Library of Old Authors.
Early Popular Poetry of Scotland and the Northern Border Edited by David Laing LL.D. in 1822 and 1826
Re-arranged and Revised with Additions and a Glossary
By W. Carew Hazlitt

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

LONDON
REEVES AND TURNER
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND
1895
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PARTLY as a companion to the similar work on "Early English Popular Poetry," in four volumes, in the "Library of Old Authors," the present undertaking has been carried out, agreeably to a plan which the late Dr. Laing had long entertained, but never accomplished, of amalgamating two works published by him in 1822 and 1826, namely, "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland" and "Early Metrical Tales." In the performance of this task, I have felt it to be my duty to introduce such corrections and alterations as Dr. Laing himself would have probably thought fit and requisite, had he executed it in his lifetime. The Appendices and Errata have been superseded; and one piece, "Roswal and Lillian," which was common to both compilations, has of course not been repeated; nor was it deemed expedient to retain the "Bludy Serk," by Robert
Henryson, since it is to be found in that writer's Collected Works, 1865. But the striking tale of "John the Reeve," which Dr. Laing was unable to recover, or at all events to print, has been inserted, as it belongs, if not to Scotish ground, to the Durham or Northumberland border, and may be regarded as one of the most remarkable compositions of its rather numerous class. For a similar reason, the Cumberland legend of "Adam Bel" has been re-edited from the earliest extant copies, and I have made room for the interesting, if somewhat late, fabliau of the "Lovers' Quarrel."

The opportunity of reimpression almost necessitated such changes in the preliminary remarks as the lapse of sixty or seventy years has effected in the state of literary discovery and knowledge. But the verbal or textual revision has been advisedly limited, as a rule, to words and passages where an apparent lacuna in the narrative or defect in the sense made a resort elsewhere indispensable; and this observation affects almost exclusively the earlier pieces in the series. At the same time, the adoption of an eclectic text is more permissible perhaps where all the extant MSS. or printed editions are more or less illiterate copies, presenting a medley of English and Scotish diction, and having no high claim as philological monuments; and it has further to be borne in mind
that a leading aim in these volumes is to portray the manners and sentiments of the Scots rather than to illustrate the language of the country, for which our immediate material is only casually available. In making emendations in works of this class, there is not the same sacrilegious violence as in altering the language of an autograph, or even an ancient MS. The corruptions and mistakes in many cases can only be regarded as the fruit of repeated reproduction by uneducated copyists or careless typographers. It is to a certain extent curious, however, to trace in the mixed or hybrid orthography the operation by which transcribers stealthily adapted the older forms to the speech of the locality where they resided: like an ancient building in part restored with some of the rooms left in their original state.

The dark religious bigotry which distinguished early Scotish life and character promoted in more than one way the destruction of the popular literature of all kinds immediately connected with that long poor and unhappy country; and the circumstances naturally tend to surround it with an interest and a charm, which scarcely manifest themselves in so powerful a degree toward the more copious and important survival of ballads and romances illustrating the history and manners of Southern Britain, even when, as it not unfrequently
happens, the latter can be shown to have been the actual place of parentage, and the Scotish version to be more or less a copy. On the other hand, we have instances where a Northern production no longer exists in its pristine garb, and has to be accepted with what must be treated as corruptions at the hands of a Southern or perhaps Midland scribe. Such has been the fate of the singularly fascinating and instructive fable of "John the Reeve;" and where the dialectic, or at least textual changes are less pronounced or less general, the difficulty of ascertaining with any precision the original source is so frequent, that Sir Walter Scott acted quite discreetly in declining to draw the line with too much confidence, and in assigning certain pieces to the borderland between the two kingdoms.

For interesting historical and critical notices of many of the relics here assembled together, the reader may be referred to Dr. Irving's "History of Scotish Poetry," edited by Dr. Carlyle, 1861. In that work, however, we do not meet with so full an account of the "Tales of the Priests of Peebles" as the special excellence and value of that remarkable relic merited. I have pointed out the curious association of the first Tale with a real personage resident at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the fifteenth century.

I hope that it will be considered that the dis-
tribution of the Prefaces, which formerly made a distinct section, most inconvenient for reference, and the addition of a Glossary, are two improvements. Where I could not meet with a satisfactory explanation of a word or expression, I have admitted it with a note of the place where it occurs.

It may be predicated without undue presumption of the Collection thus reconstructed and augmented, that it embraces a fairly representative gathering of the popular romances and minstrelsy of North Britain and the Border, and a notable body of rare, if not unique, remains, however regrettable in our eyes may be the loss of many others unquestionably once in existence, and even in print, as well as the necessity of employing in some instances comparatively modern impressions or defective MSS., owing to the unfortunate disappearance of older or completer copies.

W. C. H.

Barnes Common, Surrey,
October 1894.
ADVERTISEMENTS
PREFIXED TO THE
FORMER EDITIONS

LITTLE or no apology, it is conceived, will be now looked for, on submitting to the public a Collection, such as this is, of our ANCIENT POPULAR POETRY: neither is it necessary to detain the reader with any general reflections which the nature of its contents might be supposed to suggest. The remains of the Early Poetical literature of our country, and, indeed, of most nations, are allowed to possess a value, sanc-

1 The present writer, who had the honour of being personally acquainted with the late David Laing, desired to preserve such portions of the prefatory notices attached to the two books now consolidated as seemed to be of permanent interest and application, and has therefore woven them into one text. The titles of the volumes are as follow:—(i.) Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland. Printed at Edinburgh, MDCCXXII. 4to. (ii.) Early Metrical Tales; including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steil. Edinburgh, MDCCXXVI. Small 8vo.
tioned by time, of which neither prejudice nor fashion can deprive them, and this may be thought sufficient to justify any attempt that is made for their preservation. They are valuable, no less in enabling us to trace the history and progress of our language, than in assisting us to illustrate ancient manners and amusements, of which they often contain the liveliest representations.

The history of Scotish Romance-Poetry, owing to the peculiar circumstances attending its transmission to modern times, is unfortunately involved in great obscurity. Although the more ancient of these remains occasionally bear internal evidence of having proceeded from the celebrated Makars of the Northe Countreye, we remain in ignorance respecting the individuals who contributed so much to the amusement of our ancestors in these remote times, and even possess little or no positive evidence that might help us to distinguish the productions of Scotish writers from those of the English minstrels. This may indeed be esteemed a matter of extreme unimportance, since the most valuable specimens of romantic fiction that are extant, have in one shape or other been made public. The "Sir Tristrem," for instance, has received every possible advantage in the illustrations of its distinguished editor, Sir Walter Scott. The "Geste of King Horn," perhaps the next in point of antiquity,
has been faithfully printed by Ritson; and the
“Lyf of Alexander” (erroneously assigned to
an English poet in the age of Edward II.), is
given with no less accuracy by Weber in his
excellent Collection of Metrical Romances.

These Tales and Romance-Poems are very
inconsiderable in number when compared with
those which belong to the sister-kingdom. But
from various allusions to be found to the
number and popularity of such compositions
in Scotland at an early period, it is evident
that this portion of our ancient literature, in its
transmission to modern times, must have suf-
fered in a more than common degree; in the
words of Bishop Percy, “it has been handed
down to us with less care than any other writ-
ings in the world.” Nor indeed was it to be con-
ceived, at the time “Quhen gude Makars rang
weill into Scotland,” that our native minstrels
should have been behind their neighbours, either
for invention or facility of composition, in thus
contributing to the amusement of their country-
men. In proof of the general esteem in
which these works of fiction were held, it may
here be sufficient to mention what has been
incidentally recorded of two of the most re-
nowned of the Scotish monarchs.

When the followers of Robert the Bruce, in
his retreat to the Isle of Rachrin, at the close
of the year 1306, had to be ferried over Loch
Lomond in a boat which held but three persons
at a time; that "gude king" is said by his venerable biographer to have amused them for "a night and a day," by reading portions of the Romance of Ferumbrace.¹ After giving a brief detail of that part of the narrative which relates how Roland and his companions, the *dousiperes* of France, with only one attendant, manfully held out the Tower of Egrymor, when besieged by the Soudan of Babylon and a whole host of Saracens, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen declares—

"The gud king upon this mânèr
Comfort thaim that war him ner;
And maid thaim gamyn and solace,
Till that his folk all passyt was."²

From the same authority we learn, that on other occasions Robert the Bruce was wont to "comfort" his adherents in their difficulties by relating to them

"Auld storyis of men that wer
Set in tyll hard assayis ser."

The other instance alluded to is of James the First of Scotland, who, according to the contemporaneous narrative of the very tragical fate

¹ This is evidently the Romance of Fierabras, but it must have been a different and earlier translation from the French than that quoted by Mr. Ellis in his abstract of the story. (Metrical Romances, vol. ii. p. 369, &c.)
² Barbour's Bruce, book ii. line 858–862. Dr. Jamieson's 4to edit. 1820.
of that accomplished Prince, spent the night previous to his assassination "yn redyng of romans, yn syngyng and pypynge, yn harpyng, and yn other honest solaces of grete pleasance and disport."

Were direct evidence, therefore, wanting, we might be warranted to infer that compositions, which afforded delight and were familiar to our kings, would neither be unknown nor disregarded by their subjects. But deeply as we cannot but regret the loss which the early literature of Scotland has sustained in the almost total destruction of these tales of romantic and legendary fiction,—it is a subject of inquiry which might lead to a discussion disproportionate to the size and contents of these volumes. One circumstance, however, may be mentioned, to show that these compositions were not uncommon in a written state at a remote period; although, with the exception of charters, hardly any MSS. (and not one in verse), written in Scotland, are known to be extant of an older date than the middle of the fifteenth century:—Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, the ancestor of the Earls of Morton, in his last will and testament, dated in the year 1390, bequeaths to his son and heir, "OMNES LIBROS MEOS TAM STATUTORUM REGNI SCOCIE QUAM ROMANCIE."1

1 Original deed, in the possession of the Earl of Morton.
In the present volumes, a few Metrical Tales, from copies of a comparatively recent date, are collected, together with some Scotish poems which appear to have enjoyed more than a common degree of popularity. That most of these existed in copies of a much earlier time will be seen from the respective notices which are subjoined. The chief object in submitting this little Collection to the public is the hope that it may be the means of bringing some of these productions to light in a more antique garb. But whether or not the appearance of the volumes shall contribute in any way to a more careful and extended research after such remains, the Editor flatters himself that he performs an acceptable service in rendering attainable some few of these "delectable" compositions, which even in their present state (modernised and corrupted as most of them confessedly are), will nevertheless be allowed to possess no ordinary charms for those who are gratified with the simple and unaffected strains which gave delight to our ancestors. To such as feel any interest in the revival of the literary productions of remoter ages, the Editor may use the words of an old English writer, and say,

"Accept my paynes, allow me thankes,
   If I deserue the same,
If not, yet lette not meaning well
   Be payde with checke and blame."
For I am he that buyde the bowre,
I hewe the hardened stone;
And thou art owner of the house,
The paine is mine alone.
I burne the bee, I hold the hyue,
The Sommer toyle is myne;
And all bicause when Winter commes
The honie may be thine.”

The professed object of this work was to bring together some of the rarer pieces of the ancient vernacular Poetry of Scotland. Accordingly, an endeavour has been made to collect such as either still remained unpublished, or had appeared only in a corrupted or imperfect state: and if, in the prosecution of this design, the Editor has been unsuccessful, it has, at least, arisen from no want on his part of diligence and assiduity. For it has been well observed by the ingenious Headley, that “to constitute a relish for the Black-Letter (a term by which we may understand whatever relates to antiquarian knowledge), a certain degree of literary Quixotism is highly requisite: he who is unwilling to penetrate the barren heath and solitary desert; he who cannot encounter weariness, perplexity, and disgust; he who is not actuated by an enthusiasm for his employment, is no true knight, and unfit for such service.”

More especially is this the case when, in order

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1 Tragical Tales, &c., by George Turbervile, 1587. 8vo, bl. l. sign. Biii.
2 Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, 8vo, p. vii.
to publish the early remains of our National Poetry with the correctness and fidelity which is requisite, recourse must be had to ancient and discordant manuscripts, where the obscurity of the language, or the labour of decyphering them, is the least perplexing or difficult part of the undertaking.

The reader will observe that the various pieces contained in it have, at least, in their favour, the claim of antiquity, since all of them are given from sources anterior to the close of the sixteenth century. These are carefully pointed out in the short notices which it was thought necessary to prefix to the poems for their better illustration. At the same time, many other curious relics might have been found worthy of being brought to light; and it will be gratifying to the Editor if this publication prove in any way conducive to a more extensive research after the scanty and too long neglected remains of this portion of our Ancient Literature.

In the following stanzas of "The Palace of Honour," by Bishop Douglas, written in 1503, several curious tales are alluded to, most of which probably are no longer in existence:—

"I saw Ralf Coilgear with his thrawin brow
Craibit Johne the Reif, and auld Cowkewpis Sow
And how the Wran came out of Ailssay
And Piers Plewman that maid his workmen few
Greit Gowmakmorne and Fyn Makcoul and how
They should be Goddis in Ireland as they say
Thair saw I Maitland upon auld Beird Gray
Robene Hude, and Gilbert with the quhite hand
How Hay of Nauchtoun flew in Madin land.

The Nigromansie thair saw I eik anone,
Of Bentyas, Bongo, and Freir Bacone,
With many subtill point of Juglary
Of Flanders peis maid mony precious stone.
Ane greit laid sadill of a sicing bone,
Of ane Nutemug thay maid a Monk in hy
Ane Paroche Kirk of ane penny py.
Ane Benytas of ane Mussill maid and Aip
With mony uteir subtill mow and jaip.”

—Edit. 1579, p. 56.

Of some of the pieces which have hitherto eluded discovery, a short list may here be subjoined, as the best mode of exciting attention; and the Editor should feel happy to receive information respecting any of them, or of similar compositions, either in a printed or manuscript state, which may have escaped his researches. This list might have been easily enlarged:

The Tale how the King of Estmoreland mareit the Kingis dochter of Westmoreland. A supposed modernised copy of this romantic tale is printed infra.

The Tale of the three futtit dog of Norrowayne. Mentioned in the “Complaynt of Scotland,” 1549: or, indeed, any of the taylis, fabillis, or pleysand storeis enumerated in that curious work.

The Earl of Errol’s Testament, in Scotish metre, by Robert Alexander, Advocate, printed at Edinburgh some time after the year 1541.

Christ’s Kirk on the Greene. Any edition prior to that printed in the year 1663.

Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Steill. A good text of this story occurs in Bishop Percy's Folio MS., as edited by Furnivall and Hales. Any edition prior to that of 1687. Comp. introductory notice to the text, infra.

The present work must necessarily have a very limited circulation, yet trusting that such a Collection is neither unworthy of public attention, nor of the care that has been bestowed in forming it, the Editor, with all due feeling of grateful esteem, would inscribe it as a slight but sincere tribute of respect to the Distinguished Author, to whom, of all others, the literature of his native country is most deeply beholden:—Whose zeal in its cause has been shown, no less in a friendly and generous encouragement of those engaged in its cultivation, than in his own successful exertions in behalf of the unregarded and traditionary productions of former ages;—and who has, at the same time, so eminently sustained and extended the reputation of our national literary character, by those original compositions which have shed so much lustre over the Minstrelsy and Romance of Scotland, and have happily displayed the extent and fertility of his own surpassing genius.

[DAVID LAING.]

[Edinburgh, 1822-6.]
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The awntyrs off Arthure at the Terne Walthelyn.

THE Romance which follows bears such a close resemblance in subject, style, and manner to "the Knightly tale of Golagrus and Gawane," that both have generally been attributed to one and the same author. It was a style of composition for which, for a length of time, the Northern Poets were particularly renowned; for although the use of alliteration was not entirely peculiar to them, it was, at least, one distinguishing feature of their compositions. Thus Chaucer makes "his Persone" to say

"I am a Sotherne man
I can not geste, Rom, Ram, Ruf, by my letter,
And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better."

George Gascoigne, in his Certayne Notes of Instruction, has the following reference to this curious passage:—"In making a delectable poem," he says, "it is not enough to roll in pleasant wordes, nor yet to thunder in Rym, Ram, Ruff by letter, (quoth my maister Chaucer,) nor yet to abounde in apte vocables, or epithets, unlesse the invention have in it also aliquid salis."

The antiquity of these tales is unquestionably considerable; and but for our knowledge of other similar alliterative poems, of which the dates are ascertained, and go far to rival these in point of obscurity, we might be justified in

1 Reprinted, with other similar pieces, from the original copies, under the editorship of David Laing, 4to, 1827.
2 Works by Hazlitt, 1869, i. 500.

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carrying them back to a very remote period. The only conjecture that can be offered respecting their author is founded on the slight allusion in Dunbar's "Lament for the Death of the Makaris," where he says—

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane
That made the aventers of Sir Gawane. ¹

As different poems of the Adventures of Sir Gawane are known, we are prevented from ascribing one or other of them to Clerk with any degree of certainty; besides, we have the authority of Andrew of Wyntoun for assigning them to Hucheon, another of our early Poets (by whom the reader will find a specimen, in the same alliterative style, in the present volume). Wyntoun says—

"He made the gret Gest of Arthure,
And the Awntyre of Gawane."

The Editor has been favoured by his friend, Dr. Robert Anderson, whose attachment and valuable contributions to our national literature are well known, with a sight of some remarks on this ancient romance, by the late Alexander Thomson, Esq. They occur among the Collections which he had made for a History of Scotish Poetry. The following extract will evince the discrimination which he was capable of showing, and the value that might have been attached to his labours had he proceeded farther in completing such an important undertaking:—

"The most glaring imperfections of this Romance [Gawan and Galoran of Galloway] is undoubtedly its deficiency in unity of action, the two parts being entirely unconnected. In this respect it is inferior to the former, although the appearance and behaviour of the ghost displays more of fancy and of poetry than anything to be found in the Gawan and Gologras. It is, however, to be wished that this marvellous incident had constituted the latter half of the poem, as the entrance of Galoran, at the banquet of Arthur, would have opened the piece in a striking manner; and the whole of that story must have been more interesting had it pre-

¹ See them collected and edited by Sir F. Madden, 4to, 1839; and some have been re-edited for the E. E. Text Society.
ceded and not followed the supernatural adventures. The same error, in point of arrangement, I have often regretted in the 'Romance of the Forest,' where the woes and wanderings of the two lovers, although sufficiently interesting in themselves, are read almost with a perfect indifference after the terrific scenes at the castle.

"Although the characters are not marked with that strength of pencil which distinguished those of Gawan and Gologras, that defect is perhaps compensated by the introduction of two female personages; and the circumstance of a wedding making part of the catastrophe, gives it more the air of a modern performance."

The author of these Romances, whoever he may have been, has certainly added something new to the poetry of his country. In them there is both originality of incident and manner:—for although they doubtless were founded on popular tradition, the author surely would not have chosen such an intricate and cumbrous mode of versification had they been mere translations, or had he profited by the example of the numerous productions of English Romance-poetry during its best period, namely, from the middle of the fourteenth to the early part of the fifteenth century.

Three copies of this Romance are known to be extant. The one now adopted is preserved in the Cathedral Library, Lincoln. The others are the Douce MS., formerly belonging to Mr. Baynes, of Gray's Inn, and printed by Pinkerton; and the Ireland MS., first published by Mr. Robson,¹ and unknown to the earlier editors. The Douce MS. consists of eleven leaves, in folio, written in a very fair and legible hand, in the reign of Henry VI. It was thought unnecessary to swell out the pages by noticing all the minute variations and discrepancies between the three manuscripts, since in every line some difference in orthography, in omission, or transposition is found.²

¹ Three Early English Metrical Romances, edited by John Robson, Camden Society, 1842. The reader may be usefully referred to Mr. Robson's able and elaborate Introduction. See Ritson's Letter on this subject in Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1793.

² The Ireland MS. equally varies from that here employed, and some of its readings are clearly superior,
Whatever seems material, is, however, carefully pointed out, and the words or lines in the text, printed within inverted commas, are those which the Douce copy has furnished, unless it be otherwise stated.

To the Reverend Mr. Gray of Lincoln the Editor owes his best thanks for the kind and friendly manner in which he facilitated his object during the time required for making some transcripts from the Thornton MS.

_Here bygynnes the awntenys off Arthure at the Terne Wathelyn._

_II._

_N Kyng Arthurs tym ane awntir by tyde, 1_
By the Terne Wathelyn, 2 als the buke tellis;
Als he to Carelele was commen, that conqueroure kyde, 3
With Dukes, and with ducheperes, that with that dere 4 duellys,
For to hunte at the herdys, that lang hase bene hyde;
And one a day thay tham dighte to the depe delli,
To felle of the ffemmales in the fforeste, 'and frydde,' 5
Faire in the ffernysone tyme, by ffythis, 6 and fellis:

and have been adopted. Dr. Laing entered into particulars as to the contents of the Lincoln MS., a volume now so well known to all interested in these matters, that it seemed superfluous to reproduce the information.

1 'In the tyme of Arthur an aunter by tydde.'
2 'Turnewathelan,' Tearnewadling, or Tarn Watling, in Cumberland.
3 'And conquerour kydde.'
4 'The dere.'
5 'In forest and frydde.' MS. L. reads, 'in the fforeste wele frythede.'
6 'Fayre by the Firmysthams, in frithes.'
Thus to the wode are thay wente, the wlonkaste in wedys,
Bothe the Kynge, and the Qwene,
And all the doghety by dene,
Schir Gawane gayeste one grene,
Dame Gayenour he ledis.

II.

And thus Schir Gawane the gay, dame Gayenour he ledis,
In a gletterande gyse, that glemet full gaye;
With rich rebanes reuerssede, who that righte redys,
Arayit with rubes one royalle arraye:
Hir hude was of hawe hewe that hir hede hydys,
Wroghte with pelours, and palle, and perrye to paye;
Schrudede in a schorte cloke, that the rayne schrydes
Sett ouer with safyrs full sothely to saye;
And thus wondefuly was all the wyghtis wedys,
Hir sadill semde of that ilke,
Semlely sewede with sylke:
One a muyle als the milke,
Gayely scho glydis.

1 'With riche ribaynes reuersset.'
2 'Rubes of rial.'
3 'Of herde hawe.'
4 'Schurde in a schort cloke that the rayne shedes.'
5 'With saffres and seladynes, set by the sides.'
Thus alle gleterande golde gayely scho glydis
The gates, with Schir Gawane, by a grene welle;
Nane bot hym selfe one a blonke, by that birde bydis,¹
That borne was in Burgoyne, by buke and by belle.
He ledde that lady so lange by these landes sydys,²
Sythen so neir a lorere scho lyghte³ lawe by a felle.
Schir Arthure, with his Erles, full ernestly rydis,
To teche thame to thaire tristis, trewely to telle:⁴
To thaire tristis he tham taughte, who that righte trowes,⁵
Ilke a lorde, with owttyn lett,
At his triste was he sett,⁶
With bewe and with barcelett,
Vndir these bewes.

Vndir these bewes thay bade, these beryns so bolde,
To bekire at those baryaynes,⁷ in bankis so bare;
Thay keste of thaire copulls, in clyffes so calde;
Thay recomforthes thaire kenettis, to kele tham of care;

¹ 'And that barne on his blonke with the quene bidis.'
² 'By the lawe sides.'
³ 'Under a lorre they lyghte.'
⁴ 'The trouth for to telle.'
⁵ 'Who the trouth trowes.'
⁶ 'To an oke he hem sett.'
⁷ 'These baryanes.'
AT THE TERNE WATHELYN

Thare myght hirdmen hendaly forsothe herdis by holde, 1
Herkyn huntyngis 2 with hornnes, in holtis so hare, 45
Thay fellede downe the ffemmalls, full thikke folde,
   With fresche hundis and selle, felonosly thay fare; 3
   They questys and quellys, 4
   By frythis and fellis, 5
   The dere in the dellys, 6
Thei droupen and dare. 7

V.

Alle darkis the dere in the dim schowys, 8
And for drede of the dede 9 drowpys the daa,
And by the stremsys so strange, that swythly swoghes, 10
Thay wery the wilde swyne, and wyrrkis tham waa;
Thay hunte and halowes, in hurstis and huwes, 11
And till thaire riste, raches relyes on thaire raye; 12
Thay gafe [to] no gamen no grythe, that one grownde growes,
Grehundis in the green greues full gladly gan gaa.

1 'There might hatheles in high, herdes be holde.'
2 'Huntyng in haste.'
3 'Thei folowen her fare.'
4 'With gret questys and quellis.'
5 'Both in frithis and fellis.'
6 'All the dere in the delles.'
7 'Thei durken and dare.'
8 'Thei durken the dere in the dyme skuwes.'
9 'That for drede of the deth.'
10 This line omitted in MS. D.
11 'In hurstis and huwes.'—MS. L. reads 'in holttis and hillys.'
12 'And bluye rechas, ryally thei ran to ro.'
Thus thies gomes thay ga in greuys so grene,
   And boldly blawes rechayse,
   And folowes faste one the trase,
   With many seriandis a-mase,
Swylk solauce to sene.

VI.
Thus with solauce they semeledde, the prowdeste
   in palle,
And sorgt to ther soueraygne, undur the schas schene:
Alle bot Schir Gawane, graythest of alle,
Hy leuys with dame Gaynoure in those greues grene:
Vndir a lorere scho laye, that lady so smalle,
Off boxe and of barborane, byggit full bene;
Faste by fore vndrone, this ferly gan falle,
And this meikill mervelle, that I of mene.
Now will I of this mervele mele, gif I mote,
The daye woxe als dirke,
Als it were mydnyghte mirke:
Ther of Schir Gawane was irke,
And lyghte one his fote.

VII.
Thus one fote are thay lyghte, those frekis vnfayne,
And fledde faste to the foreste fro the fawe fellis;

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1 'The King blew.' 2 'They sembled.'
3 'Within schaghes schene.' 4 'Al bot.'
5 'And of barber.' 6 'Meve if I mote.'
7 'Thereof the King.' 8 'Thus to fote ar thei faren.'
9 'And fleen fro the fforest to the fewe fellis.'—MS. L.
reads 'faste to the foreste, and to.'
AT THE TERNE WATHELYN

Thay rane fast to the roches, for reddoure of the rayne,¹
For the slete and the snaue, that suappede tham so snelle :²
Thare come a lawe one the loughe, in lede is nögt to layne,³
In the lyknes of Lucyfere, lauyst in helle,
And glyddis to dame Gaynoure, the gatis full gayne,⁴
Golland [ful] gamyrl y, with [a] many lowde gelle;⁵
It gellede, it gamede with vengeance full wete ;⁶
And said, aftre syghande full sare,
I bann the body that me bare,⁷
Allas ! now kyndyls my kare,
I gloppyn and I grete !

VIII.

Thane gloppenyde and grett dame Gaynoure the gay,
And askede Schir Gawayne, whatt was his beste rede ?—
It es the clippus of the sune I herde a clerké saye ;⁸
And thus he comforthede the Qwene, with his knyghthede.

¹ Lines 3 and 6 are omitted in MS. D.
² 'For the sueterand snaue suartly hem snelles.'
³ 'A lede of tha lawe, in land is.'
⁴ 'And glides to Schir Gawayne the gates to gayne.'
⁵ 'Gaualand and gomerand.'
⁶ 'Hit gaules, hit gamers with waymeyngis wete.'
⁷ 'I ban the body me bare.'
⁸ 'The clippes of the Son.'
Schir Cadore, Schir Caduke, Schir Costantyne, Schir Kaye, 1
Thir knyghtes are vn curtayse by crose and by crede,
That thus me hase lefte in this Erthe at my dede daye,
With the gryselyyeste gaste, that euer herde I grete!—
At this gaste, quod Schir Gawayne, greue ȝowe no more, 2
I salle speke with ȝone sprete,
In ȝone wayes so wete,
If I maye the bales bete,
Of ȝon body bare.

IX.

Bare was hir body, and blake to the bane,
Alle by claggede in claye, vn-comlyly clede: 3
It weryt, it wayemettede, lyke a Woman,
That nowther one hede, ne one hare, hillynge it hade; 3
It stottyde, it stounnede, it stode als a stane, 4
It menet, it memerede, it moyssed for made.
Vn to that grysely gaste Schir Gawane es gane,
He raykede to it one a rase, for he was neuer rade: 5

1 'Schir Cador, Schir Clegis, Schir Costardyne, Schir Cay.'
2 'Of the goost, quod the grome.'
3 'But on hide, ne on huwe, no helling.'
4 'Hit stemered, hit stounade.'
5 'Neuer drade.'
For rade was he never sett, who that ryghte redis,
One the chefe of the cholle,
A tade pykit one hir polle,
Hir eghne ware holkede full hoile,
Glowand als gledis.

x.

Alle glowede als gledis, the gaste whare scho glydis,
Vmbeclousut in a clowde, with clethynge vn-clere;
Cerkelytt with serpentes that satt by hir sydes,
To tell the tadis ther one with tongue wer to tere.
The beryn brawndeche owte his brande, and the body bydis,
Therefore that chevalrous knyghte thoghte it no chere;
The hundes hye to the hillys and ther hedus hydus
The grewhundes were agayste, for that grym bere,
The birdes on the bewes,
That one that gaste gewes,
Thay scryken in the clewes,
That herdus mygten hom here.

1 'Drade was he.'
2 'Chef of the colle.'
3 'The gooste glowes.'
4 'Vmbe clipped with a cloude.'
5 'Skeled with serpentes all aboute the sides.'
6 'Charged no chere.'
7 'The houndes higher to the wode.'
8 'Thei skryke in the skowes.'
9 'That hatheles may here.'
Alle the herdus myȝtest here, the hindeste of alle,\(^1\)
How hir cholle chatirede, hir chaftis, and hir chyne;\(^2\)
Thane coniurede hir that knyghte, and one Criste gun he calle,
Alls thou was crucyfyede one croyse, to saue ws fra syn!
Thou spirette saye me the sothe, whedir that thou sall,
And whi that thou walkes thies woddis with inn?
—I was of Figure, and of flesche,\(^3\) the fayereste of alle,
Christenede and krysmede, with kynges in my kyn:\(^4\)
I hafe kynges in my kyn, knawen for kyde full kene,
God hase sent me this grace,
To dre my paynes in this place,
And nowe am I commen one a pase,\(^5\)
To speke with goure Qwene.

Owene was I whilome, wele bryghtere of browes
Than Beryke or Brangwayne,\(^6\) the byrdis so balde;
Of any games or gudis, that one the grownde growes,
Wele grettere than Gaynoure of garsomes and of golde,

\(^1\) 'Hathelesse might here so fer into halle.'
\(^2\) 'How chatered the cholle, the challus, on the chyne.'
\(^3\) 'Figure and face.'
\(^4\) 'And knowen,'
\(^5\) 'I am comen in' this cace.'
\(^6\) 'Than berell.'
Of pales, of poundis, of parkis, of plewes,
Of tounes, of towris, of tresoures vn-tolde;
Of contres, of castells, of cragges, of clewes;
And now am I cachede owte of kythe, in carys so
colde:
   In care am I cachede, and cowchede in claye;
   Loo! curtayse knyghte,
How that dede hase me dyghte,¹
Now gyffe me anes a syghte²
Of Gayenour the gaye.

XIII.
Nowe to Gayenour the gaye Schir Gawayne es
gane,
And to that body hase he broghte that birde then
so bryghte:
Welcome, Waynoure!³ scho says, thu worthye in
wane!
Loo! howe that dulefull dede hase thi dame
dyghte,
I was reddare in rode than rose in the rayne;
My lyre als the lely, lufely to syghte,⁴
And nowe I am a gresely gaste, and grymly I grane,
With Lucefere in a lake lawe ame I lyghte;
   Thus am I lyke to Lucefere, takis witnes by mee,
   For all goure fresche fauoure,
   Now meyse one this mirroure,
   For bothe Kynge and Emperoure,
   Thus sall ge bee.

¹ 'How delfulle deth hath me dight.'
² 'Lete me ouys haue a sight.'
³ It is curious that in this stanza in all the MSS. we have
   Gaynour and Waynour, two variants of the same name;
   and the latter frequently occurs afterwards, as does Wawayn
   for Gawayn.
⁴ 'Lonched on hight.'
XIV.

And thus dede will goe dyghte, take thare of no dowte, And there one herly takis hede, while that thu es here, When thou es richely arrayed, and rydes in a rowte, Hafe than peté, and mynd one the pore, for thu arte of powere, Beryns and byrdis are besye the abowte, When thi body is bawmede, and broghte appone bere, Than will thay leue the lyghtely, that nowe will lowte, And than helps the no thynge, bot halye prayere: The prayere of the pore, purchases the from helle, Of thase that ellis at the gate, When thu sittlis in thi sete, With all mirthes at thi mete, Some dayntethis on dese.

XV.

With dayntethis one dese, thi dyetes are dyghte; And I in dawngere and dole am dowme for to duelle, Naxty and nedfull, and nakede one nyghte There ffolowes me a ferde of fendis ffuill ffell:

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1 'Takis witness by mee.'—MS. L.
2 'Than lit wyn the light.'
3 'May purchas the pes.'
4 'In dongon I dwelle.'
5 'Fendes of helle.'
Thay harle me vnhendely, and lewys me one hyghte;
In brasse and in bromstane I birne als a belle:
Was neuer wroghte in this weride a wafullere wyghte,
It were tere till any tonge my tourmentttis to telle!
   Bot now will I of my tourment talke, or I gaa;
Thynke hertly on this,
   Now fonde to mende of this mys;
For thou arte warnede I wysse,
Be warre now be my waa!

XVI.

Now wo es me! for thi waa, sayd Waynour, I wysse,
Bot a worde wolde I wete, and thi will ware:
Gyff matyns or messes myghte oghte menden thi mysse,
Or any mobylls on molde, my myrthis ware the mare;
Or bedis of bechopes myghte brynge the to blysse;
Or conuentis in cloysters myghte kere the of care;
For if thou be my modir, grete mervelle it es,
   That thi burlyche body es bakenede so bare! —
   I bare the of my body; whate bote es to lye?
   Be that takenyngge thou trewe,
   I make a solempne a vowe,
   That none wyste bot I, and thowe,
   And ther fore dole I dye.

1 'Is brought to be so bare.'
2 'What bote is hit I layn.'
3 'And no man wist he but thowe.'
4 'That sothely I sayn.'
XVII.

Telle me now sothely, what may safe thi sytis,¹
And I sall garre seke sayntes for thi sake;²
Bot of thase balefull bestis, that one thi body
bytys,
All blendis my blode, thi ble ees soo blake;³ 210
This es it to luffe paramoures, and lustys, and
litys,
That gerse me lyghte and lenge so lawe in this
lake;
For alle the welthe of this werlde, thus awaye
wytis;
This werlde is wandrethe, that wirkes me
wrake:⁴
For wrake it me wirkes, now Waynoure, I
wysse!
Were thritty trentalls done,
By twyxen vndrone and none,
My saule were saluede full sone,⁵
And broghte in to blysse.

XVIII.

To blysse brynge the that barne, 'that boghte the
on rode.'⁶ 220
That was crucyfiede one croyse, and crownedede
with thorne;

¹ 'What may the sauen y wis.'
² 'And I sall make sere men to singe for thi sake.'
³ 'Al bledis my blle, thi bones.'
⁴ 'With the wilde wormis that worche me wrake.'
⁵ 'Socoured with son.'
⁶ 'That barne that brought the on rode.'—'that dere has
the boghte.'—MS. L.
Crystynnede and krysemmede with candills and coude,
Fullede in sunstane, full frely by forne; \(^1\)
Mary, that es myghty, and myldest of mode,
That bare that blysschede [barne], in Bedleme was borne,
Gyffe me grace for to grete thy saule with some gude;
And mene the with messes and matynes one morne;
For hym, that ryste on the rode, \(^2\)
Gyffe nowe fast of thy gude,
To folke that fayles the fude,
Whylls that thou erte here.

\[XIX.\]

Now here hertly one hande I heste the to halde,
With a melodeone of messes to make thy menynge.
Bot one worde, saide dame Waynoure, now wiete that I walde,
What greues God moste \(^3\) of any kyns thynge?—
Pride, with apparenmentis, \(^4\) als prophetis haue tolde
By fore the pople appertly in thaire prechynge;
The 'bowes' is full bittire, thare of be thou balde,
It makis beryns full balde, \(^5\) to breke his byddyng;
Who so his byddynge brekis, bare he es of blysse;
Bot thay saluen hom \(^6\) of ther sare,
Certis, or thay hethyn fare,
Thay mon wiete of calde care,
Waynoure, I wys.

\(1\) 'Ffolowed in fontestone.' \(2\) 'Grete myster.'
\(3\) 'What wrathed God most.' \(4\) 'With appurtenannce.'
\(5\) 'Burnes so bly.' \(6\) 'Be salued.'
xx.1

Telle me, sayde Waynoure, a worde ȝif thou woste,
Whate bedus that myghte beste in to blys the brynge?—
Mekenesse and mercy, scho saide, tho are the moste,
Hafe peté on the pore, thane plesys thou owre Kyng;
Sythen after that do almos dedis of alle other thynge,
Thies are the gud gyftis of the Haly Goste,
That enspyres alle sperites, withowttyn spyllynge;
For to come to that blysse, that euer more sail laste,
Of thies sperituale thinges, spyre me na mare.2
Whills thou arte Qwene in this quarte,
Halde thies wordis in thyn herte,
For thou sail lyffe bot a starte;
Hethyn sail thu ffare.

A Fytte.

xxi.

How sail we fare, said the freke, that fowndis to fyghte,
That ofte fowndis the folkes,3 in fele kyngis landis;
That riche rewmes ouer rynnes agaynes the ryghte,
And wynnes wirchippis4 and welthis by wyghtenes of handis,

1 This stanza in the Lincoln MS. is misplaced, as it is there introduced as the 18th.
2 'Spute thou na mare.'
3 'And thus defoulen the folke.'
4 'Wynnen worshipp in werre thorph.'
—goure Kynge es to covetous, I tell the, Schir knyghte;
May no man stere hym of strenghe,\(^1\) whills thou whale standis,
When he es in his mageste hegheste, and maste es of myghte,
He sall lighte full lawe appone the see sandis: \(205\)
Thus gourel cheualrous Kynge\(^2\) chefe schalle a chawnce,
False fortune in fyghte,\(^3\)
That wondirfull whele wryghte,\(^4\)
*Makis*\(^5\) lordis lawe for to lyghte;
Takis witnes by Fraunce. \(270\)

XXII.

Fraunce hafe *ge* frely with *gour* fyghte wonnen;
The Ffrolo and the Ffarnaghe es frely by leuede;\(^6\)
Bretayne and Burgoyne es bothe to *gow* bownnen.\(^7\)
And alle the Dugepers of Fraunce with the dyn dreuede:
Gyane may greetyn that the werre was by gounnen; \(275\)
Es noghte a lorde in that lande, appon lyfe leuede;
*gete* sall the riche Romaynes with *gow* ben ouer ronnen,
And alle the Rownde Tabill thaire rentis be reuede.

\(^1\) 'May no man stry him with strength, while his whele stondes.'
\(^2\) 'Chiualrous knight.'
\(^3\) 'Falsely fordone in fight.'
\(^4\) 'With a wonderfull wight.'
\(^5\) 'Mase.'—MS. L.
\(^6\) 'Freol and his folke fey ar they leued.'
\(^7\) 'To *gow* bowen.'
Thay sail gitt be Tybire tymbire Gow tene,¹
Gete the Schir Gawayne
Turne thou to Tuskayne,
For [lese] thu sail Bretayne,
With a knyghte kene.

XXIII.

A knyghte sail kenly closen the crowne,²
And at Carelyone be crownede for kynge;³ 285
That sege sail be sesede at a sesone,⁴
That mekill bale and barete till Ynglande⁵ sail brynge;
Ge sail in Tuskane be tallde of that tresone,
And torne home aayne for that tydynge;
And ther sail the Rownde Tabille losse the re-nowne,
Be syde Ramessaye, faill ryghte⁶ at a rydynge,
And at Dorsett sail dy the doghetyeste of alle.
Gette the Schir Gawayne,
The baldest of Bretayne;
For in a slake thu sail be slayne,
Swylke ferly sail falle.

XXIV.

Siche ferly sail falle with owtten any fabille,
Appone Cornewayle coste, with a knyghte kene:
Arthure the auenance that honeste es and abill,
Sall be wondid I wysse full wathely I wene: 300

¹ 'Thus shall a Tyber vn true tymber with tene.'
² 'This knight shal be clanly enclosed with a crowne.'
³ 'At Carlele shal that comly.'
⁴ 'A sege shal he seche with a cession.'
⁵ 'To Bretayn.'
⁶ 'Beside Ramsey full rade.'
'And al the rial rowte of the Rounde Tabille
Thei shullen dye on a day, the doughty by dene'
Supprysede with a sugette that beris of sabille,
A sawtire engredele of Siluer full schene;
  He beris 'it' of sabille, sothely to saye,
     In kyng Arthures haulle
The childe playes hym at the balie
That fall owttraye gow alle,
Full derfely a daye.'

xxv.

Hafe gude daye, dame Gaynoure, and Gawane the gude;
I hafe no langare tyme, mo tales to telle,
For I mun wende one my waye, thorowte this wode,
Vn to my winnynge wane, in waa for to welle:
For him that rewfully rase, and rente was one rude,
Thynke one the dawngere, and the dole, that I in duelle;
And fede folk, for my sake, that fawte the fude,
And mene me with messes, and matyns in melle:

  'Messes are medecynes to vs that bale bides'
  Vs thynke a messe als swete,
  Als any spyce that euer thu ete:'
And thus with a grysely grete
The gaste awaye glydis.

1 Instead of these two lines, taken from MS. D., the third and fourth lines of this stanza are repeated in MS. L. They occur correctly, but with literal variations, in the Ireland MS.
2 'Supprisset with a suget, he beris hit in sable.'
3 'Delfully that day.'
4 'That failen the fude.'
5 The last four lines of Stanza xix. are here repeated by mistake in MS. L., followed, however, by the lines in the text, except the 9th, which is given from MS. D. In the Ireland MS. the sequence is correct, but the text differs in the literal readings, which are inferior to those of the Douce MS.
XXVI.

With a grisly grete the gaste away glydis;
And goes with gronyng sore, thorg the greues grene:

The wynde and the wedyre, 'the' welkyn vn hydis,
Than vnclosede the clowddis, the sone schane schene.
The kynge his bogill has blowen, and on the bent bydis,
His fayre folk in firthes, flokkes in fere;
All that royalle rowte, to the Qwene rydys
And melis to hir mildly, one thaire manere;

The wyes on swilke wondirs, a wondirde thaire were;
The pryntes prowdeste in palle,
Dame Gaynoure, and alle,
Wente to Rendolfe sett haulle
To thaire sopere.

XXVII.

The Kynge was sett to the supere, and servued in sale,
Vndir a Seloure of silke,full daynetyuousely dyghte;
With alle the wirchipe to welde, and wyne for to wale,
Birdis in brede, of brynt golde bryghte.

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1 These lines are wanting in MS. L. They are found with changes in the Ireland MS.
2 'In the frith thei flokken by dene.'
3 'She sayis hem the selcouthes that thei hadde thair seene.'
4 'The wise of the weder.'
5 'Went to Rondoles halle.'
6 'Servued in halle.'
7 'Worshipp and wele, mewith the walle.'
8 'Briddes branden and brad in bankers bright.'
Ther come two sotolers in with a symbale, 340
A lady, lufesome of late, ledande a knyghte;
Scho rydes vp to the heghe desse by fore the royalle;
And ask’d Schir Arthure, full hendely one highte,
Scho saide to that souerayne, wlonkeste in wedis,
Mane moste of myghte, 345
Here es comyn ane armede knyghte,
Now do him resone and ryghte,
For thi manhede.

XXVIII.
The mane in his mantyll, syttis at his mete, 349
In paulle purede with pane, full precyously dyghte,
Trofelyte and trauerste, with trewloues in trete;
The tasee was of topas that ther to was tyghte:
He glyfte vpe with hys eghne, that gray ware,
and grete,
With his barely berde, one that birde bryghte.
He was the Soueraynesteste Sir, sittande in sette, 355
That euer any segge saughe, or sene with syghte.
Thus the kyng, crowned in kythe, carpis hir till;
Welcome worthyly wyghte!
Thou sail hafe resone and ryghte;
Whythen es this comly knyghte,
If it be thi will?

1 'Ho raykes up in a res.' 2 'And halsed.'
3 'Ho said.' 4 'Mon makles.'
5 'An errant knight.'
6 'Pured to pay prodly pight.'
7 This line is omitted in MS. D. The Ireland MS.
reads—'Trowlt with trulufes and tranest be-tuene.'
8 'With his beueren berde.' 9 'Talkis hir tille.'
XXIX.

Scho was the worthiweste wyghte, that any wy myghte weld
Hir gyde was gloryous, and gaye, alle of gyrse grene;
Hir belle was of plonkette, with birdis full baulde,
Botonede with besantes, and bokellede full bene;
Hir faxe in fyn perrye frette was in fowld, The conterfelette in a kelle colourede full clene,
With a crowne of crystalle, and of clere golde:
Hir courchefes were coryouse, with mony proud pyn,
'Her perre was praysed, with prise men of might.'

The bryghte byrde, and balde,
Had note ynoghe to by halde
One that freely to fawld, And one that hende knyghte.

XXX.

That knyghte in his coloures, was armede 'full' clene,
With his comly creste, full clere to by holde;
His brenyes, and his basnett, birneschet full bene,
With a bourdoure abowte, alle of brynte golde;

1 'That eny wede wolde.'
2 'Here belle was of blanket.'
3 'Branded with brende golde.'
4 'With a crowne craftly al of clene golde.'
5 Omitted in MS. L. Ireland MS. reads—'Har anparel was a-praysut, with princes of myyte.'
His mayles was mylk whytte, enclosede so clene;  
His horse trapped with the same, als it was me 
taulde;  
The schelde one his schuldir, of syluere full schene,  
With bare heuedis of blake, barely, and baulde;  
His horse with sendale was teldade, and trap-
pede to the hele  
And, his cheuarone by forne,  
Stude als dois vyncorne,  
Als so scharpe as any thorne  
And mayles of stele.

XXXI.

In stele was he stuffede, that sterlyn was one stede,  
Alle of sternys of golde; that stekillede was one  
straye;  
He and his gambesouns, 'glovede als a glede,'  
With graynes of rubyes, that graythede were gaye,  
And his schene schynbandes, scharpe fre to  
schrede;  
'His polans with pelicocus were pondred to pay:'  
Thus with a lance appon lofté that lady gun he  
lede;  
A swayne one a fresone, folowede him on faye.

1 'Were mylke white . . . many hit seen.'  
2 'Trapped of that ilke as true men me tolde.'  
3 'Of brake browed ful bolde.'  
4 'In fyne sandel was trapped.'  
5 'Stodr as an.'  
6 'An anlas of stele.'  
7 'His pencell displaid.'  
8 'His gloves, his gamesouns gloved as a glede.'  
9 'Schynbandes.'  
10 This line is wanting in MS. L. and also the 9th in this stanza. In the former the Douce copy reads polemus.  
11 'A freke, on a freson.'
'The ffreson was afered, for drede of that fare;' 
He was seldom wonte
To see a tablet at his frounte,
Swilke gammens was he wonte,
'Saghe he neuer are.'

XXXII.
Arthure askede in hye, one herande tham alle, 
Whate woldest thu, Wy, gif it were thi wille? 
Telle me whate thu sekis, and whedir that thy 
schalle? 
And why thu stonyes on thi stede, and stondis so 
stille? 
He lyfte vpe his visare fro the ventalle; 
And with a kynghtly contenance he carpis hym 
till. 
Be thu kaysere or kynge, here I the be calle 
To fynde me a freke, to fyght one my fill: 
For fyghtynge to frayste, I fowndede fra hame. 
The kynge carpede on heghte,
'Lyghte, and lenge alle nyghte: 
If thou be curtayse knyghte, 
And tell me thi name.'

XXXIII.
My name es Schir Galleroun, with owttyn any 
gyle; 
The gretteste of Galowaye, of greues and of gyllis,
Of Konynge; of Carryke; of Connygame;\(^1\) of Kylle:
Of Lomonde;\(^2\) of Lenay; of Lowthyane hillis.
Thou hase wonnen thaym one werre with owtt. rageouse will;\(^3\)
And gyffen tham Schir Gawayne, and that myn herte grilles.

'But he shall wring his honde, and warry the wyle'\(^4\)

Or he welden my landes at myn vn thankes:\(^5\)
By alle the welthe of this werlde, he sall them neuer welde,
Whills I my hede may bere;
Bot he wyn tham one werre,
Bothe with schelde and with spere,\(^6\)
Appone a fair felde.

XXXIV.

I will feghte on a felde, and ther to make I my faythe,
With any freke one the faulde, that frely es borne:
To lose swilke a lordschipe me thynke it full laythe;
And ilke a leueande lede wolde laughe me to skorne.\(^6\)

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\(^1\) 'Of Connok, of Conyngham, and also Kyle.'
\(^2\) 'Of Lomand of Losex.'
\(^3\) 'With a wrange wille.'
\(^4\) This line is wanting in MS. L. It occurs in the Ireland MS. ; but the readings are inferior.
\(^5\) 'Er he weld hem Y wys agayn myn umwylles.'
\(^6\) 'And sicke lede opon lyve.'
We aren here in the wode walkand one our wathe,¹
We hunte at the herdis with hundes and with horne;
We aren one owre gamen, we ne hafe no gude graythe; ²
Bot gitt thu sall be machede by middaye to morne.
And for-thi I rede the, thu rathe mane, thu risté the all the nyghte.
Than Gawayne, gayest of alle,³
Ledis hym owte of the haulle,
Vn till a paveleone of paulle,
That proudely was pyghte. ⁴³⁵

XXXV.

Pighte was it proudely with purpure and paulle,
With dossours and qweschyns, and bankowres full bryghte; ⁴
With inn was a chapelle, a chambir, and ane haulle; ⁵
A chymneye with charcole, to chawffen that knyghte,
His stede was sone stabillede, and lede to the stalle,
And haye hendly heuyde in hekkes one hyghte.⁶
Sythen he brayde⁷ vp a burde, and clathes gun calle;
Sanapes, and salers, full semly to syghte,

¹ 'Went to walke.'
² 'Gome graite.'
³ 'Grathest of alle.'
⁴ 'Birdes branden above, in brend gold bright.'
⁵ 'Inwith was a.'
⁶ 'Hay hertly he had in haches on hicht.'
⁷ 'Thei braide.'
Preketes, and broketes, and standertis by twene:

Than thay seruede that knyghte,
And his worthy wyghte,
With full riche daynteths dyghte,
In Siluere full schene.

XXXVI.

In Siluer sa semly thay serue tham of the beste,
With vernage in verrys and cowppys sa clene:
And thus these gleterande gommes gladdis thaire gestis,
With riche daynteth, endorred, in dysches by dene.
When the ryalle renke was gone to his ryste,
The Kynge in to concelle hase callede his knyghtis so kene;
Sayes: luke nowe, ʒe lordyngs, oure loos be noghte lost,
W[h]o sall enconter with ʒone knyghte, cast ʒo by twene.
Thane said Schir Gawayne, he sall vs noghte greue,
Here my trouthe I ʒow plyghte,
I sall feghte with ʒone knyghte,
My Lord, with ʒowre leue.

1 'Torches.'
2 'Thus thei.'
3 'And thus Schir Gawayn the good.'
4 'Kestis ʒou bitwene.'
5 'Then said Gawayn the goode.'
6 'Here my honde I you highte.'
I leue wele, quod the kynge, thi latis are 'light,"
'BuI nolde for no Lordeshippe se thi life lorne.'
Late gaa, quod Schir Gawayne, Gode stond with the right,
If he skape skatheles, 'hit were a foule skorne.'
In the dawyng of the day, the doughti were dight;
Thaye herde matyns 'and masse erly on morne.'
In myd Pluntun lone hor pauluns were pigte,
Whare neuer freke opon folde had foughten biforne;
Thei settyn listes by lyue on the logh lande:
Thre soppus of [pain-]mayn
Thei brought to Schir Gawayn,
For to comfort his brayn,
The King gared commaunde.

The King commaunded kindeli the Erle of Kente,
For his meculle curtasy to kepe tother knygte,
With riche dayntethe, 'or that day he dynede in his tente,
With birdes baken in brede, of brynte golde bryghte;
And sythen vn to dame Waynour full warly he wente;
And lefte with hir in warde that wurlyche wyghte:
And than thies hachells full hendely thaire horsses hase hent 2
At the lycence of the lorde that lordely gun lyghte, 3
Alle bot thir 'two' beryns, 4 bouldeste of blode.
The kynges chere was sette,
Abowne on a chasselett; 5
And many a gaylyarde grett
For Gawayne the gude.

A Fytte.

XXXIX.

Gawayne and Galleron dyghtis thaire stedis, 6
Alle of gleterande golde full gaye was thaire gere;
Twa lordes be lyfe to thaire lystes thaym ledis,
With many sergeauntes of mace, it was the manere;
The beryns broches thaire blonkes to thair sydes bledis.
Aythir freke appon felde hase fichede thaire spere, 7
Schaftis of schene wode thay scheuerede in schides; 8
So jolyly those gentill men justede one were; 999

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1 'He in here.'
2 'After aither in high hour horses thei hent.'
3 'And at the listes on the lande.'
4 'Bothe thes two burnes.'
5 'Quene on a chacelet.'
6 'Gurden her stedes.'
7 'Has fastned his spere.'
8 'Thei shindre.'
Schaftis thay scheuer in schydes full schene:  
Sythen with brandes full brygthe,  
Riche mayles thay richte;  
Thus enconterde the knyghte  
With Gawayne one grene.  

XL.

Gawayne was graythely graythede on grene,  
With griffons of golde, engrelede full gaye,  
Trayfoled with trayfoles  and trewluffes by twene,  
"On' a stertande stede he strykes one straye.  
"That other in' his turnaynge he talkes tille him  
in tene;  
"Whi drawes thou the one dreghe, and makis  
swilke delay?  
"He swapped him then at the squyre' with a swerde  
kene:  
"That greued Schir Gawayn to his dede day.  
The dyntes of that doughty were dowttous by  
dene.  
Fyftè mayles and mo  
The swerde swapt in two,  
The canel bone also,'  
And clef his schelde schene.  

XLI.

He keruet of the cantel, that couurt the kny3te,  
Thro his shild and his shildur, a schaft-mun he  
share;
Then the latelest lord loghe opon heȝte,
And Gauan grechut ther with, and greuut wundur sore:
Sayd, "he should rewarde thè this route, and I con rede o-ryȝte."
He foundes into the freke with a fresche fare;
Throȝt basynet and breny, that burnyschet wos bryȝte,
With a bytant brand euyn throghe he him bare;
He bare thruȝe his breny, that burneyst were bryȝte.
Then gloppunt that gaye,
Hit was no serly, in faye,
His stedes startun on straye,
With steroppus fulle stryȝte.¹

XLII.

Thenne with steroppus fulle strêȝte stifly he strikes,
Waynes atte Sir Wawane, ryȝte as he were wode;
Thenne his lemmon on lofte scrilles and scrykes,
Quenne the balefulle birde blenked on his blode.²
Other lordus and ladès thayre laykes welle likes,
Thonked God of his grace for Gawan the gode.
With a swappe of his squerde squeturly him strykes,
Smote of Gauan stede heued, in styd quere hestode;
The fayre folo foundret, and felle bi the rode;
Gauan was smyther and smerte,
Owte of his steroppus he sterte,
As he that was of herte,
Fro Greselle the gode.

¹ A leaf in the Lincoln MS. appears unfortunately to be lost. This and the next five stanzas, and part of the 47th which it seems to have contained, are therefore printed from the Ireland copy.
² 'Burne,' here and elsewhere in MS. D, for 'barne' or 'beryyn.'
XLIII.

"Greselle," quod Gauan, "gone is, God ote!
He wos the burlokke[st] blonke, ther euyr bote brede!
By him that inne Bedelem wasse borne for oure bote,
I schalle reuenge thè to day, and I con ryȝt rede."
"Foche thè my fresun," quod the freke, "is fayrest on fote,
He wulle stond thè in stoure, in-toe so mycul styd."—
"No more for thi fresun, then for a rysche rote,
Butte for dyll of a dowmbe best, that thus schuld be ded;
I mowrne for no matyttory, for I may gete more."
And as he stode bi his stede,
That was gud in iche nedè,
Neȝehond Syr Wauan wold wede,
So wepputte he fulle sore.

XLIV.

Sore wepput for woe, Syr Wauan the wiȝte,
Bouun to his enmy, that woundut was sore;
The tother droȝghe him o-dreghe, for drede of the knyȝte,
Then he brochet his blonke, opon the bente bare.
"Thus may we dryue furthe the day," quod Gauan,
"to the dirke nyȝte,
The sun is past the merke of myyday and more,"
In myddes the lyist on the lawunde, this lordes doun lyȝte;
A-gayn the byrne with his brand, he busket him ȝare:
Thus to batelle thay boune with brandis so bry3te;  
Shene schildus thay shrede,  
Welle ryche mayles wexun rede,  
And mony du3ty hadun drede,  
So fursely thai fo3tun.

XLV.

Thus on fote con thai fe5te, opon the fayre fildus,  
As fresch as ij lions, that fawtutte the fille:  
Witturly ther weys, thayre weppuns thay weld;  
Wete 3e wele, Sir Wauan, him wontut no wille,  
He berus to him with his brand, vndur his brode schild,  
Thro the wast of the body wowundet him ille;  
The squrd styntet for no stuffe, he was so wele stelet,  
The tothur startes on bakke, and stondus stone stille;  
If he were stonit in that stouunde, 3ette srykes he sore;  
He girdus to Syr Gauane,  
Thro3he ventaylle and pusane,  
That him lakket no more to be slayne,  
Butte the brede of hore.

XLVI.

And thus the hardy on heyte, on helmis thai heuen,  
Betun downe berels, in bordurs so bry3te,  
That with stones iraille were strencult and strauen,  
Frettut with fyne gold, that failis in the f15te.  
With schildus on ther schildurs, schonely thay shewen,  
Stythe stapuls of stele, thay striken doune stre5te.  
Thenne byernes bannes the tyme, the bargan was bruen,  
That euyr these du3ti with dyntus, so dulfuly were di5te.
Hit hurte King Arther in herte, and mengit his mode;
Bothe Sir Lote, and Sir Lake,
Meculle menyng con make;
Thenne Dame Gaynor grette for his sake,
For Gawan the gode!

XLVII.

Thenne grette Dame Gaynour, with hur gray een,
For grefe of Sir Gauan grimliche woundes;
Thenne the knȳste, that was curtase, cruail, and kene,
With a stelun brand, he strikes in that stounde;
Alle the cost of the knȳste, he keruys doune clene,
Thro the riche mayles, that ronke were and rouunde;
Suche a touche in that tyde, he tāste hym in tene,¹
And gurdes one Sir Gallerun, euyn grouelinge² on grounde.
Alle grouelinge in grounde, gronet on grene,
Als wowundut as he wasse,
Wundur rudely he rose,³
Fast he foundes atte his face,
With a squrd kene.⁴

XLVIII.

Clenly that crewelle couerde hym on highte,
And with a caste of the carhonde, in kantelle he strykis;

¹ 'With a teneful touche.'
² Robson printed 'grouelonges.'
³ 'Sone buredely he ras.'
⁴ 'Schene.'—MS. L.
Full gerne he wayttis Schir Wawayne\(^1\) the wighte, 
Bot hym lympede thewerse; and that mewele lykis; 
He etyllde with a slynge\(^2\) hafe slayne hym with 
slighte, 
The swerde sleppis on slante,\(^3\) and one the mayle 
slykys, 
And Schir Gawayne by the colere clekis the 
knythte,\(^4\) 

Than his leman so lowde skremes and skrykis,\(^5\) 
Scho grete one dame Gaynour, with granes so 
grylle, 
And saide, lady! makles of myghte, 
Hafe now mercy one gone knyghte, 
That es so dulefully dyghte, 
Giffe it be thi will. 

**XLIX.**

Than wilfully dame Waynour\(^6\) son to the kynge 
went; 
Scho caught of hir coronalle, and knelyd hym till: 
Als thu erte Roye ryalle, and recheste of rent, 
And I thyn wyfe, weddid at myn awen will,\(^7\) 

gone beryns in gone batelle that bledis one gone 
bent, 
Thay are wery, I wysse, and wonilde full ille, 
Thurgh 'thaire' schene schildis thaire schuldirs 
are schent; 
'The granes of Schir Gawayne dois my hert 
grille.'\(^8\) 

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\(^{1}\) 'And waynes at Schir Wawayn.'
\(^{2}\) 'He atteled with a slenk.'
\(^{3}\) 'The swerde swapped on his swange.'
\(^{4}\) 'Keppes the knight.'
\(^{5}\) 'Skrilles and skrikis' . . . 'skykis.'—MS. L.
\(^{6}\) 'Wisly dame Waynour.' 
\(^{7}\) 'At thi awen wille.'
\(^{8}\) This line is omitted in MS. L.
The granes of Schir Gawayne greuys me full fare:
Wolde thu, lufly lorde,¹
Gare the knyghtis accorde,
It ware grete comforde,
Till alle that here ware.

L.
Bot than hym spake Galleron to Gawayne the gude:
"I wende no wy in this werlde, were haluendelle so wyghte,
Here I make the relese of my rentis, by the rode;
And by fore thiese ryalle, resynge the my ryghte;²
And sythen I make the manreden with a mylde mode,
Als to mane in this medil erthe makles of myghte."
He talkes to warde the knyghte, one heghte there he stode,
He bedde that barely his brande, that birneschede was bryghte:
Of renttis and reches I make the relese.
Downe knelis that knyghte,
And carpis thies wordes one highte:
"The kyng send me vp ryghte,³
And commandis the pese."

LI.
The kyngye commandis the pese, and cryes one highte;
And Gawayne was gudly, and lefte for his sake.⁴

¹ 'Woldest thou leve lorde.'
² Probably, 'waive my right to ransom.'
³ 'The kyng stode vp right.'
⁴
And than to the lystis the lordis lepps full lyghte, Schir Owayne, Schir Vryene, and Arrake full rathe:  
Marrake, and Menegalle, that maste were of myghte,  
Bathe thase travelde knyghtis trewly thay taghte: Vnnethes myghte those knyghtes stande vp ryghte,  
Thay were for bett, and for blede thaire wedis wexe bleke:  
Hir blees were brosed, for beting of brondes  
With owtten more lettynge,  
Was dighte there thayre saţtenynge;  
By fore that comly kynge,  
Thay helde vpe thair hondes.  

LII.  

I gyffe to the Schir Gawayne, quode the kynge, tresoure, and golde,  
Glamorgans landis, with greuys so grene:  
The wirchip of Wales, to welde and to wolde;  
With Gryffons castelle, kirnelde so clene;  
And the husters haulle, to hase and to holde;  
Wayfurthe, and Waturforthe, walled I wene;  

1 'Schir Ewayn, Schir Erian, and Arrak, Schir Lake.'  
2 'Schir Dowrelat and Moylard that most wer of might.'  
3 'What for buffetes and blode, her blees wex blake.'  
4 This line is omitted in MS. L.  
5 'Dight was here saughtlying.'  
6 'With gerson and golde.'  
7 'All the Glamorgan lande.'  
8 'Eke Ulstur halie.'  
9 'Wayford and Waterforde in Wales I wene.'
Twa baronryse in Bretan, with burghes so balde, That are moted abowte, and byggede full bene:
   I sall endowe the als a duke, and dub the with myn hande,
   That thu sagtun with yone gentill knyghte,
   That es so hardy and wyghte,
   And relese hym thi ryghte,
   And grante him his lande.

LIII.

Now, and here I gyffe hym, quod Gawayne, withowttyn ony gyle,
Alle the landes, and the lythes, fra Lowyke to Layre;
Commoke, and Carrike; Connynghame; and Kylle;
Als the cheualrous knyghte, hase chalandchede als Ayere;
The Lebynge, the Lewpynge, the Leveastre I lee,
Bathe frythes, and forestys, frely and faire:
Under gour lordeship to lenge heren while,
And to the Rounde Table to make repaire;
   I shall reseff him in felde, in forestis so faire:
      Than the Kynge, and the Quene,
      And alle the doghety by dene,
      Thorow the greuys so grene,
   To Carlele thay kayre.

1 'Two baronrees in Bretane.'
2 'That arn batailed about.'
3 'Here I gif Schir Galeron, quod G.'
4 'Fra Lauer.' 5 'Connok and Carlele.'
6 'The Lother, the Lemok, the Loynak, the Lile.'
7 'Forestes and fosses so faire.'
8 This and the next two lines are not in MS. L.
LIV.

The Kyng to Carelele es comen, with knyghttis so kene,
To halde his Rownde Tabill one ryalle array:
These knyghtes, that were wonderede full wathely, als I wene,
Surgeons sone sanede thaym, sothely to saye; 690
Bothe comforthe thaym than the Kynge, and the Qwene;
Thay ware dubbyde Dukes bothe one a daye.
And ther Schir Galleron weddid his wyfe, that semly and schene,
With gyftis, and gersonis, of Schir Gawayne the gaye. 694
And thus those hathells with haldis that hende:
And when he was saned, and sownde,
Thay made hym sworne, to Schir Gawane in that stownde,
And sythen a knyghte of the Tabille Rownde,
Vn till his lyues end. 699

LV.

Dame Gaynour garte besyly wryte in to the weste,
To alle manere of relygeous, to rede and to synge;

1 'And al the rounde table.'
2 'The wees that were.'
3 'Bothe conforte the knyghtis.'
4 'There he wedded his wife, slonkest I wene.'
5 'Schir Galeron the gaye.'
6 'Thus that hathel in high.'
7 'Thei made Schir Galeron that stonde.'
8 'A knight of the Table Ronde.'
9 'Waynour gared wisely.'
Priestes with processyons, to pray were full prest,\(^1\) With a mylion of messis, to make hir menynge; Dukes, Erles, Barouns, and bechoppes of the beste,\(^2\) Thurghe alle Ynglande scho garte make menynge.\(^3\) And thus this ferlyes by felle in a fforeste,\(^4\) Vndir an holte so hare, at an hunttynge;

Swylke hunttynge in holtis,\(^5\) culde noghte ben hyd:—

Thus to the fforestes thay fure,\(^6\)
Steryn knyghtes and sture:\(^7\) And in the tym of Arthure
This awntyr by tyd.

\[\text{This ferly by felle, full sothely to say\[n\]e,} \\
\text{In Yggilwoode fforest, at the Ternwathelayne.} \] \(^8\)

\textbf{Explicit.}

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\(^1\) Part of this line and the next is wanting in MS. L.

\(^2\) 'Buke lered men; bishops the best.'

\(^3\) 'Thorgh al Bretayne besely the burde gared rynge.'

\(^4\) 'This ferly bifelle in Englond forest.'

\(^5\) 'A holte so hore.'

\(^6\) 'Thay fore.'

\(^7\) 'And store.'

\(^8\) Tern Wathelayne, or Tearne Wadling, the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland. It is celebrated in several old ballads and romances. Yggilwoode, Englewood, or, as it is sometimes called, the English wood, was an extensive forest in Cumberland, sixteen miles in length, and reached from Penrith to Carlisle. It is intimately associated with the story of \textit{Adam Bel} (Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry of England," 1864–6, ii. 131 et seq., and present work, infra).
The Pystyl of Swete Susan.

HUCHEON of the Awle Ryale, as we learn from Wyncotoun's "Metrical Chronicle," was the author of this very ancient and curious relique of Scotish poetry on the story of Susanna and the Elders. His great work was the "Gest Historiale," in which, according to the same authority, Hucheon

"has tretyd curiously
In Gest of Broytys auld story,"

and the Prior of Lochleven defends him and "the Auctore," from whom his work was perhaps translated, against the exceptions that in his time had been made to some of the statements which it contained. Wyncotoun, to whom we owe all the information we possess respecting Huchcon and his writings, says,

---Men of gud discreteyowne
Suld excuse and love Huchowne
That cunnand wes in Literature.
He made the gret Gest of Arthure,
And the Awntyre of Gawane,
The Pystyl als of Swete Susan;
He wes curyws in hys style,
Fayre of facund, and subtile,
And ay to plesans and delyte,
Made in metyre mete his dyte,
Lytil or nowcht nevyr the les
Waverand fra the suthfastnes.

B. V. xiv. 300-312.

From Hucheon's being thus called of "the Awle Ryale," or royal hall or palace, the learned editor of Wyncotoun's Chronicle supposes he may have been the King's Poet. It seems, however, agreed among our poetical antiquaries that
this Hucheon was one and the same person with the Sir Hugh of Eglynton, a Scotch poet of the fourteenth century, who is mentioned by Dunbar in his "Lament for the Death of the Makaris." "He flourished," says Mr. George Chalmers, in a letter to the Editor, "under David II. and died under Robert II. I think there cannot be any doubt whether Sir Hugh de Eglynton were not Hucheon of the Awle Ryale. He is supposed to have died about the year 1381. As he was a busy knight in his day, so are there many notices about him."

No other production by our author is known to be extant, unless, on the authority of Wyntoun, we should attribute to him one or other of the curious metrical romances of the adventures of Arthur and Gawane.

Of the "Pystill of Susan" there are various ancient manuscripts. It was, indeed, included by Ritson in his "Caledonian Muse," printed about the year 1803 and not published till 1821, and then in the incomplete state in which the original editor had left it at his death. The care and fidelity exhibited in what he has done is beyond all praise, and might have served as a guide to editors who have since been engaged in similar publications. We owe much to the zeal which Ritson showed towards the remains of our ancient poetry at a time when they were disregarded and overlooked by our countrymen.

The copy followed by Ritson is contained in the very large collection, or ingens volumen, as it is properly enough styled, in the Bodleian Library: it is called, from its donor, the Vernon Manuscript, and was probably compiled about the end of the fourteenth century. In a volume of old metrical romances in the Cotton Library, written about the middle of the fifteenth century, is another copy, wanting, however, the first eight stanzas; and a third copy forms part of a volume once in Mr. Heber's possession. This last, which had successively belonged to Sir Henry Spelman, Dr. Taylor, (the editor of Demosthenes,) and Richard Gough, Esq., is described by Dr. Whitaker, the learned editor of "Piers Plouhman's Visions," as a manuscript, which, "from the handwriting, might probably be assigned to the reign of Richard the Second." He considers the poem to be nearly as ancient as "Piers Plouhman;" and, from the alliteration being combined with rhyme, and a very complicated stanza, (he adds,) it is not to be wondered at that it has had no imitators.
The Pistill of Susan.

I.

HER was in Babiloine a berne, in that borw riche,
That was a Jeugh jentil, and Joachim he hiht;
He was so lele in his lawe, there lived non him liche,
Of all riches that reuke arayes he was riht:
His innes, and his orchardes, weren withinne a dep dich,
Halles and herbergages, hey uppon height;
To seche thoru that cité ther nas non sich,
Of erbes, and of erberi, so avenauntliche idiht,
That day.

Withinne the sercle of sees,
Of erberi and alees,
Of alle maner of trees,
Sothely to say.

II.

He had a wif hight Susan, was sotil and sage,
Heo was Elches doughter, eldest and eyre,
Lovelich and lilie-whit, on of that lynage,
Of alle fason of foode frelich and feire:
Thei lerned hire lettrure of that langage,
Theaundement of Moises, thei marked to that deire,
To the mount of Synai that went in message,
That the Trinite bitok of tables a peire,
To rede;
Thus thei lerne hire the lawe,
Cleer clergye to knawe
To God stod hire gret awe,
That wlonkest in weede.
III.

He hedde an orchard newe, that neighed wel nere, Thir Jewes with Joachim preveliche gon playe; For he real and riche of rentes ever were, Honest, and avenaunt, and honorablenest aye. I wis, ther haunted til her hous hende, ce mai here, Two domes of the lawe, that dredde were that day, Preostes and presidens preised als peere, Of whom ur soveren lord sawes gan say, And tolde, How heor wikkednes comes Of the wrongwys domes That they have gyve to gomes, Theis juges of olde.

IV.

Thus theis dredful domes [-men] on daie thider drewe; Al for gentrise and joye of that Juwesse, To go in hir gardeyn, that gayliche grewe, To fonge floures and fruit, thought thei no fresse: And whon they seigh Susan, semelich of hewe, Thei weor so set uppon hir, might thei not sesse; Thei wolde enchaunte that child: hou schold heo eschewe? And thus th[e]is cherles unchaste in chaumbre hir chesse,

With chere,
With two maidenes alon,
Semelyche Suson,
On daye in the merion,
Of murthes wol here.
V.

Whon theos perlous prestes perceyved hire play,
Tho thoughte the wretches to bewile that worly in wone,
Heore wittes wel waiwordes thei wrethen awai,
And turned fro his teching, that teeld is in trone.
For siht of here soverayn, sothli to say,
Heore hor hevedes fro hevene thei hid apon one,
Thei caught for heor covetyse the cursyng of Kai,
For rightwys jugement recordet thei none,
    They two.
Every day bi day
In the pomeri thei play,
While thei mihte Susan assay,
    To worchen hire wo.

VI.

In the seson of somer, with Sibell and Jone,
Heo grethed hir til hir gardin, that grewed so grene,
Ther lyndes and lorer wer lent upon lone,
The savvyne and sypres, selcouth to sene,
The palme, and the popler, the pirie, the plone,
The juniper jentel, jonyng bitwene,
The rose ragged on rys, richest on rone,
Ipeuwed with the thorn trinaunt to sene,
    So tiht;
Ther weore popejayes prest,
Nihyngales uppon nest,
Blithest briddles o the best,
    In blossoms so briht.
VII.

The briddes in blossoms thei beeren wel loude
On olyves, and amylliers, and al kynde of trees,
The popejayes perken and pruynen for proude,
On peren and pyn-appel they joyken in pees;
On croppes of canel keneliche thei croude,
On grapes the goldfinch thei gladen and glees;
Thus schene briddes in schawe schewen heore schroude,
On figges and fygers thei fongen heore sees,
   In fay;
   Ther weore growyng so grene
The date, with the damesene,
Turtils troned on trene,
   By sixti, I saygh.

VIII.

The fyge and the filbert were fodeemed so fayre,
The chirie and the chestein, that chosen is of hewe,
Apples and almaundes that honest are of ayre,
Grapes and garnettes gayliche thei grew,
The costardes comeliche in cuylthes thei cayre,
The britouns, the blaunderers, [the] braunches, the bewe,
Fele floures and fruit, frelich of flayre,
With wardons winlich and Walshe notes newe,
   They wald
   Over heor hedes gon hyng,
The wince and the wederlyng,
Spyces speden to spryng,
   In erbers enhaled.
IX.

The chyve, and the chollet, the chibolle, the cheve,
The chouwet, the cheverol, that schaggen on niht,
The parsel, the passenep, poretes to preve,
The pyon, the peere, wel proudliche ipiht;
The lilye, the louache, launsyng with leve,
The sauge, the sorsecle, so semeliche to siht;
Columbyne and charuwé clottes thei creve,
With ruwe and rubarbe, ragget ariht,
No lees;
Daysye, and ditoyne,
Ysope, and averoyne,
Peletré, and plantoyne,
Proudest in prees.

X.

Als this schaply thing ȝede in hire ȝerde,
That was hir hosbondes and hire, that holden with hende:
“Now folk be faren from us, thar us not be ferde
Aftur myn oynement, warliche ȝe wende.
Espieth now specialy, the ȝates ben sperde
For we wol wassche as i-wis bi this welle strende.
For-thi the wyf werp of hir wedes unwerde,
Under a lorere ful low that ladi gan lende,
So sone:
By a wynliche well,
Susan caste of hir kelle,
Bote feole ferlys hir bifelle,
Bi midday or none.
XI.

Now wer this domes-men derf drawen in derne,  
Whiles thei seo that ladi was laft al hire one,  
For to heilse that hende thei highed ful gerne,  
With wordes thei worshippe that worliche in wone:  
Wolt thou, ladi, for love, on ure lay lerne,  
And under this lorere ben ur lemmone?  
The ne tharf wonde for no wight ur willes to werne,  
For alle gomes that scholde greve of gardin ar gone  
In seere.  

\[ \text{gif thou this neodes deny,} \]  
\[ \text{We schall telle trewely} \]  
\[ \text{We toke the with avourti; } \]  
\[ \text{Under this lorere.} \]

XII.

Then Susan was serwful, and seide in hire thought:  
I am with serwe biset on everiche syde,  
\[ \text{gif I assent to this sin, that theis segges have sought,} \]  
I be bretenet and brent in baret to byde:  
And, \[ \text{gif I nikke hom with nai, hit helpeth me nought:} \]  
Such toret and teone taketh me this tyde.  
\[ \text{[W]ar I that worthlich[est] wreich, that all this world wrought,} \]  
Beter is wemles [to] wende of this world wyde.  
With this  
Tho cast heo a careful cri,  
This loveliche ladi,  
Hir servauns hedde selli,  
\[ \text{No wonder, i-wis.} \]
XIII.

Whon kene men of hir court comen till her cri,
Heo hedde cast of hir calle ann hire kever-cheve
In at a privé posterne thi passen in hi,
And findes this prestes wel prest her poynes
preve

Tho seid the loselle aloud to the ladi,
Thou hast gon with a gome, thi God to greve,
And ligge with thi lemon in avoutri.
Bi the lord and the lawe that we onne leeve,
They swere,

Alle hire servauns, thei shont,
And stelen away in a stont;
Of hire weore thei never wont
Such wordes to here.

XIV.

Hir kinrede, hir cosyns and al that hire knewe,
Wrong handes, i-wis, and wepten wel sare,
Sykedon for Susan, so semeliche of hewe,
Al onwyse of that wyf, wondred thei were.
Thei dede hire in a dungan, ther never day
dewe,
While domes-men were dempt this dede to
clare;
Marred in manicles, that made wer newe;
Metelés, whiles the morwen to middai and mar,
In drede.
Thei dede hire in a dungan, ther never day
dewe,
While domes-men were dempt this dede to
clare;
Marred in manicles, that made wer newe;
Metelés, whiles the morwen to middai and mar,
In drede.
Thei dede hire in a dungan, ther never day
dewe,
XV.

Tho seide the justises on bench, to Joachim the Jewe,
That was of Jacobes kynde, gentil of dedes,
Let senden after Susan, so semelych of hewe, 185
That thou hast wedded to wyf, wlonkest in wedes;
Heo was in trouthe, as we trowe, tristi and trewe;
Hir herte holliche on him that the hevene hedes.
Thus thei brought hir to the barr, hir bales to brewe,
Nouther dom ne deth that day heo ne dredes, 190
Als thare.
Hir hed was golow as wyre
Of gold fyned with fyre;
Hire scholdres schaply and schire;
That bureliche was bare. 195

XVI.

Nou is Susan in sale, sengeliche arayed,
In a selken schert, with scholdres wel schene.
Tho ros up with rancour the reukes reneyed,
This comelich accused, with wordes wel kene;
Homliche on her heved heor hondes thei leyed: 200
And heo wepte for wo, no wonder, i-wene.
We schul presenten this pleint, hou thou ever be paied,
And sei sadliche the soth, right as we have sene,
On sake.
Thus with cauteles waynt, 205
Preostes presented this playnt,
Sit schal trouthe hem ataynt.
I dar undertake.
XVII.

Thorw-out the pomeri we passed us to play,
Of preier and of penaunce was ur purpose,
Heo com with two maidens, al richeli that day,
In riche robes arayed, red as the rose;
Wylyliche heo wyled hir wenches away,
And comaunded hem keneley the gates to close;
Heo rode to a goung mon, in a valay,
The semblaunt of Susan wolde non suppose,
For soth:
Be this cause that we say,
Heo wyled hir wenches away,
This word we witnesse for ay,
With tonge and with toth.

XVIII.

Whon we that semblant seigh, we siked wel sare,
For sert of hir sovereyn, and for hir owne sake,
Ur copes weore cumberous, and cundelet us care,
But git we trinet a trot, that traytur take;
He was borlich and bigge, bold as a bare;
More mighti mon then we his maistris to make:
To the gate gaply thei geoden wel gare,
And he lift up the lach, and leop over the lake,
That gouthe.
Heo ne schunte for no schame,
But bouwed aftur for blame,
Heo nolde cuythe us his name,
For craft that we couthe.
XIX.

Now heo is dampned on deis, with deol thagh hir deve, 235
And hir domes-men unduwe do hir be withdrawn.
Loveliche heo louted, and latched hir leve,
At kynred and cosyn, that heo had ever i-knawen,
Heo asked merci with mony, in this mischeve:
I am sakeles of syn, heo seide in hir sawen, 240
Grete God of his grace sgor gultzus forgive,
That doth me derfliche be ded and don out of
dawen,

With dere.
Wolde God that I micht
Speke with Joachim a nicht, 245
And sithen to deth me bediht;
I charge hit not a pere.

XX.

Heo fel doun flat in the flore, hir seer whom heo
fand,
Carped to him kyndeli, as heo ful wel couthe:
I wis I wraththed the nevere, at my witand, 250
Neither in word, ne in werk, in elde, ne in southe.
Heo kevered upon hir kneos, and cussed his hand:
For I am dampned, I ne dar disparage thi mouth.
Was never more serwful segge, bi se, nor bi sande,
He never a sorioure siht, bi north, ne bi south, 255
Tho thare.
Thei toke the feteres of hire feete,
And evere he cussed that swete:
In other world schul we mete.—
Seide he no mare.
XXI.

Then Susan, the serwfol, seide uppon hight,
Heef hir hondes on high, biheld heo to hevene:
Thou maker of middelert, that most art of miht,
Bothe the sonne and the see, thou sette uppon sevne;
Alle my werkes thou wost, the wrong, and the riht,
Hit is nedful nou thy names to neven.
Seththe I am deolfolich damnded, and to deth diht,
Lord, herteliche tak hede, and herkne my stevene.

Se fre!
Seththe thou maight not be sene,
With no fleschliche eyene,
Thou wost wel that I am clene,
Have merci now on me!

XXII.

Now thei dresse hir to deth withouten eny drede,
And lede forth that ladi, lovesum of lere;
Grete God, of his grace, of gultes unguede,
Holp with the Holi Gost, and herde hir preyere.
He directed this dome, and this delful dede
To Danyel, the prophete, of dedes so dere.
Such giftes god him gaf in his gothehede,
Yet failed hit a fourtenight, ful of the gere,
Nought sayne.

Tho criede that freoly fode,
Why spille ge innocent blode?
And alle thei stodeyd and stode,
This feryls to frayne.
XXIII.

What signefyes, gode sone, these sawes that thou seeth,
Thus these maisterful men mouthes can mele,
Thei be fendes all the frape, I sei hit in feith,
And in folk of Israel be foles wel sele.  
Umbiloke gou, lordes, such lawes ben leith,
Methinketh gor dedes unduwe such domes to dele,
Agein to the gildhalle, ge gomes ungreith,
I schal, be proces apert, disprove this apele,
   For nede.
   Lat twinne hem in two,
   For now wakneth heor wo,
   Thei schal graunte, as thei go,
   Al heore falsheide.

XXIV.

Thei disevered him sone, and sette hem sere,
And sodeynly askede, thei brought into the sale,
Bifore this gonge prophete this preost go apere,
And he him apeched sone, with chekes wel pale:
Thou hast I bê presedent, the peple to steere,
Thou dotëst nou on thin olde tos, in the dismale;
Now schal thi conscience be knowen that ever was unclere,
Thou hast in Babilogygne on benche brewed much bale,
   Wel bolde:
   Now schal gor synnes be seene,
   Of fals domes bideene,
For theose in Babiloyne han bene
   Jugget of olde.
**xxv.**

Thou seidest thow seighe Susanne sinned in thi siht,
Tel nou me trewly, under what tre?—
Mon, bi the muche God, that most is of miht,
Under a cyne, sothli, myselfen I hir se.—
Now thou lyest in thin hed, bi heven uppon hiht,
An angel with a naked swerd the neighes wel nei,
He hath brandist his brond, breNNynde so briht,
To marke thi middel at a mase in more then in thre,

   No lese:
   Thou brak Godes comaundement,
   To sle such an innocent,
   With eny fols juggement,
   Unduweliche on dese.

**xxvi.**

Now is this domes-mon withdrawen withouten eni drede,
And put into prison ageyn into place,
Thei broughten the tother forth whom the barn bede,
To-fore the folk and the faunt, freli of face:
Cum forth, thou corsed caytif, thou Canaan, he sede,
Bi cause of thi covetise, thou art in this case,
Thou hast discyvet thi self, with thi oune dede,
Of thy wit for a wyf biwiled thou wase,
   In wede.
Thou sey now, so mote thou the,
Under what kind of tre,
Semeli Susan thou se
   Do that derne dede.
XXVII.

Thou gome of gret elde, thin hed is grei hored,
Tel hit me treweli, are thou thi lif tyne, 340
Tho that rothly cherl ruydely rored,
And seid biforn the prophet, thei pleied bi a prine.—
Now thou liest loude, so helpe me ur lorde;
For fulthe of thi falshed thou schalt ha evel pine,
Thou and thi cursed cumpere, ge mon not acorde;
Ge schul bedrawn to the deth, thi dai ar we dine, 346
So rathe,
An angel is neih honde,
Takes the domes of or honde,
With a ornneynge bronde,
To byte you bathe.

XXVIII.

Then the folk of Israel felle upon knees,
And lowed that loveli lord, that hir the lyf lent;
All the gomes, that hir God wolde gladen and glees,
This prophete so pertli proves his entent, 355
Thei trompe biforn this traitours, and traylen hem on trees,
Thorw-out the cite, by comuyn assent;
He that leeveth on the lord, thar him not drede no lees,
That thus his servant saved that schold haue be schent,
In sete.
This ferly bifel
In the days of Danyel,
The Pistel witnesses wel
Of that Profete.

Explicit.
Orfeo and Heurodis;

OR

King Orfeo.

"Herken, lordyngys, that ben trewe,
And Y wol you telle of sir Orphewe."

THE fairy tale of "Orfeo and Heurodis" is possessed of a very distinct, though not less interesting character, from the numerous remains of early Romantic fiction. In the concluding lines it professes to be a lay of Bretaigne; but whether a translation or not, there can be no doubt that it was formed on the classical story of Orpheus and Eurydice. This tale was extensively known at an early period, owing to the circulation of the Latin poets and the works of other ancient authors in which it has been so beautifully narrated. In proof of this, Mr. Turner, in his valuable and instructive history, has shown that during the eleventh century King Alfred, when translating the Metrum to the "Consolations of Philosophy," in his Anglo-Saxon version of Boethius, where the incident is described in a general manner by that popular writer, has told "the story so completely in his own way, and with so many of his own little touches and additions, as to make his account an original tale." ¹ In the present instance the narrative (as observed by a distinguished writer of our times, who in a felicitous manner has employed it to illustrate a highly interesting

essay on "The Fairies of Popular Superstition"¹) has been transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of faery, in which the Gothic mythology and the usages of chivalry are with singular skill engrafted on the fables of Greece.

Among the "pleysand storeis" enumerated in "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1549, as being popular, is "Opheus, Kyng of Portingal;" but no romance of this particular title is known; therefore it is more than probable that it might be some corruption of the present story, as we know how little stress should be laid on the geographical correctness or consistency of the minstrel-writers. Thus, in the following tale, we have Orfeo represented as King of Winchester, the ancient name of which "the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens or Thrace;"² and in the burlesque interlude of "the laying of a gaist," printed in this collection, "the Ghaist" is married to "the Spenzie flie"—

And crownd him kyng of Kandelie:
And thay gat them thame betwene
Orpheus Kyng, and Elpha quene.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice in the latter part of the fifteenth century was moralised by Robert Henryson, the Scottish poet. It was first printed at Edinburgh in the year 1508, with the title, "Heir begynnis the traitie of Orpheus kyng, and how he zeid to hewyn t to hel to seik his quene." After detailing, with minute fidelity to his classical authorities, the genealogy and history of the King of Thrace, Henryson introduces, in a different kind of measure, the "mone lamentable" of Orpheus, beginning—

O dulfull harpe! with mony dolly string
Turne all thi mirth and musik in murnyng
And cess of all the subtell sangis sweit.

After this pathetic lamentation, the poet, having related his visit to the celestial spheres, conducts him to the infernal

regions in search of Eurydice. From this part of Henryson’s performance a few stanzas, by way of specimen, may be given.

He passit furth the space of xx. dayis,
Fer and full ferther than I can tell,
And ay he fand streitis and redy wayis,
Tyll at the last, vnto the yett of hell
He com; and thare he fand a portar fell
With three hedis, was callit Cerberus;
A hund of hell, a monster meruailus!

He charms Cerberus, and then the “three sisters,” Alecto, Megera, and Thesiphoné, whose employment was turning round the wheel on which Ixion was spread. “Syne,” the poet says—

Syne com he till a wonder grisely flud,
Droubly and depe, that rathly doun can ryn,
Quhare Tantalus nakit full thristy stude,
And yit the water yede abone his chyn;
Thouch he gapit thare wald na drop cum in,
Quhen he dulkit the water wald descend;
Thus gat he noucht his thrist to slake or mend.

Before his face ane a pill hang also
Fast at his mouth apon a toler threde,
Quhen he gapit it rokkit to and fro
And fled, as it refusit him to fede:
Than Orpheus had reuth of his grete nede
Tuke out his harp, and fast on it can clink,
The water stude, and Tantalus gat drink.

The next object which presents itself in his progress is
Theseus preyed on by a “grisely gripe” or vulture, which also excites the compassion of Orpheus. On entering “hydouse hellis house,” he exclaims—

O dolly place and groundles depe dungeoun!
Furnes of fyre, with styink intollerable,
Pit of dispair, wythout remissioun,
Thy mete venym, thy drynk is poysonable,
Thy grete panis to compt vnownmerabil;
Quhat creature cummys to duel in the
Is ay deyand, and newir more may dee!
We must pass over the different personages whom he here beholds, in order to make room for the description of his meeting with Eurydice.

Syn nethir mare he went quhare Pluto was
And Proserpine, and thider ward he drewe,
Ay playand on his harp as he coud pas,
Till at the last Eurydice he knewe;
Lene and dedelike pitouse and pale of hewe,
Ryght warsch and wan, and walowit as a wede,
Hir lily lyre was lyke vnto the lede.
Quod he, my lady lele, and my delyte,
Full wa is me, to se yow changit thus!
Quhare is thy rude as rose with chekis qhite?
Thy cristall eyne with blenkis amorouse?
Thi lippis rede to kis deliciouse?—
Quod scho, as now I dar noucht tell, perfay,
Bot ye sall wit the cause ane other day.

The present tale has been justly admired no less for the harmony of its versification than for the beautiful description which it contains of fairyland. Heurodis is carried away by the king of the fairies, whose attendants are as numerous as his riches and magnificence are dazzling; and is recovered by Orfeo in the guise of a minstrel. The following lines, which occur in one of the ancient copies of this poem, (but apparently omitted by the transcriber of the manuscript that is followed,) may be quoted as illustrative of Orfeo’s skill and love of minstrelsy:—

“Orpheo most of ony thing,
Lovede the gle of harpyng;
Syker was every gode harpoure
Of hym to have moche honour.
Hymself loved for to harpe,
And layde thereon his wittes scharpe;
He lerned so, ther non was
A better harper in no plas.
In the world was never man born,
That onus Orfeo sat biforn,
And he myght of his harpyng her,
He shulde thinke that he wer
In one of the joys of paradys,
Suche joy and melody in his harpyng is.”
The reader will perceive that in this story the catastrophe is different; but if less pathetic, it certainly is more agreeable than that of the classical fiction.

At some later period this romantic legend appears to have been considerably altered and abridged. In such a state it is preserved in a manuscript in the Harleian Collection, from which it was published by Ritson. The present copy is taken from the more ancient volume in the Advocates' Library, called, from its donor, Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, the Auchinleck Manuscript. The period of its composition may be referred to the beginning of the fourteenth century, as the volume which contains it was evidently written during the minority of Edward III. From this early and precious record of ancient poetry the text is given literally, except that a few useless contractions are discarded, which might only have served to perplex the reader. As Ritson's Collection, which contains the story in its more recent and somewhat compendious state, is by no means of rare occurrence, it was thought unnecessary to point out any of the variations. The prologue that there accompanies it is not found in the Auchinleck MS., yet, as the leaf immediately before the first line,

"Orfeo was a king,"

has been torn out for the sake of the illumination, it is possible that it may not have begun so abruptly, even although the commencement of another poem in the volume is in substance the same with that of the "Sir Orfeo" in the Harleian MS., which in all consists of 510 lines. The opening lines of the ensuing piece have been supplied from the Ashmole MS., which is fuller than the Auchinleck copy. A few readings necessary to the sense have been adopted from the same source. The Ashmole text is reprinted entire in Hazlitt's *Fairy Tales*, 1875.

1 MSS. Harl., No. 3810.
3 Lai le Fraine, printed in Weber's Collection.
Orfeo and Heurodis.

ERY tyme is in Aperelle
That mekyll schewys of mauys wylle
In feldys & medews flow[\right]ys spryng
In grovys & wodes foules syng
Than wex song men jolyffe
And pan prevyth man & wyffe

The brytans, as pe boke seys,
Off diu\se thinge \begin{enumerate}
\item Som \textit{pi} made \textit{pr} leys
\item And som of op\textit{r} diu\se thinge
\item Som of werre & som of wo
\item Som of myrthe & joy also
\item Som of trechery & som off gyle
\item Som of happys \textit{pt} felle som whyle
\item And som be of rybawdry
\item And many \textit{pr} ben of fary
\end{enumerate}
Off all pe vent\textit{ory}s men here ore se
Most off lufse for soth \textit{pi} be
That in pe leys ben j-wrought
Ffyrst fond & forth brou\textit{gt}
Off aventor\textit{s} \textit{pt} fell som deys
The bretonys \textit{pr}of made \textit{pr} leys
Off king\textit{c} \textit{pt} be fore vs were
When \textit{pt} my\textit{gt} ony woundres here
They lete them wryte as it \textit{w}r do,
And \textit{pr} among is sir Orfew.
He was for soth a nobulle kyng
That most lufsyd gle & herpyng;
Wele sekyr was eu\textit{ry} gode herper
To haue off mekyll honor
Hym selue he lerynd for to herpe
And leyd \( \breve{p} \) \( \ddot{o} \) hys wytte so scherpe
He lerynd so wele \( w^t \) outen les
So gode herper neu\( \grave{r} \) n\( \ddot{o} \) was
In all \( p^s \) werld w\( \dddot{a} \)s no man bore
That had kyng Orfeo ben be fore
And he my\( \dddot{g} \)t hys herpe here
Bot he wold wene \( p^t \) it were
A blyssed full note of perad\( \dddot{c} \)
Suche melody \( \breve{p} \) \( \ddot{r} \) in is.

The kyng jorneyd in Tracyence
That is a cyte off grete defence
And \( w^t \) hym hys quen off price
That was callyd dame Heroudys:
A feyrer lady than sche was one
Was neu\( \grave{r} \) made off flesch ne bone
Sche was full off lufe \( \dddot{t} \) godnes
Ne may no man telle hyr feyrnes.

\( \dddot{q} \) Bifel so in the comësing of May,
When miri and hot is the day,
And oway beth winter schours,
And eueri feld is ful of flours,
And blosme breme on eueri bough,
Ouer al wexeth miri anough,
This ich quen dame Heurodis
Tok with hyr maidens of priis,
And went in an vndren tide
To play bi an orchard side
To se the floures sprede and spring,
And to here the foules sing:
Thai sett hem doun al thre,
Vnder a fair ympe tre,
And wel sone this fair quene,
Fel on slepe opon the grene:
The maidens durst hir nought awake, 66
Bot lete hir ligge and rest take,
So sche slepe til after none,
That vnder tide was al y done;
Ac as sone as sche gan awake,
Sche crid and lothli bere gan make;
Sche froted hir honden and hir fet,
And crached her visage, it bled wete,
Hir riche robe hye al to rett,
And was remeyd out of hir witt:
The tvo maidens hir biseide,
No durst with hir no leng abide,
But [t]ourn to the palays ful right
And told both squier and knight,
That her quen awede wold,
And bad hem go and hir be-hold.
Knightes rvn, and leuedis al so,
Damisels sexti and mo,
In the orchard to the quen thei come,
And her vp in ther armes nome,
And brought hir to bed atte last,
And held hir there fine fast;
Ac euer sche be-gan to cri
And wold vp and owy.
When Orfeo herd that tiding,
Neuer him nas wers for no thing;
He come with knightes tene,
To chaumber right bifor the quene.
And biheld and seyd with grete pite:
O life liif, what ayles the?
That euer gete hast ben so stille,
And now gredest wonder schille;
Thi bodi, that was so white y core,
With thine nailes is al to tore,
Allas ! thi rod that was so red,
Is al wan as thou were ded;
And also thine finges smale,
Beth al blodi and al pale;
Allas! thi louesum eyghen to
Loketh so man doth on his fo;
A dame, Ich biseche merci,
Lete ben al this reweful cri,
And tel me, lady, for thy prow,
What thing may the help now?
Tho lay sche stille attelast,
And gan to wepe swithe fast,
And seyd thus the king to,
Allas! mi lord sir Orfeo,
Seththen we first to gider were,
Ones wroth neuer we nere,
Bot euer Ich haue y-loued the
As mi liif, and so thou me,
Ac now we mot delen a-tuo:
Do thi best, for Y mot go.
Allas! quath he, forlorn Ich am,
Whider wiltow go and to wham?
Whider thou gost ichil with the,
And whider Y go thou schalt with me.
Nay, nay, sir, that nought nis,
Ichil the telle al how it is:
As Ich lay this vnder tide,
And slepe vnder our orchard side,
Ther come to me tuo fair knightes
Wele y-armed al to rightes,
And bad me comen an heighing,
And speke with her lord the king;
And Ich answerd at wordes bold,
Y durst nought, no Y nold:
Thai priked oghain as thai might drieue,
Tho com her king also blieu,
With an hundred knightes and mo,
And damissels an hundred al so;
Al on snowe white stedes,
As white as milke were her wedes,
Y no seighe neuer geete bifore
So fair creatours y core!
The king hadde a croun on hed,
It nas of siluer, no of gold red,
Ac it was of a precious ston;
As bright as the sonne it schon:
And as son as he to me cam,
Wold Ich, nold Ich, he me nam,
And made me with him ride,
Opon a palfray bi his side,
And brought me to his pallays,
Wele atird in ich ways;
And schewed me castels and tours,
Riuers, forestes, frith with flours;
And his riche stedes ichon,
And seththen me brought oghain hom
In to our owhen orchard,
And said to me after ward:
Loke, dame, to morwe thatow be
Right here vnder this ympe tre;
And than thou schalt with ous go
And liue with ous euer mo,
And gif thou makest ous y-let,
Where thou be, thou worst y-fet
And to-tore thine limes al,
That nothing help the no schal,
And thou best so to-torn,
Gete thou worst with ous y-born.

When king Orfeo herd this cas,
O we! quath he, allas! allas!
Leuer me were to lete mi liif,
Than thus to lese the quen mi wiif,
He asked conseyl at ich man,
Ac no man him help no can,
A morwe the vnder tide is come,
And Orfeo hath his armes y-nome,
And wele ten hundred knightes with him,
Ich y-armed stout and grim;
And with the quen wente he
Right vnto that ympe tre:
Thai made schel trom in ich a side,
And sayd thai wold there abide,
And dye ther euerichon,
Er the quen schuld fram hem gon:
Ac gete amiddles hem full right,
The quen was oway y-tvight,
With fairi forth y-nome,
Men wist neuer wher sche was bcome,
Tho was ther criing, wepe and wo,
The king in to his chamber is go,
And oft swoned opon the ston,
And made swiche diol and swiche mon,
That neighe his liif was y-spent;
Ther was non amendement.
He cleped to gider his barouns,
Erls, lorde of renouns,
And when thai al y-comen were:
Lordinges, he said, bfor gou here
Ich ordaine min heigh steward
To wite mi kingdom after ward,
In mi stede ben he schal,
To kepe mi londes ouer al,
For now Ichau mi quen y-lore,
The fairest leuedi that euer was bore;
Neuer eft y nil no woman se,
Into wildernes Ichil te,
And liue ther euer more,
With wilde bestes in holtes hore;
And when ge vnder stond that Y be spent,
Make gou then a parlement,
And chese gou a newe king:
Now doth your best with al mi thing.

Tho was ther wepeing in the halle;
And grete cri among hem alle;
Vnnethe might old or song
For wepeing speke a word with tong.
Thai kneled adoun al y-fere,
And praid him gif his wille were,
That he no schuld nought fram hem go.
Do way! quath he, it schal be so.
All his kingdom he forsoke
But a sclauin on him he toke;
He no hadde kirtel, no hode,
Schart, no nother gode,
Bot his harp he toke algate,
And yede him barfot out atte gate:
No man most with him go.
O way! what wepe ther was, and wo,
When he that hadde ben king with croun,
Went so pouerlich out of toun,
Thurch wode and ouer heth,
Into the wildernes he geth,
Nothing he fint that him is ays,
Bot euer he lieuth in gret malais;
He that hadde y werd the fowe and griis,
And on bed the purper biis,
Now on hard hethe he lith,
With leues and gresse he him writh:
He that hadde castels and tours,
Riuier, forest, frith with flours;
Now, thei it commenci to snowe and frese,
This king mot make his bed in mese:
He that had y-had knightes of priis
Bifor him kneland, and leuedis,
Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
Bot wild wormes by him striketh:
He that had y-had plenté
Of mete and drink of ich deynté,
Now may he al day digge and wrote,
Er he sinde his fille of rote;
In somer he liueth bi wild frut,
And berren, bot gode lite;
In winter may he no thing finde,
Bot rote, grases, and the rinde;
Al his bodi was oway duine
For missays, and al to chine,
Lord! who may telle the sore
This king sufferd ten gere and more:
His here of his berd, black and rowe,
To his girdel stede was growe;
His harp, where on was al his gle,
He hidde in an holwe tre;
And, when the weder was clere and bright,
He toke his harp to him wel right,
And harped at his owen wille,
Into alle the wode the soun gan schille,
That alle the wilde bestes that ther beth,
For ioye abouten him thai teth;
And alle the foules that ther were,
Come and sete on ich a brere;
To here his harping a fine,
So miche melody was ther in.
And when he his harping lete wold,
No best bi him abide nold.
He might se besides
Oft in hot vnder tides,
The king o' fairy, with his rout,
Com to hunt him al about:
With dynne, cri and bloweing,
And houndes also with him berking;
Ac no best thai no nome,
No neuer he nist whider thai bi-come.
And other while he might se
A gret oste bi him te,
Wele atourned ten hundred knightes,
Ich y-armed at all rygt;
Of cuntenaunce stout and fers,
With mani desplaid baners;
And ich his swerd y drawe hold:
Ac neuer he nist whider thai wold.
And other while he seighe other thing;
Knightes and leuedis com daunceing,
In queynt atire gisely,
Queyitt pas, and softly:
Tabours and trimpes ëde hem bi,
And al maner menstraci.

¶ And on a day he seighe him biside
Sexti leudis on hûrs ride,
Gentil and iolf, as brid on ris;
Nought o man amonges hem ther nis;
And ich a faucoun on hond bere,
And ridden on haukin bi o riuere,
Of game thai founde wel gode haunt,
Maulardes, hayroun, and cormeraunt;
The foules of the water ariseth,
The faucouns hem wele deuiseth,
Ich faucoun his pray slough:
That seighe Orfeo, and lough,
Par fay, quath he, ther is fair game!
Thider Ichil, bi Godes name,
Ich was y won swiche werk to se.
He aros, and thider gan te;
To a leuedi he was y-come,
Biheld, and hath wele vnder nome,
And seth, bi al thing, that it is
His owhen quen dam Heurodis:
ñern he biheld hir, and sche him eke,
Ac noither to other a word no speke:
For messais that sche on him seighe,
That had ben so riche and so heighe,
The teres fel out of her eighe;
The other leuedis this y-seighe,
And maked hir oway to ride,
Sche most with him no lenger abide,
Allas! quath he, now me is wo!
Whi nil deth now me slo,
Allas! wroche, that Y no might
Dye now after this sight!
Allas! to long last mi liif,
When Y no dar nought with mi wiif,
No hye to me o word speke,
Allas! whi nil min hert breke!
Parfay, quath he, tide what bitide,
Whider so this leuedi ride,
The selue way Ichil streche,
Of liif no deth me no reche.
His sclauain he dede on, all so spac,
And henge his harp opon his bac;
And had wel gode wil to gon,
He no spard noither stub no ston:
In at a roche the leuedis rideth,
And he after, and nought abideth;
When he was in the roche y-go,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He com in to a fair cuntray,
As bright als sonne on somers day;
Smothe, and plain, and al grene,
Hille no dale nas ther non y sene;
Amidde the lond a castel he sighe,
Riche and real, and wonder heighe;
Al the vtmast wal
Was clere and schine as cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,
Degiselich and bataild stout;
The butras com out of the diche,
Of rede gold y-arched riche;
The bonsour was amelyd al,
Of ich maner diuers amell;
With in ther wer wide wones,
Al of precious stones,
The werst piler on to biholde
Was al of burnist gold;
Al that lond was euer light,
For when it schuld be therk and night,
The riche stones light gonne,
As bright as doth at none the sonne,
No man may telle, no thenche in thought,
The riche werk that ther was wrought,
Bi al thing, him think that it is
The proude court of paradis.
In this castel the leuedis alight,
He wold in after, gif he might.

Orfeo knokketh atte gate,
The porter was redi ther ate,
And asked, what he wold haue y do?
Parfay, quath he, Icham a minstrel, lo,
To solas thi lord with my gle,
gif his swete wille be.
The porter vnndede the gate anon,
And lette him in to the castel gon,

Than he gan bihold about al,
And seighe full ligge and with in the wal,
Of folk that were thider y-brought,
And thought dede and nare nought:
Sum stode with outen hade;
And sum armys nade;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wunde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;
And sum armed on hors sate;
And some astrangled as they ete;
And sum were in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al for-schreynt;
Wiues ther lay on child bedde;
Sum ded, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her vnnder tides;
Eche was thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come;
Ther he seighe his owhen wiif,
Dame Heurodis his liif liif
Slepe vnnder an ynde tre;
Bi her clothes he knew that it was sche.

And when he hadde bihold this meruails alle,
He went in to the kinges halle;
Then seighe he ther a semly sight,
A tabernacle blisseful and bright;
There in her maister king sete,
And her quen fair and swete;
Her crownes, her clothes, schine so bright,
That vnnethe bihold he hem might:
When he hadde biholden al that thing,
He kneeled adoun before the king;
O Lord, he seyd, gif it thi wille were,
Mi menstraci thou schust y here.
The king answerd what man artow,
That art hider y-comen now?
Ich no non that is with me
No sent neuer after the,
Setththen that ich here regne i-gan,
Y no fond neuer so folle hardi man
That hider to ous durst wende,
Bot that Ichim walde offende.
Lord, quath he, trowe ful wel,
Y nam bot a pouer mestrel,
And, sir, it is the maner of ous,  
To seche mani a lordes hous,  
Thei we nought welom no be,  
†ete we mot proferi-forth our glé.

† Bifor the king he sat adoun  
And tok his harpe so miri of soun,  
And trempreth his harp as he wele can,  
And blisseful notes he ther gan,
That al that in the palays were,  
Com to him for to here,
And liggeth adoun to his fete,  
Hem thenketh his melody so swete.

To here his gle he hath gode wille;  
Gode bourde he hadde of his gle,
The riche quen al so hadde sche; ¹  
When he hadde stint his harping,
Then seyd to him the king,
Menstrel, me liketh wele thi gle,
Now aske of me what it be,
Largelich Ichil the pay,
Now spake, and tow might asay.
Sir, he seyd, Ich beseche the,
Thatow woldest giue me,
That ich leuedi bright on ble,
That slepeth under the ympe tre.
Nay, quath the king, that nought nere,
A fori couple of ȝou it were,
For thou art lene, rowe, and blac,
And sche is louesome with outen lac;
A lothlich thing it were forthi,
To se hir in thi compayni.

‡ O sir, he seyd, gentil king,  
†ete were it a wele fouler thing

¹ 'He' p. 'she' MS.
To here a lesing of thy mouthe,
So, sir, as ße seyd nouth,
What Ich wold aske haue Y schold;
And nedes thou most thi word hold.
The king seyd, seththen it is so,
Take hir bi the hand, and go;
Of hir Ichil thatow be blithe.
He kneled adoun, and thonked him swithe.
His wiif he tok bi the hond,
And yede him swithe out of that lond;
And went him out of that thede,
Right as he come the way he ßede.
So long he hath the way y-nome,
To Winchester he is y-come,
That was his owhen cite,
Ac no man knewe that it was he,
No forther than the tounes ende,
For knoweleche no durst wende,
Bot with a begger y bilt ful narwe,
Ther he tok his herbarwe,
To him, and to his owhen wiif,
As a minstrel of pouer liif;
And asked tidinges of that lond,
And who the kingdom held in hond.
The pouer begger, in his cote,
Told him euerich a grot,
Hou her quen was stole owy,
Ten ßer gon with fairy,
And how her king en exile ßede,
Bot no man niste in wiche thede,
And how the steward the lond gan hold,
And other mani thinges him told.
¶ A morwe ßgain none tide
He maked his wiif ther abide,
The beggers clothes he borwed anon,
And heng his harp his rigge opon,
And went him in to that cite,
That men might him bihold and se.
Erls, and barouns bold,
Buriays and leuedis him gun bihold:
Lo! thai feyd, swiche a man,
Hou long the here hougeth him opan!
Lo! hou his berd hongeth to his kne,
He is y-clongen al so a tre:
And as he ğede in the strete,
With his steward he gan mete,
And sonde he sett on him a crie,
Sir steward, he seyd, merci,
Icham an harpour of hethenisse,
Help me now in this distresse!
The steward seyd, com with me, come,
Of that Ichaue, thou schalt haue some;
Euerich gode harpour is welom me to,
For mi lordes loue sir Orfeo.

¶ In the castel the steward sat atte mete,
And mani lording was bi him sete;
There were trompours and tabourers,
Harpours fele, and crouders,
Miche melody thai maked alle,
And Orfeo sat stille in the halle,
And herknet when thai ben al stille,
He toke his harp and tempred schille,
The blifulest notes he herped there,
That euer ani man y-herd with ere:
Ich man likd wele his gle;
The steward biheld and gan y-se,
And knewe the harp als-bliue;
Menstrel, he seyd, so mot thou thrive,
Where hadestow this harp, and hou?
Y pray that thou me telle now.

¶ Lord, quath he, in vncouthe thede
Thurch a wildernes as Y ğede;
Ther Y founde in a dale  
With lyouns a man to-torn smale,  
And wolues him fiete with teth so scharp;  
Bi him Y found this ich harp,  
Wele ten ïere it is y-go.  
O! quath the steward, now me is wo!  
That was mi lord sir Orfeo!  
Allas, wreche, what schall Y do,  
That haue swiche a lord y-lore,  
Owa, that Ich was y bore,  
That him was so hard grace y ïarked,  
And so vile deth y-marked!  
Adoun he fel aswon to grounde,  
His barouns him tok vp in that stounde,  
And telleth him hou it geth,  
It nis no bot of mannes deth.  

¶ King Orfeo knewe wel bi than,  
His steward was a trewe man,  
And loued him as he aught to do,  
And stont vp, and seyt thus lo:  
Steward, herkne now this thing,  
gif Ich were Orfeo the king,  
And hadde y-suffred ful ïore  
In wildernisse miche sore;  
And hadde y-won m. quen owy  
Out of the lond of fairy;  
And hadde y-brought the leuedi hende  
Right here to the tounes ende,  
And with a begger her in y-nome,  
And were mi self hider y-come,  
Pouerlich to the thus stiile,  
For to asay thi gode wille;  
And Ich founde the thus trewe,  
Thou no schust it neuer rewe,  
Sikerlich for loue, or ay,  
Thou schust be king after mi day,
And if thou of mi deth hadest ben blithe,
Thou schust haue voided al so swithe.
If Tho al tho that ther in sete,
That it was king Orfeo vnder gete,
And the steward him wele knewe,
Ouer that bord anone he threwe,
And fel adoun to his fet;
So dede euerich lord that ther sete,
And al thai sayd at o criing:
Ge beth our lord, sir, and our king.
Glad thai were of his liue,
To chaumber thai ladde him als bilieue,
And bathed him and schaued his berd,
And tired him as a king apert;
And seththen with gret processioun
Thai brought the quen in to the toun
With al maner menstraci;
Lord, ther was grete melody!
For ioie thai wepe with her eighe;
That hem so sounde y-comen seighe.
Now king Orfeo newe-coround is
And his quen dame Heurodis,
And liued long afterward;
And seththen was king the steward.
Harpours in Bretaine after than
Herd hou this meruaile bigan,
And made of her a lay of gode likeing,
And nempned it after the king:
That lay Orfeo is y-hote,
Gode is the lay, swete is the note.
Thus com sir Orfeo out of his care;
God graunt ous alle wele to fare! Amen.

Explicit.
there are, perhaps, few poems now extant that may so well as the following beautiful and interesting tale of fairyland exemplify the practice of those whose employment it was to chant or rehearse the effusions of the minstrels. This legend of Thomas of Ersydoune in its present state evidently owes much to that facility and readiness of composition, which at times might enable them to enlarge and amplify the productions of others, in order to suit existing circumstances, and serve for the amusement of their auditors. The exordium is professedly the work of an English reciter, anxious to draw the attention of the assembled company to the "mervelles" and predictions of which he was about to tell. Nor is it less evident, but that the prophetic parts, however obscure their object may now be, or uncertain from what materials they were constructed, were either added at a subsequent period, or so altered as to be instrumental to some political purpose. Of the poems or propheticies attributed to Thomas the Rhymer, we unfortunately have none but what are preserved in English manuscripts, in which they have lost much of their individuality, the orthography being uniformly accommodated to that of the transcriber.

This poem is preserved in three ancient manuscripts, each of them in a state more or less mutilated, and varying in no inconsiderable degree from the other. A portion of it was first printed in the "Border Minstrelsy" from the fragment in the British Museum among the Cotton MSS.; and the one which Mr. Jamieson adopted in his collection of

1 Cotton MSS. Vitellius, E. x.
"Popular Ballads and Songs" was carefully deciphered from a volume of no ordinary curiosity in the University Library, Cambridge, written in a very illegible hand, about the middle of the fifteenth century. It is now printed from the third and earliest copy preserved in the Lincoln MS., the text of which is in every respect preferable to that of either of the other manuscripts. It had been supposed that another copy of this poem might be found in Peterborough; but the editor may state that, after a careful and satisfactory search, it appears that if ever such a manuscript was there deposited, it must have suffered the fate of the numerous collection, of which a list, drawn up at a remote period, is found in Gunton's history of that splendid cathedral.

Owing to the loose and careless manner in which the Lincoln MS. has at some former time been kept, this poem has suffered much, in common with most of the others which the volume contains, many of the leaves having been either mutilated or entirely lost. An endeavour has been made to fill up the defective parts from the Cambridge copy, though in some instances, as will be seen, without success.

After the copious illustrations of this poem by its former editors, in works which either are or ought to be in the hands of every possessor of this collection, little farther can be required. The reader will perceive the great beauty of the descriptive parts, and the fine vein of imagination that runs through nearly the whole of the first Fytt. "In the introduction to the prophécies," as Mr. Jamieson has well observed, "there is so much more fancy and elegance than in the prophécies themselves, that they can hardly be supposed to be the composition of the same person. Indeed, the internal evidence to the contrary almost amounts to a proof that they are not, and that the romance itself was of Scotish origin, although no indubitably Scotish copy is known to be in existence. It is remarkable," Mr. J. continues, "that in all the three copies the poet begins the story in the first person, and seems disposed to tell the incidents as if they had really happened to himself.

1 Bishop More's MSS. Ff., v. 48. Printed in Hazlitt's *Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances*, 1875, p. 100 et seqq., from a collation of this and other MSS.
AND QUEENE OF ELF-LAND 83

St. 1. "As I me went this Andyr's day,  
Fast on my way making my mone," &c.

St. 3. "Alle in a longyng as I lay,  
Undreneth a semely tre,  
Saw I wher a lady gay,  
Came ridand ouer a longe lee," &c.

"And although he afterwards, awkwardly and unnaturally enough, speaks of Thomas as a third person, yet even then he seems to insinuate that the story which he is garbling was told by another before him:

St. 14. "And certenly, as the story sayse,  
He hir mette at Eldyn tre."

"If he assumes the mask with a bad grace here, he shows still less address when he drops it again at stanza 52 of the First Fit:

"Ther was revell, game, and play,  
More than I you say, perdye,  
Till hit fell upon a day,  
My luflu lady said to me:  
Busk the, Thomas, for thu must gon;  
For here no longer mayst thu be,  
Hye the fast with mode and mone;  
I shall the bryng to the Eldyn tre."

"Would it not be pardonable, from such instances as these, to suppose it at least probable that Thomas Rymour was really the original author of this romance; and that, in order to give a sanction to his predictions, which seem all to have been calculated, in one way or other, for the service of his country, he pretended to an intercourse with the Queen of Elf-land, as Numa Pompilius did with the nymph Egeria? Such an intercourse, in the days of True Thomas, was accounted neither unnatural nor uncommon." 1

1 It will be remarked that although Thomas is taken to Fairyland by the Queen, and cautioned as to keeping counsel as to their amour if the King of Faery presents himself, no description occurs of the latter personage, and a very meagre one of the place. The Queen and Thomas are the only real dramatis persona.
the Queen of Faëry is situated on one of the Eldoun Hills, not far distant from the Eldoun Tree. Such a distinction, however, is claimed for another Huntly Bank, which, with a cleugh, that still retains the name of "The Rhymer's Glen," became the property of Sir Walter Scott, by whom, in the publication of the ancient metrical romance of "Sir Tristrem," formerly attributed to our author, it is almost unnecessary to observe, a degree of interest has been attached to the character of Thomas which even, as being the earliest of our poetical writers, he might not otherwise have enjoyed.

With respect to the prophetic character of Thomas, we have sufficient evidence in the testimony of such early writers as Barber and Wyntown. The latter, in describing the battle of Kylblene, in the year 1335, says:

"Of this Fycht qwhilum spak Thomas
Of Ersyldowne, that sayd in derne,
Thare suld mete stalwartly stark and sterne:
He sayd it in his Prophecy;
Bot, how he wyst it, wes Ferly."

But whether or not this be one of the predictions contained in the following poem is uncertain—the prophetic parts of which might afford ample scope for illustration, were this the object of the editor; though, indeed, it would be no easy matter to reconcile them with any degree of satisfaction to the various national events that seem to have been foretold.

The reader will no doubt be glad to receive the following illustrations of the prophetical parts of this poem, coming as they do from one who is so well qualified to elucidate both the historical and literary remains of our country. Sir Walter Scott (in a letter to the editor) says, "I am much delighted, and considerably puzzled, with 'Thomas the Rhymer.' It seems to me made up of different patches, which have been added from time to time in the true spirit of English prophecy,—for you may remember Comines says, 'Le Chancelier d'Angleterre, commença par une prophetie dont les Anglois ne sont jamais despourveus.' Pinky Cleugh is in one place distinctly mentioned by name; in another, Black Agnes of Dunbar is spoken of as alive, and her captivity is prophetical. There must have been a lapse of more than two centuries betwixt the composition of these
two different passages." (But, whatever credit we may be disposed to give, either to Thomas or the actual writer of these prophecies, it ought to be kept in view that the manuscript from which the poem is now given was written more than a century previous to the fulfilment of some of the predictions which it is supposed to contain.) "As well as I can without books," Sir Walter proceeds, "I will endeavour to guess at the different historical events which are obscurely or more directly alluded to:—

"Fytt 2nd, line 21. 'The Baliolfe—Comyns—Barlays (rather Barclays)—as well as the Fresells (Frasers)’ were all distinguished during the wars of David II.'s minority, or shortly before, as probably were the Russells.

"Line 44. The fight at Eldone Hill here alluded to, may, perhaps, be that in which Oswin, a pretender to the throne of Northumberland, was defeated and slain by Ethelwold, about the middle of the eighth century. The field of battle is still called Corpse Cleugh, or some such name, and distinguished by barrows and other marks of ancient contest:—bones and remnants of armour are even yet turned up by the plough.

"Line 50. The battle of Falkirk is obviously that in which Wallace was defeated by Edward I.

"Line 70. Bannockburn is mentioned by name. The allusion to the defeat of the English chivalry by stratagem is worth remarking; it shows the country of the pseudo-prophet, who is naturally disposed to apologise for the defeat of the English at that memorable occurrence.

"Line 97. Dupplin Moor is distinctly mentioned; and the subsequent capture of Perth, line 102.

"The battle of Durham, and the captivity of David II. is alluded to from line 120 to line 135, and the three last lines of the Second Fytt seem to me a variation of the same passage; or it may relate to the previous battle of Halidon, where the Regent, Archibald Douglass, may be the 'full doughty that was slain.'

"All these personages and events hitherto noticed relate as distinctly as can well be expected to the middle of the fourteenth century, when, in the beginning of Fytt Third, we light all at once upon 'Spynkarde Cleugh,' being clearly our unlucky battle of Pinkie. I cannot help thinking this stanza much more modern than the rest of the poem.
"The battle of Pentland Hill, appears to be a wild guess at future events. In former times the prediction might have been deemed oracular, but now few will be disposed to allow that it hath any reference to the battle of Pentland, in Charles II.'s time, any more than the press of banners between Seton and the sea refers to the battle of Prestonpans. But Thomas, or more properly his imitator, has made a chance hit in both cases. In the latter especially, a staunch Jacobite would say, the rout of the dragoons was foretold, line 53,—only they did not stay for the hewing, mentioned line 57.

"The story of the Cross of stone is a favourite presage in Nixon's prophecy, and I know not how many besides.

"Line 125. The rivulet near to Flodden-field is called Sandyford, or something like it. Flodden is, therefore, probably alluded to in this and the following stanza.

"Line 150. Here the story returns to the fourteenth century, and to Black Agnes of Dunbar, which makes it probable that this part of the poem must have been written when she was in the height of renown.

"It is singular that Thomas should be represented as speaking of himself as one in disgrace with Agnes of Dunbar, though her bounden vassal. Unquestionably it is highly probable that Thomas of Ercildoune held his lands of the Earl of Dunbar, as he resided in the very village which took the name of Earls-town from its dependence on these great earls. An antiquary is tempted to guess that the obscure hint here thrown out may possibly allude to some dispute between Thomas and his superior, which, making a part of the remembered history of the former, was introduced by the English imitator who writes prophecies in his name."

After all, it may in general be admitted that the whole of the prophecies attributed to

"Thomas the true, that never spak false,"

in the corrupted and modernised state in which those bearing his name now appear, are little better than spurious.¹ If he attempted any such predictions, which cannot reasonably

¹ Predictions made after the events!
be doubted after the uniform tradition of more than five
centuries, and the concurring testimony of so many ancient
writers to his prophetical character, they were not, it is
highly probable, committed to writing in his own time, but
being circulated and handed down by tradition only, every
person no doubt considered it lawful to alter or accommodate
them to his own views. At least, we find occasionally
the same prophecy, either by accident or design, bearing the
most opposite construction. But if there be one exception,
it is that which follows, given exactly as it occurs in a very
ancient manuscript in the Harleian Collection (No. 2253,
fol. 127), supposed to be of the time of Edward I., and
which, as it approaches so near the period in which he
flourished, may be considered as exhibiting a genuine speci-
men of the language of the author. This "Response"
assuredly bears reference to the wars in Scotland during
the time of Edward I. A contrary opinion, however, has
long been held (see "Border Minstrelsy," vol. iii. pp. 282-5;
"Sir Tristrem," p. xvi.), and Sir Walter Scott thinks that
"the battle of Dupplin is distinctly referred to in line 16,
and that line 11 alludes to the dreadful famine in the reign
of David II. The only line of the prophecy still remember-
ed and quoted is that of a hare kindling on the hearth-
stone—a prophecy which Thomas is said by tradition to
have uttered concerning the desolation of his own house:

'The hare shall kittle litter on my hearth stane,
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.'"

Every circumstance, however, warrants us in referring
the following lines to some time before the end of the thir-
teenth century, and their application to the wars of Edward
I. just previous to the commencement of a long series of
war and desolation (about which time Thomas appears to
have died), is certainly more appropriate than conceiving
him to overlook these in a foresight of what should take
place more than half a century after his death. The erro-
neous supposition of this response having been addressed to
Black Agnes, the heroic Countess of March, seems first to
have given rise to the conjecture which has thrown discredit
on the idea of its being uttered by the Poet of Ersylidoune.
In his time the title of that powerful family had not been
changed from Dunbar to March.
"La Countesse de Donbar demanda a Thomas de Essedoune, q"nt la guere descoce prenderit fyn/ e yl la respoundy et dyt.

When man as mad a kyng of a capped man/
When mon is leuere o[er mones] jyng jen is owen/
When Loudyon ys forest and forest/ ys felde/
When hares kendles o[he] herston/
When wyt t wille werres togedere
When mon makes stables of kyrkes i stelis castles wy] styes
When Rokesbourh nys no burgh ant market is at Fforwyleye
When je alde is gan ant je newe jn don no]t
When Bambourne ys donged with dedemen
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen t to sellen/
When a q]t of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten marks/
When prude prikes t pees is leyd in prisoun,
When a Scot ne may hym hude ase hare in forme/
]t je Englyssh ne shal hym fynde/
When ry]t ant wronge astente] to gedere/
When laddes wedde] louedis
When Scottes flen so faste ]t for faute of ship hy dreune]
hemselfe/
Whenne shal this be/
Nou]er in ]ne tyme ne in myne,
Ah comen t gone
Wi]inne twenty wynter ant on/

The prophecies attributed to Thomas the Rhymer in the common collection of "The Whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, France, Ireland," &c., have not the slightest marks of authenticity. They are, besides, too darkly veiled in allegory, or shadowed forth in obscure allusions, to interest any one. But the persons or events prefigured must have at one time been more intelligible than now, else it would be difficult to account for their extensive popularity, unless, on the idea which the common people may have entertained of their actually bearing reference to future national occurrences; as it is said, "though thir sayis be selcouth, they shall be sooth found." Without, therefore, being possessed either of historical value or poetic merit, they are now to be regarded merely as literary curiosities.
Thomas of Cresseldoune.

[The Prologue.]

YSTNYS, lordyngs, bothe grete and smale,
And takis gude tente what I will say:
I sall gow telle als trewe a tale,
Als euer was herde by nyghte or daye:
And the maste meruelle ffowttyn naye,
That euer was herde by fore or syen,
And therfore pristly I gow praye,
That ge will of goure talkynge blyn.
It es an harde thynge for to saye,
Of doghety dedis that hase bene done;
Of felle feghtyngs and batells sere;
And how that knyghtis hase wonne thair schone.
Bot Jhu Christ, that syttis in trone,
Safe Ynglysche men bothe ferre and nere;
And I sall telle gow tyte and sone,
Of Battells done sythen many a gere;
And of batells that done sall bee;
In whate place, and howe and whare;
And wha sall hafe the heghere gree;
And whethir partye sall hafe the werre;
Wha sall take the flyghte and flee;
And wha sall dye, and by tene, thare:
Bot Jhu Christ, that dyed on tre,
Saue Inglysche men whare so thay fare.

[The Fyrst Fyrt.

Als I me wente this Endres daye,
Full faste in mynd makane my mone,
In a mery mornynge of Maye,
By Huntle bankkes my selfe allone.

1 Not in the Cambridge MS.
I herde the jaye, and the throstelle,\(^1\)
The mawys meuyde of hir songe,
The wodewale beryde als a belle,
That alle the wode abowte me ronge.

Allone in longynge, thus als I laye,
Vndre nethe a semely tre,
Saw I whare a lady gaye,
Came ridand ouer a longe lee.

If I suld sytt to Domesdaye,
With my tonge, to wrebbe and wrye,
Certanely that lady gaye,
Neuer bese scho askryede for mee.

Hir palfraye was a dappill graye;
Swilke one I saghe ne neuer none:
Als dose the sonne, on someres daye,
That fair lady hir selfe scho schore.

Her sette it was of reuylle bone;
Full semely was that syghte to see!
Stefly sett with precyous stone,
And compaste all with crapoté.

Stones of Oryente grete plenté;
Hir hare abowte hir hede it hange;
Scho rode ouer that lange lee,
A whylle scho blewe, a nother scho sange.

Hir garthis of nobyll sylke thay were;
The bukyllys were of berelle stone;
Hir steraps were of crystalle clere,
And all with perelle ouer by gone.

\(^{1}\) Old copy erroneously reads *throstylle cokke*.
Hir payetrelle was of iralle fyne;
   Hir cropoure was of orfare;
And als clere golde hir brydill it schone;
   One aythir syde hange beliys three.

Scho led iij. grehoundis in a leeshe;
   And seuen raches by hir fete rone;—
Scho bare a horne abowte hir halse;
   And vndir hir belte full many a flone.

Thomas laye and sawe that syghte,
   Vnder nethe ane semly tree;
He sayd, gone es Marye most of myghte,
   That bare that childe that dyede for mee.

But I speke with gone lady bryghte,
   I hope myn herte will bryste in three;
Now sall I go with all my myghte,
   Hir for to mete at Eldone\(^1\) tree.

Thomas rathely vpe he rase,
   And he rane over that mountayne hye;
Gyff it be als the storye sayes,
   He hir mette at Eldone tree.

He knelyde down appon his knee,
   Vndir nethe that grenwode spraye:—
And sayd, lufly ladye! rewe one mee;
   Qwene of heuen, als thu wele maye.

Than spake that lady milde of thoghte:—
   Thomas, late swylke wordes bee;
Qwene of heuennne am I noghte,
   For I tuke neuer so heghe degre.

\(^1\) \textit{i.e.}, Halydown or Halidon. See introductory matter and a note \textit{infra}.
Bot I ame of ane other contree,
    If I be parellid moste of prysse;
I ryde aftyre this wylde fee:
    My raches rynys at my devyse.

If thu be parelde moste of prysse,
    And here rydis thus in thy balye,
Of lufe, lady, als thu art wysse,
    Thou gyffe me leue to lye the bye.

Scho sayde : thu man, that ware folye;
    I praye the, Thomas, thu lat me bee;
For I saye the full sekiirlye,
    That synne will for-doo all my beauté.

Now, lufly ladye, rewe on mee,
    And I will euer more with the duelle;
Here my trouthe I plyghte to thee.
    Wethir thu will in heuen or helle.

Man of molde, thu will me merre,
    But gitt thu sall hafe all thy will;
And trowe it wele thu chewys the werre,
    For alle my beauté will thu spylle.

Down than lyghte that lady bryghte,
    Vndir nethe that grene wode spraye;
And, als the storye tellis full ryghte,
    Seuen sythis by hir he laye.

Scho sayd : man, thu lykes thi playe:
    What byrde in boure maye dwelle with the?
Thou merrys me all this longe daye;
    I praye the, Thomas, late me bee.
Thomas stode vpe in that stede, 90
   And he by-helde that lady gaye;
Hir hare it hange all ouer hir hede,
   Hir eghne semede owte, that are were graye.

And all the riche clothynge was a waye,
   That he by-fore sawe in that stede;
Hir a schanke blake, hir other graye,
   And all hir body lyke the lede.

Than sayd Thomas, alas! alas! 95
   In faythe this es a dollifull syghte;
How arte thou fadyde thus in the face,
   That schane by-fore als the sonne so bryght!

Scho sayd, Thomas, take leve at sone and mone,
   And als at lefe that grewes on tree;
This twelmoneth sall thu with me gone,
   And medill erthe thu sall non see.

He knelyd downe appon his knee, 100
   To Mary mylde he made his mone;
Lady, but thou rewe on mee,
   All my games fro me are gon.

Allas! he sayd, and wa es mee,
   I trewe my dedis will wirke me care;
My saulle, Jhu, by-teche I the,
   Whedir come that euer my banes sall fare.

1 The Lincoln MS. inserts after this line two others, which appear to be redundant:—

Thomas laye, and sawe that syghte,
   Vndir nethe that grenewod tree.
Scho lede hym in at Eldone birke,  
Vndir nethe a derne lee;  
Whare it was derk als mydnyght myrke,  
And euer the water till his knee.

The montenans of dayes three,  
He herd bot swoghyne of the flode,  
At the laste, he sayde, full wa es mee!  
Almaste I dye, for fawte of fude.

Scho lede hym in till a faire herbere,  
Whare frwte was growyng gret plentee:  
Pere and appill, bothe rype thay were,  
The date, and als the damasee.

The fygge, and als so the wyneberye;  
The nyghtyngales lyggande on thair neste;  
The papeioyes faste abowte gan flye;  
And throstylls sange, wolde have no reste.

He presed to pulle the frwte with his hande;  
Als man for fude that was nere saynt.  
Scho sayd, Thomas, thu late tham stande,  
Or ells the fende the will atteynt.

If thu it plôkk, sothely to say,  
Thi saule gose to the fyre of helle;  
It comes neuer owte or Domesdaye,  
Bot ther in payne ay for to duelle.

Thomas, sothely I the hyghte,  
Come lygge thyn hede down on my knee,  
And thou sall se the fayreste syghte,  
That euer sawe mon of thi contree.
He did in hye als scho hym badde;  
   Appone hir knee his hede he layde,  
For hir to paye he was full glade,  
   And than that lady to hym sayde:

**Seese thu nowe gone faire waye,**  
  That lyggis ouer gone heghe montáyne?—  
gone es the waye to heuen for aye,  
      When synfull sawles have duryd ther payne.

**Seese thu nowe gone other waye,**  
  That lygges lawe by nethe gnone rysse?  
gone es the waye, the sothe to saye,  
      Vnto the joye of paradyse.

**Seese thu gitt gone thrid waye,**  
  That ligges vnder gnone grene playne?  
gone es the waye, with tene and traye,  
      Whare synfull saulis suffirris thare payne.

**Bot seese thu nowe gone fourt waye,**  
  That lygges ouer gone depe delle?  
gone es the way, the sothe to say,  
      Vnto the brennande fyre of hell.

**Seese thu gitt gone faire castelle,**  
  That standes vpone gnone heghe hill?  
Of towne and towre it beris the belle;  
      In mydul erthe es non lyk ther-till.

For sothe, Thomas, gone es myn awen,  
   And the kyngus of this countree;  
Bot me ware leuer hanged and drawen,  
      Or that he wyste thou laye by me.
THOMAS OF ERSYLDOUNE

When thu commes to gone castelle gay,
    I pray the curtase man to bee;          170
And whate so any man to the saye,

My lorde es seruede at ylk a mese
    With thritty knyghttis faire and free;
I sall saye, syttande at the dese,
    I tuke thi speche by gone the see.          175

Thomas still als stane he stude,
    And he by-helde that lady gaye;
Scho come agayne als faire and gude,
    And al so ryche one hir palfraye.          180

Hir grehundis fillide with dere blode;
    Hir rachis couplede by my faye;
Scho blewe hir horne with mayne and mode,
    Vn to the castelle scho tuk the waye.          185

In to the haulle sothely scho went;
    Thomas foloued at hir hande;
Than ladyes come bothe faire and gent,
    With curtesy to hir knelande.

Harpe and fethill bothe thay fande,
    Getterne and als so the sawtrye;
Lutte and rybybe bothe gangande,
    And all manere of mynstralsye.          190

The most meruelle that Thomas thoghte.
    When that he stode appon the flore;
For feftty hertes in were broghte,
    That were bothe large, grete and store.          195
Raches laye lapande in the blode,
   Cokes come with dryssynge knyfe;
They bryttaned tham als thay were wode;
   Reuelle amanges thame was full ryse.

Knyghtis dawnsede by three and three,
   Thare was revelle, gamen, and playe,
Luflly ladyes faire and free,
   That satte and sange one riche araye.

Thomas duellide in that solace,
   More than I gowe saye, perde;
Till one a daye, so hafe I grace,
   My luflly lady sayde to mee:

Do busk the, Thomas, for thu must gon,
   For thu may here no lengare be;
Hye the faste with mode and mone;
   I sall the brynge till Eldone tree.

Thomas sayde than with heuy chere:
   Luflly lady, nowe lat me be;
For certis, lady, I hafe be here
   Bot the space of dayes thre.

For sothe, Thomas, als I the telle,
   Thou hase bene here seven gere and more;
Bot langere here thu may noghte duelle,
   The skylle I sall the telle where fore.

To morne of helle the foulle fende
   Amange this folke will seche his fee;
And thu arte mekill man and hende;
   I trowe full wele he wolde chese the.
For all the gold that euer may bee,
Fro hethyn vn to the worldis ende,
Thou bese neuer be trayede for mee;
There fore with me I rede thou wende.

Scho broghte hym agayne to Eldone tree,
Vndir nethe the grenewode spraye,
In Huntlee bannkes es mery to bee,
Whare foulis syng bothe nyght and daye.

Ferre owtt over gone mountane graye,
Thomas, a fawkon byggis a neste;—
A fawcoun is an yrons praye;
For-thi in na place may he reste.

Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my waye;
For me by-houys ouer thir benttis brown.
—Loo here a fytt : more es to saye
Of Thomas of Erselldown.

[Fhe Second Fytt.]

Fare wele, Thomas ; I wend my waye;
I may no lengare stande with the.
Gif me a tokynynge, lady gaye,
That I may saye I spake with the.

To harpe or carpe, whare so thu gose,
Thomas, thu sall hafe the chose sothely;
And he said, harpynge kepe I none;
For tonge es chefe of mynstrasye.

If thou will spelle, or tales telle,
Thomas, thu sall neuer lesynge lye:
Whare euer thu fare, by frythe or felle,
I pray the speke none euyll of me.
Fare wele, Thomas, with owttyn gyle;  
I may no lengar duelle with the.  
Lufty lady, habyd a while,  
And telle thue me of some ferly.  

Thomas, herkyn what I the saye,  
When that a tree rote es dede,  
The leuis fal and wyce a waye;  
And froyte it beris nodur whyte ne rede.  

Of the Bayliolse blod so sail it falle,  
It sail be lyke a rotyn tre;  
The Comyns and the Barlays alle,  
The Russells, and the Fresells free.  

All sail thay fade and wyce a waye;  
Na wondur if the rote drye;  
And mekill bale sail after spraye,  
Whare joy and blysse was won te to bee.  

Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way;  
I may no lenger stand thee by.  
Now, lufty lady, gude and gay,  
Telle me gitt of some ferly.  

What kyne ferlys, Thomas gode,  
Suld I thee telle, and thi wille bee?  
Telle me of this gentill blode,  
Wha sail thrife, and who sail thee.  

Wha sail be kynge, wha sail be nane,  
And wha sail welde this North contre;  
Wha sail flee, and wha sail be tane,  
And whare thir batells donne sail bee.  

---

1 How human the lady is made in this production! Always turning on her heel to go, like a jade, and persuaded to remain and tell more.
Thomas, of a Batelle I sall the telle,
That sall be done righte sone at wille:
Beryns sall mete bothe fers and felle,
And freschely fighte at Eldone\(^1\) hille.

The Bretans blode sall vndir fete;
The Bruyse blode sall wyn the spraye;
Sex thowsande Ynglysche, wele thu wete,
Sall there be slayne that ilk day.

Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my waye;
To stande with the me thynk full irke—
Of a batell I will the saye,
That sall be done at Fawkirke.

Baners sall stande, bethe large and leng,
Trowe this wele, with mode and mayne;
The Bruysse blood sall vndir gane,
Seuen thowsande Scottis ther sall be slayne.

Fare wele, Thomas; I pray the sesse;
No lengar here thu tarye mee;
My grehundis thay brek thaire lesse,
And my raches thaire copills in three;

Loo! whare the dere by twa and twa
Haldis ouer \(\text{gone}\) montane heghe—
Thomas said, God schilde thu gaa,
Bot tell me \(\text{gitt}\) of some ferly.

Holde thi greyhundis in thi honde;
And cupull thi raches to a tre;
And lat the dere reyke ouer the londe;—
Ther is a herd in Holteby.\(^2\)

---

\(^1\) The MSS. vary in this place, some reading \textit{Ledyn}, others \textit{Halydowne} and \textit{Eldone}. But it may be questioned whether these are not all differing forms of the same word—Haly-doun, the holy height or down. See \textit{suprâ}.

\(^2\) ? Holte by.
Off a batelle I sall the saye,
    That sall gare ladyes morne in mode:
At Banokis borne bothe water and claye
    Sall be mengyde with mannis blode.

Stedis sall stombill with tresoune,
    Bothe baye and broun, grysselle and graye;
Gentill knyghtis sall stombill downe,
    Thorowe takynge of a wykkide waye.

The Bretans blode sall vndir falle;
    The Bruysse blode sall wynn the spraye;
Sex thowsand Ynglysche, grete and smale,
    Sall there be slane that ilk a daye.

Than sall Scotland kyngles stande;
    Trow it wele that I the saye;
A tercelet of the same lande
    To Bretane sall take the redy waye.

And take tercelletis grete and gaye,
    With hym owte of his awen contree;
Thay sall wende on an ryche arraye,
    And come agayne by land and see.

He sall stroye the North contree
    Mare and lesse hym by-forne;
Ladyes sall saye, alas and waloway!
    That euer that royalle blode was borne!

He sall ryse vpe at Kynkehorne,
    And tye the schippis vn to the sande;
At Dipplynge more, appon the morne,
    Lordis will thynke full lange to stande.
By twix Dipplenge and the dales
   The watir that rynnes on rede claye,
Thare sall be slayne for sothe, Thomas,
   Eleuen thowsande Scottis that nyght and daye.

Thay sall take a townn of grete renowne,
   That standis nere the water of Taye,
The fadir and the sone sall be dongen downe,
   And with strakis strange be slayne awaye.

When thay hase wonne that walled towne,
   And ylke man hase cheuede thayre chaunce,
Than sall thir Bretans make them bown,
   And fare forthe to the werre of Fraunce.

Than sall Scotland kynglesse stande,
   And be lefte, Thomas, als I the saye;
Than sall a kyng be chosen so gyngge,
   That kane no lawes lede, perfaye.

Dauid with care he sall be-gynn,
   And with care he sall wende a waye;
Lordis and ladyes, more dois myn,
   Sall come appon a riche araye;
And croune hym at the town of Skynne,\(^1\)
   Appon ane certane solempne daye.

---

\(^1\) Scone. According to the Cambr. MS. they read—

' Robert with care he shall reng,
   And also he shalle wynd awaye;
Lordys and ladys, both olde and yeng,
   Shall draw to hym with owtyn naye.'
Beryns balde, both gonge and alde,
    Sall till hym drawe with owttn naye;
Euyn he sall to Yngland ryde,
    Este and weste, als lygges the waye.

Be-twixe a parke and an abbaye,
    A palesse and a paresche kyrke,
Thare sail gour kynge faill of his praye,
    And of his lyfe be wondir irke:

He sall be tane so wondir sare,
    So that a waye he sall noghte flee;
Heys nebbe sall ryne, or he thethyn fare,\(^1\)
    The rede blode trykelande vn to his knee.

He sall than be with a false
    Be trayede of his awen
And whether it come
    He sall byde

That ran
    [About six lines seem to be wanting.]

In the Northe to do owttraye.

And when he es man moste of mayne,
    And hopis beste than for to spede,
On a ley lande sall he be slayne
    Be syde a waye, for owttn drede.

Sythen sall selle Scotland, per ma faaye,
    Fulle and fere full many ane,
For to make a certane paye,
    But ende of it sall neuer come nane.

\(^1\) 'His nek shall rise.'—MS. Cambr.
And than saill Scotland kyngles stande,
Trowe this wele, that I telle the;
Thre tercelettis of the same lande
Sall stryfe to bygg and browke the tree;

He sail bygg, and browke the tree;
That hase no flyghte to fley a waye;
Thay fall with pryde to Ynglande ryde,
Este and weste, als lygges the waye.

Haly kyrke bese sett be syde,
Relygous byrnede on a fyre;
Sythen sail thay to a castelle ryde,
And schewe tham thare with.

By syde a wyth . . . . .
A why . . . . .

[Be 1 twene a myckul way and a water,
A parke and a stony way then,
Ther shal a cheftan mete in fere;
A ful dughty ther shalbe slayn.2]

The toder cheftan shalbe tane,
A presans of blode hym shal slee,
And lede hym a way in a wane,
And cloye hym in a castell hee.

1 The conclusion of the Second Fytt (evidently consisting of about twelve lines), which is wanting, is here added from the Cambridge MS.
2 This stanza in the Cotton MS. is here added, as it varies from that given above.

' Betwys a wethy and a water,
A wel and a haly staine,
Ther sal two cheftans met in fer;
The Douglas ther sail be slaine.'
Fare wel, Thomas; I wende my way;
For I most over gone bentis brown.
Here ar two fytts, Thomas, to say,
Off THOMAS OF ERSEDOWN.]

[The Third Fytt.]

Now, lusty lady, gente and hende,
Tell me, gif it thi willis bee,
Of thyes batells, how thay schall ende,
And whate schall worthe of this Northe conte.

This worlde, Thomas, sothely to telle,
Es noghte bot wauerethe and woghe;
Of a batelle I will the telle,
That schall be done at Spynkerde cleughe.

The Bretans blode schall vndir falle;
The Bruyse blode schalle wyn the spraye;
Sex thowsande Ynglysche grete and smalle
Salle thare be slayne that nyghte and daye.

The rerewarde sall noghte weite, perfaye,
Of that ilke dulfull e dede;
Thay sall make a grete journaye
Dayes tene with owttyn drede.

And of a batelle I will the telle,
That sall be done now sone at will;
Beryns sall mete, both ferse and felle,
And freschely fyghte at Pentland hyll.
By-twyx Sembery\(^1\) and Pentlande,
  The haulle that standis appone the rede claye,
There schall be slayne Eleuen thousands
  Off Scottis men that nyghte and daye.

They sall take a towne of grete renown,
  That standis nere the water of Taye,\(^2\)
The tother este at Barbeké.

For yours furthe sall flee [a mayne]
  On a Sonondaye by fore the messe;
Seuen thousands sothely sall be slayne,
  One ayrth peryte, more and lesse.

For ther sall be no banneres prese,
  Bot ferre in sondir sall they bee;
Carefull sall be the after mese,
  By-twixe Seton and the see.

Schippes sall stande appon the sande,
  Wayffande with the see fame;
This gere and mare than sall thy stande,
  Or any beryn come for tham hame.

Stedis awaye masterles sall flynge,
  Ouer the mountans too and fra;
Thaire sadills one thaire bakkis sall hynge,
  Vn to the garthe be rotyn in twa.

\(\text{gitt sall thy hewe one other aye,}\)
  Vnto the sone be sett nere weste;
Bot thare es no wighte that \(\text{gitt wete maye,}\)
  Whether of thaym sall hafe the beste.

\(^{1}\) Instead of 'Sembery,' the Cambridge MS. reads 'Edynborow.'
\(^{2}\) About thirteen lines are torn away.
AND QUEENE OF ELF-LAND

Thay sall plante down thaire baners thare,
    Worthi men all nyghte sall dye;
Bot one the moine ther sall be care,
    For nowther syde sall hafe the gree.

Than sall thay tak a truce and swere,
    For thre gere and more, I vnderstande;
That nane of tham sall other dere,
    Nouther by see ne gitt by lande.

Be twene the twoo seynt Mary dayes,¹
    When the tyme waxis nere long,
Then sall thei mete and baners rese,
    In Gleydis-more that is so long.

Gladys-more, that gladis us all;
    This is beginning of our gle;
Grete sorow there sall fall,
    Where rest and peese were wont to be.

Crowned kyngus ther shalbe slayn,
    With dynts sore and wonder to se,
Out of a more a raven shal cum,
    And of hym a schrew shal flye,

And seke the more with owten rest,
    After a crosse is made of ston,
Hye and lowe, both est and west;
    But up he shal spede anon.

¹ This and the three following stanzas are supplied from the Cambridge MS.
He sall lyghte whare the crose sulde bee,
   And holde his nebbe wp to the skye;
   And drynke of gentill blode and free;
   Then ladys waylowaye sall crye.

Then sall a lorde come to that werre,
   That sall be of full grete renowne;
   And in his benere sall he bere,
   Triste it wele, a rede lyone.

Ther sall another come to that werre,
   That sall fyghte full fayre in molde;
   And in his banere sall he bere
   A schippe with an ankyre of golde.

Sit it sall another come to that werre
   That es noghte knawen by northe [ne weste,]
   And in his banere sall he bere
   A Wolfe with a nakede childe in his [brest.]

Sit it sall the forthe lorde come to that werre
   That sall grete maystree after men
   And in his
   The bere

Then¹ sall they fight with helm and spere,
   Un to the sun be set nere west;
   Ther is no wyght in that fyld ther
   That wots qwylke side shall have the best.

A bastard shall cum fro a forest,
   Not in Yngland borne shall he be,—
   And he sall wyn the gre for the best,
   Of alle men leder in Bretan sall he be.

¹ This and the next sixteen stanzas are supplied from the Cambridge MS.
And with pride to England ride,
   Est and west in certayn;
And holde a parlement with pride,
   Wher never non be-fore was seyn.

All false lawes he shalle lay doune,
   That are begune in that cuntré;
Truly to wyrke he shalbe bouné,
   And leder of all Bretans shal he be.

The bastard shal get hym power strong,
   And all his faes he shall down dyng;
Of alle the v. kingys londis
   Ther shal non bodword home bryng.

The bastard shalle go in the Holy land;
   Trow this wel y the say:
Tak his soule to his hande,
   Jhu Christe that mycull may!

Thomas, truly I the say,
   This is trewith ylke worde;
Of that last batel I the say,
   That shalbe don at Sandeforde.

Nere Sandyforth ther is a wro,¹
   And nere that wro is a well;
A ston there is the wel even fro,
   And nere the wel truly to tell,

On that grounde ther groeth okys thre,
   And is called Sandyford;
Ther the last batel done shalbe;
   Thomas, trow thu ilke a worde—

¹ In MS. Cotton it is 'broo.'
This she said with hevy chere;
The terys ran out of her een gray—
Lady, or thu wepe so sore,
Take thi houndis, and wende thi way.

I wepe not for my way-walkyng,
Thomas, treuly I the say;
But for ladysshal wed laddys ging,
When ther lordis are dede away.

He shall have a stede in stabul fed,
A hauke to beyre upon his hond;
A bright lady to his bed,
That before had non in loude.

Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way;
Alle the day thu wil me marre.—
Lusly lady, tel thu me
Of Black Agnes of Dunbar.

And why she have gyven me the warre,
And put me in her prison depe;
For I walde dwel with her ever marre,
And kepe hir plaes and hir shepe.

Of black Agnes cum never gode,
Wher for, Thomas, she may not the;
For al hir welth and hir worldly gode,
In London cloysed shal she be.

Ther prevys never gode of hir blode;
In a dyke than shall she dye;
Houndis of hir shall have ther fode,
Margrat of all hir kyn and she.

1 MS. Then.
Then Thomas a sory man was he,
The terys ran out of his een gray:
Lufty lady, get tell to me,
If we shall parte for ever and aye?

Nay, when thou sitts at Erseldown,
To Huntlee bankkis take thi waye,
There sall I sikirly be bowne,
To mete the, Thomas, if that I maye.

She blewe hir horne on hir palfraye,
And lefte Thomas at Eldoune tre;
Till Helmesdale scho tuke the waye,
And thus depertede scho and hee.

Of such a woman wolde I here
That couth telle of swilke ferly;
Jhu crownde with a crown of brere,
Brynge vs to thy halle on hye.


Explicit Thomas of Erseledownn.
The Fermorar and his Dochter.

This lively and spirited dialogue between a farmer and his daughter, on the subject of her marriage, is apparently of English composition, although the editor found it written on the fly-leaf of an ancient copy of Wnytoun’s “Chronicle,” which appears to have formerly belonged to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth. The date of the manuscript itself is the earlier part of the fifteenth century; that of the poem is certainly not later than the reign of James V.

In a foolish and vulgar English song of the last century, not worth preserving, entitled “The Maid’s Resolution to Marry a Rake,” we find reasons nearly similar to those expressed in the following dialogue, for choosing a gentleman, instead of a ploughman or farmer, as her husband:

My Mother would have me to marry a Clown
That hedges and ditches all week for a crown;
But to marry a Rake is all my delight;
If he rambles all day, he will please me at night.

The name of a Clown I highly disdain,
My Father and Mother they love the same:
A Clown is a Clown both at home and abroad,
When a Rake he is comely, and sweet in his bed.

A Ploughman I own is good in his kind,
But I’m resolv’d to alter my mind;
For a Rake dress’d in scarlet and trimm’d with gold
Is handsome and pleasant, and lovely to behold.

The sixth stanza of this poem is defective of three lines; but possibly we have no great cause to regret the loss which it has sustained.
I did walk onys be ane medo side,
In ane symmer sessoun, quhen men
wynnis thair hay,
I hard ane riche fermorar with his
dochter chide,
Tuiching hir merriage, and thus he did say:
Here duellis Symkin my nychtbour, ourthort gane
way,
He hes thre welthy childering, choise the one of
thoise;—
Thow sall haue one of thame, with myche of
my poise.

Fader, quoth the dochter, that gois aganis my hart,
Sen I haue bene gour drevill this xx. geris and
more,
Now wald ge gar me go at pleuch and at cart,
And leiff my liff in sklavary, as I haue done to for;
Tak it for ane anser, I will do so no more:
ge can nocht compell me to mary one of thois,
For I will haue ane gentill man, with pleasand
cloise.

Dochter, quoth the fader, quhy dois thow thaim
refuse,
Sen thai be gudlie gemen that be in all this land?—
In all this cuntre, I think, thou can not chuse,
More nymlar fallowis of fute, nor of hand;
More panefullar, more thrifty, I lat the vnderstand:
Thou can nocht do better than mary on of
thois:
No! thou sall mary one of thame, in spite of
thy noise.
Fader, quoth the dochter, I put gou out of dout,
I rak nocht of thare manheid, nor thair thristynes
at all;
I am nocht disposit to mary Hob Klout,
To leif like my mothir, in messarie and thrall,
Servand the swyne, and the oxin in thare stall,
With ane pare of clamper kynnis clowtit to my
hoise,
No! I will haue ane gentill man, in spyte of
your noise.

Gif I get ane gentill man, I can nocht lychtly
myse
Of doctouris of phesik and necessary fude;
Gif I say bot onys, gude husband, gett me this,
I can nocht lychtly laik it, and it will do me gude;
Sic qualities hes ane gentill man that is cum of
gentill blude:
How mony of this cuntre dois laik one of thoise?
No! I will haue ane gentill man, in spite of
your noise.

Ane gentill man is lusty, luvand, and faithfull of
fay,
He is worthy to be lovit, he is plesand and gay:
Fader, content gou, in spite of your noise,
And euir I maryt be, I will haue one of thoise.

Giff I get ane gentill man, his sycht will do me
gude
He will halse me, and braise me, and lufe me out
of mesour;
So sall I haue my silkan gowne, with my franca
hude,
I sall haue aboundance and infinite tressour,
And I salbe accompanyit with ladeis of plesour,
And I sall haue my schois of veluot, to my fine hoise, 45
So will I haue ane gentill man, in spite of your noise.

Ane gentill man is lusty, and will lay on the laid,
With ane swerde, and ane dagar glitterand by his side,
Quhen Symkin standis quhisling with ane quhip
and ane gaid,
Prickand and garkand ane ald ox hide, 50
With one pare of stro buskynis he gois to ride,
Moist like ane spittell man:—suld I haue ane of thoise!
No! I will haue ane gentill man, in despite of your noise.
The Battle of Haylaw.

The exact age of this historical song or poem has not been ascertained, and has given rise to some discussion, on which it is not necessary at present to enter at large. Lord Hailes suspected "that it will be found to be as recent as the days of Queen Mary or James VI." Mr. Sibbald concurs in this opinion; but, on the other hand, Mr. Ritson, Mr. Pinkerton, and Mr. Finlay maintain that, "from its manner, it might have been written soon after the event."

That this poem—in its original form—is of considerable antiquity cannot be doubted, the "battle of Hayrlau" being named amongst the popular songs of the time by the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1549; and it may be considered as the original of rather a numerous class of our historical ballads. No copy of an earlier date than that in Ramsay's "Evergreen," 1724, is known; and he has evidently taken serious liberties with the text. An edition, printed in the year 1668, was in the curious library of Robert Myln.

The Battle of Harlaw. Foughten upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

I.

RAE Dunideir as I cam through,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch;
Grit pitie was to heir and se
The noys and dulesum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw;
Cryand the corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the HARLAW.
II.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
   All folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wist nocht quha was fae or friend;
   Yit quietly I did me carrie.
   But sen the days of auld King Harry,
Sic slaughter was not hard nor sene,
   And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
   To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
   Requeisting him to mak me quaint
   Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
   Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
   Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
   Them for to haif, gif that he micht:
   Quha saw his interest was but slicht;
And thairfore answerit with disdain;
   He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodword back again.
V.

But Donald richt impatient
   Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
   All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his graif.
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
   Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

VI.

Then haistylie he did command,
   That all his weir-men should convene,
Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
   To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
   Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With mony maid, with forss and wyles,
   Richt far and neir baith up and doun:
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the land of Ross he roa:s,
   And all obey'd at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.
VIII.

Then all the Countrie men did yield;
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battill in the feild,
Be forss of arms to beir him bak;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair behoif,
They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them loife.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray Land to mak a raid,
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness.
And further mair he sent express,
To schaw his collours and ensengie,
To all and sindry, mair and less,
Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Engie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
That race they should full sailry rew.
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forss and slicht,
And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of mekle micht.
XI.

Without resistans, as he said,
Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast.
Throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never sene;
And then, forswith, he langd at last
To sé the Bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

To hinder this proud enterprise,
The stout and michty Erle of Marr
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
And down the syde of Don richt far;
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came sae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of Marr
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was ware,
His banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir or delay,
Came haistily to the Harlaw.
XIV.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy, Of Angus Sherriff principall, The constabill of gude Dundé, The vanguard led before them all. Suppose in number they war small, Thay first richt bauldlie did pursue, And maid thair faes befoir them fall, Quha then that race did sailry rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord Salton, The strong undoubted Laird of Drum, The stalwart Laird of Lawristone, With ilk thair forces all and sum. Panmuir with all his men did cum, The Provost of braif Aberdene, With trumpets and with tuick of drum, Came schortly in thair armour schene.

XVI.

These with the Erle of Marr came on, In the reir-ward richt orderlie, Thair enemies to sett upon; In awfull manner hardilie, Togither vowit to live and die, Since they had marchit mony mylis For to suppress the tyrannie Of douted Donald of the Yles.
THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
   Richt subtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
   With all their power at thair syde,
Presume and on thair strength and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
   Richt bauldlie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair HARLAW.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
   The dandring drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
   Till ane of them the feild sould bruik,
Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
   And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byde.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
   The bludy battil lastit lang,
Each man his nibours forss thair felt;
   The weakest aift-tymes gat the wrang.
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
   That eccho maid a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.
XX.

But Donalds men at last gaif back;
For they war all out of array.
The Earl of Marris men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or slay,
Be dynt of forss to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for feirdness tint the feild.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich for all his micht;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht:
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is, (quod he,) the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.
Contrairie God and the Kings law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of HARLAW;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.
XXIII.

But yit a bony quhyle abyde,
   And I sall mak thé cleirly ken
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde,
   Of Lowland and of Highland men,
   Quha for thair awin haif evir bene.
These lazie lowns micht weil be spaird,
   Chessit lyke deirs into thair dens,
   And gat thair waiges for rewaird.

XXIV.

Malcomtosh of the clan heid cheif,
   Macklean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair succour and releif,
   War dulefully dung to the deid.
   And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to cum again ;
   Thousands of thaim without remeid
On Donald's syd that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syd war lost,
   Into the field that dismal day,
Chief men of worth, (of mekle cost,)
   To be lamentit sair for ay.
   The Lord Saltoun and Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main ;
   Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.
XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was,
   The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The Sheriff-Principal of Angus;
   Renownit for truth and equitie,
   For faith and magnanimitie;
He had few fallows in the feild,
   Yit fell by fatall destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, Knicht,
   Grit constabill of fair Dundé,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
   The Kingis cheif banner-man was he,
   A valgiant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan that place
   At Spey, with gude King William frie,
Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Allexander Irvine,
   The much renownit Laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir sene,
   Quhen they war semblit all and sum,
   To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthyness,
   To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ransom is remedyless.
XXIX.

And thair the Knicht of Lawriston Was slain into his armour schene: And gude Sir Robert Davidson, Quha Provest was of Aberdene; The Knicht of Panmure, as was sene, A martaill man in armour bricht, Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene, Left to the warld thair last gude nicht.

XXX.

Thair was not, sen King Keneths days, Sic strange intestine crewel stryf In Scotland sene, as ilk man says, Quhair mony lichtlie lost thair lyfe; Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe, And mony children fatherless, Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe; Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress!

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even, That four and twenty dismall day, Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven Of yeirs sen Chyrst, the suthe to say: Men will remember as they may, Quhen thus the veritie they knew, And mony a ane may murn for ay, The brim battil of the HARLAW.

Finis.
The Thrie Tailes of the Thrie Priests of Peblis.

The only printed edition of the "Tales of the Priests of Peblis," of which any trace now appears, is that produced at Edinburgh in 1603. From this source these Tales were published by Mr. Pinkerton in 1792, and a considerable portion of them by Mr. Sibbald in 1801. It was thought advisable, however, to include these Tales in this collection, as meriting to be better known, and more accessible than at present they can be said to be. The title of the original edition is as follows:—

The thrie Tailes of the thrie Priests of Peblis.

Contayning many notabill examples and sentences and (that the paper sould not be voide) supplyit with sundrie merie tailes very pleasant to the Reader and mair exactlie corrected than the former Impression.

OVID.
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debit.

IMPRINTED AT EDINBURGH
be Robert Charteris 1603.
cvm privilegio regali.

1 At the end is an advertisement, stating that the printer had set forth with the King's Majesties license "sundrie uther delectabill discourses,—sic as are David Lindsayes Play; Philotus; and the Freirs of Berwick and Biblo." It has been asked, but in vain, if any one ever heard of Biblo. The other "discourses" are better known.
3 Chronicle of Scotch Poetry, vol. ii.
4 The merie tailes mentioned in the above title-page are
In "The Complaynt of Scotland" (1549) there is an allusion to these Tales. "The Priests of Peblis (says the author) speiris an questioun in ane beuk that he compilit, quhy that burgis aryis thryuis nocht to the thrid ayr," &c. From this passage we might almost infer that "the beuk" had been but recently compiled. Mr. Pinkerton, however, observes, that the Tales "appear, from internal evidence, to have been written before the year 1492, because the kingdom of Grenada is mentioned as not yet Christian. Conjecture (he shrewdly adds) may well suppose that they were intended to chastise the weak government of James III., slain in 1488." With regard to the author, not the slightest hint is to be discovered; and, therefore, it were idle to have recourse to such suppositions as those in which Mr. Sibbald indulged; —who at length seemed to have settled the matter to his own conviction, by fixing their date between 1533 and 1540, and attributing them to John Rolland, the author of a metrical version of the "Sevin Sagis," which passed through several editions; and of a long dull moral poem, under the title of "The Court of Venus," printed at Edinburgh in 1575, of which one copy alone is known to be preserved. In answer to all Mr. Sibbald's conjectures, it is enough to state that a portion of these Tales, with the title, "Heir begynnis the buke of the thre prestis of Peblis how thai told thar Tales," is contained in a MS. which appears to have been transcribed at least twenty years previous to the date he assigns for their composition, and probably before Rolland was born.

Mr. Pinkerton says, "It is hardly necessary to remark, that these Tales of the Priests are more moral than facetious, and that their chief merit consists in a naif delineation of ancient manners." In like manner, the biographer of the Scotish Poets has said: "The three priests of Peebles, having met on St. Bride's day for the purpose of regaling themselves, agree, that each in his turn shall endeavour to entertain the rest by relating some story. They acquit

in prose, and printed in a "small letter on the margin: they are taken from George Peele's jests," of which the earliest known impression seems to be that of 1607, although it was licensed in 1605, and might be supposed, from the above reference, to have been in existence in or before 1603.
themselves with sufficient propriety. The tales are of a moral tendency, but, at the same time, are free from the dulness which so frequently infests the perceptive compositions of our earlier poets." 1

The Preface.

In Peblis town sumtyme, as I heard tell, The formost day of Februare, befell Thrie Priests went unto collatioun, Into ane privie place of the said toun. Quhair that they sat, richt soft and unfute sair;

They luifit not na rangald nor repair:
And, gif I sall the suith reckin and say, I traist it was upon Sanct Bryd's day.
Quhair that they sat, full easily and soft;
With monie lowd lauchtuer upon loft.
And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir;
To them thair was na dainties than too deir:
With thrie fed capons on a speit with creische,
With monie uthirsindrie dyvers meis.
And them to serve thay had nocht bot a boy;
Fra cumpanie thay keipit them sa coy,
They luift nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
Nor with trumpours to travel throw the toun;
Both with themself quhat thay wald tel or crak;
Umquhyle sadlie; umquhyle jangle and jak;
Thus sat thir thrie besyde ane felloun fyre,
Quhil thair capons war roistit lim and lyre.
Befoir them was sone set a Roundel bricht,
And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
It was ouriset; and on it breid was laid,
The eldest than began the grace, and said,

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And blissit the breid with Benedicite,  
With Dominus, Amen, sa mot I the.
And be they had drunken about a quarte,  
Than spak ane thus, that Master was in Arte,  
And to his name their callit Johne was he;  
And said, sen we ar heir Priests thrie,
Syne wants nocht, be him that maid the mone,  
Til us wee think ane tail soould cum in tune.
Than spake ane uther, to name hecht M. Archebald,  
Now, be the hiest Hevin, quod he, I hald  
To tel ane tail, methink, I soould not tyre,  
To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.
Than spak the thrid, to name hecht S. Williame,  
To grit clargie I can not count nor clame;  
Nor yet I am not travellit, as ar ye,  
In monie sundrie land beyond the see.
Thairfoir me think it nouther shame nor sin,  
Ane of yow twa the first tail to begin.
Heir I protest, than spak maister Archebald,  
Ane travellit Clark suppois I be cald,  
Presumpteouslie I think not to presume,  
As I that was never travellit bot to Rome.
To tel ane tail bot eirar I suppone,
The first tail tald mot be Maister Johne:
For he hath bene in monie uncouth land,  
In Portingale, and in Civile the grand;  
In fyve kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene;  
In foure christin, and ane heathin, I wene.
In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice toui;
And other Lands sundrie up and doun.
And for that he spak first of ane tail,  
Thairfoir to begin he soould not fail.
Thein speiks maister Johne, Now be the Rude,  
Me to begin ane tail sen ye conclude,  
An I deny than had I sair offendit,
The thing begun the soner it is endit.
The first tale told be maister John.

A KING thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene; As monie in the land befoir had bene. This king gart set ane plane parliament, And for the Lords of his kinrik sent: And, for the weifair of his Realme and gyde, Th' thrie Estaits concludit at that tyde. The king gart cal to his palice al thrie, The estaits ilkane in thair degrie. The Bishops first, with Prelats and Abbotis, With thair Clarks servants, and Varlottis: Into ane hall, was large, richt hie, and hudge, Thir Prelats all richt lustelie couth ludge. Syne in ane hal, ful fair farrand, He ludgit al the Lords of his Land. Syne in ane Hal, was under that ful clene, He harbourit all his burgessis, rich and bene. Sa of thir thrie Estaits, al and sum, In thir thrie Hals he gart the wysest cum. And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair? They fuir als weil as onie folk micht faur, THE King himself come to this Burgessis bene; And thir words to them carps I wene, And says, Welcum burgessis, my bield and bliss!

Quhen ye fair weil I ma na mirths mis. Quhen that your ships halds hail and sound, In riches gudes and weifair I abound. Ye are the causa of my life, and my cheir, Out of far Lands your Marchandice cums heir. Bot ane thing is, for short, the cause quhy Togidder heir yow gart cum have I. To yow I have ane questioun to declair, Quhy Burges bairns thyvies not to the thrid air?
Bot casts away it that thair eldars wan.
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can;
To yow I gif this questioun, al and sum,
For to declair againe the morne I cum,
VNTO his Lords that cumen is the king,
Dois gladlie al he said baith old and ying:
My lustie Lords, my Leiges, and my lyfe,
I am in sturt quhen that ye ar in stryfe.
Quhen ye have peace, and quhen ye have pleasance,
Than I am glade, and derflie may I dance.
Ane heid dow not on bodie stand allane,
Fourout memberis, to be of micht and mane;
For to uphald the bodie and the heid;
And sickerlie to gar it stand in steid.
Thairfoir, my Lords, and my Barrouns bald,
To me alhail ye ar help and uphald.
And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
Quhairfoir that I gart cum sic confluence:
And quhy ye Lords of my Parliament,
I have gart cum, I will tell my intent.
Ane questioun I have, ye mon declair,
That in my minde is ever mair and mair;
Quhairfoir, and quhy, and quhat is the cais,
Sa worthie Lords war in myne elders dayis;
Sa full of fredome, worship, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour.
And now in yow I find the hail contrair?
Thairfoir this dout and questioun ye declair.
And it declair, under the hiest pane;
The morne this tyme quhen that I cum agane.
THAN till his Clergie come this nobil king;
Welcum bishops, he said, with my blissing;
Welcum my beidmen, my blesse, and al my beild;
To me ye ar baith Helmeit, Speir, and Scheild.
For richt as Moyses stude upon the Mont,
Prayand to God of Hevin, as he was wont;
And richt sa, be your devoit orisoun,
Myne enemies sould put to confusioun,
Ye ar the gainest gait, and gyde, to God;
Of al my Realme ye ar the rewl and rod.
It that ye dome think it should be done;
Quhen that ye shrink, I have ane sunyie sone.
Thus be yow ay ane example men tais:
And as ye say than al and sundrie sayis:
It that ye think richt, or yit resoun,
To that I can nor na man have chessoun.
And that ye think unressoun, or wrang,
Wee al and sundrie sings the samin sang.
Bot ane thing is I wald ye understude,
The cause into this place for to conclude,
Quhairfoir and quhy I gart yow hidder cum,
My Clargie, and my Clarks, al and sum;
To yow I have na uther tail, nor theame,
Exceptand to yow Bishops a probleame;
Quhilk is to me ane questioun and dout;
Out of my mind I wald ye put it out.
That is to say, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of ancestry,
Sa monie Bishops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.
And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak; the blind men gat their sicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
War nane in bail bot weill thay culd them beit.
To seik folks, or in sairnes syne,
Til al thay wald be mendis, and medecyne.
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye warie;
As thay did than quhairfoir sa may not ye;
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than?
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can.
VPON the morne, after service and meet, The King came in, and sat doun in his sait, Into the hal, amang the Burges men; With him ane Clark, with ink, paper, and pen. And bad them that they sould, foroutin mair, His questioun reid, assolye, and declar. Aud the Burgessis, that this questioun weil knew, Hes ordaned ane wyse man, and ane trew, The questioun to reid foroutin fail, And he stude up, and this began his tail.

EXCELLENT, hie, richt michty prince and King!
Your hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing, Quhy burges bairnis thryvis not to the thrid air; Can never thryve bot of al baggis is bair. And ever mair that is for to say, It that thair eldars wan thay cast away? This questioun declar ful weill I can: Thay begin not quhair thair fathers began. Bot, with ane heily hart, baith doft and de:ft, Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left. Of this mater largelie to speik mair, Quhy that thay thryve not to the thrid air; Becaus thair fathers purelie can begin; With [a] hap, and [a] halfpenny, and a lambs skin. And purelie run fra toum to toum on feit; And that richt oft wetshod, werie, and weit. Quhilk at the last of monie smale couth mak This bonie pedder ane gude fute pak. At ilkane fair this chapman ay was fund; Quhil that his pak was wirth fourtie pund. To beir his pak, quhen that he feillit force, He bocht ful sone ane mekil stalwart hors.
And at the last so worthelie up wan,
He bocht ane cart to carie pot and pan;
Baith Flanders coffers, with counters and kist;
He wox ane grand rich man, or anie wist. 200
And syne into the town, to sel and by,
He held a chop to sel his chaffery.
Than bocht he wol, and wyselie couth it wey.
And efter that some saylit he the sey;
Than come he hame a verie potent man;
And spousit syne a michtie wyfe richt than.
He sailit ouer the sey sa oft and oft,
Quhil at the last ane semelie ship he coft.
And waxe sa ful of warldis welth and win;
His hands he wish in ane silver basin. 210
Foroutin gold or silver into hurde,
Wirth thrie thousand pund was his copburde.
Riche was his gounis with uther garments gay;
For sonday silk, for ilk d :y grene and gray.
His wyfe was cumlie cled in scarlet reid. 215
 Scho had no doubt of derth of ail nor breid.
And efter that, within a twentie yeir,
He sone gat up ane stelwart man and steir.
And efter that this burges we of reid
Deit, as we mon do al indeid. 220
And fra [that] he was deid than come his sone,
And enterit in the welth that he had won.
He steppit not his steps in the streit,
To win this welth; nor for it was he weit.
Quhen he wald sleip, he wantis not a wink 225
To win this welth: na for it sweit na swink.
Thairfoir thatlichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga.
To win this welth he had na work, nor wa.
To win this gude he had not ane il houre;
Quhy sould he have the sweit, had not the soure? 230
Upon his fingers with riche rings on raw,
His mother not tholit the reik on him to blaw.
And wil not heir, for very shame and sin,  
That ever his father said ane sheip skin.  
He wald him sayne with Benedicite,  
Quha spak of onie degrading of his degrie.  
With twa men and ane varlot at his bak;  
And ane liblily ful lylil to lak.  
With ane wald he baith wod and wraith,  
Quha at him speirit how sald he the claith?  
At hasard wald he derflie play at dyse;  
And to the taverne eith he was to tyse.  
Thus wist he never of wa, bot ay of weil,  
Quhil he had slieie slidden fra his seil;  
Syne to the court than can he mak repair,  
And fallow hisyne to ane Lordis air.  
He weips nocht for na warldis welth, nor win,  
Quhil drink and dyce have pourit him to the pin.  
He can not mak be craft to win ane eg;  
Quhat ferlie is, thoch burges bairnes beg?  
And, Sir, this is the caus, as I declair,  
Quhy burges bairnis thrives not to the thrid air.  
Weil, quod the King, thow servis thy rewaird;  
For wyselie hes thow this questioun declaird.  
Sir Clark, tak ink, with pen on paper wryte;  
And as he said thow dewlie put on dyte.

'To the Lordis,'

THAN to his Lords cum is this nobil king,  
Desyrand for to wit the solyeing  
Of this questioun, this probleame, and this dout;  
The quhilks lords had al round about,  
Advysetlie, as weil it sould accord,  
Thair language laid upon ane agit Lord.  
The quhilk stude up, and richt wyselie did vail  
Upto the King, and this began his taill:
The answere to the second questioun.

EXCELLENT, hie, richt mighty Prince and
sure!

Ay at your call we ar, under your cure.
And now sen ye have gart us hither cum,
This dout for to declair, baith al and sum,
That is to say, the cause quhairfoir and quhy
Sic worthie Lords war in dayis gane by;
Sa ful of fredome, worschip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour:
And now in us ye meine ay mair and mair
Into your tyme ye find the hail contrair?
Sir, this it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy:
Your Justice ar sa ful of surquedry;
Sa covetous and ful of avarice,
That thay your Lords impairis of thair pryce.
Thay dyte your lords, and heryis up your men:
The thief now fra the leillman quha can ken?
Thay wryte up leill and fals, baith al and sum;
And dytes them under ane pardoun.
Thus, be the husbandman never sa leil,
He dytit is, as ane thief is, to steil,
Thay luke to nocht bot gif ane man have
gude;
And it I trow man pay the Justice sude:
The thief ful weill he wil himself overby;
Quhen the leill man into the lack will ly.
The leil man for to compone will nocht consent,
Because he waits he is ane innocent.
Thus ar the husbands dytit al but dout;
And heryit quyte away al around about.
Sumtyme, quhen husbandmen went to the weir,
Thay had ane jack, ane bow, or els ane speir:
And now befoir quhair they had ane bow,
Ful faine he is on bak to get ane fow.
And for ane jak ane raggit cloke hes tane; Ane sword, sweir out, and roustie for the rane. Quhat sould sic men to gang to ane hoist, Lyker to beg than enemies to boist? And your Lords, fra thair tennantes be puir, Of gold in kist na koffer has na cuir. Fra thay be al puir that ar them under; Thoch tha puir your Lords, is na wonder: For ritch husbands and tenants of grit wicht Helps ay thair Lords to hald thair richt, And quhen your Lords ar puir, thus to conclude, Thay sel thair sonnes and airs for gold and gude; Unto ane mokrand carle, for derest pryse, That wist never yit of honour, nor gentryse. This worship, and honour of linage, Away it weir this thus for thair disparage. Thair manheid and thair mense this gait thay murle; In marriage thus unyte with ane chirle. The quhilk wist never of gentrie, na honour, Of fredome, worship, vassalage, nor valour. This is the caus dreidles, for withoutin dout, Fra al your Lords how honour is al out. And thus my Lords bade me to yow say, How honour, fredome, and worship, is away. THAN spak the King; Your conclusion is quaint; And thairattour ye mak to us a plaint: And in your sentence thus ye meine to say, Leil men ar hurt, and theis gets away. And thus methink ye meine justice is smuird; Your tennants and your leill husbands ar puird: And, quhan that thay ar puird, than ar ye puir. The quhilk to yow is baith charge and cure; That ye for gold baith wed and wage; Ye sel your sones and aires in mariage
To cairls of kynde; and, bot for thair riches,  
In quhom is na nurture, nor nobilnes,  
Fredome, worship, manheid, nor honour,  
The quhilk to us and yow is dishonour.  
In samekil this shortly I conclude,  
As ye that are descendent of our blude,  
For the quhilk thing I will ye understand,  
With Gods grace, wee tak it upon hand,  
To se for this, as resoun can remeied;  
In tyme to cum thairof thair be na pleid.  
With our Justice thair sal pas ane Doctour,  
That lufis God, his saul, and our honour.  
The quhilk sal be ane Doctour in the Law,  
That sal the faith and veritie weil knaw:  
And frae hence furth he sal baith heir and se  
Baith theif puneist, and leil men live in lie.  
For weil I wait thair can be na war thing  
Than covetyce in Justice or in King.  
Efter this tail in us ye sal not taint;  
Nor yit of our Justice to mak ane plaint.  
And afterward sa did this King but chesoun;  
On him micht na man plenie of resoun.  
Syne bad his Clark, but onie variance,  
Wryte this in his buik of rememberance.

'To the Clergie.'

THAN to the Clergie come this nobill king  
Of his questioun to heir the absolving.  
And thay, as men of wisdome in al wark,  
Had laid thair speich upon ane cunning clark.  
The quhilk in vane in scule had not tane grie;  
In al science[s] sevin he was an A per se:  
And in termis short and sentence fair  
The questioun began for to deciair.
That is to say quhairfoir and quhy,
In auld times and dayes of ancestry,
Sa monie Bishops war and men of kirk
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk;
And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak; the blind men gat thair sicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruiket gat thair feit;
Was nane in bail bot weil thay could them beit.
And quhairfoir now al that cuir can warie,
Methink ye mene quhairfoir sa may not we?
And thus it is your quodlibet and dout,
Ye gave to us to reid, and gif it out.

The answer to the thrid questioun.

THIS is the caus, richt michtie King! at short,
To your Hienes as we sal thus report.
The lawit folkes this law wald never ceis
But with thair use, quhen Bishops war to cheis,
Unto the kirk they gadred, auld and ying,
With meik hart, fasting and praying;
And prayit God, with word[i]s not in waist,
To send them wit doun be the halie Gaist,
Quhan them amang was onie Bishop deid,
To send to them ane Bishop in his steid.
And yet amang us ar fund wayis thrie
To cheis ane Bishope, after ane uthir die.
That is to say the way of the Halie Gaist,
Quhilk takin is of micht and vertue maist.
The second is, by way of electioun,
Ane Parsone for to cheis of perfectioun,
In that cathedral kirk, and in that se,
In place quhair that Bishope suld chosen be:
And gif thair be nane abil thair that can
That office weil steir, quhat sal thay than
Bot to the thrid way to ga forthi?
Qhilk is callit (via[m] scrutavi)
That is to say, in al the realme and land,
Ane man to get for that office gainand.
Bot thir thrie wayis, withoutin ony pleid,
Ane sould we cheis after ane uthers deid,
Bot, Sir, now the contrair wee find,
Qhilk puts al our heavines behind.
Now sal thair nane, of thir wayis thrie,
Be chosen now ane Bishope for to be;
Bot that your micht and Majestie wil mak
Qhatever he be, to loife or yit to lak;
Than heylly to sit on the rayne-bow.
Thir Bishops cums in at the north window;
And not in at the dur, nor yit at the yet:
But over waine and quheil in wil he get.
And he cummis not in at the dur,
Gods pleuch may never hald the fur[w].
He is na Hird to keip thay sely sheip;
Nocht bot ane tod in ane lambskin to creip.
How sould he kyth mirakil, and he sa evil?
Never bot by the dysmel, or the devil.
For, now on dayes, is nouther riche nor puir
Sal get ane kirk, al throw his literature.
For science, for vertew, or for blude,
Gets nane the kirk, bot baith for gold and gude.
Thus, greit excellent King! the Halie Gaist
Out of your men of gude away is chaist:
And, war not that doubtles I yow declar,
That now as than wald hail baith seik and sair.
Sic wickednes this world is within,
That symonie is countit now na sin.
And thus is the caus, baith al and sum,
Quhy blind men sicht, na heiring gets na dum.
And thus is the caus, the suith to say,
Quhy halines fra kirkmen is away.
Than, quod the King, well understand I yow.
And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow,
And to my crown and to my cuuntrie to,
With kirk-gude sal I never have ado,
It to dispone to lytil or to large;
Kirkmen to kirk sen they have al the charge.

Than had this nobil King lang tyme and space;
And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
His Lordis honourit him efter thair degrie;
The Husband peice had and tranquilitie;
The Kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe;
The Burges sones began than for to thryfe.
And eftir long was never king more wyse;
And levit and deit, and endit in Gods servise.
And than spak all that fellowship but fail:
God and Sanct Martyne quyte yow of your tail.
And than spak Maister Archebald: falliswe
Gude tail or evil, quhider that ever it be.
Thus, as I can, I sal it tel but hyre,
To hald my fute out of this felion fyre.

The second taill raly be P. Archebald.

A KING thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene,
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
The king was fair in persoun, fresh and fors;
Ane feirie man on fute, as yit on hors.
And nevertheless feil falts him befell:
Hee luifit over weil yong counsel:
Yong men he luifit to be him neist;
Yong men to him thay war baith Clark and Preist.
Hee luifit nane was ald, or ful of age;
Sa did he nane of sad counsel nor sage.
To sport and play quhyle up and quhylum doun,
To al lichness ay was he redic boun.
Sa ouir the sey cummin thair was a clark
Of greit science, of voyce, word, and wark.
And dressit him with al his besynes
Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
Weil saw he with this king nicht na man byde,
Bot thay that wald al sadnes set on syde.
With club and bel, and partie cote with eiris,
He feinheit him ane fule, fond in his feiris.
French and Dutche, and Italie yit als,
Weil could he speik, and Latine feinie fals.
Unto the kirk he came, befoir the king,
With club and cote, and monie bel to ring.

Dieu gard, sir King, I bid nocht hald in hiddil;
I am to yow als sib as seif is to ane riddil,
Betwixt us twa mot be als mekil grace,
As frost and sna fra Yule is unto Pace.
Wait yee how the Frenche man sayis syne,
Nul bon, he sayis, monsieur sans pyne.

With that he gave ane loud lauchter on loft:
Honour and eis, sir, quha may have for nocht?
Cum on thy way, sir king, now for Sanct Jame,
Thow with me, or I with the, gang hame.
Now, be Sanct Katherine, quod the king, and
smyld,
This fule hes monie waverand word and wyld.
Cum hame with mee; thow sal have drink ynouch.

Grand mercy, quod the full agane, and leuch.
Now, quod the king, fra al dulnes and dule
Wee may us keip, quhil that wee have this
ful.

He feinheit him a full in deid and word;
The wyser man the better can be bourd.
Quhil at the last this full was callit alway
Fuil of fuiles, and that ilk man wald say,
Thus was this full ay stil with the King,
Quhil he had weil considderrat in al thing
The conditiouns, use, manner, and the gyse,  
And copyit weil the King on his best wyse.  
Sa fel it on a day this nobil King  
Unto ane cietie raid for his sporting :  
This fuil persavit weil the King wald pas,  
Unto ane uther cietie as it was,  
He tuke his club, and ane table, in his hand,  
For to prevene the tyme he was gangand.  
Sa be the way ane woundit man fande he ;  
And with this fuil war runners, twa or thrie,  
Sum of the court, and sum of the kitchene,  
And saw ane man but Leiche or Medycene  
Sa sair woundit micht nouthr ga nor steir :  
At him this fuil con al the caus speir.  
He answered, and said, Rever and thief,  
Thou hes me hurt, and brocht me in mischeif.  
With that his wounds war fillit ful of fleis,  
As ever in byke theair biggit onie beis.  
Than ane of them, that had pitie, can pray  
That he mot skar they felloun fleis away.  
Than spak the fuil and said, lat them be now, man ;  
For thay ar ful ; the hungry wil cum than.  
For thir dois nocht bot sit, as thou may se ;  
For thay ar als ful as thay may be :  
Be thir away, it is evil, and na gude,  
The hungrie fleis wil cum and souk his blude.  
The ofter that thir fleis away be cheist,  
The new fleis will mair of his blude waist :  
And draw his blude, and souk him sine sa sair ;  
Thairfoir lat them alane ; skar them na mair.  
The sair man him beheld, and him he demes,  
And said he was not sik a fuil as he semes.  
Sone after that ane lytil came the King,  
With monie man can gladelie sport and sing ;  
Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,  
To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
For than war monie fleand up and doun,
Throw kynd of yeir, and hate of that regioun.
Sa lukit he ane lytil by the way,
535
He saw the woundit man, quhair that he lay.
And to him came he rydand, and can fraine,
Q niekt aillet him to ly and sairly graine?
The man answered, I have sik sturt,
For beith with theif and rever I am hurt.
540
And yit, suppois I have all the pyne,
The falt is yowris, sir King, and nathing myne.
For, and with yow gude counsal war ay cheif,
Than wald ye stanche weil baith rever and theif.
Have thow with thé, that can weil dance and sing,
545
Thow taks nocht thocht thi realms weip and wring.
With that the King the bob of birks can wave,
The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
And than began the woundit man to grane,
Do nocht sa, Sir, allace! I am slane.
550
How sayis thow, thow tell me? quod the King,
Quhy thow sayis sa, I ferly, of this thing?
And sa said al his men, that stude about,
Thow wald be haill and thay war chasit out.
The sair can say, be him that can us save,
555
Your fule, sir King, hes mair wit than ye have.
And weil I ken, be his phisnomie,
He hes mair wit nor al your cumpanie.
My tung is sweir, my bodie hes na strenth,
Frane at your fule he can tel yow at lenth;
560
I am but deid, and I may speik na mair,
Adew, sir, for I have said: weil mot ye fair.
Thow taks nocht thi realms weip and wring.
With that the King the bob of birks can wave,
The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
And than began the woundit man to grane,
Do nocht sa, Sir, allace! I am slane.
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My tung is sweir, my bodie hes na strenth,
Frane at your fule he can tel yow at lenth;
560
I am but deid, and I may speik na mair,
Adew, sir, for I have said: weil mot ye fair.
Fra this sair man now cummin is the King,
Havand in mynd great murmour and moving;
And in his hart greit havines and thocht,
565
Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wrocht;
And how the cuntrie throw him was misfarne,
Throw yong counsel, and wrocht ay as a barne.
And yit, as he was droupand thus in dule,
Of al and al he ferleit of his fule:
Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him sould be;
And quhat this sair man be this fuil micht se.
And quhat it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy,
He was wyser than al his cumpany.
Quhan cummin was the King to that citie,
Fuil fast than for his fule frainit he.
And quhan the King was set doun to his meit,
Unto his fuil gart mak ane semely seit;
Ane Roundel with ane cleine claith had he,
Neir quhair the King micht him baith heir and se.
Than, quod the King a lytil wie, and leuch:
Sir fuil, ye ar lordly set aneuch;
Quhan ye ar fuil, quhat cal thay yow and how,
Sa hamely as ye ar with me now?
Sir to my name thay cal me fule Fictus,
Befoir yow as ye may se me sit thus;
And of this cuntrie certes am I borne,
With luk, and grace, and fortoun me beforne.
Schir fuill, tell me gif that ye saw this day
Ane woundit man ly granand by the way?
Ye, sir, forsuth sik ane man couth I sie:
And in his wound was monie felloun flie.
Now, quod the King, Sir fuill, to me ye say
Quhy skarrit ye not thay flies al away?
Thocht ye it was ane deid of charitie
In seik mans wound for to leife ane flie?
Sir, trow me weill, full suith it is I say,
Better was stil thay fleis, than skarrit away;
For gif sa be the fleis away ye skar;
Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
Thairfoir war better let them be, but dout,
For the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
The hungrie flie, that never had been thair,
Scho souks the mans wound sa wonder sair;
And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay stil,
And stops the hungrie beis to come thairtil.
Bot, sir, allace, methink sa do not ye;
Ye ar sa licht and full of vanitie:
And sa weil lufis al new things to persew;
That ilk sessioun ye get ane servant new.
Qnhat wil the ane now say unto the uther?
Now steir thy hand, myne awin deir brother;
Win fast be tyme, and be nocht lidder:
For wit thou weil, Hal binks ar ay slidder.
Thairfoir now, quhither wrang it be or richt,
Now gadder fast, quhil we have tyme and wicht.
Sé na man now to the King eirand speik,
Bot gif we get ane bud; or ellis we sal it breik.
And quhan thay ar ful of sic wrang win,
Thay get thair leif: and hungryar cums in.
Sa sharp ar thay, and narroowlie can gadder,
Thay pluck the puir, as thay war powand hadder.
And taks buds fra men baith neir and far;
And ay the last ar than the first far war.
Justice, Crounar, Sarjand, and Justice Clark,
Removes the auld, and new men ay thay mark.
Thus fla thay al the puir men belly flaucht;
And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht,
And steirs them, and wait the tide wil gang,
Syne efter that far hungrier cums than.
And thus gait ay the puir folk ar at under:
This world to sink for sin quhat is it wonder?
Thairfoir now, be this exampil we may se,
That ane new servant is lyke ane hungrie fle.
Than, quod the King, quhat say ye to our fule?
Suppois that he had bene ane clark at scule?
To God now, quod the King, I make ane vow,
Ye are not sik ane fule as ye set yow.
Thus wonderit al, the King that sat about,
And of this fule had ferly, dreed, and dout.
Thocht he was fule in habit, in al feiris,
Ane wyser speik thay hard never with thair eiris.
Thus ferlyit al thair was, baith he and he,
Quhat manner of ane thing this micht be;
And lyke to ane was nocht into Rome,
Yit than his word was full of al wisdome,
For he as fule began guckit and gend,
And ay the wyser man neirar the end.
And thus the King and al his cumpany
Upon this fuil had wonder and ferly.

Of the slaying of the man.

SYNE efter this ane gentleman percace
Had slane ane man, al throw his raklesnes.
And to the court he come, and tald this thing
Unto ane man was inward with the King;
And said, sir, lo! I am in the King's grace,
That hes ane man slane in my fault, allace!
And will ye gar the King to that consent,
For it I sal yow pay, and content.
This courteour held on this to the King;
And tald him al this tail to the ending.
And than the King, for his lufe and instance,
Bad bring the man that happened that mischance.
Unto the King his taill quhen he had tald;
Ful sharplie to this man he could behald:
Ane semelie man of mak sa semit he.
To slay that man he thocht ane greit pitie.
And bad him passe quhair he lykit to ga;
And be gude man and efter sla na ma.
Sone efter that, within half a yeir,
Ane uther man he slew withoutin weir.

Of the second slayne man.

THAN to the court he cummin is agane,
Unto this man befoir his gold had tane;
And said, sir, I have slane, allace!
Ane uther man, throw misfortune and cace.
And wald ye help me, befoir as ye have done,
Ane sowme of silver ye sould have ful sone:
Another sowme I sall give to the King;
Me hartlie to forgive into this thing.
Help me now, for God's owin deid:
Nane uther buit at yow I get remeid.
This courteour him answered thus agane:
This deid to do I am uncertane.
Quhen that thow slew bot ane throw raklesnes,
Of that thow might have gotten forgivenes:
Sa may it nocht, quhen thow hes slane thus twa;
Notwithstanding I wil for the ga;
The for to help I sal get sib assay;
And for the do almekil as I may.
Unto the King than come this courteour,
And lukit weil baith to his tyme and hour:
He lukit quhan the King was blyth and glad,
And nocht quhen he was heavie nor sad.
Ful lawlie set he doun upon his kne,
Lo, sir, he said, ane thing of greit pitie!
The man that ye forgave, syne half ane yeir,
Another man now hes he slane but weir.
Ane certaine sowme of gold thus sal ye get,
And ye wald all your crabitnes foryet.
He wepes, and he sichts now sa sair,
That he sik misse will efter do na mair:
In all your realme thair is na wichter man;
Greit pitie is it for to tyne him than.
Ye may him have, and of his gold and geir,
He will stand yow in steid in tyme of weir.
Suppois he hes slane twa, better it is than ye
Have twa men slane, then thus for to sla thrie.
Thairfoir heir I beseik yow in this cace
That ye wald tak him in your gudelie grace.
The King bad than bring him to his presence,
And him forgave all fault and offence:
And bad him ga, and do sik misse na mair;
Thus tuke this man his leif and hame can fair.
Syne afterward this man that we of reid
The thrid man hes he slane yit indeid.

Of the thride slayne man.

THAN to the court agane maid his repair,
Sik grace to get agane as he did air,
Sa come hee to the courteour to tell,
His fortoun and his cace how it befell,
This courteour to speik wald not spair,
For yow forsuiith, sir, dar I speik na mair:
Sa oft and oft ye have done sik mischeif;
I dar not speik it to the King for greif.
Now be my saul, and sa mot I do weill,
Is na remeid, als far as I can feill,
Or quhither that ye sal live the land, allace,
Or put yow yit into the King's grace.
This courteour agane unto the King
Now cummin is, and tald hail this thing;
And how the man, befoir the twa had slane,
The thrid man thus hes he slane agane.
With that the King, quhen that he hard the taill,
In grit greif than wox he wan and pail.
And sweith he said, bring him now heir to me;
Sal neyther gold nor gude let him to die.
Get he my pitie, than God put me out of mynde;
And he wald gif me all the Golden Inde.
Syne gart he bring to him the samyn man,
Set doun to judge, to heid or to hang.
This man, that was sa cumbred of this cace,
On kneis fel, and askit the Kingis grace:
The King plainly all grace can him deny;
And tald to him the caus and resoun quhy.
With that upon ane lytil bony stule
Sat Fictus, that was the Kings fule,
And said, now an ye gar not heid or hang
This man, for them that he slew, it war wrang.
The first man, weil I grant, he slew;
The uther twa in faith them slew yow.
Had thou him puneist, quhan he slew the first,
The uther twa had bene levand, I wist:
Thairfoir, allace, this tail, sir, is over trew,
For, in gude faith, the last twa men ye slew.
The Psalmes, sayis David war and wyse;
Blist mot thay be that keips law and justice:
Thairfoir I wald that ye sould not presume
Na to have count, upon the day of Dome,
For mans body thair to give ane yeild,
Quhome to ye sould be sickar speir and sheild,
Of all the realme, quhom of ye beir the croun,
Of lawit and leirit; riche, pure; up and doun;
The quhilk, and thay be slane with mans hand,
Ane count thairof ye sail gif, I warrand;
Lesse that it be throw sum grit negligence,
Quhairin his mercy or in his defence.
And on the day of Dome, be Sanct Paull,
The Bishops mon ay answer for the saull;
Gif it be lost, for fault of priest or preiching,
Of the richt treuth it haif na chesing;
In sa far as the saull is forthy
Far worthier is than the blait body;
Many Bishops in ilk realme wee see:
And bot ane King into ane realme to be.
Thus hes the saull mair work and cure
Than the body, that is of na valure.
By this was said, the King sayis, wa is mee!
For I am fule of fules [I] weill see.
I se weill I have lytil part of scule,  
That thus sould be informit with ane fule:  
I se weil be this taill this fule can tel  
That I had greatly neid of wyse counsell.  
To send for all my Lords I consent;  
I desyre this to be in Parliament.  
And it be trew my fule hes said me heir,  
I sal weil reward him withoutin weir:  
And be it fals, and ful of fantasy,  
Ane fule he is, and fule him hald sal I.  
And, throw this fule, this man-slayer did get  
Unto the Parliament perfyte respet.  
And efter quhan thir Lords al can cum  
Unto this Parliament, baith al and sum,  
Be al the thrie Estaitis it was found,  
Considerand al the mater, crop and ground,  
This Fictus, that was callit the fule,  
Was wyse in word, thocht he was clark in scule.  
The King bad al the thrie Estaitis that thay  
Sould sit doun al, and sic a ganand way,  
Quhat men in hous war meit with him to dwell,  
Of wisdome for to gif him counsel;  
And for to mak, be his Estaitis thrie,  
Into this realme concordant unitie.  
And quhen that al this deid was dewlie done,  
The King sweir, be his sceptour and his croun,  
That he sould never gif mercie to nane.  
That slaughter in his realme committit than,  
Aganis his will, bot throw his negligence,  
Or ellis that it be fund in his defence.  
And sik ane rewll made he into his land,  
That luck and grace in it was ay growand.  
And than this nobill King all lichtnes left;  
All bot ane thing that was not fra him reft.  
The quhilk for ill toungs long had bene:  
Ane still strangenes betwixt him and his Queene.
He beddit nocht right oft, nor lay hir by,
Bot throw lichtnes did lig in lamenry.

AS happenit throw cace, into the toun,
Into ane burges innis he maid him boun;
Ane lytill wie before the feist of Yule,
In cumpanie bot fyvesum and his fule.
This burges had ane dochter to him deir,
Ane bonie wench she was withoutin weir:
The King on hir he casts his lustie eine,
And with hir faine wald in ane bed haif bene.
Hee wist full weill that nane had hee
That was sa subtill as Fictus was, and slee;
He callit him, and privilie can say,
Sic fantesie hes put me in effray,
I am sa ful of lust and fantesy
With this madyn, on benk that sits me by,
For gold, for gude; for wage or yit for wed;
This nicht I wald have hir to my bed.
Than, quod the fuill, I understand yow weill;
I tak on hand to do it everie deill.
Sit still now, Sir, wil ye let me allane;
Be mee this eirand sall be undertane.
Sone efter, quhan thay war at sport and play,
The fule came to this bonie prettie may;
And said: Madyn, wist ye of the degrie
How pleasant it is to God virginitie?
Tak exampill S. Margaret and Katrine;
And monie uther sants that are sine:
In Hevins blesse that hes sik joy and grie,
With crown on heid, for thair virginitie.
I wait, for all the gold into this toun,
Of madynheid ye wald not tyne the croun.
Bot ay the King went he had besie bene
Of the mater that was thir twa betwene:
And to the virgine yong thus spak the King,
Quhat my fule sayis a trow be na lesing.
Sir, quod sho, his saw was suffisand;
And as he sayis I sall do, God willand.
Be that the Kings Stewart cummin is
To have the King to his supper, I wis;
The King said to his fule in privatie:
Of the eirand, Fictus, how sal it be?
Now hard yow not hirself consent thairto,
That as I said to yow sho hecht to do?
Bot ane thing have I hecht sickerly
That nane sal cum about hir, Sir, bot I.
The virgine is bot yong, and thinkis shame;
And is full laith to cum in ane ill name.
And quhan the Kings supper was at end,
Fictus the fule unto the Queene can wend;
And to hir said, do my counsel, Madame,
To yow it sal be nouther sin nor shame.
A burges dochter, to her father deir,
This nicht the King thinks to have but weir,
And tald her all the cace, and manner how
Hir for to have he gart the King weil trow;
Bot that, be God, that with his blude us bocht,
With hir to gar him sin was never my thocht.
The King commands to his chief Chalmerlane,
Quhan ever I cum with hir I be in tane;
And in his bed sal prively in creip,
Quhil that the King sal cum thair and sleip;
And privelie thus, be the day agane,
Away with me the madyn sal be tane.
Thairfoir, madame, for God, be not agast,
Abvot your heid your cloke clenlie cast:
Quhairfoir sould ye dout or be a-drad?
Is nane bot ye sould bruik the King's bed.
The warst may fall, suppose it wittin war,
Methocht he hang yow wil he never skar.
And thus is my counsel, Madame, ye do.
In faith, quod sho, and I consent thairto.
All thus and thus, befoir as ye have hard.
The Queene is brocht unto the King's bed;
The quhilk all nicht in uthers arms lay;
Quhat man to tel of al thair sport and play?
The King thocht never nicht to him so short;
Sa lykit he that nichtis play and sport.

And on the morne, a lytil befoir day,
The fule came in and tuke the Queene away.
And thus and thus, efter nichts thrie,
With his awin Queene grit gaming had and glie;
And west he wend that it had bene but weir
That with him lay the burges dochter deir;
Quhome throw he had sik joy and sik plesance,
Quhilk maid him ay the fule for to avance.
Sa was the King sa amorat of his fule,
Besyde himself ay sat upon a stule.

Was never yet mair joy and plesance sene
Than the King hes in bed with his awin Queene.
And that was na grit ferly to befal,
For sho was fair, and gude, and yong withal.
And thus the fule, quhen he persaving had
How that the King sa joyful was and glade,
Unto the King he came in privitie,
And said, now, sir, ane thing that ye tel me;
Qhairfoir it is the cace, fane wit wald I
Quhy that ye have in yow sik fantasy
To ly with wemen, and of law degrie,
Aganis your Queenes wil and majestie,
Considerand weil that sho is fair and gude,
With ilkane uther bewtie to conclude?
Or quhy at hir ye have al this despyte,
And quhy ye find in uthers sik delyte?
Or quhat plesance ye had thir nichts thrie,
With your awin Queen in bed than mair to be?
The King answerid and said, now sickarly
I cannot tel the ressoun, caus, nor quhy,
Fictus, my fule, with the na mair to flyte,
Bot wantonlie I followe my appetyte.
And quhan that my delyte is upon uther,
Than mony folk wil cum, and with me fludder;
And sum wil tel il tailes of the Queene,
The quhilk be hir war never hard nor sene.
And that I do thay say al weil is done.
Thus fals clatterars puts me out of tone:
And thus, becaus I am licht of feirs,
And heir evil tailes, and lichtly lend my eiris.
And thus of hir I have na appetyte,
And of al others ay have I grit delyte.
Sir, quod the fule, wil ye not consent
Thir thrie nichts that ye war weil content?
Ye, that I grant, be God that is of midst,
Had never nane mair plesance on the nicht.
God, quod the King, send my fortoun had bene
Sen sho I had thir nichts thrie war Queene!
Quhat wil ye gif me, than speiks the fule,
Suppose I be na cunning clark in scule,
Within thrie dayes to mak it weil sene,
With Goddis law for to mak hir your Queene?
And thair to do sal na man say agane;
And do I not my heid sal be the pane.
Than, quod the King, thairto I hald my hand,
Thow sal have gude gold, lordships, and land.
Or cast fra the thy cote, and be thow wyse,
Ane bishoprik sal be thy benefyse.
Than, quod the fule, without feinyeing or fabil,
Hald up your hand to hald this firme and stabil.
The King thairto sware oft and oft,
And thair he has his hand haldin on loft.
And now, quod the fule, it fallis to na King
To brek his vow, or yit his oblishing:
And it that I have hecht thus sone sal be;
Scho is your Queene ye had thir nichts thrie.
THRIE PRIESTS OF PEBLIS

That, quod the King, be him that deid on rude,
Sir fule, I trow ye may not mak that gude.
Sir, I pray yow be not evil payit nor wraith,
Efter sa strait ane oblessing and aith,
And gif that she plesit yow thir nichts thrie;
Fra hyneforth now quhairfoir may not sa be?
Richt now ye wald have had hir to your wyfe;
And thairin now with me ye mak ane stryfe.
Quhat, quod the King, be him that was borne in Yule,
Thou art ane auld scollar at the scule.
I farly quhair sik sophine thou hes fund,
That with my awin band thou hes me bund.
Notwithstanding I am harty content,
To my awin Queene I wil harty consent:
And mair attour, I sweir the be the hevin,
I sal hir never displeis for od nor evin.
With thy that she may prief that it was sho,
Thir nichts thrie with quhom I had ado,
And with that word foroutin mair carping,
Unto the Queenses chalmer come the King,
And simply to hir presence can persew,
And tempit hir with tokens gude and trew;
And sickarly he fand that it was sho,
With quhome thay nichts thrie he had ado,
Than joyful was he in his harti splene,
Of the plesance he had with his awin Queene.
Than on his kneis he askit forgivenes
For his licht laytes and his wantones:
And sho forgave him meiklie this ful tyte
That he had done throw lichtnes of delyte;
For weil sho saw that al was fantasie
That he usit, and richt greit foly.
And thus the King and Queene into this cace
Thankit thair God for thair weilfair and grace.
And syne this fule thay thankit of al,
That caused sik concord amang them fal.
And off his coate thay tirlit be the croun,
And on him kest ane syde clarkly goun;
And quhen this syde goun on him micht be,
Ane cunning clark and wyse than semit he.
Syne efter sone ane Bishop thair was deid,
Ful sone was he maid Bishop in his steid.
And to the King and Queene he was ful leif;
And [of] thair inwart counsell ay maist cheif.
And God send sik examples ay wer sene
To ilkane King that luifit nocht his Queene!
God gif us grace and space on eird to spend!
Thus of my tail now cummin is the end.
And than spak all the fallowship thus syne,
God quyte yow, sir, your tail and sant Martyne.
Sir Williame than sayis now fallis me
To tel ane tail; thoch I be of yow thrie
The febillest, and leist of literature;
Yit than, with all my diligence and cure,
To tell ane tail now sik ane as I have:
Of me methink yow sould na uther crave.

The thrid taill, tald be Maister William.

A KING thair is, and ever mair will be,
Thairfoir the KING of kings him call we.
Thus he had a man, as hes mony
Into this land, als riche as uther ony.
This man, that we of speik, had freinds thrie;
And luftit them nocht in ane degrie.
The first freind, quhil he was laid in delf,
He luftit ay far better than himself:
The nixt freind that alsweil luiftit he,
And he himself luiftit in al degrie:
The thrid freind he luift this and swa  
In na degrie like to the tother twa;
Suppois he was ane freind to him in name,
To him as freind yit wald he never clame.
The tother twa his freindis war indeid
As he thocht quhen that he had onie neid.
Sa fell it on ane day sone efer than
This [King] he did send about this rich man;
And sent him to his officer but weir,
Thus but delay befoir him to compeir.
And with him count and give reckning of all
He had of him al tyme baith grit and smal.
With that this officer past on gude speid,
And summond this riche man we of reid;
And al the cace to him he can record,
That he in haist sould cum to his awin Lord.
This rich man be he had hard this tail
Ful sad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail.
And to himself he said, sickand ful sair,
Allace how now! this is ane haisty fair!
And I cum thair, my tail it wil be taggit;
For I am red that my count be ovr raggit.
Quhat sal I do, now may I say allace:
A cumbred man I am into this cace.
I have na uther help, nor yit supplie,
Bot I wil pas to my freinds thrie:
Twa of them I luift ay sa weil,
But ony fault thair freindship wil I sel.
The thrid freind I leit lichtly of ay;
Quhat may he do to me bot say me nay?
Now wil I pas to them, and preif them now,
And tel them al the caus, and maner how.

*To the first friend.*

THVS came he to his freind that he
Luift better than himself in al degrie.
And said: lo! friend, my hart thow ever had; 1060
And now, allace, I am ful straitly stad.
To me the King his officer hes send;
For he wil that my count to him be kend:
And I am laith, allane, to him to ga,
Without [with] me ane freind thair be or twa.
Thairfoir I pray yow that ye tel me now
In this mater quhat is the best ado?
And thus answered this freind agane, that he

Over al this world lufit as A per C,
The devill of hell, he said, now mot me hing,
And I compeir befoir that crabit King!
He is sa ful of justice, richt, and ressoun,
I lufe him not in ocht that will be chessoun.
He lufis not na riches, be the Rude,
Nor hilenes in hart, nor evil won gude.
Than evil won gude to gar men gif agane
Thair may be na war use now in ane.
Agane him can I get na gude defence;
Sa just he is, and stark in his conscience,
And al things in this warld that I call richt,
It is nocht worth an eg into his sicht:
And it that is my lyking and my eis
To him alway will neither play nor pleis:
And that to me is baith joy and gloir,
As fantasies judgit him befoir.
And thus he is aganis me ay and ever;
And weill I wait thairfoir he lufit me never.
He hes na lyking, lufe, nor lust of me,
Na I to him, quhill the day I die.
Quhairto thairof sould [I] mak ony mair?
I cum nocht to the King, I the declair.
Fra tyme that thow art under now areist,
Of the, in faith, I have but lytill feist.
Be me, I trow, thow art but lytill meind;
Pas on thy way and seik another freind.
Now is this man sair murnand in his mynde,
Sayand, allace, my freind is over unkynde!
Quhome I wend was support and supplie,
And now, allace, the contrair now I sie!
Away he wend, sayand in wordis wylde,
I grant be God that I am all begylde.

The secoind friend.

UNTO this tother friend cummin is this man,
That as himselfe befoir he luft than,
And said, lo! freind, the King hes send for me
His officer: and biddis that I be
At him in haist; and cum sone to his call:
And to him mak my count of grit and small,
That I of him in all my dayis had,
And I sie richt I am straitlie stad!
Now, as my freind I bidder come to the
Quhome as myselfe I lufe in al degre.
For quhen I am in stryfe, or yit in sturt,
Into my hart methink thow sould be hurt.
Thairfoir I pray that thow wald underta
With me unto yon king that thow wald ga.
This freind answered, and said to him agane,
I am displeisit, and ill payit of thy pane;
Bot I am nocht redie in onie thing,
With thè for to compeir befoir that King.
Thoch he hes send for the his officer,
I may not ga with thè: quhat wil thou mair?
Sa with the I bid nocht for to lane;
I am ful red that I cum never agane.
Quha sal me mend, and of my bail me beit,
To tak the sower and for to leif the sweit?
Quhat I have heir daylie in faith I feill;
And that quhat I sall have I weit not weil.
Thairfoir this tail is trew into al tyde,
Qhail ane feiris [the bet] the langer sould he byde.
Thairfoir, methink that I sould be to sweir
Befoir yon King with yow for to appeir.
Bot a thing is to say in termes short,
With yow my friend I wil ga to the port :
Trust weil of me na mair of myne ye get,
Fra ye be anis in at the kingis yet.
And thus shortly, with yow for to conclude,
Mair nor is said of me ye get na gude.
With that the man that thus charged his freind,
He said, allace ! I may na longer leind !
Sen I my twa best freinds couth assay :
I can nocht get a freind yit to my pay,
That dar now tak in hand, for onie thing,
With me for to compeer befoir yon king.
Quhasaever vennome or poisoun taist,
That be the hand in quhom thair traist is maist.
Me to begyle quha hes mair craft and gin,
Than thay in quhome my traist ay maist is in ?
Quhat ferly now with nane thoch I be meind,
Sen thus falsly now failys me my freind ?
Now weil I se, and that I underta,
Than feinyeit freind better is open fa.
Als suith it is as ships saillis over watters,
And weil I wait al is not gold that glitters.
Now is over lait to preif my freind indeid,
Quhan that I have sik mister and sik neid :
Better had bene be tyme I had overtane,
To preif my freind, quhen mister had I nane.
Allace, quhat sal I say ? quhat sal I do ?
I have na ma freinds for to cum to,
Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thrid freind ;
With him I trow I will be lytil meind.
To ga to him I wait bot wind in waist,
For in him I have lytil trouth or traist.
Becaus to him I was sa oft unkinde :
And as my freind he was not in my mynde ;
Bot helelie and lichtlie of him leit,
And now to him thus mon I ga and greit,
How sould I mourne, or mak my mane him to? 1165
Befoir with him I had sa lytil ado.
Suppois to me he was ane freind in name,
Yit than as a freind to him wald I never clame,
Of him I had ful lytil joy or feist;
Of al my freinds in faith I luft him leist. 1170
Quhat ferly is I be not with him meind;
I held him nocht bot for a quarter freind.

To the thrid freind.

NOW cummin is the man that we of Reid
Unto this thrid freind, quhen he had neid,
And tald him the maner and the cace, 1175
How on him laid an officer his mace,
And summond him, and bad he sould compeir
Befoir the King, and gif ane count perqueir;
And to him mak ane sharp count of al
He had into his lyfe, baith grit and smal. 1180
And thus answered his freind to him agane:
Of thè in faith, gude freind, I am ful fane.
Of me altyme thow gave but lytil tail;
Na of me wald have dant nor dail.
And thow had to me done one thing, 1185
Nocht was with hart, bot vane gloir and hething.
With uther freinds thou was sa weill ay wount,
To me thow had ful lytil clame or count,
To thè thow thocht I was not wort ane prene,
And that I am ful rade on the will besene. 1190
And yit the lytil kyndnes that thow
To me hes had weill sal I quyte it now.
For with thè sal I ga unto the King,
And for the speik, and plie intil al thing.
Quhaisaviour thow ga, with me thow sall be meind, 1195
And ever halden for my tender freind.
The King he lufis me weil, I wait,  
Bot ever, allace, to me thow cum ouer lait;  
And thow my counsal wrocht had in al thing,  
Ful welcum had thou bene ay to that King.  

Betwixt us twa wit he of unkyndnes,  
Sone wil thou feil he wil the lufe the les;  
Wit he betwixt us twa be onie lufe,  
He wil be richt weil payit and the apprufe:  
And he to me wit thow maid ony falt,  
To thé that wil be ful sowre and salt.  
And than weil sal thou find, as thou luftit me,  
In al maner of way sa sal he thé.  
Quhat is thair mair of this mater to meine?  
With thé befoir the King I sal be sene,  
Quhairever thou ga, withoutin ony blame,  
As tender freind to the I sal ay clame;  
Without offence to be thy defendar,  
And ay trewly to be thy protectour.  
Befoir quhat judge thou appeir up or doun,  
The to defend I sal be reddie boun.  
And quhither I cum agane heir ever or never  
Fra thé thus sal I never mair dissever.  
Thoch he the bind and cast the in a cart,  
To heid or hang, fra the I sal nocht part.  
Quhat wil thou mair that I may say the til?  
I am reddie; cum on quhenever thou wil.  
Allace! allace! than sayis this riche man,  
Over few I find are in this warld that can  
Cheis ay the best of thir friends thrie,  
Quhill that the tyme be gane that they soould be.  
Thow leifs nocht sin quhill sin hes left the;  
And than quhan that thou seis that thow man de:  
Than is ouer lait, allace! havand sik let,  
Quhan deithis cart will stand befoir thé yet.  
Allace, send ilkane man wald be sa kynde  
To have this latter freind into his mynde!
And nocht traist in this uther freinds twa,
With him befoir the King that wil nocht ga!

*Quha be thir thrie freinds.*

GVDE folk, I wald into this warld that ye
Sould understand quhilk ar thir freinds thre;
Quha is the King; quha is this officer;
And quha this riche man is. I will declar.
The King is God, that is of michts maist,
The Father, Sone, and eik the haly Gaist,
In ane Godheid, and yit in persones thre,
Thairfoir the King of kings him call we.
This officer but dout is callit Deid;
Is nane his power agane may repleid:
Is nane sa wicht, na wyse, na of sic wit,
Agane his summond suithly that may sit.
Suppose thay be als wicht as ony wall,
Thow man ga with him to his Lords hall.
Is na wisdome, riches, na yet science,
Aganis his officer may mak defence:
Is nayther castell, torret, not yet tour,
May scar him anis the moment of ane hour.
His straik it is sa sharpe it will not stint,
Is nane in eird that may indure his dint;
He is sa trew in his office, and lele,
Is na practik agane him to appele.
Gold, nor gude, corn, cattell, nor yit ky,
This officer with bud may nocht overby.
This riche man is baith thow and he,
And al that in the warld is that mon die.
And als sone as the deid till us will cum,
Then speik we to our friends all and sum.

*Quhat is menit be the first freind.*

THE first friend is bot gude penny and pelse,
That mony man lufis better than himselfe.
And quhan to me or the cumis our deid,  
Our riches than will stand us in na steid:  
To pairt fra it suppose we graine and greit,  
It sayis fairweil! agane we will never meit!  
Thus have we ever sa mekill gold and gude,  
With us nane may we turs, suppose we wod.  
The mair golde and gude that ever we have,  
The mair count thairof this King will crave.  
And thus the day of deid, quhan we mon die,  
Fra us away full fast all riches will flie.  
Thus hald I man unwyse, I underta,  
That halds ane for his friend, and is his fa.  
Thir thre ar ay haldin for fais evill,  
Our awne flesche, the warld, and the devill.  
And thus thy freind, sa mekil of the mais,  
Is countit ane of thy maist felloun fais;  
And now with the he will nocht ane fute  
Befoir this King, for the to count or mute,  
This may thow sie this warlds wit forthy  
Befoir this King is bot great fantasy.

Quha is menit be the secound freind.

THIS secund freind, lat se, quhome will we call
Bot wyfe and barne, and uther freindis all?  
That thus answeres, and sayis in termes schort,  
We will nocht ga with the bot to the port:  
That is to say unto the Kingis yet;  
With the farder to ga is nocht our det.  
Quhilk is the yet, that we call now the port?  
Nocht but our graif to pas in, as a mort.  
And than with us unto that yet will cum  
Baith wyfe and bairnes, and freinds al and sum:  
And thair on me and the lang will thay greit,  
Into this world agane or ever we meit.
In at the yet with thé now quha will ga,
That I have tald heir of thy freinds twa?
Riches nor gude; wyfe, barne, nor freind,
Of thir foirsaid with the will never leind.

And quhan that thow art laid into thy hole,
Thy heid will be na hyer than thy sole.
And than quhair is thy cod, courche or cap,
Baith goun and hude had wont thé for to hap?

Nocht bot ane sheit is on thy body bair;
And as thow hes done heir, sa finds thow thair.

Quhat is menit be the thrid freind.

THIS thrid freind quhome wil we cal, let sie;
Nocht ellis bot Almosdeid and charitie.
The quhilk freind answered with words sweit:
Of me as freind suppose thou lytle leit,
Yit, for the lytle quantance that we had,
Sen that I se the in sturt sa straightly stad,
Quhairever thow ga, in eird or art,
With the, my freind, yet sall I never part.
Quhairever thow ga, suppose a thousand shore thé,
Even I thy Almosdeid sall ga befoir the.
For as thow seis watter dois slokkin fyre,
Sa do I Almosdeid the Judges ire.
Thairfoir, gude folkes, be exampl we se
That there is nane thus of thy freinds thre,
To ony man that may do gude, bot ane;
Almosdeid that it be seindle tane.
Into this warld of it we lat lichtly,
Throw fleshely lust fullilit with folly;
Quhill all our tyme in fantasy be tint,
And than to mend we may do nocht bot minite.
It for to do we have na tyme, nor grace,
Into this eird quhill we have tyme and space.
Than cumis deid have done! do fort thy det!
Cum on away; the cart is at the yet.
Than we will say, with mony woful wis,
Allace! allace! be tyme had I wittin this!
I sould have done pennance, fast, and pray;
And delt my guds in almis deids alway.
Thairfoir my counsall is that we mend,
And lippin nocht all to the latter end.
And syne, to keip us fra the sinnes sevin,
That we may win the hie blys of hevin:
And thus out of this warld that we may win
But shame, or det, or deidly sin.

And than speiks the tother twa full tyte,
This gude tale, Sir, I trow God will you quyte.

Finis.
TWYSBANK, one of the popular airs mentioned in "Colkelbie's Sow," has been conjectured to be the appropriate tune of the following beautiful song, which owes its preservation to George Bannatyne, in whose "ballat-buik," preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, it occurs. Although an affected quaintness has somewhat disfigured it by redundancy of alliteration, yet, as a descriptive poem, it is possessed of considerable merit; and as few, if any, of the Scotish songs, now extant are of equal antiquity, it is remarkable that "Tayis Bank" should have escaped the notice of Ritson and other collectors of our lyric poetry. Not many years since, however, a copy of it appeared in the "British Bibliographer," to which work it was transmitted by the late Henry Weber, whose services in publishing, with great fidelity and care, several of the early Metrical Romances in our vernacular tongue, have not been duly appreciated.

From the context of this poem, says Mr. Weber, "it appears to have been composed on a lady of the noble family of Perth, named Margaret, and it may be conjectured with almost more than probability that the subject of the poem was Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Drummond, lord of that ilk, and Stobhall, who is stated to have been contracted to King James IV., and had a daughter by him, afterwards married to Alexander, Earl of Huntley." Should this supposition respecting the lady

1 Leyden, Complaynt of Scotland, Introd. p. 283.
2 Fol. 229.
be deemed well founded, the reader may feel some interest in the description contained in the quotation below. The poem itself may unquestionably be attributed to the reign of our gallant monarch James IV.

**Tayis Bank.**

When Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht,
With blosvmes blycht and bred,
Be that riuer that ran doun rycht,
Vndir the ryss I red;
The merle melit with all hir mycht
And mirth in mornyng maid,
Throw solace, sound, and semely sicht,
Alswth a sang I said.

1 "Margaret Drummond, eldest daughter of John Lord Drummond, was a lady of rare perfections and singular beautie. With her the young King James the 4th was [so] deeply enamoured, that without acquainting his nobles or Council, he was affianced to her in order to have made her his Queen. But so soon as his intentions were discovered, all possible obstructions were made both by the nobility, who designed an allyance w* a daughter of England, as a mean to procure peace betwixt the nations, and by the clergie, who declared against the lawfulness of the marriage, because they were within the degrees of consanguinity forbidden by the Canon Law. Nevertheless, the King, under promise, gott her with child, which proved a daughter [in the year 1497], and was called Lady Margaret Stewart; but he was so much touched in conscience for the engagement he had made to the young lady, that, notwithstanding the weakness of the Royal family, he rejected all propositions of marriage so long as she lived: for he was crowned in the year 1488, at the age of sixteen, and did not marry untill the year 1502, when he was near thirty, and about a year after her death, which was effected not without suspicion of poison; for the common tradition goes, that a potion was provided in a breakfast to dispatch her for liberating the King from his promise, that he might match with England; but so it happened that she called two of
TAYIS BANK

Vndir that bank, quhair bliss had bene,
I bownit me to abyde;
Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,
Ryacht heyndly did me hyd;
The sone schyne our the schawis schene
Full semely me besyd;
In bed of blumes bricht besene
A sleip cowth me ourslyd

About all blumet wes my bour
With blosummes broun and blew,
O\textsuperscript{r} fret with mony fair fresch flour,
Helsum of hevinly hew;
With schakeris of the schene dew schour
Schynnyng my courtenis schew,
Arrayit with a rich vardour
Of natouris werkis new.

Rasing the birdis fra thair rest
The reid sone raiss with rawis;
The lark sang lowd, quhill lycht mycht lest,
A lay of luvis lawis;
The nythingall woik of hir nest
Singing the day vpdawis;
The mirthfull maveiss merriest
Schill schowttit throw the schawis.

her sisters, then with her, Lady Flemyng and a younger [sister] Sybilla, a maid, whereby it fell out all the three were destroyed with the force of the poysen. They ly buried in a curious vault, covered with three fair blue marble stones joined closs together, about the middle of the quyre of the Cathedrall church of Dumblane: for about this time the buriall place for the family of Drummond at Innerpaffray was not yet built. The monument which contains the ashes of these three lady's stands intire to this day, and confirms the credit of this sad story."—History of the Family of Drummond [by William, Viscount of Strathallan], 1681. MS. folio. 188. Drumm. Castle.
All flouris grew that firth within,
    That man cowth haif in mynd ;
And in that flud all fische with fyn,
    That creat wer be kynd :
Vndir the rise the ra dyd ryn,
    Our ron, our rute, our rynd,
The dvn deir danfit with a dyn,
    And herdis of hairt and hynd.

Wod winter with his wallowand wynd,
    But weir, away wes went :
Brasit about with wyld wodbynd
    Wer bewis on the bent :
Allone vnder the lusty lynd,
    I saw ane lusum lent,
That farely war so fare to fynd,
    Vndir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
    Allone lent on a land,
And farest figour, be scet. Syve,
    That evir in firth I fand.
Hir cumly cullour to discryve
    I dar nocht tak on hand ;
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe
    Wes neuer, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,
    Or cauld of crewelty,
A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair
    Of baill his bute mycht be ;
Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
    Mycht havy hairtis vphie ;
So angelik vnder the air
    Neuir wicht I saw with e'.
The blosummes that wer blycht and brycht
By hir wer blacht and blew;
Scho gladit all the foull of flicht
That in the forrest flew;
Scho mycht haif comfort king or knycht
That ever in cuntrie I knew
As waill, and well of wardly wicht
In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinance,
Hir cumly cristall ene,
Hir portratour of most plesance
All pictour did prevene.
Off every vertew to avance
Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
Rychtest in my remembrance
That rose is rutit grene.

This myld meik mensuet Mergrite,
This perle polist most quhyt,
Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
The dyamant of delyt:
Never formit wes to found on seitt
Ane figour more perfyte,
Nor non on mold that did hir meit,
Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
And merkit furth on mold;
Bot sone within a wane scho went,
Most hevinly to behold;
The bricht sone with his bemys blent
Vpoun the bertis bold,
Farest vnder the firmament
That formit wes on fold.
As paradyce that place but peir
Wes plesant to my sicht;
Of forest, and of fresch reveir,
     Of firth, and fowll of flicht,
Of birdis, bath on bonk and breir,
     With blumes breckand bricht,
As hevin in to this erd doun heir,
     Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away
     Amang thir woddis wyd,
And I to heir thir birdis gay
     Did in a bonk abyd;
Quhair ron and ryss raiss in aray
     Endlang the reuer syd:
This hapnit me in a tyme in May
     In till a morning tyd,

The reuer throw the ryse cowth rowt
     And roseris raiss on raw;
The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt
     Into that semly schaw:
Joy wes within and joy without
     Vnder that vnlenkest waw,
Quhair Tay ran down with stremis stout
     Full strecht vnder Stobschaw.

Finis.
The Epistill of the Hermeit of Alareit to the Gray Freirs.

THIS satirical poem has been preserved by Knox in the "History of the Reformation," where, in reference to the contempt into which the Grey Friars had fallen in consequence of their depraved conduct, he says, "Not only did the learnt espie and detect their abominable hypocrisy, but also men in quhom nane sick graces nor giftis were thocht to have been, began plainlie to point the same furth to the people, as this ryme, made by Alexander, Earl of Glencairne, yet alive, can witness."

Alexander Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, early distinguished himself in promoting a reformation from the errors of Popery, and he continued a firm and zealous supporter of the Protestant faith.

Alareit, or Laureit, is evidently the chapel built in honour of "our Lady of Loretto" in the village of Musselburgh, where troops of young men and women went to pilgrimage; but, there is reason to suspect, for other purposes than those of penance or religion.

Ane Epistill directed fra the halie Hermeit of Alareit,
to his brethren the Gray Freirs.

THOMAS, hermeit in Lareit,
Sanct Francis brother do hartilie greit;
Beseikand you with gud intent
To be wakryif and diligent.
Thir Lutheranis, rissen of new,
Our Ordour daylie dois persew:
They snaikis dois set thair haill intent
To reid the Inglische New Testament;
And sayis we have thame clein decevit,
Thairfore in haist they mon be stoppit.

Our Stait hypocrisie they prysse,
And us blasphemis on this wyse:
Sayand, That we are heretyckis,
And false loud lying mastis tykis;
Cumerars and quellars of Christis kirk,
Sweir swyngeours that will not wirk,
But idillie our leving wynnis,
Devoiring woilfs into scheipis skynnis;
Huirkland with huidis into our neck,
With Judas mynd to jouk and beck;
Seikand Christis pepill to devoir,
The doun-thringers of Christis gloir;
Professours of hypocrisie,
And Doctouris in idolatry:
Stout fischeiris with the Feindis net,
The upclosers of Hevins yet;
Cankcart corruptors of the creid,
Humlock sawers among gud seid;
To trow in trators, that men do tyist,
The hie way kennand them fra Christ;
Monsters with the Beistis mark,
Dogges that nevir stintis to bark;
Kirkmen that ar to Christ unkend,
A sect that Satanis self hes send;
Lourkand in hoils, lyik trator toddis,
Manteiners of idollis and fals goddis;
Fantastik fuillis, and fenzeit fleicheors,
To turn fra treuth the verray teichers:
For to declar thair haill sentence,
Wald mekill cumber their conscience.

To say your fayth it is sa stark,
Your cord and lousie cote and sark;
Your lippin may bring you to salvatioun,
And quyte exclusid Chrystis passioun,—
I dreid this doctrine, and it last,
Sall ither gar us wirk or fast:
Thairfoir with speid we mene provyde,
And not our profite overslyde.
I schaip myself, within schort quhill,
To curs our Ladie in Argylle,
And thair on craftie wayis to wirk,
Till that we biggit have ane kirk;
Syne miracles mak be your advyce.
The ketterells, thocht thai had bot lyce,
The twa parte to us they will bring.
Bot ordourlie to dress this thing,
A Gaist I purpois to gar gang,
Be counsaill of frier Walter Lang;
Quhilk sail mak certane demonstratiounis
To help us in our procuratiounis,
Your halie ordour to decoir:
That practick he provit anis befoir,
Betwix Kirkaldie and Kinghorne;
Bot lymmaris maid therat sick scorne,
And to his fame maid sic degressioun,
Sensyne he hard not the Kingis confessioun.
Thoicht at that time he come no speid,
I pray yow tak gude will as deid;
And him amongst your self ressave,
As ane worth many of the lave.
Quhat I obtein may, throw his airt,
Ressone wald ye had your parte;
Your Ordour handillis no money,
Bot for ither casualitie,
As beif, meill, butter, and cheiss,
Or quhat we have, that ye pleis,

1 Old copy, ye.
Send your brethren, *et habete.*  
As now nocht ellis, bot *valete,*  
Be THOMAS your brother at comand,  
A Culrun kythit throw mony a land.
The Tale of Colkelbie Sow.

THE following Tale, which is of considerable antiquity, is printed from Bannatyne's Manuscript. It is contained in the Fifth part or division of this valuable Collection, commencing—"Heir follois the fyift pairt of this bulk contenyng the ffabellis of Esop with diuerss vthir fabillis and poeticall workis maid and compyld be divers lerit men 1568."

On the back of this title is the following Address:

TO THE REDAR.
My freindis thir storeis subsequent
Albeid bot fabillis thay present
*it devyne doctowris of jugement
Sayis thair ar hid but dowt
Grave materis wyiss and sapient
Vnder the workis of poyetis gent
Thairfoir be war that thow consent
To blame thir heir set owt.

From the internal evidence, the date of "Cowkelbie Sow" or "Colkelbie," a strange and whimsical rhapsody, the moral of which is expressed in no obscure terms, and of which certain passages bespeak as the author a person who had travelled much abroad, evidently appears, from the Prohemium, to have been written during the era of Minstrelsy, although from internal evidence posterior to Chaucer.1

1 The first wes the samyn Chanticleer to luke,
Of quhome Chaucer treitis into his buke.
(Vide stanza 788.)
With little hesitation, therefore, it may be assigned to some time previous to the middle of the fifteenth century, since it seems at least to have been very popular considerably anterior to the age of Douglas and Dunbar, both of whom flourished in the reign of James IV.

Gawin Douglas thus enumerates Colkelbie, among other heroes of romance, represented in the Mirror of Venus:

I saw Raf Coigliuer with his thrawin brow,
Crabbit Johne the Reif, and Auld Cowkellpis Sow.¹

In "Ane interlude of the laying of a Gaist," in the present collection, it is also noticed:

To Reid quha will this gentill geist
Ge herd it no* at Cokilby's feist.²

Another allusion occurs in a poem by Dunbar, who says:

And thocht this nobill cunning sort,
Quhom of befoir, I did report
Rewardit be, it war bot ressoun;
Thairat suld no man mak enchesoun:—
Bot quhen thir vthir fulis nyce
That feistit at Colkelbie's gryce,
Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,
Than on this fals warld, I cry fy!

And the same writer, in his "General Satire," quotes the poem in the following passage:

Sic knavis and crakkaris to play at carts and dyce
Sic halland-scheckaris whilk at Cowkelbyis gryce
Are halden of pryece when lymaris do convene.³

The humour of this very singular composition, which is professedly satirical, is certainly coarse, and the versification exceedingly irregular. But the poem, although referring in its allusions (as Dr. Leyden has observed) to local and temporary circumstances, which are not obvious at this distance of time, throws much light on the manners and

¹ Part iii. St. 48. ² Vol. i. p. clxiv. ³ Bann. MS.
rustic festivities of the Scotish peasantry, during a very early period. From the minuteneness of its description, it is also highly illustrative of the music, dances, and musical instruments in common use in Scotland in the fifteenth century. And what adds, in no small degree, to its interest is the consideration that the names of the greater proportion of the airs, dances, and songs, enumerated in "Colkelbie's Sow" are otherwise unknown.

No other copy of the poem than that from which the present transcript was made is known to exist. In the Auchinleck manuscript there appears to have been a copy; but most unfortunately it has shared the same fate with "Ralf Coilgear" and some others of the curious tales and romances which it once contained.

Of the author there is no trace whatever in the manuscript; and neither Dr. Leyden, who, in his learned introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland," has given various extracts from it, nor any other writer who notices its existence, seems to have known his name. The arms at the end of the Prohemium, of which an accurate facsimile has been made, seem to be those of George Bannatyne the transcriber, as they very closely correspond with the arms of the family of Bannatyne.

The orthography of the manuscript has been strictly followed; and no liberties have been taken, with the exception of a few of the contracted words, the preservation of which could have answered no good purpose, and would no doubt have been embarrassing to those unaccustomed to the perusal of ancient manuscripts.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 1821.

For completing the transcript of "Colkelbie," and carefully collating it with the Manuscript, the Editor may take this opportunity of acknowledging that he is indebted to his friend Robert Pitcairn, Esq., whose zeal and knowledge in antiquarian pursuits has lately been shown in his curious publication of "Queen Mary's Funerals."
Heir begynnis Colkelbie Sow.

Prohemium.

UHEN riallest most redowttit and hé
Magnificat crownit kingis in maiesté
Princis duces and marquis curious
Erlis barronis and knyt\tis chevelrous
And gentillmen of hé genolegye

As scutiferais and squieris full courtlye
Ar assemblit and sett in a ryell sé
Wt namit folkis of hé nobilité
Thair talk pat tyme in table honorable
Befoir lordingis and ladeis amiable

Is oft singing and sawis of solace
Quhair melody is pe·mirthfull maistrace
Ermy deidis in auld dayis done afoir
Croniculis gestis storeis and mich moir
Manestralis amang mvsicianis mery-

To hai\t hartis in hevinly armony
So semis it weill pat susthly so war ay
Quhat is pe warld w\t\t out plesance or play
Bot passionale Than lat ws mak sum sport
And recreatioun the cumpany to confort
Wold my lordis do sé quho wold begin it
Quho fall surthschaw or quho sall first fall in it
Quho sall wt discreit correctioun of gow
Bot I quho hath begune this mat\t\t now
For begynnnyng wt\t\t out end quhat avails
Bot lyk a tré flureist quhair the fruct falis
To quich all men of quhat estait he be
Wt recent mynd suuld evir hai\t his E
No\t to begin flureist and syne decrees
The langir lyfe the gud los\p\t than to cess
Quhat sal be said bot at his ending hé
Frome on faire ymp fell down a widde:it tré
The lyfe is gone the loss lesting is lost
The beginnyng thay say wes bot a wost
Quhairfoir ge men most honorable at all
Quhich eternall wald haif memoriall
Gyd gow so pat first gour God plesit be
And obtene name and wirchep quhen ge dé
And quho will not effir his gudly powère
Considering his estait go profess him a m’tere
Or sustene lak so may he lyknit be
A fair flureiss fadit in a falty tré
All be my self is this symylitude
Suld I begin to sport and not conclude
Than wold ge all belyve say lo him gondir
That set to bourd and left it in a blondir
Quhairfoir I will say of my fantasies
Sum solasing to glaid this cumpany
Bot for Godis luve and his appostill Petir
Pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir
San þe sentence to feill is fantastike
Lat the lettir and langage be such like
Sen all the world changis so mony facis
I trest I will cast caissé vpoun caissis
And so lat sé quhat cais ge think most nyce
Wisdomè vmqle holdis þe nycest wys
So þat it be sport in discretioun
Wt out odius crewale comparisoun
Perticular malice and all such thing removit
The wyss nycest the wisest qhile is provit
For quhich knawing myne vnsufficience
To be comprysit perticiare wt prudence
I propone not as wiss presumteous
Bot rapir sport myne awin spereit to reciess
And my lordis to heir þat will deden
Now I begin wt litill est Amen.

Explicit prohemium et sequitur prima pars.
Fitt First.

HEIR I gife gow caiss
Vmquhile a mery man wais
Callit Cokkelbé
He had a simple blak sow
And he said hir bot how
For penneis thré as eftir ge may see
And verrely as I hard
Thus the money he ward
THE FIRST PENNY of the thré
For a girle gaif he
The secund fell in a furde
The thrid he hid in a hurde
Now quhilk penny of the thré
Wes best bestowit say ge
The lost penny wes vplesit
The girle for the time plesit
Bot the penny þat wes hid
I hold leist gude did
For in old prouerbe we sing
Cumis littill gud of gaddering
Quhair wrechit awercie birnis
Hyding hurdis in to hirnis
And knawis nevir quhome till
Latting wirschep to go will
Gret laubor is to get geir
And to conserue it is feir
And moir angir is to leiss
Thir thré peruerst propirteiss

1. 6. "As eftir ge may see," are added in the manuscript, perhaps by the same hand, but evidently written with different ink.
1. 10. "maid" on the margin, and the word "girle" put within brackets.
I find in skars keping  
And auaritious wynnyng  
Quhair mesur is not maistress  
Bot gaddering for gredenness  
The hid penny thinkis me  
Wes werst bestowit of the thré  
For it waiss fro the vse of man  
Lat warldis gudis go than  
Wt mesur and merines  
git thair is moir of this cais  
The penny lost in pe lak  
Wes fundin and vptak  
And he pat fund it did by  
Wt the samyn penny  
A littell pig for his prow  
Off Kolkelbeis sow  
A harlot wynnit neir by  
And scho wald mak at mangery  
And had no substance at all  
Bot this pur pig stall  
To furniss a gret feist  
Wt outtin stufe, bot this beist  
And git scho callit to hir cheir  
On apostita freir  
A peruerst pardonier  
And practand palmair  
A wich and a wobstare  
A milygant and a mychare  
A fond fule a fariar  
A cairtar a cairiar  
A libbar and a lyar  
And riddill revar  
A tuttivillus a tutlar  
And a fangeit flatterar  

1. 43. "Gryce" on the margin, written in the same hand.
A forfarn falconar
A malgratious millare
A berward a brawler
And ane aip ledar
Wt a cursit custumar
A tratlar and tinklar
And mony vpir in that hour
Of all evill ordour
First wt a fulisch flour
An ald monk a lechour
A drunkin drechour
A dowble toungit counsalour
A trimpour a trvcour
A hangman a hasardour
A tyrant a tormentour
A truphane a tratlour
A faynit nigre mansour
A japer a juglour
A lase pat lufis bot for lour
And a man merrour
An evill wyffis mirrour
In all thair semblance sour
Wt a noyefull nytbour
A lunatik a sismatyk
An heretyk a purspyk
A lumbard a lolard
Ane vsurar a bard
Ane ypocreit in haly kirk
A burn grenge in the dirk
A schipman on sé & sand
That takis lyfe & gud on hand
And knawis nowt courss nor tyd
Bot presumpteouss in pryd
Practing not thing expert
In cunnyng cumpass nor kert
A skeg a scornar a skald
A bald strod and a bald
An vnthrifty dapill man
A rebald a ruffian
A murderer of leilmen
A revischer of wemen
And two lerit men thame by
Schir Ockir and Schir Symony
Git mony in a grit rout
For lak of rowme stude about
Now wald I wit at this feste
Quho fure best of this beste
I hald þe folk best fure
That stud fer wþout þe dure
Fro this cursit cumpany
And mensles mangery
Git of this caiss þair is moir
The pure pig gaif a rore
Him to kill quhen thay pynit
So soir the silly pig quhrynit
Quhill all þe swyn þ'about
Ruschit furth in a rout
I keip noþ now to commoun
All beistes for to blassoun
Of thair diuerss naturis
Complexionis and cullouris
Quhom the law levis ete
Or quho suld be no manis meit
Nor of the foulis of the are
How sum wþ closs feit thay fare
And sum diuidit the nailis
Nor of the fische wþ thair scalis
All this I set asyd now
Haif at Cokilbeis sow
For to say þe verite
Lufand beistis swyne be
Contrair houndis nature
For brawle doggis at þe dure
All settis on the sory hound
That lyis euir at the grund
And he þat cryis most & roris
Ourthrawin schent & most soiris
All the remanent him ruggis
Sum be leggis sum be luggis
Thay ar luving to men
Bot no† to thame self than
For wo is him þat hes royne
Bot no† so of the swyne
And on of thame be ourthrawin
That his cry may be knawin
All the remanent that heiris
Cumis in thair best maneiris
To reskew as thay may
So did thay this day
That sowis sonis hard I nevir
Win so grit wirschep for euir
For Stiftapill all the soun
Ruscht out w† a rore
This pig quhen thay hard him
Thay come golfand full grim
Mony long tuthit bore
And mony galt come befoir
And mony grit Gunnalde
GrunNeillot and gamalde
Wrotok and Writhneb
Hogy evir in the eb
W† the halkit hoglyn
Snelie Snattis Swankyn
Baymell bred in the bog
Hog hoppit our hog

1. 134, "Luvand" on margin of the MS.
Mage of the milhill
Grom Gym of the gill
The suddill sow and the sord
Reid Kit that est rord
Patypull of the Pappourtis
And Knvktknot of the Kuppourtis
The gray the gerot and the grym
Hurlhekill hoblit wt him
Sigill Wrigill our sow
Gret bore Tusky the grow
Mony galt mony gilt
Come let the pig to be spilt
Rowchrumple out ran
Weill mo than I tell can
Wt sick a din and a dirdy
A garray and a hirdy girdy
The fulis all afferd wer
And the harlot hurt theare
Wt bare Tuskyis tuth
And for to say the verry suth
In that fellon affray
The littill pig gat away
And ilk bore & ilk beist
Defoulit the fulis of the feist
Sum mokit mengeit & merrit
Thus wer thay fro the meit skerrit
Is no t this a nyce caiss
Bot git a fer werss it weiss
A new noyment and nois
Wt a rumour vprois
That of that caiss to degest
It mycht be callit a tempest
For all the suynis awnaris
Said seilis how the fulis fairis
And seis so curst a cumpany
Herand thair awin swyne cry
Colkebie sow

Wt thir myligantis machit
Afferd the fulis had thame kachit
As to steill thame away
Than dyn roiss and dirray
Stok hornis blew stout
Mony on ischit out
Gilby on his gray meir
And Fergy on his sow fair
Hoge Hygin by þe hand hint
And Symy þat was some brint
With his lad Loury
And his gossep Gloury
Fergy in frunt past
And Fynny followit him fast
Thurlgill thrang till a club
So ferss he flaw in a dub
Quhill Downy him abak drewgh
Than Rany of þe Reidnewch
Wt Gregry the Bowman
For lufe of his leman
Licht lap at a lyn
He felgeit and he fell in
Hnd Hoge was sa haisty
That he sualterit him by
Quhil Thoby carioþ him tuk
To land wþ a scheip cruk
Schipirdis schowit to schore
And Fergy Flitsy þeid befoir
Chístane of that chef chak
A ter stowp on his bak
Wþ his lad Luddroun
And his hound Hunddroun
Mony schiphird with him is
Fro brokis brois and brymmis

1. 232, the word "þeid" is interlined in the original.
THE TALE OF

Off two ram crukit hornis
Thair baner on a birk born is
With Barmyberd thair banerman
And his cousing Cachcran
Thair menstrall Diky Doyt
Fur befor wi a * floyt
Than dansit Doby Drymouth
The sone shene in the Sowth
And as they lukit on a lee
Thay saw an upir mengé
Than all thay fled full afferd
And the maister schipherd
Fergy Flitsy befoir
Tho was litil on his store
His feit maid dynnyng
He lakkit breth for rynning
How q Hobby herk me
We neid no to fordir fle
gone folk our awin frendis ar
I knaw be thair banar
Than wer thay nevir half so fane
And glaidly turnit all againe
And knew be thair array
That all nolt hirdis wer thay
That ischit out to the cry
And thair banar borne by
Of Crumhorne the cowis taille
Festnitt on a lang flaill
Besyd thair capitane I trow
Callit wes Colyne Cuckow
And Davy Doyle of the dale
Was thair mad menstrall
He blew on a * hype hé
Maid of a borit boutré
Waytstath him by
Dansit and Dandy
The thrid fallowschip he saw
That thay wundir weil knaw
The swynehirdis in a rowt
And Sweirbum with his snowt
Wes captane of thame thair
And borne wes his banair
Vpoun a schule for to schaw
A flekkit sowis skyn faw
Wt terletheris tyit hy
Quho bur it bot Bolgy
And Clarus the long clype
Playit on a bag hype
Haggysheid and Helly
Ballybrass and Belly
Dansit and his sone Samyn
Than all assemblit w t a gamyn
And all the mensuralis attonis
Blew up and playit for the nonis
Schiphird nolt hirdis
And swynhirdis outgirdis
For to dance merily
A maistir swynhird swanky
And his cousing Copyn Cull
Fowll of bellis fulfull
Led the dance and began
Play us Joly lemmane
Sum trottit Tras and Trenass
Sum balterit The Bass
Sum Perdony sum Trolly lolly
Sum Cok craw thou quhill day
Twysbank and Terway
Sum Lincolne sum Lindsay
Sum Joly lemmane dawis it no t day
Sum Be s on wodsyd singis
Sum Late laite on evinnyngis
THE TALE OF

Sum *Joly Martene* w't a mok
Sum *Lulalow lute cok*
Sum bekkit sum bingit
Sum crakkit sum cringit,
Sum movit most mak revell
Sum *Symon sonis of Quhynfell*
Sum *Maistr Pier de Cougate*
And vjrir sum in consate
At leser drest to dance
Sum *Ourfute sum Orliance*
Sum *Rusty bully with a bek*
*And Every note in vperis nek*
Sum vjrir the dansis to deme
Of *Cipres and Boheme*
Sum *The faites full garne*
Off *Portingall and Naverne*
Sum countirfutit the *gyss of Spaine*
Sum *Italy sum Almane*
Sum noisit *Napillis anone*
And vjrir sum of *Arragone*
Sum *The Cane of Tartary*
Sum *The Soldane of Surry*
All his dansis defynd
Sum *Pretir Johnie of grit Ynd*
Sum As the *Ethiopis vsit*
Sum futit and sum refusit
Sum had dansis mony ma
W* all the dansis of Asia*
Sum of *Affrickis age*
And principale of *Cartage*
Thair pressit in *Pery Pull*
*Full of bellis fulfull*
Maistr *Myngeis The mangeis*
Maistr *Tynges La tangeis*
Mr *Totis La toutis*
And *Rousty rottis the routis*
Maist\textsuperscript{r} Nykkis \textit{La nakkis}  345
And Sr Jakkis \textit{La jakk[is]}
\textit{The Hary hurlere husty}
And Calby the curst custy
\textit{Mony laddis mony townis}\textsuperscript{1}
\textit{Knowf knois kunnis culrownis}  350
Curris kenseis and knavis
Inthrang and dansit in thravis
\textit{W\textsuperscript{t} thame Towis the mowis}
And \textit{Hary w\textsuperscript{t} the reid howis}
Than all arrayit in a ring  355
Dansit \textit{My deir derling}
And all assentit in a sop
To the vse of \textit{Ewrop}
That for so much thay beleuit
That expert and weill preuit  360
Thay war in the Est warld
As is heir breuly ourharld
Thay conclud the vse plane
Of Ylandis in Occiane
And of the fermeland of \textit{France}  365
And how the Emprio\textsuperscript{r} dois dance
\textit{Suesis in Suaua syne}
And als the \textit{Reuir of Ryne}
Off \textit{Bretane the brod Ile}
Off \textit{Yrland and Argyle}  370
\textit{Burgone and Breband}
\textit{Hanyngo and Holland}
\textit{Flanderis, Freisland, and eik}
\textit{Brandebur\textsuperscript{t} and Broinsweik}
\textit{Dittmer and Baywer}  375
\textit{Pruce Poill and Pomer}
\textit{Lubwick land and Lunaburgh}
\textit{Malestrand and Makilbur}

\textsuperscript{1} l. 349. "Mony laddis mony townis" on margin of the MS.
The steidis sevin and sevinty
And all bounde thameby

The Rerall\(^1\) and Rusland
Sclauia and Gotland
Denmark and Norroway
All thair dansis and play
Thay movit in thair mad muting
And all thay falit in futing
For m'rit wes thair menstrualis
Thair instrumentis in tonis felis
And all thair plat pure pansis
Coud not\(^t\) the fete of ony dansis
Bot such thing as affeiris
To hirdis and their maneris
For thay hard speik of men gud
And small thairof vndirstud
Bot hurliit furth vpoun heid
A copyne cull coud thame lede
And so thay wend thay weill dansit
And did bot praclit, and pransit
And quhen thay had all done
It was a tratlyng out of tune
Than thay began for to chyd
Quhill Quhorlorehusty cryd
Oe ceiss this brangling and bere
Remembir quhy ge come here
That ilk knave and ilk cust
Comprésit Horlore hust
For a witté man commendit
And thus thair dansing thay endit
And so concluding thay past
To thair maisteris als fast
The silly pig to reskew
All the samyn are thay met trew

\(^1\) Perhaps Revel.
Be than wes matchit on mold
Als mony as thay wold
Lord God so lowd as thay cryd
Full oft the fulis thay defyd
And on them semblit att onis
Bot thair was breking of bonis
Hold how he wes heir
Thay chace with fresch cheir
Fyll on the foirsaid sottis
And ourthrew all the ydiottis
Both of the swyne & the men
Be this ge may weill ken
That foly is no sapience
For multitud in negligence
He seldin palme of victory
Bot God & gud wit gy
And all this grit brawling
Babling and up'r thing
Wes for a pig as ge hard sayn
Git he eskapit vnslane
Now juge as ge lift by
For this is bot a fantesy 1
And littill a poyn of poetry
Bot sport to mak ws mirry
And git this is a strange caiss
Bot etterward this pig waiss
Growin to grit boir
Lo such is this warldis glore
Now law now he 2
Nothing stable we sé
In this warld of variance
Git fell a caiss and new chance
This pig quhen he a boir wes
Off micht he grew maikles

1 Old copy reads fancé sly.  
2 Now low, now high.
THE TALE OF

As to fecht for awant
Wt Antelop or Oliphant
Tiger Pard or Pantere
Bull Wolf or Wyld bere
Wt the awfull Vunicorne
Nor ony beist that wes borne
For he faucht wichtly wt Wad
And wt Melliager mad
Wt anterouss Hercules
He did a battell in pres
And huntit was in the plane
Befoir the goddes Dyane
Bot he eskapit harmeles
And killit houndis in the chase
The rich king of Sydon
And his knyghtis ilk on
For thir bere afferd wer
For vmquhile he wonit thair
And gaif a battell curious
To Eglamoir of Artherus
The vgly worme nevir so weill preuit
Quhill this bald bore leuit
Nor git as I vnderstand
The dragone in the holy land
Is not this a nyce cais
That first this pig so pure waiss
And in so many dengeris
He eskapit with weris
ge may consaue be this twich
That oft of ltitill cumis mich
No contempne a small fo
Quhill he haith grace to ryd or go
At liberty and fredome
I hold it no wisdome

1 Old copy reads bore.
Or for loif of pennyis
To suffer honour perreis
And thus is the cais endit
Of the penny pat wes spendit
That grew to so grit priss
Scarss spending skathis gentriss
Thus haif I tal'd gow a caiss
To sett gow in solaiss
For our exceeding study
May causs quhyle malancoly
Thairfoir to mak ws mirryar
Thus did my fantasy fair
And [of] this hirdy girdy I
And dirdy cry gow mercy

Explicit Prima Pars.

Fitt Second.

Off thir mokking meteris and mad materes
Gour he reuerence humly eft I requyre
All ge hereris pardoun wt patience
My noyous noyiss nycetie and negligence
And to satisfie my soirsaid symple dyte
In recompance of it now will I wryte
Of ge SECUND PENNY ffor the girle cost
How it did thryve gat onis was thrall half lost
A geir effir walking in his disport
By a rever Cokelby saw resort
Ane auld blind man wt a pretty maid
Not twelf geir hold 1 I hold of age scho haid
Bot suth to say scho was not lyk to be
A worldly wicht so wundir fair wes sche
So weill nurtherit as scho had nurischeit bene
In closter or court dochter to kyng or quene

1 So in MS.
Innocentlie scho salust on hir kné
This carlage man this foirsaid Colkelbé
-git for to tell þe werray treuth of it
He was ane man both of substance & wit
And said dochter have goddis blyssing & myne
The auld man askit le pour amour deuine
Cherité & he said father cum to my houss
He had him home and gaif him fair almouss
And intentlie inquireit quhair he had
Gottin that fair innocent gudelie maid
And gif scho war his dochter or kyn to say
He said suithlie scho is nother perfay
Bot ane palmar ane honest man was he
Ane aliane come frome beyond þe sé
With his awin wyf a blyssit creatour
Lougeit¹ with me suppoiss that I be peur
And through þe will of God so as it was
Thay war weseit with suddane soir seikness
And deceissit thairin boith in ane hour
This little maid this tender creatour
Was thair dochter and beluiffit with me
That leddis me now sence myself may nocht sé
Colkelbé said I beleif it is so
Bot quhat cuntré that ewer thài folk come fro
It semis thài war of kynreid full potent
Be the dochteris feris this innocent
Bot guid father gif that ge wald aggree
To lat þe maid remane heir still with me
For hir honour and elss so wald I Reid gow
Bot ge sall haif ane boy of myne to leid gow
The blynd man said thré soneis at home I have
And war I thair no moir gyding I crawe
Bot for þe maide hath bene a quhill with me
And ge hir haue I suld the better be

¹ Old copy, longeit.
Cokkelby said I had thré pennyis round
The first wes lost onys in a lak and found
And with it coft a pig sum callis a gryss
Qhich increscit to he wirschip and pryss
So mervellous mony men of him reidis
He wes the caus of feill ferlifull deidis
As his legend beris witness luke quho so list
The secound penny I haif heir in my fist,
On lyis in hurd this is the caiss of thame
Thré silly pennyis suthly I hald the same
The said secound penny I sail gife thé
For this young maid gif þat thow will and s sche
Wt my favoris in tyme to cum also
Thay agreit and thus I lat thame go
This Colkelby nvreist hir in his houss
Quich grew so fair and verry verteouss
So gentill in all hir gestis and appliable
And sobir in s'uice and amiable
That all þat hir saw thay luvit hir as thair lyfe
And specialy this Colkelbeis wyfe
A worschepfull woman in to her houss
Thay callit hir to name Bellamerouss
Betuix hir and hir husband Colkelby
Thay had a sone callit Flammislie
Galland he wes and gud in all his feir
And of all vperis odly the best archeir
In ony land ryt worschepfull and wyse
Big of bonis a strong man of dewyse
And as his fader and moder did oft espy
He coppeit this going wench attently
In his consait wt sad degestioun
Hir most plesand perfyt pure persoun

1. 550. The words "the caus" are repeated by mistake in the manuscript.
Hir fresche figour formyt of forme & face
Gevin to all gud fulfillit of Godis grace
That all bonty and bewty that myt be
Worthy compryss pairof anewch had sche
He lovit so weill pair was non vthir
Bot w consent of freindis fadir & moder
He weddit hir to wyfe wit ge for ay
This amiable innocent Adria
Wes callit to name and this in France fell
Into the first orising of it to tell
Or it prevelit planeist and popelus
Quhair now Pareiss citie is situat thus
This Colkelby wonit pair quhair the caiss
Of pe pig fulis and all pat foirsaid was
Till on a tyme pat he [of] France the king
Roid to vesy the boundis thair as regne
And in the place pr as Cokkelby dwelt
A man of scoir with such thing he delt
For than non could haift craft cornis to win
That king of mycht lugit into his In
And on the morne a grit schoting thay did try
Quhair Flamslie our all wan victory
The king saw him so big a man and strong
And gudly als to tary gow not lang
For his body a squyer he him maid
And in his weiris so weill he him behaid
He was maid knycht in court to continew
And than he send for his fair lady trew
Dame Adria quhome the king did commend
In his chalmer vpoun the quene to attend
Best belouit and most perfyte wes sche
For hir gestis and bewtie and bontie
Our all the laif the ladeis pat thair ware
And Flaminislie so weill in weiris him bare

1. 589. "gair" interlined in manuscript.
That the king after maid him erle ryall
And a cornar of a cuntre seuerall
No\(^t\) that invent inhabit as it lay
Gaif him be seile heretable for ay
Quhich he plenyssit \(w^t\) peple and polesy
And namit it after him and his lady
This is to say Flammislie and Adria
His hole erldome callit Flandria
Flan fra the first sillab of Flammislie
And Dria drevin fra Adria the \(\text{fr}^e\)
The quhich famouss erldome of Flanderis ay
Haldis of Frankland and Duchpeir to this day
Off the secound penny thus cum grit grace
\(W^t\) correctioun and this I call a cace
I reid no\(^t\) this in story autentyfe
I did it leir at ane full auld wyfe
My gritgraundame men callit hir Gurgunnald
Scho knew \(\text{pe}\) lyfe of mony faderis ald
Notable gestis of peas and weiris in storye
Fresche in hir mynd & recent of memorye
No\(^t\)\(w^t\)standing scho was weill sett in eild
Hir aige I hald of sevin scoir of winteris heild
And saw sumdeill bot for to say the suth
Into hir heid I trest was no\(^t\) a tuth
Thairfoir grwew most greedly eit sche
And laking teith famvlit hir faculté
That few folk mycht consaue hir mvmling mowth
Bot I \(\text{pat}\) was expert \(\text{p}^\text{in}\) of gowth
Than wald I say scho had grit grace of God
Quhy so \(q^d\) scho my son and maid a nod
Madame \(q^d\) I for thair be mony wyffis
Throw haboundance of spech \(\text{hat}\) nevir tryffis

1. 635. The word "grwew" in the manuscript seems unintelligible. Perhaps it is an error of the transcriber for "grwell."
And I wald chenge myt it be at my Reid
For a gud toung all the teith in thair heid
As ge ar now so suld thay not be namit
Skaldis baldis and hairthow schent and schamit
Than angrit scho and said Sanct Johne to borrow
Thow licht boy thow menis mekle sorrow
And sall do moir gise thow in lyfe may byd
Madame qd I that tak I on your syd
Than wald scho preiss bett me in angry wyss
Bot weill was me scho myt not ryn nor ryss
And I wald vp and wisk away full wyld
Than wald scho flattir cum in agane my chyld
And thow sall haif lo standing in the skelf
Quheit breid and reme conservit for my self
Than sett scho me to leir littell at the scule
Nowdir lyk to be a wys man nor a fule
And oft wt pyne scho maid me to report
Of hir tailis and to concluid in short
Scho said my sone be this said taill thou sall
Lerne fyve wittis and the first of thame all
Is to concider of fulis the foly
Set in nummer thay ryss and multeply
Thay may nevir moir fruct in felicity
Thair ignorance requyris not it so be
Experience and testimoniall
Off þe saidis fulis my sone consaif thow sall
That a pure pig in þair possessioun
Thay had and tuk for ferme conclusioun
To kill þe samyn and mak of it a feist
And syne thay war ourthrawin most and leist
For sory swyne for thair golfing affraid
Till þat þe pig brak fra thame in a braid
And syne knavis ourcome þame wt a crye
Thairfoir my sone fra sic fulich foly
And fallowschip keip þé for the first wit
The seconud is my sone will thou lerne it
Presume nevir bot povert may prewaill
Be it rywiss aganis men of grit availl
That ar no wyiss bot wranguss in yr deidis
In cais ha mak thè quhiles vext at nedis
Witness this pig sone be experience
That was fangit in þè fulis offence
To be killit and recoverit agane
To so grit grace as is foirsaid certaine
Thairfoir my sone leif not thy gud quarrell
For apperance of dangeris and parrell
For be thow just God sail thy juge be
In all perrellis and weill deliver thè
And the danger passit thow art als sure
As evir thow was and stranger in nature
To aventure agane in richtowsnace
Bot quho so will cowardly hyd his face
In defens of his just actioun
Quhen he trestis him for such fowll affectioun
Most in surty suppressit sone sal he be
Quhair the richtouss frome all feir sail go fré
Lychtly nevir thy gud querrell for feir
Off all perellis dowt damage or dangeir
Suld it so be nevir suld martirdome
Fortesie fath nor win the sege of Rome
Quho þat surest dois keip him sonest dois flyd
Bot gud quarrell and grace God be thy gyd
The thrid wit is my sone gif thow will ken
Quhair evir thow seis grit wit in virtewiss men
Thot thay be pure auld or gong specially
Contempne thame not sone and lo the quhy
This maid this girle this pure Adria wes
goung faderles leuit and eik moderles
In strenge lond and git the Holy Gost
Vpliftit hir for wit to wirschep most
And in lykwayiss hir lord Erle Flannyslie
Quho wold haif þame opprest for þr pouirte
Remembir now in such hicht as þay are
Quhat may þay do to þair party contrare
Thay may weill quynt and ouirthrow þame at all
Dispyss nevir wyiss vertewis in purall
The ferd wit is lat nevir þy penny be
Nor warldis gud my sone mastir of þé
For littill thing weill spendit may incres
To hé honour wirschep and gritt riches
As did thir tuo pennyis spendit weill
Vpoun þe pig and the pure damesell
I neid no moir of thame to multeply
Thow knawis befoir how þey did fructefy
Thairfoir hald no³ pennyis our pretiouss
Bot suffer thame pass prospering commodiouss
Forsuth a tyme a penny thow may spend
That may awaill thé to tho lyvis end
Thairfoir my sone gife thow thinkis to indure
Spend w³ mesure for luk wit and mesure
The fyift wit is my sone set nevir þy harte
To mak an hurd suffering honór by starte
For littill wett thow how sone þ³ thow may slid
Frome it slely or it fra þe to glid
And at the leist in þe hurd quhill it lyis
It servis nowdir þe warld nor multepleys
And gif thow deis it is unknawin to men
In avarice quhat cheir is w³ þé then
For quich this man this worthy Colkelby
That in his dayis gat nevir bot pennyis þré
Saw two thryve weill and the thrid did no³
Incontinent þat penny out he brocht
And awowit to God in solempne word
That he suld nevir study to mak ane hord
Ry³ so my sone I chairge thé to dude
Spend w³ wirschep and spair n³ Godis gud
How litiil wat thow ane vdir tyme quho may
Bruk thy wyfe & baggis estir thy day
Thus Gurgunnald my grit grandame me kend
Haif I myssaid in ocht I sall amend.

Explicit Secunda Pars.

Fitt Thrid.

AND wᵗ pardoun now of gour hé lordschippis
And correctioun of gour reuerend maister-
schippis
Heir wald I tell of THE THRID HID PENNY
As I haif told gow two did fructefy
This Cokelby concidering weill the cais
That of wrechit awarice grew nevir grace
Having in hairt the hole experience
How þat the two pennyis raiss in ascenss
Thoᵗ he wald preve the thrid penny quhyle hid
Quhilk for þe tyme no fruct nor proffeit did
To suffer it spreid in warld and fructefy
And gif sum folk wald say þat I go by
How suld a penny fruct contrair nature
Sen gold siluer mettell alkyn vre
Fynit be folkis vanisis and noᵗ incressis
Sum wold allege my lewit langage a less is
Bot or I waid moir in this wildirnes
Off such weir I will declair the cass
Quhill þat the vre is in the awin nature
And noᵗ fynit nor forgit be manis cure
So long the forss of the four elementis
And most þe erth mnynisteris it nvtrimonitis
To increasing as herbis stone or tré
Frome thair orising stok cuttit quhill thay be
And frome thair ferm first rutit grund dewydit
Thay may noᵗ than be natur so abscidit
Do fructifie and flureiss as afoir
Lyk as a man heidit he may no moir
Bot þat the saule throw grace of God only
In spirituall joyis only dois fructefy
So þe mettell abscedit be þe man
No⁷ fructeveis of nature bot quhat than
Manly resoun and wit of Godis gift
Fyndis menis the money to vplift
And multeply in moir memoir & mycht
Than evir it did in erd quhilk it plycht
For quhy so long as it lay on the ground
It was vnfynit as fruct nevirmoir found
And quhan it was vptak be manis wit
Throw out the world alway welcome wes it
And set in cas and menissit a lyte
Vsit and handlit be men þit quhair a myte
Failis þairof manis wit bringis agane
A thousands pundis fynit out of vris plane
The examplis þat quhoso hath a vertew
Vss it wysly eft syiss ten from it grew
And in schort my long legend quho so lestis
The euwangel þe trew⁶ þairof attestis
Goddis awin word quhich tuk frome on fule man
A pure penny having no moir as than
And gaif the wyss that had ten pennyis tald
Bot quhy was that for the fule man no wald
Dispone wysly his penny bot abuss it
Hyd it and he þat had ten weill tham usit
Thairfoir god tuk frome the vnverteouss man
A penny and gaif to the gud having ten
Ry⁵ so he þat has strente and it abusis
No⁷ following fast the fruct but it refusis
God will it geif to him þat hes far moir
I cast me nocht alday to gloiss in gloir
Or to langar legendis þat are prolixt
Thairfoir I turne vnto my first text
As to declair the thrid penny quhyle hid
Eftir out brocht and gydit grace it did
As followis heir quho lykis to adwert
Throw consaitis of Colkelby expert
Lyk o seda sawin in erd mortificat
Flouris money frucitis vinificat
Lyk martiris killit off quhome the mirreitis rysis
Sanctis in hevin quhome sinfull man supprysis
And herkynniss how besyd this Colkelby
Thair duelt a man was rich of stoir and fie
Quhile Bodyvincant castell standis now in plane
His big nybouir men callit him Bleirblowane
A wirthy wyfe had he weddit and sche
Was callit Susane on quhome a sone gat he
And Colkelby was gossep to the same
And he callit him Cokalb to his rycht name
Colkelby w the said thrid penny bocht
xxijj hen heggis and w them socht
To his gud sone for godadirly reward
Him to remembir as schawit is eftirward
Susan angrit heirit as oft woman is
Quhile passionat hat all consaitis kennis
Tuk in disdaine this gift this symple thing
And said gossap beir hame gour pure offring
Mene ge to mok my sone & me no moir
I will heirof fure it away jhairfoir
He said I sall keip thame to my gud sone
And had thame home to his place quhair he wone
And chairgeit sone his henwyfe to do hir cure
And mak thame fruct than to set thame scho fure
Hir best brod hen callit lady Pekle pes
And goung Cokrell hir lord and lemmans wes
Scho maid brud on thir eggis hat in schort space
Twenty four chikkynis of thame scho hes
Twelf maill and twelf famell be croniculis cleir
And quhat thay war wth thair names we sall heir
The first wes the samyn Chantecleir to luke
Of quhome Chaucer treitis into his buke
And his lady Partlot sister and wyfe
Quhilk wes no lyse in detis of þat lyse
For quhy folkis levit be naturall lawis than
The tuther bruþir was clipit Cokademan
He tuk to wyfe his fair trew sister Toppok
Coktrawdoun was the thrid and his wyfe Coppok
And to compt just the fourt Cok lyk oursis
And littill Henpen his pretty paramòris
And fyift lord was Lyricok in hall
And Kekilcrouss thay did his lady call
Brid to Kittilcok that sat on reid cailli stok
And Feklefaw farrest of all the flok
Was the sext and Cokrusty the sevin
Dame Strange his wyfe quhilk had a stout stevin
Cokky the aucht his lady clepit Erok
Coknolus the nynt spowsit his sister Vrok
Cokcoboy the tent and Sprutok his special
Cokobenar the levint his maik thay call
Dame Juliane the twelf wes Cokjawbert
And lady Wagtail his joy and all his hairt
So stout a stoir come of þir breþ twelf
And þair sisteris I can not say my self
The syistres pþe thay wer so fructeouss
And at schreftis evin sum wes so battalouss
That he wald win to his maist in feild
Fourty florans wþ bill and spuris beild
Sum of þis stoir this Cokkelby did sell
Sum auld sum þung sum eggis in the schell
And cost þþþþþþ ware and so it turnit
This penny that xv þeir it not fowrnt
He mylteplyit moir than a thowsand pound
Than his gud sone he callit to him a stound
Befoir his fader moder and freindis all
And said Cokkalb my sone ressaif thow sall
All thir gudis for justly thay ar thyne
Off thy chyld gift storit throw grace devyne
Fro xxiiiij hen eggis quiche I thé gaif
get þi moder sone wald þame no† ressaif 890
Than as þe hard he tald all þe caiss
This Cokelb grew eftir to so grit riches
Throw this penny he grew the michtiest man
In ony realme quhat did þe penny than
First hid in hurde to vertew no† applyit 895
And syne outbrocht þat so fer fructefyit
Thairfoir my sone study nevir in thy day
Wt auarice warldis gud in hurd till ley
Nor be thow no† disparit of Godis grace
The thrid penny this was and þe last caice 900
As my biledame old Gurgunnald told me
I allege non vþir auctorité
In this sentence maid on revill raill
Qhich semys most to be a wyfis taill
Wt correctioun quhile now I this conclud 905
God þat ws bocht wþ his awin blissit blud
Both gow and me to consarue he deden
Throw meik mirreitis of his only sone Amen.

Explicit Tertia Pars et Ultima.
The Tale of Rauf Coiljear.

The excellent and worthy Prelate who was the first to draw public attention to the stores of our ancient poetical literature has justly observed, that it has ever been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects;"¹ and at the same time he states, that his manuscript volume of old Ballad and Romance Poetry contains a mutilated copy of the ancient poem of "John the Reeve," which follows in the present collection. This Poem Bishop Percy describes as "being built on an adventure of the same kind with the ballad of 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield,' which happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. The latter (he adds) is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV., and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have since been written in imitation." The originality of conception, thus assigned to this poem, appears rather questionable, as there are several English ballads (such as the "King and the Barker" ²) that may vie with it in point of antiquity: and certainly it can by no means be esteemed so ancient as "Ralf Coiljear."

"Rauf Coiljear," in common with the greater number of the ancient tales and romances in our vernacular language, might have been referred by conjecture to some Frankish original, if it had not been the case that the writer has borrowed one of his heroes from a period when the modern French capital was hardly known or used as such. It

² Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry," 1864-66, i. 3-10.
purports to relate an adventure between Charlemagne or Karl and a collier in the vicinity of Paris—a city which the Emperor-king rarely visited. It is rather, then, the composition of a Scot, who, like many of his countrymen, had received his education in France, and was tempted to adopt the names without much reflection or inquiry. But it deserves notice that, whoever was the author, he followed the example of the writer of *Colkelbie Sow* in laying his scene there in the only passage where a locality is specified. The language of this tale, with the peculiar structure of the stanza and its alliterative style, refer the composition to a period not later than the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century; but we are not possessed of such evidence as might entitle us to ascribe it in particular to any one Scottish poet. That at an early period it enjoyed much popularity in Scotland is sufficiently evident. Dunbar in one of his poems addressed to James IV. mentions,

"Gentill and semple, of every clan,
Kyne of Rauf Colȝear and Johne the Reif."

And Bishop Douglas, in the "Palice of Honour," written in the year 1503, among other characters of notoriety, says,

"I saw Rauf Colȝear with his thravin brow."

It is also enumerated by the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed at Paris about 1549, among the "tailis, fabillis, and plesand stories" recited by "the scheiperdis," whereof "sum vas in prose and sum in verse, sum vas storeis, and sum vas flut taylis."

This tale, however, was, for a length of time, considered no longer to be in existence. The short notice which occurs in Jos. Ames's "Typographical Antiquities," 1749, 4to, p. 583, is the only intimation respecting any printed edition; but so completely had every copy eluded detection, that the repeated search and inquiry of more than half a century failed in gratifying the curiosity excited by these different allusions, among our poetical antiquaries. In the index to the Auchinleck Manuscript: "Item þe buke of ralf colȝear," appears as the LXIV. article,—but this, and some other portions of the same volume, have long since been lost.

The present re-impression has been made from a printed copy discovered in 1821 in a volume of English tracts of
extreme rarity in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. In the original (of the title of which a correct facsimile is here given, although seemingly printed with more accuracy than is usually met with in such publications, two lines in the xith and one line in the Lvth stanza appear to have been omitted. The tract is in 4to, and contains sixteen leaves in black letter. The only liberty that has been taken, besides the change of letter, is the substitution of "th" in the few instances where the Anglo-Saxon "th" had been introduced.

The tale of "Rauf Coiljear" has claims to public attention altogether independent of its uncommon rarity, as it possesses no considerable share of poetical merit, and the versification or rhythm is remarkable as the prototype of "Peblis to the Play," "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and other Scottish productions. Indeed, it may be worth considering whether it is not probable that this and "Peblis to the Play" were from the same pen. Although, like most poems of the same age and character, many words are altered from their usual acceptation, or introduced merely for the sake of the alliterative style, the language is by no means obscure. The narrative is simple and circumstantial; the characters are well described; and a vein of comic humour runs through the whole. The adventure with the Saracen towards the conclusion of the poem (very skilfully introduced, to prevent the author from committing the reputation, either of "Schir Rauf," his hero, or of the "gentill knycht," "Schir Rolland"—the Roland or Orlando of history), which terminates so happily in "Magog's" conversion to the Christian faith, and his marriage with the "Gentill Duchess," may, perhaps, be considered as the strongest evidence of its foreign original.

It may be stated that a very rude woodcut follows the imprint in the original, and has been omitted, as it would not have been any ornament, and, besides, has not the slightest allusion to the poem itself; that of the two heads on the title-page occurs also in the edition of Sir D. Lyndsay's Works, 4to, 1571.
C Heir beginnis the taill of Rauf coilzeacr how he harbrett King charlis

Imprentit at Sanc-
tandrois be Robert Lekpreuik. Anno. 1572.
THE TALE OF

I

N the cheiftyme of Charlis that chosin Chiftane
Thair fell ane ferlyfull flan within thay fellis wyde
Quhair Empreouris and Erlis and vther mony ane
Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befoir the gule tyde
Thay past vnto Paris thay proudest in pane
With mony Prelatis t Princis that was of mekle pryde
All thay went with the King to his worthy wane
Ouir the feildis sa fair thay fure be his syde
All the worthihest went in the morning
Baith Dukis and Duchepuiris
Barrounis and Bacheleiris
Mony stout man steiris

Of town with the King.

And as that Ryall raid ouir the rude mure
Him betyde ane tempest that tyme hard I tell
The wind blew out of the Eist stiflie and sture
The deip durandlie draif in mony deip dell,
Sa feirslie fra the Firmament sa fellounlie it fure
Thair micht na folk hald na fute on the heich fell
In point thay war to parische thay proudest men
and pure
In thay wickit wedderis thair wist nane to dwell
Amang thay myrck Montanis sa madlie they mer
Be it was pryme of the day
Sa wonder hard fure thay
That ilk ane tuik ane seir way

And sperpellit full fer.

Ithand wedderis of the eist draif on sa fast
It all to blaisterit and blew that thairin baid
Be thay disseuerit sindrie midmorne was past
Thair wist na Knicht of the Court quhat way the
King raid
He saw thair was na better bot God on the last
His steid aganis the storme staluartlie straid
He Cachit fra the Court sic was his awin cast
Quhair na body was him about be siue mylis braid
In thay Montanis I wis he wox all will
In wickit wedderis and wicht
Amang thay Montanis on hicht
Be that it drew to the nicht

The King lykit ill.

Euill lykand was the King it nichtit him sa lait
And he na harberie had for his behufe;
Sa come thair ane cant Carll chachand the gait
With ane Capill and twa Creillis cuplit abufe
The King carpit to the Carll withoutin debait
Schir tell me thy richt name for the Rude lufe
He sayis men callis me Rauf Coilgear as I weill wait
I leid my life in this land with mekle vnrufe
Baith tyde and tyme in all my trauale
Hine ouir seuin mylis I dwell
And leidis Coillis to sell
Sen thow speiris I the tell. All the suith hale.

Sa mot I thrife said the King I speir for nane ill
Thow semis ane nobill fallow thy answer is sa fyne
Forsuih said the Coilgear traist quhen thow will
For I trow and it be nocht swa sum part salbe thyne
Mary God forbid said the King that war bot lytill skill
Baith my self and my hors is reddy for to tyne
I pray the bring me to sum rest theweddir is sa schill
For I defend that we fall in ony fechtine
I had mekiil mair nait sum friendschip to find
And gif thow can better than I
For the name of Sanct July
Thow bring me to sum harbery
And leif me not behind.

I wait na worthie barberie heir neir hand
For to serue sic ane man as me think the
Nane bot mine awin hous maist in this land
Fer furth in the Forest amang the fellis hie
With thy thow wald be payit of sic as thou fand
Forsuith thou suld be wel cum to pas hame with me
Or ony vther gude fallow that I heir fand
Walkand will of his way as me think the
For the wedderis ar fa fell that fallis on the feild
The King was blyth quhair he raid
Of the grant that he had maid
Sayand with hait glaid
Schir God gow forgeild.

Na thank me not our airlie for dreid that we threip
For I haue seruit the jit of lytill thing to rufe
For nouther hes thow had of me fyre drink nor meit
Nor nane vther eismentis for trauellouris behufe
Bot micht we bring this barberie this nicht weill to help
That we micht with ressoun baith thus excuse
To morne on the morning quhen thow sall on leip
Pryse at the parting how that thow dois
For first to lofe and syne to lak Peter it is schame
The King said, in gude fay
Schir it is suith that ge say
Into sic talk fell thay
Qhill thay war neir hame.
To the Coileis hous baith or thay wald blin
The Carll had Cunning weill quhair the gait lay
Vndo the dure beliue Dame art thow in
Quhy Deuill makis thow na dule for this euill day
For my Gaist and I baith cheueris with the chin
Sa fell ane wedder feld I neuer be my gude fay
The gude wyfe glaid with the gle to begin
For durst scho neuer sit sůmoundis that scho hard
him say
The Carll was wantouf word and wox wonder
wraith
All abaisit for blame
To the dure went our Dame
Scho said Schir ȝe ar welcome hame
[You] and ȝour Gaist baith,

Dame I haue deir coft all this dayis hyre
In wikit wedderis and weit walkand full will
Dame kyith I am cůmin hame and kendill on ane
 fyre
I trow our Gaist be the gait hes farne als ill
Ane Ryall rufe he fyre war my desyre
To fair the better for his saik gif we micht win
thair till
Knap doun Capounis of the best but in the byre
Heir is bot hamelie fair do beliue Gill
Twa cant knaihis of his awin haistelie he bad
The ane of ȝow my Capill ta
The vther his Coursour alswa
To the stabill swyith ȝe ga
Thā was the King glaid.

The Coilear gudlie in feir, tuke him by the
hand
And put him befoir him as ressoun had bene
THE TALE OF

Quhen thay come to the dure the King begouth to stand
To put the Colgear in befoir maid him to mene
He said thow art vncourtes that sall I warrand
He tyt the King be the nek twa part in tene
Gif thow at bidding suld be boun or obeysand
And gif thow of Courtasie couth thow hes forget it clene
Now is anis said the Colgear kynd aucht to creip
Sen ellis thow art vnknavin
To mak me Lord of my awin
Sa mot I thriue I am thravin

Begin we to threip.

Than benwart they geid quhair brandis was bricht
To ane bricht byrnand fyre as the Carll bad
He calllt on Gyliane his wyfe thair Supper to dicht
Of the best that thair is help that we had
Efter ane euill day to haue ane mirrie nicht
For sa troublit with stormis was I neuer stad
Of ilk airt of the Eist sa laithly it laid
git was I mekle willar than
Quhē I met with this man
Of sic taillis thay began
Quhill the supper was graid.

Sone was the Supper dicht and the fyre bet
And thay had weschin I wis the worthiest was thair
Tak my wyfe be the hand in feir withoutin let
And gang begin the buird said the Colgear
That war unsemand forsuith and thy self vnset
The King profferit him to gang and maid ane strange fair
Now is twyse said the Carll me think thow hes forget
He leit gyrd to the King withoutin ony mair
And hit him vnder the eir with his richt hand
Quhill he stakkerit thair with all
Half the breid of the hall
He faind neuer of ane fall Quhill the eird fand,

He stert vp stoutly agane vneis micht he stand
For anger of that outray that he had thair tane
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe ga tak him be the hand
And gang agane to the buird quhair the eird fand.

Schir thow art vnskilfull and that sall I warrand
Thow byrd to haue nurtour aneuch and thow hes nane
Thow hes walkit I wis in mony wyld land
The mair vertew thow suld haue to keip the fra blame
Thow suld be courtes of kynd and ane cunnand Courteir
Thocht that I simpill be
Do as I bid the
The hous is myne pardie And all that is heir.

The King said to himself this is ane euill lyfe

it was I neuer in my lyfe thus gait leird
And I haue oft tymes bene quhair gude hes bene ryfe
That maist couth of courtasie in this Cristin eird
Is nane sa gude as leif of and mak na mair stryfe
For I am stonischt at this straik that hes me thus steird
In feir fairlie he foundis with the gude wyfe
Quhair the Coilʒear bad sa braithlie he beird
Quhen he had done his bidding, as him gude thocht
Doun he sat the King neir
And maid him glaid & gude cheir
And said ge ar welcum heir
Be him that me bocht.

1 Quhen thay war seruit and set to the Suppar
Gyil and the gentill King Chariis of micht
Syne on the tother syde sat the Coilgear
Thus war thay mareschellit but mair 't matchit that
    nicht
Thay brocht breid to the buird and braun of ane bair
And the worthyest wyne went vpon hicht
Thay Beirnis as I wene thay had anech thair
Within that burelie bigging, byrnand full bricht
Syne enteris thair daynteis on deis dicht: dayntelie
Within that worthie wane
Forsui'h wantit thay nane
With blyith cheir, sayis Gyliane
Schir dois glaidlie.

The Carli carp't to the King cumlie and cleir
Schir the Forestaris forsuith of this Forest
Thay haue me all at Inuy for dreid of the Deir
Thay threip that I thring doun of the fattest
Thay say I sail to Paris thair to compeir
Befoir our cumlie King in dule to be drest
Sic manassing thay me mak forsuith ilk geir
And git anech sail I haue for me and ane Gest
Thairfoir sic as thou seis spend on and not spair
Thus said gentill Charlis the Mane
To the Coilgear agane
The King himself hes bene fane
Sum tyme of sic fair.
Of Caponnis and Cûningis they had plentie
With wyne at thair will and eik Vennysoun
Byrdis bakin in breid, the best that may be
Thus full freschlie thay fure into fusoun
The Carll with ane cleir voce carpit on he
Said Gyll lat the cop raik for my bennysoun
And gar our Gaist begin and syne drink thow to me
Sen he is ane stranger me think it resoun
Thay drank dreichlie about thay wosche and thay rais
The King with ane blyith cheir
Thankit the Coilgcar
Syne all the thre into feir

Quhen they had maid thame eis the Coilgcar tald
Mony sindrie taillis efter Suppair
Ane bricht byrnand fyre was byrnand full bald
The King held gude countenance and company bair
And euer to his asking ane answer he gald
Quhill at the last he began to frane farther mair
In faith freind I wald wit tell gif ge wald
Quhair is thy maist wynning said the Coilgcar
Out of weir said the King I waynd it neuer to tell
With my Lady the Quene
In office maist haue I bene
All thir geiris fyftene
In the Court for to dwell.

Quhat kin office art thow in quhen thow art at hame
Gif thow dwellis with the Quene proudest in pane
Ane Chyld of hir Chalmer Schir be Sanct Jame
And thocht my self it say maist inwart of ane
For my dwelling to nicht I driend me for blame
Quhat sal I cal ye said ye Coilgear quhè thou art hyne gane
220
Wymond of the Wardrop is my richt Name
Quhair euer thou findis me befoir the thi harberie is tane
And thou will cum to the Court this I vnderta
Thow sall haue for thy Fewill
For my saik the better saill
And onwart to thy trauaill
Worth ane laid or twa

He said I haue na knowlege quhair the Court lyis
And I am wonder wa to cum quhair I am vnkend
And I sall say thee the suith on ilk syde I wis
That thou sall wit weill aneuch or I fra the wend
231
Baith the King and the Quene meitis in Paris
For to hald thair gule togidder for scho is etter send
Thair may thou sall be nessoun als deir as thou will prys
And git I sall help the gif I ocht may amend
For I am knawin with Officiaris in cais thou cum thair
235
Haue gude thocht on my Name
And speir gif I be at hame
For I suppois be Sanct Jame
Thow sall the betet fair,

Me think it nessoun be the Rude that I do thy rid
In cais I cum to the Court and knaw bot the ane
Is nane sa gude as drink and gang to our bed
For als far as I wait the nicht is furth gane
To ane preuie Chalmer beliue thay him led
Quhair ane barely bed was wrocht in that wane
Closit with Courtingis and cumlie cled
Of the worthiest wyne wantit thay nane
The Coilgear and his wyfe baith with him thay geid
To serue him all at thay mocht
Till he was in bed brocht
Mair the King spak nocht
Bot thankit thame thair deid.

Vpon the morne airdlie quhen it was day
The King buskit him sone with scant of Squyary
Wachis and Wardroparis all war away
That war wont for to walkin mony worthy
Ane Pauyot preuillie brocht him his Palfray
The King thocht lang of this lyfe and lap on in hy
Than callit he on the Carll anent quhair he lay
For to tak his leif than spak he freindly
Than walkinnit they baith and hard he was thair
The Carll start vp sone
And prayit him to abyde [a]none
Quhill thir wickit wedderis be done

I rid nocht ge fair.

Sa mot I thriue said the King me war lath to byde
Is not the morne gule day fornest of the geir
Ane man that Office suld beir betyme at this tyde
He will be found in his fault that wantis foroutin weir
I se the Firmament fair vpon ather syde
I will returne to the Court quhill the wedder is cleir
Call furth the gude wyse lat pay hir or we ryde
For the worthie harberie that I haue fundin heir
Lat be God forbid the Coilegear said
And thow [be] of Charlis cumpany
Cheif King of Cheualry
That for ane nichtis harbery Pay suld be laid.

I gea sen it is sa that thow will haue na pay
Cum the morne to the Court and do my counsall
Deliuer the and bring ane laid and mak na delay
Thow may not schame with thy Craft gif thow thrive sall
Gif I may help the ocht to sell forsuith I sall assay
And als my self wald haue sum of the Fewall
Peter he said I sall preif the morne gif I may
To bring Coillis to the Court to se gif they sell sall
Se that thow let nocht I pray the said the King
In faith said the Coilegear
Traist weill I salbe thair
For thow will neuer gif the mair

To mak ane lesing.

Bot tell me now lelely quhat is thy richt name
I will forget the morne and ony man ma greif
Wymond of the Wardrop I bid not to lane
Tak gude tent to my name the Court gif thow will preif
That I haue said I sall bald and that I tell the plane
Quhair ony Coilegear may enchaip I trow till encheif
Quhen he had grantit him to cum than was the King fane
And withoutin ony mair let than he tuke his leif
Then the Coilgear had greit thocht on the cūnand
he had maid
Went to the Charcoill in hy
To mak his Chauffray reddy
Agane the morne airly
He ordanit him ane laid.

The lyft lemit vp beliue and licht was the day
The King had greit knowledgd the countrie to
ken
Schir Rolland and Oliuer come rydand the way
With thame ane thousand and ma of sensabill men
War wanderand all the nicht ouir 't mony ma
than thay
On ilk airt outwart war ordanit sic ten
Gif thay micht heir of the King or happen quhair
he lay
To Jesus Christ thay pray that grace thame to len
Als sone as Schir Rolland saw it was the King
He kneillit doun in the place
Thank and God ane greit space.
Thair was ane meting of grace
At that gaddering.

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland he kneillit on
his kne
Thankand greit God that mekill was of micht
Schir Oliuer at his hand and Bischoppis thre
Withoutin cōmounis that come and mony vther
Knicht
Than to Paris thay pas all that Cheualrie
Betuix none of the day and gule nicht
The Gentill Bischop Turpine cummand thay se
With threttie Conuent of Priestis reuest at ane
sicht
Preichand of Prophecie in Processioun
Efter thame baith fer and neir
Folkis following in feir
Thankand God with gude cheir

Thair Lord was gane to toun.

Quhen thay Princis appeirit into Paris
Ilk rew ryallie with riches thame arrayis
Thair was digné servise done at Sanct Dyonyss
With mony proud Prelat as the buik sayis
Syne to Supper thay went within the Palys
Befoir that mirthfull man menstrallis playis
Mony wicht wylis sone worthie and wise
Was sene at that semblay ane and twentie dayis
With all kin principall plentie for his plesance
They callit it the best gule than
And maist worthie began
Sen euer King Charlis was man

Or euer was in France.

Than vpon the morn eairlie quhen the day dew
The Coilgear had greit thocht quhat he had vnder tane
He kest twa Creillis on ane Capill with Coillis new
Wandit thame with widdeis to wend on that wane
Mary it is not my counsall, but gone man that ge knew.

To do gow in his gentrise said Gyliane
Thow gaif him ane outrageous blaw t greit boist blew
In faith thow suld haue bocht it deir bot he had bene allane
For thy hald gow fra the Court for ocht that may be gone man that thow outrayd
Is not sa simpill as he said
Thairun my lyfe dar I layd

That sall thow heir and se.
RJUF COILZEAR

Dame haue nane dreyd of my lyfe to day
Let me wirk as I will the weird is mine awin
I spak not out of ressoun the suth gif I sall say
To Wymond of the Wardrop war the suth knawin

That I haue hecht I sall hald happin as it may
Quhidder sa it gang to greif or to gawin
He caucht twa Creillis on ane capill t catchit on his way.
Ouir the Daillis sa derf, be the day was dawin
The hie way to Paris, in all that he mocht
With ane quhip in his hand
Cantlie on catchand
To fulfill his cunnand

To the Court socht.

Graith thocht of the grant had the gude King
And callit Schir Rolland him till and gaif co-mandment
Ane man he traistit in maist atour all vther thing
That neuer wald set him on assay withoutin his assent
Tak thy hors and thy harnes in the morning
For to watche weill the wayis I wald that thow went
Gif thow meitis ony leid lent on the ling
Gar thame boun to this Burgh I tell the mine intent
Or gyf thow seis ony man cumming furth the way
Quhat sumeuer that he be
Bring him haistely to me
Befoir none that I him se

In this hall the day.

Schir Rolland had greit ferly and in hart kest
Quhat that suld betakin that the King tald
Vpon solemni[s]t gule day quhen ilk man suld rest
That him behouit neidlingis to watche on the wald
Quhen his God to serue he suld haue him drest 375
And syne with ane blyth cheir buskit that bald
Out of Paris proudly he preikit full prest
In till his harnes all hail his hechtis for to hald
He vmbkekest the countrie outwith the toun
Ha saw na thing on steir 380
Nouther fer nor neir
Bot the feildis in feir Daillis and doun.

¶ He huit and he houerit quhill midmorne and mair
Behaldand the hie hillis and passage sa plane
Sa saw he quhair the Coilgear come with all his fair
With twa Creillis on ane Capill thairof was he fane
He followit to him haistely amang the holtis hair
For to bring him to the King at bidding full bane
Courtesly to the Knicht kneillit the Coilgear
And Schir Rolland him self salust him agane 390
Syne bad him leif his courtasie and boun him to ga
He said withoutin letting
Thow mon to Paris to the King
Speid the fast in ane ling Sen I find na ma.

¶ I faith said the Coilgear, git was I neuer sa nyse
Schir Knicht it is na courtasie commounis to scorne
Thair is mony better than I cummis oft to Parys
That the King wait not of, nouther nicht nor morne
For to towsill me or tit me, thocht foull be my clais
Or I be dantit on sic wyse my lyfe salbe lorne 400
Do way said Schir Rolland, me think thow art not wise
I rid thow at bidding be, be all that we haue sworne
And call thow it na scorning but do as I the ken
Sen thow hes hard mine Intent
It is the Kingis commandement
At this tyme thow suld haue went
And I had met sic ten.

¶ I am bot ane mad man that thow hes heir met
I haue na myster to matche with maisterfull men
Fair and our the feildis Fewell to fet
And oft fylit my feit in mony foull fen
Gangand with laidis my gouerning to get
Thair is mony Carol in the countrie thow may
nocht ken,
I sall hald that I haue hecht, bot I be hard set
To Wymond of the Wardrop I wait full weill quhen
Sa thriue I said, Rolland it is mine Intent
That nouther to Wymond nor Will
Thou sall hald nor hecht till
Quhill I haue brocht the to fullfill
The Kingis cõmandment.

¶ The Carol beheld to the Knight as he stude
than
He bair grauit in Gold and Gowlis in grene
Glitterand full gaylie quhen Glemis began
Ane Tyger ticht to ane tre, ane takin of tene
Trewlie that tenefull was trimland than
Semelie schapin and schroud in that Scheild schene
Mekle worschip of weir worthylie he wan
Befoir into fechting with mony worthie sene
His Basnet was bordourit and burneift bricht
With stanes of Beriall deir
Dyamountis and Sapheir
Riche Rubeis in feir

Reulit full richt.
The Tale of His plaitis properlie picht attour with precious stanis
And his Pulanis full prest of that ilk peir
Greit Graipis of Gold his Greis for the nanis
And his Cussanis cumlie schynand full cleir
Brigh braissaris of steill about his arme banis
Blandit with Beriallis and Cristallis cleir
Ticht our with Thopas and trew lufe atanis
The teind of his tewellis to tell war full teir
His Sadill circulit and set richt sa on ilk syde
His brydoll bellisand and gay
His steid stout on stray
He was the Ryallest of array
On Ronsy micht ryde.

Of that Ryall array that Rolland in raid
Rauf rusit in his hart of that Ryall thing
He is the gayeft in geir that euer on ground glaid
Haue he grace to the gre in ilk Iornaying
War he ane manly man, as he is weill maid
He war full michtie with magre durst abyde his meting
He bad the Coilegear in wraith swyth withoutin baid
Cast the Creillis fra the Capill, and gang to the King
In faith it war greit schame said the Coilegear
I vndertak thay suld be brocht
This day for ocht that be mocht
Schir Knicht that word is for nocht
That thow Carpis thair.

Thou huifs on thir holtis, and haldis me heir
Quhill half the haill day may the hicht haue
Be Christ that was christinnit, and his Mother cleir
Thow sall catche to the Court that sall not be to craue
It might be preisit
prejudice bot gif thow suld
compeir
To se quhat granting of grace the King wald the
gaif
For na gold on this ground wald I but weir
Be fundin fals to the King, sa Christ me saue
To gar the cum and be knawin as I am command
I wait not quhat his willis be
Nor he namit na mair the
Nor ane vther man to me
Bot quhome that I fand.

Thow fand me fechand nathing that followit to
feid
I war ane fule gif I fled, and fand nane affray
Bot as ane lauchful man my laidis to leid
That leifs with mekle lawtie and laubour in
fay
Be the Mother and the Maydin that maid vs remeid
And thow mat me ony mair cum efter quhat sa may
Thow and I sall dyntis deill quhill ane of vs be deid
For the deidis thow hes me done vpon this deir day
Mekle merwell of that word had Schir Rolland
He saw na wappinis thair
That the Coilgear bair
Bot ane auld Buklair and ane roustie brand.

This lyked Schir Rolland, and lichtly he leuch
That sic ane stubill husband man wald stryke
stoutly
Thair is mony toun man to tuggill is full teuch
Thocht thair brandis be blak and vnburley
Oft fair foullis ar fundin faynt and als freuch
I defend we fecht or fall in that foly

1 ? preifit. 2 Laing printed It is lyke.
Lat se how we may disseuer with sobernes aneuch
And catche crabitnes away, be Christ counsall I
Quhair winnis that Wymond thou hecht to meit to day
With the Quene tauld he me
And thair I vndertuke to be
Into Paris pardie Withoutin delay. 490

And I am knawin with the Quene said Schir Rolland
And with mony byrdis in hir Bowre be buikis and bellis
The King is into Paris that sall I warrand
And all his aduertance that in his Court dwellis
Me tharth haue nane noy of myne erand 495
For me think thow will be thair efter as thow tellis
Bot gif I fand the sorrow now to keip my cunnand
Schir Knicht said the Coilgear thow trowis me neuer ellis
Bot gif sum suddand let put it of delay
For that I hecht of my will 500
And na man threit me thair till
That I am haldin to fulfill
And sall do quhill I may.

If thee sen thow will be thair thy cunnandis to new
I neid nane airar myne erand nor none of the day
Be thow traist said the Coilgear man as I am trew
I will not haist me ane fute faster on the way
Bot gif thow raik out of my renk, full raith sall thow rew
Or be the Rude I sall rais thy Ryall array
Thocht thy body be braissit in that bricht hew
Thow salbe fundin als febil of thy bone fay
Schir Rolland said to him self this is bot folly
To striue with him ocht mair
I se weill he will be thair
His leif at the Coilgear He tuke lufesumly.

¶ Be Christ said the Coilgear, that war ane foull
scoren
That thow suld chaip bot I the knew that is so
schynand
For thow seis my weidis ar auld and all to
worne
Thow trowis nathing thir taillis that I am telland
Bring na Beirnis vs by, bot as we war borne
And thir Blonkis that vs beiris thairto I mak ane
band
That I sall meit the heir vpon this mure to
morne
Gif I be haldin in heill, and thairto my hand
Sen that we haue na laiser at this time to ta
In ane thourtour way
Seir gaitis pas thay
Baith to Paris in fay Thus partit they twa.

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland come rydand
full sone
And left the Coilgear to cum, as he had vndertane
And quhen he come to Paris the hie Mes was
done
The King with mony cumly out of the Kirk is
gane
Of his harnes in hy, he hynt withoutin hone
And in ane rob him arrayit richest of ane
In that worshipfull weid he went in at none
As he was wont with the wy, that weildit the
wane
On fute ferly in feir formest of all
Richt weill payit was the King
Of Schir Rollandis cumming
To speir of his tything Efter him gart call.

The King in counsall him callit, cū hidder
Schir Knicht
Hes thow my bidding done as I the command
In faith said Schir Rolland I raid on full richt
To watch wyselie the wayis that I sall warrand
Thair wald na douchtie this day for Iornay be dicht
Fairand ouir the feildis full few thair I fand
Saif anerly ane man that semblit in my sicht
Thair was na leid on lyfe lent in this land
Quhat kin a fallow was that ane Schir I the pray
Ane man in husband weid
Buskit busteously on breid
Leidand Coillis he ȝeid To Paris the way.

Quhy hes thow not that husband brocht, as I the bad?
I dreid me sa he dantit the, thow durst not with him deill
In faith said Schir Rolland gif that he sa had
That war full hard to my hart, and I ane man in heill
He saw the King was engreuit and gat furth glaid
To se gif the Coilȝearis lawtie was leill
I suld haue maid him in the stour to be full hard stad
And I had witten that the Carll wald away steill
Bo I trowit not the day that he wald me beget
As he went outwart bayne
He met ane Porter swayne
Cummand raith him agayne Fast fra the get.

 있기erry gangis thow Gedling thir gaitis sa gane?
Be God said the Grome, ane gift heir I geif
I deuise at the get thair is ane allane
Bot he be lattin in beliue him lykis not to leif
With ane Capill and twa Creillis cassin on the plane
To cum to this Palice he preissis to preif
Gif thow hes fundin that Freik in faith I am fane
Lat him in glaidly it may not engreif
Bot askis he eirenestly efter ony man
Than said that Gedling on ground ge forsuth in this stound
Efter ane Wymound In all that he can.

Pas agane Porter, and let him swyith in
Amang the proudest in preis plesand in pane
Say thow art not worthy to Wymond to win
Bid him seik him his self, gif thair be sic ane
Agane gangis Schir Rolland, quhair gle suld begin
And the gaip geman to the get is gane
Enbraissit the bandis beliue or that he wald blin
Syne seik the wy at his will wend in the wane
Gang seik him now thy self he said vpon hicht
My self hes na lasair
Fra thir getiis to fair
Be Christ said the Coilgear I set that bot licht.

Gif thow will not seik him, my awin self sall
For I haue oft tymes swet in seruice ful sair
Tak keip to my Capill that na man him call
Quhill I cum fra the Court said the Coilgear
My laid war I laith to lois, I leif the heir all
Se that thou leis thame not, but geime thame full gair
In that hardy in hy, he haikit to that hall
For to wit gif Wymondis wynning was thair
He arguit with the Ischar ofter than anis
Schir can thou ocht say
Quhair is Wymond the day
I pray the bring him gif thou may Out of this wanis.

He trowit that the wy had wittin of Wymond he wend
Bot to his raifand word he gaue na reward
Thair was na man thairin that his name kend
Thay countit not the Coilgear almaist at regaird
He saw thair was na meiknes nor mesure micht mend
He sped him in spedely and nane of thame he spaired
Thair was na fyue of thay Freikis, that micht him furth fend
He socht in sa sadly, quhill sum of thame he said
He thristit in throw thame thraly with threttis
Quhen he come amang thame all
 Hil was the King in the hall
And mony gude man with all Vngane to the meit.

Thocht he had socht sic ane sicht all this seuin geir
Sa solempnit ane semblie had he not sene
The hall was properly apperrellit and paintit but peir
Dyamountis full dantely dentit betwene
It was semely set on ilk syde seir
Gowlis glitterand full gay glemand in grene
Flowris with Flourdelycis formest in feir
With mony flamand ferly ma than fyftene
The rufe reulit about in reuall of Reid
Rois reulit Ryally
Columbyn and Lely
Thair was ane hailsum harbery Into riche steid.

¶ With Doscuris to the duris dicht quha sa wald deme
With all diuers danteis dicht dantely
Circulit with siluer semely to sene
Selcouthly in seir he was set suttelly
Blyth byrdis abufe, and bestiall full bene
Fyne foullis in Fyrth, and Fischis with fry
The flure carpit and cled and couerit full clene
Cummand fra the Cornellis closand quemely
Bricht Bancouris about browdin ouir all
Greit Squechonis on hicht
Anamalit and weill dicht
Reulit at all richt Endlang the hall.

Heir is Ryaltie said Rauf, aneuch for the nanis
With all nobilnes anournit and that is na nay
Had I of Wymond ane word, I wald of thir wanis
Fra thir wyis I wis, to went on my way,
Bot I mon git heir mair quhat worthis of him anis
And eirnestly efter him haue myne E ay.
He thristit in throw threttie all atanis
Quhair mony douchtie of deid war Ioynit that day
For he was vn burely on bak thay him hynt
As he gat ben throw
He gat mony greit schow
Bot he was stalwart I trow
And laith for to stynt.
He thristit in throw thame, and thraly can thring
Fast to the formest he foundit in feir
Sone besyde him he gat ane sicht of the Nobill
King
None is Wymond I wait it worthis na weir
I ken him weill thocht he be cled in vther clething.
In clais of clene gold kythand none cleir
Quhen he harbreit with me be half as he is heir
In faith he is of mair stait than euer he me tald
Allace that I was hidder wylit
I dreid me sair I be begylit
The King preuillie smyllit
Quhen he saw that bald.

Thair was seruit in that saill Seigis semelie
Mony Sengeorabill Syre on ilk syde seir
With ane cairfull countenance the Coilzear kest his E
To the cumely Quene courtes and cleir
Dame of thy glitterand gyde haue I na gle
Be the gracious God that bocht vs sa deir
To ken Kingis Courtasie, the Deuill come to me
And sa I hope I may say or I chaip heir
Micht I chaip of this chance, that changes my cheir
Thair suld na man be sa wyse
To gar me cum to Parise
To luke quhair the King lyis
In faith this seuin geir.

Quhen worthie had weschin, and fra the buirdis went
Thay war forwonderit I wis of thair wyse Lord
The King fell in carping, and tauld his Intent
To mony gracious Grome he maid his record
How the busteous Beirne met him on the bent
And how the Frostis war sa fell, and sa strait ford
Than the Coilgear quoke as he had bene schent
Quhen he hard the suith say how he the King schord
Greit God gif I war now and thy self with all
Vpon the mure quhair we met
Baith all suddandly set
Or ony Knight that thow may get
Sa gude in thy hall.

¶ Thir Lordis leuch vpon loft, and lystinit to the King
How he was ludgeit and led, and set at sa licht
Than the curagious Knightis bad haue him to hing
For he hes seruit that thay said be our sicht
God forbot he said my thank war sic thing
To him who succourit my lyfe in sa euill ane nicht
Him semis ane stalwart man and stout in stryking
That Carll for his Courtagie salbe maid Knight
I hald the counsall full euill that Christin man slais
For I had myster to haue ma
And not to distroy tha
Tha war worthie to ga

To fecht on Goddis fais.

¶ Befoir mony worthie he dubbit him Knight
Dukis and digne Lordis in that deir hall
Schir se for thy self, thow semis to be wicht
Ta keip to this ordour, ane Knight I the call
To mak the manly man I mak the of micht
Ilk geir thre hundreth pund assigne the I sall
And als the nixt vacant be ressonabill richt
That hapnis in France, quhair sa euer it fall

VOL. I.
Forfaltour or fre waird, that first cummis to hand
I gif the heir heritabilly
Sa that I heir quhen I haue hy
That thow be fundin reddy

With Birny 't brand.

¶ It war my will worthy, thy schone that thow wan
And went with thir weryouris wythest in weir
Heir ar curagious Knichtis, suppois thay the nacht ken
For thy simpill degre that thow art in heir
I beseik God of his grace to mak the ane gude man
And I sall gif the to begin glitterand geir
Ane Chalmer with Armour the King gart richt than
Betaucht to ane Squyar, and maid him keipeir
With clois Armouris of steill for that stout Knicht
Sextie Squyaris of fee
Of his retinew to be
That was ane fair cumpany

Schir Rauf gat that nicht.

¶ Vpon the morne airly Schir Rauf wald not rest
Bot in Ryall array he reddyit him to ryde
For to hald that I haue hecht I hope it be the best
To gone busteous Beirne that boistit me to byde
Amang the Galgart Gromis I am bot ane Gest
I will the ganandest gait to that gay glyde
Sall neuer Lord lauch on loft quhill my lyfe may lest
That I for liddernes suld leif, and leuand besyde
It war ane graceles gude that I war cummin to
Gif that the King hard on hicht
That he had maid ane carll Knicht
Amang thir weryouris wicht

And docht nocht to do.
Vpon ane rude Runsy he ruschit out of toun 730
In ane Ryall array he rydis full richt
Euin to the Montane he maid him full boun
Quhair he had trystit to meit Schir Rolland the Knicht
Derfly ourir Daillis discouerand the doun
Gif ony douchtie that day for Jornayis was dicht 735
He band his blonk to ane busk on the bent broun
Syne baid be the bair way to hald that he had hecht
Quhill it was neir time of the day that he had thair bene
He lukit ane lytill him fra
He sa cummand in thra 740
The maist man of all tha
That euer he had sene.

Ane Knicht on ane Capeill come cantly at hand
With ane curagious countenance and cruell to se
He semit badly to abyde with Birny and with brand
His blonk was vnburely, braid and ourir hie 745
Schir Rauf reddyit him sone, and came rydand
And in the rowme of ane renk in fewtir kest he
He semit fer fellonar than first quhen he him fand
He foundis throw his forcenies gif he micht him se
He straik the steid with the spurris he sprent on the bent
Sa hard ane cours maid thay
That baith thair hors deid lay
Thair speiris in splenders away
Abufe thair heid sprent.

Thus war thay for thair forcyhes left on fute baith
Thay sturehorsat that straik strikin deid lay than 755
Thir riche restles renkis ruschit out full raith
Cleikit out twa swordis and togidder ran
THE TALE OF

Kest thame with gude will to do vther skaith
Bast on thair basnetis thay Beirnis or thay blan
Haistely hewit thay togidder, to leif thay war laith
To tyne the worship of weir that thay air wan
Na for dout of vincussing thay went nocht away
Thus ather vther can assayll
Wth swordis of mettaill
Thay maid ane lang battaill

Ane hour of the day.

Thay hard harnest men thay hewit on in haist
Thay worthit heuy with heid and angerit with all
Quhill thay had maid thame sa mait thay failge
almaist
Sa laith thay war on ather part to lat thair price fall
The rich restles men out of the renk past
Forwrocht with thair wapnis, and euill rent with all
Thair was na girth on the groiid, quhill ane gaif
the gaist
gearn efter geilding, on ilk syde thay call
Schir Rauf caucht to cule him, and tak mar of the licht
He kest vp his Veseir
With ane Cheualrous cheir
Sa saw he cummand full neir

Ane vther kene Knicht.

Now be the Rude said Schir Rauf, I repreif the
Thowhes brokin conditioun, thow hes not done richt
Thow hecht na bakheir to bring, bot anerly we
Thairto I tuik thy hand, as thow was trew Knicht
On loud said the Saragine, I heir the now lie
Befoir the same day I saw the neuer with sicht
Now sall thow think it richt sone, thow hes met with me
Gif Mahoun or Termagant may mantene my micht
Schir Rauf was blyth of that word 't blenkit with his face
Thow sayis thow art ane Saragine
Now thankit be Drichtine
That ane of vs sall neuer hine
Vndeid in this place.

¶ Than said the Saragine to Schir Rauf succudrously
I haue na lyking to lyfe to lat the with lufe
He gaue ane braid with his brand to the Beirne by
Till the blude of his browis brest out abufe
The kene Knicht in that steid stakkerit sturenly
The lenth of ane rude braid he gart him remufe
Schir Rauf ruscht vp agane, and hit him in hy
Thay preis furth properly thair pithis to prufe
Ilk ane a schort knyfe braaidit out sone
In stour stifly thay stand
With twa knyfis in hand
With that come Schir Rolland
As thay had neir done.

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland come rydand ful richt
And ruscht fra his Runsy, and ran thame betwene
He sayis thow art ane Saragine I se be my sicht
For to confound our Christin men that counteris sa kene
Tell me thy name tyte, thow trauelland Knicht
Fy on thy fechting fell hes thow bene
Thow art stout and strang, and stalwart in fecht
Sa is thy fallow in faith, and that is weill sene
In Christ and thow will trow thow takis nane outray
Forsuith the Saragine said
Thy self maid me neuer sa affraid
That I for souerance wald haue praid
Na not sall to day.
Breif me not with your boist, but mak gow baith boun
Batteris on baldly the best I gow pray
Na said Schir Rolland that war na resoun
I trow in the mekle God, that maist of michtis may
The tane is in power to mak that presoun
For that war na wassalage sum men wald say
I rid that thow hartfully forsaiik thy Mahoun
Fy on that foull Feind for fals is thy say
Becum Christin Schir Knicht, and on Christ call
It is my will thow conuert
This wickit warld is bot ane start
And haue him halely in hart
That maker is of all.

Schir Rolland I rek nocht of thy rauingis
Thow dois bot reuerance to thame that rekkis it nocht
Thow slane hes oft thy self of my Counsingis
Soudanis and sib men that the with schame focht
Now faindis to haue fauour with thy fleichingis
Now haue I serlie gif I fauour the ocht
We sall spuilde gow dispittously at the next springis
Mak gow begginnis full bair bodword haue I brocht
Chace Charlis your King fer out of France
Fra the Chane of Tartarie
At him this message wald I be
To tell him as I haue tauld the
Withoutin plesance.

Tyte tell me thy name it seruis of nocht
ghe Sarageins ar succuderus and self wilit ay
Sall neuer of sa sour ane brandane bricht fyre be brocht
The Feynd is sa felloun als fers as he may
Sa thriue I said the Saragine to threip is my thocht
Quha waitis the Christin with cair my cusingis ar thay
My name is Magog in will and I mocht
To ding thame doun dourly that euerr war in my way
For thy my warysoun is full gude at hame quhail
I dwel
In faith said Schir Rolland
That is full euill wyn land
To haue quhill thow ar leuand

Sine at thine end hell.

Wald thow conuert the in hy, and couer the of sin
Thow suld haue mair profite and mekle pardoun
Riche Douchereis seir to be sesit in
During quhill day dawis, that neuer will gang doun
Wed ane worthie to wyfe, and weild her with win
Ane of the riche of our Realme be that ressoun

The gentill Duches Dame Iane that clamis to be hir kin
Angeos and vther landis with mony riche toun
Thus may thow and thow will wirk the best wise
I do the out of dispair
In all France is nane sa fair
Als scho is appeirand air

To twa Douchereis.

I rek nocht of thy riches, Schir Rolland the Knight
Said the rude Saragine in Ryall array
Thy God nor thy Grassum set I bot licht
Bot gif thy God be sa gude as I heir the say
I will forsaiik Mahoun, and tak me to his micht
Euer mair perpetuallie as he that mair may
Heir with hart and gude will my treuth I the plicht
That I sall ilelely leif on thy Lord ay
And I beseik him of Grace and askis him mercy
And Christ his Sone full schene
For I haue Christin men sene
That in mony [d]angeris hes bene
Full oft on him cry.

¶ I thank God said Rolland that word lykis me
And Christ his sweit Sone, that the that grace send
Thay swoir on thair swordis swyftlie all thre
And conseirit thame freindis to thair lyfis end
Euer in all trauell to leif and to die
Thay Knichtis caryit to the court, as Christ had thame kend
The King for thair cumming maid game and gle
With mony mirthfull [a] man thair mirthis to mend
Digne Bischoppis that day, that douchtie gart bring
And gaue him Sacramentis seir
And callit him Schir Gawteir
And sine the Duches cleir
He weddit with ane ring.

¶ Than Schir Rauf gat rewaird to keip his Knichtheid
Sic tythingis come to the King within thay nyne nicht
That the Marschell of France was newlingis deid
Richt thair with the counsall of mony kene Knicht
He thocht him richt worthie to byde in his steid
For to weild that worship worthie and wicht
His wyfe wald he nocht forget for dout of Goddis feid
He send efter that hende to leif thame in richt
Syne foundit ane fair place quhair he met the King Euer mair perpetually
In the Name of Sanct July That all that wantis harbery
Suld haue gestning.

Finis.¹

¹ The colophon at the end is: "Imprentit at Sanct-androis be Robert Lekpreuik. Anno. 1572."
JOHN THE REEVE," a Northumbrian or Durham tale of the fourteenth century (at present known to us only in an ignorant transcript of a fifteenth-century recension, when the art of cookery had been developed, and other social refinements, and the English table had grown comparatively luxurious and festive in taste), belongs to a rather large group of legendary productions emanating from England and the sister-kingdom and the Border during the Middle Ages. Nearly all of these have been printed in various collections of Ballad and Romance poetry; and the present piece forms part of that long-looked-for-come-at-last treasury, Bishop Percy's Folio MS.¹ Although the former owner was evidently aware of the corrupt nature of the text throughout, he did not quite prepare us for the ultimate rather startling revelation; but we have the whole truth before us, and we can see plainly enough what the MS. is, as well as what it is not.² For our present purpose it has yielded nothing beyond the story which follows, and which,

¹ Edited by Furnivall and Hales, 1867, 8vo, 4 vols. The text is very unsatisfactory. Some of the Northern forms of words could have been easily restored, and in certain places the language is clearly false or corrupt.

² The scribe who copied out from printed and perhaps occasionally MS. sources the contents of the Bishop's Folio was a worthy precursor of Percy, and between the two we have had what might have been a valuable body of popular literature almost utterly ruined. There is the excuse for the first copyist that he was an illiterate mechanic, with all his diligence and comprehensive zeal; but the Bishop knew better, and it must be deliberately affirmed that his lordship was not only injudicious, but dishonest.

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with "Sir Eger," may be treated as the chief title of the relic to our consideration and gratitude. Nor should we have admitted a poem already rendered so accessible, and exhibited in the Percy MS. with manifest disregard to accuracy and fidelity on the part of the seventeenth-century copyist, had not the late David Laing evidently set such store by the possible opportunity of adding to a future edition of his book or books a legend which is mentioned by Bishop Douglas in his "Palace of Honour" (1503), in conjunction with "Colkelbie Sowe" and "Ralph the Collier," as popular among the Scots, and familiar to himself in his youth. Under the circumstances, we judge it sufficient to refer the reader to the introduction to the text of 1867, where the peculiar value of this tale is pointed out, and where it is shown to differ in its political and social drift from its congeners in subject among the popular and national series. At the same time it is difficult to see how the narrative illustrates more than casually the state of vilainage, as John the Reeve—unquestionably, as generally happens in these cases, the hero of the situation—was not a member of that class, and merely discriminates between the nobility and bourgeoisie in his remarks to his unknown visitors. The King found him a bondman, i.e., a man who gave sureties to the Crown for the performance of certain duties, and made him a franklin, conferred on him his "manor-place." Even persons in a good and substantial position in remote provincial districts would then, as now, be uncourtly and underbred enough, yet it strikes us as almost an offence against dramatic propriety to depict a man living in a sumptuous style, and able to dispense profuse hospitality, as little better than a clown when he comes to town to wait upon the King.

The citation in the text of the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Gloucester as the neighbours of John does not assist us in fixing either the exact scene or home of the tale, nor its chronological rank. The modifications which it has evidently undergone may explain the topographical inconsistencies, where the North in one place, and Windsor and the "south-west country" in others, are said to have witnessed this adventure. It is, from its internal structure, most probably later than the "King and the Hermit."

1 Bishop Percy's Folio MS., ii. 550 et seqq.
John the Reeve.

[Fit I.]

God! through thy might and thy mercy,
All that loueth game and glee,
Their soules to heauen bringe!
Best is mirth of all solace;
Therfore I hope it betokens grace,
Of mirth who hath likinge.

As I heard tell this other yeere,
A clarke came out of Lancashire:
A rolle he had reading,
A bourde written therein he ffound,
That some time ffell in England,
In Edwards dayes our King.

By East, west, north, and Southe,
All this realme well run hee cowthe,
Castle, tower, and towne.
Of that name were Kings 3;
But Edward with the long shankes was hee,
A Lord of great renowne.

As the King rode a hunting vpon a day,
Three fflaucons fflew away;
He ffollowed wonderous ffast.
Thé rode vpon their horsses that tyde,
They rode forth on euery side,
The country they out cast;

From morning vntill eueninge late,
Many menn abroad they gate
Wandring all alone;
The night came att the last;  
There was no man that wast  
What way the King was gone,  

Saue a Bishopp & an Erle ffree
That was allwayes the king ffull ne,  
And thus then gan they say:  
"Itt is a ffolly, by St. Iohn,  
For vs thus to ryde alone  
Soe many a wilsome way;  

"A King and an Erle to ryde in hast,  
A bishopp ffroim his coste to be cast,  
For hunting sikerlye.  
The wether happneth wonderous ill,  
All night wee may ryde vnskill,  
Nott wotting where wee bee."

Then the King began to say,  
"Good Sir Bishopp, I you pray  
Some comfort, if you may."  
As they stooed talking all about,  
They were ware of a carle stout:  
"Good deene, ffellow!" can they say.

Then the Erle was well apayd:  
"You be welcome, good ffellow!" hee sayd,  
"Of ffellowship wee pray thee!"

The carle ffull hye on horsse sate,  
His leggs were short and braid [a-gate?]  
His stirropps were of tree;

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1 Presumably the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Gloucester, whom the hero of the tale subsequently mentions as his neighbours. The last Earl of Gloucester died in 1347. That the Reeve did not recognise the two personages is not necessarily a difficulty, as they might never have been in that neighbourhood before, though possessing jurisdiction over it.
A payre of shooes were stiffe & store,
On his heele a rustye spurre,
Thus sforwards rydeth hee.
The Bishopp rode after on his palfray:
"Abyde, good ffellow, I thee pray,
And take vs home with thee!"

The carle answered him that tyde,
"From me thou gettest 1 noe other guide,
I sweare by sweete St. Jame!"
Then said the Erle ware and wise,
"Thou canst litle of gentrise!
Say not soe ffor shame!"

The carle answered the Erle vnto,
"With gentrise I haue nothing to doe,
I tell thee by my ffay."
The weather was cold & euen roughe;
The King and the Erle sate and loughe,
The Bishopp did him soe pray.

The King said, "soe mote I thee!
Hee is a carle, whosoeuer hee be!
I reade wee ryde him neere."
Thé sayd [to him] with word[e]s hend,
"Ryd [more] saftlye, gentle ffreind,
And bring vs to some harber."

Then to tarry the carle was lothe,
But rode forth as he was wrothe,
I tell you sickerlye.
The king sayd, "by Mary bright,
I troe wee shall ryde all this night
In wast[e] vnskillfullye;

1 Percy Folio MS. reads gett oft.
"I ffeare we shall come to no towne; Ryde to the carle and pull him downe Hastilye without delay."
The Bishopp said soone on hye, "Abyde, good ffellow, & take vs with thee! For my loue, I thee pray."

The Erle said, "by god in heauen! Oft men meete att vnsett steuen; To quite thee well wee may."
The carle sayd, "by St. Iohn I am affraye of you eche one, I tell you by my ffay!"

The carle sayd, "by Marye bright, I am afrrayd of you this night! I see you rowne and reason, I know you not, & itt were day, I troe you thynke more then you say, I am afrrayd of treason.

"The night is merke: I may not see What kind of men that you bee. But & you will doe one thinge, Swere to doe me not desease, Then wold I ffaine you please, If I cold, with any thinge."

Then sayd the Erle with words ffree, "I pray you, ffellow, come hither to mee, And to some towne vs bringe; And after, if wee may thee kenn, Amonge Lords and gentlemen Wee shall requite thy dealinge."
"Of lords," sayes hee, "speake no moe:
With them I haue nothing to doe,
    Nor neuer thinke to haue;
For I had rather be brought in bale,
My hood or that I wold vayle,
    On them to crouch or craue."

The King sayd curteouslye,
"What manner of man are yee
    Att home in your dwellinge?"
"A husbandman fforsooth I am,
And the Kings bondman;
    Thereof I haue good likinge."

"Sir, when spake you with our King?"
"In ffault, neuer, in all my liuing!
    He knoweth not my name;
And I haue my Capull & my crofft;
If I speake not with the King oft,
    I care not, by St. Iame!"

"What is thy name, ffellow, by thy leaue?"
"Marry," quoth hee, "John the Reeue;
    I care not who itt heare;
For if you come into my inne,
With beefe & bread you shall beginn
    Soone att your supper;

"Salt Bacon of a yeere old,
Ale that is both sower & cold,—
    I vse neither bragat nor beere,—
I lett you witt withouten lett,
I dare eate noe other mette,
    I sell my wheate ech yeere."
"Why doe you, Iohn, sell your wheate?"
"For [I] dare not eate that I gett.
   Therof I am ffull wrothe;
For I loue a draught of good drinke as well
As any man that doth itt sell,
   And alsoe a good wheat loffe.

"For he that ffirst starueth Iohn the Reeue,
I pray to god hee may neuer well cheeue,
   Neither on water nor land,
Whether itt be Sherriffe or King
That makes such statuinge,
   I outcept neuer a one!

"For and the Kings penny were layd by mine,
I durst as well as hee drinke the wine
   Till all my good were gone.
But sithence that wee are mett soe meeete,
Tell mee where is your recreate,
   You seeme good ladders eche one."

The Erle answered with words ffaire,
"In the kings house is our repayre,
   If wee bee out of the way."
"This night," quoth Iohn, "you shall not spill;
Such harbour I shall bring you till;
   I hett itt you to-day.

"Soe that yee take itt thankeffullye
In gods name & St. Iollye,
   I aske noe other pay;
And if you be sturdy & stout,
I shall garr you to stand without,
   For ought that you can say.
"For I haue 2 neighbors won by mee
Of the same ffreeledge that am I,
    Of old band-shipp are wee:
The Bishopp of Durham this towne oweth,
The Erle of Gloster—who-soe him knoweth
    Lord of the other is hee.

"Wist my neighbors that I were thratt,
I vow to god thé wold not lett
    For to come soone to mee;
If any wrong were to mee done,
Wee 3 durst ffight a whole afternoone,
    I tell you sikerlye."

The King sayd, "Iohn, tell vs not this tale;
Wee are not ordaynef for battell,
    Our weeds are wett and cold;
Heere is no man that yee shall greeue.
But helpe vs, Iohn, by your leaue,
    With bright a ffeeare and bold."

"Ifaith," sayd Iohn, "that you shall want.
For ffluell heere is wunderous scant,
    As I heere haue yee told.
Thou getteth noe other of Iohn the Reeue;
For the kings statutes, whilest I liue,
    I thinke to vse and hold.

"If thou find in my house pain-main,2
Or in my kitchin poultry slaine,
    Peraduenture thou wold say

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1 See what is said above.
That Iohn the Reeue his band hath broken:
I wold not that such words were spoken
In the kings house another day,

“For itt might turne me to great greeffe; Such proud ladds that beare in chief
Wold danger a pore man aye; And or I wold pray thee of mercy lange,
Yett weree I better to lett thee gange
In twentye twiine devills way.”

Thus the rode [un]to the towne:
Iohn the Reeue lighted downe
Beside a comlye hall.
Four men beliue came wight;
They hasted them sfull swyth
When they heard Iohn call;
Thé served him honestly and able,
And [led] his horsse to the stable,
And lett noe term misfall.

Some went to warne their dame
That Iohn had brought guests hame.
Shee came to welcome them tyte
In a side kirtle of greene,
Her head was dight all by-deene,
The wiffe was of noe [mickle] pryde;

Her kerchers were all of silke,
Her hayre as white as any milke,
Loue-some of hue and hyde;
Shee was thicke, & some deal braid,
Of comlye ffashyon was shee made,
Both belly, backe, and side.

1 Percy Folio MS., beare office.
2 A phrase which reminds us of the famous song in Gammer Gurton’s Needle.
Then Iohn called his men all,
Sayes, "build me a fire in the hall,
    And giue their Capulls meate;
Lay before them corne and hay;
For my loue rubb of the clay,
    For they beene weary and wett;

"Lay vnder them straw to the knee,
For courtye[r]s comonly wold be lollye,
    And [they] haue but litle to spend."

Then hee said, "by St. Iohn,
You are welcome euery one,
    If you take itt thankfullye!
Curtesye I learned neu[e]r none,
But after mee, fellowes, I read you gone."
    Till a chamber they went all 3;

A charcole fire was burning bright,
Candles on chandlours light,
    Eche freake might other see.
"Where are your s[u]ords?" quoth Iohn the Reeue.
The Erle said, "Sir, by your leaue,
    Wee weare none, pardye."

Then Iohn rowned with the Erle soe free:
"What long fellow is yonder," quoth hee,
    "That is soe long of lim and lyre?"
The Erle answered with words small,
"Yonder is Peeres pay-ffor-all,
    The Queenes Cheefe ffawconer."

1 Half a stanza is lost.
“Ah, ah!” quoth Iohn, “ffor gods good,
Where gott hee that gay hood,
Glittering as gold itt were?
And I were as proud as hee is like,
There is no man in England ryke
Shold garr me keepe his gleads one yeere.

“I pray you, sir, ffor gods werke,
Who is yond in ondir serke
That rydeth Peeres soe nye?”
The Erle answered him againe,
“Yonder is a pore chaplaine,
Long advanced or hee bee ;

“And I my selfe am a sumpter man,
Other craft keepe I nane,
I say you withouten misse.”
“You are ffresh ffellowes in your appay,
Iolly Ieters in your array,
Proud ladds, & I trow penyles.”

The King said, “soe mote I thee,
There is not a penny among[e]st vs three
To buy vs bread and fflesh.”
“Ah, ha!” quoth Iohn, “there is small charge ;
For courtye[r]s comonlye are att large,
If they goe neuer soe ffresh.

“I goe girt in a russett gowne,
My hood is of homemade browne,
I weare neither burnett nor greene,
And yett I troe I haue in store
A 1000 and some deale more,
For all yee are proude and ffine ;

1 Percy Folio MS., yonder.  2 Percy Folio MS., prouder.
“Therfore I say, as mote I thee,
A bondman itt is good [to] bee,
   And come of carles kinne ;
For and I bee in tauerne sett,
To drinke as good wine I will not lett,
   As Edward 1 or his Queene.”

The Erle sayd, “by gods might,
Iohn, thou art a comly knight,
   And sturdy in euerye ffray.”
“A knight!” quoth Iohn, “doe away, ffor
   shame !
I am the King’s bondman.
   Such wast words doe away !

“I know you not in your estate ;
I am misnurtured, well I wate ; 2
   I will not thereto say nay.
But if any such doe me wrang,
I will ffight with him alang,3
   When I am cladd in mine array.”

The Bishopp sayd, “you seeme sturdye : 310
Travelled you neuer beyond the sea?”
   Iohn sayd sharplye “nay !
I know none such strange guise,
But att home on my owne wise
   I dare hold the hye way ; 315

1 Percy Folio MS., London Edward; but the former word is not necessary to the rhythm, and is probably an interpolation.
2 Percy Folio MS., wott.
3 Percy Folio MS., hand to hand.
"And that hath done Iohn [the] Reeue scath, For I haue made such as you wrath With choppes and chances yare."
"Iohn the Reeue," sayd our King, "Hast thou any armouringe, Or any weapon to weare?"

"I vow, Sir, to god," sayd Iohn thoe, "But a pikefforke with graines 2— My ffather vsed nane\(^1\) other speare :— A rusty sword that well will byte, And a thyttille a handffull syde\(^2\) That sharplye will stare,

"An acton & a habargyon a ffoote side ; And yett peraduenture I durst abyde As well as thou, Peeres, fior all thy painted geere."
Quoth Iohn, "I reede wee goe to the hall, Wee 3 ffellowes ; & peeres pay-for-all The proudest before shall fare."

Thither they raked anon-right :
A charcole ffyer brenned\(^3\) bright With manye a strang brand. The hall was large & some deale wyde, Thir bords were couered on euerye syde, Their mirth was comand.\(^4\)

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\(^1\) Percy Folio MS., *neuer.*
\(^2\) There is an erroneous transposition in the Percy Folio MS.
\(^3\) Percy Folio MS., *burning.*
\(^4\) Percy Folio MS., *comanded.* The sense appears obviously to be, Their mirth was beginning or coming.
Then the good wiffe sayd with a seemlye cheere,  
"Your supper is readye there."  
"Yett watter,"¹ quoth Iohn, "letts see."  
By then came Iohn's neighbors ²,  
Hobkin long and hob alsoe:  
The ffirst ffitt here end ² wee.  

[Fit II.]  
Iohn sayd, "for want of a marshall, I will take the wand:  
Peeres ffauconer before shall gange;  
Begin the dish shall hee.  
Goe to the bench, thou proud chaplaine,  
My wiffe shall sitt thee againe;  
Thy meate-fellow shall shee bee."  
He sett the Erle against the King;  
They were ffaine att his bidding.  
Thus Iohn marshalled his meanye.  

Then Iohn sperred where his daughters were:  
"The ffairer shall sitt by the ffawconere;  
He is the best ffarrand man:  
The other shall the Sompter man haue."  
The Erle sayd, "soe god me saue;  
Of curtesye, Iohn, thou can."  

"If my selfe," quoth Iohn, "be band,³  
Yett my daughters beene well ffarrand,  
I tell you sickerlye.  
Peeres, & thou wedded a daughter of Iohn the Reeue,⁴  
There were no man that durst thee greeue  
Neither ffior gold nor ffее.

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¹ Hot water, before they sat to table, an usual practice.  
² Percy Folio MS., **find.**  
³ Percy Folio MS., **bound.**  
⁴ Percy Folio MS., thou had wedded Iohn daughter Reeue.
"Somptor man, & thou the other had, 
In good ffaiith then thou were made 
For euer in this cuntrye; 
Then, Peeres, thou might beare the prize. 
Yett I wold this chaplaine had a benefize, 
As mote I thriue or thee !

"In this towne a kirke there is; 
And I were king, itt shold be his, 
He should haue itt of mee; 
Yett will I helpe as well as I may."
The King, the Erle, the Bishopp, can say, 
"Iohn, wee shall quitte thee."

When his daughters were come to dease, 
"Sitt ffarther," quoth Iohn withouten leaze, 
"For there shalbe no moe. 
These strange ffellowes I doe not ken; 
Peraduenture they may be some gentlemen; 
Therfore I and my neighbors tuo

"Att side end bord wee will bee, 
Out of the gentles companye: 
Thinke yee not best soe? 
For itt was neuer the Law of England 
To sett gentle blood with band; 
Therfore to supper will wee goe."

By then came in beane bread, 
Salt Bacon rusted and redd, 
And brewice in a blacke dish, 
Leane salt beefe of a yeere old, 
Ale that was both sower & cold: 
This was the ffirst service:

1 Percy Folio MS., tharwine or three. 
2 Percy Folio MS., & we liue we. 
3 Percy Folio MS., towe.
Eche one had of that ylke a misse.

The king sayd, "soe haue I blisse,
Such service ne erst 1 I see."

Quoth Iohn, "thou gettest noe other of mee 490

Att this time but this."

"Ye, 3 good fellow," the King gan say,
"Take this service here away,
And better bread vs bringe;
And gett vs some better drinke;
We shall thee requite, as wee thinke,
Without any letting."

Quoth Iohn, "beshrew the morsell of bread
This night that shall come in your head
But thou sweare me one thinge!
Swere to me by booke and bell
That thou shalt neuer Iohn Reeue bettel
vnto Edward our kinge."

Quoth the king, "to thee my troth I plight, 415
He shall nott witt our service [to-night]
No more than he doth nowe,
Neuer while wee 3 liue in land."
"Therto," quoth Iohn, "hold vp thy hand,
And then I will thee trowe." 420

"Loe," quoth the king, "my hand is heere!"
"Soe is mine!" quoth the Erle with a merry
cheere,
"Thereto I giue god a voye."
"Haue heere my hand!" the Bishopp sayd.
"Marry," quoth Iohn, "thou may hold thee
well apayd,
For itt is fforan thy prow." 4

1 Percy Folio MS., nerest. 2 A line has been lost.
3 Percy Folio MS., Yes. 4 Percy Folio MS., power.
"Take this away, thou hobkin long,
And let vs sitt out of the throng
   Att a side bords end;
These strange ffellowes thinke vncouthlye
This night att our Cookerye,
   Such as god hath vs send."

By then came in the pain-main\textsuperscript{1} bread,
Wine that was both white and redd
   In siluer cupp[e]s cleare.
"A ha!" quoth Iohn, "our supper begins with
   drinke!
Taste itt, ladds! & looke how yee thinke,
   For my loue, and make good cheere!

"Of meate & drinke you shall haue good ffare ;
And as ffor good wine, wee will not spare,
   I gie\textsuperscript{2} you to vnderstand.
For euerye yeere, I tell thee tho,
   I will haue a tunn or tuo
   Of the best that may be ffand.

"Yee shall see 3 Churles heere
Drinke the wine with a merry cheere ;
   I pray you doe you soe ;
And when our supper is all doone,
   You and wee will dance soone ;
   Letts see who best can doe."

The Erle sayd, "by Mary bright,
Wheresoeuer the King lyeth this night,
   He drinketh no better wine
Than thou selfe does att this tyde."
"Infaith," quoth Iohn, "soe had leeuer I dyde
   Than liue ay in woe & pyne.

\textsuperscript{1} Percy Folio MS., them and payment.
\textsuperscript{2} Percy Folio MS., goe.
“If I be come of Carles kinne,
Part of the good that I may winne,
Some therof shall be mine.
He that neuer spendeth but alway spareth,
Comonlye oft the worsse he ffareth;
Others will broake itt ssine.”

By then came in red wine & ale:
The bores head into the hall,
Then [a] shield with sauces seere;
Capons both baked & roste,
Woodcockes, venison, without boste,
And dish meate dight ssfull deere.

Swannes they had piping hott,
Coneys, curleys, well I wott,
The crane, the hearne in ffere,
Pigeons, partrid[g]e, with spicerye,
Elkes, ffloemes, with ffroterye.
John bade them make good cheere.

The Erle sayd, “soe mote I thee,
Iohn, you serue vs as royallye!
As yee had att London woned,
If king Edward were here,
He might be a-payd with this supper,
Such ffreindshipp wee haue ffound.”

“Nay,” sayd Iohn, “by gods grace,
And Edward wer in this place,
Hee shold not touch this tonne.
Hee wold be wrath with Iohn, I hope;
Thereffore I beshrew the soupe
That shall in his mouth come!”

1 Percy Folio MS., *If yee had dwelled att London.*
2 I.e., *I expect.*
Theratt the King laughed & made good cheere.
The Bishopp sayd, "wee fare well heere!"
The Erle sayd as him thought.
They spake lattine amongst them there:
"Infayth," quoth Iohn, "and yee greeue mee [here],
Full deere itt shalbe bought.

"Speake English euerye-eche ane,
Or else sitt still, in the devills name!
Such talke loue I nought.
Lattine spoken amongst lewd men,
Therin noe reason do I ken:  
For sfalshhood itt is wrought.

"Row[n]ing I loue itt nother young nor old;
Therefore yee ought not to bee to bold,
Nother att Meate nor meale.
Hee was sfalse that rowning begane;
Theerfore I say to you certaine
I loue itt neuer a deale:

"That man can [nought] of curtesye
That lets att his meate rowning bee,
I say, soe haue I seile."
The Erle sayd right againe,
"Att your bidding wee will be baine,
Wee thinke you say right weele."

By this came vp sfrom the kitchin  
Sirrupps on plates good and ffine,
Wrought in a ffayre array.

1 Percy Folio MS., find I can. The Reeve's guests were whispering together, and more probably in French.
2 This description of the entertainment furnished by the Reeve leads us to suspect that the story is not, at all events, prior to the fourteenth century.
"Sirrah," sayth Iohn, "sith wee are mett, 
And as good ffellowes together sett, 
Lett vs be blythe to-day.

"Hodgkin long, & hob of the Lath, 
You are counted good ffellowes bath, 
Now is no time to tine;¹ 
This wine is new come out of ffrance; 
Be god! me list well to dance, 
Therfore take my hand in thine;² 

"For wee will ffor our guests sake 
Hop and dance, & Reuell make." 
The truth ffor to know, 
Vp he rose, & dranke the wine: 
"Wee must haue powder of ginger therein," 
Iohn sayd, as I trow.

Iohn bad them stand vp all about, 
"And yee shall see the carles stout 
Dance about the bowle. 
Hob of the lathe & Hodgkin lang, 
In ffayth you dance your mesures wrang! 
Methinkes that I shold know.³ 

"Yee dance neither Gallyard nor hawe, 
Trace nor true mesure, as I trawe, 
But hopp as yee were woode." 
When they began of ffoote to ffayle, 
Thé tumbled top ouer tayle, 
And faster and faster⁴ they yode.

¹ Percy Folio MS., thrine.
² This is analogous to the incident in one of the Robin Hood ballads, where Robin makes the bishop dance after dinner.
³ This line is apparently a later substitution.
⁴ Percy Folio MS., M. and M., which in printed text of 1867 is expanded into Master and Master,
Forth they stepped on stones store;  
Hob of the lathe lay on the fflore,  
   His brow brast out of blood.  
"Ah, ha!" quoth Iohn, "thou makes good game!  
Had thou not ffalled, wee had not laught [for shame];  
   Thou gladdes vs all, by the rood."

Iohn hent vp hobb by the hand [sae strange],  
Sayes, "methinkes wee dance our measures wrange,  
   By him that sitteth in throne."
Then they began to kicke & wince,  
Iohn hitt the king ouer the shinnes  
   With a payre of new clowted shoone.

Sith King Edward was mad a knight,  
Had he neuer soe merry a night  
   As he had with Iohn the Reeue [here].  
To bed thé busked them anon,  
Their liueryes were serued them vp sone  
   With a merry cheere;

And thus they sleepeD till morning att prine  
In ffull good sheetes of line.  
   A masse he garred them to haue,  
And after they dight them to dine  
With boyled capons good & ffine.  
The Erle¹ sayd, "soe god me saue,  
If euer wee come to our abone,  
We shall thee quitt our warrison;  
   Thou shalt not need itt to craue."

¹ An alteration, perhaps made by the transcriber from the original text, unless we are to read King. The first Duke of Gloucester was not created till 1385.
[Fit III.]

The king tooke leaue att man & maye;
John sett him in the rode waye;
To windsor\(^1\) can hee ryde.
Then all the court was full faine
That the king was comen againe,
And thanked chr[i]st that tyde.

The Ierfawcons were taken againe
In the foorrest of windsor without laine
The Lords did soe provyde,
They thanked god & S:\ Iollye.
To tell the Queene of their harbor[ye]
The lords had full great pryde.

The Queene sayd, "Sir, by your leaue,
I pray you send sfor that noble Reeue
That I may see him with sight."
The Messenger was made to wend,
And bad John Reeue goe to the King [hend]
Hastilye with all his might.

John waxed vnfaine in bone & blood:
Saith, "dame, to me this is nae good,
My truth to you I plight."
"You must come in your best array."
"What to?" sayd Iohn ; "Sir, I thee pray :
"Thou must be made a Knight."

"A knight," said Iohn, "by Mary myld
I know right well I am beguiled
With the guests I harbord late.

---

\(^1\) This is, no doubt, a change similarly made by the same hand, as the Court would have been more probably in the North.
To debate they will me bring;
Yett cast I mee ffor nothinge
Noe sorrow ffor to take;

"Allice, sfeitch mee my side Acton,
My round pallett to my crowne,
Is made of Millayne plate,
A pitch-fiorke and a swerd."
Shee sayd shee was afferd
This deede would make debate.

Allice sfeitched downe his acton syde;
Hee tooke itt ffor no muckle pryde,
That hee must itt weare.
The scaberd was rent withouten doubt,
A large handfull the bleade hanged out:
Iohn the Reeue saw there,

"Gett lether & a nayle," Iohn can say,
"Lett me sow itt a chape to-day,
Lest men scorne my geere.
Now," sayd Iohn, "will I see
[W]hether itt will out lightyle
Or I meane itt to weare."

Iohn pulled ffast att the blade:
I wold hee had kist my arse that itt made:
He could not gett itt out.
Allice held, & Iohn droughe,
Either att other ffast loughe,
I doe yee out of doubt.

---

1 Percy Folio MS., sword and affrayd. In the first line the Folio MS. reads sfeitch mee downe.
2 Percy Folio MS., little, and in the next line yett. But the Reeve is ashamed of the condition of his armour.
3 Percy Folio MS., sayd; but he has yet to speak.
JOHN THE REEVE

Iohn pulled att the scaberd soe hard,
Againe a post he ran backward
And gaue his head a rowte.
His wiffe did laughe when he did ffall,
And soe did his meanye all
That were there neere about.

Iohn sent after his neighbors bath,
Hodgkine long & hobb of the lath.
They were be him\(^1\) att his biddinge.
Three pottles of wine in a dishe
They supped it all off, as I wis,
All there att their partinge.

Iohn sayd, "& I had my bucklere,
Theres nothing that shold me dere,
I tell you all in ffere.
Feitch me downe," quoth he, "my mittons;\(^2\)
They came but on my hands but ons
This 22 yeere.

"Feitch mee my Capull," sayd hee there.
His saddle was of a new manere:
His stirropps were of a tree.
"Dame," he sayd, "feitch me wine;
I will drinke to thee once againe,
I troe I shall neuer thee see.

"Hodgkin long & hob of the lathe,
Tarry & drinke with me bathe,
For my cares are ffast comande."
They dranke 5 gallons verament:
"Farwell f fellowses all present,
For I am readye to gange!"

---

\(^1\) Percy Folio MS., beene. They were with or by him at his call. The form might, perhaps, be be 'm. In the second line of stanza *Hob of the lath* is to be understood as *Hob of the Leet Court*. He was an officer of that tribunal.

\(^2\) Percy Folio MS., *gloues*; but comp. line 727.
JOHN THE REEVE

Iohn was soe combred in his geere
Hee cold not gett vpon his mare
Till hodgkinn heauie vp behind.

"Now sfarwell, Sir, by the roode!"
To neither Knight nor Barron good
His hatt he wold not vayle
Till he came to the Kings gate:
The Porter wold not lett him in therat,
Nor come without the walle,
Till a Knight came walking out.
They sayd, "yonder standeth a carle stout"
   In a rusticall arraye."
On him they all wondred right,
And said he was an vnseemelye wight,
   And thus to him gan say:

"Hayle, fffellow! where wast thou borne?"
Thee beseemeth ffull well to weare a horne!
   Where haddest thou that fffaire geere?
I troe a man might seeke ffull long,
One like to thee ar that hee fong,
   Tho he sought all this yeere."

Iohn bad them kisse the devills arse:
"For you my geare is much the warse!"
   You will itt not amende,
By my ffaith, that can I rede!
Vpon the head I shall you shread
   But if you hence wende!

1 Three lines are lost. 2 Percy Folio MS., within.
3 Percy Folio MS. reads ffound. This emendation was proposed by Dyce. It is the right word.
4 Percy Folio MS., lead.
"The devill him speede vpon his crowne
That causeth me to come to this towne,
Whether he weare Iacke or Iill!
What shold such men as I doe heere
Att the kings Manere?
I might haue beene att home still."

As Iohn stoode fflying ffast,
He saw one of his guests come att last ;
To him he spake ffull bold,
To him he ffast ffull rode,
He vayled neither hatt nor hode ;
Sayth, "thou hast me betold !"

"Full well I wott by this light
That thou hast disdainde mee right ;
For wrat[h] I waxe neere wood !"
The Erle sayd, "by Mary bright,
Iohn, thou made vs a merry night ;
Thou shalt haue nothing but good."

The Erle took leaue att Iohn Reeue,
Sayd, "thou shalt come in without greeue ;
I pray thee tarry a while."

The Erle into the hall went,
And told the King verament
That Iohn Reeue was att the gate ;
"To no man list hee lout ;
A rusty sword gird him about,
And a long ffawchyon, I wate."

The King said, "goe wee to meate,
And bringe him when wee are sett ;
Our dame shall haue a play."

1 Three lines are lost.
"He hath io arrowes in a thonge,
Some are short & some are long,
The sooth as I shold say;

"A rusty sallett vpon his crowne,
His hood were made [of] home browne;
There may nothing him dare;
A thytill hee hath ffast in his hand
That hangeth in a peake band,
And sharplye itt will share.

"He hath a pouch hanging ffull wyde;
A rusty Buckeler on the other syde,
His mittons are of blacke clothe.
Who-soe to him sayth ought but good,
[I swear it to you by the rood,]
Full soone hee wilbe wrothe."

Then Iohn sayd, "Porter, lett mee in!"
Some of my goods thou shalt win;
I loue not ffor to pray."
The Porter sayd, "stand abacke!
And thou come neere I shall thee rappe,
Thou carle, by my ffay!"

Iohn tooke his fforke in his hand,
He bare his fforke on an end,
He thought to make a ffray;
His Capull was wight, & corne ffedd;
Vpon the Porter hee him spedd,
And him had welnye slaine.

He hitt the Porter vpon the crowne,
With that stroke hee ffell downe,
Forsooth as I you tell;
And then hee rode into the hall,
And all the doggs both great & small
On Iohn ffast can the yell.
Iohn layd about as hee were wood,
And 4 hee killed as hee stood;
The rest will now be ware.
Then came ffforth a squier hend,
And sayd, "Iohn, I am thy ffrend,
I pray you light downe heere."

Another sayd, "giue me thy ffforke,"
And Iohn sayd, "nay, by S! William of Yorke,
First I will cracke thy crowne!"
Another sayd, "lay downe thy swerde;
Sett vp thy horsse; be not afferd;
Thy bow, good Iohn, lay downe;

"I shall hold your stirroppe;
Doe of your pallett & your hoode
Ere the fffall, as I troe.
Yee see not who sitteth att the meate;
Yee are a wonderous silly fffreake,
And alseoe passing sloe!"

"What devill," sayd Iohn, "is that fffor thee?
Itt is my owne, soe mote I thee!
Therfore I will itt weare."

The Queene beheld him in hast:
"My lord," shee sayd, "ffor gods ffast,
Who is yonder that doth ryde?
Such a ffellow saw I neuer yere;
Shee saith, "hee hath the quaintest geere,
He is but simple of pryde."

Right soe came Iohn as hee were wood;
He vayled neither hatt nor hoode,
He was a saly fffreake;

1 Three lines are lost; their sense can be guessed.
He tooke his forke as hee wold just;
Vp to the dease fast he itt thrust.
The Queene for faire did speake,

And sayd, "lords, beware, for gods grace!
For hee will frowte some in the face
If yee take not good heede!"
Thé [all] laughed without[en] doubt,
And soe did all that were about,
To see Iohn on his steede.

Then sayd Iohn to our Queene,
"Thou mayst be proud, dame, as I weene,
To haue such a sawconere!
For he is a well far rand man,
And much good manner hee can,
I tell you sooth in there.

"But, lord," hee sayd, "my good, its thine;
My body alsoe, for to pine,
For thou art king with crowne.
But, lord, thy word is honorable,
Both stedfast, sure, and stable,
And alsoe great of renowne!

"Therfore haue mind what thou me hight
When thou with me [harbord] a night,
A warryson that I shold haue."
Iohn spoke to him with stur dye mood,
Hee vayled neither hatt nor hood,
But stood with him checkmate.

The King sayd, "fellow mine,
For thy capons hott & good red wine
Much thankes I doe giue thee."

1 Something is lost.
The Queene sayd, "by Mary bright,  
Award him as [it is] his right;  
Well advaunced lett him bee!"

The King sayd vntill him than,  
"Iohn, I make thee a gentleman;  
Thy manor-place I thee giue,  
And a roo\(^{ii}\) to thee and thine,  
And euery yeere a tunn of red wine  
Soe long as thou dost liue."

By\(^{1}\) then Iohn began to kneele:  
"I thanke you, my Lord, as I haue seil,\(^{2}\)  
Therof I am well payd."

The King tooke a coller bright,  
"Iohn,\(^{3}\) heere I make thee knight  
With worshippe," then hee sayd.

Then was Iohn euill apayd,  
And amongst them all thus hee sayd,  
"Full oft I haue heard tell  
That after a coller comes a rope;  
I shall be hanged by the throate;  
Methinkes itt doth not well."

"Sith thou hast taken this estate,  
That euery man may itt wate,  
Thou must begin the bord."

Then Iohn therof was nothing ffaine—  
I tell you truth with-outen laine,—  
He spake neuer a word,

---

\(^{1}\) Percy Folio MS., But.  
\(^{2}\) Percy Folio MS., soule.  
\(^{3}\) In Percy Folio MS. these two lines read:

And sayd, "Iohn heere I make thee a knight  
With worshippe. When hee sayd."
But att the bords end he sate him downe;
For [all] hee had leeuer beene att home
Then att all their ffrankish ffare;¹
For there was wine, well I wott;
Royall meates [dainty and hott]²
Were sett before him there.

A gallon of wine was put in a dishe;
Iohn supped itt of, both more & lisse. ⁸⁴⁵
"Feitch," quoth the King, "such more."
"By my Lady," quoth Iohn, "this is good wine!
Lett vs make merry, sfor now itt is time;
Christys curse on him that doth itt spare!"

With that the Porter hend came in
And kneeled downe before the King,
Was all berunnen with blood.
Then the King in hart was woe,
Sayes, "Porter, who hath dight thee soe?
Tell on; I wax neere wood." ⁸⁵⁵

"Now infaith," sayd Iohn, "that same was I,
For to teach him some curtesye,
For thou hast taught him noe good.
For when thou came to my pore place,
With mee thou found soe great a grace,
Noe man bad thee vail thy hood;³

"For if any man had against thee spoken,
His head ffull soone I shold haue broken,"
Iohn sayd, "with-outen doubt.

¹ Yet the Reeve provided an equally sumptuous repast for guests of whose station he was unaware.
² Percy Folio MS., of the best sortes.
³ Percy Folio MS., did bidd thee stand without.
Therfore I warne thy porters [so] ffree, 865
When any man [comes] out of my Countrye.
Lett 1 them not be soe stout.

"If both thy porters goe walling wood,
Begod I shall reaue their hood,
Or I go on ffoote out. 2
But thou, Lord, hast after me sent,
And I am come att thy commandement
Hastilye withouten doubt."

The King sayd, "by St. Iame!
Iohn, my porters were to blame;
Yee did nothing but right."
He tooke the case into his hand;
Then to kisse hee made them gange;
Then laughed both King and Knight. 879
"I pray you," quoth the King, "good ffellows bee."
"Yes," quoth Iohn, soe mote I thee,
We were not wrathe ore night."

The Bishopp said to him tho,
"Iohn, send hither thy sonnes tuo;
To the schoole I shall them find,
And soe god may for them werke,
That either of them haue a kirke
If sfortune be their sfrind.

"Also send hither thye daughters I craue; 3
Two marryages the King will garr them haue.
And wedd them with a ringle.
Wend ffforth, Iohn, on thy way,
Looke thou be kind & curteous aye,
Of meate & drinke be nere nithing."

1 Percy Folio MS., Another let.
2 Percy Folio MS., Or go on ffoote boote.
3 Percy Folio MS., both.
Then John took leaue of King & Queene, And after att all the court by-deene, And went sorthy on his way. He sent his daughters to the King, And they were wedded with a ringe Vnto tuo squiers gay.

His sonnes both hardye & wight, The one of them was made a Knight, And fresh in euery fray; The other a parson of a kirke, Gods service sfor to worke, To serue god night & day.

Thus John Reeue and his wiffe With mirth & jollity ledden their liffe; To god they made laudinge.

Hodgkin long & hobb of the lathe, They were made ffreemen bathe Through the grace of our hend King.¹

Then thought [John] on the Bishopps word, And euer after kept open bord For guests that god him send; Till death sfeitcht him away To the blisse that lasteth aye: And thus Iohn Reeue made an end.

Thus endeth the tale of Reeue soe wight. God that is soe sfull of might, To heauen their soules bring That haue heard this litle story, That happed sometime in the north countrye² In long Edwards dayes our King!

¹ Percy Folio MS., *the King hend.*
² Percy Folio MS., *lived—south-west*, one reading wrong, the other a thoughtless change.
The Laying of Lord Fergus's Gaist.

THIS amusing Interlude, preserved by Bannatyne in his "Ballet Buik,"¹ 1568, has already been printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"²—where it is said to be "in the same strain with the verses concerning the Gyre Carline. As the mention of Bettokis Bovr occurs in both pieces, and as the scene of both is laid in East Lothian, they are perhaps composed by the same author." At the close there is mention of "Cokleby's feist," in apparent recollection of the burlesque composition which has preceded. Sir Walter Scott, with his usual discrimination, at the same time observes, "The humour of these fragments seems to have been directed against the superstitions of Rome, but it is now become very obscure. Nevertheless the verses are worthy of preservation, for the sake of the ancient language and allusions."

Calderwood, in his highly valuable, but unpublished "History of the Church of Scotland," mentions James Wedderburn as one of those who, before the Reformation, being persecuted on account of their religious opinions, fled from Scotland;—and says, that "he had a good gift of poesie, and made diverse Comedies and Tragedies in y° Scotish tongue, q'in he nipped the abuses and superstitions of the time." The historian adds, that "he counterfeited also y° conjuring of ane gaist, q° was indeed practised be Frier Lang, beside Kinghorn, q° Frier Lang had been Confessor to y° King;—But after y° conjuring the King was constrained

¹ MS. fol. 114. 
² Vol. i. p. clx.
for shame to remove him." Walter Lang is mentioned in Colkelby's *Sow*, suprà. A curious allusion to this story occurs in the "Epistle of Alareit," already given above:—

—Bot ordourlie to dress this thing
A gaist I purpois to gar gang
By counsaill of Frier Walter Lang — —
That practick he provit anis befoir
Betuix Kyrkaldie and Kinghorne
Bot Lymmaris maid thereat sik skorne
And to his fame mad sik digressioun
Sensyne he hard not the Kingis confessioun
Thoicht at that time he come with speid.\(^1\)

From the allusion by Calderwood it has been conjectured that Wedderburn was the author of the following burlesque poem.

**The Laying of Lord Fergus's Gaist.**

ISTIS lordis, I sall \(g\)ow tell
Off ane verry grit meruell,
Off Lord Fergus\(\text{'}\)s gaist,
How mekle Sr Andro it chest,
Vnto Beittokis bour,

The silly sawle to succour:
And he hes writtin vnto me,
Auld storeis for to sé,
Gif it appinis him to meit,
How he sall coniure the spreit:

And I haif red mony quaris
Bath the Donet, and Dominusque pars,
Ryme maid, and als reiddin,
Bath Inglis and Latene:
And ane story haif I to reid
Pas\(\text{'}\) Bonitatem in the creid—
To coniure the littill gaist \(g\)e mon haif
Off tod tailis ten thraif

\(^1\) Knox's History, edit. 1732, p. 25.
And kast the grit haly watter  
Wt pater noster, patter patter  
And ge man sitt in ane compaß  
And cry, Harbert tuthless,  
Drag thow, and pis draw,  
And sitt thair quhill cok craw.  
The compass mon hallowit be  
With Aspergis me Domine;  
The haly writt schawis als  
Thair man be hung abowt gour hals  
Pricket in ane woll poik  
Off neif powder ane grit loik.  
Thir thingis mon ge boir,  
Brynt in ane doggis eir,  
Ane plucke, ane paiddill, and ane palme corß  
Thre tuskis of ane awld deid horß,  
And of ane gallow wob the warp,  
The boddome of ane awld herp,  
The heid of ane cuttit reill,  
The band of ane awld qubeil,  
The taill of ane geild sow,  
And ane bailt of blew wow,  
Ane botene, and ane brechame,  
And ane quhorle maid of lame,  
To luke owt at the litill boir,  
And cry, Chrystis crosß, gow befoir:  
And quhen ge së the kittill gaist,  
Cumand to gow in all haist,  
Cry lowd Chryste eleisone,  
And speiris quhat law it leivis on?  
And gif it sayis on GodĖ ley,  
Than to the littill gaist ge say,  
Wt braid benedicitie;  
Littill gaist, I coniure the,  
Wt harie Ė larie,  
Bayt fra God, Ė Sanct Marie,
First $w^t$ ane fisschis mowth,
And syne $w^t$ ane fowlis towth,
$W^t$ ten pertane tais,
And nyne knok$\mathcal{F}$ of windil strais,
$W^t$ thre heid$\mathcal{F}$ of curle doddy.
And bid the gaist turn in a boddy.
Then eftir this coniuratioun,
The littill gaist will fall in soun,
And $\mathcal{P}$ eftir doun ly,
Cryand mercy petously;
Than $w^t$ gour left heill it sane,
And it will nevir cum agane,
Als mekle as ane mige amaist. — —
He had a littill we leg,$^1$
And it was cant as ony cleg,
It wes wynd in ane wyndin scheit,$^2$
Bay$^t$ the hand$\mathcal{F}$ and the feit:
Suppois this gaist wes littill
$\mathfrak{g}$it it stall fra Godis quhitell;
It stall fra peteouss Abrahame,
Ane quhorle and ane quhū quhame;$^3$
It stall frae the carle of $\mathfrak{P}$e mone
Ane pair awld yrn schone;
It ran to Pencaitlane,
And wirreit ane awld chaplane
This littill gaist did na mair ill
Bot clok lyk a corne in myll;
And it wald play and hop,
Abowt the heid ane stra strop;
And it wald sing and it wald dance,
Ourefute and Orliance.
Quha coniurit the littill gaist sa $\mathfrak{g}\mathcal{E}$?
Nane bot the littil Spenzie fle
That $w^t$ hir wit and ingyne,

$^1$ Apparently one or more lines are here omitted.
Gart the gaist leif agane;
And sune mareit the gaist the flé,
And crownd him kyng of Kandelie;
And they gat thame betwene,
Orpheus king and Elpha quene,
To reid quha will this gentill geišt
Ge hard it not at Cokilby's seist.

Explicit.
Sir John Rowll's Cursing.

DUNBAR, in his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris," bewails the fate of two contemporary poets named Rowll, with whom he seems to have been familiar. He says:

"Death hes tane Rowll of Abirdene  
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyn;  
Two bettir fallowis did no man sie;  
Timor mortis conturbat me!" ¹

But so little is known concerning these two ecclesiastics, as to leave it uncertain which of them should be considered author of the following singular invective:—which, indeed, is the solitary memorial that remains of the talents of either one or other of two men who received from their illustrious friend this testimony to the excellence of their natural dispositions.

Sir David Lyndsay also names Rowll with other Scotish poets, of whom he says:

"Thocht thay be deid, thair libellis bene levand,  
Quhilkis, to reherse, makith reidarís to rojose." ²

Rowll's poem has been preserved both in George Bannatyne's and Sir Richard Maitland's collections of old Scotish poetry. Lord Hailes says, "Whether it was written by him, or only in his name, I know not. The following passage in it (he adds) determines the era at which he lived:

—"and now of Rome that beiris the rod,  
Undir the hevin to lowse and bind,  
Paip Alexander."

The Pontiff here meant must have been the virtuous Alexander VI., who was Divine Vicegerent from 1492 to 1503.¹
And Dunbar's poem, which commemorates their death, was printed in the year 1508.

Pinkerton mentions the following poem, which appears to copy the extravagant vein of the strange compositions known as "Flytings," with great contempt, styling it a stupid and despicable production; and quoting the last lines,

"This tragedy is callit, but dreid
Rowlis cursing, quha will it Reid,"

says the author "might have put a point of interrogation at the close."² The name of "Tragedy," in the language of those times, was applied to any descriptive poem, nor was it appropriated to dramatic compositions in England before the reign of Henry VIII., although no regular tragedy was produced earlier than January 1561, when "Ferrex and Porrex" was first represented.

Sir John Rowll's "Cursing" may be considered as a religious satire, being, as Lord Hailes justly observed, "an invective against those who defraud the clergy of their dues, and has no resemblance to any sort of dramatic composition."³ Dr. Leyden⁴ thought that in acrimony it was little inferior to Sterne's chapter of curses: and the author's invocation of all the devils to revenge the stealing of his geese, he considered as forming a curious contrast to Sir John of Grantam's curse for the Miller's eels that were stolen, recorded in Harsnet's "Detection of Egregious Impostures," 1604; but an anecdote current long before the Archbishop's day, as it is one of the "Hundred Merry Tales," 1526, and is quoted from that source by Scot in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584.

"All you that have stolen the Miller's eels,
Laudate Dominum de celis:
And all that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus Domino.

¹ Bannatyne Poems, 1770, p. 272.
³ Bannatyne Poems, 1770, p. 270.
⁴ Glossary to the Complaynt of Scotland, 1801, p. 329.
After the author has excommunicated

"Baith the halderis and conciliaris,
Ressetaris and the preve steilars,"

and bade them "hy to the pot of hell," the lines

"In hellis hoill quhair nevir is licht,
Nor nevir is day, bot evir nicht,
Quhair nevir is joy evin & morrow
Bot endlis pane, dule & sorrow,
Quhair nevir is petie nor concord,
Nor amitie, bot discord,
Malice, rancour, & invy," &c.,

are very striking, and remind us of the impressive description
by a greater poet, of

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

—Milton.

Here followis the cursing of St John Rowlis
upoun the steilars of his fowlis.

EVYNE power of michtis maist
Of Fadir Sone and Haly Ghaist
Jesu Chryst and his appostillis
Petir Paule and his discippillis
And all he power vndir God

And now of Rome jat beiris the rod
Vndir jhe hevin to lowse & bind
Paip Alexander jat we do synd
Wt ȝat power that Petir gaif
Godis braid malesone nixt thay haif
And all þe blude about þair hairt
Blak be þair hour blak be þair pairt
For fyve fat geiss of sir Johne Rowlis
Wt caponis hēis and viþir fowlis
Baith þe halderis and conceilaris
Ressettaris and the preve steilaris
And he þat saulis saïs and dāmis
Beteich the devill thair guttis and gāmis
Their toung their teith thair handis their feit
And all thair body haill compleit
That brak his ȝaird and stall his frutt
And raif his erbis vp be þe rute
His quheit his aitis his peiss his beir
In stowk or stakt to do him deir
In barne in houss in kill or mill
Except it had bene his awin will
His wow his lamb his cheis his stirk
Or ony teyndis of haly kirk
And all þat lattis vnkend or knawin
The vicar to dispone his awin
Kirkland hay or gerfs to awaill
Be thair support red or cousall
Now cursit and wareit be þair werd
Quhill thay be levand on this erd
Hungir sturt and tribulatioun
And nevir to be wþout vexatioun
Of vengeance sorrow sturt and cair
Graceless thriftles and threid bair
All tymes in þair legasie
Fyre sword watter and woddie
Or ane of thir infirmeteis
Off warldly scherp aduerseteis
Pouertie pestilence or peplecy
Dum deif or edroposy
Maigram madness or missilry
Appostrum or þe perlocy
Fluxis hyvis or huttit ill
Hoist heidwark or fawin ill
Kald kanker feister or feveris
Brukis bylis blobbis and bleistiris
Emeroidese or the sair halss
The pokkis the spaving in þe halss
The panefull gravell and the gutt
The gulsoch that they nevir be but
Seattica and arrattica
The cruke the cramp the collica
The worme the wareit wedonÿpha
Rumbursin rippillis or bellythra
The choikis that haldis the chaftis fra chowing
Golkgaliter at the haïrt growing
The stane wring stane and staneblind
The berne bed and mor behind
The strangelour and grit glengloir
The harchatt in þe lippis befoir
The mowlis and þe sleip the mair
The kanker and the kattair
Mott fall vpoun thair kankart cors
With all þe evil that evir had hors
Fische fowl beist or man
In erd sen first þe warld began
Till thay remember or thay dé
Repentand þair iniquitie
And draw þair inclinatioun
Fra stowth to contemplatioun
Fra feyndis fell subiectioun
To haly kirkis correctioun
Sua thay mak plane confessioun
Thair gud will and contritioun
Confessand þame to þair curatt
That in þair hairtis is evill indurat
Na vhir preist hes power nor freir
And thay that daly will perseveir
Nocht dreidand God in work nor word
Nor git of haly kirk the sword
Bot in þair cursit and sinfull wayis
Levand and dryvand our thair dayis
Nor ask God mercy nor repent
Than this salbe þair sacrament
Fra God our Lady and all thair hallowis
To þe feynd þair saulis thair craig the gallowis
I gif and Cerberus thair banis sall knaw
For þair dispyt of þe kirkis law
Gog and Magog and grym Garog
The devill of hell the theif Harog
Sym Skynar and Sr Garnega
Julius appostata
Prince Pluto and quene Cokatrice
Devetinus þe devill þat maid þe dyce
Cokadame and Semiamis
Fyremouth and Tutivillus
And Browny als þat can play kow
Behind þe claith wþ mony mow
All thir about the beir salbe
Singand ane dolorus dergie
And vþiris devillis thair salbe sene
Als thik as mot in sonis beme
Thair sal thay kary in þair clukis
Sum libberlais and sum hell crukis
Sum wþ kàis and sum wþ kardis
Sum wþ quhippis of leddrin tardis
Sum wþ clubbis and mellis of leid
Sum wþ brandrathis birnand reid
Sum wþ rùpillis lyk a skait
And geiss and caponis rostit hait
That sal be laschit on þair lippis
Cum thay wþin þe devillis grippis
Wt skulgeoun clowttis and dressing knyvis
Platt for plat on þr gyngyvis
Sayis richt thus of Rowlis geiss
Thame chaftis þame chowit every peiss
For thow art he and thow art scho
That Rowlis blak robene put in bro
And thow art scho that stall þe hen
And put her in þe pot þair ben
Lo this is he þat wþ his hairt
Wald nevir gif the vicar his pairt
Bot ay abowt for to dissaif
The haly kirk þat it sowld haif
Than ruffy tasker wþ his flaill
Sall beit þame all fra top to taill
And ruffy ragmē wþ his taggis
Sall ryfe þair sinfull saule in raggis
And quhen þe devillis hes þame tirvit
All þair saulis sal be transformit
Sum in bichis and sum in beiris
Sum in mvlis and sum in meiris
Aganis the statour þat thay wer ìn
For vengence of þair deidlý sin
To ryd and tak possessioun
Throw all hell vp and doun
And wþ grit din and deray
Compeir sail Sathan but delay
Sayand richt thus wþ sentece hé
Vpoun þe day þat thow sall dé
I devill of deillis I ðow cðdame
For geis for ðowis for woll for lame
Thairfoir hy ðow to þe pott of hell
Wþ Sathan our Abirone to dwell
As feyndis spreitis perpetualy
For to remane in mesary
Deip Acheron ðour saulis invaid
As blak as ruch as ony taid
SIR JOHN ROWLL’S CURSING

Snaykis serpensis and edderis
Mott stuf go r bellyis & go r bledderis
In hellis hoill q r nevir is licht
Nor nevir is day bot evir nicht
Q r nevir is joy evin & morrow
Bot endlis pane dule & sorrow
Q r nevir is petie nor concord
Nor amitie bot discord
Malice râcour & invy
W t magry & malâcoly
Than fra ìe sentence be on ìame said
Grit Baliall sall gif a braid
And bakwart leip vpon a beir
Sum on ane mvle sum on a meir
Sum on wolffis and sum on wichis
Sum on brodsowis sum on bichis
Than is ìair no bot sadill & brydill
Thir outtit meiris hes lang gane ydill
Bot sic ane clawing w t ìair clukis
And sic ane reirding w t ìr rukis
Râpand w t ane hiddowis beir
Cryand all is ours ìat is heir
The memberis of the wickit mè
That staw the guse ìe cok the hen
Thay salbe revin be ìe throttis
For cutting of the fowlis croppis
Syne led in towis and in lang tedderis
And daly etin w t taidis ì edderis
That all ìe court of hevin may knaw
Thay war the thevis ìat Rowlis geiss staw
For quhy grit God our hiest juge
He gaif decreit but refuge
That all pykaris of pultre
Gais no t to hevin bot thay sall fle

1 'Maye Ebin' in the MS.  
2 'Evin,' MS.
To hell w*out redëptioun
Qr is no remissioun
The forme of thir vgly devillis
Thay hafe lang tailis on þair heilis
And rüpillis hingand on þair tailis
Dragoun heidis & warwolf nalis
Wþ glowrane eyne as glitterad glass
Wþ bowgillis & hornis maid of brass
And dyverss facis 1 repleit wþ yre
Spowtād vēnū & sparkis of fyre
And sum wþ teith and tegir tungis
Attour þair chin wþ bludy dangis
Spottit and sprinklit vp & doun
Reid attry lyk a scorpioun
And sum ar smeith & sum are ruch
And sum ar lyk ane serpentis sluch
Wþ prik mule eiris sum ar lyk
Thair eiris neifs ar lyk ane midding tyk
Wþ gaippand mowth richt ʒaip to swelly
Ehe mair the less devill in his belly
Of þair fowle fegouris na mā can tell
Thoþ thay wer sevin ʒeiris in hell
To leir to paynt portour or blasoun
Thair forme & thayr feyndly fassoun
Thair vgsum horribiliteis
Nor ʒit na þþ schaipis wþ scheiris
Thoþ infineit he be of ʒeiris
Maist principaly to schaip þhair graith
In hell for steilling heir of claiith
Can contersfit nor mak it meit
Ane gabart for a deill cōpleit
And ʒit in hell ar mony ane
That said þai war als trew as stane
Gif þr be ony in þis houss

1 'Eyne,' MS.
That beiris þe nedill gorrit þe lowss
I þame beseik thay be no† wraith
Suppois they clyit haif parte of claith
Bot seik þe causs and leif þe deid
And blame þe scheiris þat raif þe skreid
And quha þat steilis & on stowth levis
Cursit mot thay be amang thir thevis
Now to þe effect ga will I
And speik of feyndis phantesy
In court no† w† þe quene of fary
But heltaris heidtailis sonkis or sadillis
But butis or spurris crukis or ladillis
W† full berdis blasand in þe wind
And hett speitis in þair taill behind
Than instar tasy w† his jaggis
And belly bassy w† his baggis
At hellis gettis sall mak sic reirding
On thir steillaris of geiss sall ding
That it beis hard in middil erd
The grit flappis w† sic faird
Thunder blastis & fyre sall blaw
That na devill may ane þir knaw
For reik stynk & brynstane birnand
Devillis gelpand gaipand and girnand
Than sall Baliall gif ane brattill
And all the thevis in hell sall startill
Lyk to ane gaid of yrne or steill 1
That doun war sinkand in ane weill
Sa sall thay ga to endles pane
And nevir to cum hame agane
Now Jesu for thy passioun
And deit for our redemtioun

1 'Bla' in the MS. is inserted before 'Baliall,' apparently by mistake.
Of mākynd haif mercy sone
Latt never this sentēce sall ḫame vpone
Bot grant ḫame grace ay till forbeir
Resset or stowth of vpir mēis geir
And als agane ṣe geir restoir
Till Rowl as I hafe said befoir
And to repent thay may in tyme
Pray we to God thus endis [the] ryme
This tragedy is callit but dreid
Rowlis cursing quha will it reid.

Finis.
Ane Ballet of the Nine Nobles.

On the margin of the ancient copy of Fordun's "Scoti-chronicon," that once belonged to the celebrated historian, Hector Boece, is written this translation of some barbarous Latin verses, added by Bower about the year 1440, and occurring in most copies of the same Chronicle. It has, indeed, been already printed, but may, without much impropriety, be inserted in this place; particularly as it is given from the Manuscript itself,—the copy printed by the industrious antiquary, Thomas Hearne, not being remarkable for its accuracy:

"On fut suld be all Scottis weir,
   Be hyll and mosse, thaim selff to 'steir.'
Llat wod for wallis be bow and speir,
   That innymeis do thaim na deir.
In streit placis gar keip all stor;
   And byrne the plane land thaim befor:
Thane sall thai pass away in haist,
   Quhen that thai find na thing bot waist.
With wyllis and waykene of the nycht,
   And mekill noysis maid on hycht:
Thane sall thai turne with gret affrai,
   As thai war chassit with suerd away.
This is the consall and intent
   Off gud King Robert'is Testament."

The following ballad, however, which is not known to be in print, may serve to shew the esteem in which the memory of Robert the Bruce was long held by the people of Scotland. It occurs at the end of the large and splendid copy of For-

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1 Lib. xii. cap. x.  
2 In the MS. 'weir.'
dun's Chronicle in the University Library of Edinburgh, and
is written in the same hand with the rest of the Manuscript.

The Nine Worthies here enumerated often make a con-
spicuous figure in old English poems. Thus Gower, in his
"Balade to King Henry the Fourth," says:

"See Alexander, Hector, and Julius,
See Machabeus, Dauid, and Josue,
See Charlemaine, Godfray, and Arthus."

"Fulfilled of warre, and of mortalite
Her fame abitte, but all is vanite
For death, which has the warres vnder fote
Hath made an end, of which there is no bote."

Chaucer's Works, Speght's edit., 1598, fol. 332.

The reader will remember the amusing Pageant of the Nine
Worthies introduced by Shakspeare in "Love's Labour's
Lost," where the King says—

"Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He
(Don Adriano de Armado) presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander;
Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

"And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits and present the other five."

"De nouem nobilibus."

HECTOUR of Troy throu hard feich-
thyngis,
In half thrid ژeris slew xix kyngis;
And ammirallis a hundred and mare,
Wyth small folk at vnrackynnit war;
He slew sa fell, at wes ferly,
Qwham Achilez tresnabli.

Alexander als nobil a kyng,
In xij ژeris wan throw hard feichtyng,
Al landis vnder the formament!
Eqwhethir adai in till parlement,
He said, he had but variance,
Our litill in till his gouernance.

Julius Cesar wan hailily
The ilis of Grece, and all Surry;
Affrick, Arab, Bretan wan he,
And discumfit his mawche Pompe:
Throw hard batell, stalward stour,
He war the first was emperour.

The gentill Jewfs Josue,
Anek xxx kyngis throw weir wan he;
And conquirit the landis also,
The flu Jordan pertit in two
Throw Goddis grace, and strang power;
Men suld hym loff on gret maner.

Dauid slew mychthy Golias,
And Philisteus at felon was;
He wes so wycht, et weill feichtand,
That he wes neuer sene recriand;
Thair for men call him, loud and still.
A trew prophet of hardy will.

Michty Judas Machabeus
Jn bathell slew Antiochus,
Appolonius and Nichanore,
At in his dais wald neuer shor,
No multitud be adred of men,
Thoff he war ane eganes ten.

Arthur wan Dace, Spange, and France,
And hand for hand slew giantis;
Lucius the publik procuratour
Of Rome, wyth milleonis in stalwar stour;
And in till Paris Schir Frollo,¹
In lystis slew wyth outin mo.

Charles of France slew Agramand,
And wan Spange fra hethoun land;
He slew the sowden of Pavi,
And wan the Saxonis halily;
And quhar God deid for our safté,
He put haly the Cristanté.

Godefrey Bolgone slew Solimant,
Before Antioche, and Cormorant,
Quham he throu ful strak ha⁰ ourtane,
Throu cops and harmez his glave is gane;
Sere hethownis he slew throu hard feychtyng,
And of Ier’lm a ḡeir was Kyng.

Robert the Brois throu hard feichtyng
With few venkust the mychthy Kyng
Off Ingland, Edward, twyse in fycht,
At occupit his realme but rycht
At sum tyme wes set so hard,
At hat nocht sax till hym toward.

ḡe gude men that thir balletis redis,
Deme quha dochtyast was in dedis.

¹ This personage, who is introduced to exemplify the prowess of Arthur, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. His name and that of “Lucyus the emperour of Rome” are alluded to in the “Legend of King Arthur,” printed in Percy’s “Reliques,” vol. iii. p. 79.
The Duke of Orlyance in Defence of the Scots.

The following lines, transcribed from the Maitland MS., are merely an extract, with some occasional variations, from Androw of Wyntown's Chronicle. They may be allowed, however, to stand in opposition to some of the many ancient rhymes which the English are known to have scattered abroad against the Scots. The jealous and hostile spirit which, for so many ages, existed betwixt the inhabitants of the two kingdoms, has long happily ceased, and, we trust, for ever. Nevertheless, it is curious and interesting to observe the various manifestations of this long-cherished and deep-seated animosity;—whether we may read in our annals of strife and bloodshed in the field of battle; of border forays and predatory excursions; or discover it in the more harmless, but not less vehement and sarcastic effusions in which they mutually seem to have indulged.

The question put by the illustrious Duke of Orleans is sufficiently simple and dispassionate, and leads to a natural and satisfactory conclusion, when he asked how it came that the English, with all their boasting, never were able to vanquish "the puir folk of Scotland"—

—— "whose gadderings into weiris :
Micht nicht exceed five hundreth speiris——"

but allowed themselves to be harassed night and day by those whom they pretended to hold in despite; nor could enforce that homage and obedience which, at times, they presumed to say, we owed to the Crown of England.
“Defence of the Scots.”

NE thowsand geir thre hundreth nyntye and ane
Fra Jesus Chryst had manheid tane
The bischop of Sanct Androis se,
Maister Waltir Traill callit was he,—
Be counsale and be ordinance
Of Scottismen, he passit in France;
For, in to Scotland men hard tell,
At the duik Johne of Longcastell,
Be ane ordinat delyuerance
Off Inglismen he passit in France.—
And quhatsoeuir thay tretit had,
Our bischop thair tuell monethis baid.
And thair sayrlie the Inglismen
The Scottismen diffamit than :
Thai said, thair gaddering in to weiris
Micht nocht exceed fyve hundreth speiris :
The king of France, thai said, forthy,
Suld lat of Scottis men bot lichtlye.
Thir wourdis war said in the presence
Of the duchtie Duik of Orlyance,
Quhilk had ane speciale effectioun
Till Scottismen and thair natioun ;
And than in haist he maid ansueyr,
As it was said on this maneyr :
ge wein to lak, bot ge commend
That natioun, as ge mak it kend :
Was neuer realme nor regioun
Wourth mair commendatioun,
Than ar the few folk of Scotland,
As that ge gar ws vnderstand,
ge say, thair gaddering in to weiris
May nocht exceed fyve hundreth speiris ;
And ge ar ane michtie natoun,  
Excelland in presumptioun,  
For all landis lyand gow by  
ge suppress with gour sengory;  
Owthir ge win thame to gour croun,  
Or haldis thame in subjectioun;  
Bot the few folk of Scotland,  
Quhilk by dry marchis ar lyand  
Neir on to gow, thai hald thair awin,  
As it is maid vntill ws knawin;  
And will cum with thair poweir,  
Playn ge, or gour land, of weir,  
And day and nycht will ly thairin,  
And in gour sicht gour landis bryne  
gour cattale and gour gudis thay ta;  
And spairis nathing gour self to sla;  
Thus suffer thay on na kin wyfts,  
gow of sic micht to do suppryf;  
Bot euir thay quyt gow lill for lall,  
Or that ge skaill the market all;  
That natoun may ge nocht defame,  
Bot gif ge smyt gour awin with schame!  
The king of France thairfor think me,  
Suld hald thame in to mair daintie,  
That so few folk, of so lytill micht,  
Aganis gow can manteine thair fecht,  
Vpon the dry merchis lyand,  
As it is gart ws vnderstand.—  
Quhen this was said the Inglismen  
Was schamit of thair wourdis than,  
And hold thame still, and spak no mair,  
In till dispyt as thai did ayr.

Finita responsio Illustriissimi ducis Orlianensis  
in honorem et defensionem Scotorum.
A Poem by Glassinberry.

Of Glassinberry the history is altogether unknown, and we can only conjecture that he flourished in the reign of James the Second of Scotland. The poem here printed is preserved in Gray's Manuscript,—a little diminutive volume, chiefly of historical pieces, written towards the close of the fifteenth century,¹ which is now in the Advocates' Library. Another copy (without any author's name) is contained in a MS. volume in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth.² Two or three anonymous poems contained in Gray's MS. might, from a similarity of style and measure, be, with some propriety, assigned to the same author.

A stanza or two from one of them may be here subjoined. The subject is the transitory nature of the present life, illustrated by various examples; amongst which we have the "Nine Worthies" brought forward to show "this warld is very vanité."

"Mony pape ar passit by,
Patriarkis, prelatis, and preistis,
Kingis and knichtis in company,
Uncountit curiously up I kest;
Women and mony wilsom wy,
As wynd and wattir ar gane west:
Fish, and foule, and froit of tree
On feild is nane formit na fest;
Riches adew! sen all is drest
That thai may nocht this dule indré!
Sen nocht has leif that heir ma lest
This world is bot a vanité!

² It is contained in the volume, No. 853, of Mr. Todd's Catalogue of the Lambeth MSS.
"Quhar is Plato that clerk of price,  
That of all poetis had no peir?  
Or it Catoun with his clergis?  
Or Aristotill that clerk so clere?  
Tullious that wele wauld tis?  
To tell his tretwy wer full teyr!  
Or Virgil that wes war and wis,  
And wist all wardly werk but wer?  
Is nane sa dowtit na sa dere,  
Than but redemyng all mon dee!  
Therfor I hauld, quha evir it heir,  
This warld is verray vanité.

"Ane uthir exemplill suth to say  
In summeris day full oft is sene  
Thir emotis in ane hillok ay  
Rinnand outhe befor thin ene;  
With litill weit thai wit away,  
Sa worthis of ws all I wene!  
May nane indur ouer his enday,  
Bot all ouer drivis, as dew bedene,  
That on the bery bidis bene,  
And with a blast away wilbe,  
Quhile girse ar gray, quhile ar thai grene,  
This warld is verray vanité!"

The following lines, written on the margin of one of the leaves of this MS. in the name of "Aristoteles Magnus," may remind the reader of some verses usually attributed to the author of "Hudibras:"—

"Gyf thou cummis to the flude,  
And the wawis¹ be woude,  
Huse, and hald thé still;  
Thou may cum ane uther day,  
Quhen wynd and wawis ar away  
Than ma thou waid at will."

¹ Wawis—for "waves."
A POEM BY GLASSINBERRY

Poem by Glassinberry.

I.

This is Goddis awne complaint,
Fro man to man that he has boucht,
And thus he sais to thame in taynt,
Myne awne pepill, quhat have I wroucht
To thé, that is to me so faynt,
And I thi lufe so deir has soucht?
In thyne ansuer no thing that paynt
To me, becaus I know thi thoucht!
Have I nocht done all that I oucht?
Have I left ony thing behynd?
Quhy wrethis thou me? I greif thé nocht;
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?

II.

I socht thi lufe, and that wes sene,
Quhen that I maid thé like till me;
In erd my werk, baith quyk and grene,
I pat undir thin awne pouste;
And fra Pharo, that wes sa kene,
Of Egip I deliverit thé,
And drownit him and his men bedene;
The Red say twinit I thé to fle;
I bad all dry that it suld bee,
I cessit baith wattir and wynd,
And brocht thé oure, and maid thé free;
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?

III.

And fourti yheir in wildernes,
With angele fude syne I thé fed,
And til a land of grete richess,
To wyn thi lufe, syne I thé led:
And yhit, to schaw thë mair kyndnes,
To tak thi kynd na thing I dreed;
I left my micht, and tuke mekenes,
Myne avne hert blude for thë I bled:
To by thi saule my blude I sched,
And band my self thë til unbynd;
Thus, with my wo, thi neid I sped,
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?

IV.

[In] my wyneyhard I plauntit thë
Full of gude saver and swetnes;
And nobil seid of all degré,
Bettir in erd nevir sawin wes:
Quhy suld thou thus gat fra me fle,
And turne all in to bittirnes?
The croce, for my reward, to me
Thou grathit and gaif, this is no leis,
Yhit had I evir to thë grete hers,
Resistand thame that to thë rynd
And puttand thë of mony a pres;
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?

V.

For thë I ordanit Paradise,
Fré will wes thi infeftment;
How mycht thou me mair disples,
Na brek my awn commaundiment?
And syne, in vij maner of wiis,
Til myn enemy thou has consent;
I put thë downe, thou mycht nocht ryse
Thi mycht, thi wit away wes went;
Baith pure, nakit, schamit and schent,
Of freindschip mycht thou no thing fynd,
Till that I on the Rude wes rent;
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?
VI.
Man! I lufe thé, quhom luffis thou?
I am thi freind, quhy lest thé wayn?
I forgaif thé that thou me slew,
Quha has partitoure lufe in twane?
Turne to me, and unite think thou,
Thou has gane mys, yhit turne agane,
And thou salbe als welcum now,
As sum with syn that nevir did nane:
Think how did Mary Magdalane,
And quhat said I, Thomas of Ynd,
I graunt thé blis; quhy lest thé pane?
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkynd?

VII.
O a freind the best preif
Is lufe with dreid, and nocht disp'ès,
Was nevir thing to me mair leif,
Na man that na thing may appes,
I sufferit for thi synis repreif,
And dulfull deid thi saul to es;
Hangit and drawin as a theif,
Thou did the deid, I haf dishes;
Nor can thou other thank no ples,
No do gude deid, no have in mynd,
I am thi leich, to thi males;
Quhy arttow to thi freind unkind?

VIII.
Man unite, think thé quhat thou art?
Fra quhom thou come? quhar arttow bown;
All thocht thou be to day in quart,
To morn I can cum put thé down:
Let mynd and meiknes mele in hart,
And rew of my compasioun,
Apon my woundis, herd and smert,
Of skourgis, nalis, spere, and crowne;
Let dreed and gude discretioun,
With lufe thi hert wp to me wynd,
Thou has v. wittis and resoun,
And gif thou will, thou may be kind!

IX.

Lord! with the we will nocht plete,
Bot as thou sais, It is and wes;
We have deserwit hell hit
Now we ws held unto thi gres;
We sal aby, and thou sal beit
And chastity ws for oure trespes;
Let mercy so for ws entret,
That nevir the feynd our saulis ches.
And Mary mild! fairest of faice,
Help ws, or we be fer behynd,
Or wepand, we mon say, Allace!
That we bene till our freind unkynd!

Explicit quod Glassinberry.
The King of the Roy Robert.

This poem, which is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland" (1549), appears to have received, at an early period, more attention than easily can be accounted for any other way than from national feeling, which may have responded to the sentiments it expresses with regard to the independence and sovereignty of Scotland. The author, according to the Maitland MS., from which this poem is now printed, was Dean David Steill, a Scotch poet, who is supposed to have flourished about the close of the fifteenth century.¹

The occasion to which the poem alludes is evidently what took place on the renewal of hostilities between the two kingdoms after the accession of Henry IV. According to our historians, that monarch in the year 1400, previously to his invading Scotland with a powerful army, sent a summons to King Robert III.² and all the prelates and nobility of Scotland, to meet him at Edinburgh on the 23rd of August, to do homage and swear fealty to him as Superior Lord of Scotland; which he affirmed all the former Kings of Scotland had done to his predecessors since the days of Brute

¹ Bishop Nicolson (Scottish Historical Library, 1703, p. 154) first pointed out that in the Maitland MS. this piece was given to Dean Steill, and Dr. George Mackenzie (Lives and Characters of Scotch Writers, i. p. 450), on that authority admitted the author into his work, and speaks of the production as containing the Life of King Robert III., "wherein several things are recorded of moment."

² In this copy an evident mistake occurs in calling Robert "the first King of the good Stewart," which probably occurred in one of the old printed copies, the answer being attributed to Robert II.
the Trojan. To such an arrogant demand he is said to have received a no less contemptuous answer from Prince David, Duke of Rothsay; upon which he marched forward but ere long he returned to England, without having done anything worthy of his mighty preparations.  

But this poem cannot be regarded as a contemporary effusion. The probability is, that it may have been one of "those writings" handed about in the reign of Henry VII. which occasioned a remonstrance to be made on the part of the English monarch. A declaration on this subject, by the learned and upright judge, Sir John Fortescue, in the form of a dialogue, "Vpon certayn wrytingis sent oute of Scotteland, ayenst the Kingis title of his Roialme of England," is still preserved in MS.; although the character of the author is sufficient, we should have supposed, to render any of his works deserving of publication. 

The printed copies of this poem are considerably modernised and corrupted. One of these, printed as a broadside, about the year 1680, preserved in Pepys's library, has this title, "The reply and challenge of King Robert the second, the first of the Steuarts, unto Henry the fourth, King of England, unjustly challenging his homage." There is another edition, printed at Edinburgh, 1700, 8vo, p. 8, which has been elsewhere reprinted.  

It is likewise included in Watson's "Collection of Scots Poems," Part II., 1709.

The Ring of the Roy Robert.

In to the ring of the roy Robert,  
The first King of the gud Stewart;  
Hary of Ingland the ferd King  
In Scotland send, and askit this thing  
At King Robert, quhy he nocht maid  
Him servise for his landis braid?

2 MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 D. xv.
3 Laing's Various Pieces of Fugitive Scotish Poetry, 1st Ser., 1825.
And quhy he causit to be spilt
Fell Cristiane blude throw his gilt?
He said, he aucht of heretage,
In Loundoun for to mak homage,
Eftir the richt of Brutus King,
Quhilk had all Ingland in gouerning!—
  Ffra that King Robert, wyse and wicht,
Had hard and sein this wryt be sicht;
Sa he grew in matelent,
On till his barounis, tauld his intent;
[He called a Council to Striveling town,
And there came Lords of great renown ;]
And at thame all he askit it
That he might ansuir be his awin wit.
Thay war rich joyfull of that thing,
Referrit thame to thair nobill King.
Than, without counsall of ony man,
To dyt and wryt our King began:
[This was the effect of his writeing,
All is sooth, and na liesing.]
  WE ROBERT, throw Godis micht,
King of Scotland and Ylis richt,
That inebbis in the Occeane see,
That to this day was euir free;
To thé Henrie of Longcastell,
Thy epistill we considder weill:
Duik of that Ilk thow suld be cald,—
It is thy richtest style of auld;
And I admit thé nocht as King,
For certane poynitis of degrading:
Thairfor, ane King I call nocht thé,
For hurt of Kingis Maiesté;
[For I will take nae heeding
Of thy unrighteous invading,
For what was right, as is well knawin,
Ye all defould within your awin :]
THE RING OF

Wit thow that we haue understand
For to declayre anent Scotland:
Thy wryt be wourd we haue sene,
Fra first to last at thow can mein;
Quhairthrow that thow sall answer haue,
Of my awin self, accept the laif.
And in the First, thow schawis ws till
Na Cristiane blude that thow wald spill,
On to the quhilk, we witnes beir,
Na biude for ws beis spilt in weir,
Bot gif it be in our defence,
Throw thy corruptit violence.

And quhair thow wrytis and schawis till ws,
Sen borne was sonnis of auld Brutus,
That our successouris aucht to be
Servandis till youris, gré be gré;
Thou leyd thairof! it is weill knawin,
We war euir fré within our awin!
Thocht Johne Balgoun maid ane band,
Contrair the richt of fayr Scotland;
Thair he was mainsworne that we defend:
On till ws all, it is weill kend,
Anent the bairns of auld Brutus,
That kyndnes hes bene kepit till ws:
Scotland euir yit hes bene fré,
Sen Scota of Egipt tuik the see!
Bot ye ar thirlit and our harlit,
The grit refuse of all the warld,
For nichtbure tressoun amangis your sell
Four tymes, as the Cronicle will tell,
Ye haue halelie conquiest bene:
Ten thousand pvndis of gold so schene
To Julius Cesar payit ye
Off tribute, thus ye war nocht free.
Be Saxounis als ye war ouer thrawin
Be tua borne chistanas of your awin,
And Germaneis in cunpany,  
All borne Saragenis vtterlie,  
At come with Horsus and Ingest,  
And maid your auld blude richt waist;  
And slew the gentillis of Ingland  
At Salisberrie, I vnderstande;  
And till ane takin the hingand stanis,  
Ambrosius set vp for the naneis;  
In till ane lestand memoriall,  
At Saxounis had ourset yow all.  
Vndir the hewin is no kinryk  
Off sorrow hes bein to yow lyk  
Ye war put syn in subiectioun  
At we, nor yit nane vnder croun,  
Was never in sic necessitie  
As hapnit your adversatie!  
Then Henslot, sone of Denmark king  
The thrid tyme rais o're yow to ring;  
The quhilk of Ingland maid conquest,  
And left amangis yow at the last  
Ane Dane in ilk ane hous, was knawin,  
Yow to defoull with in your awin;  
That occupiit bayth gude and wyff;  
Thus in bondage ye leid your lyff!  
Quhen this was done, and all bypast,  
The ferd conquest approchit fast,  
Off the Bastarde of Normandie,  
Quhilk conquisteist Ingland halelie;  
Quhilk yit amangis yow ringis thair blude,  
And meikill vther that is nocht gude:  
And gif ye trow this nocht south be,  
Reid the Registar, and ye may see,  
And the croniclis of braid Bartane,  
Quhairout of our authoris ar tane;  
That this is suth thow may nocht lane,  
France and Bartane kennis in plane.
Thow art nocht rightuous for to ring,
For all realmis knawis this thing;
In Londoun thow swoir in Parliament,
Ingland ten yeiris [thou should absent,—
Then wast thou manifestlie mansworne
Or euir three yearis] and ane half was wore; 120
Thou rais tressonablie for to ring,
And hes vndone Richart thy king.
Gif you knawis nocht thy meikle mis
The suth in proverb spokin is:
Flyt with thy nichtburis, and thai will tell 125
All the mischeif that thè befell,
Bot for our Realme, I dar weill say
Was never none hyn to this day,
Brocht Scotland in subiectioun!
Bot ane was manesworne of your crowne, 130
The quhilk of Langschankis, hecht Edwarde,
Tuik on him to declayr the parte,
Betuix the Brus and Johne Balioun;
That throw your fals illusioun,
Johne Balgoun, quhair he had no richt, 135
Tuik tressonablie to hald with slicht,
Strenthis and castellis of our Cuntré,
Ye gat throw your subtilitie.
That Williame Wallace, wicht and wyse,
Wichtlie reskewit ws thrys; 140
And Robert the Bruce rakleslie
First tynt, syn wan ws wichtlie;
And with him James the gud Douglas
Quhilk preivit weill in everie place;
Erle Thomas Randell, wyse and wicht, 145
As than was neuer ane hardyar knycht;
Thir exilit all your fals barnageis,
And fred our realme of all thirlageis.
And gif thow trowis this nocht suth is.
Off sextie thousand, we thocht no miss,
At Bannokeburne discomfist was;
Als your fals king away culd pas,
Throw an inborne tratour at was kend
Quhilk fré in Ingland he him send;
Or ellis we had tane your king,
And Ingland had in gouerning.

Quhen all this was cuming and gane,
Than Edward of Carnauerane
Discumfist he was at Biland
Be my Father, I tak on hand;
Walter Stewart that in hy
Chaissit him all opinlie,
Ane hundreth myle on King Edward,
Quhill that he was reskewit be parte,
Till Scaribur castell, and thair him lest;
Syn till his ost returnit Est;
Be than your clergy of Ingland
Renewit agane with stalwart hand
At Mylioun, as it is weill knawin,
Thair haistellie ye war our:hrawin
Be the gud Douglas, the suth to say,
And Thomas the gud erle of Murray;
Quhair twentie hundreth war dungin to deid,
Withoutin succour, or remeid
Off preistis, that beir schawin croun,
That hardie men war of renoun.

Eftir this, Robert the Bruce
Tuik stait, and halelie cud reduce
Northummerland, all till him sell,—
Ye may nocht say nor this befell!—
Syn ye war fane, or ye wald ces,
To proffer mariage for peice,
And askit the Prince of Bruce Dauid
Till dame Jonet Touris till ally.
Ye maid that evidentis, and that band,
Vnder the grit seill of Ingland,
The quhilk ye call your goldin Chartour
In Ingland hes maid mony martyr!
Quhilk we haue plainlie for to schaw
The verité, quha will it knaw;
And falslie brokin is in yow,
All tyme befoir als weill as now;
And throw your fals suppleying
Quhen Edwarde Balgoun rais to ring!
This is suth, I profer me
To preif on sextie agane sextie,
Or fourtie agane fourtie, gif ye lyk,
Or xx agane xx of our kinryk,
Gif tho be pacient and tholumdie
And wald nocht spill na Cristane blude
And gif thou thinkis it best sa
Let ws dereinge it betuix ws tua;
I proffer me to preif on thé
And we and Scotland yit art fré,—
And of the Paip nothing we hald,
Bot of the Kirk our fayth of auld,—
At we ar bunding of det to do,
At all Cristiane pepill aucht to do.

"This wryt to Londoun he hes send,
And quhen the Barounis had it kend,
And had considderit it in plane,—
Yit na said ansuer come agane.

Finis the Ring of the Roy Robert
maid be Dene Dauid Steill.

END OF VOL. I.