THE ROWLEY POEMS

By

Thomas Chatterton

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The Death of Chatterton by Henry Wallis
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POEMS

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

THE THIRD EDITION;

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LANGUAGE OF THESE
POEMS;
TENDING TO PROVE,
THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR,
BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

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at the MEWS-GATE.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

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

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

Of Chatterton's mother little need be said. Gentle and rather foolish, she was devoted to her two children Mary and, his sister's junior by two years, Thomas the Poet. Of these Mary seems to have inherited the colourless character of her mother; but Thomas must always have been remarkable. We have the fullest accounts of his childhood, and the details that might with another set down as chronicles of the nursery will be seen to have their importance in the case of this boy who set himself consciously to be famous when he was eight, wrote fine imaginative verse before he was thirteen, and killed himself aged seventeen and nine months.

Thomas, then, was a moody baby, a dull small boy who knew few of his letters at four; and was superannuated -- such was his impenetrability to learning -- at the age of five from the school of which his father had been master. He was moreover till the age of six and a half so frequently subject to long fits of abstraction and of apparently causeless crying that his mother and grand mother feared for his reason and thought him 'an absolute fool'. We are told also by his sister -- and there is no incongruity in the two accounts -- that he early displayed a taste for 'preheminence and would preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants'. At seven and a half he dissipated his mother's fear that she had borne a fool by rapidly learning to read in a great black-letter Bible; for characteristically 'he objected to read in a small book'. In a very short time from this he appears to have devoured eagerly the contents of every volume he could lay his hands on. He had a thirst for knowledge at large -- for any kind of information; and as the merest child read with a careless voracity books of heraldry, history, astronomy, theology, and such other subjects as would repel most children, and perhaps one may say, most men. At the age of eight we hear of him reading 'all day or as long as they would let him', confident that he was going to be famous, and promising his mother and sister 'a great deal of finery' for their care of him when the day of his fame arrived. Before he was nine he was nominated for Colston's Hospital, a local school where the Bluecoat dress was worn and at which the 'three Rs' were taught but very little else, so that the boy, disappointed of the hope of knowledge, exclaimed he could work better at home. To this period we should
probably assign the delightful story of Chatterton and a friendly potter who promised to give him an earthenware bowl with what inscription he pleased upon it -- such writing presumably intended to be 'Tommy his bowl' or 'Tommy Chatterton'. 'Paint me', said the small boy to the friendly potter, 'an Angel with Wings and a Trumpet to trumpet my Name over the World.'

At ten he was making progress in arithmetic, and it should be mentioned that he 'occupied himself with mechanical pursuits so that if anything was out of order in the house he was set to mend it'. At school he read during play hours and made few friends, but those were 'solid fellows', his sister tells us; while at home he had appropriated to himself a small attic where he would read, write and draw pictures -- a number of which are preserved in the British Museum -- of knights and churches, and heraldic designs in red and yellow ochre, charcoal, and black-lead. In this attic too he had stored -- though at what date is uncertain -- a number of writings on parchment which had a rather singular history. In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe, the church in which Chatterton's ancestors had served as sextons, there were six or seven great oak chests, of which one, greater than the others and secured by no fewer than six locks, was traditionally called 'Canynge's Cofre' after William Canynge the younger, with whose name the erection and completion of St. Mary's were especially associated. These had contained deeds and papers dealing with parochial matters and the affairs of the Church, but some years before Chatterton's birth the Vestry had determined to examine these documents, some of which may have been as old as the building itself. The keys had in the course of time been lost, and the vestrymen accordingly broke open the chests and removed to another place what they thought of value, leaving Canynge's Coffer and its fellows gutted and open but by no means void of all their ancient contents. Such parchments as remained Chatterton's father carried away, whole armfuls at a time, using some to cover his scholars' books and giving others to his wife, who made them into thread-papers and dress patterns.

In the house to which Mrs. Chatterton had moved upon her husband's death there was still a sufficient number of these old manuscripts to make a considerable trove for the boy who, then nine or ten years old, had first learnt to read in black-letter and was in a few years to produce poetry which should pass for fifteenth century with many well-reputed antiquaries. It was no doubt on blank pieces of these parchments that he inscribed the matter of the few Rowley documents which he ever showed for originals. We have the account of a certain Thistlethwaite, one of the 'solid lads' with whom Chatterton had made friends at school, that his friend Thomas in the summer of 1764 told him 'he was in possession of some old MSS. which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe Church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Thomas Phillips' -- an usher at Colston's, an earnest and thoughtful man fond of poetry, and a great friend of Chatterton's. 'Within a day or two after this,' (Thistlethwaite wrote to Dean Milles,) 'I saw Phillips . . . who produced a MS. on parchment or vellum which I am confident was "Elenoure and Juga" [1] a kind of pastoral eclogue afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin for what purpose or by what accident I know not... The writing was yellow and pale manifestly as I conceive occasioned by age.'

This was the beginning of the Rowley fiction -- which might be metaphorically described as a motley edifice, half castle and half cathedral, to which Chatterton all his life was continually adding columns and buttresses, domes and spires, pediments and minarets, in the shape of more poems by Thomas Rowley, (a secular priest of St.
John's, Bristol); or by his patron the munificent William Canynge (many times Mayor of the same city), or by Sir Thibbot Gorges, a knight of ancient family with literary tastes; or by good Bishop Carpenter (of Worcester) or John à Iscam (a Canon of St. Augustine's Abbey, also in Bristol); together with plays or portions of plays which they wrote -- a Saxon epic translated -- accounts of Architecture -- songs and eclogues -- and friendly letters in rhyme or prose. In short, this clever imaginative lad had evolved before he was sixteen such a mass of literary and quasi-historical matter of one kind or another that his fictitious circle of men of taste and learning (living in the dark and unenlightened age of Lydgate and the other tedious post-Chaucerians) may with study become extraordinarily familiar and near to us, and was certainly to Chatterton himself quite as real and vivid as the dull actualities of Colston's Hospital and the Bristol of his proper century.

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

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

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

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

In July 1765, that is to say when the boy was aged about 13, the authorities of Colston's Hospital apprenticed him to John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. He had chosen the calling himself, but it was not long before the life became intolerable to him. It was arranged that he should board with Lambert, and the attorney made him share a bedroom with the foot-boy and eat his meals in the kitchen. Further, though his sister has recorded that the work was light, the practice being inconsiderable, Lambert always tore up any writing of Chatterton's that he could find if it did not relate to his business. 'Your stuff!' he would say. Nevertheless he admitted that his apprentice was always to be found at his desk, for he often sent the footman in to see. And no doubt on some of these occasions Chatterton was copying the legal precedents of which 370 folio pages, neatly written in a well-formed handwriting, remain to this day as evidence of legitimate industry. At other times he was certainly composing poems by Rowley.

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

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

Yet it seemed obvious that the antiquaries would demand to see the manuscript, and
Chatterton, contrary to his usual practice of secrecy, called upon his friend Rudhall
and, having made him promise to tell nothing of what he should show him, took a
piece of parchment 'about the size of a half sheet of foolscap paper', wrote on it in a
character which the other did not understand, for it was 'totally unlike English', and
finally held what he had written over a candle to give it the 'appearance of antiquity',
which it did by changing the colour of the ink and making the parchment appear
'black and a little contracted'. Rudhall, who kept his secret till 1779 (when he bartered
it for £10, to be given to the poet's mother, at that time in great poverty), believed that
no one was shown or asked to see this document. Why, it is impossible to say.
The present volume contains a reproduction [2] in black and white of the original MS.
of Chatterton's 'Accounte of W. Canynges Feast'. This was written in red ink. The
parchment is stained with brown, except one corner, and the first line written in a
legal texting hand. The ageing of his manuscript of the Vita Burtoni, to take a further
instance, was effected by smearing the middle of it with glue or varnish. This
document was also written partly in an attorney's regular engrossing [3] hand. During
the next four years Chatterton 'transcribed' a great quantity of ancient documents,
including Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude -- far the finest of the longer Rowleian poems --
the Songe to Ælla and The Bristowe Tragedy (the authorship of which last he appears
in an unguarded moment to have acknowledged to his mother). He told her also that
he had himself written one of the two poems Onn oure Ladies Chyrche -- which one,
Mrs. Chatterton could not remember [4], but if it was the first of the two printed in
this edition it was a strange coincidence indeed that led him to repudiate the antiquity
of the only two Rowley poems which are really at all like 'antiques'-- Professor
Skeat's convenient expression. The two Battles of Hastings were written during this
period, and it appears that Barrett the surgeon, on being shown the first poem, was for
once very insistent in asking for the original, whereupon Chatterton in a momentary
panic confessed he had written the verses for a friend; but he had at home, he said, the
copy of what was really the translation of Turgot's Epic -- Turgot was a Saxon monk
of the tenth century -- by Rowley the secular priest of the fifteenth. This was the
second Battle of Hastings as printed in this book. Again this strange explanation, so
laboured and so patently disingenuous, was accepted without comment though
probably not believed. And if it appears matter for surprise that there should ever have
been any controversy about the authorship of the Rowley writings, in view of the lad's
admission that he had written three such signal pieces as the Bristowe Tragedy, the
first Battle of Hastings, and Onnoure Ladies Chyrche, it must be considered that the production of the greater part of the poems by a poorly educated boy not turned seventeen would naturally appear a circumstance more surprising than that such a boy should tell a lie and claim some of them as his own.

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

Dodsley having failed him, Chatterton next took the bolder step of writing to Horace Walpole, who must have been much in his mind for some years before his sending the letter. Some one has made the ingenious suggestion that a consideration of Walpole's delicate connoisseurship sensibly coloured Chatterton's account of the life of Mastre William Canynge. More than this, his delight in the Mediaeval -- the Gothic -- and his content with what may be termed a purely impressionistic view of the past, was singularly akin to the Bristol poet's own outlook on these matters. Walpole had further some three years before this time indulged in the very harmless literary fraud of publishing his Castle of Otranto as a translation from a mediaeval Italian MS., only confessing his own authorship upon the publication of the second edition. To Walpole then Chatterton addressed a short letter enclosing some verses by John à Iscam and a manuscript on the Ryse of Peynteyning yn Engelande wroten by T. Rowleie 1469 for Mastre Canynge [5] with the suggestion that it might be of service to Mr. Walpole 'in any future edition of his truly entertaining anecdotes of painting'. This drew from the connoisseur one of the politest letters [6] that have been written in English, in which the simple and elegant sentences expressed with a very charming courtesy the interest and curiosity of its author. He gave his correspondent 'a thousand thanks'; 'he would not be sorry to print ' (at his private press) 'some of Rowley's poems'; and added -- which reads strangely in the light of what follows -- 'I would by no means borrow and detain your MS.' Now Chatterton's Peynteyning yn Engelande is the clumsiest fraud of all the Rowley compositions, with the single exception of a letter from the secular Priest which exhibits the exact style and language of de Foe's Robinson Crusoe.[7] Professor Skeat has pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon words, which occur with tolerable frequency in the Ryse, begin almost without exception with the letter A, and concludes that Chatterton had read in an old English glossary, probably Somners, no farther than Ah. Walpole however 'had not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language,' and it was not until after he had received a second letter from Chatterton, enclosing more Rowleian matter both prose and verse, that he consulted his friends Gray and Mason, who at once detected the forgery. If, as seems certain, Elinoure and Juga was among the pieces sent, it was inevitable that Gray should recognize lines 22-25 of that poem as a striking if unconscious reminiscence of his own Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Now Walpole had some years before introduced Ossian's poems
to the world and his reputation as a critic had suffered when their authenticity was generally disputed. Accordingly he wrote Chatterton a stiff letter suggesting that 'when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclination'; and in this one must suppose that he was actuated by a very natural irritation at having been duped a second time by an expositor of antique poetry, rather than by any snobbish contempt for his correspondent, who had frankly confessed himself an attorney's apprentice. Chatterton then wrote twice to have his MS. returned, asserting at the same time his confidence in the authenticity of the Rowley documents. Walpole for some reason returned no answer to either application, but left for Paris, where he stayed six weeks, returning to find another letter from Chatterton written with considerable dignity and restraint -- a last formal demand to have his manuscript returned. Where upon, amazed at the boy's 'singular impertinence', the great man snapped up both letters and poems and returned them in a blank cover -- that is to say without a word of apology or explanation. He might have acted otherwise if he had been a more generous spirit, but an attempt had been made to impose upon him which had in part succeeded, and he can hardly be blamed for showing his resentment by neglecting to return the forgeries. One may notice in passing that when Chatterton, more than a year later, committed suicide there were not wanting a great many persons absurd enough to accuse Walpole of having driven him to his death -- a contemptible suggestion. Yet the connoisseur's credit certainly suffers from the fact that he gave currency to a false account of the transaction in the hope of concealing his first credulity. 

We now come to the circumstance which procured Chatterton's release from his irksome apprenticeship -- his threat of suicide. He had often been heard to speak approvingly of suicide, and there is a story, which has, however, little authority, that once in a company of friends he drew a pistol from his pocket, put it to his head, and exclaimed 'Now if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!' This anecdote -- if not in fact true -- illustrates very well the gloomy depression of spirit which alternated with those outbursts of feverish energy in which his poems were composed. And he had much to make him miserable when with a change of mood he lost his buoyancy and confidence of ultimate fame and success. His ambition was boundless and his audience was as limited in numbers as in understanding. He was as proud as the poor Spaniard who on a bitter day rejected the friendly offer of a cloak with the words 'A gentleman does not feel the cold', and his pride was continually fretted. He was keenly conscious of the indignity of his position in Lambert's kitchen; he seems to have been pressed for money, and though he 'did not owe five pounds altogether' he probably smarted under the thought that all his hard work, all the long nights of study and composition in the moonlight which helped his thought, could not earn him even this comparatively small sum. Again, he was not restrained from a contemplation of suicide by any scruples of religion -- for he has left his views expressed in an article written some few days before his death. He believed in a daemon or conscience which prompted every man to follow good and avoid evil; but -- different men different daemons -- his held self-slaughter justified when life became intolerable; with him therefore it would be no crime. Wilson suggests too that the boy who had read theology, orthodox and the reverse, held to the common eighteenth century view that death was annihilation; and this may well have been the case. One thing at any rate is certain, that Chatterton on the 14th of April 1770 left on his desk a number of pieces of paper filled with a jumble of satiric verse, mocking prose, and directions for the construction of a mediaeval tomb to cover the remains of his father and himself. Part of this strange document was headed in legal form -- 'This is the last Will and
Testament of me Thomas Chatterton', and contained the declaration that the Testator would be dead on the evening of the following day -- 'being the feast of the resurrection'. The bundle was dated and endorsed 'All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday in the utmost distress of mind'. Now while one need not doubt that the distress was perfectly genuine, it is tolerably certain that Chatterton intended his master to find what he had written and draw his own conclusions as to the desirability of dismissing his apprentice. The attorney (who is represented as timid, irritable, and narrow-minded)[9] did in fact find the document, was thoroughly frightened, and gave the boy his release. He was now free to starve or earn a living by his pen -- so no doubt he represented the alternative to his mother. He must go to London, where he would certainly make his fortune. He had been supplying four or five London journals of good standing with free contributions for some time past, and had received it appears great encouragement from their editors. He gained his point and started out for the great city.

His letters show that he called upon four editors the very day he arrived. These were Edmunds of the *Middlesex Journal*; Fell of the *Freeholder's Magazine*; Hamilton of the *Town and Country Magazine*; and Dodsley -- the same to whom he had sent a portion of *Ælla* -- of the *Annual Register*. He had received, he wrote, 'great encouragement from them all'; 'all approved of his design; he should soon be settled.' Fell told him later that the great and notorious Wilkes 'affirmed that his writings could not be the work of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author'. This may or may not have been true, but it is certain that Fell was not the only newspaper proprietor who was ready to exchange a little cheap flattery for articles by Chatterton that would never be paid for.[10]

We know very little about Chatterton's life in London -- but that little presents some extraordinarily vivid pictures. He lodged at first with an aunt, Mrs. Ballance, in Shoreditch, where he refused to allow his room to be swept, as he said 'poets hated brooms'. He objected to being called Tommy, and asked his aunt 'If she had ever heard of a poet's being called Tommy' (you see he was still a boy). 'But she assured him that she knew nothing about poets and only wished he would not set up for being a gentleman.' He had the appearance of being much older than he was, (though one who knew him when he was at Colston's Hospital described him as having light curly hair and a face round as an apple; his eyes were grey and sparkled when he was interested or moved). He was 'very much himself' -- an admirably expressive phrase. He had the same fits of absent-mindedness which characterized him as a child. 'He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour or more till it was quite frightful.' We have accounts of his sitting up writing nearly the whole of the night, and his cousin was almost afraid to share a room with him 'for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept'.

He wrote political letters in the style of Junius -- generally signing them Decimus or Probus -- that kind of vague libellous ranting which will always serve to voice the discontent of the inarticulate. He wrote essays -- moral, antiquarian, or burlesque; he furbished up his old satires on the worthies of Bristol; he wrote songs and a comic opera, and was miserably paid when he was paid at all. None of his work written in these veins has any value as literature; but the skill with which this mere lad not eighteen years old gauged the taste of the town and imitated all branches of popular literature would probably have no parallel in the history of journalism should such a history ever come to be written.
His letters to his mother and sister were always gay and contained glowing accounts of his progress; but in reality he must have been miserably poor and ill-fed.

In July he changed his lodgings to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sacque maker in Brook Street, Holborn; the dead season of August was coming on and probably he wanted to conceal his growing embarrassment from his aunt, who might have sent word of it to his mother at Bristol.

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

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

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

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

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

Chatterton could only produce poetry in his fifteenth-century vein; his imagination failed him in modern English. No one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the African Eclogues are for a moment comparable with them. If he was to write at all he must produce antiques, and, as it happened, interest had been aroused in ancient poetry, largely by the publication of Percy's Reliques and of the spurious Ossian. Appearing at this juncture, then, as ancient writings taken from an old chest, his poems would be read and their value appreciated; while no one would trouble to make out the professed imitations -- not by any means easy reading -- of an attorney's apprentice. Probably if an adequate audience had been secured in his lifetime, Chatterton would have revealed the secret when it had served its purpose -- just as Walpole confessed to the authorship of Otranto only when that book had run into a second edition.
To the second count of the indictment no defence is urged. Chatterton was too honest and too intelligent to accept traditional dogmatics without examination.

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

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

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

As imitations of fifteenth-century composition it must be confessed the Rowley poems have very little value. Of Chatterton's method of antiquating something has already been said. He made himself an antique lexicon out of the glossary to Speght's Chaucer, and such words as were marked with a capital O, standing for ('obsolete,') in the Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey. Now even had his authorities been well informed, which they were not by any means, and had Chatterton never misread or misunderstood them, which he very frequently did, it was impossible that his work should have been anything better than a mosaic of curious old words of every period and any dialect. Old English, Middle English, and Elizabethan English, South of England folk-words or Scots phrases taken from the border ballads -- all were grist for Rowley's mill. It is only fair to say that he seldom invented a word outright, but he altered and modified with a free hand. Professor Skeat indeed estimates that of the words contained in Milles' Glossary to the Rowley Poems only seven per cent. are genuine old words correctly used. The Professor in his modernized edition is continually pointing out with kindly reluctance that such and such a word never bore the meaning ascribed to it -- that because, for instance, Bailey had explained \textit{Teres major} as a smooth muscle of the arm it was not therefore any legitimate inference of Chatterton's that \textit{tere} (singular form) meant a muscle and could be translated 'health'. Only occasionally does one find the note (written with an obviously sincere pleasure) 'This word is correctly used'. Of course it was impossible that Chatterton should have produced even a colourable imitation of fifteenth-century poetry at a time when even Malone -- for all his acknowledged reputation as an English Scholar -- could not quote Chaucer so as to make his lines scan. The \textit{Rowley Poems} and Percy's \textit{Reliques} mark the beginning of that renascence of our older poetry so conspicuous in the time of Lamb and Hazlitt. Before this epoch was the Augustan age, much too well satisfied with its own literature to concern itself with an unfashionable past.

But, after all, however absurd from any historical point of view the language and metres of the boy-poet may be, at least he invented a practicable language which
admirably conveyed his impression of the latest period of the middle ages -- that after-
glow which began with the death of Chaucer. Chatterton's poetry is a pageant staged
by an impressionist. It cannot be submitted to a close examination, and it is all wrong
historically, yet it presents a complete picture with an artistic charm that must be
judged on its own merits. An illusion is successfully conveyed of a dim remote age
when an idle-strenuous people lived only to be picturesque, to kill one another in
tourneys, to rear with painful labour beautiful elaborate cathedrals, and yet had so
much time on their hands that they could pass half their lives cracking unhallowed
sconces in the Holy Land and, in that part of their ample leisure which they devoted to
study, spell 'flourishes' as 'Florryschethe'. But if any one still anxious for literal truth
should insist --'Is not the impression as false as the medium that conveys it? Were the
middle ages really like that? Is it not a fact that the average baron stayed at home in
his castle devising abominable schemes to wring money or its equivalent from
miserable and half-starved peasants?'-- such a one can only be answered with another
question: 'Is Pierrot like a man, and has it been put beyond question that Pontius Pilate
was hanged for beating his wife?' The Rowley writings are -- properly considered --
entirely fanciful and unreal. They have many faults, but are seen at their worst when
Chatterton is trying to exhibit some eternal truth. There is a horrible (but perfectly
natural) didacticism -- the inevitable priggishness of a clever boy -- which
occasionally intrudes itself on his best work. Thus that charming fanciful fragment
which begins --

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge

embodies this truism fit for a bread-platter -- or to be the 'Posy of a ring' -- 'Do your
best'.

Canystges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

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

Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyf;
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
(Storie of William Canynge)

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

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine
(an unthinkable study in burgundy and whitewash, *Battle of Hastings*, II, 401); nothing, on the other hand, more vivid, more obviously written with a pen that shook with excitement, than

The Sarasen lokes *owte*: he doethe feere, &c.  
(*Eclogue the Second*, 23.)

Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie down;  
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.  
(*Ælla*, 631.)

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylters joyne!  
(*Tournament*, 92.)

In fine, there is no poet, one may boldly declare, whose pages are so filled with battle, murder and sudden death, as Chatterton's are; and this is perhaps the clearest indication he gives of immaturity. But if his ideas were sometimes crude and boyish they were not by any means always so; he has flashes of genius, sudden beauties that take away the breath. A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found:

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
Whyterre yanne the evenyng cloude.  
(*Ælla*, 872.)

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

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
Chauntynge owte so blataunltie,  
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,  
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.  
(*Ælla*, 107.)

Did ever shepherd's pipe play a prettier tune?

He has some fine martial sounds, as for instance:

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval  
(*Battle of Hastings*, I, 181.)

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

His art was essentially dramatic, and he has some fine dramatic moments, as for example when the Úsurer soliloquizing miserably on his certain ultimate damnation suddenly cries out

O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.  
(*Gouler's Requiem.*)

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

-16-
Mr. Watts-Dunton in his article on Chatterton in Ward's English Poets speaks of his extraordinary metrical inventiveness and of his ultimate responsibility for such lines as these --

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

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

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

Chatterton's influence on the great body of poets of the generation succeeding his own was very considerable -- Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed declares him to have been the father of the New Romantic School -- and the affection with which Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and many others regarded him was extraordinary. He was their pioneer, who had lost his life in a heroic attempt to penetrate the dull crassness of the mid-eighteenth century.

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

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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

Then again there are the various lives of the poet; for the most part mere random aggregations of such facts, true or imagined, as fell in the editor's way, filled out with pulpit commonplaces and easy paragraphs beginning 'But it is ever the way of Genius . . . '. Professor Wilson's Chatterton: a Biographical Study is as final in its own way as Professor Skeat's two volumes. It is a scholarly compilation of all previous accounts, very well digested and arranged. Moreover, the Professor has for the most part left the facts to tell their own story; and thus his book is free from such absurdities as the
sentimental regrets of Gregory and Professor Masson that Chatterton was led into a course of folly ending in suicide through being deprived of a father's care. Such a father as Chatterton's was!

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

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

1708. Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*, and
1737. Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*. (8th Enlarged Edition.) Bailey is largely copied from Kersey, but Chatterton certainly used both dictionaries in making his antique language.

1777. Tyrwhitt's edition of the Rowley poems. Tyrwhitt was Chatterton's first editor and in his edition many of the poems were printed for the first time. 'The only really good edition is Tyrwhitt's.' 'This exhibits a careful and, I believe, extremely accurate text . . . an excellent account of the MSS. and transcripts from which it was derived. It is a fortunate circumstance that the first editor was so thoroughly competent.' (Professor Skeat, Introd. to Vol. II of his 1871 edition.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1798. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* by Edward Gardner (two volumes). At the end of Volume II there is a short account of the Rowley controversy and, what is more important, the statement that Gardner had seen Chatterton antiquate a parchment and had heard him say that a person who had studied antiquities could with the aid of certain books (among them Bailey) 'copy the style of our elder poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him. "No," said he; "not Mr. Walpole himself."' But perhaps this should be taken *cum grano*.

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

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

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

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

1856. *Chatterton: a biography* by Professor Masson -- published originally in a volume of collected essays; re-published and in part re-written as an independent
volume in 1899. The Professor reconstructs scenes in which Chatterton played a part; but it is suggested (with diffidence) that his treatment is too sentimental, and the boy-poet is Georgy-porgied in a way that would have driven him out of his senses, if he could have foreseen it. The picture is fundamentally false.

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

1869. Professor D. Wilson's Chatterton: a Biographical Study, and
1871. Professor W. W. Skeat's Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton (in modernized English) of which mention has been made above.


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

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

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

The whole of Chatterton's writings -- Rowley, acknowledged poems, and private letters, have been translated into French prose. Œuvres complètes de Thomas Chatterton traduites par Javelin Pagnon, précédées d'une Vie de Chatterton par A. Callet (1839). Callet's treatment of Chatterton is very sympathetic and interesting.

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

IV. NOTE ON THE TEXT.

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

1. The Tournament, lines 7-10.

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

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

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

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

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

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, (that is to say, coats of arms). Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede

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

3. Ælla, line 467.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne &c.

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

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

4. Ælla, line 489.

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene

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

5. Englysh Metamorphosis.

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


To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came

Prof. Skeat explains *ourt* as 'overt' and observes that it contradicts thight, which he renders 'tight'. But really there is not even an antithesis. *Ourt arraie* is what a military handbook calls 'open order' and *thight* is 'well-built', well put together (Bailey's Dictionary). The Saxons were well-built men marching in open order.
VI. APPENDIX:
BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE ARGUMENTS USED IN THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY.

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

Against Rowley.

1. So few originals produced -- not more than 124 verses.

2. Chatterton had shown (by his article on Christmas games, &c.) that he had a strong turn for antiquities. He had also written poetry. Why then should he not have written Rowley's poems?

3. His declaration that the *Battle of Hastings* I was his own.

4. Rudhall's testimony.

5. Chatterton first exhibited the *Songe to Ælla* in his own handwriting, then gave Barrett the parchment, which contained strange textual variations.

6. Rowley's very existence doubtful. William of Worcester, who lived at his time and was himself of Bristol, makes no mention of him, though he frequently alludes to Canynge. Neither Bale, Leland, Pitts nor Turner mentions Rowley.

7. Improbability of there being poems in a muniment chest.

8. Style unlike other fifteenth century writings.

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

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

11. Metres and imitation of Pindar absurdly modern.

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


For Rowley.

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

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

3. Smith had seen parchments in the possession of Chatterton, some as broad as the bottom of a large-sized chair. (Bryant.)
4. Even Mr. Clayfield and Rudhall believed Chatterton incapable of composing Rowley's poems.

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

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

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

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

For Rowley.

1. The poems contain much historical allusion at once true and inaccessible to Chatterton.

2. The admitted poems are much below the standard of Rowley.

3. The old octave stanza is not far removed from the usual stanza of Rowley.

4. If Rowley's language differs from that of other fifteenth century writers, the difference lies in provincialisms natural to an inhabitant of Bristol.

5. Plagiarisms from modern authors may in some cases have been introduced by Chatterton but in others they are the commonplaces of poetry.

Against Rowley.

1. No writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe Church are mentioned in Canynge's Will.

2. The Bristol library was in Chatterton's time of general access, and Chatterton was introduced to it by Rev. A. Catcott (Warton).

3. Facts about Canynge may be found in his epitaph in Redcliffe Church; and the account of Redcliffe steeple -- (which had been destroyed by fire before Chatterton's time) came from the bottom of an old print published in 1746.

4. The parchments were taken from the bottom of old deeds where a small blank space was usually left -- hence their small size.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

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

2. From the engraving in Tyrwhitt's edition.


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

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


9. But attorneys are seldom 'in regrate' with the friends of Poetry.

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

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

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

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in Farley's Weekly Journal, 1 October 1768, containing an Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-street. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received this, together with many other MSS, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church."

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton [1], and, partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum [2], which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he
appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his talk should end. Whether, the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

NOTES TO THE PREFACE

1. The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

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

In April 1770 he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely
depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 4th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "As to Mr.--, Mr.--, Mr.--, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here masters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works."

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter." In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question. -- But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. -- Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare. -- On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

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

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

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

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

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

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

This Poem is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "Elinooure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, a secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769.” Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

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

VERSES TO LYDGATE.
SONGE TO ÆLLA.
LYDGATE’S ANSWER.

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below: [1]

THE TOURNAMENT.

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

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

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

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

The person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV., but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol.

The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289. says only; "Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. Rot. Pat. 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainer by the act 1. Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the there of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastysngs of Hastysngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all tresons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c."

If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-windows as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

*Item for washynge the church* payven ageyns Kynge Edward 4th is comynge} iiiij d. ob.

ÆELLA, a tragycal enterlude.

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

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.
This Fragment is printed from the MS., mentioned above, in Chatterton's handwriting.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.
This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.
This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting. It was sent to the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine, with the following letter prefixed:

"To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.
SIR,
If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.
D. B."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No 1.
BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No 2.

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

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.-- The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the, poem marked No 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "Battle of Hastyns by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq." The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated sollicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.
ON THE SAME.

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.
THE ROWLEY POEMS

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie." See Note 2 to the Preface.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

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

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

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

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

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

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the Town and Country Magazine for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolyte by Bishop Carpenter on 19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of Subdeacon, Deacon, and Priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O.S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE.

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

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an
actor in the tragedy of Ælla, p. 66. and in that of Goddwyn, p.174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "The merry Tricks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discourse of Bristowe." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an antient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol [See Rot. Parl. 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. vol. VII. p. 98.] He has also appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles songes in Ælla. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter; dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt." which had been pawned to him for £.160.

NOTES.

Verses to Lydgate.
In the title for Ladgate, r. Lydgate.
ver. 2. r. That I and thee.
  3. for bee, r. goe.
  7. for fyghte, r. wryte.

Songe to Ælla,
The title in the vellum MS. was simply "Songe toe Æelle," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words --"Lord of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.
ver. 6. for brastynge, r. burstynge.
  11. for valyante, r. burlie.
  23, for dysmall, r. honore.

Lydgate's answer.
No title in the vellum MS.
ver. 3. for varses, r. pene.
antep. for Lendes, r. Sendes.
ult.  for lyne, r. thynge.

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

In the title of the Verses to Lydgate.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Orig.</th>
<th>Chat.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lydgate</td>
<td>Ladgate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>goe.</td>
<td>doe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wryte.</td>
<td>fyghte.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Songe to Ælla.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Orig.</th>
<th>Chat.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dacyane</td>
<td>Dacya's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whole lockes</td>
<td>whole hayres</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burlie</td>
<td>bronded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kennst</td>
<td>hearst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>honore</td>
<td>dysmall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yprauncynge</td>
<td>Ifrayning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gloue.</td>
<td>glare.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ADVERTISEMENT.

The reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the handwriting of Thomas Chatterton.
WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge\[1\] from her lethal\[2\] wound;  
From her galled necke dyd twytte\[3\] the chayne awaie,  
Kennyng he legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote\[4\] graie  
Twayne lonelie shepsterres\[5\] dyd abrodden\[6\] flie,  
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie\[7\],)  
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;  
Firse Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,  
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.  

ROBERTE.  
Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,  
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.  
To oure grete wronges we have enheped\[8\] moe,  
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe,  
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie.  
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie\[9\] tale,  
Comme heare the balefull\[10\] dome of Robynne of the Dale.  

RAUFE.  
Saie to mee nete; I kenne this woe in myne;  
O! I've a tale that Sabalus\[11\] mote\[12\] telle.  
Swote\[13\] flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne\[14\];  
Gravots\[15\] far-kend\[16\] arounde the Errmiets\[17\] cell;  
The swote ribible\[18\] dynning\[19\] yn the dell;  
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie\[20\] courte;  
Eke\[22\] the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte\[22\]:  
Impestering\[23\] trobble onn mie heade doe commere,  
Ne on kynde Seyncete to warde\[24\] the aye\[25\] encreasyng dome.  

ROBERTE.  
Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees\[26\]  
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
Mie tendre applynges\[27\], and embodyde\[28\] trees,  
Mie Parker's Grange\[29\] far spreedynge to the syghte,  
Mie cuyen\[30\] kyne\[31\], mie bullockes stringe\[32\] yn fighte,  
Mie gorne\[33\] emblaunched\[34\] with the comfreie\[35\] plante,  
Mie floure Seyncte Marie\[36\] shotteyng wythe the lyghte,  
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.  
I amm duressed\[37\] unto sorrowes blowe,  
Thanten'd\[38\] to the payne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.  

RAUFE.  
Here I wille obaie\[39\] untyle Deth doe 'pere,  
Here lyche a foule empoysioned leathel\[40\] tree,  
Whyche sleaeth\[41\] everichone that commeth here,
THOMAS CHATTERTON

Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre[42].
I to bement[43] haveth moe cause than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie[44] fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked[45] from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte[46] of mie hartes castle stede. 50

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome[47] shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn[48], ystorven[49] ys;
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges[50] fledden is selyness[51]
Mynsterres[52] alleyn[53] can boaste the hallie[54] Seyntecte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode[55],
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude. 60

NOTES TO ECLOGUE THE FIRST

1. Smething, smoking; in some copies bletheynge, but in the or~al as above.
2. lethal, deadly.
3. twyte, pluck or pull.
4. surcote, a cloak, or mantel, which hid all the other dress.
5. shepsterres, shepherds.
6. abrodden, abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredden dyd attourne.
7. affraie, affright.
8. enhpeped, added.
9. dernie, sad.
10. balefull, woeful, lamentable.
11. Sabalus, the Devil.
12. mote, might.
13. swote, sweet.
14. dygne, good, neat, genteel.
15. gravots, groves, sometimes used for a coppice.
16. far-kend, far-seen.
17. Errmiet, Hermit.
18. ribible, violin.
19. dynning, sounding.
20. hoastrie, inn, or public-house.
21. eke, also.
22. dysporte, pleasure.
23. Impestering, annoying.
24. warde, to keep off.
25. aye, ever, always.
26. mees, meadows.
27. applynges, grafted trees.
28. embodyde, thick, stout,
29. Parker's Grange, liberty of pasture given to the Parker.
30. cuyen, tender.
THE ROWLEY POEMS

31. kyne, cows.
32. stringe, strong.
33. gorne, garden.
34. emblaunched, whitened.
35. comfreie, cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time.
36. floure Seyncte Marie, marygold.
37. duressed, hardened.
38. Ihanten'd, accustomed.
39. obaie, abide. This line is also wrote, Here wyll I obaie until dethe appere, but this is modernized.
40. leathel, deadly.
41. sleaeth, destroyeth, killeth.
42. gre, grow.
43. bement, lament.
44. boolie, much-loved, beloved.
45. calked, cast out, ejected.
46. Cullys-yatte, the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle.
47. dome, fate.
48. my sonne alleyn, my only son.
49. ystorven, dead.
50. logges, cottages.
51. selyness, happiness.
52. Mynsterres, monasterys.
53. alleyn, only.
54. hallie, holy.
55. rode, complexion.
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES[1] of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede[3] sea doe the banners gleme[4];
The amenused[5] nationnes be aston[6],
The barkis heafods[10] the lymed[12] streme;
Conteke[18] the dyynynge[19] ayre, and reche the skies.

Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones[20] astedde[21],
Pouré owte youre pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule[22] depeyncted[23] oares from the black tyde,
Upswalyngne[27] doe heie[28] shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore-red estells[29] in the eve[30]-merk[31] skyes;
The nome-depeyncted[32] shields, the speres aryse,

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Pouré owte youre pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous[37] sonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth[38] here and there,
Onknowlachynge[39] inne whatte place to obaie[40]
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
The mittee[41] crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie[42]
In baleful[43] dole their faces be ywreene.[44]

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers and cottes[45], soe swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones[46] hys squyer, with hys shielde and sper.
The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare[47]
The dotheynge oare doe make gemoted[48] dynne;
The reynung[49] foemen[50], thynekeynge gif[51] to dare,
Boun[52] the merk[53] swerde, theie seche to fraie[54] theie
blyn[55].40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel[56] of warre,
Inne sheenynge goulde, lyche feerie[57] gronfers[58] dygte[59]
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge the drybblett[60] ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne[61] wyth amayl'd[62] beames doe barr
The blaunche[63] mone or estells[64] to gev lyghte. 50

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte[65] affraie[66], wythe lockes of blodde-red die, Terroure, emburled[67] yn the thonders rage, Death, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme[68] flie, Enchasynge[69] echone champyonne war to wage. Speeres bevyle[70] speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage; Armoure on armoure dynn[71], shielde upon shielde; Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage, Botte salleynge nombers sable[72] all the feelde. 60

Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seynte ydedde, Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles[73] hye; Steyneyd ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen; Kyng Richarde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, And beereeth mewyne[74] of Turkes onto the greene; Bie hym the floure of Asies menn ys sleene[75] The waylynge[76] mone doth fade before his sonne; Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene[77] Doeynge syke marvells[78], strongers be aston[79]. 70

Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seynte ydedde, Poure owte your pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kyng Rycharde master is;
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre; Full of pure joie the armie is iwyys[80]
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre[81]; Agayne to Englonde comm, and worschepped there, Twyghte[82] into lovyngne armes, and feasted eft[83]; In everych eyne aredyng neye of wyere[84], Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80

Sprites of the bleste, and everych Seynte ydedde, Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswole[85] sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swefte as the withe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge proove.

NOTES TO ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

1. Sprytes, Spirits, souls.
2. pleasaunce, pleasure.
3. brede, broad.
4. gleme, shine, glimmer.
5. amenused, diminished, lessened.
6. aston, astonished, confounded.
7. ken, see, discover, know.
8. syke, such, so.
9. breme, strong.
10. heafods, heads.
11. *coup*é, cut.
15. *slugborne*, a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy.
17. *cleme*, sound.
18. *conteke*, confuse, contend with.
22. *gule*, red.
27. *Upswalynge*, rising high, swelling up.
29. *estells*, a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a star.
30. *eve*, evening.
32. *nome-depeyncted*, rebus'd shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.
33. *alyche*, like.
34. *alenge*, along.
37. *brondeous*, furious.
38. *reineth*, runneth.
40. *obaie*, abide.
41. *mittee*, mighty.
42. *affraie*, affright.
43. *balefull*, woeful.
44. *ywereene*, covered.
45. *bollengers and cottes*, different kinds of boats.
47. *glare*, glitter.
49. *reynyng*, running.
50. *foemen*, foes.
51. *gif*, if.
52. *boun*, make ready.
53. *merk*, dark.
54. *friae*, engage.
55. *blyn*, cease, stand still.
56. *lyoncel*, a young lion.
57. *feerie*, flaming.
58. *gronfer*, a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen.
59. *dyghte*, deckt.
60. *drybblett*, small, insignificant.
63. *blaunchie*, white, silver.
64. *estells*, stars.
68. *ugsonne*, terribly.
70. *bevyle*, break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting.
71. *dynn*, sounds.
72. *sable*, blacken.
73. *reles*, waves.
74. *meynte*, many, great numbers.
75. *sleene*, slain.
76. *waylynge*, decreasing.
77. *deene*, glorious, worthy.
78. *marvels*, wonders.
79. *aston*, astonished.
80. *ywix*, certainly.
81. *bayre*, brow.
82. *twyghte*, plucked, pulled.
83. *eft*, often.
84. *wyere*, grief, trouble.
85. *upswol*, swollen.
ECLOGUE THE THIRD

Wouldst thou kenn Nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges[1] and bordels[2] of the hynde[3];
Gyfe[4] theye have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Haveth your mind a lycheynge[8] of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge as it mote[9] bee;
Woulde ytte here phrase of the vulgar from the hynde,
Gyf soe, rede thys, whych Iche dysporteynge[12] pende,
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commend.

MANNE
Botte whether, fayre mayde do ye goe,
O where do ye bend yer waie?
I wile knowe whether you goe,

WOMANNE
To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the Delle,
To hele[14] hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE
Syr Rogerre the Parsone hav hyred mee there,
Comme, Comme, lette us tryppe ytte awaie;
We’lle wurche[15] and wylle synge, and wylle drenche[16] of stronge
Beere,
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE
Howe harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe:
Dame Agnes whoe lies ynne the Chyrche,
With birlette[17] golde;
Wythe gelten[18] aumeres[19] stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE
I kenne Syr Roger from afar,
Tryppyngye over the Lea,
Ich ask whie the loverds[20] son
Is moe than mee.

SIR ROGERE
The sweltrie[21] sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne[22].
From everich beme, a seme[23] of lyfe doe falle;
Swynyn[24] scille[25] oppe the haie uponne the playne,
Methynckes the cockse begynneth to gre[26] talle:
Thys ys alyche oure doome[27], the great, the smalle,
Moste withe and be forwyned[29] by Deathis darte;
See the swote[30] flourette[31] hathe noe swote at alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle[32] parte,
The cravent[33], warriour, and the wyse be blent[34]:
Alyche to drie awaie, with those thele did bemente[35].
THOMAS CHATTERTON

MANNE

All-a-Boon[36] Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preesteschype nowe saye unto mee:
Sir Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyveth harde bie,
Whie should hee, than me
Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SIR ROGERE

Attourne[37] thine eyne arounnde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie[38] loke arounnde the chaper[39] delle[40];
An answer to thie bargainette[41] here see,
Thys welked[42] flouerette wylle a leson telle
Arist[43], it blew[44], itte flourished, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge ascaunce[45] upon the naighboure greene,
Yet with the deigned[46] greene, yttes rennome[47] felle,
Eftsonnes[48] ytte shronke upon the daie-brente[48] playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilste ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme drede honde.

Syke[50] ys the waie of lyffe: the loverds[51] ente[52],
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea:
Gyf thou has ethe[54], the shadowe of contente,
Believe the trothe[55], theres none moe haile[56] yan thee:
Thou wurchest[57]; welle, canne thatte, a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee, than the roughest daie,
Couldest thou the kivercled[58] of soughlys[59] see,
You wuldst eftsoones[60] see trothe, inne whatte I saie;
Botte lette mee heere thie waie offe lyffe; and thenne
Heare thou from mee the lyffs of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wythe the Sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne[61]
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a Songe or twayne.[62]
I synghe the mynstrelle[67] am I seen,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych Seyncets his daie,
Wythe the mynstrelle[67] am I seen,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SIR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne sene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste[68] braunces[69] rechen far toe syghte;
Whan fuired[70] unwers[71] doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere[72] yn dole[73] and moke affryghte:
Whilst the congeon[74] flowrette abessie[75] dyghte[76],
Stondeth unhurte, unquaced[77] bie the storme;
Syke is a picture [78] of lyffe: the manne of myghte,
Is tempest-chaft [79]: his woe greate as his forme
Thieself a florette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mount.

NOTES TO ECLOGUE THE THIRD

1. logges, huts.
2. Bordels, cottages
3. Hynde, servant, slave, peasant.
4. gif, if.
5. hem, a contraction of them.
6. blakied, plain.
7. kynde, nature.
8. lycheyng, liking.
9. mote, might. The sense of this line is, would you see everything in its primæval state.
10. wiseegger, philosopher.
11. knowlache, wisdom.
12. dysporteyng, sporting.
13. asseled, answered.
14. hele, help.
15. wurche, work.
16. drench, drink.
17. birlette, a hood, or covering for the back of the head.
18. gelten, guilded.
19. aumeres, borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal interchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.
20. loverd, lord.
21. sweltrie, sultry.
22. wayne, car.
23. seme, seed.
24. swythyn, quickly, presently
25. scille, gather
26. gre, grow
27. doome, fate.
28. withe, a contraction of wither.
29. forwyned, dried.
30. swote, sweet.
31. flourette, flower.
32. evalle, equal.
33. Cravent, coward.
34. blent, ceased, dead, no more.
35. bemente, lament.
36. All-a-boon, a manner of asking a favour.
37. Attourne, turn.
38. Tentyflie, carefully
39. chaper, dry, sun-burnt.
40. delle, valley.
41. barganette, a song, or ballad.
42. arist, withered.
43. Arist, arisen, or arose
44. blew, blossomed.
45. ascaunce, disdainfully.
46. deigned, disdained.
47. rennome, glory.
48. Eftsoones, quickly.
49. daie-brente burnt.
50. Sycke, such.
51. Loverds, lord's.
52. Ente, a purse or bag.
53. slea, slay.
54. ethe, ease.
55. trothe, truth.
56. haile, happy.
57. wurchest, workest.
58. kivercled, the hidden or secret part of.
59. soughlys, souls.
60. eftsoones, full soon, or presently.
61. wayne, car.
62. twayne, two.
63. jubb, a bottle.
64. heiedeygnes, a country dance, still practiced in the North.
65. foile, baffle
66. feygnes, a corruption of feints.
67. a minstrel is a musician.
68. unliste, unbounded
69. braunces, branches.
70. fuired, furious
71. unwers, tempests, storms.
72. deere, dire.
73. dole, dismay.
74. Congeon, dwarf.
75. abessie, humility.
76. dyghte, decked.
77. unquaced, unhurt.
78. picte, picture.
79. tempest-chaft, tempest-beaten.
ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne[1] bank twa pynynge Maydens sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
The nottebrowne Elinooure to Juga fayre
Dyde speke acroole[4], wythe languishment of eyne,

ELINOURE.
O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie[6] plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte[7] in stele;
O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyntc, 10
Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;

JUGA.
Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde[10] okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn[11] halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches[12] holde the traine of fryghte[13], 20
Where lethale[14] ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

[ELINOURE.]
No moe the miskynette[15] shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel[16] rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe[17] wyll goe,
And to the pallante spryghtes lecture[18] mie tale of woe.

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

ELINOURE.
Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed[22] ryver, on thie linche[23] maie bleede
Chamypyns, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streemeinde!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

Soe sayenge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees[24],  
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,  
Distraughte[25] theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde,  
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

NOTES TO ELINOURE AND JUGA.
1. *Rudborne*, (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York
2. *bementynge*, lamenting.
5. *lemed*, glistened.
7. *dyghte*, arrayed, or cased.
9. *joice*, juice.
14. *lethal*, deadly or deathboding.
15. *miskinette*, a small bagpipe.
16. *lessel*, in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.
17. *chyrche glebe*, church-yard.
22. *limed*, glassy.
SONGE TO AELLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE

To JOHNE LADGATE.
[Sent with the following Songe to Ælla.]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes be soe,
Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakeynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

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

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

SONG

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

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furioouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

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

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte deyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;
Orr seest the hatched stede,
Ypraunqueynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie ground;
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stytle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Yylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

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

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dydd,
And thus an answerr lende.

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

The Brytish Merlyn ofteenne hanne
The gylfet of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd syng wythe elocation.

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

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Inne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.
THE TOURNAMENT. AN INTERLUDE.

[ENTER AN HERAWDE.]

HERAWDE

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;
The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;
The feerie[6] heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde[7],
Supportes the rampyng lyoncell[8] orr bear;
Wythe straunge depyctures[9], Nature maie nott yeelde,
Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte[10] to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte[11A]
Makes knowneth thatt the phantasies unryghte.

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer[11B] of her joies,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;
Soe the neshe[17] flowerr grees[18] ynne the woodeland shade.
The woride bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikenesse nothynge could bee made.
Syke[22] ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne. 20

[Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.]

Herawde[23], bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid[25], a Wyllyamm[26] to entylte.
To reine[27] anente[28] a fele[29] embodieedd knyghte,
Ytt getts ne rennome[30] gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle[31] thus to wielde the speare.

HERAWDE

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes[32] dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE

Ah! swythenn[34] mie shielde & tyltyng launce bee bounde[35].
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde. [Goeth oute

HERAWDE

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte[38] of menne astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe[39] encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
Anenst[40] all menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte[41].
As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke[42] eche knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS,  
SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE  
BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND  
SERVYTOURS[43].

KYNGE

The barganette[44]; yee mystrelles tune the stryng,  
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wylyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes thorne,  
The manne whole myghte delievretie[45] hadd knite,[46A]  
Snett[46B] oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelide aborne  
Goe, rouze the lyon fromm hys hylted[50] denne,  
Lett thie floes[51] drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.  

Ynn the treed forrested doe the knyghtes appere;  
Wylyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyron'n'd[52] plies[53] 50  
Loude dynn[54] the arrowe yn the wolfynn's eare;  
Hee ryseth, battent[55] roares, he panctes, hee dyes.  
Forslagenn att thie feete lett volvynns bee,  
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn slea.

Throwe the merke[56] shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;  
The flemed[57] owlett[58] flapps herr eve-speckte[59] wynghe;  
The lوردynge[60] toade ynn all hys passes bides:  
The berten[61] neders[62] att hymm darte the stynge;  
Styll, styllle, hee passes onn, hys stede astroddre,  
Ne hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie[63] countries braughte,  
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
Att commyng dynn[64] doth rayse hymselfe distraughte[65],  
He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.  
Goe, sticke the lyon to hys hyltren denne,  
Lette thie floes[66] drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menn.

Wythe passent[67] steppe the lyon mov'th alonge;  
Wylyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge[68] thonderr stronge;  
The lyon ynn a roare hys srypte foortho the sendes. 70

Goe, slea the lyon yan hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
Botte bee thie takelle[69] drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;  
The couraciers[70] as swefte doe afterr flie.  
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie,  
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones[71] doth die.  
Forslagen atte thie fote lette wyld wylde beastes bee,  
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynge hys bowe alyne[72]  
The stagge ys ouch'd[73] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs 80  
Avounde thierse heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;  
Joying and rev'rous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.  
Forslagenn wyth thie floe lette wyld wylde beastes bee,  
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn slee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie[74]; who wylle fyrtse affraie[75]?
HERAULDE.
Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte\[76\] honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.
I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.
I contake\[77\] thie waie.

BOURTONNE.
Thenn there's mie gauntlette\[78\] onn mie gaberdyne.\[79\]

HEREHAULDE.
A leegeful\[80\] challenge, knyghtes & champyonns dygne\[81\],
A leegeful challenge, lette the sluggorne sounde.
[Syrr Symonne and Nevylle tylte.
Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.
[Nevylle falls.
Loverdes, how doughtilie\[82\] the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onne he hathe quacedd\[83\] assayle\[84\] hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.
I wylle anente\[85\] hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle\[86\] scethe\[87\]
Before I doe departe the lissedd\[88\] fielde,
Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereuppon wyll blethe\[89\].
Mie shielde.

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

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

BERGHAMME.
I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede\[93\]
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie\[94\];
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.
Botte longe thou schalte ne tend\[95\]; I doe thee fie\[96\],
Lyche forreyng\[97\] levynn\[98\], schalle mie tylte-launce flie.
[Berghamme & Clinton tylte. Clinton fallethe.
BERHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure[99] thie beeeveredd[100 ] eyne,
I have borne downe, and ete[101] doe gauntlette thee.
Gyff thou discomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120
Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tytyngne forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff courteous[105] heie[106]

FIRST KNYGHTE.

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

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? 130
[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte, and bee everichone[114] overthowe.

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycrasedd[115] speres and helmetts bee besprente[116],
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd[117] sheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee stente[118],
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes[119] of fyre ybrente[120],
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val[121] advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe[122] hys speere,
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140
[Bourtonne & the Straunger tylteth. Straunger falleth.

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.
Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments[129] synge;
THE ROWLEY POEMS

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente[130];
To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente,
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente[131];
Hee joustedd, alleine[132] havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comm; mynstrelles, sound the strynge, goe onn eche syde,
Whylest hee untue the Kynge ynn state doe ryde. 160

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge[133] wythe new quickenn'd gore,
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
Dydd the merke[134] woode of ethe[135] and rest explore,
Seekynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
Fromm hys vysage washedd the bloud;
Hylte[136] hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne thee swotelie[137] hymm dydd view,
Dydd soe ycorvenn[138] everrie shape to joie,
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshotynge[139] fromm hys eyne,
Thys rule yspende[143], and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde. 180

NOTES TO THE TOURNAMENT.

1. _lysse_, sport, or play.
2. _mensuredd_, bounded, or measured.
3. _Quayntyssed_, curiously devised.
4. _fons_, fancys or devices.
5. _depictedd_, painted, or displayed.
6. _feerie_, fiery.
7. _amielde_, ornamented, enameled.
8. _lyoncell_, a young lion.
9. _depyctures_, drawings, paintings.
10. _yatte_, that.
11A. _spryte_, soul.
11B. _spencer_, dispenser.
12. _swythen_, quickly.
13. _yeve_, give.
14. _advantayle_, armer.
15. _borne_, burnish.
16. _meynte_, many.
17. _neshe_, young, weak, tender.
18. _grees_, grows.
19. bowke, body.
20. nete, nothing
21. alleyn, alone
22. syke, so.
23. herawde, herald.
24. hemm, a contraction of them.
25. Guid, Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age.
27. reine, run.
28. anente, against.
29. fele, feeble.
30. rennome, honour, glory.
31. unthylle, useless.
32. slugghorne, a kind of claryon.
33. dynn, sound.
34. swythem, quickly.
35. bounde, ready.
36. Eftsoones, soon.
37. beheste, command.
38. meinte, most.
39. shappe, fate, or doom.
40. anenst, against.
41. pyghte, pitched, or bent down.
42. drocke, drink.
43. servytuours, servants, attendants.
44. barganette, song, or ballad.
45. delievretie, activity.
46A. knite, joined.
46B. snett, bent.
47. aborne, burnished.
48. behestynghe, commanding.
49. hommageres, servants.
50. hylted, hidden.
51. floes, arrows.
52. enyronnd, worked with iron.
53. plies, bends.
54. dynns, sounds.
55. battent, loudly.
56. merke, dark, or gloome.
57. flemed frightened.
58. owlett, owl.
59. eve-speckte, marked with evening dew.
60. lordynge, standing on their hind legs.
61. bertien, venemous.
62. neders, adders.
63. sweltrie, hot, sultry.
64. dynn, sound, noise.
65. distraughte, distracted.
66. floes, arrows.
67. passent, walking leisurely.
68. roghlynge, rolling.
69. takelle, arrow.
70. couraciers, horse coursers.
71. efsonnes, full soon.
72. alyne, across his shoulders.
73. ouch'd, garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be ouch'd, from ouch, a chain, worn by earls round their necks.
74. Tourneie, Turnament.
75. affraie, fight, or encounter.
76. yatte, that.
77. contake, dispute.
78. gauntlette, glove.
79. gaberdynye, a piece of armour.
80. leegefull, lawful.
81. dygne, worthy.
82. doughtilie, furiously.
83. quaceddd, vanquished.
84. assayle, oppose.
85. anente, against.
86. myckle, much.
87. seethe, damage, mischief.
88. lissedd, bounded.
89. blethe, bleed.
90. ethe, easy.
91. smoke.
92. woe, hurt, or damage.
93. mede, reward.
94. affraie, fight or engage.
95. tend, attend or wait.
96. fie, defy.
97. forreying, destroying.
98. levynn, lightening.
99. attoure, turn.
100. beevedd, beaver'd,
101. efte, again.
102. Swythenne, quickly.
103. wrynn, declare.
104. shappe, fate.
105. corteous, worthy.
106. heie, they.
107. beseses, becomes.
108. yeve, give.
109. fraie, syght.
110. rennomme, honour.
111. Tourneie, Tournament.
112. cravents, cowards,
113. bewrynnynge, declaring.
114. everichone, every one.
115. yrassed, broken, split.
116. besprente, scatter'd.
117. piercedd, broken, or pierced through with darts.
118. stente, stained.
119. lowes, flames.
120. ybrente, burnt.
121. val, healm.
122. anethe, beneath.
123. anethe, against.
124. straught, stretched out.
125. hallie, holy.
126. faifullie, faithfully.
127. boune, ready.
128. champyonn, challenge.
129. achments, achievements, glorious actions.
130. speres besprente, broken spears.
131. shente, broke, destroyed.
132. alleine, only, alone.
133. smethyng, smoaking, steaming.
134. merke, dark, gloomy.
135. ethe, ease.
136. hylte, hid, secreted.
137. swotelie, sweetly.
138. ycorvenn, moulded.
139. enshotynge, shooting, darting.
140. hente, grasp, hold.
141. merk-plante, night-shade.
142. Onknowlachyng, ignorant, unknowing.
143. yspende, consider.
BRISTOWE TRAGÉDIE: OR THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne.

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

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

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

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

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

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" sayd CANTERLONE,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou thalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die, quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
"Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?"
"Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd.

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I'de sooner die to-daie
"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
"Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre request may bee,
"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
"He thoghte ytte stylle was ryghte.

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
"CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie." 60

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
"BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde.

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
"And hee shalle have hys meede:
"Speke, Maister CANYNGE! Whatte thynges else
"Att present doe you neede?

"My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule asyde;
"Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
"The best were synners grete;
"CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes ne synne,
"Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reign;
"'Twyle thyne crowne fulle sure;
"From race to race thy familie
"Alle sov'reigns shall endure. 80

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
"Beginne thy infante reign;
"Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
"Wylle never long remayne."

"CANYNGE, awaie! thy traytour vile
"Has scorn'd my power and mee;
"Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
"Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave
"Wylle val'rous actions prize,
"Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
"Altho' ynne enemies."

"CANYNGE, awake! By Godde ynne Heav'n
"Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
"Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

"By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
"Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.
Wyth herte brym-fulle of gnawyng grief,
Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
And satt hym downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"WEE all musst die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
"Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
"Runns over att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my most welcome doome
"Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?

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

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

"Whan throgh the tyrants welcom means
"I shall resigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
"For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe."

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

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
"Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
"Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde.

"How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
"Thatt cutte the airie waie,
"Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
"And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
"Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
"No! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
"Bee alle the manne display'd."

"Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
"And guarde thee and thye sonne,
"'Yff 'tis hys wylle, but yff 'tis nott,
"Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

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

"YNne Londonne citye was I born;
"Of parents of grete note;
"My fadre dydd a nobile armes
"Emblazon onne hys cote.

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
"Where soone I hope to goe;
"Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
"From oute the reech of woe

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
"Wyth pitie to unite;
"And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
"The wronge cause fromm the ryghte. 160

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
"To feede the hungrie poore,
"Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie
"The hungrie fromme my doore.

"And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe
"I have hys wordyes kept;
"And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
"Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
"Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170
"I have a kynge, and none can laie
"Blacke treason onne my hedde.

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

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

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
"Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
"Whyle RICHARD'S sonnes exalt themselyes,
"Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

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

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

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

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

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
"I leave thys mortall lyfe
"Farewell, vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
"Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
"As e'er the moneth of Maie;
"Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
"Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.
Quod CANYGE, "Tys a goodlie thynge
"To bee prepar'd to die;
"And from thys world of peyne and grefe
"To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryyonnes to sounde;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde.

And just before the officers,
His loyynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynghe unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere
"Ynne quiet lett mee die;
"Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
"Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet FLORENCE! why these brinie teeres?
"Theye washe my soule awaie,
"And almost make mee wysh for lyfe,
"Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shall goe
"Untoe the lande of blysse;
"Nowe, as a proof of husbande's love,
"Receive thy holie kysse."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge!
"My herte ys welle nyghe broke.

"Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,
"Wythoute thy loyynge wyfe?
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thyne necke,
"Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie
Whoe turnedd toe his loyynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
"Truste thou ynne Godde above,
"And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
"And ynne theyre hertes hym love.

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
"Thatt I theyre fader runne;
"FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take -- adieu!
"Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!" --
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravnge loud,
Shee fallen onne the floore;
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde.

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
Appeared to the fyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte.

Ynne diffraunt parts a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

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

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

Behyne thyng fuyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route.

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

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

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

And wheenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,
O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Wasshe mye soule clean thys daie!

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

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare.

The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare.

"Thou seest me; EDWARDE! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.
"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
"And hast appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne. 320

"Thou thykest I shall dye to-daie;
"I have beeene dede 'till nowe,
"And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
"Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
"Twixt kyngye and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
"Shall falle onne thyne owne hedde --"
Fromm out of hearyng of the kyngye
Departed thenne the slede.

Kynge EDWARDE'S soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER
Hee thus dydd speke and saie.

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
"Hee's greater thanne a kyngye! 340

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

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

Syr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre 350
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre.

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye;
"For servynge loyally mye kyngye,
"Mye kyngye most rightfullie.

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

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kyngye,
"Whenne ynne adversitye;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
"And for the true cause dye.

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke; 370
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:
And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.
The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:
The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

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

ÆELLA,
A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE,
OR
DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,
WROTTENN BIE
THOMAS ROWLEIE;
PLAIEDD BEFORE
MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;
[ALSO BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN HOWARD.]
ÆLLA -- PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
CELMONDE, Johan Iseamn, Preeste.
HURRA, Syrr Thybotte Gorges, Knyghte.
BIRTHA, Mastre Edwarde Canynge.
Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.
EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

TYS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt[1] herselfe in clouds of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege[2] yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted[3] tyltynge speares to please the fyghte,
The whych ye yttes felle use doe make moke[4] dere[5],

Perchaunce yn Vyrtyes gare[7] rhym mote bee thenne,
Butt eefte[8] nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie[9] preeste apperes the ribaudes[10] penne,
Inne lithie[11] moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere[12] widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel scathe[13].

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore[14],
Kennis[15] Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghtethe[16] hys knowlachyng[17] ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrstre be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem[18] synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde[19] hys meneynge knowes 20
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored[20] dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment & woe.
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes[25] hem soe.
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped[26] fage[27] somme hard-drayned water brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde[28] hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sense fulle groffyngelye[29] he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothynge, & hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf[30] you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of misselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte[31] of faultes, be less.
ÆLLA wythe thyss I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awai, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

Playes made from hallie[32] tales I holde unmete
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treat;
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie[33] mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untyllie anere[34].

THOMAS ROWLEIE.
NOTES TO EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

1. *hylt*, hid, concealed.
2. *lege*, law.
5. *dere*, hurt, damage.
16. *pyghtethe*, plucks or tortures.
17. *knowlachynge*, knowledge.
18. *requiem*, a service used over the dead.
22. *dynneth*, sounds.
23. *dolte*, foolish,
27. *fage*, tale, jest.
30. *gyf*, if.
31. *meynte*, many.
32. *hallie*, holy.
33. *droorie* -- strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient signification stood for *modestly*.
34. *anere*, another.
LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
Nette[35] butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie[36] pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate[37],
Wylste prose, & herehaughtrie[38], ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandsieres, & great grandsieres bore, 10
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett syke[39] thynes alone,
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure;
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge[40] to take myckle[41] aie dothe hede.

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

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes[46], gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelle[47]
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whycche amenused[48] thoughtes of poesie;
Somme drybblette[49] share you shoulde to yatte[50] alyse[51]
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;
Instedde of mountyng onn a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy[52] dryve yn dolefull course.

Cannynge & I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene crased molteryng bookees be pente,
Botte soare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
And where see kenn somme ishad[53] floures besprente,
We take ytte, & from oulde rouste doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Cannynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie[54] bewryen[55],
Notte syke as do anne thys age so sore,
A keppened poynelle[56] restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist[57] lecturn[58,] and a songe adygne[59]
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wrought;
Gyff ytt please Cannynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge yttself moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear 50
Cannynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canyng; adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Hee wysche you healthe & selinesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

NOTES TO LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.
35. nete, nought.
36. heie, they.
37. regrate, esteem.
38. herehaughtrie, heraldry.
39. syke, such.
40. nilynge, unwilling.
41. myckle, much.
42. rede, wisdom, council.
43. gyf, if.
44. percase, perchance.
45. hem, them.
46. greiebarbes, Greybeards.
47. bysmarelie, curiously.
48. amenused, lessened.
49. drybblette, small.
50. yatte, that.
51. alyse, allow.
52. rouny, cart-horse.
53. ishad, broken.
54. fetywelie, elegantly.
55. bewryen, declared, expressed.
56. poyntelle, a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius.
57. onlist boundless.
58. lecturn, subject.
59. adygne, nervous, worthy of praise.
ENTRODUCTIONNE

Somme cherisauney 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevycied theyre londe from bayne,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre good deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels[64] geasonne[65] to be seene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell[66] stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englyshe sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troupes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd[68] hys eyne, and seel'd hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To sale what he, as clergyond[69], can kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

NOTES TO THE ENTRODUCTIONNE

60. cherisauney, comfort.
61. chevycied, preserved.
62. bayne, ruin.
63. ynhyme, inter.
64. baubels, jewels.
65. geasonne, rare.
66. this, i.e. Bristol.
67. castell, castle.
68. seel'd, closed.
69. clergyond, taught.
Ælla, A Tragycal Enterlude.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites[1] of goulde,
Mee, happeless mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynn myschaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle[2] canne bewreene[3]?
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?--
Butte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene,[4]
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne made redde,
Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene[5],
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee from hys moste parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere?[7]
Ytt cannotte, muste nott, naie, ytt shalie not bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes[8] wyll sla.
Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
To slea mieself, mie love, & eke mie doughtie[9] friende.

SCENE II.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd[10] Dane should blede,
Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte;
Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed mie softer soule;
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure[11] as nowe,
Whan hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede[12] vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie ys myne;
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
Inne sothe, I have butte meeded oute thie faie;[15]
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente,[16] 40
As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes[17] of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

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

ÆILLA.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them so grete,
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate[26];
Butte hann mie actyonns straughte[27] the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm Loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Botte be hys borrower style, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes[28] soe small;
As I to you, syke love untoue mee beare;
For nothynge paste wille Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wyll spere,
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe slacck yn love, ne overdeare;
A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

ÆILLA.

Thie gentle wordis doe thie volunde[29] kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

SCENE III.
ÆILLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moon, yn sylverr sheenynge lyghte,
Inn varied chaunges varied blessynges shedde,
Besprengynge far abreodo mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace,
Wythe selynesse, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encrease!
I, as a token of mie love to speak,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayke to breake.
ELLA.
Whan soperes paste we'll drench your ale soe stronge, 
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr[30] swayne; 
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe 
From the floures of yellowe hue; 
Tourne thee, Alyce, back again.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre,[31] I wylle goe 
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,[32] 
Lyche the sylver-footed doe, 
Seekynge shelter yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss growne daisey'd banke, 
Perrynge ynne the streme belowe; 
Here we'ille sytte, yn dewie danke; 
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie, 
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee, 
Inne the swotie monthe of Maie, 
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke, 
Howe the ouzle[33] chauntes hys noate, 
The chelandree,[34] greie morn larke, 
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree, 
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,[35] 
Tellynge lecturnyes[36] to mee, 
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene 
Pied daisies, kyngs-coppes swote; 
Alle we see, bie non bee seene, 
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.[37] 
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe. 
Leave me swythe, or I'lle alatche. 
Robynne, thyz youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.
See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryshcethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovyngye ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.

Drooried cattles wyllle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste be ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte me ne to the foule thynge;
I wyllle no mannnes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge,
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

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

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes[38], thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinstre[39] goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

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

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle[40] lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn godenesse wylle be greate.

ÆLLA.

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

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde[41], wee have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voices wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.
Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryngle,
And stret,[42] and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.
We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FIRST MYNSTRELLE.
The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh[43] yonge coweslepe bendeth wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Hevenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to westlyng dynne ys brought.
The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge,
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounede the alestake Mynstrells syng the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwynne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lacketh the somethynge stylle.

SECOND MYNSTRELLE.
So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe unto thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie yylles, wyll have a charmme for thee.

THIRD MYNSTRELLE.
Whanne Autumnne blake[44] and sonne-brenete doe appere,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleyng lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;
Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde,
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounede;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth some care.

SECOND MYNSTRELLE
Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde; 190
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe[45] desyre bee free;
Dhere ys a somewhate evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout womanne, cannot stylled bee;
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,[46]
Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne fayre.
Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves, botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutyle membere fyrste beganne,
Yrwoghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.
Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the sryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn[47] to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttinge,
As from the sones hete she harried, 210
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!
Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Cloud-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge. 220

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

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

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge, 230
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente shee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLÀ.LA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynnn untoe the feaste;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped[48] jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted[49] everych woe.

[Enter MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lycche scollles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea, 240
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragynge, to be quansed[50] bie none botte thee;
Haste, swytte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLÀ.LA.

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

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

ÆELLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the trate,
Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hungred guestes to eate?
O mie upswalynge[51] harte, whatt wordes can saie
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?
Moste we ale holde yn chace the shade content,
And for a bodykin[52] a swarthe obteyne?

O whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thann, loverde, lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos we lett the matter lethlen[53] laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the sabbataners goe aboute.
I speke, mie loverde, alleyn to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.

ÆELLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells[54] yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne could the queede, and ale the myghte of Helle,
Founde out implesaunce of syke blacke a geare.
Yet I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
To act wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

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

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

BIRTHA.  
Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?  
Is shee so rou and ugsomme[53] to hys syghte?  
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?  
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.  
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
Hang pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy morthe.  

ÆLLA.  
Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,  
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,  
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,  
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.  
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all  
Heaven can mee sende, or counyng wytt acquyre,  
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.  

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

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

BIRTHA.  
Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!  
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.  
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command  
Under the sygnette of oure lorde the kynge.  

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

BIRTHA.  
Agylted[56] Ælla, thie abredynge[57] blynge[58].  
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.  
Yette heare mie suplycate, to mee attende,  
Hear from mie groted[59] harte the lover and the friende.  
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;  
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;  
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.
ÆLLA.

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

[Exit Celmonde

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe; O mie agroteed harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie; 350  
Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte  
Of certen Deth, yette here I woulde notte staie.  
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie  
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue,  
Yette rouze thi honoure uppe, and, wayte the daie,  
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.  
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme[60] to accae[61]  
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile[62] ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev 360  
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.  
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,  
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.  
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;  
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.  
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,  
Shappe foullie thos hath snatched hym awaie.  
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,  
Wydhoute an ounde of teares and breaste wyth syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thie selfe; why wynte thou bee 370  
All blanch; al kyngele, all soo wyse yn mynde,  
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,  
Whatte wondrous bighes[63] he nowe muste leave behynde?  
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;  
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.  
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.  

[Re-enter CELMONDE

CELMONDE.

The Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge[64]  
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe flynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie, 380  
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.
ÆLLA.
I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure calis awaie.

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

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

[Exit Ælla.

BIRTHA.
O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass! percase he's gone for aie.

[Exit Birtha.

CELMONDE.
Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyc hafare abrode ynne gentle ayre do flie,
Meetynge from distaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
Albeytte eft thou taken thie hie flyghte
Hecket[65] yynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Noure commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente[66];
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skyledd honde uponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped[67] atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? theres Celmonde yn the place.
Bone whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies around mee ryse;
Blake[68] stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?
Hallie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothyng does thie gastness fere.
Faygne would I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest[69] thie levynne-bronde;
Whyllest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleenys ys mie conforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to flene;
Knyghtes, who eft en kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge wales,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde[70] and dolefulle dede.

ACT II
SCENE I
MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIE PREESTE, wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.

MAGNUS.
Swythe[71] lette the offrendes[72] to the Goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreads wythyyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE syngeth.

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whanne yee were agguylte,
The mone yn blodde gytelles[73] hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde;
Whanne the oundynge waves dystrestes,
Storven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swoleterynge wolc natyons down;
Sendynge thee, on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erythys Godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghtes eletten[74] all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th'emprize.

[falleth downe and efte rysethe.
Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menn be slayne.

MAGNUS.
Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athisorwe swerdes, alych the Queed dystraughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste.
As whanne a tempeste vexeth the soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alych a levyn-mylted oke.

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menn be slayne.

MAGNUS.
Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughge the hoaste,
Athisorwe swerdes, alych the Queed dystraughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste.
As whanne a tempeste vexeth the soare the coaste,
Full meyne a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.  
Mie sheeld, lyche sommere morie gronfer drove,  
Mie lethalle speere, alych a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full of hyghe sound, and eeke  
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.  
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;  
The cocke saiethe drefte[75], yett armed ys he alleyne.  
Ceris thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne  
Of mee, and meyn te of woe, who eke canne fyghte,  
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,  
And tore the heaulmes from heads of myckle myghte.  
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,  
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,  
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.  
Thou fyghtest anente[76] maydens and ne menne,  
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.  
Eftte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,  
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,  
Wythe corses I investynge everich mede,  
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.  
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,  
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte  
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.  
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;  
Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.  
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;  
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.  
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,  
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.  
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,  
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte hatte hys noble spryte  
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to sale.  
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodd he'd wryte,  
And on thie heafod peyncle hys myghte for aie  
Gyf thou anent an wolffynes rage wouldest staie,  
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;  
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,  
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche[77] myckle woe.  
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage;  
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.

HURRA.

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

**MAGNUS.**

Eternalie plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele all the peynes of age whilst ynyge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere;
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes devoure.

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

**HURRA.**

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tyle thie owne tonge thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele[80].
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

**MAGNUS.**

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
Botthe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre felle;
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.

Now; bie the goddes yatte reule the Dccyanne state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysregate.

**HURRA.**

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proose canst calle.
Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie swordes,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee fall;
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde

I Hurra amme miesel, & aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

[Enter Messengere.

**MESSENGERE.**

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

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare
Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynghge as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard[83] thie blodde? ys ytte for feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,
And yette ne byther wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

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

[Enter Seconde Messengere.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, & blodde swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoaste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? & soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne[84].
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne,
Tellynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, & inne the battelle slea.

SCENE II.
ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE near WATCHETTE.
ÆLLA.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vows,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyngge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknown to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blode emboilen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughthe for Englondes weale.

Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynghe here.

There ys ne house, athrow thysh ap-shap-scurged[85] isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfheed the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed[86] lemed[87] oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
Oure sonnes lie storven[88] ynne theyre smethynge gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.

Yet menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.
Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerses of oure hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame.
Lyche torrentes, gushynghe downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge[89] levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And strew wythe gouldie to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes hygher,
Wee fyghtes notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynghe ytt downe binethe the reynynge streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters[90] the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme.

Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thysh battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre,
Brendeynghe perforce wythe unenhantende[91] fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
Se[ing] the lambe & shepsterre nere the brire,
Both th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea.

Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee sleene,
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte.     650
Yourselfses, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or die.
I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place;
To honoures house I nede notte markke the waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne;
Draue forthe the bornyshed bylie wythe fetyve grace,
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.     660
Thus I enrone mie anlace; goe thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;
Theie pance for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, & sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.     670

SOLDYERRES.

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

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynde swerdes shalle plonge hem downe to helle;
Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres;
The barrowes brastyng wythe the sleene schall swelle,
Brynnyng[92] to commynge tymes our famous warres;     680
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.
Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,
Echone wylle marblette atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpeoure battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.     690
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on ynder rysynge grounde.
Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.
THOMAS CHATTERTON

SCENE III.
DANES flyinge, neare WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.
FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;
The Saxonnnes comme wythe &lla atte theyre heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to ynder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.
O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safegetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle syngle dare the bloddy fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle[93] marke the goeynge of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.
Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobbiyne yield yer breathe;
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle slayne.

HURRA.
Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente[94] havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Dyspendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne[95];
Lette alle the Dacyannes swythe untoe oure banner joyne.
Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengre sadde dethe & dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves thereynne;
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

SCENE IV.
CELMONDE, near WATCHETTE.
O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.
Bryghte sonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncyng streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whych doe blakke armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne[96] whych stondeth bie;
The soulyders stooode uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whych yn a forreste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemenynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte mooovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warnynge harte forr praye & rennome swelles;
Lyche slowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge streme,
Sych eyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme tare,
To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshfe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynge masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafeed, as lyons madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flayed[97] foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte -- botte staie, mie tynge; saie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, stylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;
Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus sought hys waie, &, shame to telle!
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte threwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deade.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unnysynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne fledde.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie.
Swefte, as yer shyppe, the vanquished Dacyannes flie;
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylye daie,
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyse menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie thoulde the sleetre staie,
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloodie playne.
The fyghtynge beynde done, I came awaie,
In othyr fieldes to fyghte a moe unequallle fraie.
Mie servant squyre!

[Enter Servitoure

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde,
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneyng lyghte yn course,
Leavynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalt be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie best of stedes, and brynge hymm heere -- awaie!

CELMONDE.

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tyle his wounds be broghte to ethe.
And shalle I from his browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the victore yn his vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee to deathe;
Botte -- Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome aterne[98] -- ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge there.
Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursuie.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wylie holde to now, & hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shall be torne.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

BRISTOWE.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere[99].
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure selynesse destroie,
Floodynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.
THE ROWLEY POEMS

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied reste.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste:
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere[99] awaie.

[Enter Mynstrelles

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the blynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reyneynge[100] ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne[101] as the wynter nyghte,
Whyte hys rode[102] as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the morning lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyng as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenyng cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Here, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyntcte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I’llle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartyys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
My love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

SCENE II.
ÆLIA, atte WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, & , as mie love ys, stronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe bane, & blesse;
On tyme encalede[104] yanne bie the same thynge warmd,
Estroughted forthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse;
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers[105] yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

SCENE III.
CELMONDE, atte BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are stylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyght makes gleme;
The upryste[106] sprytes the sylente letten[107] fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;
Now maie mie love be sated ynn yettes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynynge streme,
Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

[Enter Servitoure

CELMONDE.
Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here.

[Exit Servitoure
[Enter Birtha

**BIRTHA.**

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

**CELMONDE.**

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

**BIRTHA.**

Is Ælla welle?

**CELMONDE.**

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte[108] blessynges of a future yeare.

**BIRTHA.**

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare? 940
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

**CELMONDE.**

For heavie tydynes swythyn noe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

**BIRTHA.**

O mie agroted breast!

**CELMONDE.**

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

**BIRTHA.**

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's Payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulders sprynge.

**CELMONDE.**

Mit stede wydhoute wylle deftlie beere us twayne.

**BIRTHA.**

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;
Sweftlie carapisons for rydyng me brynge;
I have a mynde wythe the leyne ploume.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the styngye,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieself the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten mee.

**CELMONDE.**

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swynynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.

Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode[109];
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,  
Ytte love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

**BIRTHA.**

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,  
Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,  
Erthe wythe the ayre enhased dyd contende,  
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd slee,  
Ytte I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde slee;  
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,  
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche tree,  
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche strene,  
Ytte woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,  
Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

**SCENE III.**  
**A WODE.**  
**HURRA, DANES.**  
**HURRA.**

**HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,**  
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;  
Whatsoever schalle be Englysch wee wylle slee,  
Spredynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.  
Ynne Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,  
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;  
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,  
Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie dree.  
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
Eftesoones we will returne, & vanquished bee ne moere.

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;  
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;  
Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,  
The Dacyannes, sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,  
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;  
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;  
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wyle paie,  
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;  
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes, destroie;--  
Oure armoures -- wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie.

Whene swefte-sote tymde doe rolle the daie alonge,  
Somm hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;  
Brastyngye alychye a rocke, or mountayne stronge,  
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;  
Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes rende,  
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,  
Downe to the goddes the ownerres dhereof sende,  
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre & bloddie weere.  
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;  
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

**SCENE IV.**  
**ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.**  
**CELMONDE, BIRTHA.**

**BIRTHA.**
Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.  
Howe sable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!  
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,  
Ne ys att nyghtys flemyngue hue dysmayde;  
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;  
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of conforte wove;  
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.  
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BERTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes.  
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,  
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,  
Wych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;  
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,  
Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the syghte;  
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt stondes,  
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie thoughtes  
Perchance maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?  
Am I betraste? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,  
Botte geven some onn Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!  
I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage out;  
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.  
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,

There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyond the hele of fate,

Gyff Birtha stytle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the sommer flowrees, Birtha, looke,

Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyspleasaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie\[113\] sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.

Yee seynctes! and shal I wronge mie Ælla’s bedde,
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone -- alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn\[114\] and her starres will take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte\[115\].

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylle.
Untoe mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

[Enter HURRA and DANES

HURRA.

Ah! thatt's a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.
Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous[116] honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie stryngye anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.
[Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynyte Danes he sleath, and faleth to Hurra.]

Oh! I forslagen[117] be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn eterne nyghte;--
To her be kynde.
[Dieth.

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure soule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,
Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce[118] you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorowre the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, & wysched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wey are spente, he soundeth the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
Hee oathed you to bee stylle, & strayte dydd sette you free.

Scalle wee forslege[119] hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee syghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.
Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & lea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede bie the;
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone[120] of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.
The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The seynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the green;
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante[121] sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee.

ACT IV.
SCENE I.
AT BRYSTOWE.
ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆELLA.
TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghe
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle door;
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of ware nemore.

[Enter EGWINA]
ÆLDA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLDA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

ÆLDA.

Birtha is --

ÆLDA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

ÆLDA.

Gone --

ÆLDA.

Gone! ye goddes!

ÆLDA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yeeseyntes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!

ÆLDA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymne ne moe.
Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

ÆLDA.

I will.

ÆLDA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.
Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

ÆLDA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLDA.

Oh! speek.

ÆLDA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne --

ÆLDA.

Her love! to whomme?

ÆLDA.

To thee, her spouse alleyne[122].
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere[123]
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her aniewheere.
Æella.
Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste; -- botte noe; ytte cannott bee.

Egwina.
Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

Æella.
Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustic paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee soe -- oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie dome.
[Enter Servytooure.

Servytooure.
Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde betide mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made--

Æella.
O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen mine mie benned[124] headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.
Thys alleyn was unburled[125] of alle mie spryte;
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce[126] wynde,
Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome[127] and mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe live;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.
[Stabbeth hys breste.

Servytooure.
Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englond's marrde!

Æella.
Be stylle; stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.
[Knelle ryngeth.
[Enter Coernyke

Æella.
Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte ah! shee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

[Enter BIRTHA and HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? Whatte merits yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and well!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.
Thie foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.[128]

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

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

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevyng e fulle harde anenste a burred swayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeythe foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNYKE.

Yee nobyle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes could Birtha have, whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;
The Danes --

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die content. -- [dieth.

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.
[Birtha feyncteth.

COERNYKE.

What? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe?
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
Ælla, the rennoma was thie onlie gayne;
For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste.
Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge of thee.

THE ENDE.

NOTES TO ÆLLA.

1. gites, robes, mantles.
2. poyntelle, pen.
3. bewreene, express.
4. seemlykeene, countenance.
5. ywreene, covered.
6. syke, so.
7. anere, another.
8. attenes, at once.
9. doughtie, mighty.
10. prevyd, hardy, valourous.
11. reddoure, violence.
12. caytysnede, binding, enforcing.
13. shap, fate.
14. emmate, lessen, decrease.
15. faie, faith.
16. yblente, blinded.
17. lemes, beams.
18. pheeres, fellows, equals.
19. daygnous, disdainful.
20. offrendes, presents, offerings.
21. scarpes, scarfes.
22. *paramente*, robes of scarlet.
23. *lyssed*, bounded
24. *bawsyn*, large.
27. *straughte*, stretched.
28. *achevementes*, services.
29. *volunde*, memory, understanding.
30. *shepsterr*, shepherd.
32. *mees*, meadows.
33. *ouzle*, The black bird.
34. *chelandree*, Gold-finch.
35. *blatauntlie*, loudly.
36. *lecturnyes*, lectures.
37. *gratch*, clothing.
38. *attenes*, at once.
39. *divinstre*, a divine.
40. *bordelle*, cottage.
42. *stret*, stretch.
43. *nesh*, tender.
44. *blake*, naked.
45. *chafe*, hot.
46. *tere*, health.
47. *swythyn*, quickly.
49. *dreynted*, drowned.
50. *quansed*, stilled, quenched.
51. *upswalynge*, swelling.
52. *bodykin* body, substance.
54. *takells*, arrows, darts.
55. *ugsomme*, terrible.
56. *agylted*, offended.
57. *abredynge*, upbraiding.
58. *blynge*, cease.
60. *agreeme*, torture.
61. *accaie*, asswage.
63. *bighes*, Jewels.
64. *lynge*, stay.
65. *hecket*, wrapped closely, covered.
67. *awahtped*, astonish'd
68. *blake*, naked.
69. *dysperpellest*, scatterest.
70. *fremde*, strange.
72. offrendes, offerings.
73. gytelles, mantels.
74. eletten, enlighten.
75. drefte, least.
76. anente, against
77. wurche, work.
78. ugsomness, Terror.
79. recreandes, cowards.
80. rele, wave.
81. contekions, contentions.
82. fremded, frightened.
83. forgard, lose.
84. berne, child.
85. shap-scurged, fate-scourged.
86. enlowed, flamed, fired.
87. lemed, lighted.
88. storven, dead.
89. for-weltrynge, blasting.
90. enswolters, swallows, sucks in.
91. unenhantende, unaccustomed.
92. brynynge, declaring.
93. scalle, shall.
94. cravente, coward.
95. forloyne, retreat.
96. borne, burnish.
97. flemed, frightened.
98. aterne, eternal.
99. weere, wiere, grief
100. reynynge, running.
101. cryne, hair.
102. rode, complexion.
103. reytes, water-flags.
104. encalede, frozen, cold.
105. couracyers, horse coursers, couriers.
106. upryste, risen.
107. letten, church-yard.
108. behylte, promised.
109. lyvelyhode, life.
110. scantillie, scarcely, sparingly.
111. tore, torch.
112. betraste, betrayed.
113. deslavatie, lechery.
114. welkyn, heaven.
115. hylte, hide.
116. brondeous, furious.
117. forslagen, slain.
118. ewbryce, adultery.
119. forslege, slay.
120. cross-stone, monument.
121. scante, scarce.
122. Alleyne, only, alone.
123. seere, search.
124. benned, cursed, tormented.
125. unburled, unarmed.
126. dolce, soft, gentle.
127. renome, renown.
128. unsprytes, un-souls.
GODDWN; A TRAGEDIE.
By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie T. Rowleie, the Aucthoure.
GODDWN, bie Johan de Iscamme.
ELWARDE, bie Syrr Thybbot Gorges.
ALSTAN, bie Syrr Alan de Vere.
KYNGE EDWARD; bie Mastre Wilyam Canynge.
Odthers bie Knyghtes Mynnstrells.

PROLOGUE
Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Thatte he was knowne toe noe hallie[9] wurche[10];
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted[11] ne the churche.
The aucthoure[12] of the piece whiche we enacte,
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn[15] a kynge mote[16] bee full pleased to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon[17] anie onne.

GODDWN; A TRAGEDIE.

ACT I.

GODDWN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde![18]

GODDWN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
Theie batten[21] onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore.
Am I betrasséd, syke shulde mie burlie bronde
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.
I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe, ugsomme rou as smethynge armyes seeme; 10
Yett efte, I feare, thie chifes toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme.
What tydynge from the kynge?

HAROLDE.
His Normans know.
I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.
Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke?

HAROLDE.
Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire troubles, lyche a sorgie sea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.
Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.
No, we muste streve to ayde oureseles wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie prayde.
Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howre?
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne,
Unburled, undelievre, unespryte?
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.
Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fytte.
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies.
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe.
Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
Shulde anie of thie sonnes sele aughte of ethe?
Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe.

GODDWYN.
Thou arte all preeste, & notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke thee servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.
Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
The dailie contekes of the londe ascende,
The wyddowe, fahdrellesse, & bondemennes cries
Acheke the mokie aire & heaven astende
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende

Hancelled[66] from erthe these Normanne hyndes[67] shalle bee;
Lyche a battently[68] low[69], mie swerde shalle brende[70]; 50
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem[71] slea[72].
Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle defayte[73]
Aboune[74] the hyghe empryze[75], & rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster --

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
Albeytte[76], dyd shee speeke her foemen[77] fayre,
I wulde dequace[78] her comlie semlykeene[79],
And foulde mie bloddie anlace[80] yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir[81] blyn[82].

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal[83] mere[84],
Upriste[85] withe hiltrene[86] wyndes & cause unkend[87],
Beheste[88] it to be lete[89]; so twylle appeare, 60
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contriès frende.
The gule-steynte[90] brygandyne[91], the adventayle[92]

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt,
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites[95] unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge[96] her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng[97] everich native planté to gre[98]
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous[99] wulde hem slee[100];
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme[101];
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne[102] mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace[103] wielde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster[104] hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe som dygner[105] than I han pyghte[106] downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd[107] agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie[108] seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded[109] rule the untentyff[110] reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80
So to yielde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Nor anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.
HAROLDE.
Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte strayte;

GODDWYN.
To thee I wylle swythynne[113] the menes unplayte[114],
Bie whych e thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames[115] braunce[116] out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock[117] gron[118] 90
Drented[119] of alle yts swolynge[120] owndes[121] shalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse.
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame[122] flies.

HAROLDE.
I will to the West, and gemote[123] alle the knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede[124]
As the ybroched[125] moon, when blaunch[126] she dyghtes[127]
The wodeland grounded or water-mantled mede;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughest[128] blede,
Who eft have knelte upon forslagen[129] foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests[130] a castle-stede[131] 100
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke[132] yiere woes;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfullie fraie.

GODDWYN.
Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all;
The moe wee gayne, the gare[133] wylle prosper beste,
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.
True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes[134] the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.
No crouched champyone[135] wythe an harte moe feygne 110
Dyd yssue owte the hallie[136] swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddi pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.
Next eve, mie sonne.

HAROLDE.
Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason[137] wronges bee reyne[138] ynto theyre pryme; 120
Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge[139] yn thie skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth[140] on thie chaper[141] grounde;
Syr stye shalle mie fhuiyre on thie Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee[142] menne be sleene[143} arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressione falle,
Ne moe the Englishmenne yn vayne for hele[144] shal calle.
ACT II.
SCENE I.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HIS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde[145], whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded[146] straungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone[147], and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde.
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie[148] kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre[149] me gronde;
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

QUEENE.

Mancas[150] you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke[151] make moke[152] dole[153], you have theyr worthe asterte[155].

KYNGE.

Hallie[156] dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele[157],
Theyre volundes[158] are ystorven[159] to self endes;
No denwere[160] yn mie breste I of them fele.
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele[161]
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were[162]
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

SCENE II.

KYNGE AND SIR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente[163].
The hus dyspense[164] unpaied doe appere;
The laste receivure[165] ys eftesoones[166] dispente[167]

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte[168] Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge.
THE ROWLEY POEMS

KYNGE.

Arace[169] hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Haroldo shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seson sytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soo enalse[170] hys name,
Inne strevyntge to slea hymme, ourselves wee slea;
Syke ys the doughtyness[171] of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNG.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hugh; a straunger to the launde.

HUGHE.

Onwoldie syke a marvelle[176] of a kynge!
O Edward; thou deservest purer leege[177];
To thee heie[178] shulden all theire mancas bryngye;
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb[179] forslege[180].
I amme no curriedowe[181] I lacke no wite[182]
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie[183] mann; I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele[184] mee ynn mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise[185],
And twayne of hamlettes[186] to thee and thie heyres.
So shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn[88] have syke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

ACT III.

CHORUS.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-syned assryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled[188] her bosomme to acale[189]
She hearde onflemed[190] the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled[191] speere,
On hie she jeste[192] her sheelde,

-113-
Her foemen[193] all appere,
And flizze[194] alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod[195] straught[196] ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,
Chastes[201] with hys yronne feete and soundes to war. 201
She syttes upon a rock:
She bendes before his speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldeynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye[202] wympled[203] gies[204] ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallyngye rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld[205], arist[206] 210
Hys feerie heaulme[207] noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste --

NOTES TO GODDWYN

2. *pensmenne*, writers, historians.
5. *benymmyng*, bereaving.
10. *wurche*, work.
11. *ne*, not.
14. *clergyon*, clerk, or clergyman.
15. *entyn*, even.
18. *loverde*, lord.
22. *agreyme*, grievance; a sense of it.
23. *blyn*, cease, be still.
25. *betrassed*, deceived, imposed on.
27. *burlie*, fury, anger, rage.
30. *stringe*, strong.
32. *rou*, horrid, grim.
33. smethynge, smoking, bleeding.
34. efte, oft.
35. chefes, heat, rashness.
36. rede, counsel, wisdom.
37. breme, strength, also strong.
38. shemrynge, taudry, glimmering.
39. foulke, people.
40. shap, fate, destiny.
41. fetelie, nobly.
42. calke, cast.
43. croche, cross, from crouche, a cross.
44. dareygne, attempt, or endeavour.
45. unburled, unarmed.
46. undelievre, unactive.
47.unespryte, unspirited.
48. thyk, such.
49. adented, fastened, annexed.
50. prowess, might, power.
51. gite, mantle, or robe.
52. argent, white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent.
53. forstraughteynge, distracting.
54. wanhope, despair.
55. bledhe, bleed.
56. alyse, allow.
57. ethe, ease.
58. trone, throne.
59. pyghte, pluck.
60. beseies, becomes.
61. leegefolcke, subjects.
62. contekes, contentions, complaints.
63. acheke, choke.
64. mokie, dark, cloudy.
65. astende, astonish.
66. hancelled, cut off, destroyed.
67. hyndes, slaves.
68. battently, loud roaring.
69. low, flame of fire.
70. brende, burn, consume.
71. hem, them.
72. slea, slay.
73. defayte, decay.
74. aboune, make ready.
75. empryze, enterprize.
76. albeytte, notwithstanding.
77. foemen, foes.
78. dequace, mangle, destroy.
79. semlykeene, beauty, countenance.
80. anlace, an ancient sword.
81. fhuir, fury.
82. blyn, cease.
83. leathal, deadly.
84. mere, lake.
85. upriste, swollen.
86. hiltrene, hidden.
87. unkend, unknown.
88. beheste, command.
89. let, still.
90. gule-steyncte, red-stained.
91. brygandyne, a part of armour.
92. adventayle, a part of armour.
93. brede, broad.
94. gare, cause.
95. drites, rights, liberties.
96. coupynge, cutting, mangling.
97. caltysnyng, forbidding.
98. gre, grow.
99. brondeous, furious,
100. slee, slay.
101. breme, strength.
102. bewryne, declare.
103. anlace, sword.
104. minster, monastery.
105. dygner, more worthy.
106. pyghte, pulled, plucked.
107. brayed, displayed.
108. super-hallie, over-righteous.
109. reded, counselled, more wise.
110. untentyff, uncareful, neglected.
111. bete, bid, command.
112. slea, slay.
113. swythynne, presently.
114. unplayte, explain.
115. agrames, grievances.
116. braunce, grievances.
117. mollock, wet, moist.
118. gron, branch.
119. drented, drained.
120. swolynge, swelling.
121. owndes, waves.
122. agram, grievance.
123. gemote, assemble.
124. brede, broad.
125. ybroched, horned.
126. blaunch, white.
127. dyghtes, decks.
128. doughtiest, mightiest, most valiant.
129. forslagen, slain.
130. orrests, oversets.
131. castle-stede, a castle.
132. bewrecke, revenge.
133. *gare*, cause.
134. *atennes*, at once.
135. *crouched champyone*, one who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.
137. *geason*, rare, extraordinary, strange.
138. *reyne*, run, shot up.
139. *egederinge*, assembling, gathering,
140. *brasteth*, bursteth.
141. *chaper*, dry, barren.
142. *mittee*, mighty.
143. *sleene*, slain.
144. *hele*, help.
145. *loverde*, lord.
146. *browded*, embroidered; 'tis conjecturcd, embroidery was not used in England till Hen. II.
147. *trone*, throne.
149. *embowre*, lodge.
150. *mancas*, marks.
152. *moke*, much.
154. *asterete*, neglected, or passed by.
155. *heste*, require, ask.
156. *hallie*, holy.
158. *volundes*, will.
159. *ystorven*, dead.
162. *heaven-were*, heaven-ward, or God-ward.
163. *ente*, purse, used here probably as a treasury.
164. *dyspense*, expence.
165. *receivure*, receipt.
166. *eftesoones*, soon.
168. *mitte*, a contraction of mighty.
169. *arace*, divest.
170. *enalse*, embrace.
171. *doughtyness*, mightiness.
173. *stedness*, firmness, stedfastness.
175. *onknowalychyne*, not knowing.
176. *marvelle*, wonder.
177. *leege*, homage, obeysance
178. *heie*, they.
180. *forslege*, kill.
181. curriedowe, flatterer.
182. wite, reward.
183. hallie, holy.
184. hele, help.
185. alise, allow.
186. hamlettes, manors.
187. alleyn, alone.
188. assayled, endeavoured.
189. acale, freeze.
190. onflemed, undismayed.
191. burled, armed, pointed.
192. jeste, hoisted on high, raised.
193. foemen, foes, enemies.
194. flizze, fly.
195. heafod, head.
196. straught, stretched.
197. alyche, like.
198. twaie, two.
199. brendyne, flaming.
200. gronfyres, meteors.
201. chastes, beats, stamps.
202. scillye, closely.
203. wympled, mantled, covered.
204. gies, guides.
205. burld, armed.
206. arist, arose.
207. heaulme, helmet.
ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE 1st.[1]

WHANNE Scytheannes, salvage as the wolves theie chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe[2] forms bie nature dyghte,
Heckled[3] yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes[4] of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred[5] bedde of laveynge seas,
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whole eyne dyd feerie fheene, like blue-hayred defs[9],

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles[11]
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
Theyre myghte ys knopped[14] ynne the froste of fere.
The headed javlyn lisseth[15] here and there;
Theie stonde, theie Ronnie, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
The shyppes sayle, boleyng[16] wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
Theie dryve aweiye aghaste, whanne to the stronde

Hymne followede eftsoones hys compheeres[18], whose swerdes
Glestred lyke gledeynge[19] starres ynne frostie nete,
Hayleyng theyre capytayne in chirckynge[20] wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre sete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;
Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves sledde, as flete
As sleayngke clouudes that swymme before the fyghte;
Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
Theie uncted[21] Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojans swaie.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed[22] up the myndes,
Leggende[23] the salvage unthewes[24] of theire breste,
Improved in mysterk[25] warre, and lymmed[26] theyr kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente[27];
Halceld[28] the bykrous[29] Huns, who dyd infeste
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;
Blousshing, alyche[30] the scarlette of herr wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynde, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyr powere. 50

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie[31] age;
Eft[32] wandringe yn the coppycye, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynghe fage[33],
Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;
The fierie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted[34] warriours to bewrecke[35] her bedde;
Theie rose; ynyne battle was greete Locryne sleene;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed[36] queene.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hallie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the Western mittee[37] pyles of claie
Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrshe tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch[38] and gear;
Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate[39]. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge[40] skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte[41],
Eke everychone who shulde her ele[42] emprize[43].
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shadowe relumes yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint[44] acres lies,
Meeteyng the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte,
Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye[45],
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried[46] uppe noddynge forrests to the tide,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde[47],
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie,
The flying wolffynnes sente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed[48] rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen[49] the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
Houton[50] dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare[51]
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynyne Elstryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde[52].

The bawsyn[53] gyaunt, hee who dyd them sleee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped[54];
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne[55] glesterrd on hys headde:
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;
He wyrythde arondre yn drearie dern[56] payne;
Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes[57] were fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne.
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte. 110

NOTES TO ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.
1. I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.
2. horrowe, unseemly, disagreeable.
3. heckled, wrapped.
4. lemes, rays.
5. hulstred, hidden, secret.
6. gerd, broke, rent.
7. drybblets, small pieces.
8. twyghte, pulled, rent.
9. defs, vapours, meteors.
10. emblaunched, whitened.
11. reles, ridges, rising waves.
12. uncouthe, unknown
13. denwere, tremour.
14. knopped, fastened, chained, congealed.
15. liseth, boundeth.
16. boleyng, swelling.
17. burled, armed.
18. compheeres, companions,
19. gledeynge, livid.
20. chirkynge, a confused noise.
21. uncted, anointed.
22. lemed, enlightened.
23. leggende, alloyed.
24. salvage unthewes, savage barbarity.
25. mysterk, mystic.
26. lymmed, polished.
27. paramente, a princely robe.
28. halceled, defeated.
29. bykrous, warring.
30. alyche, like.
31. swotie, sweet.
32. eft, oft.
33. fage, a tale.
34. gemoted, assembled.
35. bewrecke, revenge.
36. enchafed, heated, enraged.
37. mittee, mighty.
38. gratch, apparel.
39. regrate, esteem, favour.
40. emmertleynge, glittering.
41. pyghte, settled,
42. ele, help.
43. empryze, adventure.
44. meint, many.
45. gye, guide.
46. harried, tost.
47. astounde, astonish.
48. limmed, glassy, reflecting.
49. leggen, lessen, alloy.
50. houton, hollow.
51. bysmare, bewildered, curious.
52. ywrynde, hid, covered.
53. bawsyn, huge, bulky.
54. ysped, dispatched.
55. roddie levynne, red lightning.
56. dernie, cruel.
57. lemes, flames, rays.
AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the goode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY[1], 1464

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees[2] did caste his raie;
The apple rodded[3] from its palie greene
And the mole[4] peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandrie[5] sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhood of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte[6] in its most defte[7] aumere[8].

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken[9] blue,
When from the sea arist[10] drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

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

Look in his glommed[18] face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd[19], deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house[20], asshrewed[21] manne!
Haste to thie kiste[22], thie onlie dortoure[23] bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forsват[24] meadowes smethe[25], and drenche[26] the raine;30
The comyng ghastnes do the cattle pall[27],
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott[28] againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne[29] flies;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist[40] almes craver neere to the holme to bide.
His cope[41] was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyn;
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chyne;
His autremete[42] was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds[43] mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne;
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sight;
For the horse-millianare[44] his head with roses dighte.

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

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

Once moe the skie was black; the thunder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape[46] were graie, and eke were cleene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

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

But ah! unhailie[50] pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope[51], thou arte bare I see;
Tis thynye; the Seyntes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgyne and halle Seyntce, who sitte yn gloure[52],
Or give the mittee[53] will, or give the gode man power.

NOTES TO AN EXCELLENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

1. Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucetershire.
2. mees meads.
3. rodded, reddened, ripened.
4. mole, soft.
5 peed chelandrie, pied goldfinch.
6. dighte, dressed.
7. defte, neat, ornamental.
8. aumere, a loose robe or mantle.
9. welken, the sky, the atmosphere.
10. arist, arose.
11. hiltring, hiding, shrouding
12. attenes, at once.
13. fetive, beauteous.
14. It would have been charitable, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.
15. ungentle, beggarly.
16. brefful filled with.
17. almer, beggar.
18. glommed, clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary word is of opinion, that glum and glom are modern cant words, and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light, and the modern word gloomy is derived from the Saxon word glum.
19. forwynd, dry, sapless.
20. church-glebe-house, the grave.
21. asshrewed, accursed, unfortunate.
22. kiste, coffin.
23. dortoure, a sleeping room.
24. forswat, sun-burnt.
25. smethe, smoke.
26. drenche, drink.
27. pall, a contraction from appall, to fright.
28. flott, fly.
29. levynne, lightning.
30. smothe, steam, or vapours.
31. lowings, flames.
32. clymmynge, noisy.
33. cheves, moves.
34. embollen, swelled, strengthened.
35. gallard, frightened.
36. braste, burst.
37. chapournette, a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers.
38. pencte, painted.
39. aynewarde tolde his bederoll, he told his beads backwards, a figurative expression to signify cursing.
40. mist, poor, needy.
41. cope, cloak.
42. autremete, a loose white robe, worn by Priests.
43. loverds, lord's.
44. horse-millanare, I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed.
45. faitour, a beggar or vagabond.
46. jape, a short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.
47. halline, joy.
48. eathe, ease.
49. nete, nought.
50. unhailie, unhappy.
51. semecope, a short under-cloke.
52. gloure, glory.
53. mittee, mighty.
BATTLE OF HASTINGS (No 1.)

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to tell;
HOW manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastynge feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude,
Han anie fructuuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wylyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnynt arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynge, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now deparle;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destyne for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harrolde menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has done his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wylyam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.
And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;
The cruel spear went thorough all hys hede;
The purpel blonde came goushynge to the ground;
And at Duke Wylyams's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wylyam sawe hys freende sleyne piteouslie,
Hys lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wylyams's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre did aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milwhite breste.
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheeld.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans stode aloof; nor hede the same,
Their arrows woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wylyam drewe agen hys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse of Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosselyn threwe his short horse-speare;
Duke Wylyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow.
Upon his helme foe surious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wunde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.

Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.

Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up their blyles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinst the brest of Sier de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymself, but those he left behyne. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wyth cherishment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode Kynge Edwarde's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myghte lent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,  
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;  
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,  
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.  

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,  
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,  
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.  
So have I seen a roche o'er others hang;  
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
But when he falls with heaven-pecrynge bange  
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,  
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.  

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
And in the battel he much goode han done;  
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,  
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;  
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward  
True as a shadow to a substant thynge,  
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.  

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,  
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,  
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.  
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,  
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;  
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,  
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;  
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,  
Eftsoons wyth stnokyng crymson blond was wett.  

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
Maugre hys helm, he splete his hede in twayne.  
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,  
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;  
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,  
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;  
And like a useless weede amonge the haie  
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.  

Kynge Harold then he putt his yeomen bie,  
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;  
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,  
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
Etheleyn, Ethelbert, and Edwyn too,  
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,  
Kynge Haroldo's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,  
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;  
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,  
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.  

As when some ryver with the season raynes  
White fomyng he doth breke the bridges oft,  
Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,  
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft:
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes.
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe slew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said;
I am a cunnynge Erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngle their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungered on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him slewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyty this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harold's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd weilde,
Cut offe his arm; and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente, he splet his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;
Where Druids, auncient preests, did ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bards dyd their verses synge
Of Caesar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shppyng on the Brittish coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians, stylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine.
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tytling launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede.
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd purpure bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
Enthoge to staie a driving rivers course;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340
The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advanced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drew;
The Erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at echother vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
Which he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee.
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clyme,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
And drew thereof a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the choughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I seel
But now I must do somethyng more than sighe;
And then an arrow from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir. 400

The Erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withhote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
’Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaiies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
A launce, that stroke Partai upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude.
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie, 440

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslondre,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunninge manne,
Who sange a charm, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holy Dame
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Then drew the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holy herbies on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte.
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Fall to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to move affryghte;
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;
A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws.
So Hercules, 'tis sung, much like to him,
Upon his sholder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweft legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe its waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd his yse yne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte.
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God woote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egwald dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss.
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead.
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two.
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak --

* * * * * * * * *
BATTLE OF HASTINGS (No 2.)

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! hy passynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
The sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Tho' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynghe and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,
And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell
Girthe draw hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
Rousd from their praier by the flotting crie;
Though Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,
Not once theie stoode abashd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;[1]
Fierce as a ryver burstynghe from the borne;
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe. 50
Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;  
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe.  
Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,  
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.  
The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye so  
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?  
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to showe,  
Nor dready thuy wyth all his men of myghte;  
Here single these to all thie crewe  
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;  
In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;  
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
And now the news was to Duke William brought,  
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;  
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,  
And Gyrthe and Elwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.  
Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde  
A friend to everie manne that treads on English ground. 70

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,  
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;  
They slepte, as thoughe they woude have slepte thyr last,  
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.  
He started back; and was wyth shame astownd;  
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;  
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd sound,  
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!  
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?  
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre  
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,  
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,  
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,  
He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,  
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde  
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,  
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;  
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,  
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;  
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;  
Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-speare shine;  
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredd;  
Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,  
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;  
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;  
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!  
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede  
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,  
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?  
Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.  
You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.  
Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.  

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.  
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,  
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.  
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;  
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;  
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,  
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande  
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie  
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.  

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,  
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,  
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;  
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;  
Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;  
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,  
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;  
Here glorious Alfwold tow'r'd above the wites,  
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.  

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome  
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;  
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of daie.  
Thinke of brave Elf ridus, yclept the grete,  
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd,  
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels coud mate,  
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;  
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.  

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,  
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
And can thie say be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;  
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,  
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?  
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.  
When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,  
I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.  

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;  
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?  
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.  
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.  
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe;  
By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.  
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,  
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?  
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete.  

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,  
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie Rowe.  
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,  
Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,  
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,  
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.
When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte. 180

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, he conqueres or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kентers heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.
To evry Erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries a guerre and slughornes shake the vaulted heaven, 190

As when the erte, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In realmes of darkness hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the realmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfullie shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre. 210

And slow the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swifter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie.
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome raye. 220

Kyne Harolde hie in ayre majestic raysd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro the ayre.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritynyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,
From out of mortals syght fhot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the aire.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armiies thro the flanched skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
Is that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie.
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the joint cuishhe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare along; and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrow wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd allaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In gryppynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Distort with payne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seiur de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste,
The swythe-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte.
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.320

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde.
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd glem with the sun's rysing ray. 330

Next Fescampe felle; O Christe, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skullie in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As witherd oakes or elmes are hewe from off the playne. 340
For, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la goure,[2]
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamonds onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite through his throte the lethal javlyn prest,
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can no be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumn's hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne onne abashd enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled
The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes prest the playne;
But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majesty was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,
Or Phoebus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phoebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarkes in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grass with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,
Offtymes he foughhte on towres of smokyngye slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he lent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe phoen did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.
But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advancyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poyneted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
Deep thro hys hatchmcnts wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
And throwes hys mastre far of to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie syghte!
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastynge nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughhte,
A man well skilld in swerde and soundynge stryngel,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Alhelme with grete force did flyne
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the trembllyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

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Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spedde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whyste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of daie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armyes to the realumes of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Byghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne.
And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hyswayne dyd rowse,
In hyssyne ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxones were the sonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, bennethe a shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.
Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the field it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde uppreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd back; and dyd not there abyde;
With straught outhe sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To save himselse lefte them unto the foe;
Some ollyphantes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kelters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enterys hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thorouhge mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wylyym stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wylyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaen yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne.
So hunted deere the dryvynge hounds will slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arrai,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weapons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

Bled, gron'd, and dyed; the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the grounde.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prowe;

Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymsyghted eyne.

Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunkwn to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposyng went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys paynceted sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

NOTES TO BATTLE OF HASTINGS (No 2.)

1. In Turgott's time Holenwell brast of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-mell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.
2. (editor's note) After la goure, probably a mistake for astrelagoure, astrologer. See Glossary.
ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCE.

AS onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazed mine eyne;
Quod I; some counynge fairie hande
Yrer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Full well I wote so fine a syghte
Was ne yerer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynghe hight,
Yrerred uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the Towne,
Where glassie bubbllynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I; ne doubt for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I; I doubt; that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T.R.
ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disposed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande,
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.
EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto daie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,
He'll wynge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.
THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons’d yts mottring songe,
At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to he sped,
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knownen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle fought;
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste.
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge stayde
And ech dygne buylder deguac’d onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov’d not to the wynde;
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

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

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde,
Thom Chatterton

Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd shewe lyke browne streemes sowlyng the white tyde,
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee brought;
Whyn the blosum woulde such sins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughtes of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste.
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descend from heavenwere,
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Paynters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who sall buie uppe all theyrre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys council for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyse,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of cornelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest hys soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Slee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boile;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekyng for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,
And slee good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.
ON HAPPIENESSE

by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.
ONN JOHN A DALBENIE

by the same

Johne makes a jarre 'boute Lancaster and Yorke.
Bee stille gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.
THOMAS CHATTERTON

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM

by the same

Mie boolie entes, adiewe: ne more the syghte
Of guilden merke shalle mete mie joieous eyne;
Ne moe the sylver noble sheenynge bryghte,
Shalle fylle mie hande wythe weighte to speke ytte fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alas, I calle you myne;
Whyder must you, ah! whydder moste I goe?
I kenne not either! Oh mie emmers dygne,
To parte wythe you wyll wurche me myckle woe.
I must begon, butte where I dare nott telle,
O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,
A shade of theves eache streacke of lyghte dyd seeme;
Whan yn the Heaven full half hys course was ronne,
Eche styrryngge nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;
Thie Losse, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O goulde, I did the lawe ycrase,
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and goode dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleaseaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede muste goe.
THE ACCOUNTE OF W.CANYNGES FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han sounde;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

Syke keene theie ate; the minitrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie style the guestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seenne.
The Account of W. Canynges Feast

Armourers: Canynges 1563

I. Strutt Sculp.
A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

A NOTE ON THE GLOSSARY

The following glossary was compiled by Tyrwhitt before he had discovered Chatterton's use of Kersey's and Bailey's dictionaries (vide Introduction) and a number of words were thus necessarily left unexplained by him. The present editor has added, in square brackets, explanations of all these words except about half-a-dozen which neither Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (K.), nor Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (B.), nor the glossary to Speght's edition of Chaucer (*Speght*), nor the notes of Prof. Skeat in his 1871 edition (*Sk.*), nor any native ingenuity of his own has served to elucidate.

In the following Glossary, the explanations of words by Chatterton, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by Chatterton, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ. -- Ælla; a tragycal enterlude.
Ba. -- The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin.
Ch. -- Balade of Charitie.
E.I. -- Eclogue the first.
E.II. -- Eclogue the second.
E.III. -- Eclogue the third.
El. -- Elinoure and Juga.
Ent. -- Entroductionne to Ælla.
Ep. -- Epistle to M. Canynge.
G. -- Goddwyn; a Tragedie.
H.2. -- Battle of Hastings, No 2.
Le. -- Letter to M. Canynge.
M. -- Englysh Metamorphosis.
P.G. -- Prologue to Goddwyn.
S.W.C -- Storie of William Canynge.
T. -- Tournament.
A GLOSSARY.

K. = Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (1708).
Sk. = Prof. Skeat's Aldine Edition (1871).
Speght= Glossary to Speght's Chaucer (1598).
T. = Tyrwhitt.
C. = Chatterton's notes to the poems.)

A

**ABESSIE**, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.
**Aborne**, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.
**Abounde**, H. I. 55.[Evidently avail; K. B. and Speght do not help.]
**Abredynge**, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.
**Abrewе**, as *Brew*.
**Acale**, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.
**Accaie**, Æ. 356. *Asswage*. C
**Acheke**, G. 47. *Choke*. C.
**Achevments**, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.
**Acome**, S.W.C. 95. as *Come*.
**Acrool**, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.
**Adave**, H.2. 402.[Probably beheld; cannot be explained from K., who has nothing nearer than adawe (O.), to awaken; awoke can hardly be the meaning.]
**Adawe**, S.W.C. 98. *Awake*.
**Addawd**, H.2. 110. *[Limply]. Sk. translates wakened from B.'s addawe, to waken, which makes no sense. K. has 'adaw, to awaken; but it is used by the poet Spencer to slacken'; hence the meaning I have given.]
**Adente**, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.
**Adented**, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.
**Aderne**, H.2. 272. See Derne, Dernie.[Sad, cruel, from K.'s dern (O.), sad, &c.]
**Adigne**, See Adygne.
**Adrames**, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.
**Adygne**, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.
**Affynd**, H.I. 132. *Related by marriage*
**Afleme**, Goulers Requiem 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.
**After la goure**, H.2. 353. should probably be *Astrrelagour*; Astrologer.[A singular mistake for B.'s Asterlagour an astrolabe. Sk.]
**Agrame**, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.
**Agrosed**, On Happinesse 6. as *Agrised*; terrified.
**Agroted**, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.
**Agylted**, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.
**Aidens**, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.
**Ake**, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.
Alatche, Æ. 117.[? call for help. K. has latch (O.) release, let go, but this cannot be the meaning intended.]
Aledge, G. 5. Idly. C.
Alest, Æ. 50. Lest. C.
All a boon, E. III. 41. A manner of asking a favour. C.
Alleyn, E. I. 52. Only. C.
Almer, Ch.20. Beggar. C.
[Alose, H. I. 292. Aloft.]
[Alse, Æ. 1063. Else.]
Aluste, H. I. 88.[The sense is clearly draw himself out, release himself; but K. B. and Speght throw no light on the word.]
Alyne, T. 79. Across his shoulders. C.
Alyse, Le. 29. Allow. C.
Amate, Æ. 58. Destroy. C.
Amayld, E. II. Enameled. C.
Ameded, Æ. 54. Rewarded.
Amenged, as Menged; mixed.
Amenused, E. II. 5. Diminished. C.
[Ametten, M. 46. Met.]
Amield, T. 5. ornamented, enameled.
[Anente, as Anente; against.]
Anente, Æ. 475. Against. C.
Anere, Æ. 15. Another. C. [Ep. 48. another time or occasion.]
Anete, S.W.C. 64. [put an end to, from C.'s nete, nothing.]
Anie, S.W.C. 59. as Nie; nigh.
[Anie, H. I. 120. Annoy.]
Anlace, G. 57. An ancient sword. C.
Antecedent, Æ. 233. Going before.
Applings, E. I. 33. Grafted trees. C.
Arace, G. 156. Divest. C.
[Arcublaster, H.2. 52. K. has arcubalista, a warlike engine for casting great stones, and Speght has arblasters, crosse-bowes. This last is evidently C.'s meaning.]
[Ardurous, Songe to Ælla 30. ? as if ardourous, valiant.]
[Arist, Ch.10. Arose. C.
Arrowewe, H. I. 74. [Neither K. B. nor Speght throws any light on -lede. Sk. reads arrow-head.]
Ascaunce, E. III. 52. Disdainfully. C
Asenglave, H. I. 117. [Ashen spear. K. has glaive, a weapon like a halbert.]
Askauanted, Le. 19. [Look carelessly at, from two words side by side in K., askaunce (O.), if by chance, and askaunt (O.) to look askaunt i. e. to look sideways.]
Aslee, Æ. 504. [Probably sidle would give the meaning. Sk. renders doss but slide away.]
Ashrewed, CH.24. accursed, unfortunate. C.
Asswaie, Æ. 352. [There is no satisfactory explanation; the sense is clearly cause.]
Astedde, E. II. 11. Seated. C.
Astende, G. 47. Astonish. C.
Asterte, G. 137. Neglected. C.
Astoun, E. II. 5. Astonish. C.
Astounde, M. 83. Astonished. C.
Asyde, S.W.C. 90. perhaps Astyde; ascended. [More probably wyth Trouthe asyde means at the side of Truth.]
Athur, H.2. 466. as Thurgh; thorough.
Atenes, Æ. 18. At once. C.
Attoure, T. 115. Turn. C.
Attoure, Æ. 322. Around.
Ave, H.2. 636. for Eau. Fr. Water,
Aumere, Ch. 7. A loose robe, or mantle. C.
Aumeres, E. III. 25. Borders of gold and silver, &c. C.
Aunture, H.2. 133. as Aventure: adventure.
Autremete, Ch. 52. A loose white robe, worn by priests. C.
Awhaped, Æ. 400. Astonished. C.
Aynewarde, Ch. 47. Backwards. C.

B.

Bankes, T. 111. Benches.
[Bante, Æ. 207. Banned, cursed.]
Barb'd hall, Æ. 219. [Perh. Hall hung with armour. See Appendix, Second head, NG. 8]
Barbed horse, Æ. 27. Covered with armour.
[Bardi, H.1. 305. Bards. (Latin plural!)]
Baren, Æ. 880, for Barren.

Barganette, E. III. 49. A song, or ballad. C.
Bataunt, Ba. 276, 292. [Evidently a musical instrument, but Sk. can get no nearer an etymological explanation than G.F. battant, a fuller's mallet.]
Battayles, Æ. 707. Boats, ships. Fr.
Batten, G. 3. Fatten. C.
Battent, T. 52. Loudly. C.
Battently, G. 50. Loud roaring. C.
Battone, H. I. 520. Beat with sticks. Fr.
Baubels, Ent. 7. Jewels. C.
Bawfin, Æ. 57. Large. C.
Bayre, E. II. 76. Brow. C.
Beheste, G. 60. Command. C.
Behight, H.2. 365. [Name; from hight, called.]
Behylte, Æ. 939. Promised. C.
Belent, H.2. 121. [? from Speght's blent, stayed, turned back.]
Beme, Æ. 563. Trumpet.
Bemente, E. I. 45. Lament. C.
Benned, Æ. 1185. Cursed, tormented. C.
Bercie, S.W.C. 8. [No explanation.]
Berne, Æ. 580. Child. C.
Berten, T. 58. Venomous. C.
Beseies, T. 124. Becomes. C.
Besprente, T. 132. Scattered. C.
Bestadde, On Happinesse 3. [Lost, K.'s bestad(O.).]
Bestanne, Æ. 411. [=Bestadde.]
Bested, H.2. 140. [Contended.? from B.'s bestad, beset, oppressed.]
Bestoiker, Æ. 91. Deceiver. C.
Bestreynts, H.2. 634. [Sprinkles, from K.'s betreint (O.), sprinkled; but affected by bestrewed.]
Bete, G.85. Bid. C.
Betrassed, G. 7. Deceived, imposed on. C.
Betraste, Æ. 1031. Betrayed, C.
Betreinted, H.2. [634] 707. [Sprinkled; from, K.'s betreint (O.), sprinkled.]
Bewrate, H.2. 127. [Treachery.]
Bewrecke, G. 101. Revenge. C.
Bewreen, Æ. 6. Express. C.
Bewryne, G. 72. Declare. C.
Bewryning, T. 128. Declaring. C.
Bighes, Æ. 371. Jewels. C.
Birlette, E. III. 24. A hood, or covering for the back part of the head. C
Bismarde, [Curious, wondering; from bismar, curiosity, K.B. and Speght.]
Blake, Æ. 178. 407. Naked. C.
Blakied, E. III. 4. Naked, original. C.
Blanche, Æ. 369. White, pure.
Blaunchie, E. II. 50. White. C.
Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. Loudly. C.
[Blents, H.2. 638. ?]
Blente, E. III. 39. Ceased, dead. C.
Blethe, T. 98. Bleed. C.
Blyne, Æ. 334. Cease. C.
Blyn, E.II. 40. Cease, stand still. C.
Boddekin, Æ. 265. Body, substance. C.
Boleynge, M. 17. Swelling. C.
[Bollen, H.2. 636. Swollen (K.).]
Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33. Different kinds of boats. C.
Boolie, E. I. 46. Beloved. C.
Bordel, E. III. 2. Cottage. C.
Bordelier, Æ. 410. Cottager.
[Borne, H.2. 289.? ground. (No satisfactory explanation.)]
Boun, E. II. 40. Make ready. C.
Bounde, T. 32. Ready. C.
Bourne, Æ. 483. [Borne.]
Bouting matche, To John Ladgate 2. [Bout, trial of skill.]
Brasteth, G. 123. Bursteth. C.
Brayd, G. 77. Displayed. C.
Brayde, Æ. 1010. [cf. B.'s braid, a small lace, &c.]
Breme, subst. G. 12. Strength. C.
----- adj. E.II.6. Strong. C.
Brende, G. 50. Burn, consume. C.
Bretful, Ch. 19. Filled with. C.
[Brigandyne, H.2. 645. An old fashioned coat of mail, K.]
Brondeous, E. II. 24. Furious. C.
Browded, G. 130. Embroidered. C.
Brynnyng, Æ. 680. Declaring. C. [? contracted for bewrynning.]
Burled, M. 20. Armed. C.
Burlie bronde, G.7. Fury, anger. C.
[Burne, Æ. 585. H.2. 265.?Run (no explanation).]
Bylecoyle, Bel-actuell. Fr. the name of a personage in the Roman de la Rose, which Chaucer has rendered Fair welcoming. [Speght followed by K. has Bialacoyl [Fr. Bel-actuell], faire welcoming. C. did not observe that the word was a proper name, but uses it to mean hospitality.]
Byker, Æ. 246. Battle.
Bykrous, M. 37. Warring. C.
Bysmare, M. 95. Bewildered, curious. C.
Bysmarelie, Le. 26. Curiously. C.

C

Cale, Æ. 854. Cold.
Calke, G. 25. Cast. C.
Calked, E. I. 49. Cast out. C.
Caltysning, G. 67. Forbidding. C.
Castle-stede, G. 100. A castle. C.
Caties, H.2. 67. Cates. [Dainties.]
Celness, Æ. 882. [Probably coldness; no explanation.]
Chafe, Æ. 191. Hot. C.
Chastes, G. 201. Beats, stamps. C.
Chaper, E. III. 48. Dry, sunburnt. C.
Chapournette, Ch. 45. A small round hat. C.
Chefe, G. 11. Heat, rashness. C.
Chelandree, Æ. 105. Gold-finch. C.
Cheorte, [? Pleasent. K. B. and Speght have chert, cheorte, love, jealousy, and K. and B. have also chertes, merry people.]
Cherisaunce, Ent. I. Comfort. C.
Cherisaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps Cherisaunced. [The mistake is in C.’s authorities; Cherisaunei (K.) Cherisaunie (B.).]
Cheves, Ch. 37. Moves. C.
Chevysed, Ent. 2. Preserved. C.
Chirekynge, M. 23. A confused noise. C.
Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24. Grave. C.
[Chyne, H. 2. 640. Cut thro’ the back. K.]
[Cleembe, as Cleme.]
[Cleme, E. II. 9. Sound. C.
Clergyon, P. G. 8. Clerk, or clergyman. C.
Clergyond, Ent. 13. Taught. C.
Clevis, H. 2. 46. [Cliffs, or rocks. K.]
Cleyne, Æ. 1102. [Sound. ? from clymbe (O.) noise. K.]
Clinie, H. 1. 431. [Apparently a declination, a stooping attitude; part of the science of arms.]
Cloude-aged, S.W.C. 9 [See Agested.]
Clymmynge, Ch. 36. Noisy. C.
Coistrell, H.2. 88. *[A young lad (O.)K.]*
Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions. C.*
Congeon, E. III. 89. Dwarf. C.
Contake, T. 87. Dispute. C.
Conteins, H.1. 223. for *Contents.*
Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuse; contend with. C.*
Contekions, Æ. 553. *Contentions. C.*
Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke. C.*
Corven, Æ. 56. See Ycorven.
Cottes, E.II. 33. See Bollengers.
Coupe, E. II. 7. Cut. C.
Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-coursers. C.*
Coyen, Æ. 125. Coy. q?
Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward. C.*
Creand, Æ. 581. as Recreand.
Crine, Æ. 851. Hair. C.
Crochled, H. 2. 511. perhaps *Broched.* [What is *broched?* Sk. renders crooked, but surely a javelin should be straight. Perhaps C. was thinking of the *cross-piece* of a halbert. Cf. *croche.*]
Crokyngge, Æ. 119. Bending.
Cross-stone, Æ. 1122. Monument. C.
[Crouchee, S.W.C. 63. *Cross; from Speght's crouch, cross.*]
Cuar, Quarry. q?
[Cuishes, H.2. 230. Armour for the thighs; cuisses K.]
Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. Portcullis-gate. C.
Curriedowe, G. 176. flatterer. C.
Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows. C.*

D.
Dareygne, G. 26. Attempt, endeavour. C.
Declynie, H. I. 161. Declination. q? [See *Clinie.*]
Decorn, E. II. 14. Carved. C.
Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthy. C*  
[Deene, Canynges Feaste, 8. *Dine?]*
Deere, E. III. 88. Dire. C.
Defs, M. 9. Vapours, meteors. C.
Defayte, G. 52. Decay. C.
Defte, Ch. 7. Neat, ornamental. C.
Deigned, E. III. 53. Disdained. C.
Delievretie, T. 44. Activity. C.
Demasing, H. I. 276. [? *Considering; no explanation.*]
Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente.*
Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented.*
Dequace, G. 6. Mangle, destroy. C.
Dequaced, S.W.C. 38. [Dashed K. and Speght.]
Dere, Ep.5. Hurt, damage. C.
Derkynnes, Æ. 229. Young deer. q?
Derne, Æ. 582. -- H.2. 522. [Barbarous, cruel K.]
Deslavate, H.2. 333. [Lecherous, beastly, from K.'s deslavy.]
Deslavatie, Æ. 1047. Letchery. C.
Detrators, H.2. 78. [Slanderous detractors.]
Deysde, Æ. 46. Seated on a deis.
Dheie; They.
Dhere, Æ. 192. There.
Dhereof; Thereof
Difficile, Æ. 358. Difficult. C.
Dighte, Ch. 7. Drest, arrayed. C.
Dispande, On the Same. 14. perhaps for Disponed. [B. has dispand, to stretch out.]
Dispone, Storie of W Canyng. 27. Dispose.
Divinistre, Æ. 141. Divine. C.
Dolce, Æ. 1187. Soft, gentle. C.
Dole, n. G. 137. Lamentation. C.
Dole, adj. S.W.C. 13. [Doleful.]
Dolte, Ep. 27. Foolish. C.
[Dolthead, H. I. 335. Blockhead.]
Donde, H. I. 51. [Done, finished.]
Donore, H. I. 5. This line should probably be written thus; O sea-oerteeming Dovor!
Dortoure, Ch. 25. A sleeping room. C.
Dote, S.W.C. 20. perhaps as Dighte.
Doughtre mere, H.2. 481. D'outre mere. Fr. From beyond the sea.
[Driffs, Æ. 717. Lees, dregs, so useless, worthless.]
Dree, Æ. 983. [H.2. 664. Work, or Drive.]
Drefte, Æ. 466. Least. C.
[Drench, Æ. 485. Drink. (Really to dose with medicine.)]
Drented, G. 91. Drained. C.
Dreynted, Æ. 237. Drowned. C.
Dribblet, E. II. 48. Small, insignificant. C.
Drites, G. 65. Rights, liberties. C.
Drocke, T. 40. Drink. C.
Droke, Æ. 461. [Meaning and source quite uncertain.]
Drooried, Æ. 127. Courted. [Probably modest, from B.'s drury, modesty.]
Dulce, S.W.C. 103. as Dolce.
Dydt, H.2. 9. should probably be Dyght.
Dygne, T. 89. Worthy. C.
[Dyngeynge, Æ. 458. Dingying or striking.]
Dynning, E. I. 25. Sounding. C.
Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. Scatterest.
Dysportisment, Æ. 250. as Dysporte.
Dysregate, Æ. 542. [? Deprive of command.]
Edraw, H.2. 52. for ydraw; Draw.
Eft, E. II. 78. Often. C.
Estsoones, E. III. 54. Quickly. C.
Ele, M. 74. Help. C.
Eletten, Æ. 448. Enlighten. C.
Eke, E. I. 27. Also. C.
Emblaunched, E. I. 36. Whitened. C.
Embodyde, E. I. 33. Thick, stout. C.
[Embollen, Æ. 596. as Bollen.]
Emboure, G. 134. Lodge. C.
Emburled, E. II. 54. Armed. C.
Emmate, Æ. 34. Lessen, decrease. C.
Emmers, Gouler's Requiem. 7. [? coins. No explanation.]
Emmertleynge, M. 72. Glittering.
[Emprize, M. 74. Adventure. C.]
Enalse, G. 159. Embrace. C.
Encaled, Æ. 918. Frozen, cold. C.
Enchafed, M. 60. Heated, enraged. C.
Engyne, Æ. 381. Torture.
Enheedynge, S.W.C. 105. [Taking heed, studying.]
Enlowed, Æ. 606. Flamed, fired.
Enrone, Æ. 661. [Evidently Unsheath; no explanation.]
Ensame, Æ. 971. To make seams in. q?
Enseeming, Æ. 746. as Seeming.
Enshoting, T. 174. Shooting, darting. C.
[Ensooned, H.2. 497. Probably in a swoon; not in K. B. or Speght.]
Enstrote, H.2. 503. [No explanation.]
Enswote, Æ. 1175. Sweeten. q?
Enswolters, Æ. 629. Swallows, sucks in. C.
Ensycke, Songe to Ælla. 34. Encircle.
Ent, E. III. 57. A purse or bag. C.
Entendement, Æ. 261. Understanding.
Enthoghting, Æ. 704. [Thinking; cf. Enheedynge.]
Entremed, On the Same. 4. [Intermingled, from Speght's Entremes, entermingled.
(Really entremes means a side-dish.)]
Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as Tricking.
Entyn, P.G. 10. Even. C.
Estande, H.2. 271. for Ystande; Stand.
Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of Estoile, Fr. A star. C.
Estroughted, Æ. 918. [Stretched out.]
Ethe, E. III. 59. Ease. C.
Ethie, S.W.C. 49. Easy.
Evalle, E. III. 38. Equal. C.
Evespeckt, T. 56. Marked with evening dew. C.
Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. Adultery. C.
Ewbrycious, S.W.C. 60. Lascivious.
Eyngears, S.W.C. 13. [Sk. considers this a compound of eyne, eyes and gear, tackle
and renders objects. ]
Fage, Ep. 30. Tale, jest. C.
Faithfully, T. 147. Faithfully. C.
Faitour, Ch. 66. A beggar, or vagabond. C.
Faldstole, Æ. 61. A folding sool, or seat. See du Cange in v. Faldistorium.
[Fay, H.2. 144. Faith.]
[Faytour, S.W.C., 37. as Faitour.]
Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. Clear, innocent.
Feere, Æ. 965. Fire.
Feerie, E. II. 45. Flaming. C.
Fele, T. 27. Feeble. C. [A Rowleian contraction, cf. gorne for garden.]
Fellen, E. I. 10. Fell pa. t. sing. q?
Fetelie, G. 24. Nobly. C.
Fetive, Ent. 7. as Festive.
Fetivelie, Le. 42. Elegantly. C.
Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as Festiveness.
Feygnes, F. III. 78. A corruption of feints. C.
Fhuir, G. 58. Fury. C.
Fie, T.113. Defy. C.
Flaiten, H. 1. 84. [Frightful, from B.'s flaite, to affright, to scare.]
Flanch, H.2. 242. [Arched, from K.'s flanch, in heraldry, an ordinary made of an arch-line.]
Flemed, T. 6. Frighted. C.
Flemie, S.W.C. 12 [Daunted, from B.'s flemed.]
Flizze, G. 197. Fly. C.
Floe, H.2. 54. Arrow.
Flott, Ch. 33. Fly. C.
[Flotting, H.2. 42.? Flying, cf. flott; or Whistling, from B.'s floting (O.), whistling, piping.]
Foile, E. III. 78. Baffle. C.
Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. Devices. C.
Forgard, Æ. 565. Lose. C.
Forletten, El. 19. Forsaken. C.
Forloune, Æ. 722. Retreat C.
Forreying, T. 114. Destroying. C.
Forsslagen, Æ. 1076. Slain. C.
Forstlage, Æ. 1106. Slay. C.
Forstlaughte, S.W.C. 58. Distracted.
Forstrauhteyng, G. 34. Distracting. C.
Forswat, Ch. 30. Sun-burnt. C.
Forweltring, Æ. 618. Blasting. C.
Forwyned, E. III. 36. Dried. C.
Fremde, Æ. 430. Strange. C.
Fremmed, Æ. 555. Frighted. C.
Freme, Æ. 267. [and Fremed, H.2. 147. Strange, from K.'s fremd (O.), strange.]
Fructile, Æ. 185. Fruitful.
[Furched, Æ. 519. Forked.]

G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. A piece of armour. C.
Gallard, Ch. 39. Frighted. C.
**THE ROWLEY POEMS**

**Gare**, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.
**Gastness**, Æ. 412. *Ghastliness*.
**Gayne**, Æ. 821. To gayne so *gayne* a pryze. Gayne has probably been repeated by mistake. [More probably C. intended it to mean *Worth gaining.*]
**Geare**, Æ. 299. *Apparel*, *accoutrement*.
**Geer**, H.2. 284. as Gier.
**Geete**, Æ. 736. as Gite.
**Gemote**, G. *Assemble*. C.
**Gemoted**, E. II. 38. *United*, *assembled*. C.
**Gerd**, M. 7. *Broke*, *rent*. C.
**Gies**, G. 207. *Guides*. C.
**Gier**, H. I. 527. *A turn*, or *twist*.
**Gites**, Æ. 2. *Robes*, *mantels*. C.
**Glair**, H.2. 570. [*Glare.*]
[**Gledes**, H.2. 217. *Glides*.]
**Gledeynge**, M. 22. *Livid*. C.
**Glommed**, Ch. 222. *Clouded*, *dejestes*. C.
**Glytted**, H.2. 272. [*Glittered.*]
**Gottes**, Æ. 740. *Drops*.
**Gouler**, S.W.C. 76. [*Usurer*, from K.'s *goule*, *usury.*]
**Graiebarbes**, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.
**Grange**, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pasture*. C.
**Gratche**, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.
**Grave**, W Canyng's Feast. 2. *Chief magistrate*, *mayor*. [Where does T. find this meaning? B. and K. have *grave*, a *German title signifying a great lord etc.*, but no word of mayor.]
**Gree**, E. I. 44. *Grow*. C.
**Groffile**, Æ. 547. [*Gravelling*, from K.'s *groff* or *gruff* (O.), *groveling.*]
**Groffish**, Æ. 257. [*Gruffly.*]
**Groffynglie**, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.
**Gron**, G. 90. *a fen*, *moor*. C.
**Gronfer**, E. II. 5. A meteor, from *gron* a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire. C. [? then whether C. does not mean a will o' the wisp.]
**Grore**, H. 2. 27. [*No explanation.*]
**Groted**, Æ. *Swollen*. C.
**Gryne**, H.2. 706. *Groin*.]
[**Guylde**, G. 152. *Tax*.]
[**Guylteynge**, Æ. 179. *Gilding*.]
[Habergeon, H. 2. 346. A little coat of mail (K.).]

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

Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as Haile.

Halceld, M. 37. Defeated. C.

Hallie, T. 144. Holy. C.

Hallie, Æ. 33. Wholely. [But here Hallie would seem to be put for hailie, happy. Sk. renders blissful.]

Halline, Ch. 82. Joy. C.

Hancelled, G. 49. Cut off, destroyed. C

Han, Æ. 73. Hath. q? [One of C.’s fundamental mistakes.]

Hanne, Æ. 409. Had. particip. q? -- Æ. 684. Had. pa. t. sing. q?

Hantoned, 5. 1094. [A mistake for hancelled; hanten in B. K. and Speght means use, accustom.]

Harried, M. 82. Tost. C. [But in Æ. 209 plainly = hurried.]

Hatched, Song to Ælla. 25. [Probably C. meant covered with a cloth exhibiting its rider's coat of arms. Cf. Hatchments.]

[Hatchments, H. 2. 489. In heraldry, a coat of arms (K.).]

Haveth, E. I. 17. Have. 1st pers. q?

Heafods, E. II. 7. Heads. C.

Heavenwere, G. 146. Heavenward. C.

Hecked, Æ. 394. Wrapped closely, covered. C.

Heckled, M. 3. Wrapped. C.

Heie, E. II. 15. They. C.

Heideygnes, E. III. 77. A country dance, still practised in the North. C.

Hele, n. G. 127. Help. C.


Hem, T. 24. A contraction of them. C.

[Hendie, H. 1. 95.? Hand to hand; K. B. and Speght all have neat, fine, genteel, for this Chaucerian word.]

Hente, T. 175. Grasp, hold. C.

[Hentyll, Æ. 1161. Evidently Custom; no explanation.]

[Herehaughte, M. 78. Herald.]

Herselle, Æ. 279. Herself.

Heste, Æ. 1182. [Command.]

Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. Hidden. C.

Hiltring, Ch.13. Hiding. C.

Hoastrie, E. I. 26. Inn, or publick house. C.


Holtred, Æ. 293. [Hidden, from B.’s hulstred.]

Hommeur, Æ. 1190. [Honour.]

Hondepont, Æ. 273. [Sk. renders (every) moment; K. B. and Speght give no help.]

Hopelen, Æ. 399. [Hopelessness -- 'I from a night of hopelessness am awakened.']

Horrowe, M. 2. Unseemly, disagreeable. C.

Horse-millanar, Ch. 6. See C.’s note. [According to Steevens a Bristol tradesman in 1776 so described himself over his shopdoor.]

Houton, M. 93. Hollow. C.

Hulstred, M. 6. Hidden, secret. C.

Huscarles, Æ. 923. 1194. House-servants.

Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the Hygra.
Gul. Malmesb. de Pontis. Ang. L. iv. ['The eagre or bore of the Severn is a large and swift tide-wave which sometimes flows in from the Atlantic Ocean with great force.' Sk. II, p. 61, note.]

**Hylene-fyre, Æ. 682. A beacon.**

**Hylte, T. 168. Hid, secreted. C.**

-- Æ. 1059. Hide. C.

[Hylted, Hyltren, T.47. 65. Hidden. C.]

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**Jape, Ch. 74. A Short surplice, &c. C.**

**Jeste, G. 195. Hoisted, raised. C.**

**Ifrete, G. 2. Devour, destroy. C.**

**Ihantend, E. I. 40. Accustomed. C.**

**Jintle, H.2. 82. for Gentle.**

**Impestering, E. I. 29. Annoying. C.**

**Inhild, El. 14. Infuse. C.**

**Ishad, Le. 37. Broken. C.**

**Jubb, E. III. 72. A bottle. C.**

[Iwimpled, H.2. 528. Muffled (Speght).]

**Iwreene, On Happinesse. 9. [Evidently the same as K.'s bewreen, expressed, shewn.]**

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**Ken, E. II. 6. See, discover, know. C.**

**Kennes, Ep. 28. Knows. C.**

**Keppend, Le. 44. [Careful, precise, from B.'s kepen, keep, take care of.]**

**Kiste, Ch. 25. Coffin. C.**

**Kivercled, E. III. 63. The hidden or secret part. C.**

**Knopped, M. 14. Fastened, chained, congealed. C.**

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**Lack in C. generally = to be in need of rather than simply to be without; cf. G. 176.]**

**Ladden, H.1. 206. [Lay.]**

**Leathel, E. I. 42. Deadly. C.**

**Lechemanne, Æ. 31. Physician.**

**Leckedst, H.2. 332. [No explanation.]**

**Lecturn, Le. 46. Subject. C.**

**Lecturnies, Æ. 109. Lectures. C.**

**Leden, El. 30. Decreasing. C.**

**Ledanne, Æ.1143. [?Leaden, heavy; or it may be an adj. formed from K.'s leden (O.), languish.]**

[Lee, Ep. 6. Lay; or ? lie.]

**Leege, G. 173. Homage, obeysance. C.**

**Leegefolke, G. 43. Subjects. C.**

[Leffed, H. I. 141. Left.]

**Lege, Ep. 3. Law. C.**

[Legeful, E. I. 3. Loyal.]

**Leggen, M. 92. Lessen, alloy. C.**

**Leggende, M. 32. Alloied. C.**

**Lemanne, Æ. 132. Mistress.**

**Lemes, Æ. 42. Lights, rays. C.**
Lere, Æ. 68. H.2. 597. seems to be put for Leather.
Lessel, El. 25. A bush or hedge. C.
Lete, G. 60. Still. C.
Lethal, El. 21. Deadly, or deathboding. C.
Lethlen, Æ. 272. Still, dead. C.
Letten, Æ. 928. Church-yard. C.
Levynde, El. 18. Blasted. C.
Levynne, M. 104. Lightning. C.
Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. Lightning-melted. q?
Liefe, Æ. 217. ['from K. and B.'s lief, rather. Sk. renders at my choice.]
Liss, E. 1. 7. Leaf.
Ligheth, Æ. 627. [?Lay low, from K.'s lig, lie.]
Likand, H.2. 177. Liking.
Limed, El. 7. -- Limmed, M. 90. Glassy, reflecting. C.
Lissed, T. 97. Bounded. C.
[List, H. I. 544. ? Pleasure.]
Loaste, Æ. 456. Lost.
[Lode, H. I. 33. Probably as load, a task or burden. Sk. renders praise, as if laud; this is far from convincing.]
Logges, E. I. 55. Cottages. C.
Lordinge, T. 57. Standing on their hind legs. C.
Loverd's, E. III. 29. Lord's. C.
Low, G. 50. Flame of fire. C.
Lowes, T. 137. Flames. C.
Lowings, Ch. 35. Flames. C.
[Lurdanes, H. I. 36. From B.'s 'Lurdane, lordane, a dull heavy fellow, derived by some from Lord and Dane'. So the word becomes for C. an opprobrious equivalent for Dane.]
[Lygheth, Æ. 627. Lay, from K.'s lig, to lie.]
Lymed, M. 33. Polished. C.
Lynch, El. 37. Bank. C.
Lyne, Æ. 376. Stay. C.
Lyoncel, E. II. 44. Young lion. C.
Lyped, El. 34. [?miswritten for lithed, Speght's lith, to make less, so wasted. Sk. renders wasted away, deriving lyped from B.'s liposychy, a small swoon, which seems too far-fetched even for Rowley.]
Lyssed, T. 2. Sport, or play. C.
Lyssed, Æ. 53. Bounded. C.

M

Mancas, G. 136. Marks. C.
Manchyn, H. 2. 222. A sleeve. Fr.
[Mastie, H. I. 348. 425.? Mastiff]
Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. Many, great numbers. C.
Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. Meadow. C.
Meeded, Æ. 39. Rewarded. [The construction needed out is probably affected by meted out.]
THE ROWLEY POEMS

Memuine, H.2. 120. [?Body of troops, ?Command. No explanation.]
Meniced, S.W.C. 146. Menaced. q? [The sense is threatened to make him marry again.]
Mere, G. 8. Lake. C.
Merke, T. 163. Dark, gloomy. C.
Miesel, Æ. 551. Myself.
Miskynette, El. 22. A small bagpipe. C.
Mist, Ch. 9. Poor, needy. C.
[Mister, Ch. 82. as Mist, poor, needy.]
Mitches, El. 20. Ruins. C.
Mittee, E. II. 28. Mighty. C.
Moke, Ep. 5. Much. C.
Mokie, El. 29. Black. C.
[Mokynge, H.2. 584. K. and B. have moky (O.), cloudy; so perhaps C. meant a brook the surface of which reflected the clouds. Sk. reads mocking.]
Mole, Ch. 4. Soft. C.
Mollock, G. 90. Wet, moist. C.
Morglaien, M. 20. The name of a sword [Morglay] in some old Romances.
Morthe, Æ. 307. [Violent death. K. has morth, murder.]
Morthynge, El. 4. Murdering. C.
Mote, E. I. 22. Might. C.
Motte, H.2. 184. Word, or motto.
Myckle, Le. 16. Much. C.
Myndbruch, Æ. 401. [A hurting of honour and worship. (B.).]
Mynster, G. 75. Monastery. C.
Mysterk, M. 33. Mystic. C.

N.
[Nappy, Ba. 13. B. has nappy-ale, [q. d. such as will cause persons to take a nap] pleasant and strong. But the word nappy in this connexion has nothing to do with causing sleep.]
Ne, P.G. 6. Not. C.
Ne, S.W.C. 58. Nigh.
Nedere, Ep. 11. Adder. C.
Neete, S.W.C. 41. Night.
Nesh, T. 16. Weak, tender. C.
Nete, Æ.399. Night.
Nilling, Le. 16. Unwilling. C.
Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. Rebus’d shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

O
Obaie, E. I. 41. Abide. C.
Offrendes, Æ. 51. Presents, offerings.
Olyphauntes, H.2. 609. Elephants.
Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. Not knowing. C.
ONLIGHT, Æ. 678. [Put out, extinguish.]
ONLIST, Le. 46. Boundless. C.
[ORE, H.2. 25. Contracted for other.]
ORRESTS, G. 100. Oversets. C.
OUCHD, T. 80. See C.'s note.
OUTHANTE, Æ. 888. 929. Ouphen, Elves.
OURT, H. 2. 578. [Contraction for B.'s overt.]
Ouzle, Æ. 104. Blackbird. C.
OWndes, G. 91. Waves. C.

P.
PALL, Ch. 31. Contraction from appall, to fright. C.
PARAMENTE, Æ. 52. Robes of scarlet. C. -- M. 36. A princely robe. C.
[PASSANTE, El. 28. Passing, going by. (K.)]
Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. Shields.
PeeDee, Ch. 5. Pied. C.
[PEene, Æ. 484. Pain.]
Pencte, Ch. 46. Painted. C.
Penne, &Æ. 728. Mountain.
PERCASE, Le. 27. Perchance.
'Pere, E. I. 41. Appear. C.
PERPLED, S.W.C. 99. Purple. q? [From B.'s disparpled, disperpled, in heraldry,
scattered loosely. T.'s suggestion is certainly wrong.]
PERSANT, Æ. 561. Piercing.
Pete, Æ. 1001. [as Pighte.]
Pheeres, 5. 46. Fellows, equals. C.
Pheon, H. 2. 272. in Heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.
Pheryons, S.W.C. 147. ['A mistake for pheons.' Sk.]
Picte, E. III. 91. Picture. C.
Pighte, T. 38. Pitched, or bent down. C.
Poyntel, Le. 44. A pen. C.
PREVYD, Æ. 23. Hardy, valourous. C.
Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. First-slain.
Prowe, H. I. 108. [? Forehead. No explanation.]
Pynant, Le. 4. Pining, meagre.
Pyghte, M. 73. Settled. C.
Pyghteth, Ep. 15. Plucks, or tortures. C.
[Pyke, Ch. See Shoone-pykes.]
[PYNNE, Æ. 213. Probably the peg which supported the target; which a clever
marksman might split. There is no satisfactory explanation of 'the basket'.]

Q.
QUACED, T. 94. Vanquished. C.
QUAYNTYSSED, T. 4. Curiously devised. C.
QUANSD, Æ. 241. Stilled, Quenched.
QUEEDE, Æ. 284. 428. The evil one; the Devil.

R.
RECEIVURE, G. 151. Receipt. C.
RECER, H. 1. 87. for Racer.
**THE ROWLEY POEMS**

**Recendize**, æ. 544., **Recrandize**, æ. 1193 for recreandice; *Cowardice*. [Though Sk. renders Recendize resentment.]


**Rede**, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.

**Reded**, G. 70. *Counselling*. C.


**Reyning**, E. II. *Running*. C.


**Ribbande-geere**, S.W.C. 44. *Ornaments of ribbands*.

**Rodded**, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.


**Rowncy**, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.


**Sabalus**, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

**Sabbatanners**, æ. 275. [Soldiers, from B.’s sabatans, soldiers’ boots; cf. Lat. *Caligati*.]

[Sarim, H.1. 301. i.e. Sarum.]

**Scalle**, æ. 703. *Shall*. C.

**Scante**, æ. 1133. *Scarcie*. C.

**Scantillie**, æ. 1010. *Scarcely*, *sparingly*. C.

**Scarpes**, æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.

**Scethe**, T. 96. *Hurt* or *damage*. C.

**Scyille**, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.

**Scillye**, G. 207. *Closely*. C.

**Scolles**, æ. 239. *Sholes*.

**Secont**, H. I. 20. for *Abscond*.

**Seck**, H. I. 461. for *Suck*.

**Seeled**, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.

**Seere**, æ. 1164. *Search*. C.

**Seliness**, E. I. 55. *Happiness*. C.

**Semblate**, S.W.C. 67. [=Semblance.]

**Seme**, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.

**Semecope**, Ch. 87. *A short undercloke*. C.

**Semmykeed**, æ. 298. [as Semlykeene.]
Sendaument, S.W.C. 126. [Appearance. The word has no authority; B. and K. are silent.]
Sete, Æ. 1069. Seat.
Shappe, T. 36. Fate. C.
Shap-scurged, Æ. 603. Fate-scurged. C.
Shemring, E. II. 14. Glimmering.C.
Shente, T. 157. Broke, destroyed. C.
Shepen, S.W.C. 97. [Simple, from K.'s shepen (O.), simple, fearful.]
Shoone-pykes, S.W.C. 44. Shoes with piked toes. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3. Edw. 4. c. 5.
Shrove, H.2. 432. [It is difficult to discover the probable sense of this word. Perhaps an allusion to an imaginary legend is intended; cf. the reference (H.2. 417) to Conyan's goats. Sk. has a note 'Shrove is the Rowlelan for shrouded'; this is possible but hardly convincing.]
[Slea, Æ. 18. Slay.]
[Sleeve, 8. 1. 178. Silk not yet twisted, floss.]
Sletre, Æ. 539. Slaughter.
Smethe, T. 101. Smoke. C.
Smething, E. I. I. Smoking. C.
Somore, H. I. 412. [?Smeared or Smothered.]
Smothe, Ch. 35. Steam or vapours. C.
Snitt, T. 45. Bent. C.
[Sorgie, G. 17. Surging.]
Sothen, Æ. 227. Sooth. q?
Souten, H.1. 252. for Sought. pa. t. sing. q?
Sparre, H. 2. 525. A wooden bar.
Spedde, H.2. 525. [?Spied, or perhaps Reached.]
Spencer, T. 11. Dispenser. C.
Sper, Æ. 69. [Spare, allow.]
Spyryng, Æ. 707. Towering.
Staic, H. 1. 198. [B. has Stay, stop, let, hindrance; so possibly C. uses it as a paraphrase for armour; or some special piece of armour may be meant.]
Starks, T. 73. Stalks.
[Steeked, Æ. 88. Not in K. B. or Speght, but Sk. notes that C. has steeked = stole; so here the sense would be stole upon.]
Steeres, Songe to Ælla. 30. Stairs.
Stente, T. 134. Stained. C.
Steynced, Æ. 18. [?Stinted, from B.'s stent (Saxon), stint.]
Storthe, Gouler's Requiem. 10. [Death; cf. Storven.]
Storven, Æ. 608. Dead. C.
Straughte, Æ 59. Stretched. C.
[Stre, H. 2. 712. Straw.]
Stret, Æ. 158. Stretch. C.
Strev, Æ. 358 Strive.
Stringe, G. 10. Strong. C.
Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981. [Sufficient]
[Swanges, Ch. 210. Swings.]
Swarthe, Æ. 265. [A swath, or swarth (so rarely, but cf. Twelfth Night, II. iii., where
Maria calls Malvolio 'an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by
great swarths.') is as much hay as the mower can cut at one movement of the scythe.
So, an unsubstantial thing compared with a boddekin.]
Swartheing, Æ. 295. [Darkling, darkening.]
Swarthless, H.2. 563. [Dark-less, i.e. pallid.]
Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. Short-liv'd. C.
Swoletring, Æ. 444. [Swallowing.]
Swotie, E. II. 9. Sweet. C.
Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn; Quickly. C.
Syke, E. II. 6. Such, so. C.

T.
Takelle, T. 72. Arrow. C.
[Talbot, H. 2. 89. A kind of hunting dog (K.); a dog with a turned-up tail (B.).]
Teint, H.1. 462. for Tent. [Bandage.]
Tende, T. 113. Attend, or wait. C.
Tene, Æ. 366. Sorrow.
Tentyfie, E. III. 48. Carefully. C
Tere, Æ. 194. Health. C.
Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for Thought. pa. t. sing. q?
[Thraslarkes, H.2. 427. Presumably a kind of lark. K. B. and Speght give no help.]
Thyghte, S.W.C. 104. [H.2. 578. Well-built.]
Thysen, E. II. 87. These, or those. q?
Tochelod, Æ. 205. [Perhaps a mistake for Tochered = dowered. (Sk.)]
Tore, Æ. 1020. Torch. C.
Trechit, H.2. 93. for Treget; Deceit.
Treynted, Æ. 454. [Scatter, from K.'s Betreint (O.), sprinkled.]
Twyghte, E. II. 78. Plucked, pulled. C.
Twytte, E. I. 2. Pluck, or pull. C.
Tynge, Tyngue; Tongue.

U,V.
Val, T. 138. Helm. C.
Vernage, H.2. 11. Vernaccia Ital. a sort of rich wine.
Ugsomeness, Æ. 507. Terror. C.
Ugsomme, E. II. 55. Terribly. C. -- Æ. 303. Terrible. C.
[Virgyne, Ch. 1. The sign of the zodiac, Virgo, which the sun enters about the 21st of
August.]
Unaknell'd, H.1. 288. Without any knell rung for them. q? [unaknelled was Pope's
reading of unanealed in his edition of Hamlet.]
Unburled, Æ. 1186, Unarmed. C.
Uncted, M. 30. Anointed. C.
Undelievre, G. 27. Unactive. C.
Unenhantend, Æ. 636. Unaccustomed. C.
Unespryte, G. 27. Unspirited. C.
[Uneyned, Æ. 516. Blinded.]
Unhaille, Ch. 85. Unhappy. C.
Unliart, P. G. 4. Unforgiving. C.
Unlist, E. III. 86. Unbounded. C.
Unlored, Ep. 25. Unlearned. C.
Unlydgeful, Æ. 537. [Disloyal.]
Unplayte, G. 56. -- Unplyte, Æ. 1238. Explain. C.
Unquaced, E. III. 90. Unhurt. C.
[Unryghte. See Note 1, Section V. of the Editor's Introduction.]
Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. un-souls. C.
Unplayte, G. 56. -- Unplyte, Æ. 1238. Explain. C.
Untentyff, G. 79. Uncareful, neglected. C.
Unthylle, T. 30. Useless. C.
Unwer, E. III. 87. Tempest. C.
Volunde, Æ. 73. Memory, understanding. C -- G. 140. Will.
Upriste, Æ. 928. Risen. C.
Upryne, H.2. 719. [? Raise up, from B.'s uprist, uprisen, risen up.]
Upswalyngne, Æ. 258. Swelling.C.

W.

Walsome, H.2. 92. Wlatsome; loathsome.
Wanhope, G. 34. Despair. C.
Waylinge, E. II. 68. Decreasing. C. [Wayled (O.), grown old. (K.).]
Wayne, E. III. 31. Car. C.
Weere, Æ. 835. Grief. C.
Welked, E. III. 50. Withered. C.
Welkyn, Æ. 1055. Heaven. C.
[Whaped H.2. 579. Amazed, from K.'s Awhaped (O.), amazed.]
Wiseegger, E. III. 8. A philosopher. C. [But used by C. as an adjective.]
Wissen, Æ. 685. Wish.
Wite, G. 176. Reward. C.
Withe, E. III. 36. A contracttion of Wither. C.
[Wolfynn, T. 51. etc. Wolf. Not in K. B. or Speght.]
Wolsome, Le. 5. See Walsome.
Wraytes. See Reytes.
Wrynn, T. 117. Declare. C.
Wurche, Æ. 500. Work. C.
Wychencruf, Æ. 420. Witchcraft.
Wyere, E. II. 79. Grief, trouble.
Wymped, G. 207. Mantled, covered. C.
Wynnyngne, Æ. 219. [The sense is 'which my father's hall had no winning,' i.e. 'which I could never get in my father's hall'. Sk. is almost certainly wrong here.]

Y.

Yan, Æ. 72. Than.
Yaped, Ep. 30. Laughable. C.
Yatte, T. 9. That. C.
Ybiente, Æ. 40. Blinded. C.
Ybroched, G. 96. Horned. C.
[Ybrogten, Æ. 919. Brought.]
Ycorne, Æ. 374. [Contracted for ycorven.]
Ycorven, T. 170. To mould. C.
[Ycrase, Gouler’s requiem. 16. Break.]
Yceasedd, T. 132. Broken. C.
Yenne; Then.
Yer, E. II. 29. Their.
Yer, Æ. 152. Your.
Ygrove, H.2. 234. [?Shaped, for y-graven.]
Yinder, Æ. 692. Yonder.
Yis; This.
Ylach’d, H.2. 436. [? Concealed. B. has Lach, catch or snatch; but this is hardly to the point.]
Ynhyme, Ent. 5. Inter. C.
Ynutille, Æ. 198. Useless.
Yraden, H.2. 207. [Ready.]
Yroughte, H.2. 318. for Ywroughte.
Ysped, M. 102. Dispatched. C.
Yspende, T. 179. Consider. C.
Ystorven, E. I. 52. Dead. C.
Ywreen, E. II. 30. Covered. C.
Ywrinde, M. 100. Hid, covered. C.
Yyne, Æ. 540. Thine.

Z.

Zabalus, Æ. 428. as Sabalus; the Devil.
APPENDIX

CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY; TENDING TO PROVE, THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,
Sed sublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.
VIRGIL, Æ. X.

WHEN these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together some observations upon the language of the poems attributed to Rowley, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding, I choose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one postulatum, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be reserved to three general heads; the first consisting of words not used by any other writer; the second, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the third, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the first head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89. Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte.
2. ABORNE. T. 45. Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne.
3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334. Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.
4. ACROOLE. El. 6. Didde speke acroole, wythe languishment of eyne.
5. ADAVE. H.2. 392.
The fynest dame the sun or moon *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.
*Adented* prowess to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.
Lougeh loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.
Leave me swythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch.20.
Where from the hail-stone coulde the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.
That Alured coulde not hymself *aluste*.

11. ALYNE. T. 79.
Wythe murther tyred he slynges hys bowe *alyne*.

12. ALYSE. Le. 29. -- G. 180.
Somme dryblette thare you shoulde to that *alyse*.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *alise*.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe *anere*?
-- -- -- -- -- -- Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE, S.W.C. 64.
Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS. E. I. 33
Mie tendre *applynges* and embodye trees.

16. ARROW-LEDE. H.1. 74.
Han by his soundynge *arrowe-lede* bene sleyne.

17. ASENGLAVE. H.1. 117.
But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE. Æ. 504.
That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE. Æ. 352.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*
Moe torturynge peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE, G.
Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.

I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

1. ABOUND. Æ. 1. 55.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle *abounde*.
The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.
Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.
Aledge, or Alege, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. -- Songe to Alla. 4.
*All-a-boon*, syr Priest, *all-a-boon*.
Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.
Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.
Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.
Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for alone, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say -- *my son alone* for *my only son*.

5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.
Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighboure greene.
The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways, obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the Englith language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

6. ASTERTE, G. 137.
-- -- You have theyr worthe *asterte*.
I despair of finding any authorised sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signifie *neglected or passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

7. AUMERE. Æ. 398. -- Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.
Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.
And eke the grounde was dighte in its moste defte *aumere*.
Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge ontolde.
The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumonniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de soye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

8. BARBED, Æ. 27. 219.
Nott, whan from the *barbed* horse, &c.
Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.
Let it be allowed, that *barbed horse* was a proper expression, in the XV Century, for *a horse covered with armour*, can any one conceive that barbed hall signified *a hall in which armour was hung*? or what other sense can *barbde* have in this passage?

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere.
*Blake* stondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyse.
Blake, in old English, may signify either black, or bleak. Chatterton, in both these passages, renders it naked; and, in the latter, some such signification seems absolutely necessary to make any sense.

10. BODYKIN. Æ. 265.
And for a bodykin a swarthe obtayne.
Bodekin is used by Chaucer more than once to signify a bodkin or dagger. I know not that it had any other signification in his time. Swarthe, used as a noun, has no sense that I am acquainted with.

11. BORDEL. E. III. 2. -- Æ. 147. BORDELIER. Æ. 410.
Goe serche the logges and bordels of the hynde.
We wylle in a bordelle lyve.
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer.
Though bordel, in very old French, signifies a cottage, and bordelier a cottager, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of brothel or bawdy-house; and bordeller with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.
Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course bysmare.
Bismare, in Chaucer, signifies abusive speech; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, P.G. 12.
Wee better for to doe do champyon anie onne.
I do not believe that champion was used as a verb by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

-- I contake thie waie.
Conteke the dynnynge ayre and reche the skies.
Conteke is used by Chaucer, as a noun, for Contention. I know no instance of its being used as a verb.

Whan thou didst boaste soe moche of acctyon derne.
Oh Raufe, comme lyste and hear mie dernie tale.
O gentle Juga, heare mie dernie plainte.
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne.
Derne is a Saxon adj. signifying secret, private, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.
Botte lette ne wordes, whiche droorie mote ne hear;
Bee placed in the same -- .
The only sense that I know of druerie is courtship, gallantry, which will not suit with this passage.

Decorn wyth fonnes rare -- 
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made.
Quayntyssed fons depictedd on eche sheelde.
A fonne in Chaucer signifies a fool and fonnes -- fools; and Spencer uses fon in the same sense; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

18. KNOPPED. M. 14.
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the froste of fere.
Knopped is used by Chaucer to signifie fastened with a button, from knoppe, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would say that any thing was buttoned with frost?

19. LECTURN. Le. 46.
An onlist lecturn and a songe adygne.
I do not see that lecturn can possibly signifie any thing but a reading-desk, in which sense it is used by Chaucer.

20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barrones pryde.
If there be any such word as this, we should naturally expect it to follow the signification of lithie; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

I go on to the third general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom.
In a language like ours, in which the inflectons are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H.2. 46.
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne.
Clevis or cleves is the plural number of Cleve, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

2. EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ. 681.
In everich eyne aredyynge nete of wyere.
Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd view.
Eyne, a contracton of eyen, is the plural number of eye. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say -- In every eyes; -- With such an eyes.

3. HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 55.
Heie, the old plural of He, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use heie and theie. indifferently, as in these poems.

4. THYSSEN. E. II. 87.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of love.
I cannot believe that thyssen was ever in use as the plural number of this. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in en, but was quite ignorant of what particular sorts they were. In the same manner coven. Æ. 125. and Sothen. Æ. 227. are put for coy and sothe, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of verbs in the singular number in n.[3] I will set down a number of instances, in which han is used for the present or past time singular of the v. Have; only premising, that han, being an
abbreviation of haven, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time
plural and the infinitive mode.

**Answer to the Songe of Ælla.**

9. The Brytish Merlyn oftenne **hanne**
   The gyfte of inspyration.

**The Dethe of Sir C. Bawdin.**

2. The featherd songsteer chaunticleer
   **Han** wounde hys bugle horne.

**Ælla.**

650. Whanne Englonde **han** her foemenn.
685. Echone wylle wyssen hee **hanne** seene the daie.
734. Bryghte sonne **han** ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.
1137. - -- Mie stede **han** notte mie love.
1184. **Hanne** alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
   Fallen onne mie benned headde I **hanne** been Ælla stylle.

**Goddwyn; A tragedie.**

20. **Han** Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a stynge?

**Englyshe Metamorphosis.**

61. A tye of love a dawter faire she **hanne**.

**The Battle of Hastings (1).**

74. Ne doubting but the bravest in the londe
   **Han** by his soundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyne.
182. Where he by chance **han** slayne a noble's son.
184. And in the battel he much gode **han** done.
188. He of his boddie **han** kepte watch and ward.
207. His chaunce in warr he ne before **han** tryde.
281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe
   **Han** made his crymson bloude and spirits floe.
319. O Hengist, **han** thy cause bin good and true!
321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
   And **han** that daie full manie Normannes sleine.
337. But better **han** it bin to lett alone.

If more instances should be wanted, see H.1. 396. 429. 465. -- H.2. 306. 703. -- Onn
Oure Ladies Chyrche 4. -- S.W.C. 63. -- W. Canyng's Feaste. 1

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used singularly.

E. I. 10. Then **fellen** on the grounde and thus yspoken.
Gouler's Requiem. 17. For thee I **gotten** or bie wiles or breme.
H. 1. 252. He turned aboute and vilely **souten** flie.
H.2. 339. Fallyng he **shooken** out his smokyng braine.
H. 2. 334. His sprite -- **Ne shoulden** find a place in anie songe.
Æ. 172. So Adam **thoughtenne** when ynn paradyse --
   1116. Tys now fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte --
   Ch. 54. Full well it shewn, he thoughten coste no sinne.
See also H.2. 366. where 

_thoughten_, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd _enthoughten_ for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in _Æ._ 704.

_Enthoughteyng_ for to scape the _brondeynge_ foe --

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. _Brondeynge_ will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glosary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ. In many cases, where the words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explain any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

_ALL A BOON_. E. III. 41. See above.

_A manner of asking a favour_, says Chatterton, Now, let us hear Skinner.


The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, Canterbury Tales, ver. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade them *all a bone,*"

i.e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems
was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer should have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver,* &c. and AUMERE in Æ. 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment.* And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above where the true meaning of Aumere is given.


Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of *Bawsin,* I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large* than Skinner. " *Bawsin,* exp. *Magnus, Grandis,* &c."


All these uses of *Bronde,* and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. " *Bronde,* exp. *Furia,* &c." though in another place he explains Burly brand (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnum ensis.* It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand,* if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Creseide,* a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.


It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained *Bismare* to mean *Curiosity.* The true meaning has been stated above.

CALKE. G. 25. *Cast.* Chatterton. CALKED. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected.* Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. " *Calked,* exp. *Cast,* credo *Cast up.*" Chatterton did not attend to the dissereence between *casting out* and *casting up,* i.e. *casting up figures in calculation.* That, the latter, was Skinners meaning may be collected from his next article. " *Calked* for *Calculated.* Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankelein's tale,* which in the common editions stands thus.

Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this.

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated,* the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense,* which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot
see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in assigning to them exactly the same meaning. I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.


Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. "Allowed, Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. Allowed, ab AS. Alifed, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner I might be easily mistaken for a long s.

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

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "Bestwike, ab AS. Besthican, Sthican, Decipere, Fallere, Prodere, Sthica, Proditor, Deceptor." Chatterton in his hurry read this as Bestoike, and formed a noun from it accordingly.


Skinner has the following article. "Blake and bare, videtur ex contextu prorsus Nuda, fort. q. d. Bleak and Bare, dum enim nudi fumus aeri expositi, præ frigore pallescimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 2. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of Nuda, which in Skinner is the exposition of Bare, as if it belonged to Blake.

HANCELLED. G. 49. Cut off, destroyed. Chatterton. Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "Hanceled, exp. cut off, credo dici proprie, vel primario saltem, tantum de prima portione seu segmento quod ad tentandam seu explorandam rem abscindimus, ut ubi dicimus, to Hancell a pasty or a gammon of bacon." Chatterton, who had neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning of this explanation; and understanding Cut off to mean Destroyed, he has used Hancelled in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. Fate. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. Fate-scurged. Chatterton

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.
Style mornorynge atte yer shap. --
There ys ne house athrow thys shap-scurged isle.

I never was able to conceive how Shap should have been used in the English language to signifie Fate, till I observed the following article in Skinner. "Shap, now is my shap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i.e.) now is it shapen to me, ab AS. Sccean, &c." I suppose that the word Fato, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand now is my shap to mean now is my fate.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.
But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is my shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner's explanation shews that he read *me*. I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance.[6]

I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument.

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word entirely, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premisses, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.
NOTES TO THE APPENDIX.

1. I have chosen this part of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a part only of this part, viz, to words, considered with respect to their significations and inflexions. A complete examination of this subject in all its parts would be a work of length.

2. Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of style than of language. The local situation of a writer may certainly produce a provincial dialect, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any provincial dialect. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol.

3. It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr Urry has very frequently lengthened verbs in the singular number, by adding en to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.

4. This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the transcriber of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. Is to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the author of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled Englysh Metamorphosis, was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

5. Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. Uuuu, and is entitled "Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt, &c."

6. I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, as either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; Humility. C. -- Acessed; -- Humilitatus. Sk.
ABORNE; Burnished. C. -- Borne; Burnish. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix a to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. Aboune, Abrewes, Acome, Aderne, Adygne, Agrame, Agreme, Ales, &c.
ABOUNDÉ. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of good. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. **Abone.** -- a Fr. G. Abonnir; *Bonum* facere.

**ABREDYNGE; Upbraiding.** C. -- **Abrede,** exp. Upbraid. Sk.

**ACROOOL; Faintly.** C. -- **Crool,** exp. *Murmurare.* Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

**ADENTE, ADENTED; Fastened, annexed.** C. -- **Adent;** -- *Configere, Conjungere.* Sk. ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is used in the sense of raise. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of *Aypust,* which is explained by Skinner to mean Tollere. See the remarks upon Alyse and Bestoiker, above.

**DERNE, DERNIE; Woeful, lamentable, cruel.** C. -- **Derne;** *Dirus, crudelis.* Sk.

**DROORIE; Modestly.** C. -- **Drurp;** *Modestia.* Sk.

**FONS, FONNES; Fancys, Devices.** C. -- **Fonnes;** *Devises.* Sk.

**KNOPPED; Fastened, chained, congealed.** C. -- *Knopped; Tied,* Sk.

**LITHIE; Humble.** C. -- *Lithy; Humble.* Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale,* ver. i. where this MSS, have LITHER (wicked), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

THE END