou have hap treasúre to win,
 Delight thee not too mickle therein,
 Nor careless² thereof be :
 But spend it as well as thou can,
 So that thou love both God and man
 In perfect charity.

God grant us grace, with heart and will,
 The goods that he has given us till
 Well and wisely to spend ;
 And so our lives here for to lead,
 That we may have his bliss to meed,
 Ever without end.

—*Circa*, 1400 A. D.

JOHN BARBOUR.



THE FOX AND THE FISHERMAN.

Mo, more ; schyr, clear ; hy, haste ; deliverly, quickly ; till, to ;
let, considered ; tynt, lost.

A fisher whilom lay
Beside a river, for to get
His nets that he there had set.
A little lodge¹ thereby he made ;
And there within a bed he had,
And a little fire alsó.
A door there was withouten mo.
At night, his nettés for to see,
He rose ; and there well long dwelt he,
And when that he had done his deed,
Toward his lodge again he hied ;²
And, with the light of the little fire,
That in the lodge was burning schyr,
Within³ his lodge a fox he saw,
That fast 'gan on a salmon gnaw.
Then to the door he went in hy,
And drew his sword deliverly :
And said " Reaver ! you must here out !"
The fox, that was in full great doubt,
Looked about, some hole to see ;
But none issúe perceive could he,
But where the man stood sturdily.
A Louthian⁴ mantle then him by
Lying upon the bed he saw ;
And with his teeth he 'gan it draw

Out o'er the fire : and when the man
 Saw his mantle lie burning then,
 To rid it ran he hastily.
 The fox got out then in great hy,
 And held his way his warren *till*.
 The man *let* him beguiled ill,
 That he his good salmón had tynt,
 And also had his mantle burnt ;
 And the fox scaithless got away.

—*The Bruce.*

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

Liking, enjoyment ; yearned, desired ; perquier, perfectly.

Ah ! freedom is a noble thing !
 Freedom makes a man to have *liking* !
 Freedom all solace to man gives :
 He lives at ease, that freely lives :
 A noble heart may have nane ease,
 Nor nought else¹ that may him please,
 If freedom fail ; for free liking
 Is yearned o'er all other thing.
 Nay, he that aye has livéd free,
 May not know well the property,
 The anger, nor the wretched doom,
 That is coupled with foul thraldom.²
 But, if he had assayed it,
 Then all perquier he should it wit :
 And should think freedom more to prize
 Than all the gold in world that is.
 Thus contrary things evermare
 Discoverings of the tother are.

—*The Bruce.*

WILLIAM LANGLAND.



ON THE PRIESTHOOD.

Love days, days appointed for the amicable settlement of disputes ; but, unless ; monials, nuns.

And now is Religion a rider, a roamer about,
 A leader of love days, and a land-buyer,
 A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor,
 A heap of hounds [behind him] as he a Lord were ;
 And *but* if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
 He low' red on him and asketh him who taught his
 courtesy ?

Little had lords to do to give land from their heirs
 To religious, that have no ruth though it rain on their
 altars.

In many places there they be parsons by themselves at
 ease ;

Of the poor have they no pity : and that is their charity !
 And they letten them as lords, their lands lie so broad.

And there shall come a king and confess you, Religious,
 And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your
 rule,

And amend monials, monks, and canons,
 And put them to their penance.

And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon and all his issue for
 ever,

Have a knock of a king and incurable the wound.

JOHN GOWER.



THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE MISER.

—

Tho, then ; algate, always ; sohd, sending ; sain, say ; levest,
desires most ; fere companion ; loke, blind ; lough, laughed.

—

Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit,
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification ;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.
So it befell upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten over land ;
Through which he thought to espy
His cause, and go'th in company.
This angel with his words wise
Opposeth them in sundry wise ;
Now loud words and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft ;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination,
Till he knew the condition,

What men they were both two ;
And saw well at last *tho*,
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious.
And thus when he had knowledging,
Anon he feigned departing,
And said he must algate wend ;
But hearken now what fell at end !
For then he made them understand,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kindship,
He would do them some grace again,
And bade that one of them should sain,
What thing is him levest to crave,
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that he forth with all
He saith, that other have shall
The double of that his fellow axeth ;
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.
The Covetous was wonder glad ;
And to that other man he bade,
And saith, that he first ask should ;
For he supposeth that he would
Make his asking of world's good ;
For then he knew well how it stood ;
If that himself by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight
Because that he would win,
He bade his fellow first begin.
This Envious, though it be late,
When that he saw he might, algate,
Make his asking first, he thought,
If he his worship and profit sought
It shall be double to his fere,
That he would choose in no manner.

But then he showeth what he was
 Toward envy, and in this case,
 Unto this angel thus he said,
 And for his gift thus he prayed,
 To make him blind of his one e(y)e,
 So that his fellow nothing see.
 This word was not so soon spoke,
 That his one eye anon was loke :
 And his fellow forthwith also
 Was blind on both his eyes two.
 Then was that other glad enough :
 That one wept, and that other lough.
 He set his one eye at no cost,
 Whereof that other two hath lost.

—*Confessio Amantis.*

ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.

Marche, borderland ; nome, taken ; pilour, pillager ; stede,
 place ; pover rout, poor company ; beyete, gain ; cleped, called ;
 evenliche, equally ; peised, weighed.

Of him, whom all this earthe dradde,
 When he the world so overlaid
 Through war, as it fortunéd is,
 King Alisaundre I redé this,
 How in a marché, where he lay,
 It fell perchance upon a day,
 A rover of the sea was nome,
 Which many a man had overcome,
 And slain and ta'en their goods^r away.
 This pilour, as the bookés say,
 A famous man in sundry stede
 Was of the workés which he dide.
 This prisoner before² the king

Was brought and there upon this thing
 In audience he was accused ;
 And he his deed had nought excused,
 And prayed the king to do him right,
 And said, " Sire, if I were of might,
 I have a heart like unto thine,
 For if thy power weré mine,
 My will is most in special
 To rife and geten over all
 The largé worldés goods about.
 But for I lead a pover rout,
 And am, as who saith, at mischief,³
 The name of pilour and of thief
 I bear, and thou, which routés great
 Might lead, and také thy beyete,
 And dost right as I wouldé do,
 Thy name is nothing cleped so,
 But thou art naméd emperour.
 Our decdés be of one colour,
 And in effect of one deserté ;
 But thy riches and my poverty
 They be not taken evenliché
 And na'theless he that is riché
 This day, to-morwe he may be pover,
 And in contrary also recover,
 A poor man to great riches.
 Men say therefore,⁴ let rightwiseness
 Be peised even in the balance."
 The king his hardy countenance
 Beheld, and heard his wordés wise,
 And said unto him in this wise :
 " Thine answer I have understonde ;
 Whereof my will is, that thou stonde
 In my service and still abide."

—*Confessio Amantis*, III.

THE TALE OF THE COFFERS.

Shope, contrived; life thilke throw, person then living; stede, place; sih, saw; perrie, precious stones; mull, rubbish; fet, fetched; tho', those; grutched, murmured; along on, because of; begon, adorned; lever, preferable; yard, rod; reguerdon, reward; couthen, could; wite, blame.

In a chroniqué this I read :
 About a kingé, as must need,
 There was of knightes and squires
 Great rout and eké of officers :
 Some of long time him had served,
 And thoughten that they have deserved
 Advancément, and gone without :
 And some also been of the rout,
 That comen but a while agon,
 And these advanced were anon.
 These oldé men upon this thing,
 So as they durst, against the king
 Among themselves complainen oft :
 But there is nothing said so soft,
 That it ne cometh out at last :
 The king is wist, anon as fast,
 As he which was of high prudence :
 He shope therefore an evidence
 Of them that 'plainen in the case,
 To know in whose default it was :
 And all within his own intent,
 That no man wisté what it meant.
 Anon he let two coffers make,
 Of one semblance, and of one make,
 So like, that no life thilke throw,
 The one may from that other know :
 They were into his chamber brought,
 But no man wot why they be wrought,

And natheless the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom sly ;
When he thereto his timé sih,
All privily that none it wist,
His owné handés that one chest
Of fine gold, and fine perrie,
The which out of his treasury
Was take, anon he filled full ;
That other coffer of straw and mull,
With stones mingled¹ he filled also :
Thus be they full bothe two.
So that early upon a day
He bade within, where he lay,
There should be before² his bed
A board set up and faire spread :
And then he let the coffers fet
Upon the board, and did them set.
He knew the names well of *tho'*,
The which against him grutched so,
Both of his chamber and of his hall,
Anon and sent for them all ;
And saidé to them in this wise ;
“ There shall no man his hap despise :
I wot well ye have longé served,
And God wot what ye have deserved ;
But if it is *along on me*
Of that ye unadvanced be,
Or else if it be 'long on you,
The soothé shall be provéd now :
To stoppé with your evil word,
Lo ! here two coffers on the board ;
Choose which you list of bothé two ;
And witteth well that one of tho'
Is with treasure so full begon,

That if he happé thereupon
Ye shall be riché men for ever :
Now choose and take which you is lever,
But be well 'ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
There is no manner good therein,
Whereof ye mighten profit win.
Now go together of one assent,
And taketh your advisément ;
For but I you this day advance,
It stands upon your owné chance,
All only in default of grace ;
So shall be showed in this place
Upon you allé well and fine,
That no defaulté shall be mine."
They kneelen all, and with one voice
The king they thanken of this choice :
And after that they up arise,
And go aside and them advise,
And at lasté they accord
(Whereof their talé to record
To what issue they be fall)
A knight shall speaké for them all ;
He kneeleth down unto the king,
And saith that they upon this thing,
Or for to win, or for to lose,
Be all advised for to choose.
Then took this knight a *yard* in hand,
And go'th there as the coffers stand,
And with assent of every one
He lay'th his yardé upon one,
And saith³ the king how thilké same
They choose in reguerdon by name,
And pray'th him that they might it have.
The king, which would his honour save.

When he had heard the common voice,
 Hath granted them their owné choice,
 And took them thereupon the key ;
 But for he wouldé it were see
 What good they have as they suppose,
 He bade anon the coffer unclose,
 Which was fulfill'd with straw and stones :
 Thus be they served all at ones.
 This king then in that samé stede
 Anon that other coffer undid,
 Where as they sawen great riches,
 Well moré than they couthen guess.
 " Lo ! " saith the king, " now may ye see
 That there is no default in me ;
 Therefore⁴ myself I will acquite,
 And beareth ye your owné wite
 Of that fortune hath you refused."
 Thus was this wisé king excused :
 And they left off their evil speech,
 And mercy of their king beseech.

—*Confessio Amantis.*

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE.

Whilom, formerly ; hight, called ; grad, cried ; for, in order
 that ; stede, place.

A maiden whilom there was one
 Which Daphne hight ; and such was none
 Of beauty then, as it was said.
 Phœbus his love hath on her laid ;
 And thereupon to her he sought
 In his fool-haste, and so besought

That she with him no resté had.
For ever upon her love he grad,
And she said ever unto him, " Nay."
So it befell upon a day,
Cupidé, which hath every chance
Of love under his governance,
Saw Phœbus hasten him so sore ;
And, *for* he should him hasten more,
And yet not speeden at the last,
A dart throughout his heart he cast,
Which was of gold and all a-fire,
That made him many-fold desire
Of lové moré than he did.
To Daphne eke in that same stede
A dart of lead he cast and smote,
Which was all cold and nothing hot.
And thus Phœbus in lové burneth
And in his haste abouté runneth¹
To look if that he mighté win ;
But he was ever to begin.
For ever away fro' him she fled,
So that he never his love sped.
And, for to make him full believe
That no fool-hasté might achieve
To getten love in such degree,
This Daphne into a laurel² tree
Was turned ; which is ever green,
In token, as yet it may be seen,
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phœbus failen of his will.

—*Confessio Amantis*, III.

ANDREW OF WYNTOUN.



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES.

—
Eme, uncle ; rede, counsel.
—

One night he thought in his dreaming
That sitting he was beside the king
At a seat in hunting : so
In his leash had greyhounds two.
He thought, while he was so sitting,
He saw three women by going ;¹
And these women then thought he
Three weird sisters most like to be.
The first he heard say, going by,
“ Lo ! yonder the thane of Crumbauchty ! ”
The t’other woman said again,
“ Of Moray yonder I see the thane.”
The third then said, “ I see the king.”
All this he heard in his dreaming.
Soon after that, in his youth-head,
Of these thanedoms he thane was made ;
Then² he next thought to be king,
From Duncan’s days had ta’en ending.
The fantasy thus of his dream
Moved him most to slay his eme,
As he did all forth indeed,
As before he heard me rede,
And Dame Gruok his eme’s wife
Took, and led with her his life,
And held her both his wife and queen.

—*Chronicle of Scotland.*

THOMAS HOCCKLEVE.



LAMENT FOR CHAUCER AND GOWER.

———

Lite, little ; vengeable duresse, revengeful cruelty ; to, equal to ; slow, slain ; hastife, hasty ; reave, bereave ; astarteth, escapes ; herteth, encourages.

———

My dearé master—God his soul acquit !—¹
 And father, Chaucer, fain would have me taught ;
 But I was dull, and learned lite or naught.

Alas, my worthy master honorable,
 These landés very treasure and richesse,
 Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable
 Unto us done : his vengeable duresse
 Despoiled hath this land of the sweetness
 Of rhetoric ; for unto Tullius
 Was never man so like amongst us.

Alas ! who was there in philosophy
 To Aristotle in our tongue, but thou ?
 The steppes of Virgile in poesie
 Thou folowed'st² eke : men knowe well enow
 That cumber-world³ that hath my master slow.
 Would I slain were ! death was too hastife
 To run on thee and reave thee of thy life :

She might have tarried her vengeance a while
 Till that some man had equal to thee be :

Nay, let that be : she knew well that this isle
 May never man forth bring like unto thee ;
 And her office needés do must she ;
 God bade her so, I trust for all the best.
 O master, master, God thy soulé rest !

But well away ! so is mine hearté woe,
 That the honor of English tongue is dead,
 Of which I was wont have counsel and rede.

O master dear and father reverent,
 My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
 Mirror of fructuous intendement,
 O universal father in science,
 Alas ! that thou thine excellent prudence
 In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeathé ;
 What ailed Death ? alas, why would he slay thee ?

O Death, that didst not harmé singular
 In slaughter of him, but all this land it smarteth ;
 But, nathless yet hast thou no power
 His name to slay ; his high virtue astarteth
 Unslain from thee, which aye us lively herteth
 With bookes of his ornate enditing
 That is to all this land enlumining.

Hast thou not eke my master Gower slain ?
 Whose virtue I am insufficient
 For to describe :⁴ I wot well in certain,
 For to slay all this world thou hast y-meant.
 But since our Lord Christ was obedient
 To thee, in faith I can no better say,
 His creatures musten thee obey.

—*De Regimine Principum.*

HEALTH.

But if, except; duress, constraint; farced, stuffed; kythe, make known.

O precíous treasúre incomparáble,
 O ground and root of all prosperity,
 O excellent richnessé commendable,
 Aboven allé that in earthé be,
 Who may sustainé thine adversity?
 What wight may him avaunt of worldly wealth,
But if he fully stand in grace of thee,
 Earthély God, pillar of life, thou Health!

While thy powér and excellent vigour,
 As was pleasant unto thy worthiness,
 Reignéd in me and was my governour,
 Then was I well, then felt I no duress,
 Then farced was I with heart's gladness;
 And now my body empty is and bare
 Of joy, and full of sickly heaviness,
 All poor of ease and rich of evil fare.

O God, O Health, unto thine ordinance
 Wealeful lord, meekly submit I me!
 I am contríte, and of full repentance
 That e'er I swimméd in such nicety
 As was displeasent to thy deity:
 Now kythe on me thy mercy and thy grace!
 It fits a God be of his gracé free;
 Forgive! and never will I aft trespáss.

—*Misrule.*

JOHN LYDGATE.



THE LONDON LACKPENNY.

Proceed, go to law ; rout, crowd ; yode tho, went then ; meed,
reward ; ray, striped material ; copen, buy ; intent, notice ; rise,
bough ; bede, offer ; drawn, to draw ; greet, cry ; dight, set ; bore,
born.

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in no wise should be faint ;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of Law to make complaint.
I said, " For Mary's love, that holy saint,
Pity the poor that would *proceed* !"
But for lack of money, I could not speed.

And, as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone ;
Yet for all that I stayed not long
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon
And prayed him for God's sake take heed.
But for lack of money, I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clerks a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent ;
There stood up one and cried about
" Richard, Robert, and John of Kent !"
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thickly there indeed.
But he that lacked money might not speed.

To the Common Pleas I yode tho,
There sat one with a silken hood :¹
I 'gan him reverence for to do,
And told my case as well as I could ;
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood ;
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancery ;
Where many I found earning of pence ;
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knce ;
They liked it well when they had it read ;
But, lacking money, I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one,
Which went in a long gown of ray ;
I crouched and knelt before him ; anon,
For Mary's love, for² help I him pray.
" I wot not what thou mean'st," 'gan he say ;
To get me thence he did me bid,
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught although I should die ;
Which seing, I gat me out of the door ;
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,—
" Master, what will you copen or buy ?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

To Westminster Gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime ;
Cooks to me they took good *intenz*,

And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
 Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine ;
 A fairé cloth they 'gan for to spread,
 But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
 Of all the land it beareth the prize ;
 " Hot peascodés ! " one began to cry ;
 " Strawberries ripe ! " and " Cherries in the *rise* ! " ³
 One bade me come near and buy some spice ;
 Pepper and saffrone they 'gan me bede ;
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I 'gan me *drawn*,
 Where much people I saw for to stand ;
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;
 Another he taketh me by the hand,
 " Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land ; " ³
 I never was used to such things indeed ;
 And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London stone,
 Throughout all the Canwick Street ;³
 Drapers much cloth me offered anon ;
 Then comes me one cried, " Hot sheep's feet ! " ³
 One cried, " Mackarel ! " " Rushes green ! " ³
 another 'gan *greet* ;
 One bade me buy a hood to cover my head ;
 But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me into East Cheap :
 One cries " Ribs of beef and many a pie ! " ³
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;

There was harpé, pipe, and minstrelsy :
“Vea, by cock !” “Nay, by cock !” some began
cry ;
Some sung of “ Jenkin and Julian” for their need ;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode
Where there was much stolen gear among ;
I saw where hung my owné hood,
That I had lost among the throng ;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong ;
I knew it as well as I did my creed ;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The Taverner took me by the sleeve ;
“ Sir,” saith he, “ will you our wine assay ? ”
I answered, “ That cannot much me grieve ;
A penny can do no more than it may.”
I drank a pint, and for it did pay ;
Yet, sore a-hungered from thence I ycde ;
And, wanting money, I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billings-gate,
And one cried, “ Ho ! go we hence ! ”
I prayed a bargeman, for God’s sake,
That he would sparé me my expense.
“ Thou ’scap’st not here,” quoth he, “ under two-
pence ;
I list not yet bestow any almsdeed.”
Thus, lacking money, I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent ;
For of the law would I meddle no more.
Because no man to me took intent,

I dight me to do as I did before.
 Now Jesus that in Bethlehem was *bore*,
 Save London and send true lawyers their need !
 For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

DESCRIPTION OF A MEDIÆVAL SCHOOLBOY.

Yarde, rod ; scored, whipt ; in idle, uselessly ; chevisaunce, treaty ; lesyng, lie ; sovereigns, governors ; force, heed ; snibbed, rebuked ; taches, faults.

Void of reason ; given^r to wilfulness ;
 Froward to virtue ; of thrift gave little heed ;
 Loth to learné ; lovéd no business
 Save play or mirthé ; strange to spell or read ;
 Following all appetites 'longing to chilkhead ;
 Lightly turning ; wild, and seldom sad ;
 Weeping for nought, and anon after glad.

For little wroth, to strive with my fellow
 As my passions did my bridle lead ;
 Of the yardé sometime I stood in awe
 To be *scored* ; for that was all my dread.
 Loth toward school,² (I) lost my time indeed,
 Like a young colt that ran withouté bridle ;
 Made my friendés their good to spend *in idle*.

I had in custom to come to school late,
 Not for to learn but for a countenance,
 With my fellows ready to debate,
 To jangle and jape was set all my pleasaunce,
 Whereof rebuked this was my chevisaunce
 To forge a lesyng and thereupon to muse,
 When I trespassed myselé to excuse.

To my betters I did no reverence ;
 Of my *sovereigns* gave no *force* at all ;
 Waxed obstinate by inobedience ;
 Ran into gardens, apples there I stole ;³
 To gather fruités sparéd hedge nor wall ;
 To pluck grapés in other men(né)s vines
 Was more ready than to say matines.

Loth to rise ; lother to bed at eve ;
 With unwashed handés ready to dinnér ;
 My Paternoster, my Creed, or my Believe,
 Cast at the cook ; lo ! this was my mannér ;
 Waved with each wind, as doth a reedé-spear ;
 Snibbed of my friends such taches for to amend
 Made deaf earé list not to them attend.

—*Testament.*

CONCLUSION OF LYDGATE'S TESTAMENT.

—
 Enteere, entire.
 —

Tarry no longer, toward thy heritage
 Haste on thy way, and be of right good cheer.
 Go each day onward on thy pilgrimage,
 Think how short time thou shalt abidé here.
 Thy place is built above the starrés clear,
 None earthly place wrought so stately wise.
 Come on, my friend, my brother most enteere,
 For thee I offered my blood in sacrifice.

A SYLVAN RETREAT.

—
Mate, stupefied.
—

Till at the last, among the boughés glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade ;
Full smooth and plain and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the youngé green :
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on a bough aloft his reiné cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinké, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well ;
And the water as I rehersé can,
Like quické silver in his streamés ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighté stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

—*Destruction of Troy.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fortitude then stood steadfast in his might,
Defended widows ; cherished chastity ;
Knighthood in prowess gave so clear a light,
Girt with his sword of truth and equity.

SUNRISE.

Rowes, streaks of light ; playn, open.

When that the rowes and the rayes red
 Eastward to us full early 'ginnen spread,
 Even at the twilight in the dawnéing ;
 When that the lark of custom 'ginneþ sing,
 For to salute in her heavenly lay
 The lusty goddess of the morning gray—
 I mean Aurora—which afore the sun
 Is wont to chase the blacké skyés dun,
 And the darkness of the dimmy night :
 And fresh Phœbus, with comfort of his light,
 And with the brightness of his beamés sheen,
 Hath overgilt the hugé hillés green ;
 And flowers eke, again the morrow-tide,
 Upon their stalks 'gan playn their leavés wide.

—*Destruction of Troy.*

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Punicion, punishment ; arblast, cross-bows ; dongeón,
 fortress

God hath a thousand handés to chastise ;
 A thousand dartés of punicion ;
 A thousand bowés made in divers wise ;
 A thousand arblasts bent in his dongeón.

AS STRAIGHT AS A RAM'S HORN.

Mead, recompense; doubleness, double-dealing; afor, before-hand; stableness, stability; entresse, business; lorn, idle; weed, clothing; kind, nature; ellys, bounds; cockle, weeds.

All righteousness^r now doth proceed,
 Sit crowned like an empress,
 Law hath defied guerdon and all mead,
 Set up truth on height as a goddess;
 Good faith hath contraried doubleness,
 And prudence seeth all things afor,
 Keeping the order of perfect stableness,
 Conveyéd by line right as a ram's horn.

Princes of custom maintain right in deed,
 And prelates livé in perfectness,
 Knighthood will suffer no falsehood,
 And priesthood hath refused all riches;
 Religious of very holiness
 With virtues been on height up-borne,
 Envy in cloisters hath none entresse,
 Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn.

Merchant of lucre takés now no heed,
 And usury lieth fettered in distress,
 And, for to speak and write of womanhood,
 They banished have from them newfangleness;
 And labourers do truly their business,
 That of the day they will none hour be lorn,
 With sweat and travail avoiding idleness,
 Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn.

Poor folks 'plain them for no need,
 That rich men doth so great almes,
 Plenty each day doth the hungry feed,
 Clothe the naked in their wretchedness;

And Charity is now a chief mistress,
Slander from his tongue hath plucked out the thorn,
Detraction his language doth repress,
Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn.

Hipocrisy changéd hath his weed,
Taken an habit of virtuous gladness ;
Deceit doth not abroad his wingés spread,
Nor Dissimuling out hornés dress,
For truth of *kind* will show his brightness,
Without eclipsing, though falseness had it sworn,
To affirm this ditty truly by process,
It is conveyed right as a ram's horn.

Out of this land and ellys, God forbede !
Feigning outlawed, and also falseness ;
Flattery is fled for very shame and dread ;
Rich and poor have chosen them to sadness ;
Women left pride, and taken them to meekness ;
Whose patience is new wat and shorn,
Their tongues have carriage of sharpness,
Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn.

Prince ! remember, and prudently take heed,
How virtue is of vices a duchess.
Our faith not halteth, but leaneth on his creed,
Thorghte right believes the deed beareth witness,
Heretics have left their frowardness,
Weeded the cockle from the puréd corn,
Thus each estate is governed in soothness,
Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn.

KING JAMES THE FIRST.



DESCRIPTION OF HIS PRISON GARDEN.

For which, on which account ; hye, haste ; forby, past ; knet, knitted close ; life, living person ; twistis, twigs ; among, promiscuously ; right of, entirely with ; throw, time ; fret, pecked.

X.

The longé dayés and the nightés eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise ;
For which, against distress comfort for to seek,
My custom was, on mornès for to rise
Early as day : O happy exercise !
By thee came I to joy out of tormént ;—
But now to purpose of my first intent.

XI.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despairéd of all joy and remedy,
For—tiréd of my thought, and woe-begone,
Unto the window 'gan I walk in hye,
To see the world and folk that went forby ;
As, for the time (though I of mirthés food
Might have no more), to look it did me good.

XII.

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
An arbour¹ green, with wandés long and small

Railéd about ; and so with treés set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That *life* was none walking there forby,
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

XIII.

So thick the boughés met the leavés green,
 Beshaded all the alleys that were there ;
 And midst of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpé, greené, sweeté, juniper,
 Growing so fair, with branches here and there ;
 That, as it seeméd to a life without,
 The boughés spread the arbour all about.

XIV.

And on the smallé greené twistis sat
 The little sweeté nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear the hymnés² consecrat
 Of Lovés use ; now soft, now loud *among*,
 That all the garden and the wallés rung
Right of their song ; and on the couple next³
 Of their sweet harmony : and lo the text !

XV.

“ Worshipé, ye that lovers been, this May,
 For of your bliss the kalends are begun ;
 And sing with us, ‘ Away, winter, away !
 Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun ! ’
 Awake, for shame ! that have your heavens⁴ won,
 And amorously lift up your headés all ;
 Thank Love, that list you to his mercy call.”

XVI.

When they this song had sung a little *throw*,
 They stopp’d⁵ awhile, and therewith, unaffrayed,
 As I beheld, and cast my eyne a-low,

From bough to bough they hopped and they played,
 And freshly in their birdés kind arrayed
 Their feathers new, and fret them in the sun,
 And thankéd Love that had their matés⁶ won.

—*The King's Quair.*

DESCRIPTION OF HIS LOVE AS SEEN FROM
 HIS PRISON WINDOW.

Pleyne, play; abate, shock; astart, started, fly; lite, little; for why, because; menace, pride; sike, cause to sigh; selly, wretched; done, do; toward, in front; couched, trimmed; amorettes, love-knots; orfeverye, gold work; to-forowe, heretofore; halfling, half; cunning, knowledge; throw, space.

XXI.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
 Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
 Full secretly, new comen her to pleyne,
 — The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
 That e'er I saw (methought) before that hour :
 For which sudden abate anon astart
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

XXII.

And though I stood abased then a lite,
 No wonder was ; *for why* my wittés all
 Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall
 For ever ; of free will ; for of menàce
 There was no token in her sweeté face.

XXIII.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eft-soonés I lean'd it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight more,¹ but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,
“ Ah, sweet ! are ye a worldly créature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of natúre ?

XXIV.

“ Or are ye god Cupidé's own princéss,
And comen are to loose me out of band ?
Or are ye very Nature, the goddéss
That have depainted with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flowers as they stand ?
What shall I think, alas ! what reverence
Shall I minister to your excellence ?

XXV.

“ If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart ;
If ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my déarest heart,
To do a selly prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wots of nought but woe ?
And therefore mercy, sweet ! sin' it is so.”

XXVI.

When I a little while² had make my moan,
Bewailing mine infortune and my chance,
Unknowing how or what was best to *done*,
So far I'd fallen into lové's dance
That suddenly my wit, my countenance,
My heart, my will, my nature, and my mind,
Were changed clean right in ane other kind.

XXVII.

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
 In fret-wise couched was with pearlés white,
 And greaté rubies gleaming³ as the fire,
 With many an emerald⁴ and fair sapphíre ;
 And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
 Of plumés parted red and white and blue ;

XXVIII.

All full of quaking spangles⁵ bright as gold,
 Forged of shape like to the amorettes,
 So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold ;
 The plumés eke like to the flower jonettes,
 And other of shape like to the flower jonettes,⁶
 And, above all this, there was, well I wot,
 Beauty enough to make a world to doat !

XXIX.

About her neck, white as the fair enamel,⁷
 A goodly chain of small orfeverye,
 Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
 Like to a heart y-shapen verily,
 That as a spark of fire⁸ so wantonly
 Seemed burning upon her whité throat ;
 Now if there was good party, God it wote.

XXX.

And for to walk that freshé Mayé's morrow,
 A hook she had upon her tissue white,
 That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,
 As I suppose ; and girt she was a lite
 Thus halfling loose for haste ; to such delight
 It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
 That for rudenéss to speak thereof I dread.

XXXI.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
 Bounty, richés, and womanly feature,⁹
 (God better wot than my pen can report)
 Wisdom, largéss, estate, and *cunning* sure,
 In every point so guided her measúre,
 In word, in deed, in shape, and countenance,
 That nature might no more her child advance.

And, when she walked, had a little *throw*
 Under the sweeté, greené boughés bent,
 Her fair fresh face, as white as any snow,
 She turned has, and forth her wayés went ;
 But then began mine access and torment :
 To see her part, and follow I ne might,
 Methought the day was turned into night.

—*The King's Quair.*

KING JAMES' GOOD COUNSEL.

Wallowit, withered ; steik, shut.

Since true virtue increases dignity,
 And virtue is flower and root of nobl'ness aye,
 Of any wit or what estate thou be,
 His steppés follow, and dread for none efray :¹
 Exile all vice, and follow truth alway ;
 Love most thy God, that first thy love began,
 And for each inch He will thee 'quite a span.

Be not o'er proud in thy prosperity,
 For as it comes, so will it pass away ;
 The time to 'compt² is short, thou may'st well see.

For of green grass soon comes wallowit hay.
Labour in truth, while light is of the day ;
Trust most in God, for He best guide thee can,
And for each inch He will thee 'quite a span.

Since word is thrall, and thought is only free,
Restrain³ thy tongue, that power has, and may
Thou steik thine eyne from worldé's vanity,
Refrain thy lust, and harken what I say,
Grip ere thou slide, and keep forth the high way ;
Thou hold thee fast upon thy God and man,
And for each inch He will thee 'quite a span.

—*Gude and Godlie Ballates.*

ROBERT HENRYSON.



THE ABBEY WALK.

Ilk, each; attour the lave, above the rest; boun, ready;
hie, high.

Alone as I went up and down
In an abbey was fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
Was best unto adversity.
By chance¹ I cast on side mine e'e,
And saw this written upon a wall:
"Of what estate, man, that thou be,
Obey and thank thy God for all!"²

Thy kingdom and thy great empire,
Thy royalty and rich array,
Shall nought endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away.
Thy gold and all thy goodis gay,
When fortune list, will fra' thee fall:
Since thou such samples see ilk day,
Obey and thank thy God for all!

Job was most rich, in writ we find,
Tobit most full of charity;
Job became poor, and Tobit blind,
Both tempted with adversity.

Since blindness was infirmity,
And poverty was natural ;
Therefore right patiently both he and he³
Obey'd and thankéd God for all.

Though thou be blind, or have an halt,
Or in thy face deformed ill,
So it come not through thy default,
No man shall thee reprove by skill ;⁴
Blame not thy Lord : so is his will :
Spurn not thy foot against the wall,
But with meek heart, and prayer still,
Obey and thank thy God for all.

God of his justice must correct,
And of his mercy pity have ;
He is a judge to none suspect,
To punish sinful man and save.
Though thou be lord attour the lave
And afterward made bound and thrall,
A poor beggar with scrip and stave,
Obey and thank thy God for all.

This changing, and great variance
Of earthy statés, up and down,
Is not mere⁵ casualty and chance
(As some men say without reasoun),
But by the great provisioun
Of God above that rule thee shall !
Therefore, ever thou make thee boun'
To obey and thank thy God for all !

In wealth be meek, lift⁶ not thyself ;
 Be glad in wilful poverty ;
 Thy power, and thy worldis pelf,
 Is nought but very vanity.
 Remember, him that died on tree
 For thy sake tasted bitter gall :
 Who lifts⁷ low hearts, and lowers hie,
 Obey ; and thank thy God for all !

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

Gar, cause ; till, to ; deeming, opinion ; deir, injure ; sark, shift ; perfite, perfect ; purfilled, embroidered ; patelet, ruffet ; pansing, thinking ; sickerness, firmness ; seill, knowledge ; set, became.

Would my good lady love me best,
 And work after my will,
 I should a garment goodliest
 Gar make her body *till*.

Of high honóur should be her hood,
 Upon her head to wear,
 Garnish'd with governance, so good
 No deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be her body next,
 Of chastity so white :
 With shame and dread together mix'd,
 The same should be perfite.

Her kirtle should be of clean constance
 Laced with lawful¹ love ;
 The eye-holes² of continuance,
 For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown ;
Purfill'd with pleasure in each place,
Furred with fine fashioun.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet ;
Her mantle of humility,
T' endure³ both wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth ;
Her patelet of good *pansing*,
Her neck-ribbon⁴ of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her from despair ;
Her glovés of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoes⁵ should be of sickerness,
In sign that she not slide ;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,
That she wore never green or gray,
That *set* her half so weel.

THE THREE DEAD SKULLS.

Se, seat; peeled powis, bald skulls; how, hollow; deid, death; coruscant, dazzling; lare, lore.

O sinful man ! unto this mortal se',
 Which is the vale of mourning and of care,
 With ghastly sight behold our headés three,
 Our hollow^t eyne, our peeled powis bare !
 As ye are now, so in this world we were ;
 As fresh, as fair, as lusty to behold,
 When thou lookest on this sooth exemplair,
 Of thyself, man, thou may'st be right un-bold.

O wanton youth ! as fresh as lusty May,
 Fairest with flowers renewéd white and reid,
 Behold our heads, oh lusty gallants gay !
 Full earthly thus shall lie thy lustiheid,
 Hollow^t and *how* and withered² as the weed,
 Thy curled hair and eke thy chrystal eyne,
 Full carefully conclude shall doleful deid ;
 Thy example here by us it may be seen.

O ladies, white in clothés coruscant
 Polish'd with pearl and many a precious stone,
 With handés white, and neckés³ elegant,
 Circled with gold and sapphires many one ;
 Your fingers small, white as the whalés bone,
 Arrayed with rings and many rubies red ;
 As we lie thus, so shall ye lie each one
 With peeled powis and hollow'd^t thus your head !

This question who can absolve, let see
 What physiognamist,⁴ or perfect palmister,
 Who was fairest or foulest of us three?
 Or which of us of kin was gentiller?
 Or most excellent in science or in lare,
 In art, music, or astronomy?
 Here shouldé be your study and repair,
 And think as thus all your headés must be!

TALE OF THE UPLAND MOUSE AND THE BURGESS MOUSE.

Sair, sore; under the wand, in subjection; gret, wept; plet,
 folded; yude, went; Pace, Easter; keep, heed; laverock, lark;
 lest, last; scho, she; hie, high; fand, found; sin, pity; fain,
 glad; merkit, trotted; fure, fared; but and ben, within and
 without.

Esop, mine author, makés mention
 Of two mice, and they were sisters dear,
 Of whom the eldest dwelt in a borough's town;
 The other dwelléd upon land,¹ well near,
 Right solitary, whiles under bush² and briar,
 Whiles in the corn, and other men(né)s scaithe,
 As outlaws does and livés on their waith.³

This rural mouse in all the winter tide,
 Had hunger, cold, and suffered⁴ great distress;
 The other mouse that in the burgh can bide,
 Was gild-brother and made a free burgess;
 Toll free also, from⁵ custom more or less,
 And freedom had to go where'er she list,
 Among the cheese in ark, and meal in chest.⁶

One time when she was full and not⁷ foot-sair,
 She took in mind her sister upon land,
 And longéd for to hear of her welfare,
 To see what life she had *under the wand* ;
 Barefoot alone, with pikestaff in her hand,
 As poor pilgrim she passéd out of town,
 To seek her sister both o'er dale and down.

The hearty⁸ joy, Lord God ! if ye had seen,
 Was showén⁹ when that these two sisters met ;
 And great kindness was showén them between,
 For whiles they laugh, and whiles for joy they gret,
 Whiles kissed sweet, and whiles in armes plet ;
 And thus they fare till sobered was their mood,
 Then foot for foot unto the chamber yude.

When they were lodged thus, these silly mice,
 The youngest sister unto her buttery hied,¹⁰
 And brought forth nuts and pease instead of spice ;
 If this was good fare, I put¹¹ it to them beside.
 The burgess mouse burst¹² forth in pride,
 And said, " Sister, is this your daily food ?"
 " Why not," quoth she, " is not this meat right
 good ?"

" Let be this hole, and come in to my place,
 I shall to you show by experience,
 My good Fridáy is better nor your Pace ;
 My dish washings is worth your whole expense ;
 I have houses enow of great defence ;
 Of cat or fall trap, I have no dread."
 " I grant," quoth she ; and on together they hied.¹³

In stubble array through rankest grass and corn,
 And under bushes¹³ privily could they creep,
 The eldest was the guide and went beforne,
 The younger to her wayés took good *keep*.
 At night they ran, and in the day can sleep ;
 Till in the morning ere the Laverock sang,
 They found the town, and in blithely could gang.

After when they disposed were to dine,
 Withouten grace they wash'd, and went to meat,
 With all the courses that cooks could define,
 Mutton and beef laid out in slices¹⁴ great ;
 And lordés fare thus could they counterfeit,
 Except one thing, they drank the water clear
 Instead of wine, but yet they made good cheer.

With blithe upcast and merry countenance,
 The eldest sister asked of¹⁵ her guest,
 If that she by reasón found difference
 Betwixt that chamber and her sorry nest ?
 " Yea, damé," quoth she, " how long will this *lest* ?"
 " For evermore, I wot, and longer too."
 " If that be so you are at ease," quoth scho.

Thus made they merry till they might na mair.
 And, Hail, yule, hail ! criéd upon *hie* ;
 Yet, after joy oftímés comés care,
 And trouble after great prosperity :
 Thus as they sat in all their jollity,
 The Spenser came with keyés in his hand,
 Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried not to wash as I suppose,
 But on to go who that might foremost win.
 The burgess had a hole, and in she goes,

Her sister had no hole to hide her in.
 To see that silly mouse, it was great *sin*,
 So desolate and wild of all good reid,¹⁶
 For very dread she fell in swoon near dead.

But as God would, it fell a happy case,
 The Spenser had no leisure for to bide,
 Neither to seek nor search, to scare nor chase.
 But on he went and left the door up wide.
 The bold burgess his passing well had spied,
 Out of her hole she came, and cried on hie,
 "How fare ye, sister; cry 'Peip,' where e'er ye be?"

"Why lie ye thus? rise up my sister dear:
 Come to your meat, this peril is over past."
 The other answered her with heavy cheer,
 "I may not eat, so sore I am aghast;
 I had liever these forty dayés fast,
 With water kail, and to gnaw beans or pease,
 Than all your feast, in this dread and disease.

"Were I in to the home¹⁷ that I came fro',
 For weil or woe, I should ne'er come again."
 With that she took her leave and forth 'gan go,
 Whiles through the corn, and whiles through the
 plain,
 When she was forth and free, she was full fain,
 And merrily merkit unto the moor;
 I can not tell how afterward she fure.

But I heard say she passéd to her den,
 As warm as wool, suppose it was not great,
 Full bonnyly stufféd was both but and ben,

Of beans and nuts, and pease, and rye, and wheat ;
 When ever she list she had enough to eat,
 In quiet and ease, withouten any dread,
 But to her sister's feast no more she gaed.¹⁰

MORAL.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dreid ;
 Blessed be sober feast in quieté ;
 Who has enough, of no more has he need,
 Though it be little into quantity.
 Great abundance, and blind prosperity,
 Ostinēs make an evil conclusion ;
 The sweetest life, therefore, in this country,
 Is of security,¹ with small possession.

FROM THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

Remeid, remedy ; leid, language ; rank, importunate ; stevin,
 noise ; blenking, glancing ; swake, throw.

Thus chiding with her dreary destiny,
 Weeping, she woke the night from end to end,
 But all in vain : her dole, her careful cry,
 Might not remeid, nor yet her mourning mend.
 A leper lady rose and to her went,
 And said, " Why spurnest thou against the wall,
 To slay thyself and mend no thing at all ?

" Since thy weeping redoubles but thy woe,
 I counsel thee make virtue of a need ;
 To learn to clap thy clapper¹ to and fro,
 And learn after the law of leper leid."

There was no help, but forth with them she gaed
From place to place, while cold and hunger sair
Compelled her to be a *rank* beggár.

That samé² time of Troy the garrison,—
Which had for chieftain worthy Troilus,—
Through jeopardy of war had stricken down
Knightés of Greece in number marvellous :
With great triumph and laud victorious
Again to Troy right royally they rode,
The way where Cresseid with the lepers 'bode.

Seeing that company come with a stevin,
They gave a cry, and shook cuppés, good speed ;
Said, “ Worthy lordés, for God's love of heaven,
To us lepers part of your almés³ deed ! ”
Then to their cry noble Troilus took heed,
Having pity ; and near the place 'gan pass
Where Cresseid sat, not witting what she was.

Then upon him she cast up both her een,
And with a glance⁴ it came into his thought
That he some time her face before had seen :
But she was in such plight he knew her not ;
Yet then her look into his mind it brought
The sweet visage and amorous blenking
Of fair Cresseid, sometime his own darling.

A spark of love then to his heart did spring,
And kindled all his body in a fire ;
With hot fever a sweat and trembling
Him took, while he was ready to expire ;
To bear his shield his breast began to tire ;
Within a while he changed many a hue,
And nevertheless not one one-another knew.

For knightly pity and memorial
 Of fair Cresseid, a girdle did he take
 A purse of gold, and many a gay jewel,
 And in the skirt of Cresseid down gan swake ;
 Then ran away, and not a word he spake ;
 Pensive in heart till^s he came to the town ;
 And for great care oft-times almost fell down.

7 to each of the legends and the names 373, II
 A VISION OF ÆSOP.

But, without ; forthy, therefore ; shaw, wood ; chimeris, short
 light gown ; chambelote, camelot : pennair, pencease ; graithit,
 arrayed ; fearful, majestic ; fain, glad ; couth, kindly ; hight,
 am called ; than, then.

In midst of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,
 When that fair Phœbus with his beamés bright
 Had dried up the dew from dale and down,
 And all the land made with his gleamés light,
 On one morning, betwixt mid-day and night,
 I rose, and put all sleep and sloth aside,
 And to a wood I went alone *but* guide.

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
 The noise of birdés right delicious ;
 The boughés blooméd broad above my head,
 The ground growing with grasses^r gracious :
 Of all pleasance that place was plenteous,
 With odours sweet and birdés harmony
 The morning mild, my mirth was more forthy.

*count II, 100,
132-1-33*

Me to conserve then from the sunnés heat,
 Under the shadow of a hawthorn green
 I leanéd down among the flowers sweet ;
 Soon made a cross and closéd both my een.

On sleep I fall'n among these boughés been ;
And, in my dream, methought came through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw.

His gown was of a cloth as white as milk,
His chimeris was of chambelote purple-brown ;
His hood of scarlet bordered well with silk,
Unfast'ned²-wise, unto his girdle down ;
His bonnet round and of the old fashoun ;
His beard was white, his eyes were great and gray,
With curling³ hair, which over his shoulders lay.

A roll of paper in his hand he bare,
A swanés pen sticking under his ear,
An ink-horn, with a pretty gilt pennair,
A bag of silk all at his belt did bear ;
Thus was he goodly graithit in his gear.
Of stature large, and with a *fearful* face,
Even where I lay he came a sturdy pace.

And said, " God speed, my son ; " and I was fain
Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I saluted him again,
" Welcome, father ; " and he sat me down by.
" Displease you not, my good mastér, though I
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why ye came here, or where ye dwell at hame ? "

" My son, " said he, " I am of gentle blood,
My native land is Rome withouten nay ;
And in that town first to the schools I gaed,
In civil law studied full many a day,
And now my dwelling⁴ is in heaven for aye.
Æsop I hight ; my writing and my work
Is known⁵ and ken'd to many a cunning clerk. "

“O master Æsop, poet laureate !
 God wot ye are full dear welcome to me ;
 Are ye not he that all those Fables wrote
 Which, in effect, suppose they feignéd be,
 Are full of prudence and morality ?”
 “Fair son,” said he, “I am that samé⁶ man.”
 God wot if that my heart was merry *than*.

—*Prologue to the Fables.*

THE PRAISE OF AGE.

Wiss, wish ; mo, more ; tynt, lost ; fremit, foreign ; but,
 without.

Within a garden,¹ under a red rosere,
 An old man and decrepit, heard I sing ;
 Gay was the note, sweet was the voice and clear ;
 It was great joy to hear of such a thing.
 And, as me thought, he said in his diting,
 “For to be young I would not, for my wiss
 Of all this world to make me lord and king ;
 The more the age, the nearer heaven’s bliss.

“False is this world, and full of variance,
 Beset with sin and other slightés mo ;
 Truth is all tynt, and fremit the lords fro’,
 And covetise is all the cause of this :
 I am content that youthhead is ago ;
 — The more of age, the nearer heaven’s bliss.

“The state of youth I repute for no good,
 For in that state such peril now I see ;
But special grace, the raging of his blood
 Can none withstand, till² that he agéd be ;

Then³ of the thing before that joyéd he,
Nothing remains now to be calléd his ;
For why ? it was but very vanity ;
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.

Should no man trust this wretched world ; for why ?
Of earthly joys aye sorrow is the end ;
The strait of it can no man certify,
This day a king, to-morrow have not to spend.
What have we here but grace us to defend ?
The which God grant us to amend our miss,
That to his glore he may our soulis send ;
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.

HENRY THE MINSTREL.



MORNING.

Resource, rose again ; avail, descend ; rede, voice.

The merry day sprang from the orient,
 With beams bright illuminéd the occident.
 After Titan, Phœbus upriséd fair,—
 High in the sphere the signés made declare.
 Zepherus began his morrow course ;
 The sweet vapour thus from the ground resource ;
 The humid breathe down from the heaven avail,
 In every mead, both firth, forest, and dale ;
 The clear rede among the rockés rang,
 Through green branches, where birdés blithely sang
 With joyous voice, in heavenly harmony.

—*The Wallace.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.



THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Merle, blackbird; but, without; spleen, heart; redomite, encircled; sweir, sloth; well beseen, of good appearance; tone, taken.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
 With crystal een chasing the cloudës sable,
 I heard a Merle with merry notës sing
 A song of love, with voice right comfortable,
 Against the orient beamës, amiable,
 Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
 This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
 "A lusty life in Lovë's service been."

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
 Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
 Against the heavenly azure skyës light,
 Where did upon the other side pursue
 A Nightingale, with sugar'd notës new,
 Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
 This was her song, and of a sentence true,
 "All love is lost but upon God alone."

With notës glad, and glorious harmony,
 'This joyful merle, saluted' she the day,
 While rung the woodes of her melody,
 Saying, "Awake, ye lovers of this May;

Lo, fresh Flora has flourish'd every spray,
 As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
 The fields be clothed in a new array ;
 A lusty life in Lovè's service been !"

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
 Than made this merry gentle nightingale ;
 Her sound went with the river as it ran,
 Out through the fresh and flourish'd lusty vale ;
 "O Merle !" quoth she, "O fool ! stint of thy tale,
 For in thy song good sentence is there none,
 For both are lost,² the time and the travail,
 Of every love but upon God alone."

"Cease," quoth the Merle, "thy preaching, Night-
 ingale :
 Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?
 Of young saintis, grow old fiendis, *but* fable ;
 Fie hypocrite, in yearis' tenderness,
 Against the law of kind thou goest express,
 That crooked age makes one with youth serene,
 Whom nature of conditions made diverse :
 A lusty life in Lovè's service been."

The Nightingale said, "Fool, remember thee,
 That both in youth and age,³ and every hour,
 The love of God most dear to man should be ;
 That him, of nought, wrought like his own figour,
 And died himself, from death him to succour ;
 Oh, whether was shewèd⁴ there true love or none ?
 He is most true and steadfast paramour,
 And love is lost but upon him alone."

The Merle said, "Why put God so great beauty
 In ladies, with such womanly having,
 But if he would that they should lovèd be?
 To love eke nature gave them inclining,
 And he of nature that worker was and king,
 Would nothing useless⁵ put, nor let be seen,
 Into his creature of his own making;
 A lusty life in Lovè's service been."

The Nightingale said, "Not to that behoof
 Put God such beauty in a lady's face,
 That she should have the thank therefor or love,
 But He, the worker, that put in her such grace;
 Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
 And every goodness that be to come or gone
 The thanks redound to him in every place:
 All love is lost but upon God alone."

"O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
 That love should not depend on charity;
 And, if that virtue contrar' be to vice,
 Then love must be a virtue, as thinks me;
 For, aye, to love envy must contrar' be:
 God bade eke love thy neighbours from the *spicen*,
 And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
 A lusty life in Lovè's service been!"

The Nightingale said, "Bird, why does thou rave?
 Man may take in his lady such delight,
 Him to forget that her such virtue gave,
 And for his heaven receive her colour white:
 Her golden tressèd hairis redomite,
 Like to Apollo's beamis though they shone,
 Should not him blind from love that is perfite;
 All love is lost but upon God alone."

The Merle said, "Love is cause of honour aye,
 Love makes cowards manhood to purchase,
 Love makes knightis hardy at essay,
 Love makes wretches full of largeness,
 Love makes sweir folk full of business,
 Love makes sluggards fresh and *well beseen*,
 Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness ;
 A lusty life in Lovē's service been."

The Nightingale said, "True is the contrary ;
 Such useless^s love it blindis men so far,
 Into their minds it maketh them to vary ;
 In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
 Their wit is went, of woe they are not 'ware,
 Till that all worship away be from them gone,
 Fame, goods, and strength ; wherefore well say I
 dare,
 All love is lost but upon God alone."

Then said the Merle, "Mine error I confess :
 This useless^s love is all but vanity ;
 Blind ignorance me gave such hardiness,
 To argue so against the verity ;
 Wherefore I counsel every man that he
 With love not in the fiendis net be tone,
 But love the love that did for his love die ;
 All love is lost but upon God alone."

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,
 The Merle sang, "Man, love God that has thee
 wrought."
 The Nightingale sang, "Man, love the Lord most
 dear,
 That thee and all this world made of nought."

The Merle said, "Love him that thy love has sought
 From heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone."
 The Nightingale sang, "And with his death⁶ thee
 bought ;
 All love is lost but upon him alone."

Then flew these birds over the boughis sheen,
 Singing of love among the leavés small ;
 Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis green,⁷
 Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail ;
 Me to recomfort most it does avail,
 Again for love, when love I can find none,
 To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale ;
 "All love is lost but upon God alone."

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Bale, sorrow ; abone, above ; garthe, garden ; but, without ;
 devoid, lay aside.

Now gladdeth every living^t creature,
 With bliss and comfortable gladness,
 The hevenes King is clad in our nature,
 Us from the death with ransom to redress ;
 The lamp of joy that chases all darkness,
 Ascended is to be the world's light,
 From every bale our boundes for to bliss,
 Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

Above the radiant heaven ethereal,
 The Court of Stars, the course of sun and moon,
 The potent Prince of Joy Imperial,
 The high surmounting Emperor abone,

*Now gladdeth every
 living creature
 attributed
 2021
 MS 575 vol. 7
 113-4*

Is coming from His mighty Father's throne
 To² earth, with an inestimable light,
 And praised³ of angels with a sweet intone ;
 Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

Who ever in earth heard so blythe a story,
 Or tidings of so great felicity ?
 As how the garthe of all grace and glory,
 For love and mercy hath ta'en humanity ;
 Maker of angels, man, earth, heaven and sea,
 And to overcome our foe, and put to flight,
 Is coming a babe, full of benignity,
 Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

The sovereign senior of all celsitude,
 That sits above the ordered cherabin,
 Which all things creat, and all things does include,
 That never end shall, never did begin,
But whom is naught, from whom no time does rin,
 With whom all good is, with whom is every wight,
 Is with His wounds come for to wash our sin ;
 Born of the most chaste Virgin Mary bright.

Wherefore sing all with comfort and gladness,
 And cast away all care and covetise,
 Devoid all woe, and live in merriness,
 Exercise virtue and banish every vice ;
 Despise Fortune, right runs on synk and sise ;⁴
 And in the honour of the blisful might
 All welcome we the Prince of Paradise,
 Born of the most chaste Virgin Mary bright.

TO A LADY.

Garth, garden ; of mene, moan for ; been, were.

Sweet Rose of Virtue and of gentleness,
 Delightsome Lily of every lustiness,
 Richest in bounty and in beauty clear
 And every virtue that to heaven^t is dear,
 Except only that ye are merciless !

Into your garth this day I did pursue ;
 There saw I flowers that fresh(é) were of hue,
 Both white and red most lusty were to seen,
 And wholesome herbis upon stalkis green ;
 Yet flower nor leaf find could I none of Rue.

I doubt that March, with his cold blastis keen,
 Has slain this gentle herb that I of mene :
 Whose piteous death does to my heart such pain
 That I would make to plant his root again,
 So comforting his leaves unto me *been*.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

Leir, learn ; perquier, truly ; went, gone ; discure, discover.

If ye would love and lovéd be,
 In mind keep well these thingis three,
 And sadly in thy breast imprint,—
 Be secret, true and patient !

For he that patience can not leir,
 He shall displeasance have perquier,
 Though he had all this worldis rent :
 Be secret, true and patient !

For who that secret cannot be,
Him all good fellowship shall flee,
And credence none shall him be lent :
Be secret, true and patient !

And he that is of heart untrue,
From he be ken'd, farewell ! adieu !
Fie on him ! fie ! his fame is *went* :
Be secret, true and patient !

Thus he that wants ane of these three
Ane lover glad may never be,
But aye in some thing discontent :
Be secret, true and patient !

Nought with thy tongue thyself discure
The thingis that thou hast of nature ;
For if thou dost, thou shalt repent :
Be secret, true and patient !

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

I seek about this world unstable,
To find one sentence convenable ;
But I can not, in all my wit,
So true a sentence find of it,
As say it is deceivable.

For yesterday I did declare
How that the time was soft and fair,
Come in as fresh as peacock feather ;
This day it stingis like an adder,¹
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yesterday fair upsprang the flowers,
 This day they are all slain with showers ;
 And fowls in forest that sang clear,
 Now weepés with a dreary cheer,
 Full cold are both their beds and bowers.

So next to Summer, Winter been ;
 Next after comfort, carés keen ;
 Next after dark night, the mirthful morrow ;
 Next after joy, aye comés sorrow :
 So is this world and aye has been.

NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS.

Aforrow, afore ; wrack but, goods without ; famous, of good
 repute ; cry, short time ; cure, care ; werk, possessions.

Be merry, man ! and take not sore in mind
 The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow !
 To God be humble and to thy friend be kind,
 And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow :
 His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow ;
 Be blithe in heart for any ádvventure ;
 Full oft with wise men,¹ 't has been said aforrow,
 Without gladnéss availís no treasúre.

Make thee good cheer of it that God thee sends,
 For worldis wrack *but* welfare nought avails.
 No good is thine save only that thou spends ;
 Remanent all thou brookis but with bales.²

*No Treasure
 without
 Gladness!*

Seek to solace when sadness thee assails ;
 In dolour long thy life may not endure,
 Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails ;
 Without gladnéss availís no treasúre.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
 With *famous* folkís hold thy company ;
 Be charitable and humble in thine estate,
 For worldly honour lastés but a *cry* :
 For trouble in earth take no melancholy :
 Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor ;
 Who livés merry he livés mightily :
 Without gladnéss availís no treasúre.

Thou seest these wretches set with sorrow and care
 To gather goods in all their livés space ;
 And, when their bags are full, their selves are bare,
 And of their riches but the keeping has ;
 While others come to spend it, that has grace,
 Which of thy winning no labour had nor *cure* ;
 Take thou example, and spend with merriness :
 Without gladnéss availís no treasúre.

Though all the werk that e'er had living wight
 Were only thine, no more thy part does fall
 But meat, drink, clothes, and of the rest³ a sight,
 Yet, to the Judge, thou shalt give 'compt of all.
 A reckoning right comes of a ragment⁴ small,
 Be just and joyous, and do to none injúre,
 And truth shall make thee strong, as any wall :
 Without gladnéss availís no treasúre.

MEDITATION WRITTEN IN WINTER.

Drublie, troubled; forschoir, dejected; mair, more; remeid, remedy; requair, require; lout, stoop; coop, cup; lut, prevent.

In these^r dark and drublie days,
 When sable all the heaven arrays,
 When misty vapours cloud the skies,
 Nature all courage me denies
 Of songs, balladís, and of plays.

When that the night does lengthen hours,
 With wind, with hail, and heavy showers,
 My dull spirit does lurk forschoir :
 My heart for languor is² forlore,
 For lack of summer with his flowers.

I wake, I turn ; sleep may I nought ;
 I vexed am with heavy thought ;
 This world all o'er I cast about :
 And aye the mair I am in doubt,
 The mair that I remeid have sought.

I am assay'd on every side.
 Despair says aye, " In time provide,
 And get something whereon to live ;
 Or, with great trouble and mischief,
 Thou shall into this court abide."³

Then Patience says, " Be not aghast ;
 Hold hope and truth within thee fast ;
 And let Fortune work forth her rage ;
 When that no reason may assuage,
 Till⁴ that her glass be run and past."

And Prudence in my ear says aye,
“ Why would you hold what will away ?
Or crave what you may have no space
To brook, as to another place
A journey going every day ? ”

And then says Age, “ My friend, come near,
And be not strange I thee requier ;
Come, brother, by the hand me take !
Remember, thou hast ’compt to make
Of all the time thou spendéd here ! ”

Then Death⁵ casts up his gatés wide,
Saying, “ These open shall thee ’bide :
Albeit that thou were ne’er so stout,
Under this lintel shall thou lout :
There is none other way beside. ”

For fear of this all day I droop ;
No gold in chest,⁶ nor wine in coop,
No lady’s beauty, nor lovés bliss,
May lut me to remember this,
How glad so⁷ ever I dine or sup.

Yet when the night begins to short,
It does my spirit some part comfórt,
Of thought oppresséd with the showers.
Come, lusty summer, with thy flowers,
That I may live in some disport !

THE WORLD'S INSTABILITY.

Flichtful train, changeful snare ; unplain, dishonest ; uses all
ago, customs all gone ; graith I nill, substance I care not ;
scant, humble ; fain, glad ; vane, weathercock.

This wavering world's wretchedness ;
The failing, fruitless business ;
The mis-spent time, the service vain ;
For to consider is a pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short ;
The feigned love, the false comfórt,
The sweet delayed^r the flichtful *train* ;
For to consider is a pain.

The sugared mouths, with minds therefrae ;
The figured speech, with faces tway ;
The pleasant tongues with hearts unplain ;
For to consider is a pain.

The leal labour lost and leal service,
The long avail on humble wise,
And the little reward again ;
For to consider is a pain.

The change of world frae weal to woe ;
The honourable *uses all ago*,
In hall, in bower, in burgh, and plain ;
Which to consider is a pain.

MS. TS, vol. II
p. 226, ll.
17-20

Belief does hope, trust does not tarry,
Office does flit, and courts do vary,
Purpose does change, as wind or rain ;
Which to consider is a pain.

I know not how the kirk is guided,
But benefices are not well divided ;
Some men have seven and I not ane ;
Which to consider is a pain.

I wot it is for me provided ;
But so doom tiresome it is to bide it,
It breaks my heart and bursts² my brain ;
Which to consider is a pain.

Great Abbey's graith I nill to gather,
But a kirk scant, covered with heather ;
For I of little would be fain ;
Which to consider is a pain.

Experience does me so inspire,
Of this false, failing world I tire,
That evermore flits like a vane ;
Which to consider is a pain.

The foremost hope yet that I have
In all this world, so God me save,
Is in your grace, both crop and grain ;
Which is a less'ning³ of my pain.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARS (OR POETS);

WHEN HE WAS SICK.

Heil, health; slee, sly; sary, sorrowful; sicker, secure; wicker, osier; potestates, potentates; ~~m~~aelée, conflict; soukand, sucking; stour, fight; lave, rest; done infek, infected; endite, composing in verse; remeid, remedy; dispone, prepare.

I that in heil was and gladness,
Am troubléd now with great sickness,
And feebled with infirmity :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Our pleasance here is all vain glory,
This false world is but transitory,
The flesh is brittle,¹ the Fiend is slee :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blythe, now sary,
Now dansing merry, now like to die :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

No state in earth² here standés sicker :
As with the wind wavés the wicker,
So wavés this world's vanity :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Death goes all estates,
Princes, Prelates, and Potestates,
Both rich and poor of all degree :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He takes the knightés in the field,
All armed³ under helm and shield ;
Victor he is at all melée :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

That strong unmerciful tyrant
Takes, on the mother's breast soukand,
The babe, full of benignity :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He takes the champion in the stour,
The captain closed in the tower,
The lady in bower full of beauty :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He spares no lord for his puissance,⁴
Nor clerk for his intelligence ;
His awful stroke may no man flee ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Art-magicians, and astrologés,
Rethors, logicians, theologes,
Them helpés no conclusions slee ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

In medicine the most practicians,
Leeches, surgeons, and physicians,
Themselves from death may not supply ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

I see that makars among the lave,
Plays here their pageants, then⁵ goes to grave,
Spirit is not their faculty :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has done piteously devour,
The noble Chaucer of makars flower,
The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

The good Sir Hugh of Eglintoun,
And eke Heriot, and Wyntoun,
He has ta'en out of this countrie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell has done infek,
Master John Clerk, and James Afflek,
From ballad-making and tragedy :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has bereavéd,
Alas ! that he not with us leavéd
Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eke he has ta'en,
That made the adventures⁶ of Gawaine ;
Sir Gilbert Hay ended has he :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry, and Sandy Traill,
Slain with his shot of mortal hail,
Which Patrick Johnstown might not flee :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Merseir his endite,
That did in love so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has ta'en Roull of Aberdeen,
And gentle Roull of Corstorphine ;
Two better fellows did no man see :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

In Dumferline he has ta'en Broun,
With Master Robert Henrysoun ;
Sir John of Ross embraced has he ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

And he has now ta'en last of a',
Good gentle Stobo, and Quintin Schaw,
Of whom all wightés has pity :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Good Master Walter Kennedy
At point of death⁷ lies verily,
Great ruth it were that so should be :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Since he has all my brethren ta'en,
He will not let me live alane,
Of need⁸ I must his next prey be ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Since for the Death remeid is none,
Best is that we for death disponc,
After our death that live may we :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

A MAY DAY-DREAM.

Depurit, purified; intill, on; hours, matins; fleet, flow; greet, weep; crops, branches; knops, buds; slops, streaks; ryce, branches; likand leams, pleasant gleams; breams, fish; garth, garden; against, on the edge of; low, fire; through, with; weeds, clothes.

Bright as the star¹ of day began to shine,
 When gone to bed were Vesper and Lucine,
 I rose, and by a rose-bush² did me rest.
 Up sprang the golden candle matutine,
 With clear depurit beamés crystalline,
 Gladding the merry fowlés in their nest :
 Ere Phœbus was in purple³ cape revest,
 Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine,
 In May, intill a morrow mirthfulest.

Full angel-like these birdés sang their *hours* —
 Within their curtains green, into their bowers,
 Apparelled white and red with bloomés sweet ;
 Enamelled was the field with all colours ;
 The pearly droppés shook in silver showers,
 While all in balm did branch and leavés *flect* :
 To part from Phœbus did Aurora *greet*.
 Her chrystal tears I saw hang on the flowers,
 Which he, for love, all drank up with his heat.

For mirth of May, with skippés and with hops,⁴
 The birdés sang upon the tender *crops*
 With curious notes, as Venus' chapel-clerks :
 The roses young, new spreading of their knops,
 Were powdered bright with heavenly beryl drops,

Through beamés red, burning as ruby sparks :
 The skiés rang for shouting of the larks :
 The purple³ heaven, o'er-scaled in silver *slops*,
 O'er-gilt the treés, branches, leaves, and barks.

Down through the ryce a river ran with streams,
 So lustily against those likand leams,
 That all the lake as lamp did leam of light ;
 Which shadowed all about with twinkling gleams,
 The boughés bathed were in fecond beams
 Through the reflex of Phœbus' visage bright ;
 On every side the hedges rose on height ;
 The bank was green ; the brook was full of breams ;
 The stonés⁵ clear as stars in frosty night.

The chrystal air, the sapphire firmament,
 The ruby skiés of the orient,
 Cast beryl beams on emerald boughes green ;
 The rosy garth, depaint and redolent
 With purple,³ azure, gold, and gulés gent,⁶
 Arrayéd was by dame Flora, the queen,
 So nobly that joy was for to seen ;
 The rock, *against* the river resplendent,
 As *low* enlumined all the leavés sheen.

What *through* the merry fowlés' harmony,
 And through the river's sound that ran me by,
 On Flora's mantle I sleppéd as I lay ;
 Where soon, into my dreamés fantasy,
 I saw approach against the orient sky
 A sail as white as blossom upon spray,
 With mast⁷ of gold, bright as the star of day,
 Which tended to the land full lustily,
 As falcon swift desirous of her pray.

And, hard on board, unto the blooméd meads,
 Among the greené rushes,⁸ and the reeds,
 Arrived she ; wherefrom, anon, there lands
 A hundred ladies, lusty in their *weeds*,
 As fresh as flowérs that in May upsreads,
 In kirtles green, withouten cap⁹ or bands :
 Their bright hairés hang glittering on the strands,
 In tresses clear tiéd¹⁰ with golden threads ;
 With neckés¹¹ white and middles small as wands.
 —*The Golden Targe.*

OPENING STANZAS OF THE THISTLE AND
 THE ROSE.

Hours, matins ; spleen, heart ; weed, garments ; leams, rays.

When March was with varying windés past,
 And April had, with her silver showers,
 Ta'en leave at Nature, with an orient blast,
 And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
 Had made the birdés to begin their *hours*
 Among the tender odours red and white,
 Whose harmony it was to her delight :

In bed at morrow sleeping as I lay,
 Methought Aurora, with her chrystal eyne
 In at the window looked by the day,
 And hailed¹ me, with visage pale and green,
 On whose hand a lark sang from the *spleen*,²
 "Awake, lovers, out of your slumbering,²
 See how the lusty morrow does up-spring !"

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,
 In *weed* depaint of many divers hue,
 Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,
 In bright attire of flowers forgéd new,
 Heavenly of colour, white, red, brown, and blue,
 Balméd in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beams ;
 While all the house illuminéd of her leams.

"Sluggard," she said, "awake anon for shame,
 And in my honour something thou go write :
 The lark has done the merry day proclaim,
 To raise up lover(é)s with comfort and delight ;
 Yet nought increases thy courage to indite,
 Whose heart sometime has glad and blissful been,
 Songés to make under the leavés green."

DAME NATURE CROWNS THE SCOTTISH
 LION "KING OF BEASTS."

Cheer, face ; but, without ; shaws, covert ; exerce, exercise ;
 bogle, goblin ; busteous, rough.

All present were in twinkling of an e'e,
 Both beast and bird and flower, before the Queen.
 And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
 Was called there ; and he, most fair to scen,
 With a full hardy countenance, and keen,
 Before Dame Nature came and did incline,
 With visage bold and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of *cheer*,
 Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
 Right strong of corpse, of fashion fair *but* fear,

Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
 Red of his colour as is the ruby glance ;
 On field of gold he stood full mightily,
 With fleur-de-lys encircled¹ lustily.

This Lady lifted up his clawés² clear,
 And let him listly lean upon her knee ;
 And crowned him with diadem full dear
 Of radiant stones, most royal for to see,
 Saying, "The King of Beastés make I thee,
 And the protector chief in woods and shaws ;
 To thy lieges go forth, and keep the laws.

"Exerce justice with mercy and conscience ;
 And let no small beast suffer scaith nor scorns
 Of great beastés that been of more puissance ;
 Do law alike to apes and unicorns ;
 And let no bogle with his busteous horns
 The meek plough-ox oppress, for all his pride,
 But in the yoke go peaceable him beside."

—*The Thistle and the Rose.*

DAME NATURE CROWNS THE KING AND QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

Effeirs, qualities ; fend the lave, defend the rest ; perfite,
 perfect ; bening, benign ; illuster, greater ; ying, young ; but,
 without.

Then called she all flowers that grew on field ;
 Discerning all their fashions and effeirs :
 Upon the awful Thistle¹ she beheld,
 And saw him guarded² with a bush of spears.
 Considering him so able for the wars,
 A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
 And said, "In field go forth and 'fend the lave.

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50157
 127-
 133
 141-
 p 153
 161

“ Nor hold none other flower as so³ dainty
 As the fresh Rose, of colour red and white ;
 For, if thou does, hurt is thine honesty ;
 Considering that no flower is so perfite,
 So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight,
 So full of blissful angelic beauty,
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.”

Then to the Rose she turnéd her visage,
 And said, “ O lusty daughter, most bening,
 Above the Lily illuster of lineage,
 From the stalk royal rising fresh and ying,
But any spot or blemish⁴ doing spring :
 Come, bloom of joy, with gemmés to be crowned,
 For, o’er the lave thy beauty is renowned ! ”

A costly crown, with clarified stonés bright,
 This comely Queen did on her head enclose,
 While all the land illumined of the light ;
 Wherefore, methought, the Flowers did rejoice,
 Crying at once, “ Hail, be thou richest Rose !
 Hail, Herbés’ Empress, freshest Queen of Flowers !
 To thee be glory and honour at all hours ! ”

—*The Thistle and the Rose.*

ON CONTENT.

Schent, ruined ; sere, strange ; hals, throat ; salse, sauce.

Who thinks he has sufficénce,
 Of goodés has no indigence ;
 Though he have neither land nor rent,
 Great might, nor high magnificence.
 He has enough that is content.

Who had riches unto Inde
And were not satisfied in mind,
With poverty I hold him schent :
Of covetise such is the kind.
He has enough that is content.

Therefore I pray you, brother dear,
Not to delight in dainties sere :
Thank God of it is to thee sent ;
And of it gladly make good cheer.
He has enough that is content.

Defy the world, feigned and false !
With gall in heart and honied hals.
Who most it serves shall soon'st repent .
Of whose subjects sour is the salse :
He has enough that is content.

If thou hast might, be gentle and free ;
And if thou stand'st in poverty,
Of thine own will to it consent,
And riches shall return to thee.
He has enough that is content.

And ye and I, my brothers all,
That in this life has lordship small,
Let languor not of us imprint :
If we not climb, we take no fall.
He has enough that is content.

For who in world most covetous is,
In world is poorest man, I wis,
And most needy in his intent ;
For of all goodés nothing he has,
That of nothing can be content.

THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN DEIDL Y SYNNEIS.

(ORIGINAL SPELLING.)

Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
 Full lang befor the dayis lycht,
 I lay in till a trance ;
 And than I saw baith Hevin and Hell :
 Me thoct, amangis the feyndis fell,
 Mahoun gart cry ane Dance
 Off Schrewis that were nevir schrevin,
 Aganis the feist of Fasternis evin
 To mak thair observance ;
 He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss
 And kast up gamountis in the skyiss
 As varlotis dois in France.

Lat sé, quoth he, now quha begynnis,
 With that the fowll Sevin Deidly synnis
 Begowth to leip at anis.
 And first of all in dance was Pryd,
 With hair wyld bak, and bonet on syd,
 Lyk to mak vaistie wanis ;
 And round about him, as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
 His kethat for the nanis :
 Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
 Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay skippit
 Thay gyrnd with hyddous granis.

Than Yre come in with sturt and stryfe ;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir :
 Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,

Eftir him passit in to pairis,
 All bodin in feir of weir
 In jakkis, and scryppis, and bonettis of steill.
 Thair leggis wer cheneit to the heill,
 Frawart was their affeir :
 Sum upoun uder with brandis beft,
 Sum jagit uthers to the heft
 With knyvis that scherp cowd scheir.

Nixt in the Dance followite Invy,
 Fild full of feid and felony,
 Hid malyce and dispyte.
 For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit ;
 Him followit mony freik dissymlit
 With feneyit wordis quhite :
 And flattereris in to menis facis ;
 And bak-byttaris in secreit placis,
 To ley that had delyte ;
 And rownaris of false lesingis,
 Allace ! that coutis of noble kingis
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Nixt him in Dans come Cuvatyce
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir cowd be content :
 Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris,
 All with that warlo went :
 Out of thair throths thay schot on udder
 Helt moltin gold, me thocht, a fudder
 As fyre-flawcht maist fervent ;
 Ay as thay tumit them of schot,
 Feyndis fild thame new up to the thrott
 With gold of allkin prent.

Syne Sweirnes, at the secound bidding,
 Come lyk a sow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunyie,
 Mony sweir bumbard belly huddroun,
 Mony slute daw, and slepy duddroun,
 Him servit ay with sounyie.
 He drew thame furth in till a chenye
 And Belliall with a brydill renye
 Evir lascht thame on the lunyie :
 In Dans thay war so slaw of feit,
 They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
 And made them quicker of counyie.

Than the fowll monstir Gluttony
 Of wame unsasiable and gredy,
 To dance he did him dress :
 Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart,
 In surffet and excess ;
 Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
 With wamis unweildable, did furth wag,
 In creische that did incess.
 Drynk ! ay thay cryit with many a gaip,
 The Feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip
 Thair leveray wes na less.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowl,
 For gle-men thair wer haldin owt,
 Be day, and eik by nycht :
 Except a menstrall that slew a man,
 Swa till his heretage he wan,
 And enterit by breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane :
 Syne ran a Feynd to fetche Makfadyane,
 Far northwart in a nuke ;

Be he the Correnoch had done schout,
 Ersche men so gadderit him abowt,
 In Hell grit rowme thay tuke ;
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
 Full lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter
 And romp lyk revin and ruke.
 The Devill sa devt wes with thair yell,
 That in the depest pot of hell,
 He smorit thame with smuke.

THE DEVIL'S INQUEST.

Harms, sorrows; tyne, lose; soutar, shoemaker; inlaik, deficiency; reekit, smoked; thraip, thrive; swyfe, sing; flett, scolded; mair, more.

This night in my sleep I was aghast ;
 Methought the Devil was tempting fast
 The people with oaths of cruelty ;
 Saying, as through the market he pass'd,
 "Renounce thy God and come to me."

Methought, as he went through the way
 A priest sweir't broad, "By God, very,"
 While at the altar received he.
 "Thou art my clerk," the Devil 'gan say,
 "Renounce thy God and come to me."

Then swore a courtier, mickle of pride,
 "By Christé's wounds, bloody and wide,
 And by His *harms* was rent on tree."
 Then spake the Devil, hard him beside,
 "Renounce thy God and come to me."

A merchant, his gear as he did sell,
Renounced his part of heaven for hell.
The Devil said, "Welcome may thou be ;
Thou shall be merchant for mysel' ;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A goldsmith said, "The gold is so fine,
That all the workmanship I tyne ;
The fiend receive me if I lie."
"Think on," quoth the Devil, "that thou art mine ;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A tailor said, "In all this town
Be there a better well-made gown,
I give me to the fiend all free."
"Gramercy, tailor," said Mahoun,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A soutar said, "In good effec',
Nor I be hanged by the neck,
If better boots of leather there be."
"Fy !" quoth the fiend, "thou smells^t of black ;
Go cleanse thee clean, and come to me."

A baker² said, "I forsake God,
And all His works, even and odd,
If fairer bread there needs to be."
The Devil laugh'd,³ and on him could nod,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A flesher swore by the sacrament,
And by Christ's blood most innocent,
"Ne'er fatter flesh saw man with e'e."
The Devil said, "Hold on thy intent,
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The maltman says, "I God forsake,
And may the Devil of hell me take,
If any better malt may be ;
And of this kill I have inlaik."
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A brewster swore the malt was ill,
Both red and reekit on the kill,
That it will be no ale for me ;
One boll will not six gallons fill :
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

"By God's blood," quoth the taverner,
"There is such wine in cellar,
Has never come in this country."
"Tut !" quoth the Devil, "thou sells o'er dear ;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The smith swore by rood and raip,
"Into a gallows might I gaip,
If I ten days won pennies three,
For with that craft I cannot thraip."
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A minstrel said, "The fiend me rive,
If I do ought but drink and swyfe ;"
The Devil said, "Then I counsel thee,
Exerc'se that craft in all thy life ;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A dicer said, with words of strife,
The Devil might stick him with a knife,
But he cast up fair sixes⁴ three ;
The Devil said, "Ended is thy life :
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A thief said, " God that ever I 'scape,⁵
 Nor ane stark halter⁶ gar me gaip,
 But I in hell for gear would be."
 The Devil said, " Welcome to a raip,
 Renounce thy God and come to me."

The fishwives flett, and swore with groans,
 And to the Fiend, soul, flesh, and bones,
 They gave them, with a shout on high.
 The Devil said, " Welcome all at once ;
 Renounce thy God and come to me."

The rest of craftés great oaths sware,
 Their work and craft had no compare,
 Each one unto their quality.
 The Devil said, " Then, withouten mair ;
 Renounce thy God and come to me."

OF LIFE.

—
 Deid, death ; remeid, remedy.
 —

What is this life but a straight way to deid,
 Which has a time to pass and none to dwell ;
 A sliding wheel us lent to seek remeid ;
 A free choice given to Paradise or Hell ;
 A prey to death, whom vain is to repell ;
 A short torment for infinite gladness,
 As short a joy for lasting heaviness.

AMENDS TO THE TAILORS AND SOUTARS.

Stevin, sound ; unkend, unknown ; rack, matter ; slee, artful ;
kyth, produce.

Betwixt twal' hours and eleven,
I dreamed an angel came fra' heaven,
With pleasant stevin, saying on hie,
Tailors and soutars, blest be ye !

In heaven high ordained is your place,
Above all saints in great soláce,
Next God, greatest in dignity :
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

The cause to you is not unkend,
What God mismakes ye do amend,
By craft and great agility :
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

Soutars, with shoes^t well made and meet,
Ye mend the faults of ill-made feet ;
Wherefore to Heaven your souls will flee ;
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

And Tail(e)ors, with well-made clothes,
Can mend the worst-made man that goes,
And make him seemly for to see :
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

Though God make a misfashioned man,
Ye can him all shape new again,
And fashion him better be sic three :
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

Though a man have a broken back,
 Have ye a good crafty tailor, what rack !—
 That can it cover with crafts slee :
 Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

Of God great kindness ye may claim,
 That helps his people frae crook and lame,
 Supporting faults with your supplie :
 Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

In earth² ye *kyth* such miracles here,
 In Heaven ye shall be Saints full clear,
 Though ye be knaves in this countrie :
 Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye !

HOW SHALL I GOVERN ME ?

—
 Swyth, quickly ; *kyth*, shown.
 —

How should I rule me, or what wise,
 I would some wise man would devise ;
 I cannot live in no degree,
 But some will my manners despise :
 Lord God, how shall I govern me ?

If I be gallant, lusty, and blythe,
 Then will they say on me full swyth,
 That out of mind yon man is he,
 Or some has done him comfort *kyth* :
 Lord God, how shall I govern me ?

If I be sorrowful and sad,
Then will they say that I am mad,
I do but droop as I would die ;
Thus will they say, both man and lad :
Lord God, how shall I govern me ?

I would my guiding were devised ;
If I spend little I am despised,
If I be noble, gentle, and free,
A prodigal man I am so prised :
Lord God, how shall I govern me ?

Now judge they me, both good and ill,
And I may no man's tongue hold still ;
To do the best my mind shall be,
Let every man say what he will,
The gracious God may govern me !

SIR JOHN MOFFAT.



REMEMBER THE END.

—
Reid, counsel ; mo, more ; dynd, overcome.
—

Brother, be wise, I reid you now
With ladies, if it happens you,
That wealth in no way your wit make blind ;
Obey, and for the better bow ;
Remember what may come behind.

.

Though thou be strong¹ as Hercules,
Sampson, Hector, or Achilles,
By force, though thou may loose and bind
Pentagora to proof in press ;
Remember what may come behind.

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Though thou be wise as Solomon,
Or fair of face² as Absolom,
Or rich as Cræsus out of kind,
Or princes' peer Ipomedon ;
Remember what may come behind.

If thou be wise, so is there mo ;
If thou be strong,¹ there is also ;
If thou be good, good shalt thou find ;
If thou be ill, thou find'st thy foe ;
Remember what may come behind.

Thus shall thou stand in no degree
Secure without³ perplexity ;
Though thou be never so noble of kind,
Nor 'gree so great of dignity ;
Remember what may come behind.

In all thy doings have good skill :
Continue in good, reform thy ill,
Do so that dolour may be dynd ;
Thus may thou think, if that thou will,
Of good and ill what comes behind.

WALTER KENNEDY.



THE PRAISE OF AGE.

Sone, soon ; natural, foolish ; hail, hot ; gloir, glory ; train,
snare ; fain, glad ; lawtie, loyalty.

At matin hour, in midst of the night,
Wakéd of sleep, I saw beside me sone,
An aged man, seemed sixty years by sight,
This sentence said, and sung it in good tone :—
O thryn-fold and eternal^r God in throne !
To be content and love thee I have cause,
That my light youthhead is o'er-pas't and done ;
Honour with age to every virtue draws.

Green youth, to age thou must obey and bow,
Thy foolish lust lasts scant a May ;
What then was wit, is natural folly now,
Worldly wit, honour, riches, or fresh array :
Defy the devil, dread death and domesday,
For all shall be accused, as thou knaws ;
Blessed be God, my youthhead is away ;
Honour with age to every virtue draws.

O bitter youth ! that seem'd delicious ;
O sweetest age ! that sometime seemed sour ;
O reckless youth ! high, hait, and vicious ;
O holy age ! fulfilled with honour ;

O flowing youth ! fruitless and fading flower,
Contrair to conscience, loth to love good laws,
Of all vain gloir the lanthorn and mirroure ;
Honour with age to every virtue draws.

This world is set for to deceive us even ;
Pride is the net, and covetice the train ;
For no reward, except the joy of heaven,
Would I be young into this world again.
The ship of faith, tempestuous winds and rain
Of Lollardry, driving in the skys her blows ;
My youth is gone, and I am glad and fain,
Honour with age to every virtue draws.

Law, love, and lawtie, graven law they lye ;
Dissimulance has borrowed conscience' clothes ;
Writ, wax, and seals are no ways set by ;
Flattery is fostered both with friends and foes.
The son, to drink that which his father has,
Would see him dead ; Sathanas such seed sows ;
Youthhead, adieu, one of my mortal foes,
Honour with age to every virtue draws.

JOHN SKELTON.



TO ISABELL.

Rosary, rose-bush ; nept, cats-mint ; proper, pretty.

My maiden Isabell,
 Reflaring rosabell,¹
 The fragrant camomell,
 The ruddy *rosary*,
 The sovereign rosemary,
 The pretty strawberry,
 The columbine, the nept,
 The gillyflower² well set,
 The *proper* violet : -
 Ennewéd your colour
 Is, like the daisy-flower,
 After the April shower !
 Star of the morning³ grey,
 The blossom on the spray,
 The freshest flower of May !
 Maidenly, demure,
 Of womanhood the lure !
 Wherefore, I you assure,
 It were an heavenly health,
 It were an endless wealth,
 A life for God himself,

To hear this nightingale
 Among the birds small
 Warbling in the vale !
 Dug, dug !
 Jug, jug !
 Good year ! and good luck !
 With chuck, chuck !
 Chuck, chuck !

—*The Garland of Laurel.*

UPON A DEAD MAN'S SKULL :

WHICH WAS SENT TO HIM FROM AN HONOURABLE
 GENTLEWOMAN FOR A TOKEN.

—
 Fell, skin ; mell, meddle ; rue, take pity
 —

Your ugly token
 My mind hath broken
 From worldly lust ;
 For I have discussed
 We are but dust
 And die we must.
 It is general
 To be mortal :
 I have well espied
 No man may him hide
 From Death, hollow-eyed,
 With sinews withered,
 With bones shivered,^r
 With his worm-eaten maw,
 And his ghastly jaw

Gasping aside ;
 Naked of hide,
 Neither flesh nor fell.
 Then, by my counsel,
 Look that ye spell
 Well thy gospel ;
 For, whereso we dwell,
 Death will us quell,
 And with us mell.
 For all our pampered paunches,
 There may no franchise,
 Nor worldly bliss,
 Redeem us from this :
 Our days be dated,
 To be checkmated
 With draughts of Death.²

To whom then shall we suc
 For to have rescue,
 But to sweet Jesu
 On us for to *rue* ?
 O goodly child
 Of Mary mild !
 Then be our shield
 That we be not exil'd
 To the dim³ dale
 Of bottomless bale,
 Nor to the lake
 Of fiendés black.

But grant us grace
 To see thy face,
 And to purcháse
 Thy heavenly place ;
 And thy palace,
 Full of solace,

Above the sky
That is so high.
Eternally
To behold and see
The Trinity.
Amen.

TO MISTRESS MARGERY WENTWORTH.

—
Glose, flatter.
—

With Marjoram^r gentle
The flower of goodlyhood,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhood.
Plainly I cannot glose ;
Ye be, as I divine,
The pretty primrose,
The goodly columbine.
With marjoram gentle, etc.

Benign, courteous, and meek,
With wordés well devised ;
In you, who list to seek,
Be virtues well comprised.
With marjoram gentle,
The flower of goodlihood
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhood.

HIS REPLY TO THE QUESTION, "WHY WEAR
YE *CALLIOPE* EMBROIDERED WITH
LETTERS OF GOLD?"

—
Fain, glad.
—

Calliope
As ye may see
Regent is she
 Of poets all,
Which gave to me
The high degree
Laureat to be
 Of fame royal;
Whose name enrol'd
With silk and gold
I dare be bold
 Thus for to wear.
Of her I hold
And her household:
Though I wax old^t
 And somewhat serc;
Yet is she fain,
Void of disdain,
Me to retain
 Her servitour.
With her certain
I will remain,
As my sov'rain
 Most of pleasure,
Maulgre tous malheureux.

THE COMPLAINT OF A RUSTIC AGAINST THE
CLERGY.

Cunning-bag, bag of wisdom; hag, fellow; blother, gabble;
faut, fault; haut, haughty.

What can it avail
To drive forth a snail?
Or to make a sail
Of a herring's tail?
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite,
Either for delight,
Or else for despite,
Or books to compile
Of divers manners style
Vice to revile
And sin to exile?
To teach and to preach
As reason will reach?
Say this and say that :—
“ His head is so fat,
He wotteth never what,
Nor whereof he speaketh :
He cried and he creaketh,
He pryeth and he peeketh,
He chides and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clitters and he clatters,
He meddles and he smatters,
He gloses and he flatters.”
Or if he speak plain,
Then,—“ He lacketh brain,
He is but a fool,

Let him go to school
 On a three-foot stool
 That he may down sit,
 For he lacketh wit."

And, if ye stand in doubt
 Who brought this rhyme about,
 My name is Colin Clout :
 I purpose to shake out
 All my cunning-bag
 Like a clerkly *hag*.
 For though my rhyme be ragged,
 Tattered and jagged,
 Rudely rain-beaten,
 Rusty and moth-eaten,
 If ye take well therewith,
 It hath in it some pith.

For, as far as I can see,
 It is wrong with each degree:
 For the Temporality
 Accuseth the Spirituality ;
 The Spiritual again
 Doth grudge and complain
 Upon temporal men.
 Thus each the other blotter
 The t'one against the t'other ;
 Alas, they make me shudder !
 For in hudder-mudder
 The Church is put in faut ;
 The prelates been so haut,
 They say, and look so high
 As though they would fly
 Above the starry sky.

And while the heads do this,

The remenant is amiss
Of the clergy all
Both great and small.
I wot never how they wark,
But thus the people bark,
And surely thus they say :—
Bishops if they may
Small houses would keep,
But slumber forth and sleep
And assay to creep
Within the noble walls
Of the kingés halls,
To fat their bodies full,
Their soulés lean and dull,
And have full little care
How evil their sheep fare.

Yet take they cure of souls
And wottho never what they read,
Paternoster, Ave nor Creed,
Construe not worth a whistle
Neither Gospel nor 'Pistle,
Their matins madly said,
Nothing devoutly prayed ;
Their learning is so small,
Their primes and hourés fall
And leap out of their lips
Like saw-dust or dry chips.
I speak not now of all,
But the most part in general.

A priest without a letter,
Without his virtue be gre(a)ter,
Doubtless were much better
Upon him for to take

A mattock or a rake.
 Alas, for very shame !
 Some cannot decline their name ;
 Some cannot scarcely read,
 And yet he will not dread
 For to keep a cure.

Thus I, Colin Clout,
 As I go about,
 And wandering as I walk,
 I hear the people talk.

—*Colin Clout.*

LAMENT FOR PHILLIP SPARROW.

School, instruction ; sloe, slay ; untwined, tore in pieces.

When I remember again
 How my Phillip was slain,
 Never half the pain
 Was between you twain,
 Pyramus and Thisbe,
 As then befell to me :
 I wept and I wailed,
 The tears down hailed,
 But nothing it availed
 To call Phillip again,
 Whom Gib, our cat, hath slain.

I sighed and I sobbed,
 For that I was robbed
 Of my sparrow's life.
 O maiden, widow, wife,

Of what estate ye be,
Of high or low degree,
Great sorrow ye might see,
And learn to weep of me !

So fervently I shake,
I feel my body quake ;
So urgently I am brought
Into careful thought ;
Like Andromeca, Hector's wife,
Was weary of her life,
When she had lost her joy,
Noble Hector of Troy :
In like manner also
Encreaseth my deadly woe,
For my sparrow is go.
It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool,
And learn after my school
For to keep his cut,^r
With, " Phillip, keep your cut."

It had a velvet cap,
And would sit upon my lap ;
And seek after small worms,
And sometimes white bread crumbs.

Sometimes he would gasp
When he saw a wasp,
A fly or a gnat
He would fly at that ;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant.
Lord ! how he would pry
After the butterfly !

Lord ! how he would hop
After the grasshop !
And when I said, " Phip, Phip !"
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas, it will me sloe
That Phillip is gone me fro',
Siin-i-qui-ta-tes,
Alas, I was ill at ease !
Depro-fun-discla-ma-vi;
When I saw my sparrow die.

I took my sampler once,
Of purpose for the nonce,
To sew, with stitches of silk,
My sparrow white as milk :
That by representation
Of his image and fashion,
To me it might import
Some pleasure and comfort,
For my solace and sport.
But when I was sewing his beak,
Methought my sparrow did speak,
And open his pretty bill,
Saying, " Maid, ye are in will
Again me for to kill ;
Ye prick me in the head."
With that my needle was red,
Methought of Phillip's blood ;
Mine hair right upstood,
And was in such a fray
My speech was taken away.
I cast down that there was,
And said, " Alas, alas !
How cometh this to pass ? "

My fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold ;
My needle and my thread
I threw away for dread.
The best now that I may,
Is for his soul to pray.

A porta inferi,
Good Lord have mercy
Upon my sparrow's soul,
Written in my bead-roll.

Vengeance I ask and cry,
By way of exclamation,
On all the whole nation
Of cats, wild and tame ;
God send them sorrow and shame !
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My little pretty sparrow
That I brought up at Carow.
O cat of churlish² kind,
The fiend was in thy mind,
When thou my bird *untwined*,
I would thou had'st been blind !
The leopardés savage,
The lions in their rage,
Might catch thee in their paws,
And gnaw thee in their jaws !
The serpents of Libany
Might sting thee venomously ;
The dragons with their tongues
Might poison thy liver and lungs !
The manticors³ of the mountains
Might feed them on thy brains !

Of Arcady the bears
Might pluck away thine ears !
The wild wolf Licaon
Bite asunder thy back-bone !
Of Etna the burning hill,
That day and night burneth still,
Set in thy tail a blaze ;
That all the world may gaze,
And wonder upon thee,
From Ocean, the great sea,
Unto the Isles of Orcady,
From Tilbury Ferry
To the plain of Salisbury.
So traitorously my bird to kill,
That never owed thee evil will !
 Was never bird in cage
 More gentle of couráge,
 In doing his homage
 Unto his sovereign.
Alas ! I say again,
Death hath parted us twain,
The false cat hath thee slain.
 Farewell, Phillip, adieu !
Our Lord thy soul rescue !
Farewell without restore,
Farewell for evermore !

For Phillip Sparrow's soul,
Set in our bead-roll,
Let us now whisper
A Pater-noster !

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower :¹
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness ;
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing,
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and as still,
And as full of good-will,
As fair Isiphil,²
 Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,³
Good Cassander ;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought.
Far may be sought,
Ere⁴ you can find
So courteous,⁵ so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

ON TIME.

List, pleases; prease, press; convenable, fit; sad, serious;
 lack, blame; ver, spring.

Ye may hear now, in this rhyme,
 How everything must have a time.

Time is a thing that no man may resist,
 Time is transitory and irrevocable;
 Who saith the contrary? time passeth as him list,
 Time must be taken in season convenable.
 Take time when time is, for time is aye mutable:
 All thing hath time, who can for it provide,
 Bide for time who will, for time will no man bide.

Time to be *sad*, and time to play and sport,
 Time to take rest by way of recreation,
 Time to study and time to use comfort,
 Time of pleasure, and time of consolation;
 Thus time hath his time, of divers manner fashion,
 Time for to eat and drink for thy repast,
 Time to be liberal, and time to make no waste.

Time to travail, and time for to rest,
 Time for to speak, and time for to hold thy peace,
 Time would be used, when time is best,
 Time to begin, and time for to cease,
 And when time is, put thyself in prease,
 And when time is, to hold thyself a-back.
 For time well spent can never have *lack*.

The roots take their sap in time of Ver;
 In time of Summer, flowers fresh and green;
 In time of Harvest, men their corn shear:
 In time of Winter, the north wind waxeth keen,
 So bitterly biting, the flowers be not seen,
 The kalend of Janus, with his frostés hoar,
 That time is, when people must live upon the store.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS.



MORNING IN MAY.

Upwarpes, throws open; ment, mixed; soir, reddish; nose-thirls, nostrils; blink, glance; firth amene, pleasant bay; odumbrat, o'ershadowed; kirnals, battlements; fyall, cupola; yerd, garden; pikes, thorns; burgeons, shoots; on twistis, in branches; locked buttons, closed buds; perse, light blue; gules, red; 'gree, degree; depart, parti-coloured; lite, little; ealyard, cheerful; soughes, breathe; heckle, spur; gent, neat; povn, peacock; gim, smart; aiks, oaks; makes, mates; fenestres, windows; beyn, pleasant; fermans, shelters; busteous, large; raw, row; rise, branch; stevens, tunes; reirdit, resounded; releshand, singing; beld, shelter; husbands, husbandmen.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
 Issued from¹ her saffron bed and ivory house,
 In crimson² clad and grained violet,
 With sanguine cape, the selvage purpurate,
 Unshut³ the windows of her largé hall
 Spread all with roses and full of balm royal;
 And eke the heavenly portals crystalline
 Upwarpes broad, the world to illumine.
 The twinkling streamers⁴ of the orient
 Spread purple streaks⁵ with gold and azure ment,
 Piercing the sable rampart⁶ nocturnal
 Beat down the skyé's cloudy mantle-wall.

Eous the steed, with ruby harness red,
 Above the sea-és liftés forth his head,
 Of colour soir and somedeal brown as berry,
 For to enlighten and glad our hemisphere;

The flame out-bursting at his nose-thirls,
 So fast Phaeton with the whip him whirls,
 To roll Apollo his father's golden chair,
 That shroudeth all the heavens and the air ;
 While shortly, with the blazing⁷ torch of day,
 Apparelled⁸ in his gleaming⁹ fresh array,
 Forth from his palace-royal issued Phœbus,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp hairés, bright as chrysolite or topaz,
 For whose huc-might none behold his face.
 The fiery sparkés brasting from his e'en,
 To purge the air and gild the tender green.
 The aureate vanes of his throne sovereign
 With glittering glance o'erspread the ocean,
 The largé floodés gleaming⁹ all of light
 But with one blink of his supernal sight.
 For to behold it was a glor(y) to see
 The stablé^d windés and the calmed sea.
 The soft seasoun, the firmament serene,
 The calm¹⁰ illumined air, and firth amene.

And lusty Flora did her bloomés spread
 Under the feet of Phœbus' glittering¹¹ steed,
 The swarded soil embroidered with strange¹² hues,
 Woods and forest odumbrat with their boughs,
 Where blissful branches, portrayed¹³ on the ground
 With shadows sheen, shew rockés rubicund,
 Towers, turrets, kirnals, pinnacles high
 Of kirks, castles, and ilk fair city,
 Stood painted, every fyall, fane and stage,
 Upon the plain ground by their own umbrage.

And blissful blossoms in the bloomed yerd
 Submits their heads to the young sun's safe-guard ;

Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the rampart⁶ wall,
 The bloomed hawthorn had his pikés all ;
 Forth from fresh burgeons the wine-grapes young
 Endlong the trellis did on twistis hang ;
 The *locked buttons* on the gemmed trees
 O'erspreading leaves of Nature's tapestries ;
 Soft grassy verdure after balmy showers
 On curling stalkés smiling to their flowers,
 Beholding them so many divers hue [blue,
 Some perse, some pale, some burnished¹⁴ and some
 Some gris, some gules, some purple, some sanguine,
 Blanchéd or brown, fawn-yellow¹⁵ many a one,
 Some heavenly coloured in celestial 'gree
 Some watery-hued, as the blue wavy¹⁶ sea,
 And some *départ* in freckles red and white,
 Some bright as gold with auriate leaves lite.
 The daisy did unbraid her crownel small,
 And every flower unfolded¹⁷ in the dale.

A paradise it seemed to draw near
 These galyard gardens and each green herber.
 Most amiable wax the emerald¹⁸ meads
 Swannés soughés throughout the risp and reeds,
 O'er all their lakés¹⁹ and the floodés gray,
 Seeking by kind a place where they should lay :
 Phœbus' red fowl his coral crest 'gan steer
 Oft stretching forth his heckle, crowing clear,
 Amid the plantés and the rootés gent,
 Picking his meat in alleys where he went,
 His wives, Toppa and Partolet, him by
 As bird all time that hauntís bigamy :
 The painted povn, pacing with plumés gim,
 Cast up his tail, a proud pleasant wheel-rim,
 Y-shrouded in his feathering bright and sheen,
 Shaping the print of Argus' hundred eyne.

Among the branches²⁰ of the olive twests,
 Many²¹ small fowlés, working crafty nests,
 Endlong the hedges thick and on rank aiks,
 Each bird rejoicing with their mirthful makes.
 In corners and clear fenestres of glass
 Full busily Arachne weaving was,
 To knit her nettés and her webbés sly
 Therewith to catch the midge and little fly.
 So dusty powder up-stirs in every street,
 While Corby²² gaspéd for the fervent heat
 Under the boughés beyn in lusty vales,
 Within fermans and parkés close of pales,
 The busteous buckés ranges²³ forth in raw ;
 Herdés of hartés through the thick wood shaw,
 The young fawns following the dun does,
 Kiddés, skipping through, runs after roes.

Tidy kine lowe, vealés by them rins ;
 All snug and sleekit were these beastés skins.

On salt streams walked Dorida and Thetis,
 By running strandés, nymphs and naiades,
 Such as we call²⁴ wenches and damosels,
 In grassy groves wandering by spring wells,
 Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red
 Plaiting their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-songs, dances, lays,²⁵ and rounds,
 With voices shrill while all the dale resounds.
 Whereso they walk unto their carolling,
 For amorous lays doth all the rockés ring.

One sang, " The ship sails over the salt foam,
 Will bring those merchants and my lover home :"
 Some other sings, " I will be blythe and light,
 My heart is set upon so goodly a wight."

And thoughtful lovers roamés to and fro,
 To lose their pain and 'plain their jolly woe ;
 After their guise, now singing, now in sorrow,
 With heartés pensive the long summer's morrow.
 Some ballads list indite of his lady ;
 Some lives in hope ; and some all utterly
 Despaired is, and so quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place.

Dame Nature's minstrels, on that other part,
 Their blissful lay intoning every art.
 The merle, the mavis, and the nightingale
 With merry notes mirthfully forth burst.
 The cushat coos²⁶ and perkés on the *rise*,
 The starling changes divers stevens nice,
 The sparrow chirmés in the wallés clift ;
 Goldspink and lintwhite fording the lift ;²⁷
 The cuckoo callés,²⁸ and so whitters the quail ;
 While rivers reirdit, shaws and every vale,
 And tender twiggés trembléd²⁹ on the trees,
 For birdés song and bumming of the bees.
 In warbles dulce of heavenly harmonies,
 The larkés, loud releshand in the skies,
 Lovés their liege, with tones curious ;
 Both to Dame Nature and the fresh Venus,
 Rendering high laudés in their observance ;
 Whose sugar'd throatés made glad heartés dance ;
 And all small fowlés singés on the spray :—

SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

“ Welcome, the Lord of Light and Lamp of Day ;
 Welcome, forst'rer of tender herbés green ;
 Welcome, quickener of flourished flowérs sheen ;
 Welcome, support of every root and vein ;

Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit and grain ;
 Welcome, the birdés bield upon the brier ;
 Welcome, master and ruler of the year ;
 Welcome, welfare of *husbands* at the ploughs ;
 Welcome, repairer of woodes, trees, and boughs ;
 Welcome, depainter of the blooméd meads ;
 Welcome, the life of everything that spreads ;
 Welcome, storer of all kind bestial ;
 Welcome be thy bright beamés, gladding all ;
 Welcome, celestial mirror, and espy,
 Atteaching all that practise³⁰ sluggardy."

—*Prologue to Æneid, Book XII.*

SLEEP.

But, without ; soun, sound ; sere, several ; leyndis, dwells ;
 mesing, diminishing ; onane, one another.

What sorrow suffers¹ Queen Dido all the night,
 And how Mercuri bade Eneas take the flight.

The night follows, and every weary wight
 Throughout the earth has caught anon right
 The sound, pleasant sleep them likéd best ;
 Woodés and raging seas were at rest ;
 And the stars² their mid course rolled down ;
 All fieldés still *but* other noise or soun' ;
 And beasts and bird of divers colours sere,
 And whatsoever in the broad locks were,
 Or amang bushes harsh leyndis under the spray,
 Through nightés silence slept where they lay,
 Mesing their busy thought and carés smart,
 All irksome labour forgot and out of heart.

But the unrestless fated spirit³ did not so
 Of this unhappy Phenician Dido :
 For never more may she sleep a wink
 Nor nightés rest in eyne or breast let sink :
 The heavy thoughts multiply ever onane ;
 Strong love begins to rage and rise again,
 And felon storms of ire 'gan her to shake :
 Thus finally she out bradis, alack !
 Rolling alone sere thingés in her thought.

—*The Aeneid, Book IV.*

SPRING.

Flene, fly over ; seyne, see ; schurtis, divert ; uneath, scarcely ;
 barnage, childhood.

GLAD is the ground of the tender flowers¹ green,
 Birdes the boughes and their shawés sheen,
 The weary hunter to find his happy prey,
 The falconer the rich river o'er to flene,
 The clerk rejoices his bookés o'er to seyne,
 The lover to behold his lady gay,
 Young folk them schurtis with game, solace, and
 play ;
 What most delightés or likés every wight,
 There to steris their courage day or night.

Knightés delight to assay stiring steeds,
 Wanton gallants to trail in sumptuous weeds ;
 Ladies desire to behold and be seen ;
 Who would be thrifty courtiers say few creeds ;
 Some pleasure takés in romancés he reads,

And some has lust to that was never seen :
 How many heads so many conceits² been ;
 Two appetités uneath accordés with other ;
 This likés thee, perchance, and not thy brother.

Pleasure and joy right wholesome and perfect is,
 So that the wise thereof in proverb writes,
 " A blythe spirit makes green and flowering¹ age."
 Mine author eke in Bucolikus endites,
 The young infant first with laughter delightés
 To know his mother, when he is little page ;
 Who laughés not, quoth he, in his barnage,
 Genius, the God, delighteth not their table,
 Nor Juno them to keep in bed is able.

—*Prologue to Æneid, Book V.*

TO LOVE THE ENSLAVER.

Musardry, musing ; fremit, strange ; japes, jests ; goddes-apes,
 idiots ; train, snare ; forcy, mighty ; plenest, fillest ; herriet,
 invadest ; swelth, glutton ; oduble, hateful ; wight, strong.

What is your force but feebling of the strength ?
 Your curious thoughtés what but musardry ?
 Your fremit gladness lasts not one hour's length ;
 Your sport for shame ye dare not specify ;
 Your fruit is but unfructuous fantasy ;
 Your sorry joys been but jangling and japes ;
 And your true servants silly goddés-apes.

Your sweet mirthés are mixed with bitterness ;
 What is your dreary game ? a merry pain !
 Your work unthrift ; your quiet is restless ;

Your lust liking in languor to remain ;
Friendship torment, your trust is but a *train*.
O Love, whether are you joy or foolishness,
That makes folk so glad of their distress ?

Solomon's wit, Samson thou rob'st his force,
And David thou bereft his prophecy ;
Men say thou bridled Aristotle as a horse,
And cagéd¹ up the flower of poetry.
What shall I of thy mightés notify ?
Farewell ! Where that thy lusty dart assails,
Wit, strength, riches, nothing, but grace, avails.

Thou chain of love, ha, benedicite !
How hard strainés thy bandés every wight !
The God above, from his high majesty,
With thee y-bound, low on a maid did light :
Thou vanquish'd the strong giant of great might :
Thou art more forcy than the dead so fell ;
Thou plenest Paradise, and thou herriet Hell !

Thou swelth ! devourer of time unrecov'able !
O lust, infernal furnace inextinguible,
Thyself consuming, grows² insatiable !
Quaint fiendés net, to God and man oduble,
Of thy trickes³ what tongue can tell the trouble ?
With thee to wrestle, thou waxes evermore wight :
Eschew thine hand, and minés shall thy might.

—*Prologue to Æneid, Book IV.*

BALLAD IN COMMENDATION OF HONOUR.

Degest, grave; conding, suitable; but, without: lest, endure; poveraile, the poor; remeid, remedy; docht, avails; tynes, loses; reid, counsel; crynis, diminishes; feid, hatred; grant, giving; tete, quickly; site, shame.

O hie honour, sweet heavenly flower degest,
 Gem virtuous, most precious, goodliest.
 For high renown thou art guerdon conding,
 Of worship kend the glorious end and rest,
But whom in right no worthy wight may *lest*.
 Thy great puissance may most advance all thing.
 And poveraile to mickle avail soon bring,
 I thee require since thou *but* peer art best,
 That after this in thy high bliss we ring.

Of grace thy face in every place so shines,
 That sweet all spirit both head and feet inclines,
 Thy glore(y) afore for to implore remeid.
 He docht right nought, which out of thought thee
 tynés;
 Thy name *but* blame, and royal fame divine is;
 Thou port, in¹ short, of our comfort and reid
 To bring all things to gladding after dead,
 All wight but sight of thy great might aye crynis;
 O sheen I mean, none may sustain thy feid.

Hail, rose most choice till close thy foes great might,
 Hail, stone which shone upon the throne of light,
 Virtue, whose true sweet dew o'erthrew all vice,
 Was aye each day gar say the way of light;

Amend, offend, and send our end aye right,
Thou stand'st, ordained as sanct, of *grant* most wise,
Till be supply, and the high 'gree of price.
Delight thee tite me quite of *site* to dight,
For I apply shortly to thy devise.

—*The Palace of Honour.*

STEPHEN HAWES.



THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE KNIGHT.

Defarre, undo ; placard, breastplate.

For knighthood is not in the feats of war,
 As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,
 But in a cause with truth can not defarre.
 He ought himself for to make sure and strong,
 Justice to keep, mixed with mercy among,
 And no quarrel a knight ought to take
 But for a truth, or for a woman's sake.

For first good hope his leg harness should be,
 His habergion, of perfect righteousness
 Girt fast with the girdle of chastity.
 His rich *placard* should be of good business
 Broider'd with almés so full of largess ;
 The helmet, meekness, and the shield, good faith,
 His sword, God's word, as Saint Paul saith.

Also true widows, he ought to restore
 Unto their right, for to attain their dower ;
 And to uphold, and maintain evermore
 The wealth of maidens, with his mighty power,
 And to his sovereign at every manner hour
 To be ready, true, and eke obeysant,
 In stable love fix't, and not variant.

—*Pastime of Pleasure.*

IN PRAISE OF MODERATION.

—
 Doom, judgment; denudeth, renders unnecessary; abusion,
 abuse.

—
 Where that is measure, there is no lacking ;
 Where that is measure, whole is the body ;
 Where that is measure, good is the living ;
 Where that is measure, wisdom is truély ;
 Where that is measure, work is directly ;
 Where that is measure, nature's working ;
 Nature increaseth by right good knowledging.

Where lacketh measure, there is no plenty ;
 Where lacketh measure, sick is the courage ;
 Where lacketh measure, there is iniquity ;
 Where lacketh measure, there is great outrage ;
 Where lacketh measure, is none advantage ;
 Where lacketh measure, there is great gluttony ;
 Where lacketh measure, is most unhappy.

For there is no high nor great estate
 Without measure can keep his dignity,
 It doth preserve him both early and late,
 Keeping him from the pit of poverty.
 Measure is moderate to all bounty,
 Greatly needful for to take the charge,
 Man for to rule that he go not at large.

Who loveth measure cannot do amiss,
 So perfect is the high operation ;
 Among all things so wonderful it is

That it is full of all delectation,
 And to virtue hath inclination ;
 Measure also doth well exemplify
 The hasty *doom* to 'suage and modify.

Without measure, woe worth the judgment ;
 Without measure, woe worth the temperance ;
 Without measure, woe worth the punishment ;
 Without measure, woe worth the purveyance ;
 Without measure, woe worth the sustenance ;
 Without measure, woe worth the sadness ;
 And without measure, woe worth the gladness.

Measure, mesuring, mesurably^r taketh ;
 Measure, mesuring, mesurably doeth all ;
 Measure, mesuring, mesurably makefh ;
 Measure, mesuring, mesurably guide shall ;
 Measure, mesuring, mesurably doth call ;
 Measure, mesuring, to right high pre-eminence,
 For always measure is the ground of excellence.

Measure mesureth measure in effect ;
 Measure mesureth every quantity ;
 Measure mesureth all way the aspect ;
 Measure mesureth all in certainty ;
 Measure, mesureth, in the stability ;
 Measure mesureth in every doubtful case ;
 And measure is the load-star of all grace.

T'effect of measure is long continuance ;
 Quantity without measure is nought ;
 Aspect of measure denudeth repentance ;
 Certain would weigh all things thought ;
 Stability upon a perfect ground is wrought ;
 Case doubtful may yet a while abide ;
 Grace may in space a remedy provide.

Countenance causeth the promotion ;
Nought availeth service without attendance ;
Repentance is after all abusion ;
Thought afore would have had perseverance ;
Wrought how should be by deed the mischance ;
Abide nothing till thou do the deed ;
Provide in mind how thou may'st have meed.

Promotion groweth after good governance ;
Attendance doth attain good favour ;
Abusion is causer of all variance ;
Perseverance causeth great honour ;
Mischance alway is root of dolour ;
Deed done, cannot be called again ;
Meed well rewarded both with joy and pain.

--Pastime of Pleasure, XXI.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

THE MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.
—Intend, be intent upon.
—

We daily prove by example and evidence,
That many be made fools, mad and ignorant,
By the broad world, putting trust and confidence
In Fortune's wheel, unsure and inconstant :
Some assay the wheel, thinking it pleasant,
But while they so climb up have pleasure and desire,
Their feet them faileth, so fall they in the mire.

Promote a yeoman, make him a gentleman,
And make a bailiff of a butcher's son,
Make of a squire, knight ; yet will they, if they can,
Covet in their minds higher promotion :
And many in the world have this condition,
In hope of honour by treason to conspire,
But oft they slide and so fall in the mire.

Such look so high, that they forget their feet,
On Fortune's wheel, which turneth as a ball,
They seek degrees for their small might unmeet,
Their foolish hearts and blind see not their fall,
Some foolés purpose to have realm royal,
Or climb by Fortune's wheel to an empire,
The wheel then turneth, leaving them in the mire.

O blind man say, what is thine intent?
To wordly honours so greatly to *intend*,
Or here to make thee high, rich, and excellent,
Since that so shortly thy life must have an end :
None is so worthy nor can so high ascend,
Nor nought is so sure, if thou the truth enquire,
But that he may doubt to fall down to the mire.

There is no lord, duke, king, nor other estate
But die they must, and from this world go :
All worldly things which God hath here create,
Shall not aye bide, but have an end also.
What mortal man hath been promoted so
In worldly wealth or uncertain dignity
That ever of life had hour of certainty.

In stormy winds lowest trees are most sure,
And houses surest which are not builded high,
Whereas high buildings may no tempest endure
Without they be founded sure and steadfastly :
So greatest men have most fear and jeopardy,
Better is poverty, though it be hard to bear,
Than is an high degree in jeopardy and fear.

The hills are high, the valleys are but low,
In valleys is corn, the hills are barren,
On highest place most grass doth not aye grow :
A merry thing is measure, and easy to sustain,
The highest in great fear, the lowest live in pain,
Yet better lie on ground, having no name at all,
Than high on a cliffing alway to fall.

—*The Ship of Fools.*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

EPIGRAM ON A NEW-MARRIED STUDENT.

Feater, neater.

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did fleet in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.

Now who hath played a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun?
In knitting of himself so fast
Himself he hath undone.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY.



THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

—
Fine, end ; kend, known.
—

All creature that ever God create,
As writés Paul, they wish to see that day
When the children of God, predestinate,
Shall do appear in their new fresh array ;
When corruption is cleanséd clean away,
And changed is their mortal quality
In the great glore(y) of immortality.

And, moreover, ¹ all dead things corporal,
Under the concave of the Heaven's empire,
That now to labour subject are and thrall,
Sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, air, and fire,
In one manner they have one hot desire,
Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expoundés² manifest.

We see the great Globe of the Firmament
Continually in moving marvellous ;
The seven Planets, contrary their intent,
Are reft about, with course contrarious ;
The wind and sea, with stormés furious,
The troubled air, with frostés, snow, and rain,
Unto that day they travel ever in pain.

And all the Angels of the Orders Nine,
 Having compassion of our miseries,
 They wish after that day, and to that *fine*,
 To see us freed from our infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great calamities
 And troublous life, which never shall have end
 Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

—*The Monarchy.*

THE CREATION OF ADAM.

—
 Syper, Cypress.
 —

When God had made the heavens bright,
 The sun and moon for to give light,
 The starry heaven and Chrystalline,
 And, by his sapience divine,
 The planets, in their circles round
 Whirling about with merry sound.

He clad the earth with herbs and trees ;
 All kind of fishes in the seas ;
 All kind of beasts he did prepare ;
 With fowlés flying in the air.

When heaven and earth, and their contents,
 Were ended, with their ornaments,
 Then, last of all, the Lord began
 Of most vile earth to make the man ;

Not of the Lilly, nor the Rose,
 Nor Syper-tree, as I suppose,
 Neither of gold nor precious stones,
 Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones.
 To that intent God made him thus,
 That man should not be glorious,
 Nor in himself no thing should se
 But matter of humility

— *The Monarchy.*

THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Holked, excavated; tylde, bricks; aboon, above; Grew, Greek.

Their great fortress then did they found,
 And cast till they gat sure ground.
 All fell to work, both man and child,
 Some holked clay, some burnt the tylde.
 Nimrod^r that curious champion,
 Deviser was of that dungeon.
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busy bees upon the flowers,
 Or emmets travelling into June;
 Some under wrought, and some aboon,
 With strong ingenious masonry,
 Upward their work to fortify.

The land about was fair and plain,
 And it rose like a high mountain;

These foolish people did intend
 That to the heaven it should ascend :
 So great a strength was never seen
 In all the world with men's e'en.

Then the great God omnipotent,
 To whom all things be present, . . .

He, seeing the ambition,
 And the prideful presumption,
 How these proud people did pretend
 Up through the heavens to ascend, . . .
 Such languages on them he laid,
 That none wist what another said ;
 Where was but one language afore,
 God sent them languages three-score ;
 Afore that time all spake Hebrew,
 Then some began for to speak Grew,
 Some Dutch, some language Saracen,
 And some began to speak Latin.
 The master men 'gan to go wild,
 Crying for trees, they brought them tyl'd.
 Some said, " Bring mortar here at once,"
 Then brought they to them stocks and stones ;
 And Nimrod, their great champion,
 Ran raging like a wild lion,
 Menacing them with wordés rude,
 But never one word they understood.

—*The Monarchy.*

MELDRUM'S DUEL WITH THE ENGLISH
CHAMPION TALBART.

—
Wan, should win; burdouns, spears; pertly, boldly; rink,
course; trenchour, head; stead, place; deliverly, actively;
cunning, agreement.
—

Then clarions and trumpets blew,
And warriors many hither drew;
On every side came many a man
To behold who the battle wan.
The field was in the meadow green,
Where every man might well be seen:
The heralds put them so in order,
That no man passed within the border;
Nor press'd to come within the green,
But heralds, and the champions keen:
The order and the circumstance
Were long to put in remembrance.
Then these two noble men of war
Were well accoutred in their geir,
And in their handés strong burdouns,
Then trumpets blew and clarions,
And heralds cried high on height,
"Now let them go; God show the right!"

Then trumpets blew triumphantly,
And these two champions eagerly,
They spurr'd their horse with spear on breast,
Pertly to prove their pith they press'd.
That round rink-room was at utterance,
But Talbart's horse had a mischance,

He swervéd¹ and to run was loth ;
 Whereof Talbart was wonder wroth.
 The Squire forth his rink he ran,
 Commended well with every man,
 And him discharged of his spear
 Honestly, like a man of war.

.

The trenchour of the Squire's spear
 Stuck still into Sir Talbart's gear ;
 Then every man into that stead
 Did all believe that he was dead.
 The Squire leap'd² right hastily
 From his courser deliverly,
 And to Sir Talbart made support,
 And húmblý did him comfort.
 When Talbart saw into his shield
 An otter in a silver field,
 " This race," said he, " I sore may rue,
 For I see well my dream was true ;
 Methought yon otter made³ me bleed,
 And bore me backward from my steed ;
 But here I vow to God soverain,
 That I shall never joust again."
 And sweetly to the Squire said,
 " Thou know'st the *cunning* that we made,
 Which of us two should lose⁴ the field,
 He should both horse and armour yield
 To him that won, wherefore I will
 My horse and armour give thee till."
 Then said the Squire, courteously,
 " Brother, I thank you heartfully ;
 Of you, forsooth, nothing I crave,
 For I have gotten that I would have."

—*History of Squire Meldrum.*

A CARMAN'S ACCOUNT OF A LAW-SUIT.

—

Meine, company ; placks, a Scottish coin ; gait, way ; train, quibbles ; rouplit, croaked.

—

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch home coals,
 And he her drownéd into the quarry¹ holes ;
 And I ran to the Consistory, for to 'plain,
 And there I happened among a greedy meine.
 They gave me first a thing they call Citandum ;
 Within eight days, I got but Libellandum ;
 Within a month, I got Ad oppenendum ;
 In half a year, I got Interloquendum ;
 And then² I got—how call ye it?—Ad replicandum.
 But I could never one word yet understand them ;
 And then, they caused³ me cast out many placks,
 And made³ me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
 But, ere they came half gait to Concludendum,
 The fiend one plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus they postponed me two years, with their *train*,
 Then,² hodie ad octo, bad me come again,
 And then, these rooks, they rouplit wonder fast,
 For sentence silver, they criéd at the last.
 Of Pronunciandum they made me wonder fain ;
 But I got never my good grey mare again.

—*The Three Estates.*

THE PARDONER'S SONG.

Braid, broad; chaft-blaid, jaw-bone; culum, tail; gruntill, snout,

My patent pardons, ye may see,
 Come from the Khan of Tartary,
 Well sealed with oyster shells;
 Though ye have no contrition,
 Ye shall have full remission,
 With help of books and bells.
 Here is a relic, long and braid,
 Of Fin Macoull the right chaft blaid,
 With teeth and all togidder:
 Of Colling's cow, here is an horn,
 For eating of Mackonnal's corn
 Was slain at Baquhidder.
 Here is a cord both great and long,
 Which hanged Johnnie the Armstrong,
 Of good hemp, soft and sound;
 Good, holy people, I stand for't,
 Who e'er beis hanged with this cord
 Needs never to be drown'd.
 The culum of Saint Bryd's cow,
 The gruntill of Saint Antony's sow,
 Which bear his holy bell;
 Who e'er he be hears this bell clinck,
 Give me a ducat for to drink,
 He shall never go to Hell,
 Without he be of Belial born:
 Masters, trow ye, that this be scorn!
 Come, win this pardon, come.

—*The Three Estates.*

THE CONFSSIONAL.

Plake, a Scottish coin ; hummill-bummill, muttering ; sell, self.

He me absolvéd for a plake,
Though he no price with me would make ;
And mickle Latin he did mumble,
I heard nothing but hummill-bummill.
He show'd me nought of Godés word,
Which sharper is than any sword ;

He counsel'd me not to abstain,
And lead an holy life and clean :
Of Christés blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full true,
That savés all that will believe,
That Satan shall us never grieve.
He teachéd me not for to trust
The comfort of the Holy Ghost :
He bade me not to Christ be kind ;
To keep his law with heart and mind,
And love, and then his great mercy,
From sin and hell that savéd me ;
And love my neighbour as my sell,—
Of this no thing he could me tell.
But gave me penance, once a day
An Ave Maria for to say :
And Friday five no fish to eat,
But butter and eggs are better meat ;
And with a plake to buy a mass,
From drunken Sir John Latinless.

—*Kitter's Confession.*

ANONYMOUS.



TRUST IN WOMEN.

Kisks, hemlock stalks ; dight, build ; silt, mud.

When these things following be done to our intent,
Then put women in trust and confident.

When nettles in winter bring forth roses red,
And all manner of thorn trees bear figs naturally,
And geese bear pearls in every mead,
And laurel bear cherries abundantly,
And oaks bear dates very plenteously,
And kisks give of honey superflunce,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When box bear paper in every land and town,
And thistles bear berries in every place,
And pikes have naturally feathers in their crown,
And bulls of the sea sing a good bass,
And men be the ships fishes trace,
And in women be found no insipience,
Then put them in trust and confidence.

When whittings do walk forests to chase harts,
And herrings their horns in forests boldly blow
And marmsets morn in moors and lakes,
And gurnards shoot rooks out of a crossbow,
And goslings hunt the wolf to overthrow,
And sprats bear spears in armès of defence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When swine be cunning in all points of music,
And asses be doctors of every science,
And cats do heal men by practising of physick,
And buzzards to scripture give any credence,
And merchants buy with horn, instead of groats and
pence,
And pyes be made poets for their eloquence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When sparrows build churches on a height,
And wrens carry sacks unto the mill,
And curlews carry timber houses to dight,
And fomalls bear butter to market to sell,
And woodcocks bear woodknives cranes to kill,
And greenfinches to goslings do obedience,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When crows take salmon in woods and parks,
And be take with swifts and snails,
And camels in the air take swallows and larks,
And mice move mountains by wagging of their tails,
And shipmen take a ride instead of sails,
And when wives to their husbands do no offence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When antelopes surmount eagles in flight,
And swans be swifter than hawks of the tower,¹
And wrens set gos-hawks by force and might,
And muskets make verjuice of crabbes sour,
And ships sail on dry land, silt give flower,
And apes in Westminster give judgment and sentence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

—*Circa*, 1480.

A LITTLE GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD.

(THE FIFTH FIT.)
—

Alder, of all ; shaw, grove ; trystell, trysting ; wight, strong ;
wete, know ; gladding, entertaining ; behote, promised ; wedde,
pledge ; blyve, fast ; to-broken, broken ; slaw, slain ; raw, row.

Lythe and listen, gentlemen,
And hearken what I shall say,
How the proud sheriff of Nottingham
Did cry a full fair play ;

That all the best archers of the North
Should come upon a day,
And he that shooteth alder best
The game shall bear away.

He that shooteth alder best
Furthest fair and low,
At a pair of finely butts,
Under the greenwood shaw,

A right good arrow he shall have,
The shaft of silver white,
The head and the feathers of rich red gold,
In England is none like.

This then heard good Robin,
Under his trystell tree,
“ Make you ready, ye wight young men,
That shooting will I see.

“Busk you, my merry young men,
Ye shall go with me;
And I will wete the sheriff's faith,
True and if he be.”

When they had their bows y-bent,
Their tackles feathered free,
Seven score of wight young men
Stood by Robin's knee.

When they came to Nottingham,
The butts were fair and long,
Many was the bold archer
That shooted with bows strong.

There shall but six shoot with me,
The others shall keep my head,
And stand with good bows bent
That I be not deceived.

The fourth outlaw his bow 'gan bend,
And that was Robin Hood,
And that beheld the proud sheriff,
All by the butt he stood.

Thrice Robin shot about,
And always he slic'd the wand,
And so did good Gilbert,
With the white hand.

Little John and good Scathelock
Were archers good and free ;
Little Much and good Reynold,
The worst would they not be.

When they had shot about,
These archers fair and good,
Evermore was the best,
Forsooth, Robin Hood.

Him was delivered the good arrow,
For best worthy was he ;
He took the gift so courteously,
To greenwood would he.

They cried out on Robin Hood,
And great horns 'gan they blow.
"Woe worth thee, treason !" said Robin,
"Full evil thou art to know.

"And woe be thou, thou proud sheriff,
Thus gladding thy guest,
Otherwise thou behote me,
In yonder wild forest.

"But had I thee in greenwood,
Under my trystell tree,
Thou shouldest leave me a better wedde
Than thy true loy'lyty."

Full many a bow there was bent,
And arrows let they glide,
Many a kirtle there was rent,
And hurt many a side.

The outlaws' shot was so strong,
That no man might them drive,
And the proud sheriff's men
They fled away full blyve.

Robin saw the ambush^r to-broke,
In greenwood he would have be,
Many an arrow there was shot
Among that company.

Little John was hurt full sore,
With an arrow in his knee,
That he might neither go nor ride ;
It was full great pity.

“ Master,” then said Little John,
“ If ever thou lovest me,
And for that ilk Lord's love,
That died upon a tree,

“ And for the meeds of my service,
That I have served thee,
Let never the proud Sheriff
Alive now find me ;

“ But take out thy brown sword,
And smite all off my head,
And give me wounds dead and wide.
No life in me be left.”

“ I would not that,” said Robin,
“ John, that thou wert slaw,
For all the gold in merry England,
Though it now lay on a raw.”

“ God forbid,” said little Much,
“ That died on a tree,
That thou shouldest, little John,
Part our company.”

Up he took him on his back,
And bare him well a mile,
Many a time he laid him down,
And shot another while.

Then was there a fair castle,
A little within the wood,
Double-ditched it was about,
And walled by the rood !

And there dwelled that gentle knight,
Sir Richard at the Lee,
That Robin had lent his goods,
Under the greenwood tree.

In he took good Robin,
And all his company ;
“ Welcome be thou ; Robin Hood,
Welcome art thou to me ;

“ And much I thank thee of thy comfort,
And of thy courtesy,
And of thy great kindness,
Under the greenwood tree.

“ I love no man in all the world
So much as I do thee ;
For all the proud sheriff of Nottingham,
Right here shalt thou be.”

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE
SONS WHEN GOING TO BE EXECUTED.

Aboon, above.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link-a-down and a day,
And there he met a silly woman,
Was weeping on the way.

“What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?”

Said she, “There’s three squires in Nottingham town
To-day are condemned to die.”

“Oh have they parishes burnt,” he said,
“Or have they ministers slain?”

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain.”

“Oh what have they done?” said Robin Hood,
“I pray thee tell to me.”

“It’s for slaying of the king’s fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.”

“Dost thou not mind, old woman,” he said,
“Since thou made me sup and dine?”

By the truth of my body,” quoth bold Robin Hood,
“You could not tell it in better time.”

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link-a-down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

“What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?”
Said he, “Three squires in Nottingham town,
Are condemn’d to die this day.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old man.
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silv’er,
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

“Oh, thine apparel is good,” he said,
“And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne’er an old man to scorn.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man’s hat,
It stood full high on the crown;
“The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.”

Then he put on the old man’s cloak,
Was patch’d black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist :
" By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
" I'd laugh if I had my list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
Its good habit that makes a man.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link-a-down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

" Oh, Christ you save, oh sheriff," he said,
" Oh Christ you save and see !
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be ? "

" Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
" Some suits I'll give to thee ;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin Hood he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone :
" By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
That's well jump'd, thou nimble old man."

" I was ne'er hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade ;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
" That first a hangman was made."

“ I’ve a bag for meal and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn ;
A bag for bread and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

“ I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.”

“ Oh, wind thy horn, my proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt ;
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thine eyes fall out.”

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood’s men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain ;
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood’s men
Came shining over the plain.

“ Oh, who are those,” the sheriff he said,
“ Come tripping over the lee ? ”
“ They’re my attendants,” brave Robin did say,
“ They pay a visit to thee ”

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hang’d the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Dele, bit ; than, then ; in fere, altogether ; rede, counsel ;
 aith, since ; hele, health ; yede, went ; mo', more.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among
 On women do complain ;
 Affirming this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vain
 To love them well ; for never a dele
 They love a man again :
 For let a man do what he can
 Their favour to attain,
 Yet, if a new to them pursue,
 Their first true lover *than*
 Laboureth for nought ; and from her thought
 He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
 It is both writ and said
 That woman's faith is, as who saith,
 All utterly decayed ;
 But nevertheless, right good witness
 In this case might be laid.
 That they love true, and continue,
 Record the Nut-brown Maid :
 Which, from her love when her to prove,
 He came to wake his moan,
 Would not depart, for in her heart
 She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
 What was all the manere
 Between them two : we will also
 Tell all the pain in fere

That she was in. Now I begin
 So that ye me answe're :
 Wherefore, ye, that present be,
 I pray you give an ear.
 I am the Knight. I come by night,
 As secret as I can ;
 Saying, " Alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banished man."

And I your will for to fulfil
 In this will not refuse ;
 Trusting to shew, in wordés few,
 What men have an ill use
 (To their own shame) women to blame,
 And causeless them accuse :
 Therefore to you I answer now,
 All women to excuse,—
 " Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer ?
 I pray you tell anone :
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" It standeth so : a deed is do
 Whereof much harm shall grow ;
 My destiny is for to die
 A shameful death, I trow ;
 Or else to flee. The one must be,
 None other way I know,
 But to withdraw as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bow.
 Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true !
 None other rede I can :
 For I must to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

“ O Lord, what is this worldés bliss,
That changeth as the moon !
My summer’s day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say farewell : Nay, nay !
We départ not so soon.
Why say ye so ? whither will ye go ?
Alas ! what have ye done ?
All my welfáre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.”

HE.

“ I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrust ;
But, afterward, your painés hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake , and ye shall take
Comfórt to you again.
Why should ye nought ? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do ; and pray you, lo,
As heartily as I can :
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.”

SHE.

“ Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.

Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I will not leave behind.
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind :
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

" Yet I you rede take good heed
What men will think and say ;
Of young, of old, it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play ;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill womán,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

" Though it be sung of old and young,
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name :
For I will prove, that faithful love
It is devoid of shame,
In your distress and heaviness
To share with you the same ;

And sure all tho' that do not so,
True lovers are they none ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

" I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outl w ;
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow to bend and draw ;
And, as a thief, thus must ye live,
Ever in dread and awe ;
By which to you great harm might grow :
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

" I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat and store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more ;
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

“ For an outl w, this is the law
That men him take and bind ;
Without pitie, hang d to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need, (as God forbede !)
What rescues could ye find ?
Forsooth, I trow, you and your bow
Should draw for fear behind.
And no mervail ; for little avail
Were in your counsel than :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.”

SHE.

“ Full well know ye, that women be
Full feeble for to fight ;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight ;
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
Among enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save ; as women have
From death many one ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.”

HE.

“ Yet take good heed ; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vall ys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,

The cold, the heat : for dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain ;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain ;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe ;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Sith I have here been party near
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet am I sure of one pleasúre ;
And, shortly it is this :
That, where ye be, me seemeth, perdé,
I could not fare amiss,
Without more speech, I you beseech
That ye were soon agone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall ne meat be for to get,
Nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine.
Ne sheetés clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine ;

Lo mine heart sweet, this ill diét
Should make you pale and wan :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

" Among the wild deer, such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle,
Where is so great plenty ;
And water clear of the rivere
Shall be full sweet to me ;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;
And, ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

" Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me :
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee,
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be :
And this same night, before daylight,
'To woodward will I flee.
And ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can :
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

“ I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede ;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
I shoot in time of need,
O my sweet mother ! before all other
For you have I most drede !
But now, adieu ! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye. Now let us flee ;
The day come fast upon :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.”

HE.

“ Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy :
For, right as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardily
Ye would answere whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold ;
And so is a womán :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.”

SHE.

“ If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me ;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Ere I you loved, pardè ;

And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree ;
And ever shall, whatso befall ;
To die therefore anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"A baron's child to be beguiled !
It were a curséd deed ;
To be felláw with an outláw,
Almighty God forbede !
Yet better were, the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye shall say another day,
That by my wicked deed,
Ye were betrayed : wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

SHE.

"Whatsoever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid :
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye deal ;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,

Trust me truly, that I die
Soon after ye be gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

" If that ye went, ye should repent ;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And of you both, each should be wroth
With other, as I trow :
It were mine ease, to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a bauished man."

SHE.

" Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your ;
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteous every hour ;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power ;
For had ye lo ! an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

" Mine own dear love, I see the proof
 That ye be kind and true ;
 Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
 The best that ever I knew.
 Be merry and glad ; be no more sad ;
 The case is changed new ;
 For it were ruth that for your truth
 You should have cause to rue.
 Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
 To you, when I began :
 I will not to the green wood go ;
 I am no banished man."

SHE.

" These tidings be more glad to me
 Than to be made a queen,
 If I were sure they should endure :
 But it is often seen,
 When men will break promise they speak
 The wordis on the spleen.
 Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
 And steal from me, I ween ;
 Then were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" Ye shall not need further to drede :
 I will not disparáge
 You (God defend !) sith you descend
 Of so great a lináge,

Now understand : to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring ; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have ye won an earlé's son,
And not a banished man."

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable ;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable ;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometime proveth such as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For since men would that women should
Be meek to them each one ;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but him alone.

GOSSIP MINE.

—
Than, then ; fett, fetch ; junkets, dainties ; hele, health ;
shot, payment ; everich, each one.
—

I will you tell a full good sport,
How gossips gather them on a sort,
Their sick bodies for to comfort,
When they meet in a lane or a street.

But I dare not, for their displeasance,
Tell of these matters half the substance ;
But yet somewhat of their governance,
As far as I dare I will declare.

“ Good gossip mine, where have ye be ?
It is so long since I you see !
Where is the best wine ? tell you me :
Can you aught tell full well.”

“ I know a draught of merry-go-down,—
The best it is in all this town :
But yet I would not, for my gown,
My husband it wist,—ye may me trust.

Call forth your gossips by and by,—
Elinore, Joan, and Margery,
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily,
For they will come both all and some.

And each of them will somewhat bring,—
Goose, pig, or capon's wing,
Pasties of pigeons, or some such thing :
For a gallon of wine they will not wring.

Go before by twain and twain,
Wisely, that ye be not seen ;
For I must home—and come again—
To wit, I wis, where my husband is.

A stripe or two God might send me,
If my husband might here me see.”
“ She that is afraid, let her flee !”
Quoth Alice *than*, “ I fear no man !

“ Now be we in tavern set ;
A draught of the best let him fett,
To bring our husbands out of debt ;
For we will spend till God more send.”

Each of them brought forth their dish :
Some brought flesh, and some brought fish.
Quoth Margaret meek, “ Now, with a wish,
I would Anne were here—she would make us good
cheer.”

“ How say you, gossips? is this wine good ? ”
“ That it is,” quoth Elinore, “ by the rood !
It cherisheth the heart, and comforts the blood ;
Such junkets among shall make us live long.”

“ Anne, bid fill a pot of Muscadel,
For of all wines I love it well.
Sweet wines keep my body in hele ;
If I had of it nought, I should take great thought.

“ How look ye, gossip, at the board’s head ?
Not merry, gossip? God it amend !
All shall be well, else God it defend :
Be merry, and glad, and sit not so sad.”

“ Would God I had done after your counsél !
For my husband is so fell,
He beateth me like the devil of hell ;
And, the more I cry, the less mercy.”

Alice with a loud voice spake *than* :
“ I wis,” she said, “ little good he can
That beateth or striketh any woman,
And specially his wife :—God give him short life ! ”

Margaret meek said, "So might I thrive,
I know no man, that is alive
That give me two strokes, he shall have five :
I am not afear'd, though I have no beard."

One cast down her shot, and went her way.
"Gossip," quoth Elinore, "what did she pay?"
"Not but a penny." "Lo therefore I say
She shall be no more of our lore.

"Such guests we may have enow
That will not for their shot allow.
With whom come she? Gossip, with you?"
"Nay," quoth Joan, "I come alone."

"Now reckon our shot, and go we hence.
What ! cost it each of us but three pence?
Pardie ! this is but a small expense
For such a sort, and all but sport.

"Turn down the street where ye came out,
And we will compass round-about."
"Gossip," quoth Anne, "what needeth that doubt?
Your husbands be pleased when ye be reised.

"Whatsoever any man think,
We come for nought but for good drink.
Now let us go home and wink ;
For it may be seen where we have been."

From the tavern be they all gone ;
And everich of them showeth her wisdom,
And there she telleth her husband anon
She had been at the church.

This is the thought that gossips take ;
 Once in the week, merry will they make,
 And all small drink they will forsake,
 But wine of the best shall have no rest.

Some be at the tavern once a week,
 And so be some every day eke,
 Or else they will groan and make them sick ;
 For things used will not be refused.

How say you, women, is it not so ?
 Yes surely, and that ye well know ;
 And therefore let us drink all a-row,
 And of our singing make a good ending.

Now fill the cup, and drink to me,
 And then shall we good fellows be :—
 And of this talking leave will me,
 And speak then good of women. — *Circa*, 1500.

MY SWEET SWEETING.

Minion, dainty.

Ah ! my sweet sweeting,
 My little pretty sweeting !
 My sweeting will I love wherever I go :
 She is so proper and pure,
 Steadfast, stable, and demure,—
 There is none such, ye may be sure,
 As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
 Is none so pleasant to my e'e,
 That I am glad so oft to see,
 As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
 Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
 They seem to me there is none so meet
 As my sweet sweeting.

Above all others praise must I,
 And love my little pigsnye,^r
 For none I find so womanly
 As my sweet sweeting.

She is so proper and pure,
 Steadfast, stable, and demure,—
 There is none such, ye may be sure,
 As my sweet sweeting.

I HAD BOTH MONEY AND A FRIEND.

I had both money and a friend,
 Of neither though no store ;
 I lent my money to my friend,
 And took his bond therefor.

I asked my money of my friend,
 But nought save words I got ;
 I lost my money to keep my friend,
 For sue him would I not.

But then if money come,
 And friend again were found,
 I would lend no money to my friend,
 Upon no kind of bond.

But, after this, for money cometh,
A friend with pawn to pay,
But when the money should be had
My friend used such delay,

That need of money did me force,
My friend his pawn to sell,
And so I got my money, but
My friend then from me fell.

Since bond for money lent my friend,
Nor pawn assurance is,
But that my money or my friend,
Thereby I ever miss ;

If God send money and a friend,
As I have had before,
I will keep my money and save my friend,
And play the fool no more.

A BALLAD ON MONEY.

—
Than, then.
—

Money, money, now hay good day !
Money, where hast thou be ?
Money, money, thou go'st away,
And wilt not bide with me.

Above all thing thou art a king,
And rul'st the world over all ;
Who lacketh thee, all joy, pardé,
Will soon then from him fall.
Money, etc.

In every place thou mak'st solace,
 Great joy, and sport, and welfare ;
 When money is gone, comfort is none,
 But thought, sorrow, and care.
 Money, etc.

With squire, and knight, and every wight,
 Money maketh men fain,
 And causeth many in some company
 Their fellows to disdain.
 Money, etc.

In merchandise who can devise
 So good a ware, I say ?
 At all times the best ware is
 Ever ready monéy.
 Money, etc

In Westminster Hall the criers call,
 The sergeants plead apace ;
 Attorneys appear, now here, now there,
 Running in every place.
 Money, etc.

Whatsoever he be, and if that he
 Want money to plead the law,
 Do what he can it is matter *than*
 Shall not prove worth a straw.
 Money, etc.

And some for money lie by the way,
 Another man's purse to get ;
 But they that long use it among,
 Be hangéd by the neck !
 Money, etc.

Of what degree so'er he be,
 Or virtuous cunning he have,
 And wants money yet men will say
 That he is but a knave.
 Money, etc.

Where indeed, so God me speed,
 Say all men what they can,
 It is always seen now-a-days,
 That money maketh the man.

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH SEA-SONG.

Grames, grieves ; crake, cry ; up-styen, ascends ; pery, squall :
 malvesy, Malnsey wine ; sode, boiled.

Men may leave all games,
 That sailén to Saint James ;^r
 For many a man it grames
 When they begin to sail.

For when they have take the sea,
 At Sandwich, or at Winchelsea,
 At Bristol, or where that it may be,
 Their hearts begin to fail.

Anon the master commandeth fast,
 To his ship-men in all the hast,
 To dress them soon about the mast,
 Their tackeling to make.

With "howe ! hissa !" then they cry,
 " What, howte ! mate, thou stand'st too nigh,
 Thy fellow may not haul thee by ; "
 Thus they begin to crake.

A boy or twain at once up-styen,
 And over thwart the sail-yard lyén :—
 " Y-how ! taylia ! " the remenant cryen,
 And pull with all their might.

" Bestow the boat, boat-swain, anon,
 That our pilgrims may play thereon ;
 For some are like to cough and groan,
 Ere it be full midnight."

" Haul the bowline ! now vere the sheet !—
 Cook, make ready anon our meat,
 Our pilgrims have no lust to eat,
 I pray God give them rest."

" Go to the helm ! What ho ! no near ?
 Steward, fellow ! a pot of beer ! "
 " Ye shall have, sir, with good cheer,
 Anon all of the best."

" Y-howe ! trussa ! haul in the brayles !
 Thou haul'st not, by God, thy fayles,
 O see how well our good ship sails ! "
 And thus they say among.

“Haul in the wartake!” “It shall be done.”
“Steward, cover the board anon,
And set bread and salt thereon,
And tarry not too long.”

Then cometh one and saith, “Be merry :
Ye shall have a storm or a pery.”
“Hold thou thy peace ! thou canst no whery,
Thou meddlest wonder sore.”

Thus meanwhile the pilgrims lie,
And have their bowls fast them by,
And cry after hot malvesy,
“Thy help for to restore.”

And some would have a salted toast,
For they might eat neither sode nor roast ;
A man might soon pay for their cost,
As for a day or twain.

Some laid their bookés on their knee,
And read so long they might not see,
“Alas, mine head will cleave in three !”
Thus saith another certain.

Then cometh our owner like a lord,
And speaketh many a royal word,
And dresseth him to an high board,
To see all thing be well.

Anon he calleth a carpenter,
And biddeth him bring with him his gear.
To make the cabins here and there,
With many a feeble cell.

A sack of straw were there right good,
 For some must lie them in their hood ;
 I had as lief be in a wood,
 Without meat or drink.

For when that we shall go to bed,
 The pump is nigh our bedés head,
 A man were as good to be dead,
 As smell thereof the stink.

AN ANCIENT LOVE SONG.

—
 Pight, fixed.
 —

In an arbour green asleep as I lay,
 The birdés sang sweet in the mid'st of the day,
 I dreamed fast of mirth and play :
 In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
 And from her company I could not go ;
 But when I waked it was not so :
 In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pight
 Of her alone to have a sight,
 Which is my joy and heart's delight :
 In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.
 —*Lusty Juventus.*

CARE AWAY FOR EVER MORE.

—
Wood, mad ; meed, reward.
—

All that I may swink or sweat,
My wife it will both drink and eat,
If I say ought, she will me beat,
Careful is my heart therefor.

If I say ought of her but good,
She looks on me as she were wood,
And will me clout about the hood ;
Careful, etc.

If she will to the good ale ride,
Me must trot all by her side,
And when she drinks I must abide ;
Careful, etc.

If I say it shall be thus,
She says, "Thou liest, churl, I wuss,
Weenest thou to overcome me thus ?"
Careful, etc.

If any man have such a wife to lead,
He shall know how *judicare* came in the creed ;
Of his penance God do him meed,
Careful, etc.

THE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

(Set to music in the reign of Henry VIII. says Chappell.)

Quoth John to Joan, will thou have me ;
 I prithee now, wilt ? and I'll marry thee,
 My cow, my calf, my house, my rents,
 And all my lands and tenements :
 Oh, say, my Joan, will not that do ?
 I cannot come every day to woo.

I've corn and hay in the barn hardby,
 And three fat hogs pent up in the sty,
 I have a mare and she is coal black,
 I ride on her tail to save my back.
 Then, say, etc.

I have a cheese upon the shelf,
 And I cannot eat it all myself ;
 I've three good marks that lie in a rag,
 In a nook of the chimney, instead of a bag.
 Then, say, etc.

To marry I would have thy consent,
 But faith I never could compliment ;
 I can say nought but " Hoy, gee ho !"
 Words that belong to the cart and the plough.

RICHARD MAITLAND.



THE CREATION AND PARADISE LOST.

Fleiting, floating; glore, glory; decore, adorn; expone, explain; make, mate; speiring, inquiring; ban, curse; greet, lament; sensyne, since; pyn, pain; tint, lost.

God by his word his work began,
 To form this earth and heaven for man,
 The sea and water deep ;
 The sun, the moon and stars so bright,
 The day divided from the night,
 Their courses just to keep ;
 The beasts that on the earth do move,
 And fishes in the sea ;
 Fowls in the air to fly above,
 Of each^r kind formed he :
 Some creeping, some fleiting,
 Some flying in the air,
 So highly, so lightly
 In moving here and there.

These works of great magnificence
 Perfected by his providence,
 According to his will :
 Next he made man ; to give him glore,
 Did with his image him decore,
 Gave paradise him till ;

Into that garden heavenly wrought,
With pleasures many a one,
The beasts of every kind were brought,
Their names he should expone ;
 These kenning and naming,
 As them he list to call,
 For easing and pleasing
 Of man, subdued them all.

In heavenly joy man so possessed,
To be alone God thought not best,
 Made Eve to be his make ;
Bad them increase and multiply,
And of the fruit from every tree
 Their pleasure they should take,
Except the tree of good and ill
 That in the midst does stand,
Forbade that they should come theretill,
 Or twitch it with their hand ;
 Lest looking and plucking,
 Both they and all their seed,
 Severely, austerely,
 Should die without remeid.

Now Adam and his lusty wife,
In paradisè leading their life,
 With pleasures infinite ;
Wanting no thing should do them ease,
The beasts obeying them to please,
 As they could wish in spirit :
Behold the serpent sullenly
 Envyng man's estate,
With wicked craft and subtely
 Eve tempted with deceit ;

Not fearing but speiring
Why she took not her till,
In using and choosing
The fruit of good and ill ?

“Commanded us” (she said), “the Lord,
Noways thereto we should accord,
Under eternal pain ;
But granted us full liberty
To eat the fruit of every tree,
Except that tree in plain.”
“No, no, not so” (the serpent said),
“Thou art deceived therein ;
Eat ye thereof, ye shall be made
In knowledge like to him,
In seeming and deeming
Of everything aright,
As duly, as truly,
As ye were gods of might.”

Eve thus with these false words allured
Eat of the fruit and then² procured
Adam the same to play :
“Behold” (said she) “how precious,
So delicate and delicious,
Beside knowledge for aye.”
Adam puffed up in worldly glore,
Ambition and high pride,
Eat of the fruit ; alas therefore !
And so they both did slide ;
Neglecting, forgetting,
Th’ eternal God’s command,
Who scourged and purged
Them quite out of that land.

.

O dainty dame, with ears bent
 That hearken'd to that false serpent !
 Thy bairns we may sair ban ;
 Without excuse thou art to blame,
 Thou justly hast obtained that name,
 The very *wo of man* :
 With tears we may bewail and greet,
 That wicked time and tide,
 When Adam was obliged to sleep,
 And thou ta'en off his side.
 No sleeping but weeping
 Thy side has fund sensyne ;
 Thy eating and sweeting
 Is turned to woe and pyn.

Behold the state that man was in,
 And als how it he tint through sin,
 And lost the same for aye ;
 Yet God his promise does perform,
 Sent his son of the Virgin born,
 Our ransom dear to pay.
 To that great God let us give glore,
 To us has been so good,
 Who by his grace did us restore,
 Whereof we were denude ;
 Not caring nor sparing
 His body to be rent,
 Redeeming, releiving
 As when we were all shent.

ALEXANDER SCOT.



HENCE, HEART.

—
Hye, haste ; lave, others ; swave, kiss.
—

Hence heart ! with her that must depart,
 And hold thee with thy sovereign ;
 For I had rather^t want a heart,
 Nor have the heart that does me pain :
 Therefore go ! with thy love remain,
 And let me live thus unmolest ;
 And see that thou come not again,
 But bide with her thou lovest best.

Since she that I have servéd lang
 Is to depart so suddenly,
 Address thee now, for thou shalt gang
 And bear thy lady company :
 From she be gone, heartless am I ;
 For why ? thou art with her possest ;
 Therefore my heart go hence in hye !
 And bide with her thou lovest best.

Though this belappéd body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful heart is free enter,
 And mind to serve my lady all :

Would God that I were per-equal
 Under that redolent rose to rest !
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou shall
 Abide with her thou lovest best.

Since in your garden² the lily white
 May not remain among the lave,
 Adieu the flower of whole delight !
 Adieu the succour that me save !
 Adieu the fragrant, balmy swave,
 And lamp of ladies lustiest !
 My faithful heart she shall it have,
 To bide with her it lovés best.

Deplore ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, since she must depart,
 And specially ye lovers true,
 That wounded be with lovés dart.
 For some of you shall want an heart
 As well as I ; therefore at last
 Do go with mine, with mine in ward,
 And bide with her thou lovest best.

RONDEL OF LOVE.

—
 Rege, quarrel.
 —

Lo ! what it is to love,
 Learn ye that list to prove,
 By me, I say, that no ways may
 The ground of grief remove,
 But still decay, both night and day ;
 Lo ! what it is to love.

Love is a fervent fire,
 Kindled without desire.
 Short pleasure, long displeasure ;
 Repentance is the hire ;
 A pure treasure, without measure ;
 Love is a fervent fire.

To love and to be wise,
 To rege with good advice ;
 Now thus, now then, so goes the game,
 Uncertain is the dice ;
 There is no man, I say, that can
 Both love and to be wise

Flee always from the snare,
 Learn at me to beware ;
 It is a pain and double train
 Of endless woe and care ;
 For to refrain that danger plain,
 Flee always from the snare.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

—
 Gleds, kites ; gormahs, cormorants ; mae, more ; pens, wings ;
 trig, neat ; bour, elder ; thrang, throng ; lugs, ears ; shaw, wood.
 —

The prince of all the feather'd kind,
 That with spread wings outflies the wind,
 And soars far out of human sight
 To view the shinning orb of light :
 This royal bird, though brave and great,
 And arméd strong for stern debate,
 No tyrant is, but condescends
 Ofttimes to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock
To his high palace on a rock,
The courtiers of each various size
That swiftly swim in crystal skies ;
Thither the gallant Tersals doup
And her rapacious Corbies' croup,
With greedy Gleds and sly Gormahs
And dinsome pies and clattering Daws ;
Proud peacocks, and an hundred mae,
Brush'd up their *pens* that solemn day,
Bow'd first submissive to my Lord,
Then took their places at his board.

Mean time while feasting on a fawn,
And drinking blood from lambés^r drawn,
A tuneful robin, trig and young,
Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.
He sang the Eagle's royal line,
His piercing eye and right divine,
To sway out-ow'r the feather'd thrang,
Who dread his martial bill and fang ;
His flight sublime, and age² renewed,
His mind with clemency enduéd ;
In faster notes he sang his love,
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.
The monarch bird with blythness heard
The chanting little sylvan bard,
Called a buzzard, who was then
His favorite and his chamberlain,
" Swift to my treasury," quoth he,
" And to yon canty robin gie
As mickle of our current gear
As may maintain him through the year ;
We can well spar't, and it's his due."
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,

Straight to the branch where robin sung,
 And with a wicked lying tongue,
 Said, " Ah ! you³ sing so dull and rough,
 Ye have deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
 His Majesty has a nice ear,
 And no more of your stuff can bear ;
 Pack up your pipes, be no more seen
 At court, I warn you as a frien'."

He spake, while robin's swelling breast
 And drooping wings his grief express'd ;
 The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
 Great grew his heart, he could not speak,
 Not for the tinsel of reward,
 But that his notes met no regard ;
 Straight to the shaw he spread his wing,
 Resolv'd again no more to sing.
 Where princely bounty is suppress'd,
 By such with whom they are oppress'd,
 Who cannot bear (because they want it)
 That aught should be to merit granted.

—*Ramsey's Evergreen.*

LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

—
 Plet, embraced ; glaikit, stupid ; gaes, goes.
 —

To love unlov'd it is a pain ;
 For she that is my sovereign,
 Some wanton man so high has set her,
 That I can get no love again,
 But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet May,
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
 And oft-times in my armés plet her—
I do now mourn both night and day,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right timely passing to and fro,
 With comely smiles when that I met her—
And now I live in pain and woe,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

What ane a glaikit fool am I
To slay myself with melancholy,
 Since well I ken I may not get her?
Or what should be the cause, or why,
 To break my heart, and nought the better?

My heart, since thou may not her please,
Adieu ! as good love comes as gaes ;
 Go choose another and forget her !
God give him dolour and disease,
 That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

JAMES WEDDERBURN.



GO, HEART.

—

Remede, remedy ; deid, death ; describe, describe.

—

Go, heart, unto the lamp of light ;
 Go, heart, do service and honour ;
 Go, heart, and serve him day and night ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, to thy only remede,
 Descending from the heavenly tour,
 Thee to deliver from pain and deid ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, right humble and full meek,
 Go, heart, as leal and true servitour,
 To him that health is for all flesh,
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, with true and whole intent,
 To Christ, thy help and whole succour ;
 Thee to redeem He was all rent ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

To Christ, that rose from death to life,
 Go, heart, unto my latter hour,
 Whose great mercy can none describe,
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

—*Good and Godly Ballads.*

LEAVE ME NOT.

PSALM XXVII. 9.

Sair, sore; forlore, forlorn; coft, purchased; shent, con-
founded; glore, glory.

Ah ! my Lord, leave me not,
Leave me not, leave me not,
Ah ! my Lord, leave me not,
Thus mine alone :
With ane burden on my back
I may not bear, I am so weak,
Lord, this burden from me take,
Or else I am gone.

With sais I am laden sair,
Leave me not, leave me not,
With sins I am laden sair,
Leave me not alone :
I pray thee, Lord, therefore,
Keep not my sins in store ;
Loose me, or I am forlore,
And hear Thou my moan.

With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,
Leave me not, leave me not,
With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,
Leave me not alone ;
I was sold and Thou me bought,
With Thy blood Thou hast me coft ;
Now am I hither sought
To Thee, Lord, alone.

I cry and I call to Thee,
To leave me not, to leave me not,
I cry and I call to Thee,
 To leave me not alone :
All they that laden be,
Thou bidst them come to Thee,
Then shall they saved be,
 Through Thy mercy alone.

Thou savest all the penitent,
And leav'st them not, and leav'st them not ;
Thou savest all the penitent,
 And leav'st them not alone.
All that will their sins repent,
None of them shall be shent,
Suppose Thy bow be ready bent,
 Of them Thou killest none.

Faith, hope, and charity,
Leave me not, leave me not :
Faith, hope, and charity,
 Leave me not alone.
I pray Thee, Lord, grant me,
These godly giftés three,
Then shall I saved be,
 Doubt have I none.

To the Father be all glore,
That leaves us not, that leaves us not ;
To the Father be all glore,
 That leaves us not alone.
Son and Holy Ghost evermore,
As it is and was before ;
Through Christ our Saviour
 We are safe every one.

HUGH RHODES.



CAUTIONS.

He that spendeth much,
And getteth nought ;
He that oweth much,
And hath nought ;
He that looketh in his purse
And findeth nought,—
He may be sorry,
And say nought.

He that may and will not,
He then that would shall not.
He that would and cannot
May repent and sigh not.

He that sweareth
Till no man trust him ;
He that lieth
Till no man believe him ;
He that borroweth
Till no man will lend him ;
Let him go where
No man knoweth him.

He that hath a good master,
And cannot keep him ;
He that hath a good servant,
And is not content with him ;
He that hath such conditions,
That no man loveth him ;
May well know other,
But few men will know him.

—*Book of Nurture.*

JOHN HEYWOOD.



A PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

—
Stray, vagrant.
—

Give place, you Ladies, and be gone ;
Boast not yourselves at all !
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone ;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy :
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be very well compared
Unto the Phoenix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope ;
In word and eke in deed steadfast :
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
Much reddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefacedness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gillyflower a weed,
And more, a thousand ways !

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give :
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

A SUPPLICATION.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this !

THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart;
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

DEATH'S BOUNTIES.

The longer life the more offence,
 The more offence the greater pain,
 The greater pain the less defence,
 The less defence the lesser gain ;
 The loss of gain long ill doth try,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find,
 The less account, the sooner made,
 The account soon made, the merrier mind,
 The merrier mind doth thought evade ;
 Short life in truth this thing doth try,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

Come gentle death, the ebb of care,
 The ebb of care, the flood of life,
 The flood of life, the joyful fare,
 The joyful fare, the end of strife,
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,
 Wherefore come death, and let me die.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE
WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wond'rous well
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;
 Of lively look, all grief for to repel ;
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speak, without word, such words as none can tell ;
 The tress also should be of crispéd gold.
 With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
 And knit again with knot that should not slide.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

—
Cheap, bargain.
—

Throughout the world, if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man should find :
They be good *cheap* ; they cost right nought ;
Their substance is but only wind.
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND
THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

“ Ah ! Robin !
Jolly Robin !
Tell me how thy lady^r doth,
And thou shalt know of mine.”

“ My lady is unkind, perdie ! ”—
“ Alack, why is she so ? ”—
“ She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say, no. ”—
“ I find no such doubleness ;
I find women true.
My lady loveth me doubtless,
And will change for no new. ”—
“ Happy art thou while that doth last,
But I say as I find :
That woman's love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind.”

THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

—
Semblant, appearance ; bourds, jests.
—

“ How should I
Be so pleasant
In my semblant
As my fellows be ? ”

Not long ago
It chanced so,
As I did walk alone,
I heard a man
That now and than
Himself did thus bemoan.

“ Alas ! ” he said,
“ I am betrayed
And utterly outdone ;
Whom I did trust,
And think so just,
Another man hath won.

“ My service due
And heart so true
On her I did bestow ;
I never meant
For to repent
In wealth, nor yet in woe.

“ Each western wind
Hath turned her mind,
And blown it clean away ;

Thereby my wealth,
My mirth, and health,
Are driven to great decay.

“ Fortune did smile
A right short while,
And never said me nay ;
 With pleasant plays
 And joyful days
My time to pass away.

“ Alas ! alas !
The time so was ;
So never shall it be,—
 Since she is gone,
 And I alone
Am left, as you may see.

“ Where is the oath ?
Where is the troth
That she to me did give ?
 Such feignéd words,
 With silly bourds,
Let no wise man believe.

“ For even as I
Thus woefully
Unto myself complain,
 If ye then trust,
 Needs learn ye must
To sing my song in vain.

“ How should I
Be so pleasant
In my semblant
As my fellows be ? ”

THE RE-CURED LOVER EXULTETH IN HIS
FREEDOM.

I am as I am, and so will I be ;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently,
I mean no thing but honesty ;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoyce, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the mean, since folks will feign ;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe ;
Yet for all that no thing they know ;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgement say ;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God him send ;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend ;
To judge the best therefore intend ;
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there are who take delight
To judge folks' thoughts for envy and spite ;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read
To trust it as you do your creed ;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is, I leave to you ;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew ;
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee ;
But to you all that misjudge me
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

—
Lever, preferable.
—

Farewell Love ! and all thy laws for ever ;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect¹ wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind errour when I did perséver,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But 'scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell ! go, trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts ;
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.

My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,
 But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.
 I served thee, not that I should be forsaken ;
 But, that I should receive reward again,
 I was content thy servant to remain ;
 And not to be repayed after this fashion.
 Now, since in thee there is none other reason,
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
 Insatiate of my woe, and thy desire ;
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault :
 But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire,
 For he that doth believe, bearing in hand,
 Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE
 UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

Grave, engrave ; unquit, unrequited ; plain, complain.

My lute, awake ! perform the last
 Labour, that thou and I shall waste,
 And end that I have now begun :
 And when this song is sung and past,
 My lute ! be still, for I have done.
 As to be heard where ear is none ;
 As lead to *grave* in marble stone ;
 My song may pierce her heart as soon.

Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?

No, no, my lute ! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection ;

So that I am past remedy ;
Wherefore my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won :

Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain ;

Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's *plain* ;
Although my lute and I have done.
May chance thee lie withered and old
The winter nights, that are so cold,

Plaining in vain unto the moon.
Thy wishes then dare not be told :
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,

To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute ! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;

And ended is that we begun :
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute ! be still, for I have done.

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE
FAITHFULLY.

—
Sterve, die.
—

Since Love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree :
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall alway myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good-will I find but hate,
And cruelly my life to waste,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my heart is bound to serve,
Am I not ruler of mine own,
Whatso befall, till that I sterve
By proof full well it shall be known,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea ! though my grief find no redress,
But still increase before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelness,
With all the harm hap can devise,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea ! though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft ;
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft :

Yet would I still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind they make me go ;
And, whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED
THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S
UNKINDNESS.

—
Quit, be even with ; sely, simple.
—

Blame not my Lute ! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me ;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me ;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,

Blame not my Lute !

My Lute ! alas ! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me,
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,

Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey ;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way ;

If my lute blame the covetise,
 The gluttons and the drunkards vile,
 The proud disdain of worldly wise,
 And how falsehood doth truth exile :
 Though vice and sin be now in place,
 Instead of virtue and of grace :
 Blame not my lute.

Though wrong in Justice' place be set,
 Committing great iniquity ;
 Though hypocrites be counted great
 That maintain still idolatry :
 Though some set more by things of nought
 Than by the Lord that all hath wrought :
 Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute, I you desire,
 But blame the cause that we thus play :
 For burning heat blame not the fire
 But him that blow'th the coal away.
 Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us,
 That we men's faults have touched thus :
 Blame not my lute.

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM
 FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

—
 Force, waterfall.
 —

From these high hills as when a spring doth fall,
 It trilleth down with still and subtle course,
 Of this and that it gathers aye and shall,
 Till it have just down flowed to stream, and *force* ;

Then at the foot it rageth over all :
 So fareth love, when he hath ta'en a source,
 Rage is his rein, resistance 'vaileth none,
 The first eschew is remedy alone.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER
 WITH A NEEDLE.

She sat, and sewed, that hath done me the wrong ;
 Whereof I 'plain, and have done many a day :
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song
 She wish'd my heart the sampler, that it lay.
 The blind master, whom I have served so long,
 Grudging to hear what he did hear her say,
 Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,
 To feel if pricking were so good indeed.

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Tagus, farewell, that westward with thy streams
 Turns up the grains of gold already tried ;¹
 For I with spur and sail go seek the Temes,
 Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride ;
 And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,²
 Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side ;
 My King, my Country I seek, for whom I live :
 O mighty Jove, the winds for this me give !

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY
 PAIN.

Venemous thorns that are so sharp and keen,
 Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue :
 Poison is also put in medicine,
 And unto man his health doth oft renew :

The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
 May hurt and heal : then if that this be true,
 I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
 Since every woe is joinèd with some wealth.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

In Court to serve, decked with fresh array,
 Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast ;
 The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play,
 Amid the press of lordly looks to waste ;—
 Hath with it join'd oftentimes such bitter taste,
 That whose joys such kind of life to hold,
 In prison joys fetter'd with chains of gold.

ON THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

—
 Slipper, slippery ; dele, portion.
 —

Stand, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
 Of high estate ; and let me here rejoice,
 And use my life in quietness each dele,
 Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys :
 In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
 And when my years be past withouten noise,
 Let me die old after the common trace :
 For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,
 That known is to all, but to himself, alas,
 He dieth unknown, daséd with dreadful face.

YEA OR NAY.

—
Boordes, jests.
—

Madam ! withouten many words,—
Once I am sure you will, or no :
And if you will, then leave your boordes
And use your wit and show it so !

For with a beck you shall me call ;
And if of one that burns alway
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with Yea or Nay !

If it be Yea, I shall be fain ;
If it be Nay, friends as before,
You shall another man obtain,
And I, mine own, be yours no more.

DISDAIN ME NOT !

—
Since, after.
—

Disdain me not without desert !
Nor leave me not so suddenly !
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honesty.

Refuse me not without cause why !
For think me not to be unjust !
Since that by lot of fantasy
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not ! though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastness,
Believe them not ! since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not till I deserve !
Nor hate me not till I offend !
Destroy me not till that I swerve,
But *since* ye know what I intend !

Disdain me not that am your own !
Refuse me not that am so true !
Mistrust me not till all be known !
Forsake me not now for no new !

SATIRE "ON THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE."

—
Dight, prepared; cater, caterer; jape, jest; fear'd, terrified;
tho, then; sely, simple.
—

My mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse :
That for because her livelihood was but thin,
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endured to grievous pain,
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse ;
That when the furrows swimm'd with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight ;
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her, when she her house had dight ;
Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean ;
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In harvest time, while she might go and glean.

And when her store was 'stroyed with the flood,
Then wellaway ! for she undone was clean :
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.
" My sister," quod she, " hath a living good ;
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry
In bed of down ; the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost ;
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry ;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most,
Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril :
She feeds on boil'd meat, baked meat, and on roast.
And hath therefore no wit of charge nor travail.
And when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell ;
And at this journey makes she but a jape,"
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there keep herself in health,
To live a lady, while her life do last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth ;
And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.
Th' other for fear durst not well scarce appear ;
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.
At last she asked softly who was there ;
And in her language as well as she could,
" Peep," quod the other, " Sister, I am here."
" Peace," quod the town mouse, " why speakest thou
so loud ?"
And by the hand she took her fair and well,
" Welcome," quod she, " my Sister, by the rood !"
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
The fare they had, they drank the wine so clear ;

And as to purpose now and then it fell,
So cheered her with, "How, sister, what cheer?"
Amid this joy befell a sorry chance,
That, wellaway! the stranger bought full dear
The fare she had. For as she looked askance,
Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes
In a round head, with sharpe ears. In France
Was never mouse so *fear'd*, for the unwise
Had not y-seen such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after her guise
To know her foe, and dread him evermore.
The town mouse fled, she knew whither to go;
Th' other had no shift, but wonders sore;
Fear'd of her life, at home she wish'd her *tho*,
And to the door, alas! as she did skip,
Th' heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so
At the threshold her sely foot did trip;
And ere she might recover it again,
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,
And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,
For seeming wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,
GERALDINE.

Camber, Wales ; light, is called ; kind, nature.

From Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race ;
 Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat :
 The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat :
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast :
 Her sire an Earl ; her dame of Princes' blood.
 From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,
 With King's child ; where she tasteth costly food
 Hunsden did first present her to mine eye :
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight
 Her beauty of *kind* ; her virtues from above ;
 Happy is he that can obtain her love !

COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY.

Cornet, head-dress with a veil ; sith, since.

I never saw my Lady lay apart
 Her cornet black, in cold nor yet in heat,
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great ;
 Which other fancies driveth from my heart,
 That to myself I do the thought reserve,
 The which un'wares did wound my woful breast ;

But on her face mine eyes might never rest.
 Yet, since she knew I did her love and serve,
 Her golden tresses clad alway with black,
 Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,
 And that restrains which I desire so sore.
 So doth this cornet govern me, alack !
 In summer, sun, in winter's breath, a frost ;
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

A CARELESS MAN

SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF
 WOMEN TOWARDS THEIR LOVERS.

Wrasteth, wresteth to another purpose.

Wrapt in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
 I see how Love can shew what force there reigneth in
 his bow :
 And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound ;
 And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is
 found.
 For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike ;
 The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far to
 seek.
 All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh me
 How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other
 free.
 I see that wounded wight that suff'reth all this wrong,
 How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all too
 long.
 In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,
 Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look by
 stealth,
 As though it seem'd ; " I wis, I will not lose thee so :"
 When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly
 grow.

Then say I thus : " Alas ! that man is far from bliss,
 That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this."
 And she, that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,
 Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign.
 Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks, that he,
 A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.
 Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace,
 And smileth, lo ! as though she would forthwith the man
 embrace.

But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
 He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of
 gall.

Lord ! what abuse is this ; who can such women praise,
 That for their glory do devise to use such crafty ways ?
 I, that among the rest do sit and mark the row,
 Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty mo' :
 Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so well are sped,
 What will she do when hoary hairs are powder'd in her
 head ?

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT

WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF
 CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL
 TO UNDERSTAND.

Chews, jaws ; chaps, gums ; to, in addition to.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
 I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts
 appear ;
 And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,
 That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thought
 did rise.

I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to
be.

The young man eke that feels his bones with pains
opprest,

How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,

How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,

From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
change degree.

And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,

That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to
change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,

How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was worn
so thin.

And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,

That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say :

“Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,

That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth
assuage ;

Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin ;

The which do write two ages past, the third now coming
in.

Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time ;

And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life
define.”

Whereat I sigh'd, and said : “Farewell ! my wonted
joy ;

Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little
boy ;

And tell them thus from me ; their time most happy is,

If, *to* their time, they reason had, to know the truth of
this.”

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.

Whereas, where.

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
 That built his seat within my captive breast ;
 Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain ;
 My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
 With shamefast cloak to shadow and restrain,
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
 And coward Love then to the heart apace
 Taketh his flight ; *whereas* he lurks, and plains
 His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
 For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
 Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove :
 Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH
HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

Hove, hover ; palm-play ; tennis court ; despoiled, stripped ;
 holts, groves ; availed, slacked ; fere, companion ; lief, dear.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
 As proud Windsor ? where I, in lust and joy,
 With a king's son, my childish years did pass,^r
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
 When each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
 With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue ;

The dances short, long tales of great delight ;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm-play, where despoiled for the game,
With dazzled eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.²
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts ;
With cheer, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green ;
With reins *availed*, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.³
The wide vales eke, that harbour'd us each night :
Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord : such sleeps as yet delight ;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust ;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face ;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue :
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !
Up-supp'd have, thus I my plaint renew ;

"O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !
 Give me account, where is my noble fere ?
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose ;
 To other lief ! but unto me most dear."
 Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint :
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER, IN
 SPRING, REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

Ver, Spring ; rakehell, careless.

When Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm ;
 My hand my chin, to ease my restless head ;
 The pleasant plot revested green with warm ;
 The blossom'd boughs, with lusty Ver y-spread ;
 The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late
 Mine eyes discover : and to my mind resort
 The jolly woes, the hateless, short debate,
 The rakehell life that 'longs to love's disport,
 Wherewith, alas ! the heavy charge of care
 Heap'd in my breast breaks forth, against my will,
 In smoky sighs, that overcast the air.
 My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall ;
 And I half bent to throw me down withal.

SPRING.

—
Mings, mingles ; springs, revives.
—

The sweet¹ season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her mate² hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat now flings,
The fishes float with new-repaired scale :
The adder all her slough away she flings,
The swift swallow pursues the flies small.
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow *springs*.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER
HE BE REWARDED.

—
Whereas, where ; thrall, in bondage.
—

Set me *whereas* the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams doth not dissolve the ice ;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
In presence prest of people, mad, or wise ;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray :

Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss, and of their bale ;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.
Then tune the birds their harmony ;
Then flock the fowl in company ;
Then every thing doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

Kind, nature ; sith, since.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
My Lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair ;
For what she says, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were :
And virtues hath she many mo'e
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss, by law of *kind*,
 That could have gone so near his heart ;
 And this was chiefly all her pain :
 " She could not make the like again. "

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
 To be the chiefest work she wrought ;
 In faith, methink ! some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

—
 Mean, moderate.
 —

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance ;

The *mean* diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
 The night dischargéd of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night,
 Contented with thine own estate,
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

THE LOVER UNBELOVED LAMENTS BY
 NIGHT.

By and by, immediately.

Alas ! so all things now do hold their peace !
 Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing ;
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease ;
 The night's car the stars about doth bring.
 Calm is the sea ; the waves work less and less :
 So am not I, whom love, alas ! doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring ;
 But *by and by* the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is again,
 To live, and lack the thing should rid my pain.

LOVE'S PATIENCE.

Ure, fortune.

WHEN raging love with extreme pain
 Most cruelly distrains my heart ;

When that my tears, as floods of rain,
Bear witness of my woful smart ;
When sighs have wasted so my breath,
That I lie at the point of death :

I call to mind the navy great
That the Greeks brought to Troye town :
And how the boisterous winds did beat
Their ships, and rent their sails adown ;
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeased the gods that them withstood ;

And how that in those ten years' war
Full many bloody deed was done ;
And many a lord that came full far,
There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;
And many a good knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had Helen won.

Then think I thus :—“ Since such repair,
So long time war of valiant men,
Was all to win a lady fair,
Shall I not learn to suffer, then ?
And think my life well spent to be
Serving a worthier wight than she ?

Therefore I never will repent,
But pains contented still endure ;
For like as when rough winter spent,
The pleasing spring straight draweth in ure ;
So after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Quick, alive ; still, ever ; stithe, anvil ; affect, affection ; loft, exalted ; corpse, body.

Wyat resteth here, that *quick* could never rest :
Whose heavenly gifts increaséd by disdain ;
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast ;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame ;
Whose hammers beat *still* in that lively brain,
As on a stithe, where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern, and mild ; where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme ;
That reft Chaucér the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue, that served in foreign realms his king ;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
Each noble heart ; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail into fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposéd, void of guile.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest
 To hide the thought that might the truth advance !
 In neither fortune loft, nor yet represt,
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant *corpse*, where force and beauty met :
 Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,
 Livéd, and ran the race that nature set ;
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
 Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
 Witness of faith, that never shall be dead ;
 Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Thy livelighed, thee being alive ; whereas, whereon ; avail,
 fall down.

Divers thy death do diversely bemoan :
 Some, that in presence of *thy livelighed*
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.
 Some, that watched with the murd'rer's knife,
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.
 But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head ;
 What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast ;

Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kiss the ground *whereas* the corpse doth rest ;
 With vapour'd eyes : from whence such streams *avail*,
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

DEATH OF LAOCOON.

Whisted, were silent; waged, hired; welkin, sky; waltring,
 rolling; gait, way; raught, reached.

They whisted all, and with fixed face attent,
 When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
 Thus gan to speak. O Queen ! it is thy will
 I should renew a woe cannot be told :
 How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow
 The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy :
 Those ruthful things that I myself beheld ;
 And whereof no small part fell to my share.
 Which to express, who could refrain from tears ?
 What Myrmidon ? or yet what Dolopes ?
 What stern Ulysses' waged soldier ?
 And lo ! moist night now from the welkin falls !
 And stars declining counsel us to rest.
 But since so great is thy delight to hear
 Of our mishaps, and Troyé's last decay ;
 Though to record the same my mind abhors,
 And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by lot
 Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull,
 Before the holy altar ; suddenly
 From Tenedon, behold ! in circles great

By the calm seas come fleeting adders twain,
Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)
With reared breast lift up above the seas :
Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen ;
The hinder part swam hidden in the flood.
Their grisly backs were linked manifold.
With sound of broken waves they gat the strand,
With glowing eyen, tainted with blood and fire ;
Whose waltring tongues did lick their hissing mouths.
We fled away ; our face the blood forsook ;
But they with gait direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all each serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sons ;
Whose wretched limbs they bit, and fed thereon.
Then raught they him, who had his weapon caught
To rescue them ; twice winding him about,
With folded knots and circled tails, his waist :
Their scaled backs did compass twice his neck,
With reared heads aloft and stretched throats.
He with his hands strave to unloose the knots,
(Whose sacred fillets all besprinkled were
With filth of gory blood, and venom rank)
And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows,
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpents twain, with hasted trail they glide
To Pallas' temple, and her towers of height :
Under the feet of the which goddess stern,
Hidden behind her target's boss they crept.
New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts.

—*Translation of Æneid, Book II.*

LORD VAUX.



THE ASSAULT OF CUPID.

Prest, ready ; sown, sound ; use, custom ; sely, miserable.

When Cupid scaled first the fort,
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
The battery was of such a sort,
That I must yield, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display ;
“ Alarm ! alarm ! ” he ’gan to call,
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms, the which that Cupid bare,
Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,
In silver and sable, to declare
The steadfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all drest
In colours like to white and black ;
With powder and with pellets, *prest*
To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,
Stood in the rampire, brave and proud :
For ’spence of powder he spar’d not,
“ Assault ! assault ! ” to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar ;
Each piece discharg’d a lover’s look ;
Which had the power to rend, and tore
In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpet's *sown*
The scaling ladders were up set :
And Beauty walked up and down,
With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe,
And one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,
And halberdiers, with handy strokes ;
The arquebus in flash it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And, as it is the soldiers *use*
When shot and powder 'gins to want,
I hanged up my flag of truce
And pleaded for my life's grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
And Beauty enter'd with her band,
With bag and baggage (sely wretch)
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

Then Beauty bade to blow retreat,
And every soldier to retire,
And Mercy mild with speed to set
Me captive bound as prisoner.

“Madam,” quoth I, “since that this day
Hath served you at all assays,
I yield to you without delay,
Here of the fortress all the keys.”¹

“ And since that I have been the mark,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Needs must you with your handy-wark,
Or salve my sore, or let me die.”

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

Kind, nature.

I loathe that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove
Methinks they are not meet,

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty Life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before ;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthly, idle rhyme ;
And day by day to me she cries,
“ Leave off these toys in time.”

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, "Limping Age will lodge him now,
Where Youth must give him place."

The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride ;
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woeful work,
Ere Nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That Youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

Thus must I Youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear ;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the baréd skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping Age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust :
As ye of clay were cast by *kind*,
So shall ye waste to dust.

GREY HAIRS.

These hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent and pray ;
They be of death the harbingers,
Which do prepare and dress the way :
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run ;
They say my youth is fled, with strength,
And how old age is well begun :
The which I feel ; and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings, of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical :
Their tunes declare—a time from ground^r
I came, and how thereto I shall !
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those who white hairs have,
 No worse them take than I have meant ;
 That after they be laid in grave,
 Their souls may joy, their lives well spent.
 God grant, likewise, that you may see
 Upon your head such hairs to be.

DEATH IN LIFE.

How can the tree but waste and wither away
 That hath not sometime comfort of the sun ?
 How can the flower but fade and soon decay
 That always is with dark clouds overrun ?
 Is this a life ? Nay ! death I may it call,
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.
 What foodless beast can live long in good plight ?
 Or is it life where senses there be none ?
 Or what availeth eyes without their light ?
 Or else a tongue to him that is alone ?
 Is this a life ? Nay ! death I may it call,
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.
 Whereto serve ears if that there be no sound ?
 Or such a head where no device doth grow
 But all of plaints, since sorrow is the ground
 Whereby the heart doth pine in deadly woe ?
 Is this a life ? Nay ! death I may it call,
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

—*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

When all is done and said,
 In th' end thus shall you find ;
 He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
 That hath a quiet mind :

And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour :
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
When as the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harm'd by speech,
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave :
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life,
To deem in thinking spent.

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.



A TRUE LOVE.

Ver, spring ; weed, clothing ; fray, affright ; imp, child.

What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
 What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true Love is
 to me ;
 As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed,
 As morning bright with scarlet sky doth pass the evening's
 weed,
 As mellow pears above harsh^r crabs esteemed be,
 So doth my Love surmount them all whom yet I hap to
 see.
 The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion *fray*,
 The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
 Or I my Love let slip out of mine entire heart ;
 So deep reposéd in my breast is She for her desert.
 For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land !
 Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to
 stand ;
 Yet, land ! more is thy bliss that in this cruel age
 A Venus *imp* thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so
 sage.
 Among the Muses nine a tenth if Jove would make,
 And to the Graces three a fourth, Her would Apollo
 take.
 Let some for honour hunt, or hoard the massy gold :
 With Her so I may live and die, my weal can not be told.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE.

—
What one art thou, thus in torn weed y-clad ?
Virtue, in price whom ancient sages had.
Why poorly 'rayed ? For fading goods past care.
Why double faced ? I mark each fortune's fare.
This bridle, what ? Mind's rages to restrain.
Fools why bear you ? I love to take great pain.
Why wings ? I teach above the stars to fly.
Why tread you death ? I only cannot die.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

—
Kind, nature ; leef, loved : fere, companion.
—

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend ?
Our health is soon decayed ; goods, casual, light, and
vain ;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer
stain.
In body's lust man doth resemble but base brute ;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide of our
pursuit,
Whose hearty zeal with ours accords, in every case ;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can it
deface.
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still ;
Thy kin out of their *kind* may swerve, when friends owe
thee good-will.
What sweeter solace shall befall, than [such a] one to find
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the secrets of thy
mind ?

He wailleth at thy woe, his tears with thine be shed ;
 With thee doth he all joys enjoy, so leef a life is led.
 Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
 One soul, a wonder shall it seem in bodies twain to be ;
 In absence present, rich in want, in sickness sound,
 Yea, after death alive, mayst thou by thy sure friend be
 found. [doth stand ;

Each house, each town, each realm, by steadfast love
 While foul debate breeds bitter bale in each divided land.
 O Friendship, flower of flowers ! O lively sprite of life !
 O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth staunch of
 strife !

Scipio with Lælius didst thou conjoin in care ;
 At home, in wars, for weal or woe, with equal faith to
 fare ;

Gisippus eke with Tite ; Damon with Pythias ;
 And with Menoëtius' son Achill by thee combined was ;
 Eurialus and Nisus gave Virgil cause to sing ;
 Of Pylades do many rhymes, and of Orestes ring ;
 Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his friend, to find ;
 O that the wives in these our days were to their mates so
 kind !

Cicero, the friendly man, to Atticus, his friend,
 Of friendship wrote ; such couples, lo ! doth lot but
 seldom lend.

Recount thy race now run, how few there shalt thou see
 Of whom to say, " This same is he that never failéd me."
 So rare a jewel then must needs be holden dear,
 And as thou wilt esteem thyself so take thy chosen fere ;
 The tyrant in despair no lack of gold bewails,
 But " Out, I am undone," saith he, " for all my friend-
 ship fails !"

Wherefore, since nothing is more kindly for our *kind*,
 Next wisdom, thus that teacheth us, love we the friendly^s
 mind.

PRAISE OF MEASURE KEEPING.

—
Beck, stream ; groom, man ; payz'd, poised.
—

The ancient time commended not for nought
 The mean : What better thing can there be sought ?
 In mean is virtue placed : on either side,
 Both right and left, amiss a man shall slide.
 Icar, with fire had'st thou the mid way flown,
 Icarian *beck* by name had no man known.
 If middle path kept had proud Phæton,
 No burning brand this earth had fall'n upon.
 Ne cruel power, ne none too soft can reign :
 That keeps a mean, the same shall still remain.
 Thee, Julie, once did too much mercy spill !
 Thee, Nero stern, rigour extreme did kill.
 How could August so many years well pass ?
 Nor over meek, nor over fierce he was.
 Worship not Jove with curious fancies vain,
 Nor him despise ! hold right between^r these twain.
 No wasteful wight, no greedy *groom* is prais'd :
 Stands largess just in equal balance payz'd.
 So Cato's meal surmounts Antonius' cheer,
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.
 Too slender building, bad ; as bad, too gross ;
 One, an eye-sore ; the t'other falls to loss.
 As med'cines help in measure, so (God wot)
 By overmuch the sick their bane have got.
 Unmeet meseems to utter this more ways :
 Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

ANONYMOUS.



HYMN ON THE PASSION.

Oh Lord of bliss,
Remember this,
How man's mind is like the moon ;
Is variable,
Frail and unstable,
At morning, night, and noon.
Though he unkind,
Have not in mind,
What ye for him have done ;
Yet have compassion,
For our salvation,
Forsake not man so soon.
A while him spare,
He shall prepare
Himself to you anon ;
With heart and mind,
Loving and kind,
To serve but you alone.

—*Circa, 1530.*

MAY SONG.

Mair, more.

O lusty May, with Flora queen,
The balmy drops from Phœbus sheen,
Prelusant beams, before the day,
Before the day, the day.
By thee Diana groweth green
Through gladness of this lusty May,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Aurora that is so bright
To woeful hearts she casts great light,
Right pleasantly, before the day,
Before the day, the day ;
And shows and shades forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their boughs, of every sort,
Send forth their notes and make great mirth,
On banks that bloom ; on every brae,
On every brae, on every brae ;
And fare and fly o'er field and firth,
Through gladness of this lusty May,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

All lovers that are in care,
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh mornings before the day,
Before the day, the day ;

And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
 Through gladness of this lusty May,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Of every mon(i)th in the year
 To mirthful May there is no peer,
 Her glistering garments are so gay,
 Garments so gay, so gay.
 You lovers all make merry cheer,
 Through gladness of this lusty May,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

OF THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

—
 Bruit, report.
 —

The flickering Fame that flieth from ear to ear,
 And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
 Gives first the cause why men to hear delight
 Of those whom she doth note for beauty bright,
 And with this Fame, that flieth on so fast,
 Fancy doth hie when Reason makes no haste.

And yet, not so content, they wish to see
 And thereby know if Fame have said aright.
 More trusting to the trial of their eye
 Than to the bruit that goes of any wight.
 Wise in that point—that lightly will not 'lieve ;
 Unwise, to seek that may them after grieve.

Who knoweth not how sight may Love allure
 And kindle in the heart a hot desire ;
 The Eye to work that Fame could not procure ?
 Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.
 For, ere he wit, himself he feeleth warm,
 The Flame and Eye the causers of his harm.

Let Fame not make her known whom I shall know,
 Nor yet mine Eye therein to be my guide ;
 Sufficeth me that virtue in her grow,
 Whose simple life her father's walls do hide.
 Content with this I leave the rest to go,
 And in such choice shall stand my wealth and woe.

—*Tottel's Miscellany.*

THE LOVER IN DESPAIR LAMENTS HIS CASE.

 Shent, confounded.

Adieu desert, how art thou shent !
 Ah dropping tears, how do ye waste !
 Ah scalding sighs, how ye be spent.
 To prick them forth that will not haste !
 Ah ! pained heart, thou gap'st for grace,
 E'en there where pity hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rock
 From place to place for to remove,
 As by thy plaint for to provoke
 A frozen heart from hate to love :
 What should I say ? such is thy lot,
 To fawn on them that force thee not !

Thus may'st thou safely say and swear,
That rigour reigneth and truth doth fail,
In thankless thoughts thy thoughts do wear :
Thy truth, thy faith, may not avail
For thy good will : why should I so
Still graft, where grace it will not grow ?

Alas ! poor heart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowering time, thy pleasant years ?
With sighing voice weep and lament,
For of thy hope no fruit appears !
Thy true meaning is paid with scorn,
That ever soweth and reapeth no corn.

And where thou seek'st a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the wind :
For where thou gladdest would'st resort,
There is no place for thee assigned.
The destiny hath set it so,
That thy true heart should cause thy woe.

—*Tottel's Miscellany.*

KING JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.



THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

(ORIGINAL FORM.)

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat ;
And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be !
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and ladylike,
And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plo
They rose a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane !
Some ran to coffer and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist ;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man !

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and the milk to earn,
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant ga'ed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again ;
For she's be burnt and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was mad, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou' :
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e ;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

RICHARD EDWARDS.



HE REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY
COMFORT, AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.

—
Sith, since.
—

The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the
haughty sky ;
The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth deny ;
The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blust'ring
blast ;
The pleasant herb, that everywhere a pleasant smell
doth cast ;
The lion's force, whose courage stout declares a prince-
like might ;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in fight.

These, these, I say, and thousands more, by tract of time
decay,
And like to time do quite consume, and fade from form
to clay ;
But my true heart and service vowed shall last time out
of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath
assigned ;
My faith, lo here ! I vow to thee, my troth thou know'st
too well ;
My goods, my friends, my life is thine ; what need I
more to tell ?
I am not mine, but thine ; I vow thy hests I will obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if I may ;

And sith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as I wish,
Nor^r fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding
fish ;

Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again to me,
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may greeting
see.

And thus farewell ! more dear to me than chiefest friend
I have,

Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till Death his fee
do crave.

MAY

—
Imps, sons.
—

When May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice ;
When May bedecks each branch with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up,
Into the blooming thorn ;
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All Nature's *imps* triumph
While joyful May doth last ;
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue ;
May breeds and brings new blood ;
May marcheth throughout every limb ;
May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts
 Their warbling notes to tune ;—
 Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
 Do make their May in June.

Thus things are strangely wrought
 Whiles joyful May doth last :
 Take May in time ! When May is gone,
 The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
 And have your May at will,
 Rejoice in May, as I do now,
 And use your May with skill !

Use May while that you may,
 For May hath but his time !
 When all the fruit is gone it is
 Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking and your lust
 Is fresh whiles May doth last ;
 When May is gone, of all the year
 The pleasant time is past.

—*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

—
 Whereas, whereon.
 —

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have
 slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child that long before had
 wept :

She sighéd sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe
 to rest,
 That would not cease, but criéd still, in sucking at her
 breast. [child ;
 She was full weary of her watch, and grievéd with her
 She rocked it and rated it, until on her it smiled :
 Then did she say, " Now have I found the proverb true
 to prove,
 The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to
 write,
 In register for to remain of such a worthy wight ;
 As she proceeded thus in song, unto her little brat
 Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place *whereas* she
 sat ; [life,
 And provéd plain there was no beast nor creature bearing
 Could well be known to live in love without discórd and
 strife :
 Then kisséd she her little babe, and swore by God above
 " The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

" I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, " for to behold the
 rout, [about ;
 To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world
 Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and
 some can smoothly smile,
 And some embrace others in arms, and there think many
 a wile ; [stout,
 Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some
 Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out."
 Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did
 remove,
 " The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

—*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

WISDOM.

Fondness, folly.

Whoso will be accounted wise and truly claim the name,
 By joining Virtue to his deeds, he must achieve the same.
 But few there be that seek thereby true wisdom to attain ;
 O God, so rule our hearts therefore such *fondness* to
 refrain.

The wisdom which we most esteem, in this thing doth
 consist,
 With glorious talk to show in words our wisdom when
 we list :
 Yet not in talk but seemly deeds our wisdom we should
 place,
 To speak so fair and do but ill doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargain well and shun the loss, a wisdom counted is,
 And thereby through the greedy coin no hope of grace to
 miss.
 To seek by honour to advance his name to brittle praise,
 Is wisdom which we daily see increaseth in our days.

But heavenly wisdom sour seems, too hard for them to
 win,
 But weary of the suit they seem, when they do once begin :
 It teacheth us to frame our life, while vital breath we
 have,
 When it dissolveth earthly mass, the soul from death to
 save.

By fear of God to rule our steps from sliding into vice,
 A wisdom is which we neglect, although of greater price :
 A point of wisdom also this we commonly esteem,
 That every man should be indeed that he desires to seem.

To bridle that desire of gain which forceth us to ill,
 Our haughty stomachs, Lord, repress, to tame presuming
 will :
 This is the wisdom that we should above each thing
 desire,
 O heavenly God, from sacred throne, that grace in us
 inspire !

And print in our repugnant hearts the rules of wisdom
 true,
 That all our deeds in worldly life may like thereof ensue :
 Thou only art the living spring from whom this wisdom
 flows, [grows !
 Oh wash therewith our sinful hearts from vice that therein
 —*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

OF FORTUNE'S POWER.

Misers, miserable folk ; dingeth, dasheth ; right soon, soon
 set straight.

Policrates, whose passing hap caused him to lose his fate,
 A golden^r ring cast in the seas, to change his constant state,
 And in a fish yet at his board, the same he after found ;
 Thus Fortune, lo ! to whom she takes, for bounty doth
 abound.

The *misers* unto might she mounts, a common case we
 see ;
 And mighty in great misery she sets in low degree ;
 Whom she to-day doth rear on high upon her whirling
 wheel,
 To-morrow next she dingeth down and casteth at her
 heel.

No measure hath she in her gifts, she doth reward each
 sort,
 The wise that counsel have no more than fools that
 maketh sport ;
 She useth never partial hands for to offend or please,
 Give me good Fortune, all men say, and throw me in the
 seas.

It is no fault or worthiness that makes men fall or rise ;
 I'd rather be born fortunate than to be very wise ;
 The blind-man is *right soon* that by good Fortune guided
 is ;
 To whom that pleasant Fortune pipes can never dance
 amiss.

—*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

WOMEN.

When women first Dame Nature wrought,
 "All good," quoth she, "none shall be naught ;
 All wise shall be, none shall be fools,
 For wit shall spring from women's schools.
 In all good gifts they shall excel,
 Their nature all no tongue can tell."—
 Thus Nature said :—I heard it, I :—
 I pray you ask them if I do lie !

By nature's grant this must ensue,—
 No woman false, but all most true :
 None sow debate, but love maintain,
 None wish to see their lover's pain.
 As turtles true their chosen one
 They love, and pine when he is gone,
 This is most true, none can deny ;—
 I pray you ask them if I do lie !

No lamb so meek as women be,
 Their humble hearts from pride are free.
 Rich things they wear ;—and wot you why ?—
 Only to please their husband's eye !
 They never strive their wills to have,
 Their husband's love, nought else they crave ;
 Vain talk in them none can espy :—
 I pray you ask them if I do lie !

The eagle with his piercing eye
 Shall burn and waste the mountains high ;
 Huge rocks shall float^t as ship with sail ;
 The crab shall run, swim shall the snail ;
 Springs shall return from whence they came ;
 Sheep shall be wild, and tigers tame ;
 Ere these my words false you shall try :—
 Ha ! ha ! methinks I make a lie !

MUSIC.

Disprove, disapprove of.

Where griping griefs the heart would wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 There Music with her silver sound
 With speed is wont to send redress :
 Of troubled minds in every sore,
 Sweet music hath a salve in store.

In joy it makes our mirth abound,
 In woe it cheers our heavy sprites ;
 Be-straughted heads relief hath found,
 By music's pleasant sweet delights :
 Our senses all, what shall I say more
 Are subject unto music's lore.

The gods by music have their praise ;
The life, the soul therein doth joy ;
For as the Roman poet says,
In seas, whom pirates would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharp
Arion playing on his harp.

O heavenly gift, that rules the mind,
E'en as the stern doth rule the ship !
O music, whom the gods assigned
To comfort man, whom cares would nip !
Since thou both man and beast dost move,
What beast is he, will thee *disprove*.

THOMAS TUSSER.



SONNET TO LADY PAGET.

Some pleasures take
And can not give
But only make
Poor thanks their gift ;
Some, meaning well,
In debt do live,
And can not tell
Where else to shift.

Some knock, and fain
Would ope the door,
To learn the vain
Good turn to praise ;
Some shew poor face,
And be but poor,
Yet have a grace
Good fame to raise.

Some owe and give
Yet still in debt,
And so must live,
For aught I know ;
Some wish to pay,
And can not get,
But night and day
Must still more owe.

Even so must I, for service past,
Still wish you good while life doth last.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE WIND.

—
Wood, mad.
—

Though winds do rage, as winds were *wood*,
 And cause spring-tides to raise great flood ;
 And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
 Bereaving many of life and of blood :
 Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
 And trees at spring doth yield forth bud,
 Except wind stands as never it stood,
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.

SONNET TO HIS WIFE.

—
Minion, pleasant.
—

Seven times hath Janus ta'en New Year by the hand,
 Seven times hath blustering March blown forth his power,
 To drive out April's buds, by sea and land,
 For minion May to deck most-trim with flower ;
 Seven times hath temperate Ver like pageant play'd ;
 And pleasant *Ætas* eke her flowers told ;
 Seven times Autumnus' heat hath been delay'd
 With Hyem's boisterous blasts and bitter cold :
 Seven times the thirteen moons hath changed hue ;
 Seven times the sun his course hath gone about ;
 Seven times each bird his nest hath built anew :—
 Since first time you to serve I choosed out :
 Still yours am I, though thus the time hath past,
 And trust to be, as long as life shall last.

GOOD-HUSBAND AND UNTHRIFT.

Snudgeth, move along snugly ; mome, dolt : meateth, feedeth ;
dayeth, procrastinates ; awk, awkward.

Comparing good husband with unthrift his brother,
The better discerneth the one from the other.

Ill husbandry braggeth
To go with the best :
Good husbandry baggeth
Up gold in his chest.

Ill husbandry trudgeth
With unthrifts about :
Good husbandry snudgeth
For fear of a doubt.

Ill husbandry spendeth
Abroad, like a mome :
Good husbandry tendeth
His charges at home.

Ill husbandry selleth
His corn on the ground :
Good husbandry smelleth
No gain that way found.

Ill husbandry loseth
For lack of good fence :
Good husbandry closeth
And gaineth the pence.

Ill husbandry trusteth
To him and to her :
Good husbandry lusteth
Himself for to stir.

Ill husbandry eateth
Himself out of door :
Good husbandry meateth
His friend and the poor.

Ill husbandry dayeth,
Or letteth it lie :
Good husbandry payeth,
The cheaper to buy.

Ill husbandry lurketh
And stealeth a sleep :
Good husbandry worketh
His household to keep.

Ill husbandry liveth
By that and by this :
Good husbandry giveth
To every man his.

Ill husbandry taketh
And spendeth up all :
Good husbandry maketh
Good shift with a small

Ill husbandry prayeth
His wife to make shift :
Good husbandry sayeth,
"Take this of my gift."

Ill husbandry drowseth
 At fortune so awk :
 Good husbandry rouseth
 Himself as a hawk.

Ill husbandry lieth
 In prison for debt :
 Good husbandry spieth
 Where profit to get.

Ill husbandry ways hath
 To fraud what he can :
 Good husbandry praise hath
 Of every man.

Ill husbandry never
 Hath wealth to keep touch :
 Good husbandry ever
 Hath penny in pouch.

Good husband his boon
 Or request hath afar :
 Ill husband as soon
 Hath a toad with an R.*

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God
 to send ?

What worldly good, what longer use, than pleaseth God
 to lend ?

What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy
 wealth ?

- What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health ?
What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep ?
What better work than daily care from sin thyself to keep ?
What better thought than think on God, and daily him to serve ?
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to starve ?
What greater praise of God and man, than mercy for to show ?
Who, merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy shows to few ?
What worse despair than loathe to die, for fear to go to hell ?
What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in heaven to dwell ?

TIME AND THE YEAR.

Of God, to thy doings, a time there is sent,
Which endeth with time that in doing is spent ;
For time is itself, but a time for a time,
Forgotten full soon, as the time of a chime.

In Spring-time we rear, we do sow, and we plant :
In Summer get victuals, lest after we want ;
In Harvest we carry in corn, and the fruit,
In Winter to spend, as we need of each suit.

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth,
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,
All quickly forgot, as a play on a stage.¹

Time past is forgotten, ere men be aware ;
Time present is thought on, with wonderful care ;
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save,
Yet oft ere it come we be gone to the grave.

The lands and the riches that here we possess
Be none of our own, if a God we profess ;
But lent us of Him, as His talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold ?

God maketh no writing, that justly doth say,
How long we shall have it,—a year or a day ;
But leave it we must (howsoever we leave),
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve.

To Death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how and how suddenly, few be that know ;
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave
To cover this carcass, of all that we have ?

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF RELIGION.

To pray to God continually ;
To learn to know him rightfully ;
To honour God in Trinity ;
The Trinity in Unity ;
The Father in his majesty ;
The Son in his humanity ;

The Holy Ghost's benignity ;
Three persons one in a Deity ;
To serve him always holily ;
To ask him all things needfully ;
To praise him always worthily ;
To love him always steadfastly ;
To dread him always fearfully ;
To ask him mercy heartily ;
To trust him always faithfully ;
To obey him always willingly ;
To abide him always patiently ;
To thank him always thankfully ;
To live here always virtuously ;
To use thy neighbour honestly ;
To look for death still presently ;
To help the poor in misery ;
To hope for heaven's felicity ;
To have faith, hope, and charity ;
To count this life but vanity ;——
Be points of Christianity.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIMSELF TO BE
IN LOVE.

Fancy, love; bewray, show.

If banish'd sleep, and watchful care,
If mind affright with dreadful dreams,
If torments rife and pleasures rare,
If face besmear'd with often streams,
If change of cheer from joy to smart,
If alter'd hue from pale to red,
If faltering tongue with trembling heart,
If sobbing sighs with fury fed,
If sudden hope by fear oppress'd,
If fear by hope suppress'd again,
Be proofs that Love within the breast
Hath bound the heart with fancy's chain :
Then I, of force, no longer may
In covert keep my piercing flame,
Which ever doth itself bewray,
But yield myself to fancy's frame.

THE LOVER, TO HIS LADY, WHO GAZED
MUCH UP TO THE SKIES.

My girl, thou gazest much
Upon the golden skies :
Would I were Heaven ! I would behold
Thee then with all mine eyes !

TO ONE THAT HAD LITTLE WIT.

Fet, fetch ; yit, yet.

I thee advise
 If thou be wise
 To keep thy wit
 Though it be small :
 'Tis rare to get,
 And far to fet,
 'Twas ever yit
 Dear'st ware of all.

THE ASSURED PROMISE OF A CONSTANT
LOVER.

Makes, mates ; y-fere, friendly ; monsters, wonders ; forcing,
 regarding.

When Phoenix shall have many *makes*,
 And fishes shun the silver lakes ;
 When wolves and lambs y-fere shall play,
 And Phœbus cease to shine by day ;
 When grass on marble stone shall grow,
 And every man embrace his foe ;
 When moles shall leave to dig the ground,
 And hares accord with hateful hound ; . . .
 When Pan shall pass Apollo's skill,
 And fools of fancies have their fill ;
 When hawks shall dread the silly fowl,
 And men esteem the nightish owl ;
 When pearl shall be of little price,
 And golden Virtue friend to Vice ;
 When Fortune hath no change in store,—
 Then will I false, and not before !

Till all these *monsters* come to pass
 I am Timetus, as I was.
 My love as long as life shall last,
 Not *forcing* any fortune's blast.
 No threat nor thraldom shall prevail
 To cause my faith one jot to fail;
 But as I was, so will I be,
 A lover and a friend to thee.

IN PRAISE OF LADY ANNE, COUNTESS
 OF WARWICK.

Kind, nature; imps, children; wonne, dwell; passing,
 surpassing; feat, neat; seely, simple.

When Nature first in hand did take
 The clay to frame this Countess' corse,
 The earth a while she did forsake,
 And was compell'd of very force,
 With mould in hand, to flee to skies,
 To end the work she did devise.

The gods that then in council sate,
 Were half-amaz'd, against their *kind*,
 To see so near the stool of state
 Dame Nature stand, that was assign'd
 Among her worldly *imps* to wonne,
 As she until that day had done.

First Jove began, "What, daughter dear,
 Hath made thee scorn thy father's will?
 Why do I see thee, Nature, here,
 That ought'st of duty to fulfil
 Thy undertaken charge at home?
 What makes thee thus abroad to roam?"

Disdainful dame, how did'st thou dare,
So reckless to depart the ground
That is allotted to thy share ?”

And therewithal his godhead frown'd.
“I will,” quoth Nature, “out of hand,
Declare the cause I fled the land.

“I undertook of late a piece
Of clay, a featured face to frame;
To match the courtly dames of Greece,
That for their beauty bear the name ;
But, O good father, now I see
This work of mine it will not be.

“Vicegerent, since you me assign'd
Below in earth, and gave me laws
On mortal wights, and will'd that *kind*
Should make and mar, as she saw cause :
Of right, I think, I may appeal,
And crave your help in this to deal.”

When Jove saw how the case did stand,
And that the work was well begun,
He pray'd to have the helping hand
Of other Gods till he had done :
With willing minds they all agreed,
And set upon the clay with speed.

First Jove each limb did well dispose,
And makes a creature of the clay ;
Next, Lady Venus she bestows
Her gallant gifts as best she may ;
From face to foot, from top to toe,
She let no whit untouch'd to go.

When Venus had done what she could
In making of her carcase brave,
Then Pallas thought she might be bold
Among the rest a share to have ;
A *passing* wit she did convey
Into this passing piece of clay.

Of Bacchus she no member had,
Save features fine and *feat* to see ;
Her head with hair Apollo clad,
That Gods had thought it gold to be :
So glist'ring was the tress in sight
Of this new form'd and featured wight.

Diana held her peace a space,
Until those other Gods had done ;
“ At last,” quoth she, “ in Dian chase
With bow in hand this nymph shall run ;
And chief of all my noble train
I will this virgin entertain.”

Then joyful Juno came and said,
“ Since you to her so friendly are,
I do appoint this noble maid
To match with Mars, his peer for war ;
She shall the Countess Warwick be,
And yield Diana's bow to me.”

When to so good effect it came,
And every member had his grace,
There wanted nothing but a name :
By hap was Mercury then in place,
That said, “ I pray you all agree,
Pandora grant her name to be.

“ For since your godheads forged have
 With one assent this noble dame,
 And each to her a virtue gave,
 This term agreeth to the same.”
 The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
 This tale, did like it passing well.

Report was summon'd then in haste,
 And will'd to bring his trump in hand,
 To blow therewith a sounding blast,
 That might be heard through Brutus' land.
 Pandora straight the trumpet blew,
 That each this Countess Warwick knew.

O seely Nature ! born to pain,
 O woful, wretched kind, I say,
 That to forsake the soil were fain
 To make this Countess out of clay :
 But, O most friendly gods, that would
 Vouchsafe to set your hands to mould.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE
 USED.

Ure, use ; leeke, like ; kind, nature ; annoyed, made hurtful.

Was never aught, by Nature's art
 Or cunning skill, so wisely wrought,
 But man by practice might conuert
 To worser use than Nature thought.

Nor^t yet was ever thing so ill,
 Or may be of so small a price,
 But man may better it by skill,
 And change his sort by sound advice.

So that by proof it may be seen
That all things are as is their ure,
And man may alter Nature clean,
And things corrupt by his abuse.

What better may be found than flame,
To Nature that doth succour pay?
Yet we do oft abuse the same
In bringing buildings to decay :

For those that mind to put in ure
Their malice, moved to wrath and ire,
To wreak their mischief will be sure
To spill and spoil thy house with fire

So Physic, that doth serve for ease
And to re-cure the grievéd soul,
The painful patient may disease,
And make him sick that erst was whole.

The true man and the thief are leeke,
For sword doth serve them both at need,
Save one by it doth safety seek,
And t'other of the spoil to speed.

As law and learning doth redress
That otherwise would go to wrack,
E'en so it doth oft times oppress
And bring the true man to the rack.

Though poison pain the drinker sore
By boiling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refused therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth rest :

And mixed with medicines of proof,
 According to Machaon's art,²
 Doth serve right well for our behoof,
 And succour sends to dying heart.

Yet these and other things were made
 By Nature for the better use,
 But we of custom take a trade
 By wilful will them to abuse.

So nothing is by *kind* so void
 Of vice, and with such virtue fraught,
 But it by us may be *annoyed*,
 And brought in track of time to nought.

Again there is not that so ill
 Below the lamp of Phœbus' light,
 But man may better,—if he will
 Apply his wit to make it right.

OF A DEAF PLAINTIFF, A DEAF DEFENDANT,
 AND A DEAF JUDGE.

—
 Kind, nature.
 —

By hap a man that could not hear,
 But born deaf by *kind*,
 Another cited to the court
 Much like himself to find ;

Whose hearing sense was quite bereft :
 The Judge that of the case
 Should give his verdict, was as deaf
 As deafest in the place.

To Court they came : the Plaintiff pray'd
To have the unpaid rent.
Defendant said, " In grinding I
This weary night have spent."

The Judge beheld them both a while,
" Is this " (at last, quoth he),
" Of all your stirred strife the cause ?
You both her children be :

" Then Reason wills, and Law allows
Your mother should have aid
At both your hands that are her sons."
When thus the Judge had said,

The people laugh'd a good to hear
This well discussed case,
'Twixt two deaf men, and thought him fit
To sit in Judge's place,

Upon so blind a matter, that
Was deaf as any rock :
And thus the simple men were sham'd,
The Justice had a mock.

OF DRUNKENNESS.

At night when ale is in,
Like friends we part to bed ;
In morrow grey when ale is out,
Then hatred is in head.

Men having quaf't
Are friendly overnight :
In dawning dry
A man to man a spright.

OF A RICH MISER.

A miser's mind thou hast,
 Thou hast a prince's pelf :
 Which makes thee wealthy to thine heir,
 A beggar to thyself.

THE NIGGARD AND THE MOUSE.

Cates, dainties ; patch, fool.

Asclepiad, that greedy carle,
 By fortune found a mouse
 (As he about his lodgings look'd,)
 Within his niggish house.

The chiding chuffe began to chafe,
 And (spareful of his cheer)
 Demanded of the silly beast,
 And said, "What mak'st thou here?"

"You need not stand in fear, good friend,"
 The smiling mouse replied,
 "I come not to devour your cates,
 But in your house to bide."

No man this miser I account,
 That chid this hurtless elf :
 No mouse the mouse, but wiser than
 The patch that own'd the pelf.

JOHN HARRINGTON.



SONNET ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.

Whence comes my love ? O heart, disclose ;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :
Whence comes my woe ? as freely own ;
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, "'Tis Cupid's fire ;"
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek.
Yet not a heart to save my pain :
O Venus, take thy gifts again ;
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.



THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

—————
Doom, sentence ; fere, companion ; quest, jury.
—————

At Beauty's bar as I did stand,
When false suspect accused me,
"George (quoth the Judge), hold up thy hand ;
Thou art arraigned of flattery :
Tell, therefore, how thou wilt be tried :
Whose judgment here wilt thou abide ?"

"My lord (quoth I), this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were :
Wherefore her *doom* shall please me best.
Let her be Judge and Juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath."

Quoth Beauty, "No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause :
Will is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws :
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so."

Then Craft the crier called a quest,
Of whom was Falsehood foremost fere,
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear ;
The Jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said I should be trussed.

Jealous the jailer bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill,
"George (quoth the Judge), now art thou cast,
Thou must go hence to Heavy Hill,
And there be hanged all by the head ;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead."

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before Dame Beauty's face,
And cried, "Good lady, pardon me,
Which here appeal unto your grace ;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

"And though this judge do make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good ;
So shall you show yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen."

Quoth Beauty, "Well : because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee,
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life ?"

"Yea, madam," quoth I, "that I shall,
Lo, Faith and Truth, my sureties !"
"Why, then," quoth she, "come when I call,
I ask no better warranties."
Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

—*Flowers.*

A LULLABY.

Eft, again : skill, reason.

Sing lullaby, as women do,
 Wherewith they bring their babes to rest ;
 And lullaby can I sing too,
 As womanly as can the best.
 With lullaby they still the child ;
 And, if I be not much beguil'd,
 Full many wanton babes have I,
 Which must be still'd by lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years !
 It is now time to go to bed :
 For crooked age and hoary hairs,
 Have won the haven within my head.
 With lullaby, then, youth be still,
 With lullaby content thy will ;
 Since courage quails and comes behind,
 Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,
 Which wonted were to glance apace ;
 For every glass may now suffice
 To shew the furrows in my face.
 With lullaby, then, wink a while ;
 With lullaby your looks beguile ;
 Let no fair face, nor beauty bright
 Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will !
 Let Reason's rule now reign thy thought,
 Since all too late I find by *skill*
 How dear I have thy fancies bought.

With lullaby now take thine ease,
 With lullaby thy doubts appease.
 For, trust to this, if thou be still,
 Thy body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
 My will, my ware, and all that was ;
 I can no more' delays devise,
 But, welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
 With lullaby now take your leave,
 With lullaby your dreams deceive ;
 And, when you rise with waking eye,
 Remember then this lullaby. —*Flowers.*

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

Grutch, grudge ; bewray, show.

Amid my bale I bathe in bliss,
 I swim in Heaven, I sink in Hell :
 I find amends for every miss,
 And yet my moan no tongue can tell.
 And live and love (what would you more ?)
 As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
 So jest I oft, and feel no joy ;
 Mine ease is builded all on trust,
 And yet mistrust breeds mine annoy.
 I live and lack, I lack and have ;
 I have and miss the thing I crave.

These things seem strange, yet are they true.
 Believe me, sweet, my state is such,
 One pleasure which I would eschew,

Both slakes my grief and breeds my grutch.
 So doth one pain which I would shun
 Renew my joys where grief begun.

Then like the lark, that pass'd the night
 In heavy sleep with cares opprest,
 Yet, when she spies the pleasant light,
 She sends sweet notes from out her breast ;
 So sing I now, because I think
 How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene again
 Can watch and sing when others sleep,
 And taketh pleasure in her pain,
 To 'wray the woe that makes her weep ;
 So sing I now for to bewray
 The loathsome life I lead away.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
 That know'st my mirth, but not my moan ;
 I pray God grant thee deep delight,
 To live in joys when I am gone.
 I cannot live ; it will not be :
 I die to think to part from thee.

—*Flowers.*

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heav'ns on high perpetually do move ;
 By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
 By hours the days, by days the months remove,
 And then by months the years as fast decay ;
 Yea, Virgil's verse, and Tully's truth do say,
 That Time flieth, and never claps her wings ;
 But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

SONNET ON HIS LOVE.

The stately dames of Rome their pearls did wear
 About their necks to beautify their name ;
 But she whom I do serve her pearls doth bear
 Close in her mouth, and, smiling, show the same.
 No wonder, then, though every word she speaks,
 A jewel seem in judgment of the wise ;
 Since that her sugar'd tongue the passage breaks
 Between two rocks, bedeck't with pearls of price.
 Her hair of gold, her front of ivory,
 (A bloody heart within so white a breast),
 Her teeth of pearl, lips ruby, crystal eye ;
 Needs must I honour her above the rest,
 Since she is formed of none other mould,
 But ruby, crystal, ivory, pearl, and gold !

—*Ferdinando Jeronimi.*

ECHO VERSE.

Well Echo, tell me yet
 How I might come to see
 This comely queen of whom we talk ?
 Oh were she but by thee !
 “ By thee ! ”

By me ! oh were that true,
 How might I see her face,
 How might I know her from the rest,
 Or judge her by her grace ?
 “ Her grace ? ”

Well, then, if so mine eyes
 Be such as they have been,
 Methinks I see among them all
 This same should be the queen.
 “ The queen. ”

GOOD-MORROW.
—Sprite, spirit; than, then.
—

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east ;
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing :
Each willing wight come, bear a part,
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress :
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea, think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness
Had overspread the light ;
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness
Had overpress'd our might :
A glass wherein you may behold
Each storm that stops our breath,
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past.
Doth show his pleasant face :

So must we hope to see God's face,
At last in heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

And of such haps and heavenly joys
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sights, and worldly toys,
Are tokens to behold.
The day is like the day of doom,
The sun, the Son of man ;
The skies, the heavens ; the earth, the tomb,
Wherein we rest till *than*.

The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedeck'd with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell these news :
That as thereby he promised
To drown the world no more,
So by the blood which Christ hath shed,
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes.
But as such dews are dried up quite,
When Phœbus shows his face,
So are such fancies put to flight
Where God doth guide by grace.

The carrion crow, that loathsome beast,
Which cries against the rain,
Both for her hue, and for the rest,
The devil resembleth plain ;

And as with guns we kill the crow,
For spoiling our relief,
The devil so must we o'erthrow,
With gunshot of belief.

The little birds which sing so sweet,
Are like the angels' voice,
Which renders God His praises meet,
And teach us to rejoice :
And as they more esteem that mirth,
Than dread the night's annoy,
So much we deem our days on earth
But hell to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain,
God grant us all his grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In heaven to have a place,
When we may still enjoy that light,
Which never shall decay :
Lord, for thy mercy lend us might,
To see that joyful day !

GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the ling'ring day
In pleasure and delight,
Or after toil and weary way,
Dost seek to rest at night ;
Unto thy pains or pleasures past,
Add this one labour yet,
Ere sleep close up thine eyes too fast,
Do not thy God forget.

But search within the secret thoughts,
What deeds did thee befall,
And if thou find amiss in aught,
To God for mercy call.
Yea, though thou findest nought amiss
Which thou canst call to mind,
Yet evermore remember this,
There is the more behind.

And think how well soe'er it be
That thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee,
So to direct thy way.
Thus if thou try thy daily deeds,
And pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,
And thine shall be the gain.

But if thy sinful sluggish eye,
Will venture for to wink,
Before thy wading will may try
How far thy soul may sink,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed,
Which soft and smooth is made,
May heap more harm upon thy head
Than blows of en'my's blade.

Thus if this pain procure thine ease,
In bed as thou dost lie,
Perhaps it shall not God displease,
To sing thus soberly ;
"I see that sleep is lent me here
To ease my weary bones,
As death at last shall eke appear,
To ease my grievous groans.

“ My daily sports, my paunch full fed,
Have caused my drowsy eye,
As careless life, in quiet led,
Might cause my soul to die :
The stretching arms, the yawning breath,
Which I to bedward use,
Are patterns of the pangs of death,
When life will me refuse ;

“ And of my bed each sundry part,
In shadows, doth resemble
The sundry shapes of death ; whose dart
Shall make my flesh to tremble.
My bed itself is, like the grave,
My sheets the winding-sheet,
My clothes the mould which I must have,
To cover me most meet.

“ The hungry fleas, which frisk so fresh,
To worms I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh,
And leave the bones full bare :
The waking cock that early crows,
To wear the night away,
Puts in my mind the trump that blows
Before the latter day.

“ And as I rise up lustily,
When sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully,
To judgment at the last.
Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,
Thus will I hope to rise,
Thus will I neither wail nor weep,
But sing in godly wise.

“My bones shall in this bed remain,
My soul in God shall trust,
By whom I hope to rise again,
From death and earthly dust.”

—*Flowers.*

THE PRAISE OF PHILIP SPARROW.

Of all the birds that I do know,
Philip my Sparrow hath no peer :
For sit she high, or lie she low,
Be she far off, or be she near,
There is no bird so fair, so fine,
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

Come in a morning merrily,
When Philip hath been lately fed,
Or in an evening soberly,
When Philip list to go to bed :
It is a heaven to hear my Phip,
How she can chirp with cheery lip.

She never wanders far abroad,
But is at hand when I do call,
If I command she lays on load,¹
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all :
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer,
That I believe she hath no peer.

And yet besides all this good sport,
My Philip can both sing and dance,
With new found toys of sundry sort,
My Philip can both prick and prance :
As if you say but “Fend cut Phip,”
Lord how the pet will turn and skip.

Her feathers are so fresh of hue,
And so well pruned every day,
She lacks none oil, I warrant you,
To trim her tail both trick and gay :
And though her mouth be somewhat wide,
Her tongue is sweet and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,
She is both tender, sweet, and soft :
She never lacketh dainty fare,
But is well fed and feedeth oft :
For if my Phip have lust to eat,
I warrant you Phip lacks no meat.

And then if that her meat be good,
And such as like do love alway :
She will lay lips thereon, by the rood,
And see that none be cast away :
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

And to tell truth he were to blame,
Which had so fine a bird as she ;
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or jealousy :
He were a churl and knew no good.
Would see her faint for lack of food.

Wherefore I sing and ever shall,
To praise as I have often prov'd,
There is no bird amongst them all,
So worthy for to be belov'd.
Let other praise what bird they will,
Sweet Philip shall be my bird still.

—Weeds.

THE STEEL GLASS.

Glozing, flattering; covine, fraud.

Therefore I like this trusty glass of steel. . . .
And therewithal, to comfort me again,
I see a world of worthy government :
A commonwealth with policy so ruled
As neither laws are sold, nor justice bought,
Nor riches sought, unless it be by right :
No cruelty nor tyranny can reign ;
No right revenge doth raise rebellion ;
No spoils are ta'en although the sword prevail ;
No riot spends the coin of commonwealth ;
No rulers hoard the country's treasure up ;
No man grows rich by subtilty nor sleight ;
All people dread the magistrate's decree,
And all men fear the scourge of mighty Jove.
Lo this, my Lord, may well deserve the name
Of such a land as milk and honey flows.
And this I see, within my Glass of Steel,
Set forth even so, by Solon, worthy wight,
Who taught King Cræsus what it is to seem,
And what to be, by proof of happy end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon King,
Did set to show, by view of this my glass,
And left the same, a mirror to behold,
To every prince of his posterity.

But now, aye me ! the glozing Crystal Glass
Doth make us think that realm and towns are rich
Where favour sways the sentence of the law ;
Where all is fish that cometh to the net ;
Where mighty power doth overrule the right ;
Where injuries do foster secret grudge ;

Where bloody sword make every booty prize ;
Where banqueting is counted comely cost ;
Where officers grow rich by princes' pens,
Where purchase comes by covine and deceit ;
And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serve God but only tongue-tied men.

Again I see, within my Glass of Steel,
But four estates to serve each country soil,
The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
The King should care for all the subjects still,
The Knight should fight for to defend the same,
The Peasant he should labour for their ease,
And Priests should pray for them and for themselves.

But out alas ! such mists do blear our eyes,
And crystal glass doth glister so therewith,
That kings conceive their care is wondrous great
When(as) they beat their busy, restless brains,
To maintain pomp and high triumphant sights ;
To feed their fill of dainty delicates ;
To glad their hearts with sight of pleasant sports ;
To fill their ears with sound of instruments ;
To break with bit the hot courageous horse ;
To deck their halls with sumptuous cloth of gold ;
To clothe themselves with silks of strange device ;
To search the rocks for pearls and precious stones,
To delve the ground for mines of glistering gold,
And never care to maintain peace and rest ;
To yield relief when needy lack appears ;
To stop one ear until the poor man speak ;
To seem to sleep when Justice still doth wake ;
To guard their lands from sudden sword and fire ;
To fear the cries of guiltless suckling babes,
Whose ghosts may call for vengeance on their blood,
And stir the wrath of mighty thundering Jove.

ODE TO MARS.

Oh fierce and furious Mars ! whose harmful heart,
Rejoiceth most to shed the guiltless blood,
Whose heady will doth all the world subvert,
And doth envy the pleasant merry mood
Of one estate, that erst in quiet stood.
Why dost thou thus our harmless town annoy,
Which mighty Bacchus governéd in joy.

Father of war and death, that dost remove
With wrathful wreck from woful mother's breast,
The trusty pledges of their tender love,
So grant the gods that for our final rest,
Dame Venus' pleasant looks may please thee best,
Whereby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou mayst prove some other way full well
The bloody prowess of thy mighty spear,
Wherewith thou raisest from the depth of hell
The wrathful sprites of all the furies there,
Who when they wake do wander everywhere,
And never rest to range about the coasts,
T' enrich the pit with spoil of damned ghosts.

And when thou hast our fields forsaken thus,
Let cruel Discord bear thee company,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venomous,
E'en she that can with red vermillion dye
The gladsome green that flourish'd pleasantly,
And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,
To sup the blood of murder'd bodies up.

Yet thou return, oh joy and pleasant Peace !
From whence thou didst against our will depart ;
Nor let thy worthy mind from travail cease
To chase disdain out of the poison'd heart,
That raiséd war to all our pains and smart,
E'en from the breast of Œdipus his son,
Whose swelling pride hath all this jar begun.

And thou, great God ! that dost all things decree,
And sit'st on high above the starry skies ;
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that be,
Regard not his offence, but hear our cries,
And speedily redress our miseries :
For what cause we, poor woful wretches, do
But crave thy aid, and only cleave thereto.

—*Jocasta*, Act ii.

BARNABY GOOGE.

TO THE TUNE OF APELLES.

The rushing rivers that do run,
The vallies sweet adorning new
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flowers fresh of sundry hue,
Both ash and elm, and oak so high,
Do all lament my woeful cry.

While winter black with hideous storms
Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
While spring-time sweet the leaf returns
That, late, on tree could not be seen,
While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
But endless torment I sustain,
Since first, alas ! my woeful heart
By sight of thee was forced to plain, —
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou madest a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought ;
Once reason rul'd and guided me,
And now is wit consumed with thought ;
Once I rejoiced above the sky,
And now for thee, alas ! I die.

Once I rejoic'd in company,
And now my chief and sole delight
Is from my friends away to fly
And keep alone my wearied sprite.
Thy face divine and my desire
From flesh have me transform'd to fire.

O Nature ! thou that first didst't frame
My Lady's hair of purest gold,
Her face of crystal to the same,
Her lips of precious rubies' mould,
Her neck of alabaster white,—
Surmounting far each other wight :

Why didst thou not that time devise,
Why didst thou not forsee, before
The mischief that thereof doth rise
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone
And not of flint and marble stone ?

O Lady ! show thy favour yet :
Let not thy servant die for thee !
Where Rigour rul'd let Mercy sit !
Let Pity conquer Cruelty !
Let not Disdain, a fiend of Hell,
Possess the place where grace should dwell !

—*Eclogues, etc.*

HARPALUS' COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDA'S
LOVE

BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT.

Y-fere, companions ; for-watched, over-watched ; prest, ready.

Phillida was a fair maid,
And fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpalus the herdman pray'd
To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen, both y-fere ;
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win ;
For Corin was her only joy,
Who loved^t her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make,
Of cowslips and of columbine,
And all for Corin's sake !

But Corin, he had hawks to lure,
And lovéd^t more the field ;
Of lovers' law he took no cure,
For once he was beguiled.

Harpalus prevailéd nought ;
His labour all was lost ;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clod of clay :
His flesh it was consuméd clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,
His hair hung all unkemp't :
A man most fit e'en for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all for-watch'd ;
His face besprent with tears :
It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare ;
As one forlorn was he ;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale ;
And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus,—thus would he say—
Unhappiest under sun !
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was first begun !

For thou went'st first by suit to seek
A Tiger to make tame,
That sets not by thy love a leek,
But makes thy grief her game.

As easy 'twere for to convert
The frost into a flame,
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

Corin he liveth caréless,
He leaps among the leaves ;
He eats the fruits of thy redress,
Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
And hark'n your herdsman's sound ;
Whom spiteful love, alas ! hath slain,
Through girt with many a wound.

But, well-a-way ! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so fair :
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all too dear.

What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part ?
Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart ?

I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest ;
To t' end that I may want my breath,
My days be at the best.

O Cupid, grant this my request,
And do not stop thine ears ;
That she may feel within her breast
The pains of my despairs !

“Of Corin that is caréless,
 That she may crave her fee ;
 As I have done in great distress,
 That loved her faithfully !

But since that I shall die her slave,
 Her slave, and eke her thrall,
 Write you, my friends, upon my grave
 This chance that is befall :

“Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
 Whom cruel love hath slain :
 Whom Phillida unjustly thus
 Hath murder'd with disdain.”

—*Tottel's Miscellany.*

THE FLY.

—
 Sely, foolish.
 —

Once musing as I sat,
 And candle burning by,
 When all were hush'd, I might discern
 A simple, sely fly ;
 That flew before mine eyes,
 With free rejoicing heart,
 And here and there with wings did play,
 As void of pain and smart.
 Sometime by me she sat
 When she had play'd her fill ;
 And ever when she rested had

About she flutter'd still.
 When I perceived her well
 Rejoicing in her place,
 "O happy fly!" (quoth I,) and eke
 O worm in happy case!
 Which of us two is best?
 I that have reason? No:
 But thou that reason art without,
 And therefore void of woe.
 I live, and so dost thou:
 But I live all in pain,
 And subject am to Her, alas!
 That makes my grief her gain.
 Thou livest, but feel'st no grief;
 No love doth thee torment.
 A happy thing for me it were
 (If God were so content)
 That thou with pen were placed here
 And I sat in thy place:
 Then I should joy as thou dost now,
 And thou shouldst wail thy case.

—*Eclogues, etc.*

A REFUSAL

Since¹ Fortune favours not,
 And all things backward go,
 And since your mind hath so decreed,
 To make an end of woe.
 Since now is no redress,
 But hence I must away,
 Farewell, I waste no vainer words,
 I hope for better day.

—*Eclogues, etc.*

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

The oft'ner seen, the more I lust,
The more I lust, the more I smart,
The more I smart, the more I trust,
The more I trust, the heavier heart,
The heavy heart breeds mine unrest,
Thy absence therefore I like best.

The rarer seen, the less in mind,
The less in mind, the lesser pain,
The lesser pain, less grief I find,
The lesser grief, the greater gain,
The greater gain, the merrier I,
Therefore I wish thy sight to fly.

The further off, the more I joy,
The more I joy, the happier life,
The happier life, less hurts annoy,
The lesser hurts, pleasure most rife,
Such pleasures rife shall I obtain
When distance doth depart us twain.

—*Eclogues, etc.*

THOMAS MARSHALL.



REMEMBER.

Still, ever.

To die, Dame Nature did man frame ;
Death is a thing most perfect sure ;
We ought not Nature's works to blame ;
She made no thing *still* to endure.
That law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again :
To render right we must not scorn ;
Death is due debt ; it is no pain.

Death hath in all the earth a right ;
His power is great ; it stretcheth far ;
No lord, no prince can 'scape his might ;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor,—who can deny ?—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

Seeing no man then can Death 'scape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,
We ought not fear his carrion shape ;
He only brings ill men to pain.
If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery ;
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
Let him think on his dying day ;
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
Let him account he must away.
This thought makes man to God a friend ;
This thought doth banish pride and sin ;
This thought doth bring a man in th' end
Where he of Death the field shall win.

JASPER HEYWOOD.



LOOK ERE YOU LEAP.

—
Sent, assent.
—

If thou in surety safe will sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spend no more words than shall seem fit,
Let tongue in silence talk expel :
In all things that thou seest men bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,
Makers, Doers, and Lookers-on ;
The Lookers-on have liberty,
Both the others to judge upon :
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

The Makers oft are in fault found :
The Doers doubt of praise or shame ;
The Lookers-on find surest ground,
They have the fruit yet free from blame :
This doth persuade in all here meant,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

The proverb is not south and west,
Which hath be said long time ago,—
Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe :
The best way is in all world's sent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

—*Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

NICHOLAS UDALL.



THE MINION WIFE.

Minion, darling.

Who so to marry a minion wife,
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she list^t to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs so ever he go,
He must show her all his mind,
None of his counsels she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.

—*Ralph Roister Doister.*

BISHOP STILL.



I CANNOT EAT BUT LITTLE MEAT.

—
Crab, crab-apple ; wold, wish.
—

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a *crab* laid in the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold ;
I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tip, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

—*Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

PARKER, LORD MORLEY.



TO HIS POSTERITY.

Wold, wished.

Never was I less alone, than being alone,
Here in this chamber, foul thoughts had I none :
But always I thought to bring the mind to rest,
But that thought of all thoughts I judge the best.
For if my coffers had been full of pearl or gold,
And fortune had favoured me e'en that I wold ;
The mind out of quiet, so sage Seneca saith,
It had been no felicity but a painful death.
Love then who love well to stand in high degree :
I blame him not a whit so that he follow me,
And take his loss as quietly as when that he doth win,
Then Fortune hath no mastery of that state he is in,
But rules and is not ruled, and takes the better part,
Oh, that man is blessed that learns this gentle art ;
This was my felicity, my pastime, and my gain,
I wish all my posterity then could come the same.

“ Si ita Deo placet, ita fiat ! ”

VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.



A RENUNCIATION.

Fond, foolish; haggard, wild hawk.

If women could be fair, and yet not *fond*,
Or that their love was firm, not fickle still,
I would not wonder that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good-will;
But when I see how frail these creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

THE SHEPHERD'S COMMENDATION
OF HIS NYMPH.

—
Eyne, eyes.
—

What shepherd can express
The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye ;

From which each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire,
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire ;
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield
And render up his right ;
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceeds the damask rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Where every favour grows ;
 In sky there is no star,
 But she surmounts it far.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In fair carnation-wise,
 He shows in my nymph's face,
 As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread,
 These sunbeams in mine eye,
 These beauties make me die.

—*The Phoenix Nest.*

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD
BUCKHURST.



SORROW.

Wight, creature; forwaste, wasted away; outbrast, burst
forth; fold, folded; welked, clouded; doom, judgment.

And straight, forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight whom woe had all forwaste.
Forth from her eyes the crystal tears outbrast;
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrung and *fold*,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought opprest;
Her welkéd face with woeful tears besprent;
Her colour pale; and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposéd was her rest.
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swoln, with flowing streams afloat,
Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks that echoed in the sky;
That, in my *doom*, was never man did see
A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

—Induction to “*Mirror for Magistrates*.”

WINTER.

—
Treen, trees ; tapets, tapestries.
—

The wrathful Winter, hast'ning on apace,
 With blustering blasts had all y-bar'd the treen,
 And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
 With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green ;
 The mantles rent, wherein enwrappéd been
 The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
 The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
 Was all despoilé'd of her beauty's hue ;
 And sweet^t fresh flowers, (wherewith the Summer's queen
 Had clad the earth), now Boreas' blasts down blew :
 And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
 The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
 In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
 And dropping down the tears abundantly ;
 Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
 The cruel season ; bidding me withhold
 Myself within, for I was gotten out
 Into the fields, where(as) I walked about.

—*Induction to "Mirror for Magistrates."*

MIDNIGHT.

—
Brere, briar.
—

Midnight was come, and every vital thing
With sweet, sound sleep their weary limbs did rest ;
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,
Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,
The old and all well shrouded in their nest ;
 The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
 The woods, and fields, and all things held their
 peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting-place,
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night :
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
 The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
 The partridge dream'd not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear ;
The stag lay still unroused from the brake ;
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear :
All things were still, in desert, bush, and brere.
 " The quiet heart, now from their travails rest,"
 Soundly they slept, in most of all their rest.

—*Mirror for Magistrates.*

ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS FROM THE
 "MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES."

Stent, ceased ; 'stained, astonished ; fet, fetched ; keep, heed ;
 fere, companion ; forwaste, wasted utterly ; eld forlore, old age
 forlorn ; foregone, lost ; enthirling, piercing ; eftsoons, soon ;
 dicht, clothed.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
 Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
 With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
 Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
 To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament,
 With thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
 So was her mind continually in fear,
 Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
 With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
 With foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there ;
 Benumb'd of speech ; and, with a ghastly look,
 Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear,
 His cap borne up with staring of his hair :
 'Stoin'd and amazed at his own shade for dread,
 And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the entry of this lake,
 Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire ;
 Devising means how she may vengeance take ;

Never in rest, till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met :
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas ! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight :

His face was lean, and somedeal pined away
And eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one ;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare ;
His drink, the running stream ; his cup, the bare
Of his palm clos'd ; his bed, the hard cold ground :
To this poor life was Misery y-bound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;

And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briars ;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in
With tawed hands, and hard y-tanned skin ;

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work y-run ;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
Small *keep* took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath :

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fere was he,
And of our life in earth the better part ;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that are and oft that never be ;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Croesus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found :
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,

As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life :

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forwaste ;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseeke !

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he
That in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,—
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit ;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it :
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground y-lain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought :

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good

To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvell'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed :
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,¹
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,
His scalp all bald,² and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;
Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath ;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was plac'd ;
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone ;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Nor could she brook no meat but broths alone ;
Her breath corrupt ; her keepers every one
Abhorring her ; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see !
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine might we see ;
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died :
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas ! was gnawen everywhere,
All full of holes ; that I ne might refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay ;
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw ;
With gaping jaws, that by no means y-may
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself, as she that hath no law ;
Gnawing, alas ! her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might ;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal, pale Death
Enthirling it, to reave her of her breath :

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight ;
No peers, nor princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, nor realms, cities, nor strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand, (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me ;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardy ;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood war, in glittering arms y-clad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued ;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,

That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued ;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consumed, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd :
His face forhew'd with wounds : and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

NOTES.



The words in inverted commas are the original readings.

PAGE

1. SPRING SONG.—The first English song set to musical notes. (1) 'bloweth;' (2) 'ne swick.'
2. LOVE SONG.—There are two more stanzas in the original. (1) 'lud;' (2) 'Ichot;' (3) 'on hen;' (4) 'but.'
3. THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE, dates from end of thirteenth century. There is another stanza in the original. (1) 'sike.'
6. THE BROAD AND NARROW WAYS.—Original spelling save the thorn letter—th.
8. EDWARD IN BRABAND.—(1) 'wonneing;' (2) 'umstride;' (3) 'heviddes;' (4) 'hat.'
12. SIR PENNY.—I have taken only about one-half of this poem. There are several other pieces in praise of this knight. (1) 'lenkettis;' (2) 'nything.'
14. THE FOX AND THE FISHERMAN.—(1) 'luge;' (2) 'yed;' (3) 'intill;' (4) 'lauchtane,' perhaps—clo. h.
15. FREEDOM.—(1) 'na ellys nocht;' (2) 'thyrlodom.'
19. ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.—(1) 'take her good;' (2) 'tofore;' (3) *i.e.*, as the saying is, in ill-luck; (4) 'forthy.'
21. TALE OF COFFERS.—(1) 'meind;' (2) 'tofore;' (3) *i.e.*, saith to; (4) 'forthy.'
24. PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE.—(1) 'brenneth,' 'renneth;' (2) 'lover.'
26. MACBETH AND THE WITCHES.—(1) 'sittand,' 'gangand;' (2) 'syne.'
27. LAMENT FOR CHAUCER.—This extract includes two separate passages. (1) 'quyte;' (2) 'suedest;' (3) *i.e.*, Death; (4) 'descreyve.'

PAGE

30. LONDON LACKPENNY.—Original title, 'Lickpenny.' (1) the badge of a Sergeant-at-Law; (2) 'of;'; (3) *i.e.*, Cannon Street, where 'London stone' stood.
34. A MÆDIEVAL SCHOOLBOY —(1) 'yove;'; (2) compare Shakespeare's schoolboy in 'The Seven Ages of Man;'; (3) 'stall.'
38. AS STRAIGHT AS A RAM'S HORN.—Skelton has the phrase, 'As right as a ram's horn.' (1) 'rightwysness.'
40. DESCRIPTION OF HIS PRISON GARDEN.—This is clearly copied from the earlier part of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. (1) 'herbere,' *i.e.*, a place for growing shrubs; (2) 'ympnis;'; (3) *i.e.*, with the stanza next; (4) *i.e.*, state of bliss; (5) 'stent;'; (6) 'makis.'
42. DESCRIPTION OF HIS LOVE, *i.e.*, Lady Jane Beaufort.—(1) 'mo;'; (2) 'thraw;'; (3) 'balas lemyng;'; (4) 'emeraut;'; (5) 'spangis;'; (6) there is clearly something wrong here: Skeat suggests *round crokettis*, a kind of curled tuft; *jonettes*, *i.e.*, broom; (7) 'fyre amaille;'; (8) 'lowe;'; (9) 'facture.'
45. GOOD COUNSEL.—Attributed to James I. An imitation of Chaucer's *Fly from the Press*. The refrain resembles the proverbial "Give an inch and he'll take an ell." (1) *i.e.*, fear no terror; (2) *i.e.*, when thou comest to count it; (3) 'thou dant.'
47. THE ABBEY WALK.—Lydgate has a poem with the same refrain; (1) 'on case;'; (2) 'of;'; (3) *i.e.*, one and the other; (4) *i.e.*, with reason; (5) 'but;'; (6) 'heicht;'; (7) 'heis.'
49. GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.—(1) 'lessum;'; (2) 'mailyheis;'; (3) 'thole;'; (4) 'hals-ribbane;'; (5) 'schone.'
51. THREE DEAD SKULLS. Attributed sometimes to Patrick Johnston.—(1) 'holkit;'; (2) 'wallowit;'; (3) 'palpis;'; 'hales;'; (4) 'phisnamour.'
52. THE UPLAND AND BURGESS MOUSE.—Upland, up-a-land, upland, country; *i.e.*, *Jack Upland* was the common name for a countryman. (1) 'Wynnit;'; (2) 'buk;'; (3) *i.e.*, on what they can hunt up; (4) 'thollit;'; (5) 'but;'; (6) 'kist;'; (7) 'un;'; (8) 'heartlie;'; (9) 'kithit;'; (10) 'yeid;'; (11) 'do;'; 'on;'; (12) 'prompit;'; (13) 'buskis;'; (14) 'strikin in tailyeis;'; (15) 'speirit at;'; (16) *i.e.*, at a loss for good advice; (17) 'kith.'
56. MORAL.—(1) sickness.
56. CRESSEID.—(1) *i.e.*, leper's warning bell; (2) 'samin;'; (3) 'almous;'; (4) 'blink;'; (5) 'while.'

PAGE

58. VISION OF ÆSOP.—Notice the alliteration in the second stanza. (1) 'gerses;' (2) 'unhecked;' (3) 'locker;' (4) 'woning;' (5) 'couth;' (6) 'samin.'
60. PRAISE OF AGE.—(1) 'garth;' (2) 'ganestand while;' (3) 'syne.'
63. THE MERLE AND NIGHTINGALE.—(1) 'so salust;' (2) 'is tynt;' (3) 'eild;' (4) 'kythit;' (5) 'fruster;' (6) 'deid;' (7) *i.e.*, whose earnest dispute moved my thoughts.
67. CHRIST'S NATIVITY.—(1) 'liffis;' (2) 'in;' (3) 'is;' (4) *i.e.*, cinque and size at dice.
69. TO A LADY.—(1) 'to heaven' is not in original; it was suggested by Pinkerton.
69. ADVICE TO LOVERS.—Attributed to Dunbar.
70. THE CHANGES OF LIFE.—(1) 'stangis,' 'eddar.'
71. NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS.—(1) 'wysure;' (2) *i.e.*, thou possessest the rest only with sorrow; (3) 'laif;' (4) *i.e.*, scroll or account; from 'ragman-roll,' whence 'rigmarole.'
73. MEDITATION IN WINTER.—I have adopted Ellis's reading in stanza 6, line 4. (1) 'in to thir;' (2) 'dois;' (3) *i.e.*, The King's Court; (4) 'quhill;' (5) 'syne deid;' (6) 'kist;' (7) 'that.'
75. THE WORLD'S INSTABILITY.—(1) 'abayd;' (2) 'bristis;' (3) 'lessoun.'
77. LAMENT FOR THE MAKARS.—Dunbar clearly had the Danse Macabre, or Dance of Death, in mind when writing this poem. (1) 'bruckle;' (2) 'Erd;' (3) 'anarmit;' (4) 'piscence;' (5) 'padyanes, syne;' (6) 'awnteris;' (7) 'deid;' (8) 'on forse.'
81. A MAY DAY-DREAM.—Notice the wonderful simile for the sun in l. 4. (1) 'stern;' (2) 'rosere;' (3) 'purpur;' (4) 'hoppis,' 'croppis,' 'knoppis,' 'droppis,' 'sloppis;' (5) stanneris; (6) probably—(or), *i.e.*, red (Warton); (7) 'merse;' (8) 'rispis;' (9) 'kell;' (10) 'wyppit;' (11) 'pappes.'
83. CROWNING THE SCOTTISH LION.—(1) 'sirculit;' (2) 'cluvis,' *i.e.*, hoofs.
84. THE KING AND QUEEN OF FLOWERS.—(1) 'thrissil;' (2) 'kepit;' (3) 'in sic;' (4) 'macull.'
85. THISTLE AND ROSE.—(1) 'halsit;' (2) 'slomering.'

PAGE

91. **THE DEVIL'S INQUEST.**—Very similar to *The Devil's Walk*. (1) 'sairis;' (2) 'baxter;' (3) 'leuch;' (4) 'syisis;' (5) 'chaip;' (6) 'widdy.'
95. **AMENDS TO TAILORS.**—(1) 'schone;' (2) 'erd;' 'supplie' in the last stanza but one, probably means 'assistance.'
98. **REMEMBER THE END.**—The only known production of this author, who was one of the Pope's knights in 1500. (1) 'stark;' (2) 'feir' (3) 'sover foront.'
100. **PRaise OF AGE.**—(1) 'eterne.' The last stanza in the original has 'clayes' and 'faes.'
102. **TO ISABELL.**—(1) *i.e.*, odorous fair rose; (2) 'jeloffer;' *i.e.*, carnations, etc.; (3) 'morrow.'
103. **ON A SKULL.**—(1) 'shyderyd;' (2) there is a play upon words 'checkmated' and 'draughts' here; (3) 'dyne.'
105. **TO MISTRESS WENTWORTH.**—(1) 'Margerain,' *i.e.*, an herb.
106. **CALLIOPE.**—(1) 'Somdele.'
110. **PHILLIP SPARROW.**—(1) A usual phrase applied to sparrows. (2) 'carlyshe;' (3) a fabulous feast, with the face of a man, body of a lion, tail of a scorpion, and voice of a serpent.
115. **TO MISTRESS HUSSEY.**—(1) *i.e.*, a hawk that towers aloft; (2) *i.e.*, Hysipyle; (3) *i.e.*, perfumes compounded into a ball to be carried in the pocket; (4) 'erst;' (5) 'corteise.'
117. **MORNING IN MAY.**—(1) 'ischit of;' (2) 'crammysin;' (3) 'onschet;' (4) 'stremouris;' (5) 'purpur sprangis;' (6) 'barmkin;' (7) 'blessand;' (8) 'abulyeit;' (9) 'lemand;' (10) 'lowne;' (11) 'sulyart,' *i.e.*, sultry; (12) 'embrode with selcouth;' (13) 'porturat;' (14) 'burnet;' (15) 'fauch;' (16) 'haw-wally;' (17) 'on lappit;' (18) 'emerant;' (19) 'lowys;' (20) 'brownes;' (21) 'seir;' (22) *i.e.*, the crow; (23) 'rakes;' (24) 'clepe;' (25) 'ledis;' (26) 'crowdis;' (27) *i.e.*, filling the sky with noise; (28) 'galys;' (29) 'twystis trymlit;' (30) 'hauntes.'
122. **SLEEP.**—(1) 'dreis;' (2) 'sternis;' (3) 'onrestless fay spreit.'
123. **SPRING.**—(1) 'florist;' (2) 'als feil consatis.'
124. **LOVE THE ENSLAVER.**—(1) 'creelit;' (2) 'worths;' (3) 'trigiths.'
126. **BALLAD ON HONOUR.**—Notice the numerous internal rhymes in these lines: the meaning is often very obscure. (1) 'at.'
129. **PRaise OF MODERATION.**—(1) 'mesuratly.'

PAGE

134. A NEW-MARRIED STUDENT.—Called by Warton 'the first pointed English epigram;' sometimes attributed to Wyatt. Published in Tottel's Miscellany.
135. HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.—(1) 'moreattour; (2) 'exponis.'
136. THE CREATION OF ADAM.—(1) *i.e.*, the music of the spheres.
137. THE BUILDING OF BABEL.—(1) 'Nembroth,' throughout.
139. MELDRUM'S DUEL.—(1) 'outterit; (2) 'lap; (3) 'gart; (4) 'tyne.'
141. THE CARMAN'S LAWSUIT.—(1) 'querrell; (2) 'syne; (3) 'gart.'
144. TRUST IN WOMEN.—(1) cf. Skelton, p. 115, note 1.
146. ROBIN HOOD.—Probably the oldest of the large cycle of Robin Hood Ballads. The extract is from the fifth fit or part. The next ballad is of considerably later date. (1) 'busshement.'
156. THE NUT-BROWN MAID.—Nutbrown, *i.e.*, brunette.
171. MY SWEET SWEETING.—'Sweeting,' as a term of endearment, occurs several times in Shakespeare, and in the *Disobedient Child* interlude. (1) A term of endearment, used by many old writers, as Skelton; occurs in Ralph Roister Doister, and in *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, v. 1. Said by Ritson to be derived from 'pigs eye,' which is small.
172. I HAD BOTH MONEY.—In an old volume of part songs, once the property of Henry VIII., and afterwards of John Heywood.
173. BALLAD ON MONEY.—Compare Lydgate's *London Lackpenny*, p. 30.
175. EARLIEST SEA-SONG.—Temp. Henry VIII. (1) Cargoes of pilgrims were sent yearly to the shrine of St. James of Compost'ella.
179. CARE AWAY.—From an MS. of 15th century.
180. LUSTY JUVENTUS: a Morality play, attributed to one R. Wever, temp. Edward VI.
181. CREATION AND PARADISE LOST.—(1) 'ilk; (2) 'syne.'
185. HENCE, HEART.—(1) 'leiver; (2) 'garth.'
187. EAGLE AND ROBIN.—Doubtfully attributed to Scot. (1) 'lamier; (2) 'eild; (3) 'ze.'

PAGE

195. PRAISE OF HIS LADY.—Compare Surrey's poem, p. 227.
201. CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH.—The Clown in *Twelfth Night* sings snatches of this song. There are eight more lines in the original. (1) 'lemau.'
205. RENOUNCING OF LOVE.—(1) 'parfit.'
206. THE LOVER FORSAKETH.—(1) 'default.'
209. BLAME NOT MY LUTE.—(1) *i.e.*, altho' thou secretly break my strings. The moralization dates *Circa* 1560.
212. ON HIS RETURN.—(1) *i.e.*, 'pure gold;' Temes (in l. 3) is, of course, the Thames; (2) refers to a tradition in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle.
218. COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY.—Imitated from a sonnet by Petrarch on the same subject.
219. A CARELESS MAN.—The second edition of Tottel contains a poem, *The Dissembling Lover*, in answer to this piece.
222. COMPLAINT OF A LOVER.—Translated from Petrarch (Sonnet 109) by both Surrey and Wyatt.
222. PRISONED AT WINDSOR.—(1) An allusion, perhaps, to his early friendship with the Duke of Richmond, son to Henry VIII., who was afterwards married to Surrey's sister; (2) *i.e.*, watched the game from the roof; (3) *i.e.*, where the game was run down, not shot: could 'force' be a misprint for 'grasse,' hart of grace?
225. SPRING.—(1) 'soote;' (2) 'make.'
225. VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY: translated from Petrarch.
226. BEAUTIES OF MORNING.—Extracted from a long poem in Tottel, somewhat doubtfully attributed to Surrey, on the strength of a passage in Turberville.
227. PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.—Compare Heywood's poem, p. 195, and also Surrey's Epitaph on Wyatt, p. 232.
228. THE HAPPY LIFE.—Translated from Martial.
233. DEATH OF LAOCOON.—The beginning of this extract was probably the first piece of blank verse written in the English language.
235. ASSAULT OF CUPID.—There are some modern versions of this poem. (1) 'kaies.'
237. AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE,—Quoted in *Hamlet*, v. 1.

PAGE

239. GREY HAIRS.—Sometimes attributed to William Hunnis.
(1) There is a play upon words here, 'ground' being an old musical term for an air on which 'divisions' *i. e.*, variations, were made.
242. A TRUE LOVE.—(1) 'the'; Linton reads as in text.
243. ON FRIENDSHIP.—(1) 'friendly.'
245. PRAISE OF MEASURE-KEEPING.—(1) 'atwene.'
247. MAY SONG.—Mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland*, 1548.
254. AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.—(1) 'ne.'
256. AMANTIUM IRÆ.—I omit two stanzas. The entire of the apophthegm, which is from Terence is 'amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.'
259. FORTUNE'S POWER.—(1) 'gold'; altered to suit the metre.
260. WOMEN.—Ascribed to Edwards by Ellis.—(1) 'fleet.'
261. MUSIC.—This song, from the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, is quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5. The version in the text is that given in Percy's *Reliques*, which differs somewhat from that in the *Paradise*.
265. GOOD-HUSBAND AND UNTHRIFT.—(1) Referring to an old proverb, "Over-many masters, as the toad said when under the harrow," *i. e.*, getting more kicks than halfpence.
268. TIME AND THE YEAR.—This extract contains portions of two separate poems. The ideas are taken from Horace.
(1) Cf. Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage," etc.
271. THE LOVER CONFESSETH; sixteen more lines in the original.
276. ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE USED.—(1) 'ne;'; (2) *i. e.*, a famous physician, a son of Æsculapius.
284. A LULLABY.—One stanza omitted. (1) 'mo.'
293. PRAISE OF PHILIP SPARROW.—Cf. Skelton's poem, p. 110.
(1) To lay on load, *i. e.*, to strike violently and repeatedly (Halliwell).
301. HARPALUS AND PHILLIDA.—Attributed to Googe; (1) 'forst.'
305. A REFUSAL.—(1) 'sith,' and in l. 5,
310. THE MINION WIFE.—From our first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*. (1) 'lust'

PAGE

311. I CANNOT EAT BUT LITTLE MEAT.—'The first drinking-song of any merit, in our language' (Warton), occurs in the second English comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, printed 1575, written by Still. Some attribute this song to Skelton. Dyce gives a very full version in his edition of that poet's works.
313. TO HIS POSTERITY.—Written over his bedchamber door.
318. WINTER.—(1) 'soot.'
320. ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS.—The prefix *for* as an intensive (*very, quite*) is greatly used in this poem, *e.g.*, 'forhewed,' 'forgone.' (1) *i.e.*, sometimes went on a stick and sometimes on two crutches; (2) 'pild.'

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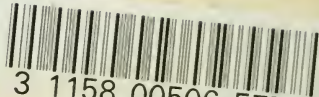
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