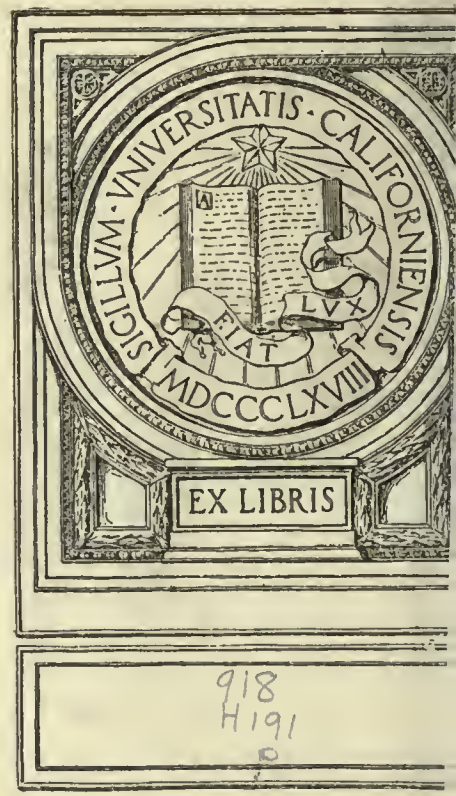


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Vol II



*Thomas Brooke F.S.A.
Armitage Bridge.*



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The

Palatine Anthology.





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THE
PALATINE ANTHOLOGY



Palatine Anthology;

A Collection of

Ancient Poems and Ballads,

Relating to

Lancashire and Cheshire.

Edited by

James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S.,

Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Royal Society of Literature;
Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, &c.

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For Private Circulation only.

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THE PALATINE ANTHOLOGY.

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## Preface.



WHEN this work was commenced, it was the Editor's intention to limit the collection exclusively to the very early poetical remains of the Palatine counties; and in pursuance of this design, he reprinted the 'Song of Lady Bessy,' although it had previously been edited by a very able historian. It was found, however, that the compositions of the kind required were not so numerous as was anticipated; and, as the work progressed, a few articles in prose were admitted, for which the reader's indulgence must be solicited, as they may justly be regarded as at variance with the title-page, and the proposed object of the selection.

The reader will observe, I have attempted no literary illustration. It appeared to me that the choice lay, in most cases, between a great variety of annotation and none at all. The latter alternative was chosen, and I am only to be regarded in the light of a pioneer, happy if the collections

here brought together shall prove of any use to the county historian or the literary antiquary. Cheshire has the advantage of the best county history ever published, the meritorious work of Dr. Ormerod; while the edition of 'Lady Bessy,' by Thomas Heywood, Esq., exhibits how much learning and taste can be displayed on these antique relics.

It is to these works I have ventured to refer for explanatory information. Bostock's verses on the Earls of Chester, for instance, afford an example of a production, very curious in its way, but requiring an excess of illustration almost beyond its value. The student will, notwithstanding, be pleased to have the opportunity of referring to it. A similar observation will apply to the poem on the Stanley family, which is printed from an early manuscript copy in the Bodleian Library, hitherto unnoticed. This latter poem may be considered in every respect the most curious in the collection, and, if it were minutely examined, would be found to possess an historical value.

The 'Palatine Garland,' appended to the present volume, was originally intended for a separate work, and was printed independently of the 'Palatine Anthology.' The subscribers, therefore, will thus possess two collections of poetical materials relating to Cheshire and Lancashire,

counties most deeply interesting to the archæological or literary antiquary. On another occasion, perhaps, I may invite them to follow me to other fields, to the reliques of historical and antiquarian interest, in which the Palatine counties are so rich both in manuscript and architectural remains. It should, however, be added, that the only object proposed in works like the present, and for which their mode of circulation is so especially suited, is the collection of useful materials, not the formation of them into critical disquisitions or popular narratives.

*April 22, 1850.*





## The Palatine Anthology.

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### I.—SONG OF LADY BESSY.

**OUR** materials for the period of English history to which the following ballad relates are so remarkably scanty, that no source of information possessing the least claim to credit can be willingly passed over. Were it otherwise, a poem undoubtedly containing many supposititious particulars, and which may well be considered a very unsafe historical guide, would deserve little attention apart from its poetical merits; but we unfortunately possess no other contemporary account of the proceedings of Elizabeth of York, from

Christmas 1484, till the death of Richard III. On this account the "Song of Lady Bessy" possesses a considerable degree of interest.

Only two copies of this poem have been preserved, differing considerably from each other, and no doubt varying in a great degree from the author's original composition, not in facts, but in language. One copy is contained in a MS. of the time of Charles II, in the possession of Mr. Bateman, of Youlgrave, Derbyshire, who has obligingly collated our text in proof with the original manuscript. The other copy is preserved in MS. Harl. 367, and appears to have been transcribed about the year 1600. We have thought it expedient to give both of these versions, for they explain each other, and exhibit the changes which transcribers of later days made in remote originals. The first was edited in 1829, by Mr. Thomas Heywood, with an able introduction and judicious notes; but the work was privately printed, and is now very

rarely to be met with. The copy in the Harl. MS. is not so much modernized, and is of much better authority than that printed by Mr. Heywood.

It appears from some passages, where the writer changes abruptly from the third to the first person, that the poem was composed by Bessy's "true esquire," Humphrey Brereton, who was in the service of Lord Stanley. Mr. Heywood conjectures him to have been a native of Cheshire, and informs us that "in the pedigree of the Breretons of Stochlach and Malpas, a younger branch of the house of the same name seated at Brereton, Humphrey appears to have been the third son of Bartholomew Brereton, and to have lived in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He left three daughters; the eldest of whom marrying into the neighbouring family of Dod of Edge, her descendants still exist in the representatives of that ancient house. Humphrey is described in the Dod

pedigree as seated at Grafton, a township near Malpas." This conjecture is borne out by the porter's reason for his gratification at seeing Humphrey,—

"For a Cheshire man born am I certain,  
From the Malpas but miles three."

The antiquity of the poem is satisfactorily proved by the multiplicity of those minute traits of language and manners, which must have been forgotten by a more recent writer. The author's mistakes in the general history of the period are not of a nature to weaken his credibility; and as Sir H. Nicolas justly observes, with reference to his speaking of Lord Stanley as Earl of Derby, "though that nobleman did not possess the latter title when the events described took place, it was usual for early writers to allude to individuals by the designations borne by them at the time they wrote." The peculiar features of the age, the costume, and the difficulty of correspondence, are too



faithfully described to leave any reasonable doubt of the early period of the author. It may be, however, that the proof of Brereton's authorship requires some further confirmation.

For all the known particulars respecting Elizabeth of York, we may refer to Sir H. Nicolas's able and excellent Memoir prefixed to the 'Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York,' 8vo, 1830, and Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England,' vol. iv. The latter work contains an analysis of the following poem.

It is right to state that I have previously reprinted the following ballads in one of the publications of the Percy Society; but they form so essential a portion of this Collection, that their limited circulation amongst the Members of that body was not considered a sufficient reason for their exclusion.



*The most pleasant Song of LADY BESSY, the eldest Daughter of King Edward the Fourth, and how she married King Henry the Seventh of the House of Lancaster.*

**F**OR Jesus sake be merry and glad,  
 Be blythe of blood, of bone, and blee,  
 And of your words be sober and sad,  
 And a little while listen to me :  
 I shall tell you how Lady Bessy made her moan,  
 And down she kneeled upon her knee  
 Before the Earle of Darby her self alone,  
 These were her words fair and free :—  
 Who was your beginner, who was your ground,  
 Good father Stanley, will you tell me ?  
 Who married you to the Margaret Richmond,  
 A Dutchess of a high degree ?  
 And your son the Lord George Strange  
 By that good lady you had him by ;  
 And Harden lands under your hands,  
 And Moules dale also under your fee,  
 Your brother Sir William Stanley by parliament,  
 The Holt Castle who gave him truely ?  
 Who gave him Brome-field, that I now ment ?  
 Who gave him Chirk-land to his fee ?

Who made him High Chamberlain of Cheshire ?

Of that country farr and near

They were all wholly at his desire,

When he did call they did appear ;

And also the Forrest of Delameer,

To hunt therin both day and night

As often as his pleasure were,

And to send for baron and knight ;

Who made the knight and lord of all ?

Good father Stanley, remember thee !

It was my father, that king royall,

He set you in that room so high.

Remember Richmond banished full bare,

And lyeth in Brittain behind the sea,

You may recover him of his care,

If your heart and mind to him will gree :

Let him come home and claim his right,

And let us cry him King Henry !

And if you will maintain him with might,

In Brittain he needeth not long to tarry.

Go away, Bessy, the lord said then,

I tell thee now for certainty,

That fair words make oft fooles full faine,

When they be but found vain glory.

Oh! father Stanley, to you I call,  
For the love of God remember thee,  
Since my father King Edward, that king royall,  
At Westminster on his death bed lee ;  
He called to him my unckle Richard,  
So he did Robert of Brackenbury,  
And James Terrill he was the third ;  
He sent them to Ludlow in the west  
country,  
To fetch the Duke of York and the Duke of  
Clarence,  
These two lords born of a high degree.  
The Duke of York should have been prince,  
And king after my father free,  
But a balle-full game was then among,  
When they doomed these two lords to dye :  
They had neither justice nor right, but had great  
wrong,  
Alack! it was the more pitty!  
Neither were they burried in St. Maries,  
In church or churchyard or holy place ;  
Alas! they had dolefull destinies,  
Hard was their chance, worse was their  
disgrace !

Therefore help, good father Stanley, while you  
 have space,

For the love of God and mild Mary,  
 Or else in time to come you shall, alas !

Remember the words of Lady Bessy !  
 Good Lady Bessy, be content,

For tho' your words be never so sweet,  
 If King Richard knew, you must be shent,  
 And perchance cast into prison deep ;

Then had you cause to waill and weep,  
 And wring your hands with heavy chear ;

Therefore, good lady, I you beseek

To move me no more in this matter.

Oh ! good father Stanley, listen now and  
 hear ;

Heare is no more but you and I :

King Edward that was my father dear,

On whose estate God had mercy,

In Westminster as he did stand,

On a certain day in a study,

A book of reason he had in his hand,

And so sore his study he did apply,

That his tender tears fell on the ground,

All men might see that stood him by :

There were both earls and lords of land,  
     But none of them durst speak but I.  
 I came before my father the king,  
     And kneeled down upon my knee ;  
 I desired him lowly of his blessing,  
     And full soon he gave it unto me :  
 And in his arms he could me thring,  
     And set me in a window so high ;  
 He spake to me full sore weeping,—  
     These were the words he said to me :  
 Daughter, as thou wilt have my blessing,  
     Do as I shall counsell thee,  
 And to my words give good listning,  
     For one day they may pleasure thee :  
 Here is a book of Reason, keep it well,  
     As you will have the love of me ;  
 Neither to any creature do it tell,  
     Nor let no liveing lord it see,  
 Except it be to the Lord Stanley,  
     The which I love full heartiley :  
 All the matter to him show you may,  
     For he and his thy help must be ;  
 As soon as the truth to him is shown  
     Unto your words he will agree ;

For their shall never son of my body be gotten  
That shall be crowned after me,  
But you shall be queen and wear the crown,  
So doth expresse the prophecye!  
He gave me tax and toland,  
And also diamonds to my degree,  
To gett me a prince when it pleaseth Christ,  
The world is not as it will be :  
Therefore, good father Stanley, grant my request  
For the love of God I desire thee ;  
All is at your commandment down in the west,  
Both knight and squire and the commentie ;  
You may choose then where you like best,  
I have enough both of gold and fee ;  
I want nothing but the strength of men,  
And good captains two or three.  
Go away, Bessy, the lord said then,  
To this will I never agree,  
For women oft time cannot faine,  
These words they be but vain glory !  
For and I should treason begin  
Against King Richard his royalty,  
In every street within London  
The Eagle's foot should be pulled down,

And as yet in his great favour I am,  
 But then should I loose my great renowne !  
 I should be called traitor thro' the same  
 Full soon in every markt towne !  
 That were great shame to me and my name,  
 I had rather spend ten thousand pounce.  
 O father Stanley, to you I mak my moane,  
 For the love of God remember thee ;  
 It is not three days past and gone,  
 Since my unckle Richard sent after me  
 A batchelor and a bold baron,  
 A Doctor of Divinitye,  
 And bad that I should to his chamber gone,  
 His love and his leman that I should bee ;  
 And the queen that was his wedded feere,  
 He would her poyson and putt away ;  
 So would he his son and his heir,  
 Christ knoweth he is a proper boy !  
 Yet I had rather burn in a tunne  
 On the Tower Hill that is so high,  
 Or that I would to his chamber come,  
 His love and his leman will I not be !  
 I had rather be drawn with wild horses five,  
 Through every street of that citty,



Or that good woman should lose her life,  
 Good father, for the love of mee.  
 I am his brother's daughter dear ;  
 He is my uncle, it is no nay ;  
 Or ever I woud be his wedded feere,  
 With sharp swords I will me slay ;  
 At his bidding if I were then,  
 And follow'd also his cruel intent,  
 I were well worthy to suffer pain,  
 And in a fire for to be brent.  
 Therefore, good father Stanley, some pittie take  
 On the Earle Richmond and me,  
 And the rather for my father's sake,  
 Which gave thee the Ile of Man so free ;  
 He crowned thee with a crown of lead,  
 He holpe the first to that degree ;  
 He set thee the crown upon thy head,  
 And made thee the lord of that countrey ;  
 That time you promised my father dear,  
 To him to be both true and just,  
 And now you stand in a disweare,  
 Oh ! Jesu Christ, who may men trust ?  
 O good lady, I say againe  
 Your fair words shall never move my mind ;

King Richard is my lord and sov'raign,  
To him I will never be unkind.  
I will serve him truely till I die,  
I will him take as I him find ;  
For he hath given to mine and me,  
His bounteous gifts do me so bind.  
Yet good father Stanley, remember thee,  
As I have said so shall it prove,  
If he of his gift be soe free,  
It is for fear and not for love ;  
For if he may to his purpose come,  
You shall not live these years three,  
For these words to me he did once move  
In Sandall Castle underneath a tree :  
He said there shall no branch of the eagle fly  
Within England, neither far nor nigh ;  
Nor none of the Talbots to run him by,  
Nor none of their lineage to the ninth degree ;  
But he would them either hang or head,  
And that he swear full grievously.  
Therefore help, gentle lord, with all speed ;  
For when you woud fain it will not be.  
Your brother dwellith in the Holt Castle,  
A noble knight forsooth is he ;

All the Welsh-men love him well,  
 He may make a great company.  
 Sir John Savage is your sister's son,  
 He is well beloved within his shire,  
 A great company with him will come,  
 He will be ready at your desire.  
 Gilbert Talbott is a captain pure,  
 He will come with main and might ;  
 To you he will be fast and sure,  
 Against my uncle king and knight.  
 Let us raise an host with him to fight,  
 Soon to the ground we shall him ding,  
 For God will stand ever with the right,  
 For he hath no right to be king !  
 Go away, Bessy, the lord can say ;  
 Of these words, Bessy, now lett be ;  
 I know King Richard woud not me betray,  
 For all the gold in Christantye.  
 I am his subject, sworn to be true :  
 If I should seek treason to begin,  
 I and all mine full sore should rue,  
 For we were as like to lose as winne.  
 Beside that, it were a deadly sin  
 To refuse my king, and him betray :

The child is yet unborne that might moan in time,  
 And think upon that woefull day.  
 Wherefore, good lady, I do you pray,  
 Keep all things close at your hart root ;  
 So now farr past it is of the day,  
 To move me more it is no boot.  
 Then from her head she cast her attire,  
 Her colour changed as pale as lead,  
 Her faxe that shoan as the gold wire  
 She tair it of besides her head,  
 And in a swoon down can she swye,  
 She spake not of a certain space !  
 The lord had never so great pittie  
 As when he saw her in that case,  
 And in his arms he can her embrace ;  
 He was full sorry then for her sake.  
 The tears fell from his eyes apace,  
 But at the last these words she spake,  
 She said, to Christ my soul I betake,  
 For my body in Tem'ns drow'nd shall be !  
 For I know my sorrow will never slake,  
 And my bones upon the sands shall lye !  
 The fishes shall feed upon me their fill ;  
 This is a dolefulle destinye !

And you may remedy this and you will,  
 Therefore the bone of my death I give to thee!  
 And ever she wept as she were woode,  
 The Earle on her had so great pittie,  
 That her tender heart turned his mood.  
 He said, Stand up now, Lady Bessye,  
 As you think best I will agree.  
 Now I see the matter you do not faine,  
 I have thought in this matter as much as yee :  
 But it is hard to trust women,  
 For many a man is brought into great woe,  
 Through telling to women his privity :  
 I trust you will not serve me so  
 For all the gold in Christantie.  
 No, father, he is my mortall foe,  
 On him fain wrooken woud I bee !  
 He hath put away my brethren two,  
 And I know he would do so by me ;  
 But my trust is in the Trinity,  
 Through your help we shall bale to him bring,  
 And such a day on him to see  
 That he and his full sore shall rue !  
 O Lady Bessye, the lord can say,  
 Betwixt us both forecast we must

How we shall letters to Richmond convey,  
No man to write I dare well trust ;  
For if he list to be unjust  
And us betray to King Richard,  
Then you and I are both lost ;  
Therefore of the scribe I am afraid.  
You shall not need none such to call,  
Good father Stanley, hearken to me  
What my father, King Edward, that king royal,  
Did for my sister, my Lady Wells, and me :  
He sent for a scrivener to lusty London,  
He was the best in that citty ;  
He taught us both to write and read full soon,  
If it please you, full soon you shall see :  
Lauded be God, I had such speed,  
That I can write as well as he,  
And also indite and full well read,  
And that (lord) soon shall you see,  
Both English and alsoe French,  
And also Spanish, if you had need.  
The earle said, You are a proper wench,  
Almighty Jesus be your speed,  
And give us grace to proceed out,  
That we may letters soon convey

In secrett wise and out of doubt  
To Richmond, that lyeth beyond the sea.  
We must depart, lady, the earle said then ;  
Wherefore keep this matter secretly,  
And this same night, betwixt nine and ten,  
In your chamber I think to be.  
Look that you make all things ready,  
Your maids shall not our councell hear,  
For I will bring no man with me  
But Humphrey Brereton, my true esquire.  
He took his leave of that lady fair,  
And to her chamber she went full tight,  
And for all things she did prepare,  
Both pen and ink, and paper white.  
The lord unto his study went,  
Forecasting with all his might  
To bring to pass all his intent ;  
He took no rest till it was night.  
And when the stars shone fair and bright,  
He him disguised in strange mannere ;  
He went unknown of any wyght,  
No more with him but his esquire.  
And when he came her chamber near,  
Full privily there can he stand,

To cause the lady to appeare  
    He made a signe with his right hand ;  
And when the lady there him wist,  
    She was as glad as she might be.  
Char-coals in chimneys there were cast,  
    Candles on sticks standing full high ;  
She opened the wickett and let him in,  
    And said, welcome, lord and knight soe free !  
A rich chair was set for him,  
    And another for that fair lady.  
They ate the spice and drank the wine,  
    He had all things at his intent ;  
They rested them as for a time,  
    And to their study then they went.  
Then that lady so fair and free,  
    With rudd as red as rose in May,  
She kneeled down upon her knee,  
    And to the lord thus can she say :  
Good father Stanley, I you pray,  
    Now here is no more but you and I ;  
Let me know what you will say,  
    For pen and paper I have ready.  
He saith, commend me to my son George Strange,  
    In Latham Castle there he doth lye,



When I parted with him his heart did change,  
 From Latham to Manchester he road me by.  
 Upon Salford Bridge I turned my horse againe,  
 My son George by the hand I hent ;  
 I held so hard forsooth certaine,  
 That his formast finger out of the joint went :  
 I hurt him sore, he did complain,  
 These words to him then I did say :  
 Son, on my blessing, turne home againe,  
 This shall be a token another day.  
 Bid him come like a merchant of Farnfield,  
 Of Coopland, or of Kendall, wheather that it be,  
 And seven with him, and no more else,  
 For to bear him company.  
 Bid him lay away watch and ward,  
 And take no heed to mynstrel's glee ;  
 Bid him sit at the lower end of the board,  
 When he is amongst his meany,  
 His back to the door, his face to the wall,  
 That comers and goers shall not him see ;  
 Bid him lodge in no common hall,  
 But keep him unknowne right secretly.  
 Commend me to my brother Sir William so dear,  
 In the Holt Castle there dwelleth hee ;

Since the last time that we together were,  
     In the forest of Delameere both fair and free,  
 And seven harts upon one hearde,  
     Were brought to the buck sett to him and me;  
 But a forester came to me with a whoore bearde,  
     And said, good sir, awhile rest ye,  
 I have found you a hart in Darnall Park,  
     Such a one I never saw with my eye.  
 I did him crave, he said I shoud him have ;  
     He was brought to the broad heath truely ;  
 At him I let my grayhound then slipp,  
     And followed after while I might dree.  
 He left me lyeing in an ould moss pitt,  
     And loud laughter then laughed hee ;  
 He said, Rise up, and draw out your cousin ;  
     The deer is dead, come you and see.  
 Bid him come as a marchant of Carnarvon,  
     Or else of Bew-morris whether it be ;  
 And in his company seven Welshmen,  
     And come to London and speak to me ;  
 I have a great mind to speak with him,  
     I think it long since I him see.  
 Commend me to Sir John Savage, that knight,  
     Lady, he is my sister's sone,

Since upon a friday at night  
 Before my bedside he kneeled downe :  
 He desired me as I was uncle dear,  
 Many a time full tenderly,  
 That I would lowly King Richard require  
 If I might get him any fee.  
 I came before my soveraigne lord,  
 And kneeled down upon my knee,  
 So soon to me he did accord  
 I thanked him full courteously,  
 A gatt him an hundred pounds in Kent  
 To him and his heirs perpetually,  
 Alsoe a manor of a duchy rent,  
 Two hundred pounds he may spend thereby,  
 And high sheriff of Worcestershire,  
 And alsoe the park of Tewksbury.  
 He hath it all at his desire,  
 Therewith dayley he may make merry.  
 Bid him come as a merchant man  
 Of West Chester, that fair city,  
 And seven yeomen to wait him on,  
 Bid him come to London and speak with me.  
 Commend me to good Gilbert Talbott,  
 A gentle esquire forsooth is he ;

Once on a Fryday, full well I woot  
     King Richard called him traitour high :  
 But Gilbert to his fawchon prest,  
     A bold esquire forsooth is he ;  
 Their durst no sarjant him arreast,  
     He is called so perlous of his body.  
 In the Tower Street I meet him then  
     Going to Westminster to take sanctuarie :  
 I light beside my horse I was upon,  
     The purse from my belt I gave him truely ;  
 I bad him ride down into the North-West,  
     Perchance a knight in England I might  
     him see :  
 Wherefore pray him at my request  
     To come to London to speak with me.  
 Then said the royall lord so just,  
     Now you have written, and sealed have I,  
 There is no messenger that we may trust,  
     To bring these writeings into the West  
     Countrie,  
 Because our matter it is so high,  
     Least any man wou'd us descry.  
 Humphrey Brereton, then said Bessye,  
     Hath been true to my father and me ;

He shall take the writeings in hand,  
 And bring them into the West Countrey :  
 I trust him best of all this land  
 On this message to go for me.  
 Go to thy bed, father, and sleep full soon,  
 And I shall wake for you and me,  
 By tomorrow at the rising of the sune,  
 Humphrey Brereton shall be with thee.  
 She brings the lord to his bed so trimly dight  
 All that night where he should lye,  
 And Bessy waked all that night,  
 There came no sleep within her eye :  
 In the morning when the day can spring,  
 Up riseth young Bessye,  
 And maketh hast in her dressing ;  
 To Humphrey Brereton gone is she :  
 But when she came to Humphrey's bower bright,  
 With a small voice called she,  
 Humphrey answered that lady bright,  
 Saith, Who calleth on me so early ?  
 I am King Edward's daughter right,  
 The Countesse clear, young Bessy,  
 In all hast with mean and might  
 Thou must come speak with the Earle of Darby.

Humphrey cast upon him a gowne,  
 And a pair of slippers upon his feet ;  
 Alas ! said Humphrey, I may not ride,  
 My horse is tired as you may see ;  
 Since I came from London city,  
 Neither night nor day, I tell you plain,  
 There came no sleep within my eye ;  
 On my business I thought certaine.  
 Lay thee down, Humphrey, he said, and sleep,  
 I will give space of hours three :  
 A fresh horse I thee beehyte,  
 Shall bring thee through the West Countrey.  
 Humphrey slept not hours two,  
 But on his journey well thought hee ;  
 A fresh horse was brought him tooe,  
 To bring him through the West Countrey.  
 Then Humphrey Brereton with mickle might,  
 Hard at Latham knocketh hee ;  
 Who is it, said the porter, this time of the night,  
 That so hastily calleth on mee ?  
 The porter then in that state,  
 That time of the night riseth hee,  
 And forthwith opened me the gate,  
 And received both my horse and me.

Then said Humphrey Brereton, truely  
 With the Lord Strange speak would I faine,  
 From his father the Earle of Darby.

Then was I welcome that time certaine ;  
 A torch burned that same tide,

And other lights that he might see ;  
 And brought him to the bedd side

Where as the Lord Strange lie.  
 The lord mused in that tide,

Said, Humphrey Brereton, what mak'st thou  
 here ?

How fareth my father, that noble lord,

In all England that hath no peer ?

Humphrey took him a letter in hand,

And said, Behold, my lord, and you may  
 see.

When the Lord Strange looked the letter upon,

The tears trickled downe from his eye :

He said, we must come under a cloud,

We must never trusted bee ;

We may sigh and make a great moane,

This world is not as it will bee.

Have here, Humphrey, pounds three,

Better rewarded may thou bee ;

Commend me to my father dear,  
His daily blessing he would give me ;  
He said also in that tide,  
Tell him also thus from me ;  
If I be able to go or ride,  
This appointment keep will I.  
When Humphrey received the gold, I say,  
Straight to Manchester rideth hee,  
The sun was light up of the day,  
He was aware of the Warden and Edward  
Stanley ;  
The one brother said to the other,  
As they together their mattins did say :  
Behold, he said, my own dear brother,  
Yonder comes Humphrey Brereton, it is no  
nay,  
My father's servant at command,  
Some hasty tydeings bringeth hee.  
He took them either a letter in hand,  
And bad them behold, read and see :  
They turn'd their backs shortly tho',  
And read those letters readily.  
Up they leap and laughed too,  
And also they made game and glee,—



Fair fare our father, that noble lord,  
 To stirr and rise now beginneth hee ;  
 Buckingham's blood shall be wroken,  
 That was beheaded in Salsbury ;  
 Fare fall that countesse, the king's daughter,  
 That fair lady, young Bessye,  
 We trust in Jesus in time hereafter,  
 To bring thy love over the sea.  
 Have here, Humphrey, of either of us shillings ten,  
 Better rewarded may thou bee.  
 He took the gold of the two gentlemen,  
 To Sir John Savage then rideth hee ;  
 He took him then a letter in hand,  
 And bad him behold, read and see :  
 When Sir John Savage looked the letter upon,  
 All blackned the knight's blee ;  
 Woman's wisdom is wondrous to hear, loe,  
 My uncle is turned by young Bessye :  
 Whether it turn to waile or woe,  
 At my uncle's bidding will I bee.  
 To Sheffield Castle at that same tide,  
 In all the hast that might bee,  
 Humphrey took his horse and forth could ride  
 To Gilbert Talbot fair and free.

He took him a letter in his hand,  
     Behold, said Humphrey, read and see ;  
 When he the letter looked upon,  
     A loud laughter laughed hee,—  
 Fare fall that lord in his renowne there,  
     To stirr and rise beginneth hee :  
 Fair fall Bessye that countesse clear,  
     That such councell cou'd give trueely ;  
 Commend me to my nephew nigh of blood,  
     The young Earle of Shrewsbury,  
 Bid him neither dread for death nor good ;  
     In the Tower of London if he bee,  
 I shall make London gates to tremble and quake,  
     But my nephew borrowed shall bee.  
 Commend me to the countesse that fair make,  
     King Edward's daughter, young Bessy :  
 Tell her I trust in Jesu that hath no pear,  
     To bring her love over the sea.  
 Commend me to that lord to me so dear,  
     That lately was made the Earle of Darby :  
 And every hair of my head  
     For a man counted might bee,  
 With that lord without any dread,  
     With him will I live and dye.

Have here, Humphrey, pounds three,  
Better rewarded may thou bee :  
Look to London gates thou ride quickly,  
In all the hast that may bee ;  
Commend me to that countesse young Bessy,  
She was King Edward's daughter dear,  
Such a one she is, I say truely,  
In all this land she hath no peer.  
He took his leave at that time,  
Strait to London rideth he,  
In all the hast that he could wind,  
His journey greatly he did apply.  
But when he came to London, as I weene,  
It was but a little before the evening,  
There was he warr, walking in a garden,  
Both the earle, and Richard the king.  
When the earle did Humphrey see,  
When he came before the king,  
He gave him a privy twink then with his eye,  
Then downe falls Humphrey on his knees kneeling ;  
Welcome, Humphrey, says the lord,  
I have missed thee weeks three.  
I have been in the west, my lord,  
There born and bred was I,

For to sport and play me certaine,  
     Among my friends far and nigh.  
 Tell me, Humphrey, said the earlé then,  
     How fareth all that same countrey?  
 Of all the countreys I dare well say,  
     They be the flower of chivalry;  
 For they will bycker with their bowes,  
     They will fight and never fly.  
 Tell me, Humphrey, I thee pray,  
     How fareth King Richard his commenty;  
 When King Richard heard him say so,  
     In his heart he was right merry;  
 He with his cap that was so dear,  
     He thanked that lord most courteously:  
 And said, father Stanley, thou art to me near,  
     You are the chief of our poor commenty;  
 Half England shall be thine,  
     It shall be equall between thee and me;  
 I am thine and thou art mine,  
     So two fellows will we bee.  
 I swear by Mary, that mild maiden,  
     I know no more such under the skye;  
 When I am king and wear the crown, then  
     I will be chief of the poor commenty:

Task nor mize I will make none,  
 In no countrey farr nor nigh ;  
 If their goods I shoud take and pluck them  
 downe,  
 For me they woud fight full faintly :  
 There is no riches to me so rich  
 As is the love of our poor commenty.  
 When they had ended all their speches,  
 They take their leave full heartiley ;  
 And to his bower King Richard is gone.  
 The earle and Humphrey Brereton  
 To Bessy's bower anon were gone ;  
 When Bessy Humphrey did see anon,  
 She took him in her arms and kissed him times  
 three.  
 Welcome, she said, Humphrey Brereton ;  
 How hast thou spedd in the West Countrey  
 I pray thee tell me quickly and anon.  
 Into a parlour they went from thence,  
 There were no more but he and shee :  
 Humphrey, said Bessy, tell me e're we go hence  
 Some tideings out of the West Countrey ;  
 If I shall send for yonder prince  
 To come over the sea, for the love of me,

And if King Richard shoud him convince,  
     Alas ! it were great ruthe to see,  
 Or murdered among the Stanley's blood to  
     be,  
     Indeed that were great pittie ;  
 That sight on that prince I would not see  
     For all the gold in Christantie !  
 Tell me, Humphrey, I thee pray,  
     How hast thou spedd in the West Countrey ?  
 What answer of them thou had now say,  
     And what reward they gave to thee.  
 By the third day of May it shall be seen,  
     In London all that they will bee ;  
 Thou shalt in England be a queen,  
     Or else doubtless that they will dye.  
 Thus they proceed forth the winter then,  
     Their councell they kept close all three,  
 The earle he wrought by prophecy certaine,  
     In London he would not abide or bee,  
 But in the subburbs without the city  
     An ould inn chosen hath hee.  
 A drew an Eagle foot on the door truely,  
     That the western men might know where he  
     did lye.

Humphrey stood on a high tower then,

He looked into the West Countrey ;

Sir William Stanley and seven in green,

He was aware of the Eagle drawne ;

He drew himselfe so wonderous nigh,

And bad his men go into the towne,

And drink the wine and make merry ;

Into the same inn he went full prest,

Whereas the earle his brother lay.

Humphrey full soon into the west

Looks over a long lee ;

He was aware of the Lord Strange and seven  
in green,

Come rideing into the city.

When he was aware of the Eagle drawn,

He drew himself so wonderously nigh,

He bad his men go into the towne certain,

And drink the wine and make merry ;

And he himselfe drew then,

Where as his father in the inne lay.

Humphrey looked in the west, I say,

Sixteen in green then did he see ;

He was aware of the Warden and Edward  
Stanley,

Come rideing both in one company.

When they were aware of the Eagle drawne,  
The gentlemen they drew it nee ;

And bad their men go into the towne,  
And drink the wine and make merry.

And did go themselves into the same inn full  
prest,

Where the earle their father lay.

Yet Humphrey beholdeth into the west,  
And looketh towards the north countrey ;

He was aware of Sir John Savage and Sir  
Gilbert Talbot,

Came rideing both in one company.

When they were aware of the Eagle drawn,  
Themselves grew it full nigh,

And bad their men go into the towne,  
To drink the wine and make merry.

They did go themselves into the same inn,  
Where as the earle and Bessy lye.

When all the lords together were,  
Amongst them all Bessy was full buissy ;

With goodly words Bessy then said there,  
Fair lords, what will you do for me ?

Will you relieve yonder prince,



That is exiled beyond the sea?

I woud not have King Richard him to con-  
For all the gold in Christentye. [vince,

The Earle of Darby came forth then,  
These words he said to young Bessye,—

Ten thousand pounds will I send,  
Bessy, for the love of thee,

And twenty thousand Eagle feet,  
The queen of England for to make thee ;

Then Bessy most lowly the earle did greet,  
And thankt his honor most heartiley.

Sir William Stanley came forth then,  
These words he said to fair Bessy :

Remember, Bessy, another time,  
Who doth the most, Bessy, for thee ;

Ten thousand coats, that shall be red certaine,  
In an hours warning ready shall bee ;

In England thou shalt be our queen,  
Or doubtlesse I will dye.

Sir John Savage came forth then,  
These words he said to young Bessye,—

A thousand marks for thy sake certaine,  
Will I send thy love beyond the sea.

Sir Gilbert Talbott came forth then,

These were the words he said to Bessy :

    Ten thousand marks for thy sake certaine,  
I will send to beyond the sea.

    The Lord Strange came forth then,  
These were the words he said to Bessy :

    A little money and few men,  
Will bring thy love over the sea ;  
    Let us keep our gold at home, said he,  
For to wage our company ;

    For if we should send it over the sea,  
We shoud put our gold in jeopartie.

    Edward Stanley came forth then,  
These were the words he said to Bessye :

    Remember, Bessye, another time,  
Who that now doth the best for thee,  
    For there is no power that I have,  
Nor no gold for to give thee ;                     [save,  
    I will be under my father's banner, if God me  
There either to live or dye.

    Bessye came forth before the lords all,  
And downe she falleth upon her knee ;

    Nineteen thousand pound of gold, I shall  
Send my love behind the sea,  
    A love letter, and a gold ring,

From my heart root rite will I.

Who shall be the messenger the same to bring,  
Both the gold and the writeing over the sea?

Humphrey Brereton, said Bessy,  
I know him trusty and true certaine,

Therefore the writeing and the gold truely  
By him shall be carried to Little Brittain.

Alas, said Humphrey, I dare not take in hand,  
To carry the gold over the sea;

These galley shipps they be so strange,  
They will me night so wonderously;

They will me robb, they will me drowne,  
They will take the gold from me.

Hold thy peace, Humphrey, said Bessye then,  
Thou shalt it carry without jepordye;

Thou shalt not have any caskett nor any male,  
Nor budgett, nor cloak sack, shall go with thee;

Three mules that be stiff and strong withall,  
Sore loaded with gold shall they bee,

With saddle-side skirted I do tell thee  
Wherein the gold sowe will I:

If any man faine whose is the shipp truely  
That saileth forth upon the sea,

Say it is the Lord Lislai,

In England and France well beloved is he.

Then came forth the Earle of Darby,  
These words he said to young Bessy :

He said, Bessye, thou art to blame  
To appoint any shipp upon the sea ;

I have a good shipp of my owne,  
Shall carry Humphrey with the mules three ;

An eagle shall be drawne upon the mast top,  
That the Italians may it see ;

There is no freak in all France  
The eagle that dare come nee.

If any one ask whose shipp it is, then  
Say it is the Earles of Darby.

Humphrey took the three mules then,  
Into the west wind wou'd hee,

Without all doubt at Liverpoole  
He took shipping upon the sea :

With a swift wind and a liart,  
He so saild upon the sea,

To Beggrames Abbey in Little Brittain,  
Where as the English Prince lie ;

The porter was a Cheshire man,  
Well he knew Humphrey when he him see ;

Humphrey knockt at the gate truely,

Where as the porter stood it by,  
And welcomed me full heartiley,  
And received then my mules three ;  
I shall thee give in this breed  
To thy reward pounds three ;  
I will none of thy gold, the porter said,  
Nor Humphrey none of the fee,  
I will open thee the gates certaine  
To receive thee and the mules three ;  
For a Cheshire man born am I certain,  
From the Malpas but miles three.  
The porter opened the gates that time,  
And received him and the mules three.  
The wine that was in the hall that time  
He gave to Humphrey Brereton truely.  
Alas ! said Humphrey, how shoud I doe,  
I am strayed in a strange countrey,  
The Prince of England I do not know,  
Before I never did him see.  
I shall thee tell, said the porter then,  
The Prince of England know shall ye,  
Low where he siteth at the butts certaine,  
With other lords two or three ;  
He weareth a gown of velvet black—

And it is cutted above the knee,  
 With a long visage and pale and black—  
 Thereby know that prince may ye ;  
 A wart he hath, the porter said,  
 A little alsoe above the chinn,  
 His face is white, his wart is redd,  
 No more than the head of a small pinn ;  
 You may know the prince certaine,  
 As soon as you look upon him truely.—  
 He received the wine of the porter, then  
 With him he took the mules three.  
 When Humphrey came before that prince  
 He falleth downe upon his knee,  
 He delivereth the letters which Bessy sent,  
 And so did he the mules three,  
 A rich ring with a stone,  
 Thereof the prince glad was hee ;  
 He took the ring of Humphrey then,  
 And kissed the ring times three.  
 Humphrey kneeled still as any stone,  
 As sure as I do tell to thee ;  
 Humphrey of the prince answer gott none,  
 Therefore in heart was he heavy ;  
 Humphrey stood up then full of skill,

And then to the prince said he :  
 Why standest thou so still at thy will,  
 And no answer dost give to me ?  
 I am come from the Stanley's blood so dear,  
 King of England for to make thee,  
 A fairer lady then thou shalt have to thy  
 fair,  
 There is not one in all Christantye ;  
 She is a countesse, a king's daughter, Humphrey  
 said,  
 The name of her it is Bessye,  
 She can write, and she can read,  
 Well can she work by prophecy ;  
 I may be called a lewd messenger,  
 For answer of thee I can gett none,  
 I may sail home with heavy cheare,  
 What shall I say when I come home ?  
 The prince he took the Lord Lee,  
 And the Earle of Oxford was him nee,  
 The Lord Ferris wou'd not him beguile truely,  
 To counsell they are gone all three ;  
 When they had their counsell taken,  
 To Humphrey then turned he :  
 Answer, Humphrey, I can give none truely

Within the space of weeks three :  
 The mules into a stable were taken anon,  
 The saddle skirts unopened were,  
 Therein he found gold great plenty  
 For to wage a company.  
 He caused the abbot to make him chear :  
 In my stead now let him be,  
 If I be king and wear the crown  
 Well acquitted, Abbott, shalt thou be.  
 Early in the morning they made them knowne,  
 As soon as the light they cou'd see ;  
 With him he taketh his lords three,  
 And straight to Paris he took his way.  
 An herriott of arms they made ready,  
 Of men and money they cou'd him pray,  
 And shippes to bring him over the sea,  
 The Stanley's blood for me hath sent,  
 The King of England for to make me,  
 And I thank them for their intent,  
 For if ever in England I wear the crowne,  
 Well acquitted the King of France shall be :  
 Then answered the King of France anon,  
 Men nor money he getteth none of me,  
 Nor no shippes to bring him over the sea ;



In England if he wear the crowne,  
 Then will he claim them for his own truely :  
 With this answer departed the prince anon,  
 And so departed the same tide,  
 And the English lords three  
 To Beggrames Abbey soon coud the ride,  
 There as Humphrey Brereton then lee ;  
 Have Humphrey a thousand mark here,  
 Better rewarded may thou be ;  
 Commend me to Bessy that countesse clear,  
 Before her never did I see :  
 I trust in God she shall be my feer,  
 For her I will travell over the sea ;  
 Commend me to my father Stanley, to me so  
 My owne mother married hath he, [dear,  
 Bring him here a love letter full right  
 And another to young Bessye,  
 Tell her I trust in Jesus full of might  
 That my queen that she shall bee ;  
 Commend me to Sir Willam Stanley,  
 That noble knight in the west countrey,  
 Tell him that about Michaelmas certaine  
 In England I do hope to be ;  
 Att Millford haven I will come inn

With all the power that make may I,  
 The first towne I will come inn  
 Shall be the towne of Shrewsbury ;  
 Pray Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,  
 That night that he will look on me :  
 Commend me to Sir Gilbert Talbot, that royall  
 knight,  
 He much in the north countrey,  
 And Sir John Savage, that man of might,—  
 Pray them all to look on me,  
 For I trust in Jesus Christ so full of might,  
 In England for to abide and bee.  
 I will none of thy gold, sir prince, said Humphrey  
 then,  
 Nor none sure will I have of thy fee,  
 Therefore keep thy gold thee within,  
 For to wage thy company ;  
 If every hair were a man,  
 With thee, sir prince, will I be :  
 Thus Humphrey Brereton his leave hath tane,  
 And saileth forth upon the sea,  
 Straight to London he rideth then,  
 There as the earle and Bessy lay ;  
 And bad them behold, read and see.

The earle took leave of Richard the king,  
And into the west wind wou'd he ;  
He left Bessye in Leicester then  
And bad her lye in pryvitye,  
For if King Richard knew thee here anon,  
In a fire burned thou must be.  
Straight to Latham the earle is gone,  
There as the Lord Strange then lee ;  
He sent the Lord Strange to London,  
To keep King Richard company.  
Sir William Stanley made anone  
Ten thousand coats readily,  
Which were as redd as any blood,  
Thereon the hart's head was set full high,  
Which after were tryed both trusty and good  
As any cou'd be in Christantye.  
Sir Gilbert Talbot ten thousand doggs  
In one hour's warning for to be,  
And Sir John Savage fifteen white hoods,  
Which wou'd fight and never flee ;  
Edward Stanley had three hundred men,  
There were no better in Christantye ;  
Sir Rees ap Thomas, a knight of Wales certain,  
Eight thousand spears brought he.

Sir William Stanley sat in the Holt Castle,  
And looked over his head so high ;  
Which way standeth the wind, can any tell ?  
I pray you, my men, look and see.  
The wind it standeth south east,  
So said a knight that stood him by.  
This night yonder prince, truly  
Into England entereth hee.  
He called a gentleman that stood him nigh,  
His name was Rowland of Warburton,  
He bad him go to Shrewsbury that night,  
And bid yonder prince come inn :  
But when Rowland came to Shrewsbury  
The portcullis was let downe ;  
They called him Henry Tydder, in scorn truly,  
And said in England he shou'd wear no crowne ;  
Rowland bethought him of a wyle then,  
And tied a writing to a stone,  
And threw the writing over the wall certain,  
And bad the bailiffs to look it upon :  
They opened the gates on every side,  
And met the prince with procession ;  
And wou'd not in Shrewsbury there abide,  
But straight he drest him to Stafford towne.

King Richard heard then of his comeing,  
He called his lords of great renowne ;  
The Lord Percy he came to the king  
And upon his knees he falleth downe,  
I have thirty thousand fighting men  
For to keep the crown with thee.  
The Duke of Northfolk came to the king anone,  
And downe he falleth upon his knee ;  
The Earle of Surrey, that was his heir,  
Were both in one company ;  
We have either twenty thousand men here,  
For to keep the crown with thee.  
The Lord Latimer and the Lord Lovell,  
And the Earle of Kent he stood him by,  
The Lord Ross and the Lord Scrope, I you tell,  
They were all in one company ;  
The Bishopp of Durham, he was not away,  
Sir William Bonner he stood him by,  
The good Sir William of Harrington, as I say,  
Said he would fight and never fly.  
King Richard made a messenger,  
And sent him into the west countrey,  
And bid the Earle of Darby make him bowne,  
And bring twenty thousand men unto me,

Or else the Lord Strange his head I will him  
 send,  
 And doubtless his son shall dye ;  
 For hitherto his father I took for my friend,  
 And now he hath deceived me.  
 Another herald appeared then  
 To Sir William Stanley that doughty knight,  
 Bid him bring to me ten thousand men,  
 Or else to death he shall be dight.  
 Then answered that doughty knight,  
 And spake to the herald without letting ;  
 Say, upon Bosseworth Field I meen to fight,  
 Uppon Monday early in the morning ;  
 Such a breakfast I him behight,  
 As never did knight to any king.  
 The messenger home can him gett,  
 To tell King Richard this tydeing.  
 Fast together his hands then cou'd he ding,  
 And said, the Lord Strange shou'd surely  
 dye ;  
 And putt him into the Tower of London,  
 For at liberty he shou'd not bee.  
 Lett us leave Richard and his lords full of pride,  
 And talk we more of the Stanleys' blood,

That brought Richmond over the sea with wind  
 and tyde,  
 From Litle Brittain into England over the flood.  
 Now is Earle Richmond into Stafford come,  
 And Sir William Stanley to Litle Stooone ;  
 The prince had rather then all the gold in  
 Christantye,  
 To have Sir William Stanley to look upon :  
 A messenger was made ready anone,  
 That night to go to Litle Stoon ;  
 Sir William Stanley he rideth to Stafford towne,  
 With a solemn company ready bowne.  
 When the knight to Stafford was comin,  
 That Earle Richmond might him see,  
 He took him in his arms then,  
 And there he kissed him times three ;  
 The welfare of thy body doth comfort me more  
 Then all the gold in Christantye.  
 Then answered that royall knight there,  
 And to the prince these words spake he,--  
 Remember, man, both night and day,  
 Who doth now the most for thee ;  
 In England thou shalt wear a crown, I say,  
 Or else doubtless I will dye ;

A fairer lady then thou shalt have for thy feer,  
     Was there never in Christanty ;  
 She is a countesse, a king's daughter,  
     And there to both wise and witty ;  
 I must this night to Stone, my soveraigne,  
     For to comfort my company.  
 The prince he took him by the hand,  
     And said, farewell, Sir William, fair and free.  
 Now is word come to Sir William Stanley there,  
     Early in the Monday, in the morning,  
 That the Earle of Darby, his brother dear,  
     Hath given battle to Richard the king.  
 That wou'd I not, said Sir William anone,  
     For all the gold in Christantye,  
 That the battle shou'd be done ;  
 Straight to Lichfield cou'd he ride,  
     In all the hast that might bee,  
 And when he came to Lichfield that tyde,  
     All they cryed King Henry :  
 Straight to Bolesworth can they go  
     In all the hast that might be,  
 But when he came Bolesworth Field unto,  
     There met a royall company ;  
 The Earle of Darby thither was come,



And twenty thousand stood him by ;  
 Sir John Savage, his sister's son,  
     He was his nephew of his blood so nigh,  
 He had fifteen hundred fighting men,  
     That wou'd fight and never flye ;  
 Sir William Stanley, that royall knight, then  
     Ten thousand red coats had he,  
 They wou'd bicker with their bows there,  
     They wou'd fight and never flye ;  
 The Red Rosse and the Blew Boar,  
     They were both a solemn company ;  
 Sir Rees ap Thomas he was thereby,  
     With ten thousand spears of mighty tree ;  
 The Earle of Richmond went to the Earle of  
     Darby,  
 And downe he falleth upon his knee,  
 Said, father Stanley, full of might,  
     The vaward I pray you give to me,  
 For I am come to claime my right,  
     And faine revenged wou'd I bee.  
 Stand up, he said, my son, quickly,  
     Thou hast thy mother's blessing truely,  
 The vaward, son, I will give to thee,  
 So that thou wilt be ordered by me :

Sir William Stanley, my brother dear,  
    In the battle he shall be ;  
Sir John Savage, he hath no peer,  
    He shall be a wing then to thee ;  
Sir Rees ap Thomas shall break the array,  
    For he will fight and never flee ;  
I myselve will hove on the hill, I say,  
    The fair battle I will see.  
King Richard he hoveth upon the mountaine ;  
    He was aware of the banner of the bould  
    Stanley,  
And saith, Fetch hither the Lord Strange certain,  
    For he shall dye this same day ;  
To the death, Lord, thee ready make,  
    For I tell thee certainly  
That thou shalt dye for thy uncle's sake,  
    Wild William of Stanley.  
If I shall dye, said the Lord Strange then,  
    As God forbid it shou'd so bee,  
Alas ! for my lady that is at home,  
    It should be long or she see me,  
But we shall meet at doomsday,  
    When the great doom shall be.  
He called for a gent in good fay,

Of Lancashire, both fair and free,  
 The name of him it was Lathum ;  
 A ring of gould he took from his finger,  
 And threw it to the gent then,  
 And bad him bring it to Lancashire,  
 To his lady that was at home ;  
 At her table she may sit right,  
 Or she see her lord it may be long,  
 I have no foot to fligh nor fight,  
 I must be murdered with the king :  
 If fortune my uncle Sir William Stanley loose  
 the field,  
 As God forbid it shou'd so bee,  
 Pray her to take my eldest son and child,  
 And exile him over behind the sea ;  
 He may come in another time  
 By feild or fleet, by tower or towne,  
 Wreak so he may his father's death in fyne,  
 Upon Richard of England that weareth the  
 crown.  
 A knight to King Richard then did appeare,  
 The good Sir William of Harrington.  
 Let that lord have his life, my dear  
 Sir king, I pray you grant me this boone,

We shall have upon this field anon,  
 The father, the son, and the uncle all three ;  
 Then shall you deem, lord, with your own  
 mouth then,  
 What shall be the death of them all three.  
 Then a block was cast upon the ground,  
 Thereon the lord's head was laid,  
 A slave over his head can stand,  
 And thus that time to him thus said :  
 In faith there is no other booty tho',  
 But need that thou must be dead.  
 Harrington in hart was full woe,  
 When he saw that the lord must needs be  
 dead.  
 He said, our ray breaketh on ev'ry side,  
 We put our feyld in jepordie..  
 He took up the lord that tyde,  
 King Richard after did him never see.  
 Then they blew up their bewgles of brass,  
 That made many a wife to cry alas !  
 And many a wive's child fatherlesse ;  
 They shott of guns then very fast,  
 Over their heads they could them throw ;  
 Arrows flew them between,

As thick as any hayle or snowe,  
     As then that time might plaine be seene ;  
 Then Rees ap Thomas with the black raven,  
     Shortly he break their array ;  
 Then with thirty thousand fighting men  
     The Lord Percy went his way ;  
 The Duke of Northefolke wou'd have fledd with  
     a good will,  
     With twenty thousand of his company,  
 They went up to a wind millne uppon a hill,  
     That stood soe fayre and wonderousse hye ;  
 There he met Sir John Savage, a royall  
     knight,  
     And with him a worthy company ;  
 To the death was he then dight,  
     And his sonne prisoner taken was he ;  
 Then the Lord Alroes began for to flee,  
     And so did many other moe ;  
 When King Richard that sight did see,  
     In his heart hee was never soe woe :  
 I pray you, my merry men, be not away,  
     For upon this field will I like a man dye,  
 For I had rather dye this day,  
     Then with the Standley prisoner to be.


A knight to King Richard can say there,  
 Good Sir William of Harrington ;  
 He said, sir king, it hathe no peer,  
 Upon this feyld to death to be done,  
 For there may no man these dints abide ;  
 Low, your horse is ready at your hand :  
 Sett the crown upon my head that tyde,  
 Give me my battle axe in my hand ;  
 I make a vow to myld Mary that is so bright,  
 I will dye the king of merry England.  
 Besides his head they hewed the crown down  
 right,  
 That after he was not able to stand ;  
 They dinge him downe as they were woode,  
 They beat his bassnet to his heade,  
 Until the braynes came out with the bloode ;  
 They never left him till he was dead.  
 Then carryed they him to Leicester,  
 And pulled his head under his feet.  
 Bessye mett him with a merry cheare,  
 And with these words she did him greeete ;  
 How like you the killing of my brethren  
 dear ?  
 Welcome, gentle uncle, home !

Great solace ytt was to see and hear,  
     When the battell yt was all done ;  
 I tell you, masters, without lett,  
     When the Red Rosse soe fair of hew,  
 And young Bessye together mett,  
     It was great joy I say to you.  
 A bishopp them marryed with a ringe  
     The two bloods of great renowne.  
 Bessy said, now may we singe,  
     Wee two bloods are made all one.  
 The Earle of Darby hee was there,  
     And Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,  
 Upon their heads he set the crown so fair,  
     That was made of gould so bright.  
 And there he came under a cloud,  
     That some time in England looked full high ;  
 But then the hart he lost his head,  
     That after no man cou'd him see.  
 But Jesus, that is both bright and shine,  
     And born was of mylde Mary,  
 Save and keepe our noble kinge,  
     And also the poore commentie.      Amen.



## II.—OF THE PRINCESSE ELIZABETH,

*After Wife of King Henry VII.*


**OD** that is moste of myghte,  
 And borne was of a mayden free,  
 Save and kepe our comlye queene,  
 And also the poore comynalitie ;  
 For wheras Kynge Richard, I understande,  
 Had not reigned yeares three,  
 But the beste Duke in all this lande  
 He caused to be headit at Salysburye ;  
 That tyme the Standleyes without dowte  
 Were dred over England ferre and nee,  
 Next Kynge Richard that was soe stowte  
 Of any lorde in England free.  
 There was a ladye faire on moulde,  
 The name of hir was litill Bessie ;  
 She was yonge, she was not oulde,  
 Bot of the yeares of one and twentye ;  
 She colde wryte and she coulde reede,  
 Well she coulde wyrke by propesye ;  
 She sojourned in the cetye of London  
 That tyme with the Earle of Derbye.



Upon a tyme, as I you tell,  
 There was noe moe bot the Earle and she,  
 She made complaynte one Richard the Kynge,  
 That was hir uncle of blode soe nee.  
 Helpe, father Standley, I doe you praye,  
 For of Kynge Richard wroken will I bee ;  
 He dyd my brethren to the deathe on a daye,  
 In their bed where they did lye ;  
 He drowned them both in a pype of wyne,  
 Yt was dole to heare and see !  
 And he woulde putt away his Queene,  
 For to have lyen by my bodye !  
 Helpe that he were putt awaye,  
 For the royall bloude destroy will hee :  
 Buckingham that Duke of England [are ye ;  
 Was as great with Kynge Richard as nowe  
 The crowne of England ther tooke he,  
 Forsoothe, Lorde, this is noe lye,  
 And crowned Kynge Richard of England free,  
 That after beheadit him in Salisburye.  
 Helpe, father Standley, I doe you praye,  
 For on that traytour wroken wolde I bee,  
 And helpe Earle Richmonde, that prynce gaye,  
 That is exiled over the seae ;

For and he were Kynge I shoulde be Queene,  
 I doe hym love and never hym see ;  
 Thenke on Edward my father that late was  
 Kynge,  
 Upon his death-bed where he did lye,  
 Of a litill child he putt me to the  
 For to governe and to guyde :  
 Into your keping he putt me,  
 And lafte me a booke of prophesye.  
 I have yt in keping in this cetye ;  
 He knewe that ye mighte make me a Queene,  
 Father, if thy will it bee ;  
 For Richard is noe rightwyse Kynge,  
 Ner upon noe woman borne was he :  
 The royall blode of all this lande,  
 Richard, myne uncle, will destroy,  
 As he did the Duke of Buckingham,  
 Which was as great with Kynge Richard as nowe  
 are yee.  
 For when he was Duke of Gloseter,  
 He slewe good Kynge Henry  
 In the Tower of London as he laye there.  
 Sir William Standley, this brother dere,  
 In the holte where he dothe lye,

He may make ten thowsand fighting men in fere,  
And give them wages for monthes three ;  
Your sonne George, the Lord Straunge,  
In Lathum where he doth lye,  
He may make fyve thowsand fighting men  
By the marryage of his faire ladye ;  
Edward Standley, that is thy sonne,  
Three hundreth men may brynge to the ;  
Thy sonne Jamys, that yonge preeste,  
Warden of Manchester was made latlye ;  
Sir John Savage, thy sisters sonne,  
He is thy sisters sonne of blode so neighe,  
He may make fiftene hundreth fighting men,  
And all his men white hoodes doe give ;  
He giveth the pickes on his banners brighte,  
Upon a feilde never backed was hee ;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, a man of myghte,  
In Sheaffelde Castyll where he doth lye,  
He may make ten thowsand men of myghte,  
And give them wages for monthes three,  
And thy selfe ten thowsand eikle feete to fighte,  
That is a goodlye sighte to see !  
For thou and thyne, withouten pyne,  
May brynge Richmonde over the seae,

For and he were Kynge I shulde be Queene,  
     Father Standley, remember me!  
 Then answered the earle agayne,  
     These were the wordes he said to Bessye,  
 And Kynge Richard knewe this then,  
     We were undone, both thou and I,  
 In a fyer thou muste brenne,  
     My lyfe and land is loste from me,  
 Therefore theis wordes be in vayne,  
     Leave and doe awaye, good Bessye!  
 Father Standley, is there noe grace,  
     Noe Queene of England that I moste be?  
 Then Bessye stode styding in that place  
     With teares trickelling from hir eyne.  
 Nowe I knowe I muste never be Queene,—  
     All this, man, is longe on the!  
 But thinke upon the dreadfull daye,  
     When the greate dome yt shall be;  
 When ryghteousnes on the raynbowe shall sytt,  
     And all denie he shall bothe the and me,  
 And all falshed awaye shall flytt,  
     When all truthe shall by hym bee.  
 I care not wheder I hange or drawe,  
     So that my sowle saved may bee;

Made gude answer as thou may,  
 For all this, man, is longe on the.  
 With that shee tooke hir head gere downe,  
 And did it throwe upon the grounde,  
 With pearles and meny a pretious stone,  
 That were better then fowertye pounce;  
 Hir faxe that was as fyne as silcke  
 Shortlye downe she dyd yt rent;  
 With hir handes as whyte as mylke  
 Hir faire faxe thus hath he spilte!  
 Hir handes together can she wrynge,  
 And with teares she wypes hir eyne,  
 Wel-a-waye Bessye can she synge,  
 And parted with the Earle of Derbye.  
 Farewell, man, nowe am I gon,  
 Yt shall be longe or thou me see!  
 The earle stode still as any stone,  
 And all blencked was his blee;  
 When he hard Bessye make suche mone,  
 The teares fell downe from his eye,—  
 Abide, Bessye, we parte not soe sowne,  
 I wene here is noe moe but thou and I.  
 Feilde hath eyne and wodde hath eares,  
 You can not tell who standeth us bye,

But wende forthe, Bessie, to thy bower,  
 And looke thou doe as I bid the :  
 Putt awaye thy maydens bryghte,  
 That noe person there with us bee,  
 For at nyne of the clocke with in this nyghte  
 In thy bower will I be with the.  
 Then of this matter we will carpe more,  
 When there is noe moe but thou and I.  
 A charcoole fyer at my desyre  
 That noe smoke come in our eye.  
 Peces of wyne many a one,  
 And dyvers spices be therbye,  
 Pen, yncke, and paper, loke thou want none,  
 But have all thinges full readye.  
 Bessye made hir busynes and forthe is gone,  
 And tooke hir leave at the Earle of Darbie,  
 And putt awaye hir maydens anon,  
 Noe man nor mayden was there nye.  
 A charcoale fyer was readye bowne,  
 There came noe smoke with in his eye,  
 Peces of wyne mony a one,  
 Dyvers spices did lye therbye,  
 Pen, yncke, and paper, there wanted none,  
 Shee had all thinges there full readye,

And sett hirselle upon a stone,  
     Withouten any companye.  
 She tooke a booke in hir hande,  
     And there did reede of prophesye,  
 Howe she shoulde be Queene in England,  
     But mony a guyltles man firste moste dye ;  
 And as she red faster she wepte,  
     And with that came the Earle of Derbye,  
 At nyne of the clocke within the nyghte  
     To Bessie's bower cometh hee.  
 Shee barred the doore above and under,  
     That noe man shoulde come them nee ;  
 She sett hym on a seate soe riche,  
     And on an other she sett hir bye :  
 She gave hym wyne, she gave hym spice,  
     Said, blend in, father, and drynke to me.  
 The fyer was hoot, the spyce it boote,  
     The wyne it wroughte wunderouslye :  
 Then full kynde in harte, God wott,  
     Waxed the ould Earle of Derbye :—  
 Aske nowe, Bessye, what thou wilte,  
     And nowe thy boune graunted shall be.  
 Noe thinge, sayd Bessye, I woulde have,  
     Neyther of goulde nor yett of fee,

But faire Earle Richmonde, soe God me save!  
 That hath lyen soe longe beyonde the seae.  
 Alas, Bessye, said that nowble lorde,  
 And thy boune for sothe graunte wolde I the,  
 But there is noe clarke that I doe truste  
 This nyghte to wryte for the and me,  
 Because our matter is soe highe,  
 Leaste any man woulde us bewraye.—  
 Bessie said, father, yt shall not neede,  
 I am a clarke full good I say.  
 She drue a paper upon her knee,  
 Pen and yncke she had full readye,  
 Handes white and fingers longe,  
 She dressed hir to wryte full spedelye.  
 Father Standley, nowe lett me see,  
 For enie worde wryte shall I;—  
 Bessye, make a letter to the houlte,  
 Wheras my brother Sir William dothe lye,  
 Byd hym brynge seaven sad yeomen,  
 All in grene clothes lett them be,  
 And chaunge his inne in everie towne  
 Where before he was wonte to lye,  
 And lett his face be towarde the benche,  
 Leaste that any man sholde hym spye;



And by the thirde day of Maye,  
     That he come and speake with me.  
 Commend me to my sonne George,  
     The Lorde Strange, where he doth lye,  
 And byd hym bringe seaven sad yeomen,  
     All in grene clothes lett them bee,  
 And lett him selfe be in the same sute,  
     Chaunging his inne in everie towne,  
 And lett his backe be froe the benche,  
     Leaste any man shoulde hym knowe ;  
 And by the thirde day of Maye,  
     Byd hym come and speake with me.  
 Commend me unto Edward my sonne,  
     The warden and he together bee,  
 And byd them brynge seaven sad yeomen,  
     And all in grene lett them bee,  
 Chaunginge their inne in everie towne,  
     Before where they were wonte to be ;  
 Lett their backes be from the benche,  
     Leaste any man shoulde them see,  
 And by the thirde day of Maye  
     Byd them come and speake with me.  
 Commend [me] to Sir John Savage,      [trye,  
     And Sir Gilbert Talbott, in the northe cown-

Byd them brynge eyther of them seaven sad  
yeomen,

And all in grene lett them bee,  
Chaunging their inne in everie towne,  
Before where they were wonte to be ;  
And by the thirde day of Maye

Byd them come and speake with me.  
Bessye wryteth, the lorde he sealleth,—  
Father Standley, what will you more ?

Alas, said that royall lorde,

All our wyrke yt is forlore,  
For there is noe messenger whom we may truste  
To brynge the tythandes to the northe coun-  
trye,

Leaste any man woulde us betray,

Because our matter is soe hye.

Humfrey Breerton, said litill Bessie,

He hath bene true to my father and me,  
He shall have the wrytynges in hande,

And brynge them into the northe countrye.

Goe to thy bed, father, and sleepe,

And I shall wake for the and me ;

To-morrowe by rysing of the sonne

Humfrey Breerton shall be with the.

She broughte the lorde unto his bed  
 All that nyghte where he shoulde lye,  
 And Bessie waketh all the nyghte,  
 There came noe sleepe within hir eye.  
 In the mornyng when the daye can sprynge  
 Up ryseth Bessie in that stowre,  
 To Humfrey Breerton gon she ys,  
 But when she came to Humfreyes bowre,  
 With a smale voyce caled shee.  
 Humfrey answered that ladye brighte,  
 And saith, ladye, whoe are ye,  
 That caletth on me yer yt be lighte?  
 I am Kynge Edwardes doughter,  
 The Countes cleare, yonge Bessie ;  
 In all the haste that thou can, [Derbye.  
 Thou moste come speake with the Earle of  
 Humfrey caste upon him a gowne,  
 A paire of slippers upon his feete,  
 Forthe of his chamber then he comme,  
 And went forthe with that ladye sweete.  
 She broughte hym to the bed syde  
 Where the lorde lay in bed to sleepe.  
 When the earle Humfrey did see,  
 Full tenderlye then can he weepe ;

And sayd, my love, my truste, my lyve, and land,  
 All this, Humfrey, doth lye in the :  
 Thou may make and thou may marre,  
 Thou may undoe Bessie and me !  
 Take sixe letters in thyne hande,  
 And brynge them into the northe cowntrye,  
 They be wrytten on the back syde  
 Where the letters levered shall be.  
 He receaved the letters sixe,  
 Into the weste wynde wolde he ;  
 Then meteth hym that ladye brighte,  
 She said, abide, Humfrey, and speake with me.  
 A poore rewarde I shall the gyve,  
 Yt shall be but poundes three ;  
 Yf I be Queene and may lyve,  
 Better rewarded shall thou be :  
 A litill witt God hath sent me,  
 When thou rydest into the weste,  
 I pray the take noe companye  
 But such as shall be of the beste ;  
 Sytt not to longe dryncking the wyne,  
 Leaste in harte thou be to merrye,  
 Suche wordes thou may caste out then  
 The other morrowe forthoughte may bee.

Humfrey at Bessye receaved nowbles nyne,  
 With a peece of wyne she coulde him assaye,  
 He tooke leave of that ladye sheene,  
 And streight to the houlte he toke the way.  
 When Sir William Standley did him see,  
 He said to him with wordes free,  
 Humfrey Breerton, what maketh thou here,  
 That hither doste ryde soe hastelye?  
 How fareth that lorde my brother dere,  
 That latlye was made the Earle of Derbye?  
 Is he dead without letting—  
 Or with Kynge Richard what consayte is he?  
 Or he be suspecte withouten lett,  
 Or takyn into the towre soe hee?  
 London yates shall tremble and quake,  
 But my brother borrowed shall be!  
 Tell me, Humfrey, withouten lett,  
 That hither rydeth soe hastelye.  
 Breake letter, said Humfrey then,  
 Behoulde, sir, and yee may see.  
 When the knyghte the letter loked on,  
 He stoode still in a studyinge,  
 Answer to Humfrey he gave none,  
 But still he gneve on his staffe end.

He plucked the letter in peeces three,  
 Into the water he coulde yt slynge ;  
 Have here, Humfray, said the knyghte,  
 I wyll the gyve an hundreth shillinge ;  
 Thou shalte not tarye here all nyghte,  
 Streighte to Lathum ryde shall yee.  
 Alas, said Humfrey, I may not ryde,  
 My horsse is tyred, as ye may see :  
 I came from London in this tyde,  
 There came noe slepe within myne eye.  
 Lay the downe, Humfrey, he said, and sleepe  
 Well the space of howres three,  
 A freshe horsse, I the behette,  
 Shall brynge the throughe the northe cowntrye.  
 Humfrey sleepe but howres two,  
 But on his jorney well thoughte he ;  
 A freshe horsse was broughte him to,  
 To brynge throughe the weste cowntrye.  
 He toke his leave at the knyghte,  
 And streighte to Lathum rydeth he.  
 At nyne of the clocke within the nyghte  
 At Lathum yates knocketh he :  
 The porter ryseth anonrighte,  
 And answereth Humfrey with wordes free,--

In good faithe, yt is to late  
 To calle on me this tyme of the nyghte.  
 I praye thee, porter, open the gate,  
 And lett me in anonrighte ;  
 With the Lorde Strange I muste speake,  
 From his father, the Earle of Derbye.  
 The porter opened up the gates,  
 And in came his horsse and hee.  
 The beste wyne that was therin  
 To Humfrey Breerton furthe broughte hee,  
 With torches brennyng at that tyde,  
 And other lighte, that he myghte see.  
 And broughte hym downe unto the bed syde,  
 Wheras the Lorde Strange laye ;  
 The lorde he mused in that tyde,  
 And said, Humfrey, what haste thou to saye?  
 How fareth my father that nowble lorde,  
 In all England he hath noe peare?  
 Humfrey tooke a letter in his hande,  
 And said, behoulde and ye maye here.  
 When the Lorde Strange loked the letter upon,  
 The teares trickeled downe his eye ;  
 He said, we muste [come] under a clodde,  
 For we muste never trusted bee.

We may sike and make great monne,  
 This worlde is not as yt wolde be :  
 Commende [me] to my father dere,  
 His daylie blessinge he wolde give me ;  
 For and I lyve an other yeare,  
 This appoyntment keepe will I.  
 He received golde of my Lorde Strange,  
 And streighte to Manchester rydeth hee.  
 And when he came to Manchester,  
 It was pryme of the day,  
 He was ware of the warden and Edward Standley  
 Togeder their mattens for to say ;  
 The one brother said to the other,  
 Behoulde, brother, and you may se,  
 Here cometh Humfrey Breerton,  
 Some hastye thythandes bringeth hee.  
 He tooke eyther a letter in their handes,  
 And bad them looke and behoulde,  
 And reede they did those letters radlye,  
 And up the leape and laughed lowde ;  
 And said, faire fall our father that nowble lorde,  
 To stirre and ryse begynneth hee ;  
 Bockingham blode shall be wroken  
 That was headed at Salisburye !



Faire fall the Cowntas the Kynges daughter,  
 That such counsell gyve coulde shee,  
 We truste in God soe full of mighte  
 To brynge hir lorde over the seae.  
 Have here, Humfrey, of eyther fortye shillinges,  
 Better rewarded may thou bee.  
 He tooke the golde at their hande,  
 And to Sir John Savage rydeth hee ;  
 And he tooke hym a letter in his hande,  
 And bad hym behoulde, reede, and see.  
 When the knyghte the letter loked upon,  
 Then all blencked was his blee,—  
 Wemens wytt is wonder to heare,  
 Myne uncle is turned by you, Bessie,  
 And wheder yt turne to wayle or woe,  
 At myne uncles byddinge I will bee !  
 Have here, Humfrey, fortye shillinges,  
 Better rewarded may thou be,  
 To Scheffelde castyll looke thou ryde  
 In all the haste that may bee.  
 Furthe then rydeth that gentyll knyghte,  
 Sir Gilbert Talbott then fyndeth hee,  
 He toke hym a letter in his hande,  
 And bad hym reede, and he mighte see.

When Sir Gilbert the letter loked on,  
     A lowde lougher laughed hee ;  
 Faire fall that lorde of riche renowne,  
     To stirre and ryse nowe begynneth he.  
 Faire fall Bessie, that cowntas cleare,  
     That such counsell giveth trulye !  
 Commend me to my nephewe dere,  
     The yonge Earle of Schrewesburye ;  
 Byd hym never dread for noe deathe,  
     In London towre yf he bee,  
 I shall make London to tremble and quake,  
     But my nephewe borrowed shall bee ;  
 Commend me to that Cowntas cleare,  
     Kynge Edwardes doughter, yonge Bessie,  
 Tell hir I truste in God that hath noe peare  
     To brynge hir love over the seae ;  
 Commend me to that lorde withouten drede,  
     That latlye was made the Earle of Derbye,  
 And everie heare of my heade  
     For a man mighte counted bee,  
 With that lorde, withouten drede,  
     With hym will I lyve and dye !  
 Have here, Humfrey, poundes three,  
     Better rewarded may thou bee ;

Streighte to London loke thou ryde

In all the haste that may bee.

Commend me to the Cowntas, yonge Bessye,

Kynge Edwardes doughter forsothe is shee ;

In all this lande she hath noe peare.

Thus he taketh his leave at the knyghte,

And streighte to London rydeth hee,

And when he came to London righte,

Yt was but a litill before evenynge,

There was he ware, walking in a garden greene,

Bothe the Earle and Richard our Kynge ;

When the Earle had Humfrey seane,

He gave hym a pryve twyncke with his eye,

Then Humfrey came before the Kynge soe free,

And downe he falleth upon his knee ;

Welcome, Humfrey, said the Earle of Derbye,

Where haste thou bene, Humfrey, said the Earle,

For I have myssed the weekes three.

I have bene in the weste, my lorde,

Where I was borne and bredde trulye,

For to sporte me and to playe

Amongest my frendes fer and nye.

Tell me, Humfrey, said the Earle,

Howe fareth all in that cowntrye ?

Tell me, Humfrey, I the praye,  
 Howe fareth Kynge Richardes comynaltye?  
 Off all countrys I dare well saye,  
 They bene the cheefe of archerye,  
 For they will be trustye with their bowes,  
 And they will fighte and never flee.  
 When Kynge Richard harde Humfrey soe say,  
 In his harte he was full merye ;  
 With his cappe that was soe deare  
 He thanked that lorde full courteslye,  
 And said, father Standley, thou art to me nere,  
 You are cheefe of your comynaltye ;  
 Halfe of England shall be thyne,  
 And equallye devyded betwene the and me,  
 I am thyne and thou arte myne,  
 And soe two fellowes wyll we bee ;  
 I sweare by Marye mayden mylde,  
 I knowe none suche under the skye ;  
 Whiles I be Kynge and weare the crowne,  
 I will be cheefe of the comynaltye.  
 Taske ne myse I will make none,  
 In noe cowntrye farre nor nere, [downe,  
 For yf by their goodes I shoulde plucke them  
 For me they woulde fyghte full faynteslye.

There is noe riches to me so riche,  
 As is the poore comynaltye.  
 When they had ended all their speeche,  
 They tooke their leave full gladlye,  
 And to his bowre the Kynge is gone.  
 Then the Earle and Humfrey Breerton  
 To Bessies bowre they went anon,  
 And founde Bessye there alone.  
 When Bessie did see Humfrey anon,  
 She kyssed hym tymes three,  
 Saithe, Humfrey Brerton, welcome home!  
 Howehaste thou spede in the Weste Cowntrye?  
 Into a parlour they went anon,  
 There was noe moe but he and shee :  
 Humfrey, tell me or I hence gone  
 Somme tythandes out of the Weste Cowntrye ;  
 Yf I shoulde send for yonder Prynce  
 To come over for the love of me,  
 And murdered by his foes to be,  
 Alas that were full great petye ;  
 Forsothe that sighte I woulde not see  
 For all the goulde in Christentye !  
 Tell me, Humfrey, I the praye,  
 How thou haste donne in the Weste Cowntrye.

Unto Bessie anon he toulde,  
 Howe he had sped in the Weste Cowntrye,  
 What was the answeare he of them had,  
 And what rewardes he had trulye.  
 By the thirde day of Maye, Bessie, he said,  
 In London there will they bee,  
 Thou shalte in England be a queene,  
 Or ells douteles they will dye.  
 Thus they provided for the wynter tyme  
 Their counsell for to keepe all three,  
 The Earle woulde not in London abyde,  
 For whye—he wroughte by prophesye ;  
 But in the suburbes without the cetye  
 An ould inne chossen hath hee,  
 And drewe an eikle upon the entrye,  
 That the westernen men myghte yt see.  
 Humfrey stooode in a highe tower,  
 And loked into the Weste Cowntrye,  
 Sir William Standley and seaven in grene  
 Came ryding streighte into the cetye.  
 When he was ware of the eikle drawen,  
 He drewe hym selfe wunderous nye,  
 And bad his men goe into the towne,  
 And drynke the wyne and make merrye.

Into the inne where the eagle did bee  
     Forsothe shortlye is he gon.  
 Humfrey loked into the Weste,  
     And sawe the Lorde Straunge and seaven come  
 Ryding in grene into the cetye ;  
     When he was ware of the oulde eagle drawen,  
 He drewe himselfe wunderous nye,  
     And bad his men goe into the towne,  
 And drynke the wyne and make good cheare,  
     And whereever they come noe coste to spare :  
 Then to the inne where his father laye  
     He drewe hymselfe wunderous neare.  
 Humfrey loked more into the weste,  
     Sixteene in grene did he see,  
 The warden and Sir Edward Standley  
     Came ryding both in companye ;  
 There as the eagle was drawen,  
     The gentylnen drewe yt nye,  
 And bad their men goe into the towne,  
     And drynke the wyne and make merye ;  
 And went into the same inne,  
     Where the earle their father lee.  
 Yett Humfrey behouldeth into the weste,  
     And loked towardes the northe cowntrye ;

He was ware of Sir John Savage and Sir Gilbert  
 Came rydinge bothe in companye; [Talbotte,  
 When they were ware of the eagle drawn,  
 Then they drewe themselves wunderous nye,  
 And bad their men goe into the towne,  
 And drynke the wyne and make merye,  
 And yende themselves into the inne,  
 Where the earle and Bessie lee.  
 When all the lordes togeder mette,  
 Among them all was litill Bessie ;  
 With gudlye wurdes shee can them grete,  
 And said, lordes wyll ye doe for me ?  
 What wyll ye releave yonder prynce,  
 That is exiled beyonde the seae ?  
 The Earle of Derbye came forthe then,  
 Theis were the wordes he said to Bessie :  
 Fourtye pound wyll I send,  
 Bessie, for the love of the,  
 And xx.tie thowsand eagle feete,  
 A Queene of England to make the.  
 Sir William Standley came forthe then,  
 Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie,  
 Rememer, Bessie, another tyme,  
 Whoe dothe nowe the beste for the ;



Ten thowsand coates that bene read  
 In an owres warnyng readye shall bee ;  
 In England thou shalte be queene,  
 Or ells dowteles I will dye.  
 Sir John Savage came forthe then,  
 Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie,  
 Ten thousand markes for thy sake  
 I will send thy love beyonde the seae.  
 The Lorde Strange came forth then,  
 Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie,  
 A lytill money and fewe men  
 Wyll brynge thy love over the seae ;  
 Lett us keepe our goulde at home,  
 For to wage our companye ;  
 Yf we yt sende over the foame,  
 We putt our goulde in joperdye.  
 Edward Standley came furthe then,  
 Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie ;  
 Rememer, Bessie, another tyme,  
 He that nowe dothe beste for the ;  
 For ther is nowe noe power that I have,  
 Nor noe goulde for to gyve the,  
 But under my father's banner wyll I fyghte  
 Eyther for to lyve or dye.

Bessye came forthe before the lordes all,  
 And upon hir knees then fallethe she,  
 Ten thowsand pounde I wyll hym sende  
 Even to my love beyonde the seae.  
 Whoe shall be our messenger then,  
 To brynge our goulde over the seae?  
 Humfrey Breerton, said litill Bessie,  
 I knowe non soe good as hee.  
 Alas, said Humfrey, I dare not take in hande  
 To carye the goulde over the seae;  
 The galley shippes the be soe stronge,  
 They wyll me neighe wunderous nee;  
 They wyll me robbe, they will me drowne,  
 They wyll take the goulde from me.  
 Houlde thy peace, Humfrey, said litill Bessie,  
 Thou shalte yt carye out of joperdye,  
 Thou shalte have noe basked nor noe mayle,  
 Noe bothed ner clothe sacke shall goe with the;  
 Three mules that be styffe and stronge  
 Loaded with goulde shall they bee;  
 With sadells syde skurted, I doe the tell,  
 Wherin the goulde sewed shall bee;  
 Yf any man saye whoes ys the shippe,  
 That sailethe furthe upon the seae,

Saye yt is the lord Lyle ;  
 In England and Fraunce wel beloved is he.  
 Then came furthe the Earle of Derbye,  
 Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie ;  
 He said, Bessie, thou arte to blame  
 To poynte any shippe upon the seae ;  
 I have a gude shippe of myne owne,  
 Shall carye Humfrey and my mules three ;  
 An eigle shall be drawen upon the maste toppe,  
 That the Italyants may yt see ;  
 There is noe freake in all Fraunce,  
 That the eigle darre once come nee.  
 Yf any man aske whoes is the shippe,  
 Saye yt is the Earles of Derbye.  
 Humfrey toke the mules three,  
 Into the weste wynde taketh hee,  
 At Hyrpon withouten dowte  
 There shippinge taketh hee,  
 With a softe wynde and a coale,  
 Thus he saileth upon the seae, [be ;  
 To Begeram Abbeye where the Englishe prince  
 The porter was an Englisheman,  
 Well he knewe Humfrey Breerton,  
 And faste to hym can he gon :

Humfrey knocked at the gate pryvelie,  
 And theis wordes he said trulye,  
 I praye the, porter, open the gate,  
 And receave me and mules three ;  
 I shall the gyve withouten lett  
 Red goulde unto thy meede.  
 I wyll none of thy goulde, the porter said,  
 Nor yett, Humfrey, none of thy fee ;  
 But I will open the gates wyde,  
 And receave the and thy mules three ;  
 For a Cheshire man borne am I,  
 From the Malpas but myles three.  
 The porter opened the gates soone,  
 Receaved hym and the mules three ;  
 The beste wyne radlye then,  
 To Humfrey Breerton gyvethe he.  
 Alas ! said Humfrey, howe shall I doe ?  
 For I am stad in a strange cowntrye ;  
 The Prynce of England I doe not knowe,  
 Before I did hym never see.  
 I shall the teache, said the porter then,  
 The Prynce of England to knowe trulye ;  
 See where he shooteth at the buttes,  
 And with hym are lordes three ;

He weareth a gowne of velvette blacke,  
 And yt is coted above the knee ;  
 With longe visage and pale,  
 Therbye the pry[n]ce knowe may yee ;  
 A privye warte withouten lett  
 He hathe a litill above the chyn,  
 His face is white, the warte is red,  
 Therbye full well yee may hym ken.  
 Nowe from the porter is he gon,  
 With hym he tooke the mules three.  
 To Earle Richmonde he went anon,  
 Where the other lordes dyd bee.  
 And when he came before the pry[n]ce,  
 Lowlye he kneled upon his knee,  
 And delivered hym the letter that Bessie send,  
 And soe he did the mules three,  
 And a riche rynge with a stone,  
 There the pry[n]se glad was he ;  
 He tooke the rynge at Humfrey thén,  
 And kyssed yt tymes three.  
 Humfrey kneled still as any stone,  
 Assuredlye as I tell thee ;  
 Humfrey of the pry[n]ce worde gate none,  
 Therefore in harte he was not merye.

Humfrey standeth up then anon,  
 To the prynce these wurdes saith hee ;  
 Whye standest thou soe still in this styde,  
 And noe answeere thou doest gyve me ?  
 I am comen from the Standlees boulde,  
 Kyng of England to make the,  
 And a faire ladye to thy feere,  
 There is none suche in Christentye ;  
 She is a cowntas, a kynges doughter,  
 The name of hir it is Bessie,  
 A lovllye ladye to loke upon,  
 And well shee can wurke by prophesye.  
 I may be caled a lowte messenger,  
 For answeere of the I can gett non,  
 I may sayle howme with a heavye cheare ;  
 What shall I say when I come howme ?  
 The prynce tooke the lorde Lilye,  
 And the Earle of Oxforde was hym nee,  
 The Lorde Ferres woulde hym not begyle—  
 To a counsell they goe all three.  
 When they had their counsell tane,  
 To Humfrey Breerton turnethe hee,—  
 Answer, Humfrey, I can gyve none,  
 Not for the space of weekes three ;

When three weekes are comen and gon,  
     Then an answer I shall gyve thee.  
 The mules into a stable are tane,  
     The sadell-skirtes then rypeth hee,  
 Therin he fyndeth goulde great plentye,  
     For to wage a companye.  
 He caused the houshoulde to make hym cheare,  
     And saith in my steede lett hym bee.  
 Yerlye on the other mornyng,  
     Assonne as yt was the breake of daye,  
 With hym he toke the lordes three,  
     And streighte to Parys he tooke the way.  
 A herotte of armes they readye made,  
     To the Kyng of Fraunce then wyndeth [he].  
 Of men and money he doth hym praye,  
     And shippes to brynge hym over the seae ;  
 The Standleyes stowte for me have send,  
     Kyng of England to make me ;  
 And yf ever I weare the crowne,  
     Well quite the Kyng of Fraunce shall be.  
 Then answered the Kyng of Fraunce,  
     And sweareth shortlye by sayncte John,  
 Men nor money getteth he none,  
     Nor shippes to brynge hym over the foame.

Thus the prynce his answeare hath tane,  
 And the English lordes gaye,  
 To Begaram Abbey rydeth he,  
 There as Humfrey Breerton lay ;  
 Have here, Humfrey, a thousand markes,  
 Better rewarded shalte thou be ;  
 Commend me to Bessie, that cowntas cleare,  
 And yett I did hir never see :  
 I truste in God she shall be my queene,  
 For hir I wyll travell the seae ;  
 Commende me to my father Standley,  
 Myne owne mother maryed hee,  
 Brynge hym here a love letter,  
 And another to yonge Bessie :  
 Tell hir, I truste in the Lorde of myghte  
 That my queene she shall bee.  
 Commende [me] to Sir William Standley,  
 That nowble knyghte in the weste countrye,  
 Tell hym aboute Michaelmas  
 I truste in God in England to be ;  
 At Melford haven I wyll come in  
 With all the powers I brynge with me,  
 The firste towne that I may myn,  
 Shal be the towne of Shrewesburye.



Praye Sir William, that nowble knyghte,  
 That nyghte he woulde looke on me : [wighte,  
 Commend [me] to Sir Gilbert Talbott, that is soe  
 He lyethe styll in the northe cowntrye :  
 I wyll non of thy goulde, sir prynce,  
 Ner yett I wyll non of thy fee,  
 Yf everie heare of my heade were a man,  
 With the, sir prynce, shoulde they bee.  
 Thus Humfrey Breerton his leave hath tane,  
 And furthe he saylethe upon the seae,  
 Straighte to London can he ryde,  
 Wheras the earle and Bessie lee ;  
 He tooke them eyther a letter in hande,  
 And bad them looke, reede and see.  
 The earle tooke leave of Richard the kynge,  
 And into the weste rydethe hee ;  
 And leavethe Bessie at Layceter,  
 And bad hir lye in privetye ;  
 For yf Kynge Richard knewe the there,  
 In a fyer brend moste thou bee.  
 Streighte to Lathum is he gon,  
 Where the Lorde Strange dyd lye ;  
 And send the Lorde Strange to London,  
 To keepe Richard companye.

Sir William Standley ten thowsand coates  
     In an howres warnyng readye to bee,  
 They were read as any blode,  
     There the hartes head is sett full hye.  
 Sir Gilbert Talbott ten thowsand dagges  
     In an owres warnyng readye to bee,  
 Sir John Savage fifteen hundreth white houdde,  
     For they wyll fighte and never flee ;  
 Sir Edward Standley three hundreth men,  
     There were noe better in Christentye ;  
 Sir Ryse ap Thomas, a knyghte of Walles,  
     Eighte thousande speare men broughte hee.  
 Sir William Standley at the Holte he lyethe,  
     And loked over his head soe hee ;  
 Where standeth the wynde ? then he saithe,  
     Is there any man can tell me ?  
 The wynde yt standeth sowth weste,  
     See, said a knyghte that stoode hym bye,  
 This nyghte yonder royall prynce,  
     Into England entereth hee.  
 He caled a gentyelman that stoode hym bye,  
     His name was Rowland Werburton,  
 He bad him goe to Shrewesburye that nyghte,  
     And byd them lett that prynce in come :

By then that Rowland came to Shrewesburye,  
 The porte-cales was letten downe ;  
 They caled the prynce in full great scorne,  
 And said, in England he sholde weare noe  
 crowne.

Rowland bethoughte hym of a wylle,  
 And tyed the wrytinges to a stone,  
 He threwe the wryttinges over the walle,  
 And bad the bayliffes loke them upon.  
 Then they oppened the gates on everie syde,  
 And mett the prynce with procession ;  
 Hewoulde not abyde in Shrewesburye that nyghte  
 For Kynge Richard hard of his comynge,  
 And caled his lordes of renowne ;  
 The Lorde Percy came to hym then,  
 And on his knees he kneled hym downe,  
 Saithe, my lege, I have xxx.tie thowsand  
 fighting men.

The Duke of Northfolke came to the kynge,  
 And downe he kneleth upon his knee ;  
 The Earle of Surrey came with hym,  
 They were bothe in companye ;  
 And we have eyther xx.tie thousand fighting men,  
 For to keepe the crowne with the.

The Lorde Scroope and the Earle of Kentt,  
 They were all in companye ;  
 The Byshoppe of Doram was not awaye,  
 Sir William Bowmer stode hym bye ;  
 The gude Sir William Harrington  
 Said, he woulde fyghte and never flee.  
 Kynge Richard made a messenger,  
 And send into the weste countrye,  
 Byd the Earle of Derby make hym readye,  
 And brynge twentye thowsand men to me,  
 Or the Lorde Strange head I shall hym send,  
 For dowltes nowe that he shall dye ;  
 Without he come to me full sonne,  
 His owne sonn he shall never see ;  
 Then an other heyrotte can appeare  
 To Sir William Standley, that nowble knyghte,  
 Byd hym brynge ten thowsand men,  
 Or to the deathe he shall be dighte.  
 Then answered that doughtye knyghte,  
 And spake to the heryotte without letting ;  
 Say, on Bosworthe Feilde I wyll hym meete,  
 On Mundaye yearlie in the mornynge ;  
 Suche a breakfaste I hym hett,  
 As never did knyghte to noe kynge !

The messenger is howme gon,  
 To tell Kynge Richard this tythinge.  
 Then Richard togeder his handes can dyng,  
 And said, the Lorde Strange shoulde dye ;  
 He had putt hym in the Towre,  
 For sure I will hym never see.  
 Nowe leave we Richard and his lordes,  
 That were preste all full with pryde,  
 And talke we of the Standleyes blood,  
 That broughte the prynce on the other syde.  
 Nowe is Richmonde to Stafford comen,  
 And Sir William Standley to Litill Stone ;  
 The prynce had leaver then any goulde  
 Sir William Standley to loke upon.  
 A messinger was readye made,  
 That nyghte to Stone rydeth hee ;  
 Sir William rydethe to Stafford towne,  
 With hym a smalle companye.  
 When the knyghte to Stafford come,  
 That Richmond myghte hym see ;  
 He toke hym in his armes then,  
 And kyssed hym tymes three ;  
 The welfare of thy bodye comforteth me more  
 Then all the goulde in Christentye !

Then answered ther that royall knyghte,  
 To the prynce thus speaketh hee,—  
 Rememer, man, bothe daye and nyghte,  
 Whoe nowe doeth the moste for the ;  
 In England thou shalte weare the crowne,  
 Or ells dowteles I wyll dye ;  
 A faire ladye thou shalte fynde to thy fere  
 As is any in Christentye ;  
 A kynges doughter, a cowntas cleare,  
 Yea she is bothe wysse and wyttie.  
 I muste goe to Stone, my soveraigne,  
 For to comforte my men this nyghte.  
 The prynce toke hym by the hande,  
 And said, farewell, gentyll knyghte !  
 Nowe is worde comen to Sir William Standley,  
 Yerlye vpon Sundaye in the mornynge,  
 That the Earle of Derbye, his brother dere,  
 Had given battell to Richard the kynge.  
 That woulde I not, sayd Sir William,  
 For all the goulde in Christentye,  
 Excepte I were with hym there,  
 At that battell myselfe to be.  
 Then streighte to Lychfeilde can he ryde  
 In all the haste that myghte be,

And when they come into the towne,  
     All they cryed, Kynge Henrye !  
 Then streighte to Bosworth wolde he ryde  
     In all the haste that myghte bee,  
 And when he came to Bosworthe Feylde,  
     There he meett with a royall armye.  
 The Earle of Derbye he was there,  
     And twentye thowsand stode hym bye ;  
 Sir John Savage, his sisteres sonne,  
     He was his nephewe of blode soe nye ;  
 He had xv.een hundreth feighting men,  
     There was noe better in Christentye.  
 Sir William Standley, that nowble knyghte,  
     Ten thowsand read coates that day had hee ;  
 Sir Ryse up Thomas he was there,  
     With ten thowsand speares myghtye of tree ;  
 Earle Richmond came to the Earle of Derbye,  
     And downe he kneleth upon his knee ;  
 He said, father Standley, I the praye  
     That the vowarde thou woulde gyve me,  
 For I am comen for my righte,  
     Full fayne venged woulde I bee !  
 Stand up, he said, my sonne deare,  
     Thou haste thy motheres blessing by me,

The vowe, sonne, I wyll thee gyve,  
 For whye, by me thou wilt ordered be :  
 Sir William Standley, my brother dere,  
 In that batell he shall bee ;  
 Sir John Savage, that hath noe peare,  
 He shall be a wyng unto the ;  
 Sir Ryse up Thomas shall breake the raye,  
 For he wyll feighte and never flee ;  
 And I myselfe wyll hove on this hill,  
 That faire battell for to see.  
 Kyng Richard hove on the mountaynes,  
 And was ware of the banner of the bould  
 Standley ;  
 He said, feche hither the Lorde Strange to  
 me,  
 For dwtles he shall dye this day.  
 To the deathe, Lorde, make the bowne,  
 For by Marye that mylde maye,  
 Thou shalt dye for thyne uncles sake,  
 His name is William Standley,  
 Yf I shoulde dye, said the Lorde Strange,  
 As God forbyd yt soe shoulde bee,  
 Alas ! for my ladye at howme,  
 Yt will be longe or she me see !



But we shall meete at domes daye,  
 When the greate dome yt shall bee.  
 He called a gentyman of Lancashire,  
 His name was Lathum trulye ;  
 A rynge besyde his fynger he tooke,  
 And caste yt to that gentyman,  
 And bade hym brynge yt to Lancashire,  
 To my ladye that is at whome ;  
 At hir table she may sitt,  
 Or she see hir lorde yt may be longe :  
 I have noe feete to schunte nor flytte,  
 I muste be murdered with a tyrant stronge :  
 Yf yt fortune myne uncle to lose the feilde,  
 As God defend yt should so bee,  
 Pray hir to take my eldest sonn,  
 And exile hym over the seae ;  
 He may come in another tyme  
 By fylde, frygh, tower, or towne,  
 Wreake he may his fathers deathe [crowne.  
 On Richard of England that weareth the  
 A knyghte to the Kynge did appeare,  
 The gude Sir William Harrington :—  
 Saithe, lett hym have his liffe a while,  
 Tyll ye have the father, uncle, and sonn ;

We shall have them sone in feilde,  
 The father, the sonn, and the uncle all three;  
 Then may you deme them with your mouthe,  
 What kynde of deathe that they shall dye.  
 But a blocke on the ground was caste,  
 There upon the lordes head was layde,  
 A sawe over his head can stand,  
 And out of fashion yt was brayde.  
 He said, there is noe other boote,  
 But that thou, lord, nedeth muste dye;  
 Harryngton harte yt was full woe,  
 When yt woulde noe better bee.  
 He saith, our ray breaketh on everie syde,  
 We putt our feilde in joperdye!  
 Then the tooke up the lorde on-lyve,  
 Kynge Richard did hym never see.  
 Then they blewe up bugells of brasse,  
 The schottes of gunes were soe feirce  
 That made many wyves to crye, alas!  
 And mony a childe fatherles.  
 Sir Ryse up Thomas with the blacke crowe  
 Shortlye made haste to breake the ray;  
 With xxx.tie thowsand feighting men  
 The Lorde Pearcye went his way.

The Duke of Northfolke woulde have fledde  
 With twentye thowsand of his companye ;  
 He went up unto a wynde mylne,  
 And stode upon a hyll soe hye.  
 There he mett Sir John Savage, a royall knyghte,  
 With hym a wurthy companye ;  
 To the deathe the Duke was dighte,  
 And his sonn prisoner taken was he.  
 Then the Lorde Dacars began to flee,  
 Soe dyd mony other moe ;  
 When Kynge Richard that sighte dyd see,  
 In his harte he was full woe.  
 I praye you, my men, be not awaye,  
 For lyke a man here wyll I dye,  
 For I had leaver dye this daye,  
 Then with the Standlees taken bee !  
 A knyghte to Kynge Richard can saye,  
 (Yt was gude Sir William of Harryngton)  
 He sayth, we are lyke all here  
 To the death sone to be don,  
 For there may noe man their strockes abyde,  
 The Standlees dynntes they bene soe stronge ;  
 Ye may come in another tyme,  
 Therefore methynke you tarye to longe.

Your horsse is readye at your hand,  
 Another day yee maye wurshippe wyne,  
 And to reigne with royaltie,  
 And weare the crowne and be our kynge.  
 He said, give me my battell axe in myne hande,  
 Sett the crowne of England upon my head soe  
 hee,  
 For by Hym that made both sunne and monne,  
 Kynge of England this daye will I dye!  
 Besyde his head they hewe the crowne,  
 And dange on hym as they were woode;  
 They stroke his bacenett to his head,  
 Untill his braynes came out with blodde.  
 They caryed hym naked into Layceter,  
 And bouckled his heire under his chyn;  
 Bessie mett hym with a merye cheare,  
 These were the wordes she said to hym.  
 How likest thou the sleaying of my brethren  
 dere?

(She spake theis wordes to hym alon)

Nowe are we wroken upon the here,  
 Welcome, gentyll uncle, howme!  
 Greate solas yt was to see,  
 I tell you, maysters, without lett,

When the Reade Rowse of mekyll price,  
 And yonge Bessie togeder were mett.  
 A byshoppe them maryed with a rynge,  
 The two bloodes of highe renowne ;—  
 Bessie said, nowe may we synge,  
 We two bloodes are made at one.  
 The Earle of Derbye he was there,  
 And Sir William Standley, a man of mighte ;  
 Upon their heades they sett the crowne,  
 In presence of mony a wurthye wyghte.  
 Then came he under a clowde,  
 That some tyme in England was full hee ;  
 The harte began to keste his heade,  
 After noe man myghte yt see ;  
 Butt God, that is bothe bryghte [and] sheene,  
 And borne was of a mayden free,  
 Save and keepe our comlye queene,  
 And also the poore comenalitye !





## A M I C I A.

THE following old ballad relates to a famous dispute between two Cheshire Knights, Sir Peter Leycester and Sir Thomas Mainwaring, about the legitimacy of Amicia, daughter of Hugh Lupus. The worthy knights were related by marriage, and the controversy agitated the county for many years, and was hardly settled after the death of one of the principal controversialists. Communicated to me by Mr. W. H. BLACK.

*A new Ballad, made of a high and mighty Controversy  
between two Cheshire Knights, 1673.*

(From the ASHMOLEAN MSS. No. 860, iii, art. 1, and No. 836, art. 183.)



WO famous wights, both Cheshire  
Knights,  
Thomas yelep'd and Petre,  
A quarrel had, which was too bad,  
As bad as is my metre.

Neere kinsmen were they, yet had a great fray,  
Concerning things done *quondam* ;  
I think as long since as Will Rufus was Prince,  
E'en about their Great-great-grandame.

Sir Peter\* (good man) this quarell began :  
 Whilst he tumbles ore ancient deedes,  
 Old women can't have quiet rest in their  
 graves,  
 So loud he proclaimes what he reades.

When in reading he found (as he thought) good  
 ground  
 To judge his Grannam a bastard ;  
 Though he blemisht her name, yet it to pro-  
 claime  
 He resolv'd hee'd be no dastard.

But boldly durst say, that AMICIA,  
 Daughter of Hugh Earle of Chester,  
 For certaine was bore to him . . . . .  
 As sure as his name was Leycester.

To this good intent he us'd much argument,  
 The which all such as are willing  
 Fully to know, let them quickly bestow  
 Upon his Booke sixteene shilling.

\* Sir Peter Leycester: (*Margin.*)

His Grannam's his friend ; yet truth hee'l defend,  
 And little dirt he throws on her,  
 For as now, so then, among your great men,  
 A bastard is small dishonour.

Another grandchild, hearing this was stark wild,  
 The affront he could not digest ;  
 But takes pen in hand, the same to withstand,  
 As scorning to fowl his own nest.

His Grannam hee'l right, against th' erring  
 That slander'd her without warrant : [Knight,  
 Who does not his best, to free ladies opprest,  
 Is not a true Knight Errant.

Hist'ry and lawes he cites for his cause,  
 With Judges and Heraldes ; what more ?  
 With these hee'l defy the scandalous lye,  
 That made him . . . . .

They us'd not their swords, but their pens and  
 fowl words,  
 Which noyse with other folks laughter,  
 Could not chuse but awake (to clere this mistake)  
 The jolly old Earl and his daughter.



Then up start [s] Earl Hughe, and sayes “ Is it  
true—

That I, brave Chester’s Earle,  
Am summon’d to appear before Justices here,  
As charg’d with a by-blow girle ?”

Not another word, but clapt hand on his sword;  
While she (gentle AMICIA)  
For feare of some slaughter that might come  
after,  
Besought him in patience to stay.

But she told her Grandson, “ ’Twas uncivilly  
done  
Such a hideous pudder to keep :  
Whilst he dreames that folks soules do snort in  
dark holes  
To awake us out of our sleepe.

“ Should it have been true, that’s suspected by  
you,  
Its father was able to nourish  
The barne he had got, and sure I should not  
Have been any charge to the parish.

“ But you, dear Sir Thomas, (much honor to  
 your *domus*)  
 That my cause so well have defended;  
 Henceforth leave AMICIA, both keepe *Amicitia* ;  
 And so let the quarell be ended.”



### THE CHETHAM LIBRARY.

THE following Ballad, in the Lancashire dialect, contains an account of a holiday trip to see the “curiosities,” and is characteristic of the provincial manners. It is here taken from a copy preserved by Hone.

#### JOHNNY GREEN'S *Wedding, and Description of Manchester College.*

NEAW lads where ar yo beawn so fast,  
 Yo happun ha no yerd whot's past ;  
 Au gettun wed sin au'r here last,  
 Just three week sin come Sunday.  
 Au ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,  
 So Nan an me agreed tat neet,  
 Ot if we could mak both eends meet,  
 We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,  
 Aw th' wenches coom an browt th' sweet-hearts,  
 Au fund we'r loike to ha three carts,  
     'Twur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon.  
 We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too,  
 One red, one green, and tone wur blue,  
 So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,  
     Loike a race for th' Ledger stakes, mon.

Reet merrily we drove, full bat,  
 An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbins wat;  
 Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat,  
     Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um:  
 Deawn Withy-Grove at last we coom,  
 An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,  
 An drunk as mich warm ale an rum,  
     As'd dreawn o'th' folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid, an drink wur done,  
 Up Fennel-Street, to th' church, for fun,  
 We donc'd loike morris-dancers dun,  
     To th' best of aw meh knowledge:  
 So th' job wur done i' hoave a crack,  
 Boh eh! whot fun to get th' first smack!  
 So neaw meh lads 'fore we gun back,  
     Says au, we'll look at th' college.

We seed a clock-case, first, good laws!  
 Where death stons up wi' great lung claws,  
 His legs, and wings, and lantern jaws,  
     They really look'd quite fearink.  
 There's snakes, an watch-bills just loike poikes  
 Ot Hunt an aw the reformink toikes  
 An thee an me, an Sam o Moiks,  
     Oné't took a blanketeerink.

Eh! lorjus days, booath far an woide,  
 There's yards o' books at every stroide,  
 Fro' top to bothum, eend an soide,  
     Sich plecks there's very few so:  
 Au axt him if they wurn for t' sell,  
 For Nan loikes readink vastly well,  
 Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he couldna tell,  
     Or au'd bowt hur Robinson Crusoe.

There's a trumpet speyks and maks a din,  
 An a shute o clooas made o tin,  
 For folk to goo a feightink in,  
     Just loike thoose chaps o' Boney's:  
 An there's a table carv'd so queer,  
 Wi' os mony planks os days i' th' year,  
 An crinkum-crankums here an there,  
     Loike th' clooas press at meh gronney's.

There's Oliver Crumill's boms an balls,  
 An Frenchman's guns, they'd tean i' squalls,  
 An swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,  
     An bows an arrows too, mon :  
 Au didna moind his fearfo words,  
 Nor skeletons o men an birds,  
 Boh au fair hate seet o greyt lung swords  
     Sin th' feyght at Peterloo, mon.

We seed a wooden cock loikewise,  
 Boh, dang it, mon, theas college boys,  
 They tell'n a pack o starink loies,  
     Os sure os teaw'r a sinner ;  
 That cock when it smells roast beef'll crow,  
 Says he ; boh, au said, teaw lies, au know,  
 An au con prove it plainly so,  
     Au've a peawnd i' meh hat for meh dinner.

Boh th' hairy mon had missed meh thowt,  
 An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,  
 An th' woman noather lawmt nor nowt,  
     Thew ne'er seed th' loike sin t'ur born, mon.  
 There's crocodiles, an things indeed,  
 Au colours, mak, shap, size, an breed,  
 An if au moot tell ton hoave au seed  
     We moot sit an smook till morn, mon.

Then dewn Lung Mill-Gate we did steer  
 To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop there,  
 To bey eawr Nan a rockink-chear,

    An pots, an spoons, an ladles :  
 Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,  
 A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,  
 Au bowt a cheer for smookink in,  
     An Nan ax'd proice o' th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honey-moon,  
 An off we seet for Owdham soon,  
 We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,

    Every yard o' th' way, mon.  
 At neet oich lad an bonny lass,  
 Laws heaw they donc'd an drunk their glass !  
 So tiert wur Nan an I, by th' mass,  
     Ot we lay till twelve next day, mon.





## TOM OF CHESTER.\*

IN the variety of inquiries suggested by the infinite divisions of literature and science, the superficial reader is not unnaturally apt to disregard those which are apparently of a trifling character, and fix his attention on the grander results, forgetting the means which have frequently led to the discovery of the latter. It is perhaps to be feared that this disposition is occasionally the effect of despising a pursuit, the value of which is impossible to be adequately appreciated without study and reflection; an error sometimes committed even by the scholar. The collection of minute facts has served for many a noble superstructure; and this truth is seldom lost sight of by the man of science. But in literature the public are unwilling to yield so complete a deference to researches which are not of a recondite character. The cause of this is not quite easily determined. It

\* This paper was read at the meeting of the British Archæological Association at Chester in August, 1849.

may be that ordinary research is too much divested of technicality to look sufficiently imposing, and the individual who would regard the wooden boards and the "lettres blake" with reverence, may perchance turn with a smile from the frivolous tracts of the 17th century—those grand depositories of information respecting the language and the manners of the time, without the aid of which the writings of Shakespeare and Jonson, Massinger and Fletcher, would be but imperfectly understood. The effect of this all but universal inclination is more prejudicial to the best interests of literature than might at first be imagined; for while subjects of inferior importance have been nearly exhausted, the advance in our knowledge of contemporary allusions in our great dramatist has been comparatively insignificant. Nor am I only contending for the value of commentary on the noble productions of the Stratford poet. The age of Elizabeth and James may be truly distinguished as the golden age of the inventive drama generally. It has never flourished so luxuriantly either before or since, nor do the



later productions of the class exhibit a power that would in any way lead us to suppose that the spirit will again arise. Let us, therefore, while it is yet in our power, contribute our mite of illustration to these our English classics. I have been induced to prepare this brief paper with a few observations on the value of our early domestic literature, not in the expectation of adding greatly to our information on those subjects, for indeed the limits generally assigned to papers read on these occasions do not permit of lengthened dissertations, but rather for the purpose of impressing on your minds that the importance of literary inquiries not unfrequently bears an inverse ratio to the apparent seriousness of the materials made use of. Mr. Macaulay, in his recent 'History of England,' complains of the obligation of quoting what he terms "nauseous balderdash." The complaint is made with the ardour and enthusiasm of a graceful scholar, yet it occurs to me, that had he possessed a little more experience in the best sources of antiquarian information, he would have known that the richest ore is frequently

concealed beneath the most repulsive surface. If I remember rightly, it was permitted me to point out at a former meeting of this Association, that a passage in 'King Lear,' the second greatest tragedy in the English or any other language, would be best illustrated by a few lines from the renowned History of Tom Thumb, worse balderdash, I can assure Mr. Macaulay, than any quoted in the pages of his eloquent work. Can I say more to defend myself from the imputation of desiring to trifle away the time of this meeting in my anxiety to introduce to notice a little tract, entitled 'The new and diverting history of Tom of Chester, containing his witty franks, jests, &c.,' only one copy of which (I believe) is known to exist, without date, but printed in the latter part of the 17th century. This is the earliest merriment bearing the name of any individual supposed to belong to this town with which I am acquainted, but I suspect, from the circumstance of having met with many of the anecdotes and jests elsewhere, it is merely a collection of earlier productions made up to please the good Cestrians. A few

extracts will suffice to give us an insight into this somewhat remarkable production.

1. An old painter, at the repairing of a church in Chester, was writing sentences of Scripture upon the walls. By chance Tom came into the church, and reading them, perceived much of false English. Old man, said Tom, why don't you write true English? Alas! sir, quoth he, they are poore simple people in this parish, and they will not goe to the cost of it.

2. Once on a time, Tom chanced to meet a lady of his acquaintance, and asked her how she did, and how her husband fared; at which word she wept, saying that her husband was in heaven. In heaven! quoth he, it is the first time I heard of it, and I am sorry for it, with all my heart. [This anecdote corresponds with a jest made by the Fool in 'Twelfth Night,' respecting Olivia's brother.]

3. A lady having beene ten yeeres in suite of law, had a triall at last, where the judgement went on her side; whereupon she would presently expresse her joy by inviting some of her nearest tenants and neighbours to supper. Tom

was invited to the feast, to whom the lady said: I thinke I have beat my adversary now, though it were long first; I trow he will make no brags of his meddling with me. Honest Tom replied: Truly, madame; I did even thinke what it would come to at least, for I knew when he first meddled with your ladyship that he had a wrong sow by the ear.

4. A minister riding into the west parts of Cheshire, happened to stay at a village on a Sunday, where he kindly offered to bestow a sermon upon them; which the constable hearing, did ask the minister if he were licensed to preach. Yes, quoth he, that I am; and with that drew out of a box his license, which was in Latin. Truly, said the constable, I understand no Latine, yet I pray you let me see it, I perhaps shall pick out here and there a word. No, good sir, quoth the minister, I will have no words picked out of it for spoiling my license.

5. One asked Tom of Chester what soldiers were like in the time of peace. Indeed, said Tom, they are like chimneys in summer.

6. One Richard Bunkle, living in Chester,

was a great drunkard, and his nose was purpled. Tom said of him, he was a Dick Bunkle, but his nose was a carbuncle.

7. A gentleman in Chester had a goodly fair house new built, but the broken bricks, tiles, sand, limestones, and such rubbish as is commonly the remnants of such buildings, lay confusedly in heaps, and scattered here and there. The gentleman demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not carried away. The surveyor said that he purposed to hire a hundred carts for the purpose. The gentleman replied that the charge of carts might be saved, for a pit might be digged in the ground and bury it. Sir, said the surveyor, I pray you what shall we do with the earth which we dig out of the said pit? Why, you silly fellow, said the gentleman, canst thou not dig the pit deep enough, and bury all together?

8. On a time, Tom saw a fellow that had a jackdaw to sell. Sirrah, quoth he, what wilt thou take for thy daw? Sir, quoth the fellow, the price of my daw is two crowns. Wherefore, said Tom, dost thou ask so much for him?

The fellow replied that the daw could speak French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Latin, all which tongues he will speak after he is a little acquainted in your house. Well, quoth Tom, bring thy daw in, and there is thy money. In conclusion, Jack Daw (after a month or five weeks' time) never spoke otherwise than his father's speech, *kaw, kaw*; wherefore Tom said that the knave had cozened him of his money: but it is no great matter, there is no loss in it; for, quoth he, though my daw do not speak, yet I am in good hope that he thinks the more.

9. Tom once found a horseshoe, and stuck it at his girdle, where passing through a wood, some robbers lay in ambush, and one of them discharged his musket, the shot by fortune lighted against Tom's horseshoe. Ah, ha! quoth he, I perceive that little armour will serve a man's turn, if it be put in the right place.

10. Tom said he could never have his health when he lived in Lancaster, and that if he had lived there till this time, he thought in his conscience that he had died seven years ago.

11. Tom being flustered with drink, was

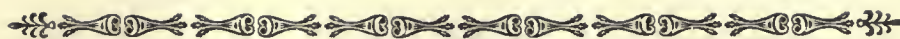
brought before a justice, who committed him to prison; and the next day when he was to be discharged, he was come to the justice again, who said to him, Sirrah, you were not drunk last night. Your worship says true, said Tom. Yea, but you were drunk, said the justice, and you did abuse me, and said I was a wise justice. Tom replied, If I said so I think I was drunk indeed, and I cry your worship mercy, for I will never do you that wrong when I am sober. [The commencement of this anecdote will remind the reader of a phrase in Othello, "flustered with flowing cups."]

12. A gentleman commanded his man to buy him a great hat, with a button in the brim, to button it up behind; his man bought him one, and he put it on his head with the button before, which when he looked in the glass and saw, he was very angry, saying, Thou cross untoward knave, did I not bid thee buy a hat with the button to hold it up behind, and thou hast bought me one that turns up before. I command thee once more, go thy ways, and buy me such a one as I would have, whatsoever it cost me.

We have reserved this, the most important fragment of the contents of this rare, but apparently frivolous and useless tract, for the last extract, as it contains sufficient information to impart a peculiar value to it, and will convince our hearers how frequently a peculiar course of reading will discover interesting facts in quarters that would usually not be considered worth the labour of exploration. Beware then of the danger of casting away anything, for we know not what use we may have for it. These are the soap-bubbles of literature, but they not unfrequently add unexpectedly most materially to our knowledge of writings which all the world admit are worthy of minute illustration. Need we now, in pursuing this subject, recall the reader's attention to that passage in Hamlet, "of fortune's cap are we not the very button," of which the above anecdote affords the best explanation I have met with; though at the same time I fear the proverb may be only too suggestive of a comparison with the preceding remarks.







## THE PENNILESS PILGRIMAGE.

THE following curious extracts are taken from the 'Workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet,' fol. Lond. 1630. All the writings of this honest waterman are distinguished by their extreme quaintness and curiosity, and the portion now given is no exception to that character.

**T**HAT Thursday morne, my weary course I  
fram'd,

Vnto a towne that is Newcastle nam'd,  
(Not that Newcastle standing vpon Tine)  
But this towne scituation doth confine  
Neere Cheshire, in the famous county Stafford,  
And for their loue, I owe them not a straw for't;  
But now my versing muse craues some repose,  
And whilst she sleeps Ile spowt a little prose.

In this towne of Newcastle, I ouertook an  
hostler, and asked him what the next towne was  
called, that was in my way toward Lancaster,  
he holding the end of a riding-rod in his mouth,  
as if it had been a fluit, piped me this answer,

and said, "Talke on the hill;" I asked him againe what he said, "Talke on the hill;" I demanded the third time, and the third time he answered me as he did before, "Talke on the hill." I began to grow cholericke, and asked him why he could not talke, or tell me my way as well there as on the hill; at last I was resolved that the next toune was foure miles off mee, and that the name of it was Talke on the hill. I had not traueled aboue two miles farther: but my last nights supper (which was as much as nothing) my minde being informed of it by my stomacke. I made a vertue of necessity, and went to breakefast in the sunne: I haue fared better at three Sunnes many times before now, in Aldersgate-street, Criplegate, and new Fish-street; but here is the oddes, at those Sunnes they will come vpon a man with a tauerne bill as sharp cutting as a taylers bill of items: a watchmans bill or a Welch-hooke falls not halfe so heauy vpon a man; besides, most of the vintners haue the law in their own hands, and haue all their actions, cases, bills of debt, and such reckonings tried at their owne barres,

from whence there is no appeale. But leauing these impertinencies, in the materiall sunneshine, we eate a substantiall dinner, and like miserable guests we did budget up the reuersions.

And now with sleep my muse hath eas'd her  
braine,

I'le turne my stile from prose to verse againe.  
That which we could not haue, we freely spar'd,  
And wanting drinke, most soberly we far'd.  
We had great store of fowle (but 'twas foule way)  
And kindly eury step entreates me stay ;  
The clammy clay sometimes my heeles would trip,  
One foot went foreward, th' other backe would slip.  
This weary day, when I had almost past,  
I came vnto Sir Urian Legh's at last,  
At Adlington, neere Macksfield he doth dwell,  
Belou'd, respected, and reputed well.  
Through his great loue, my stay with him was fixt,  
From Thursday night till noone on Monday next,  
At his owne table I did daily eate,  
Whereat may be suppos'd did want no meat,  
He would haue giu'n me gold or siluer either,  
But I with many thankes receiued neither.

And thus much without flattery I dare sweare,  
 He is a knight beloued farre and neere.  
 First, he 's beloued of his God aboue,  
 (Which loue he loues to keep, byond all loue)  
 Next with a wife and children he is blest,  
 Each hauing Gods feare planted in their brest.  
 With faire demaines, reuennue of good lands,  
 He 's fairely blest by the Almightyes hands.  
 And as he 's happy in these outward things,  
 So from his inward mind continuall springs  
 Fruits of deuotion, deedes of piety,  
 Good hospitable workes of charity,  
 Just in his actions, constant in his word,  
 And one that wonne his honour with the sword.  
 Hee 's no carranto, capr'ing, carpet knight,  
 But he knowes when and how to speake or fight.  
 I cannot flatter him, say what I can,  
 He 's euery way a compleat gentleman.  
 I write not this for what he did to me,  
 But what mine eares and eyes did heare and see,  
 Nor doe I pen this to enlarge his fame,  
 But to make others imitate the same.  
 For like a trumpet were I pleas'd to blow,  
 I would his worthy worth more amply show,

But I already feare haue beene too bold,  
 And craue his pardon me excusd to hold.  
 Thankes to his sonnes and seruants euery one,  
 Both males and females all, excepting none.  
 To beare a letter he did me require,  
 Neere Manchester, vnto a good esquire ;  
 His kinsman Edmond Prestwitch ; he ordain'd,  
 That I was at Manchester entertain'd  
 Two nights, and one day, ere we thence could  
     passe,  
 For men and horse, rost, boyl'd, and oates, and  
     grasse :  
 This gentleman not onely gaue harbor,  
 But in the morning sent to me his barbor,  
 Who lau'd and shau'd me, still I spar'd my  
     purse,  
 Yet sure he left me many a haire the worse.  
 But in conclusion, when his worke was ended,  
 His glasse inform'd my face was much amended.  
 And for the kindnesse he to me did show,  
 God grant his customers beards faster grow,  
 That though the time of yeere be deare or  
     cheape,  
 From fruitfull faces he may mowe and reape.

Then came a smith with shooes, and tooth and  
     nayle,  
 He searched my horse hooes, mending what  
     did faile,  
 Yet this I note, my nag, through stones and dirt,  
 Did shift shooes twice, ere I did shift one shirt:  
 Can these kind things be in obliuion hid?  
 No, Master Prestwitch this and much more did,  
 His friendship did command, and freely gaue  
 All before writ, and more than I durst craue.  
 But leauing him a little, I must tell  
 How men of Manchester did vse me well,  
 Their loues they on the tenter-hookes did racke,  
 Rost, boyld, bak'd, too too much, white, claret,  
     sacke,  
 Nothing they thought too heauy or too hot,  
 Canne follow'd canne, and pot succeeded pot,  
 That what they could do, all they though too  
     little,  
 Striuing in loue the traueller to whittle.  
 We went into the house of one John Pinner,  
 (A man that liues amongst a crue of sinners)  
 And there eight seuerall sorts of ale we had,  
 All able to make one starke drunke or mad.

But I with courage brauely flinched not,  
 And gaue the towne leaue to discharge the shot.  
 We had at one time set vpon the table  
 Good ale of hisope, 'twas no Esope fable :  
 Then had we ale of sage, and ale of malt,  
 And ale of woorme-wood, that could make one  
     halt,  
 With ale of rosemary, and bettony,  
 And two ales more, or else I needs must lye.  
 But to conclude this drinking alye tale,  
 We had a sort of ale called scuruy ale.  
 Thus all these men, at their own charge and  
     cost,  
 Did striue whose loue should be expressed most.  
 And farther to declare their boundlesse loues,  
 They saw I wanted, and they gaue me gloues ;  
 In deed, and very deed, their loues were such,  
 That in their praise I cannot write too much ;  
 They merit more than I haue here compil'd.  
 I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,  
 Whereas my hostesse (a good ancient woman)  
 Did entertaine me with respect not common.  
 She caused my linnen, shirts, and bands be washt,  
 And on my way she caus'd me be refresht ;

She gaue me twelue silke points, she gaue me  
     baken,

Which by me much refused, at last was taken,  
 In troath she prou'd a mother vnto me,  
 For which I euermore will thankefull be.

But when to minde these kindnesses I call,  
 Kinde Master Prestwitch author is of all,  
 And yet Sir Vrian Leigh's good commendation  
 Was the maine ground of this my recreation.  
 From both of them, there what I had, I had,  
 Or else my entertainment had bin bad.

O all you worthy men of Manchester,  
 (True-bred bloods of the county Lancaster)  
 When I forget what you to me haue done,  
 Then let me headlong to confusion runne.  
 To noble Master Prestwitch I must giue  
 Thankes vpon thankes as long as I doe liue,  
 His loue was such, I ne'r can pay the score,  
 He farre surpassed all that went before,  
 A horse and man he sent, with boundlesse bounty,  
 To bring me quite through Lancaster's large  
     county,

Which I well know is fifty miles at large,  
 And he defrayed all the cost and charge.



This vnlook'd pleasure was to me such pleasure,  
 That I can ne'r express my thankes with measure.  
 So Mistress Saracoale, hostesse kinde,  
 And Manchester with thankes I left behinde.  
 The Wednesday being Julyes twenty-nine,  
 My iourney I to Preston did confine,  
 All the day long it rained but one showre,  
 Which from the morning to the eue'n did powre,  
 And I, before to Preston I could get, [sweat.  
 Was sowsd and pickeld both with raine and  
 But there I was supply'd with fire and food,  
 And anything I wanted sweet and good. [host,  
 There, at the Hinde, kinde Master Hinde, mine  
 Kept a good table, bak'd, and boyld, and rost,  
 There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,  
 And hardly got from thence on Saturday.  
 Vnto my lodging often did repaire,  
 Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,  
 Who is of worship, and of good respect,  
 And in his charge discreet and circumspect.  
 For I protest to God I neuer saw  
 A towne more wisely gouern'd by the law.  
 They told me when my soueraigne there was last,  
 That one man's rashnes seem'd to giue distast.

It grieu'd them all, but when at last they found  
 His maiestie was pleas'd, their ioyes were  
 crown'd.

He knew the fairest garden hath some weedes,  
 He did accept their kind intents for deedes :  
 One man there was, that with his zeale too hot,  
 And furious haste, himself much ouer-shot.  
 But what man is so foolish that desires [bryers?  
 To get good fruit from thistles, thornes, and  
 Thus much I thought good to demonstrate here,  
 Because I saw how much they griued were ;  
 That any way, the least part of offence,  
 Should make them seeme offensiue to their  
 prince. [Preston,  
 Thus three nights was I staid and lodg'd in  
 And saw nothing ridiculous to iest on,  
 Much cost and charge the mayor vpon me spent,  
 And on my way two miles with me he went,  
 There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,  
 The vnder shrieve of Lancashire we met,  
 A gentleman that lou'd and knew me well,  
 And one whose bounteous mind doth beare the bell.  
 There, as if I had bin a noted thiefe,  
 The mayor deliuered me vnto the shrieve,

The shriefes authority did much preuaile,  
 He sent me vnto one that kept the iayle.  
 Thus I, perambuling, pore Iohn Taylor,  
 Was giu'n from mayor to shreife, from shrieife to  
     iaylor,  
 The iaylor kept an inne, good beds, good  
     cheere,  
 Where paying nothing, I found nothing deere ;  
 For the vnder shrieife, kind Master Couill nam'd,  
 (A man for housekeeping renown'd and fam'd)  
 Did cause the towne of Lancaster afford  
 Me welcome, as if I had beene a Lord.  
 And 'tis reported, that for daily bounty,  
 His mate can scarce be found in all that county.  
 Th' extremes of mizer, or of prodigall,  
 He shunnes, and liues discret and liberall,  
 His wiues minde and his owne are one, so fixt,  
 That Argus eyes could see no oddes betwixt,  
 And sure the difference, if there difference be,  
 Is who shall doe most good, or he, or she.  
 Poore folks report, that for relieuing them,  
 He and his wife are each of them a iem ;  
 At th' inne, and at his house two nights I staide,  
 And what was to be paid, I know he paide ;

If nothing of their kindnesse I had wrote,  
 Ingratefull me the world might iustly note ;  
 Had I declar'd all I did heare and see,  
 For a great flatt'rer then I deemd should be ;  
 Him and his wife, and modest daughter Besse,  
 With earth and heaven's felicity God blesse.



*An excellent New Ballad, intitl'd, The Unfortunate  
 Love of a Lancashire Gentleman, and the hard  
 Fortune of a Fair Young Bride.*

*Tune, Come, follow my love.*

**L**OOK, ye faithful lovers,  
 On my unhappy state,  
 See my tears distilling,  
 But poured out too late,  
 And buy no foolish fancy  
 At too dear a rate.  
 Alack, for my love I shall die.

My father he's a gentleman,  
 Well known of high degree,  
 And tender of my welfare  
 Evermore was he ;  
 He sought for reputation,  
 But all the worse for me.  
 Alack, &c.

There was a proper maiden,  
 Of favour sweet and fair,  
 To whom in deep affection  
 I closely did repair :  
 In heart I dearly lov'd her,  
 Lo ! thus began my care.  
 Alack, &c.

Nothing wanting in her,  
 But this the grief of all,  
 Of birth she was but lowly,  
 Of substance very small ;  
 A simple hired servant,  
 And subject to each call.  
 Alack, &c.

Yet she was my pleasure,  
     My joy and heart's delight,  
 More rich than any treasure,  
     More precious in my sight!  
 At length to one another  
     Our promise we did plight.  
         Alack, &c.

And thus unto my father,  
     The thing I did reveal,  
 Desiring of his favour,  
     Nothing I did conceal.  
 But he my dear affection  
     Regarded ne'er a deal.  
         Alack, &c.

Quoth he, Thou graceless fellow,  
     Thou art my only heir,  
 And for thy own preferment  
     Has thou no better care,  
 To marry with a beggar,  
     That is both poor and bare?  
         Alack, &c.

I charge thee on my blessing,  
Thou do her sight refrain,  
And that into her company  
You never come again ;  
That you should be so married  
I take it in disdain.  
Alack, &c.

Is there so many gentlemen,  
Of worship and degree,  
That have most honest daughters,  
Of beauty fair and free ;  
And can none but a beggar's brat  
Content and pleasure thee ?  
Alack, &c.

By Him that made all creatures  
This vow to thee I make,  
If thou do not this beggar  
Refuse and quite forsake,  
From thee thy due inheritance  
I wholly mean to take.  
Alack, &c.

These, his bitter speeches,  
Did sore torment my mind,  
Knowing well how greatly  
He was to wrath inclin'd.  
My heart was slain with sorrow,  
No comfort I could find.  
Alack, &c.

Then did I write a letter,  
And send it to my dear,  
Wherein my first affection  
All changed did appear ;  
Which from her fair eyes forc'd  
The pearl'd water clear.  
Alack, &c.

For grief, unto the messenger  
One word she could not speak,  
Those doleful heavy tidings  
Her gentle heart did break ;  
Yet sought not by her speeches  
On me her heart to wreak.  
Alack, &c.



This deed within my conscience  
    Tormented me full sore,  
To think upon the promise  
    I made her long before ;  
And for the true performance  
    How I most deeply swore.  
    Alack, &c.

I could not be in quiet  
    Till I to her did go,  
Who for my sake remained  
    In sorrow, grief, and wo ;  
And unto her in secret  
    My full intent to show.  
    Alack, &c.

My sight rejoiced greatly  
    Her sad perplexed heart,  
From both her eyes on sudden  
    The trickling tears did start,  
And in each other's bosom  
    We breathed forth our smart.  
    Alack, &c.

Unknown unto my father,  
 Or any friend beside,  
 Ourselves we closely married,  
 She was my only bride ;  
 Yet still within her service  
 I caus'd her to abide.  
 Alack, &c.

But never had two lovers  
 More sorrow, care, and grief,  
 No means in our extremity  
 We found for our relief ;  
 And now what further happened  
 Here foloweth in brief.  
 Alack, &c.

Now all ye loyal lovers,  
 Attend unto the rest,  
 See by my secret marriage  
 How sore I am opprest ;  
 For why, my foul misfortune  
 Herein shall be exprest.  
 Alack, &c.

My father came unto me,  
 Upon a certain day,  
 And with a merry countenance  
 These words to me did say :  
 My son, quoth he, come hither,  
 And mark what I shall say.  
 Alack, &c.

Seeing you are disposed  
 To lead a wedded life,  
 I have, unto your credit,  
 Provided you a wife,  
 Where thou may'st live delightful  
 Without all care and strife.  
 Alack, &c.

Master Senock's daughter,  
 Most beautiful and wise,  
 Three hundred pounds her portion  
 May well thy mind suffice,  
 And by her friends and kindred  
 Thou mayst to credit rise.  
 Alack, &c.

This is, my son, undoubted,  
A match for thee most meet ;  
She is a proper maiden,  
Most delicate and sweet ;  
Go woo her then, and wed her,  
I shall rejoice to see't.  
Alack, &c.

Her friends and I have talked,  
And thereon have agreed,  
Then be not thou abashed,  
But speedily proceed ;  
Thou shalt be entertained,  
And leave, no doubt, to speed.  
Alack, &c.

O, pardon me, dear father,  
With bashful looks, I said,  
To enter into marriage  
I sorely am afraid ;  
A single life is lovely,  
Therein my mind is staid.  
Alack, &c.

When he had heard my speech,  
His anger did arise,  
He drove me from his presence,  
My sight he did despise,  
And straight to disinherit me  
All means he did devise.  
Alack, &c.

When I perceived myself  
In that ill case to stand,  
Most lewdly I consented  
Unto his fond demand,  
And married with the other,  
And all to save my land.  
Alack, &c.

And at this hapless marriage  
Great cost my friends did keep,  
They spared not their poultry,  
Their oxen, nor their sheep.  
Whilst joyfully they danced,  
I did in corners weep.  
Alack, &c.

My conscience was tormented,  
 Which did my joys deprive,  
 Yet for to hide my sorrow  
 My thoughts did always strive ;  
 Quoth I, what shame will it be,  
 To have two wives alive.  
 Alack, &c.

O, my sweet Margaret,  
 I did in sorrow say,  
 Thou know'st not in thy service,  
 Of this my marriage-day ;  
 Though here my body resteth,  
 With thee my heart doth stay !  
 Alack, &c.

Saying, why doth my true love  
 So sadly here abide,  
 And in my meditations  
 Came in my lovely bride,  
 With chains and jewels trimmed,  
 And silken robes beside.  
 Alack, &c.

Yet twenty lovely kisses  
 She did on me bestow,  
 And forth abroad a-walking  
 This lovely maid did go ;  
 Yea, arm in arm most friendly,  
 With him that was her foe.  
 Alack, &c.

But when that I had brought her  
 Where nobody was near,  
 I embrac'd her most falsely,  
 With a most feigned chear,  
 Unto the heart I stabbed  
 This maiden fair and clear.  
 Alack, &c.

Myself in woeful manner  
 I wounded with a knife,  
 And laid myself down by her,  
 By this my married wife ;  
 And said, that thieves to rob us  
 Had wrought this deadly strife.  
 Alack, &c.

Great wailing and great sorrow  
 Was then upon each side,  
 In woeful sort they buried  
 This fair and comely bride,  
 And my dissimulation  
 Herein was quickly try'd.  
 Alack, &c.

And for this cruel murder  
 To death thus I am brought,  
 For this my aged father  
 Did end his days in nought ;  
 My Margaret at these tidings  
 Her own destruction wrought.  
 Alack, &c.

Lo here the doleful peril  
 Blind fancy brought me in,  
 And mark what care and sorrow  
 Forc'd marriage doth bring ;  
 All men by me be warned,  
 And Lord forgive my sin.  
 Alack, for my love I must die !





## JONE O' GREENFIELD'S RAMBLE.

A CURIOUS and popular Lancashire song, said to be more than a century old. It is here taken from Mr. Dixon's 'Ancient Poems,' p. 217, who says, "it is the oldest Lancashire song the editor has been able to procure, as well as one of the most popular; and from its being witty without being vulgar, has ever been a favorite with all classes of society."

SAYS Jone to his wife, on a hot summer's day,  
 I'm resolv'd i' Grinfilt no lunger to stay;  
 For I'll go to Owdham os fast os I can,  
 So fare thee weel, Grinfilt, un fare thee weel, Nan;  
 A soger I'll be, un brave Owdham I'll see,  
 Un I'll ha'e a battle wi' the French.

Dear Jone, then said Nan, un hoo bitterly cried,  
 Wilt' be one o' the foote, or the meons to ride?  
 Odsounds! wench, I'll ride oather ass or a mule,  
 Ere I'll kewer i' Grinfilt os black as te dule,  
 Boath clemmink un starvink, un never a fardink:  
 Ecod! it would drive ony mon mad.

Aye, Jone, sin' we coom i' Grinfilt for t' dwell,  
 We'n had mony a bare meal, I con vara weel tell;  
 Bare meal! ecod! aye, that I vara weel know,  
 There's bin two days this wick ot we'n had nowt  
 at o :

I'm vara near sided, afore I'll abide it,  
 I'll feight oather Spanish or French.

Then says my aunt Marget, Ah! Jone, thee'rt  
 so hot,

I'd ne'er go to Owdham, boh i' Englund I'd stop ;  
 It matters nowt, Madge, for to Owdham I'll go,  
 I'll naw clam to deeth, boh sumbry shalt know :

Furst Frenchman I find, I'll tell him meh mind,  
 Un if he'll naw feight, he shall run.

Then down th' broo I coom, for we livent at top,  
 I thowt I'd reach Owdham ere ever I'd stop ;  
 Ecod! heaw they stared when I getten to th'  
 Mumps,

Meh owd hat i' my hond, un meh clogs full o'  
 stumps ;

Boh I soon towd um, I'r gooink to Owdham,  
 Un I'd ha'e a battle wi' the French.

I kept eendway thro' th' lone, un to Owdham I  
went,

I ask'd a recruit if te'd make up their keawnt?  
No, no, honest lad (for he tawked like a king),  
Go wi' meh thro' the street, un thee I will bring  
Where, if theaw'rt willink, theaw may ha'e a  
shillink.

Ecod! I thowt this wur rare news.

He browt me to th' pleck where te measurn  
their height, [weight;  
Un if they bin height, there's nowt said about  
I retched me, un stretched me, un never did  
flinch, [inch:  
Says the mon, I believe theawr't meh lad to an  
I thowt this'll do, I'st ha'e guineas enow,  
Ecod! Owdham, brave Owdham for me.

So fare thee weel Grinfilt, a soger I'm made,  
I'n getten new shoon, un a rare cockade;  
I'll feight for Owd Englond os hard os I con,  
Oather French, Dutch, or Spanish, to me it's o one:  
I'll make 'em to stare like a new-started hare,  
Un I'll tell 'em fro' Owdham I coom.



### THE OLD MAN OUTWITTED.

A **CURIOUS** metrical tale, popular in the North of England. It was probably written about the middle of the last century, but the earliest copy of it I have seen is in a chap-book not more than fifty years old. We cannot say much for the poetry, but the incidents are by no means ungraceful. Some copies lay the scene at Cambridge, and some near York.

**L**ET all lovers which around me doth stand,  
 Be pleas'd to give ear to these lines I have  
 penn'd,  
 And when you have heard them, I am sure you  
 will say  
 It's a medicine to drive melancholy away.

It's of an ancient farmer near Chester did dwell,  
 Whose name at the present I mean not to tell;  
 He had an only daughter, both charming and fair,  
 She quickly was drawn into Cupid's snare.

Her father indeed kept a servant man  
For to do his business, his name it was John ;  
The maid was smitten with each glance of his eye,  
That she never was easy out of his company.

They often together in private would walk  
Alone in the garden, and pleasantly talk.  
But pray give attention, and soon you shall hear  
How this passion oft brought them into a snare.

Her father one night to the window had got,  
Just over the place where these two lovers sat,  
And heard every word that between them was said,  
By which this unfortunate youth was betray'd.

My dear, said the young man, my love it is true,  
And I have set my affections on you ;  
I hope you'll remember the vows that are past,  
And woe be to them who our comforts shall blast!

The maiden immediately fell on her knee,  
And said, If ever I prove the ruin of thee,  
May all that I act in the world never thrive,  
Nor I ever prosper while I am alive.

The old man retired then with a frown,  
With a heart full inflamed he sat himself down,  
Contriving some way for to part the young pair,  
And how it was acted you quickly shall hear.

Next morning right early he call'd his man John,  
And when that he into the parlour did come,  
He said, I am bound for London, and that speedily;  
Speak up, are you willing to go along with me?

Dear honour'd sir, the young man reply'd,  
The thing you require shall not be deny'd;  
But in your journey I attentive shall be,  
Because I am willing that city to see.

Next morning for London they then did steer,  
And soon did arrive at that city we hear.  
Let innocent lovers be pleased to wait,  
The truth of this subject I soon shall relate.

Next morning the old man early arose,  
And privately to a sea captain he goes,  
Saying, Sir, I am told you want lads for the sea,  
And I have got a lad that will fit to a tee.

Here's thirty bright guineas I'll freely give thee,  
If you can contrive to take him to sea,  
That he never more to old England may come.  
A match, said the Captain, the same shall be done.

A pressgang immediately up to him went,  
And having secur'd him, on board he was sent,  
In tears to lament on the said roaring main,  
Never expecting more to see his love again.

That day after dinner it happened so,  
That the Captain's lady on board she would go,  
Walking the deck her fair face for to fan,  
And casting her eyes down did see this young man

Sit close in a corner, with eyes full of tears,  
His face pale as ashes, and heart full of fears ;  
Which sight fill'd the lady with such discontent,  
That away to the Captain that minute she went.

Saying, What youth is that, love? prithee, tell me,  
Because that he sitteth so melancholy.

The Captain straight call'd him, the young man  
he came

With tears in his face, then he asked his name.

He told him his name with many a tear,  
Likewise the cause of his coming there ;  
From the truth of his love his ruin did rise,  
Which drew many tears from the young lady's eyes.

She begged for his liberty straight on her knee,  
The Captain did with her petition agree.  
He likewise return'd him ten guineas of gold,  
And gave him his freedom, and farther behold--

Saying, Get you to Smithfield away in a trice,  
And buy you a nag about five guineas price,  
Get home before your master, now luck's in  
your hands,  
And marry his daughter to make him amends.

The young man return'd his compliment,  
And, taking his leave, to Smithfield he went,  
Where he bought him a steed, and home did repair ;  
Now the cream of the jest be pleased to hear.

Coming to his jewel, he told her in brief  
The cause of his sorrow, trouble, and grief,  
And when she had heard it, she quickly agreed,  
And early next morning they married indeed.



When they were married, the young man did say,  
Go you to my father's without more delay,  
And I'll tarry here a fancy to try :  
And how it was acted you'll hear by and by.

The bride being gone, to her chamber he goes,  
Pulls off his coat, and puts on her clothes,  
And sets himself down by the fire to spin,  
Just as he was acting the old man came in.

He lights from his horse and secured the same,  
And into the house he immediately came,  
Saying, Now, handsome daughter, I've taken care  
To break the intrigues betwixt you and your dear.

I've seen him far enough away from the shore,  
Where waves do foam and the billows roar ;  
You may now seek another as fast as you please,  
But as for your old love, I've sent him to the seas.

The young man immediately fell to the ground,  
Pretending as if he had been in a swoon ;  
In a passion then smiting his hands on his side,  
What have you done, cruel master ? he cried.

Master ! with a vengeance, the old man reply'd.  
Yes, yes, you'r my master, the young man he cried ;  
Oh, pray be but easy, and to you I'll tell  
The saddest misfortune that ever befel.

When my mistress heard I to London must go,  
She crav'd, nay, begg'd and intreated me so,  
To be dressed in my clothes for to go with yow,  
Because she had a mind that city to view.

Adzooks ! says the old man, what have I done ?  
I have ruined my daughter; oh, where shall I run ?  
The devil's bewitched me for coveting gold,  
The life of my innocent daughter I've sold.

The old man ran raving away to the barn,  
And snatching a halter under his arm,  
To a beam near at hand he immediately ran,  
With a rope round his neck away he swung.

The young man immediately whipp'd out his knife,  
And cut him down ere he finish'd his life,  
Said, Dear sir, have patience and not complain,  
And I'll do what I can for to fetch her again.

The old man he star'd like a fox in a snare,  
Saying, Bring my darling, whom I love so dear,  
And that very minute you bring her to town,  
That moment I'll pay thee five hundred pound.

Nay, that is not all, for to finish the strife,  
I'll freely agree to make her your wife,  
And if that I forty years longer remain,  
I never, no, never, will cross her again.

The young man reply'd, I'm not free to trust ;  
But if you will give me a writing first,  
I'll bring her, though never such hazards I run.  
A match, said the old man, the same shall be done.

He gave him a bond ; having taken the same,  
Away to the bride with the writing he came,  
And told her the story of what he had done ;  
It made the whole family laugh at the fun.

Next morning he drest himself in his best clothes,  
With his charming bride, like a beautiful rose,  
A walk to their father's house straight they did take,  
And happened to meet him just entering the gate.

They fell on their knees, and his blessing did  
crave,

The which he presently unto them gave ;

Then, kissing his daughter, he turn'd to his son,  
Saying, John, you have funn'd me as sure as  
a gun.

They up from their knees, and told him the truth.  
He said, As you're both in the bloom of your  
youth,

I give you my blessing, and for your policy  
Two thousand pounds you shall have when I die.

You lovers in Britain, whoever you be  
That read these few lines, take counsel of me,  
Don't matter love's crosses though thick they fall,  
For marriage shall soon make amends for all.





## THE PROPHECY OF NIXON.

THE prophecy of Nixon has so often given a name to the production of authors of different principles, that it became almost a doubt whether such a person ever existed. Curious in this inquiry, passing through Cheshire, I spent some time on the spot where this famous idiot lived, and where he told many events that would happen. Surprised at the credit given to these by the inhabitants, I determined to take the particulars from their own mouths, which I found to agree pretty well with a written copy handed about, in a kind of doggerel verse. But the original is in the hands only of a few; that only one, making eight sheets on foolscap paper, can be remembered. But that the original is only in the hands of the C—— family is not to be credited, since the nature of the prophecy shows it to have been before the

Reformation, when the monks possessed the Abbey of Vale Royal. The family of Holcroft and the above family did not live there till the reign of Charles I, so that Nixon could never live with them, as asserted by Mr. Oldmixon, in King James's reign. Nor do I pretend to assert that this is either the whole, or a copy in regular order, but such as it is, came from the oldest inhabitants, and I am particularly beholden to a descendant of the name of Nixon for several parts handed from his forefathers down to him, and till those who are possessed of the old manuscript choose to put it into print, I must be allowed to have given the largest and most authentic edition of any hitherto published.

As to the belief in prophecy, though so in all ages, I purpose not to enter into controversy concerning; it is enough to say, that should events like those ever come to pass, and particularly now, when every mind is big with expectation of news from a certain nation which is named in it, I have done my duty in timely alarming my countrymen who have every acknowledgment to make for the present happy

establishments, and will no doubt exert all their abilities in defence of his present Majesty and his royal issue.

John, or Jonathan, the father of our prophet, was a husbandman, who had the lease of a farm of the Abbey of Vale Royal, to this day known by the name of Bark- or Bridge-house, in the parish of Over, near Newchurch, and not far from Vale Royal, on the forest of Delamere, which house is still kept up and venerated by the natives of Cheshire, for nothing else as I could hear of but this extraordinary person's birth, who was born on Whitsunday, and was christened by the name of Robert, in the year 1467, about the seventh year of Edward IV, who from his infancy was remarkable for a natural stupidity and invincible ignorance, so that it was with great difficulty his parents could instruct him to drive the team, tend the cattle, and such sort of rustic employment. His parents at their decease left their farm and our Robert very young to the care of an elder brother, with whom he first gave an instance of that foreknowledge which renders his name so famous.

As he was driving the team one day, while his brother's man guided the plough, he pricked the ox so very cruelly with his goad, that the plough-holder threatened to tell his master. On which Nixon said, the ox should not be his brother's three days hence, which accordingly happened; for a life dropping in the estate, the lord of the manor took the same ox for a herriot.

During his residence here, he was chiefly distinguished for his simplicity, seldom spoke, and when he did, he had so rough a voice that it was painful to hear him; he was remarkably satirical, and what he said had generally some prophetic meaning. It was about this time that a monk of Vale Royal having displeased him, he said, in an angry tone,—

When you the harrow come on high,  
Soon a raven's nest will be.

Which is well known to have come to pass in the person of the last abbot of that place, whose name was Harrow. Being called before Sir



Thomas Holcroft, who was put to death for denying the supremacy of King Henry VIII, who, according to his commission, having suppressed the abbey, the king gave the domain of this knight and his heirs, who bore a raven for his crest.

At another time he told them that Norton and Vale Royal Abbeys should meet on Acton Bridge, a thing at that time looked upon as improbable; but those two abbeys being pulled down, the stones were used for that purpose. But what was more improbable still, a small thorn growing in the abbey-yard would become its door. We may easily guess no one thought this would ever come to pass, especially as it was understood by every one at that time that thorns never grew so large; but this shows the uncertain meaning of our prophecy; what we understood one way, possibly is meant quite different; so it happened in this case, for at the Reformation, the savage ravagers, who, under the sanction of religion, sought nothing but rapine and plunder to enrich themselves, and who, under a name of banishing superstition and pulling down idolatry, spared

not even the most venerable lineaments of antiquity, the most sacred piles, the most noble structures, or most valuable records; books wrote by our most venerable forefathers and heroic ancestors; pieces of the nicest paint, or figures for their workmanship, all being lost, irrecoverably lost, in one common fit of destructive zeal, which every hue and cry is too apt to raise in the breast of a hot-headed bigot, whilst the truly religious, honest, and learned men regret to this very day the loss those destructive times have occasioned; whilst these reached Vale Royal, amongst the rest, this thorn being cut down and cast in the doorway, to prevent sheep which grazed in the court from going in. But the Reformation he declares in still plainer terms, for he says,—

A time shall come when priests and monks  
 Shall have no churches nor houses,  
 And places where images stood,  
 Lined letters shall be good,  
 English books through churches are spread,  
 There shall be no holy bread.

It is not my intention to recite every particular it is said he foretold, which either regard private families or past occasions ; however, it may not be amiss to mention what is fresh in one's memory who lives near Delamere Forest, and was vouched to me by several of the oldest inhabitants :

Through Weaver Hall shall be a lone,\*  
 Rideley pool shall be sown and mown,  
 And Darnel park shall be hack'd and hewn.

The two wings of Weaver Hall are now standing, and between them is a cart-road ; Rideley pool is filled up, and made good meadow land ; and in Darnel park the trees are cut down, and made pasture ground.

I was also assured he foretold the use of broad wheels, &c., and that Northwich, now a considerable town of trade for salt, will be destroyed by waters, which is expected to come to pass by the natives of Cheshire as much as any other part of his prophecy has done ; and some

\* That is, a lane. This is a north-country pronunciation of the word.

urge that the navigable cuts now making is the water meant, but whether a prejudice against those useful employments may not have given rise for this notion, time only can determine. But what rendered Nixon the most noticed was, that at the time when the battle of Bosworthfield was fought between King Richard III and King Henry VII, he stopped his team on a sudden, and with his whip pointing from one hand to the other, cried, "Now Richard, now Harry," several times, till at last he said, "Now Harry, get over the ditch, and you gain the day." The plough-holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home, and the truth of the prediction was verified by special messengers sent to every part to announce the proclamation of Henry, King of England; on the field of battle. The messenger who went this circuit related on his return the prediction of Nixon concerning the king's success, which, though it had been confirmed by his arrival, had made it no news to the natives of those parts. Henry, perhaps the wisest prince of that time, not willing to be deceived, nor yet doubting the

dispensations of Providence, though by the mouth of a fool, sent the same messenger back to find Nixon and bring him before him ; at the moment the king gave his orders, our prophet was in the town of Over, about which he ran like a madman, declaring the king had sent for him, and that he must go to court, and there be clemmed, i. e. starved to death ; such declaration occasioned a great deal of laughter in the town, to think that his Majesty, so noted for his wisdom, should send for a dirty drivelling clown to court, and that being sent for he should fear to be starved there ; but how great was their surprise in a few days, when the messenger passed through the town, demanded a guide to find Nixon, who then was turning the spit at his brother's at the bakehouse, crying, "He is coming, he is now on the road for me !" but the astonishment of this family can scarcely be imagined, when on the messenger's arrival, he demanded Nixon in the king's name ; the people who before scoffed at his simple appearance and odd sayings, and pointed to the very children to make him their sport, were now confounded to

find the most ridiculous of all he had foretold (in their opinion) became a truth, which was vouched to their own eyes; whilst hurried through the country Nixon still loudly lamented that he was going to be starved at court. He had no sooner arrived there, than the curious king, willing to make trial of his foreknowledge, devised the following scheme to prove it. Having hid a valuable diamond ring which he commonly wore, after the most seemingly strict inquiry made through the palace whether any one had seen it, he sent for Nixon, telling him what a loss he had sustained, and that if he could not help him to find it, he had no hopes left. But how much surprised was the king when he got for an answer the old proverb,—

“He who hides can find;”

On which he declared with a smile, that he had done this only to try the prophet; but ever after ordered what he said should be carefully took in writing.

To prevent Nixon from being starved, his

Majesty gave orders for him to have the liberty to range through the whole place, and the kitchen to be his most constant dwelling. Besides which, an officer was appointed to take care that he was neither misused or affronted by the servants, nor at a loss for any necessary of life. Thus situated, one would have thought want could never have reached him; yet one day, as the king was going to his hunting-seat, Nixon ran to him, crying, begged in the most moving terms that he might not be left, for that if he were, his Majesty would never see him again alive, that he should be starved; now was the time that if he was left he must die. The king, whose thoughts were doubtless fixed on the diversion he was going to, and supposing the matter at that time so very unlikely to come to pass, only said it would be impossible, and recommended him strongly to the officer's care; but scarcely was the king gone from the palace gate when the servants mocked and teased Nixon to such a degree, that the officer, to prevent those results, locked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend him,

thinking he should prevent this part of his prophecy from coming true ; but a messenger of importance came from the king to this very officer, he, in his readiness to obey the royal command, forgot to set poor Nixon at liberty, and though he was but three days absent, when he recollected his prisoner, found him at his return dead, as he had foretold, of hunger.

Thus evidenced by what is expressed stands his prophecy in every mouth in Cheshire, yet a greater affront cannot be given than to ask a copy from the families said to be possessed of it. Every means, it is well known, has been used to smother the truth, perplex the curious, and ever abolish the very remembrance that such a one ever existed ; but from what reason cannot appear, except that it foretold the heir of O— is to meet with some ignominious death at his own gate, with other family events, which, though no person or time being particularly distinguished, may perhaps occasion the secrecy.

I must also observe that the cross on Delamere Forest, that is, the three steps and the socker on which the cross formerly stood, are now sunk



within a few inches of the ground, though all remembered to have been seen, in the memory of man, near six feet above; the cross itself having been destroyed long since. It is remarkable this headless cross is mentioned by Merlin de Rymer and most other English and Scotch prophets, as the last place in England on which it is supposed a decisive action will happen, but as to any fixed period when the things will come to pass I cannot learn, all things mentioned with the greatest uncertainty; nor is the story of the miller and the boy, which Mr. Oldmixon tells us, to be depended on. Since such prodigies in birth have happened more than once in those parts, and as to comments or notes, I shall differ in that particular from former writers, so much as to leave them to my readers to make for themselves.

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Nixon's reputation has endured to the present day, and the illustrious Samuel Weller condescends to allude to his history. "Vell, now,"

said Sam, "you've been a prophecyin' avay wery fine, like a red-faced Nixon, as the six-penny books gives picturs on." Some copies add the following predictions, kindly supplying the facts of their fulfilment. Thus the "favorite of a king," alludes to the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton; the "men of the north, who sold precious blood," are the Scots; the "noble warrior" was the Duke of Montrose; the physical troubles at "the departure of a great man's soul" allude to the storm which occurred at the death of Cromwell; and the event of the spots and fire to the plague and fire of London. But so remarkable a document must not be omitted, and we therefore give our readers the opportunity of examining the merits of the prophecy.

The famous Cheshire prophet Nixon, besides his prophecies relative to the fate of private families, also predicted much of public affairs, which we find literally verified by the sequel.

On the Christmas before he went to court, being among the servants of Mr. Cholmondley's

house, to the surprise of them all, he suddenly started up, and said :

“ I must prophecy.” He went on : “ If the favorite of a king shall be slain, the master’s neck shall be cleft in twain; and the men of the north shall sell precious blood, yea, their own blood, and they shall sacrifice a noble warrior to the idol, and hang up his flesh in the high places. And a storm shall come out of the north, which shall blow down the steeples of the south, and the labourer shall rise above his master, and the harvest shall in part be trampled down by horses, and the remainder lie waste to be devoured by birds.

“ When an oak-tree shall be softer than men’s hearts, then look for better times, but they be but beginning.

“ The departure of a great man’s soul shall trouble a river hard by, and overthrow trees, houses, and estates. From that part of the house from whence the mischief came you must look for the cure. First comes joy, then sorrow; after mirth comes mourning.

“ I see men, women, and children spotted like

beasts, and their nearest and dearest friends affrighted at them. I see towns on fire and innocent blood shed; but when men and horses walk upon the water, then shall come peace and plenty to the people; but trouble is preparing for kings: and the great yellow fruit shall come over to this country and flourish; and I see this tree take deep root, and spread into a thousand branches, which shall afterwards be at strife one with another, because of their numbers, and there shall come a wind from the south, and the west, which shall shake the tree. I see multitudes of people running to and fro, and talking in a strange tongue. And there shall be a famine in the midst of great plenty, and earthquakes and storms shall level and purify the earth."

After these sayings, which every one, with the slightest knowledge of our history, will instantly apply to those events which they so wonderfully foretold, Nixon was silent, and relapsed into his wonted stupidity, from which he did not recover until many weeks after, when he became again inspired, and gave vent to those remarkable predictions which were col-

lected by Mr. Oldmixon. Those which we have just now related were taken down from the prophet's mouth by the steward, in pursuance of the orders of Mr. Cholmondely himself, and the original manuscript is now in the hands of a gentleman in Shropshire.



### EPITAPH FOR JANE FOXE.

From a MS. of the Sixteenth Century.

*An Epitaphe for Jane the wiffe of Walter Foxe,  
Marchaunt Venterer in the Cittie of Chester,  
decessid an<sup>o</sup> 1575.*

**I**N dreadinge doubttes of sundrie sortes  
 Report aryvd me bye,  
 And urged mee wryte the vertues rare  
 Whiche now in erthe must lye.  
 Lamente, therefore, and mourne withe mee,  
 Yee wemen hear about,  
 The screekinge showtes, the grevous gronnes,  
 And rwe the cryinge out

Of Walter Fox for his good wief,  
     His babes for their good mother,  
 The lampe of light, the carking care,  
     That sholde have beene their succoure.  
 Alas ! sweete babes, now have they lost  
     Their lovinge mother Jane ;  
 What though the earthe must hyde her corps,  
     Yt shall not hyde her fame.  
 Descended of an honest race,  
     As all the towne dothe knowe,  
 A frende to eache, a neihboure deare,  
     And unto none a foe.  
 The poore of Powe Moore shall want  
     A helpe like her in neede,  
 Her hart, her woord, her helpinge hand,  
     Their hongrey mawes to feede.  
 A modest matrone, hurting none  
     By face ne yet by backe,  
 A doughter deare, m<sup>rs</sup> Bavond,  
     Of her hencefourth must lacke.  
 A lovinge sister shall they want,  
     That yet her sisters are;  
 And in like sorte her brothers bothe  
     Shall miss a phenix rare.

Even as the rarst and aple ripst  
     Do the soonest fall from tree,  
 So dost thou, Lord, amongst us heare  
     Thy choise so chosen bee.  
 And so thou hast bereyed now  
     Theise babes of libertie ;  
 O Lorde, to thee therfore they pray,  
     Theire mother thou wiltt bee  
 Insteade of her, whose soule thou hast  
     With thee past care in rest.  
 Thy will bee doone, O Lord, allway,  
     For thy will is the best !  
 Your uncles and your aunes also,  
     Beholde her fruite heare leaste,  
 And have a care for to assiste  
     Whose mother is bereafte.  
 To theire greate misse and her good happ,  
     To chainge this mortall life,  
 From earth to heaven the like I pray  
     For eithe good man and wiffe.





LOVE VERSES, CHESTER, 1576.

From a MS. of the Sixteenth Century.

*A Yonge Gentleman's Letter to a Gentlewoman,  
whearin hee compares his love to the Merchaunt,  
and his affection to the Shipp. Writtn per F. C.  
to I. B. the xx. of May, 1576, at Chester.*

**I**N hope of good successe to have,  
The merchaunt fraights his taced shippe;  
Fayre wyndes, hye tydes, he still doth crave  
To passe the seas with many a skipp ;  
And when with kennyng lande hee sees,  
God send our shipp good loock ! hee cries.

So I by love to you thus led,  
Erst tost and turnd withe many a doubt,  
All daie one fote, all night in bed,  
Tyll thus my muse the waie found out  
One paper pale to paint the payne  
My selly selfe dothe so sustayne.



And when the weeryed merchant landes  
 His goods withe care for to unlode,  
 In venture stile his state so stands,  
 Whilst theare so farr hee maks abode,  
 His goods erst layd unlodes againe,  
 And thus withe care dothe still remaine.

So I after asistance nowe,  
 Sutche as my muse did helpe mee with,  
 Performes my plighted secrete vowe,  
 Withe judge I have with tryed truth.  
 Unlode that lay in hid till nowe,  
 I tell you wheare and shewe you how.

This merchaunt he begynnes to smyle,  
 When he hath uttered sutch his goods,  
 He freighted had so many a myle,  
 And passed so over the floodes ;  
 So when in powch hee had his fee,  
 Hee smyles, hee laughes, and who but hee?

Wolde God as hee I had sutche cause,  
 By your vouchsavage of this same ;  
 After you have made trwe your pause,  
 I have no doubt to purchase blame :  
 And thus to you I am thus boulde,  
 My heavye hart for to unfoulde.

And hath the merchaunt then no care  
In forraigne soyle for home againe?  
Yes! yes! alwayes hee dothe prepare  
His shipp with freight to enterteigne.  
Shall I now, saie hee, all hath lost,  
Or woone to will his natyve cost.

No! no! not so, untill sutch tyde  
As this is reade and also knowen,  
By her who hath the cause to gyde,  
That now at lardg by this is knowen ;  
Wolde God the shipp weare saves at home,  
Wolde God that you and I weare one!

*Finis T. C.*





MRS. PHŒBE HARPUR.

THE following lines are extracted from a collection of poems made by Randal Holme early in the Seventeenth Century, and preserved in Harl. MSS. in the British Museum.

*Upon the name of Mrs. Phœbe Harpur, daughter to  
Mr. Henry Harpur of Chester, who dyed 1639.*

PHŒBE, thy name and nature well agree,  
The moone is changed, death hath eclipsed  
thee ;  
Though earth inclose thee, Phœbe, for a while,  
And in thy wane, thy frends hopes did beguile,  
Yet ere longe tyme thy increment shall bee  
At glorius full, from ecclippis ever free.

*Per me, Rand. Holme, 10 Dec. 1639.*





SARAH SOLEY OF CHESTER.

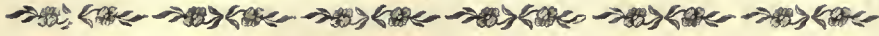
From Holme's Collections, Harl. MSS.

*Upon Sarah Soley, longe stayinge in the cuntrey, and  
expected by my wife and me.*

SADLY wee sitt, Soley, for want of thee ;  
 All myrth is gone untill wee doe the see ;  
 Restles thoughts eich day doth cause us mourne,  
 Alas ! we sigh untill thy safe returne.  
 Hast then, wee say, 'tis true you may beleve,  
 Soly, not one, but, Soley, we both greeve !  
 O hast, hast, hast ! to make the sadd amends,  
 Loe, this is all the sole crye of your frends,  
 Eich one desires their love to you to send,  
 Your safe returne wee wish, and so I end.

*R. Holme.*





## CHESHIRE MAY SONG.

KINDLY communicated to the Editor by George Ormerod, Esq.,  
of Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire. We may refer the reader for  
observations on the chief rural customs of the county to the first  
volume of Mr. Ormerod's excellent 'History of Cheshire.'

ALL on this pleasant evening together come  
are we, [gay,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and  
To tell you of a blossom that hangs on every tree,  
Drawing near to this morning of May.  
Oh, this is pleasant singing, sweet May flower  
is springing,  
And summer comes so fresh, green, and gay.

Rise up the master of this house, all in his chain  
of gold,  
For the summer, &c.  
And turn unto your loving wife, so comely to  
behold,  
Drawing near, &c.  
Oh, this is pleasant, &c.

Rise up the mistress of this house, with gold  
upon your breast,

For the summer, &c.

And if your body's sleeping, we hope your soul  
has rest,

Drawing near, &c.

Oh, this is pleasant, &c.

Or,

Oh, rise up, Mr. A. B., all joys to you betide, &c.

Your steed stands ready saddled, a hunting for  
to ride, &c.

Or,

Your saddle is of silver, your bridle is of gold,  
&c.

Your bride shall ride beside you, so lovely to  
behold, &c.

Or,

Oh, rise up, Mr. D. C., and take your pen in  
hand, &c.

For you're a learned scholar, as we do under-  
stand, &c.

Or,

Oh, rise up, Mistress E. F., all in your rich  
attire, &c.

You are to have some noble lord, or else some  
wealthy squire, &c.

Or,

Oh, rise up all the little ones, the flower of all  
your kin, &c.

And blessed be the chamber their bodies lie  
within, &c.

Or,

Oh, rise up, the good housekeeper, all in her  
gown of silk, &c.

And may she have a husband good, and twenty  
cows to milk, &c.

Or,

But where are all those fair maids, that used  
here to dance? &c.

Oh, they are gone abroad from hence, to spend  
their lives in France, &c.

God bless your house and harbour, your riches  
and your store,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and  
gay.  
We hope the Lord will prosper you both now  
and evermore,  
Drawing near to this morning of May.  
Oh, this is pleasant singing, sweet May-flower  
is springing,  
And summer comes so fresh, green, and gay.

These verses are a selection from a series sent from High Legh, in Cheshire, to Mr. Ormerod, by a lady resident there, in 1827. She mentioned that the "series of stanzas is widely extended to suit all classes of persons that may be required to be addressed, and the rural minstrels occasionally improvise in a style corresponding to what is here given."







## THE EARLS OF CHESTER.

---

THE following poem is entitled by an early transcriber, "Certeine Verses said to be made by RICHARD BOSTOCK of Tattenhall, Gent." It is a laboured composition, and although curious in its way, does not seem to be worthy of lengthened commentary even by the county historian. The copy here used is one preserved by COLE, which was "sent to me out of Cheshire by my friend Mr. ALLEN of Tarporley, and senior fellow of Trinity College in Cambr."

---

WHEN Saxon Harold, Godwin's son,  
Who had been K. without all right,  
At Hastings' field to death was done,  
And all his army put to flight,  
To William, who had won the field,  
The English peers the crown did yield.  
By Arlett, bastard son was he,  
To Robert, Duke of Normandy.

He, once establish'd in his seat,  
Amongst his men divides his land ;  
For now his power was grown so great,  
The English could not him withstand.  
He entring as a Conqueror,  
Lives, lands, and goods were in his power,  
To his own use he seiz'd the best,  
And 'mongst his soldiers parts the rest.

His sister's son, Hugh Lupus call'd,  
Whom than the rest he held more deare,  
The Earle of Chester was install'd  
With many wights that royal were.  
Chester by sword to hold the same,  
As he by crown did hold the realme ;  
Who made eight barons of his own,  
The names of whom full well are known.

Nigell of Halton was the first,  
Whose heirs did bear the Lacy's name,  
The Earls of Lincoln have been earst ;  
In Ireland likewise of great fame.  
Thomas the Earle of Lancaster,  
Had Alice to wife, who was their heire ;  
He issueless did lose his head,  
And she did never after wed :

But to his brother Henry she  
 Assur'd her lands ; since when they were  
 By Earles and Dukes undoubtedly  
 Held by the house of Lancaster,  
 Till Bollinbroke attain'd the crowne,  
 By putting second Richard downe ;  
 Since when the castle and the fee  
 Were in the Crowne continually.

Robert Fitz-Norman next was made  
 Of Mount-Halt Baron, in whose heirs  
 That barony succession had  
 Two hundred seventy and six years.  
 The last, who was a worthy knight,  
 To Isabelle gave all his right ;  
 The second Edward's wife was she :  
 So there did end the barony.

The third was William Maldebeng,  
 Of Malbancke Baron, from whose name  
 His grandchild daughters did it bringe ;  
 Vernon and Bassett had the same  
 By marriage, which did come to pass,  
 After the first created was  
 About of years some seventy-three,  
 Ere parted by copercenary.

Then Guarin Vernon after him,  
 Of Shebrook next created he,  
 The heirs of whom have barons been  
 For five descents continually.  
 The first deceased, then it came  
 To Littlebury, Wilburham,  
 And Stafford, by his sisters three,  
 Who unto those three married be.

Robert Fitz-Hugh, the next in place,  
 Of Malpas Baron was create ;  
 Which he enjoy'd but little space,  
 Before his days grew out of date.  
 Leaving no heirs, he being dead,  
 The Earle created, in his stead,  
 Eymon ap David, unto whome  
 Succeeded Ralfe his only sonn.

Two daughters, but no son at all  
 That Ralfe he had, who beinge dead,  
 The heritage forthwith did fall  
 To those that did his daughters wedd.  
 First David Clerke he had the one,  
 He was to William Belwurd sonn ;  
 The other Robert Patrick had :  
 They 'twixt them twain partition made.

From Philip, who was younger sonn  
 Of David Clerk, assuredly  
 The antient house of Egerton  
 Doth truely draw their pedigree.  
 Long after this by many years,  
 By marriage made among the heirs,  
 The barony being joyn'd again,  
 To Sutton the Lord Dudley came.

On Hamon Massy he did bestow  
 The Dunham-Massy barony,  
 To whom there did succeed in rowe  
 Eight heirs of his successively.  
 From thenceforth 'mongst the female heirs  
 It scatter'd was for many years ;  
 Yet most part, after ages past,  
 To Fitton of Bollen came at last.

The next was Gilbert Venables,  
 The Baron made of Kinderton,  
 From whom the same, to these our days,  
 In down-right line hath ever come,  
 To Thomas, who now holds the same,  
 Enjoying land, title, and name.  
 Few houses shall you find beside  
 That in one name so long abide.

Nicholas of Stockport was the last  
 To whome that title he did give ;  
 But after many yeares past,  
 In which his heirs did barons live,  
 Warren of Poynton got the same  
 By marriage. That same Warren came  
 From Earle Warren and Surry both,  
 As Camden doth affirm for troth.

These barons all were councellors  
 Unto the earle in his affairs,  
 And some were household officers,  
 And left their places to their heirs.  
 The year one thousand ninety three  
 He built West-Chester Monastrey ;  
 And five and forty years compleat  
 He did enjoy that famous seat.

Richard his son, but seven years old,  
 Succeeded in his father's place :  
 He did this famous earldome hold  
 For nineteen years and three months' space ;  
 And sailing then for Normandy,  
 First Henry's son to accompany,  
 Near Barbfleet being run aground,  
 Themselves and all their traine were drown'd.

Then Rondle Gernoun next governor was,  
He was Hugh Lupus sister's sonne;  
Who but eight years enjoy'd the place,  
Ere his last glass was fully run.  
Roundle Meschines, Gernoun's heire,  
Was next that did enjoy that chair :  
This Roundle, both in peace and warr,  
Past all the English nobles farr.

In this time Stephen rul'd this land,  
To Maud the empress due of right,  
First Henry's heire ; him to withstand  
She labour'd all the friends she might.  
The earle to aid her raised his power,  
Won many a city, towne, and towre ;  
And of all these he did obtaine,  
He had the honour, she the gaine.

The kinge to Lincoln seige had laid,  
And lain before it many days ;  
The earle came downe the towne to aide,  
With all his power the seige to raise.  
Some thought the kinge durst not abide,  
With him the battle to have tryed ;  
But though his coming he did knowe,  
Yet from thè seige he would not goe.

Upon the plaine, before the towne,  
They battle joine couragiously ;  
There many a knight was beaten down,  
Ere either won the victory.  
At length the earle did winn the day ;  
The king's pow'r brake and ran away ;  
The kinge himself in chace was ta'en,  
And most part of his soldiers slaine.

To Empress Maud at Gloucester,  
He did deliver up the kinge,  
Who kept him as a prisoner  
From midsommer untill the springe.  
Then for the Earle of Gloucester,  
Who taken was at Winchester,  
Her bastard brother to set free,  
She gave the kinge his libertie.

And after many a bloody field,  
Where countless numbers he had slaine,  
The kinge did to conditions yeelde,  
So, during life, himself might reigne ;  
The empress sonn, at his decease,  
Should have the crowne to him in peace ;  
And every one that took her part,  
He pardon'd freely with all his heart.



The Welchmen did incursions make  
 On Rounde's County Palatine,  
 Whilst he such endless pains did take,  
 In peace these princes to conjoine ;  
 But hearing it, such speed he made,  
 With that small power which then he had,  
 Whilst near Nampwich they sought their prey,  
 He slew all those fled not away.

The first year of his dignity,  
 He built the Abbey of Cumbermere,  
 The last year Poulton founded he ;  
 He govern'd five and twenty year,  
 And dy'd, as every other must.  
 But tho' thy body turne to dust,  
 Religiouse, valiant, just, and wise !  
 Great Cheshire Honour never dies !

When great Meschines was deceas'd,  
 His son Hugh Keveliock did enjoy  
 His honours, and the same increas'd  
 By valour and by industry.  
 He with his power did Wales invade,  
 For inroads which themselves had made ;  
 Regain'd his lands, and conquer'd all  
 Bromfeild and greatest part of Yale.

Beloved both by king and peers,  
 And greatly feared by his foes,  
 He govern'd nine and twenty years,  
 And then the way of all flesh goes ;  
 And left to govern in his place,  
 The cheifest man of all that race,  
 His son, call'd Randle Blondeville,  
 The paragon of all the isle.

Bold, bountifull, religious, wise,  
 Profoundly learned, liberall,  
 In all things dealing with advice ;  
 Of haughty mind, yet mild withall,  
 This younge earle was; which so did move  
 The Second Henry him to love,  
 That his son Jeffrey being dead,  
 He did to him his widow wed.

Of Brittain, and of Richmond she,  
 In her owne right the countesse was ;  
 Which added to his dignity,  
 Of earldoms made a mighty mass.  
 Of Chester, Lincoln, Huntingdon,  
 His father earle was ; but the sonn  
 Flint, Denbigh, Bromfeild, Powis-lands  
 Besides, had got into his hands.

Five earldoms, and three baronies,  
 He now enjoys with manors faire ;  
 And many wealthy royalties  
 In Nottingham and Staffordshire.  
 But his great honours alter'd not  
 His mind or manners any jott ;  
 For full of princely courtesey,  
 E'en to the last continued he.

When Second Henry was deceas'd,  
 And Cœur de Lion wore the crowne,  
 His fame in foreign lands increas'd ;  
 For that great kinge of high renowne,  
 The French kinge, and the emperor,  
 And Austrick duke, a man of power,  
 Did joyne together to redeeme  
 The city of Hyerusalem.

For that great Souldan Saladine,  
 In open feild, not long before,  
 Took prisioner Guy of Lusignan,  
 And many valiant Christians more.  
 After which feild the Saracine  
 Took Joppa and Jerusalem,  
 Tyre, Sydon, Acon, Tripolis,  
 And many cities more than this.

Before Messyne in Sicily

The Christian princes point to meet,  
With all their warlike company,

And there together joine their fleet.  
But man doth purpose, God dispose ;  
For on the seas such tempest rose,  
The emperor lands in Syrian shore,  
The French kinge with Tyreyna bore.

The see of Canterbury void,

The monks; by their authority,  
Which many years they had enjoy'd,  
Chose Stephen Langtown to that see.  
But him the kinge would not admitt,  
Therefore the bishop did him gett  
Unto the Pope, and such means made,  
That confirmation there he had.

But that the kinge did more incense,

As breach of his prerogative ;  
Wherefore the monks he banish'd hence,  
And did to Langton warning give,  
On pain of death, for to refraine  
To come into his land againe :  
Which heard, he straight return'd to Rome,  
For excommunication.

Against the kinge and all his land,  
 Whereto the Pope did soon assent ;  
 For whoso doth his power withstand,  
 Must be depos'd incontinent.  
 The neighbouring kings he doth persuade  
 King John's dominions to invade ;  
 And quitts the subjects of the realm  
 From oaths and from allegiance cleane.

And by this means such wars arise  
 Against the king both here and hence,  
 By out and inward enemies,  
 That to procure the Pope's dispence,  
 To's legate the kinge surrender made  
 Of's crown and all the power he had,  
 And then did back receive the crown,  
 On tribute to the Church of Rome.

But this did so the peers offend,  
 As scandalous unto the state,  
 That they forthwith to France did send,  
 The kinge thereof for to entreat,  
 That he unto them presently  
 Would send his son their king to be :  
 On hostages he was content,  
 And with a power his son he sent.

No sooner was he come on shore,  
 But the English barons joyn'd with him;  
 Whinchester first, and then Windsor  
 They got, and did the seige begin  
 About Dover; but with inward grief,  
 Or surfeit, John did end his life,  
 And left a sonn but nine years old,  
 The which of right succeed him should.

The infant's loane distressed state,  
 Being void of means himself to aide,  
 Earle Rondle did commiserate,  
 And likewise valiant Pembroke pray'd  
 To join with him young Henery,  
 To London to accompany,  
 From Newark, where his father died,  
 And crowne him, spite of Frenchmen's pride.

Which they accordingly perform'd,  
 And there with due solemnitie  
 The infant with the crown adorn'd,  
 And swore his subjects true to be;  
 And then the next ensuing day  
 They towards Lincolne march'd away,  
 And by assault the city wonn,  
 Where many French to death were done.

But when French Lewis once did hear  
 What numbers of their men were slain,  
 And of what force the two earles were,  
 Without delay himself was faine,  
 Money being paid for his expence,  
 Noe claim to make, but part from hence,  
 And all such places to restore,  
 Whereof he conquest made before.

Thus having plac'd, in peace and rest,  
 Young Henry on his father's throne,  
 By all good subjects highly blest,  
 Earle Rondle back returned home ;  
 And valiant Pembroke did abide,  
 The infant king to rule and guide.  
 Earle Rondle did intend againe  
 A journey to Jerusalem.

And having gathered such a power  
 As fitting was for his intent,  
 With Quincy, Earle of Winchester,  
 Who joyn'd with him, to sea they went ;  
 But by the way they understood  
 How Christian bands, by Nilus flood,  
 Beseig'd the city Damiate,  
 And long with loss had laine thereat.

Wherefore he hither bent his course,  
 And came in time to give them aide ;  
 For raise their seige they must of force  
 Through extream wants ; but then he staid,  
 And with the great applause of all  
 He chosen was Lord Generall.  
 Nor gave they him that place in vaine  
 They by his means the city gaine.

Inestimable was the store  
 Of gold and wealthy merchandize  
 That there they got : but he did more  
 God's house esteeme than the prize.  
 The Egiptian Souldan Saladine  
 Did offer to him Jerusalem,  
 And all those holds he got of late  
 In Jury, back for Damiate :

Which he accepted, in the name  
 Of John, who then was Jury's king :  
 Him leaving to receive the same,  
 He into England back did bring,  
 Without great loss, his famous bands,  
 Renown'd and fear'd in heathen lands ;  
 And so enrich'd, there was not one  
 But had enough to live upon.



And instantly on his returne,  
 Resolving now to live in peace,  
 The great strong castle of Beeston  
 He built, with th' abby of Delacres,  
 And Chartley castle ; in two years  
 These famous castles finish'd were ;  
 One thousand two hundred and twenty,  
 They both were finished perfectly :

And after lived for twelve years' space,  
 Loden with honours, wealth and years,  
 Both highly in his prince's grace  
 And revered of all his peers ;  
 And equal with all those above,  
 Most deeply in the Commons' love.  
 But at the last, at Wallingford,  
 This earldom lost her honour'd lord.

For fifty years, in four kings' reigns,  
 Sometimes in peace, sometimes in strife,  
 His earldom in his hands remains,  
 Then issueless he left this life.  
 He had four sisters, unto whom  
 His lands should by succession come :  
 All in his lifetime married were ;  
 Th' eldest of whom John Scott did beare,

By David, of the royal line  
 Of Scottish kings : one of whose heirs  
 Enjoyed the Scottish crown in time,  
 As by their cronicles appears.  
 Earle Arundel the second had,  
 And Darby of the third choice made ;  
 And Quincy Earle of Winchester  
 Had to his wife youngest of four.

In Chester abbey was interred  
 Earle Rondle's body. To his place  
 John Scott his nephew was preferr'd,  
 Who likewise Earle of Angus was ;  
 Who, after five years, issueless,  
 At Darnhall, died : the king did seize  
 His earldoms all into his hands,  
 Giving his sisters other lands.

For he four sisters left alive,  
 And Allane Lord of Galloway  
 The eldest of them had to wife ;  
 She Devorguil bore, that lady gay,  
 Who by John Baliol forth did bring  
 John Baliol who was Scotland's king.  
 The next was match'd to Robert Bruce,  
 A Scottish lord of antient house.

The third no issue ; the fourth  
And last did Henry Hastings wedd,  
And to him issue store brought forth,  
Of whom are famouse houses bredd.  
King Henry, after sixteen years,  
Unto Prince Edward and his heirs,  
Kings of this land, did it convey  
By patent, soe untill this day,

All Princes of this land did hold  
The same, with as great royalty,  
As Lupus had the same of old,  
And his succeeding progenie.  
So Chester ever hath had since  
An Earl when England had a Prince,  
And when a Prince there hath been none,  
The profitts to the crowne have gone.





## THE STANLEY POEM.

---

The most antient metrical account of the Stanleys Earls of Derby, observes Mr. T. Heywood, is contained in some uncouth rhymes supposed to have been written about the year 1562, by Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, and son of that Sir Edward Stanley, who, for his valour at Flodden, was created Lord Monteagle. Only two early copies are known to exist. One, which is imperfect, is contained in MS. Harl. 541. The other, here first printed, and hitherto unnoticed, is from a MS. of the sixteenth century preserved in the Bodleian Library, and will, I think, be found on examination to be earlier in diction than the copy in the British Museum. The reader is referred to Mr. Heywood's work on the Earls of Derby, and to Mr. Ormerod's Stanley Legend in Nichols' Collectanea, vol. vii.

---

**I** INTEND with true reporte to praise  
 The valiaunte actes of the stoute Standelais ;  
 From whence they came, and how they came to  
     that name,  
 I shall plainly and truly declare the same.  
 Their names be Awdeley by very right dissent,  
 I shall shewe you how, if you geeve good attente,

As quickly as I can, without more delay,  
 How the name was changed and called Standley.  
 In antique tyme much more then two hundred  
 yeare

Was on L. Audley, by stories does appeare,  
 Audley by creation and by name Audley,  
 Havinge a lordshippe is yeat called Standley,  
 Which lordship he gave to his second sonne,  
 For valiaunte actes that he before had donne.  
 There this young man dwelling many a longe  
 daye,

And many yeares called Awdley of Standelay,  
 After he married the heyre of Sturton ;  
 And when Sturton died thether he went to wonne,  
 And as in length of tyme thinges be lost and  
 wonne,

All the countrey called him Standley of Sturtonn,  
 The which name sticks still to all his succession.  
 Hit chaunced after, a godly man his sonne  
 Espoused the daughter and heyre of Hooton ;  
 After at Hooton, as chaunce him befalled,  
 Dwelled, and Standly of Hootoun was calld,  
 As it doth continue to this present day,  
 Prainge God that long with worshippe so it may

Thus sure undoubted there first name was Audley,  
 Then chaunged and by custom called Standley.  
 After a second sonne of Hootoun chaunced  
 By valiante actes was highly advaused.  
 To thenglishe coorte cam thadmirall of Henoode,  
 With gentlemen of Fraunce to prove their  
                   manhood.

On of them called the best with speare and shield,  
 The king set John Standley to meete him in the  
                   field :

He was also named the chiefest of all Fraunce,  
 But this stoute Standley had such fortune and  
                   chaunce,

He did not only put his enemie to lacke,  
 But also he slue him and brake his hors backe.

Mo gentlemen of England did worthilye,  
 For each on of their enemie gat victory :

Frenchmen for their adventure made themselves  
                   blame,

Though they went not all home, yeat they went  
                   with shame ;

And for this acte the king made John Standley  
                   knight,

For he perceived him a man of greate might ;

And for his hardie feate he gave to his heyre  
 Winge, Trynge, and Iving, in Buckinghamshire.  
 Then of the king he desired earnestlye  
 Licence to passe the seas adventures to trye.  
 The king therewithall was very well contente,  
 And alowed him well for his manly entente.  
 Thus over the sea Sir John Standley is gonne  
 Straighte to the French courte, but medle with  
     him wold non ;  
 The admiralls jorney was not yeat forgotten,  
 How he and his compeers were right well beaten,  
 For which they bare John Standley malice and  
     spite,  
 But to reconter with him non had delighte.  
 His jolly entertaynement of the French king  
 Was honorable and free in everye thinge,  
 Gave him pleasures and giftes right bounteouslye,  
 With gould and silver full plenteouslye  
 To maintayne his stoute liberall expences.  
 This John Standley thus departed thence is,  
 So visited all the countreys of Christendom,  
 And to the Turkes courte personallye did come,  
 Still getting great honor, therof did not faile  
 Against all those that in armes durst him assayle ;

And in the Turkes pallace abode haulf a yeare,  
Till with the Turkes daughter he became most  
deare :

Being yong with child, she secretly did saye  
And privily gave warning to Sir John Standeley,  
Said, Valiaunte knight, the case with me thus  
standes,

Thoughe thou gett honor dayly with harte and  
handes,

Hit is not that my deare love cann save thy life,  
Thou hast me yong with child, and I not thye wife,  
Which, if my father knew, I dare well saye  
For no good ne riches might you skape awaye.  
My father loves you well, and in the meane tyme  
Take leave and go hence, while unknowne is  
your crime.

Alas! I speake against myn own hartes ease,  
No worldly thinge like your presence can me  
please ;

Father nor mother nor all my frindes and kinne  
Like unto you I esteeme not of a pinne :

O what cruell payne now perceth my harte  
To thinke that you, my deare, should thus from  
me departe,





Not setting in house with pen, incke, and paper,  
But in camp advaused through stout adventure.

I do not speake nor meane anie to despice  
That be enhaused by penn or marchandise,  
For both must be hadd and both necessarie,  
And both worthie praise, though the seates do  
varye ; [praysed

But to saie the truth, that man ought to be most  
That by hardy actes to honor is raised ;

For of those be made bookes in prose and in ryme,  
Of others not, and serves for the tyme.

Though of them have divers comen full valliaunt,  
Yeat they may not their originall advaunte,  
Nor so largely set furth their renowne so farre  
As those whose advauncement have comen by  
warr.

Yeat I forgat on thing of Sir John Standley,  
In his returne homeward he hard people saie  
How that Sir Robert Knowlesse with greate  
defiaunce, [Fraunce

Newe come foorth of England had invaded  
With a jolly companye of Englishmen.

Sir John Standley left the righte way homeward  
then,

And repaired to Knowlesse with good speedie  
harte,

And manfully did take the Englishmens parte.

This Knowlesse was but litle and verye hardie,

And did service to his prince very notablie.

They burnt castells and townes and made foule  
araye, [daye.

Which be called Knowlesse Myters yeat to this

They passed by Paris in battell aray,

And without notable battle came their way.

When they had donne their feates they ventured  
for,

They returned to their King with much honor,

And then that gentle prince King Edward the  
Fourth

Did so welcome them home to their greete  
comfforte,

And gave them such praise and honorable laude,

That they thought their service never so well  
bestowede.

Thus is returned John Standley home againe,

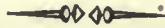
Whereof the king and nobles were right fayne,

Who harde of his valiaunte actes more and more,

All sortes of people honored him therefore.

Now let us make heere a pretty wating place,  
 And leave Sir John Standley for a litle space,  
 And speake of Lord Lathum dwelling at Lathum  
 Hall,  
 And what notable chaunce chaunced to befall.

*Heere endeth the First Fitte.*



THE SECOND FITTE.

NOW speake of Lord Lathum dwelling at  
 Lathum Hall,  
 And what notable chaunce chaunced to befall  
 Lord Lathum, a man of fourscore yeares of age,  
 His ladie as ould, and past wordlye courage,  
 Having no issue by procreation,  
 Much lamenting the lacke of generation,  
 But God, that knowes still best what is to be  
 donne, [succession,  
 At His pleasure maketh heyres and geeves  
 As by His power most infinite and mightye,  
 Did send them an heyre most miraculously,

More myracle then marvaile seemed to have bene,  
 For the like so straunge a thing hath not beene  
 seene.

This name Lathum was before the Conquest,  
 And in Tarlesco wood an egle had a nest,  
 With her three fayre byrdes that were even ready  
 fligge,

She brought to them a goodly boy, yonge and  
 bigge,

Swadled and cladde in a mantle of scarclette.  
 Lord Lathum this hearing, for none age did lette,  
 But to his wood of Tarlesco he rod apace,  
 And fownd the babe preserved by Gods greate  
 grace ;

Notwithstanding uncovered was his face,  
 Yeat not devoured nor hurte in any place.  
 The lord made the fayre babe downe to be  
 fetched,

From daunger of the egles hyt dispatched,  
 Brought him to hys lady to Lathum Hall,  
 Tooke it as their owne, and thanked God of all.  
 It was unchristened it seemed out of doubte,  
 For saulte was bownd at his necke in a linnen  
 cloute.

They christened hit and named it Oskell,  
 And made yt their heyre after them there to  
 dwell,  
 And so enjoyed the landes as is knowne right well.  
 But whence this child came no man for truth  
 can tell,  
 But even by Gods grace as it pleased Him sente,  
 Who from the egles eyre did the child defend.  
 When the ould Lord Lathum had chaunged his  
 Departed also his good ladye and wife, [life,  
 When Oskell as yong Lord Lathum did succede,  
 And lived lord of Lathum longe tyme in deade,  
 God did send him yssue a maide that was fayre,  
 No mo children, but that onlye was his heyre.  
 When shee cam to womanhood and lawfull age,  
 As other women be lustie of courage,  
 Devising what way som maters to aswage,  
 Bethought herselfe on a pleasante mariadge.  
 She harde the noble bruite of Sir John Standley,  
 And condiscended in her harte even strait way,  
 To have him to husband, if shee might him gette,  
 Secretely send him a token did not let,  
 Then rewarded y<sup>e</sup> messenger worthilye,  
 The which token he received lovinglye.

He made such search not only of her degree,  
 But as well of conversation and beuty,  
 And harde by fame to be honest and fayre,  
 Her father ould, and shee his undoubted heyre,  
 Did y<sup>e</sup> good fortune and chaunce well impute,  
 Sought opportunitye to followe by suite.  
 Nowe Sir John Standley to Lancashire doth come,  
 And straighte makes his journey to lovely Lathum.  
 And when Lord Lathum hard it at the first,  
 The cause of his comminge he did straighte  
 mistruste,  
 It was for his daughter to catch her if he mighte,  
 But he thoughte that of her he should have no  
 sighte. [gentleman,  
 Said, Daughter, heere is comminge a strange  
 His arrand is but to get you if he can ;  
 Consider you be mine only daughter deare,  
 And my righte heyre of a thousand markes a  
 And also he is but a yonger brother, [yeare,  
 Not meete for such an heyre, but for some other.  
 Doubte not, doughter, but I shall for you provide;  
 Yee be yong inoghe, and yeat a while may abide.  
 Go you to yon chamber, and keepe you close  
 there,  
 At this tyme you must forbear your companye.

Alas, father, quoth shee, what do yee judge of  
me,

That I lacke witte to awnswere as well as hee?

I trust (father) God will me with witte endue

To answer all such as to me shall pursue.

Yee say I may well abyde, and I say not no,

But wise consideration will not judge so ;

To joyne lustie youth and may byde together,

Is as horse or best byding in the tether,

Seinge on every syd faire corne growing,

Thinking, if they were lose, they would be doing.

Ye may judge me, father, as it may you please,

But you may not so judge everich ones dissease.

Go to your chamber, daughter, even nowe  
straighte way,

And keepe close. Yeas, father, as well as I may.

To chamber is she gonne with sorowfull fate,

And as it is hard to keepe close catte or Kate,

Even no more power had she to keepe herself  
close,

But her faire fenestrall did shee straighte unlose,

And as Sir John Standley chaused to passe by,

Modestly said, Yee be welcome hartily.

Then he againe with discreete humanity,

And with lowe obesaunce thanked her lovingly.



But when on of them of thother had a sight,  
 He of a fayre lady, and shee of thee knight,  
 The did become each others each on for there  
 parte,

For straightway either did robb anothers harte.  
 But sure after there sight at the same daye,  
 Father nor mother of love could ridde the fraye.  
 Althoughe they could not come together that day,  
 Within shorte space after he stalle her away,  
 Or she stalle him, I cannot tell you whether,  
 But they were not well till they were both to-  
 gether.

Then made hast and weddid her incontinent,  
 Wherewith soone after her father was content,  
 By mediation of frindes, and the acte donne,  
 Made him take John Standley for his loving sonne.  
 And tooke his aboade at Lathum with his wif,  
 Till it pleased God to determyne Oskells life;  
 And shortlye after the deth and funerall, [all.  
 Went to the courte and renued his acquaintance  
 Then Henry the Fourth did send him by and by  
 With the Earle of Worcestre, Sir Thomas Percy,  
 Which earle of the king's army was cheeftaine,  
 And sent them to the contrey of Acquitayne,

To aide Sir Robert Knowles, lievetenant being,  
 Where they did notable service to the king.  
 Thus they came home, and their actes were  
 excellent,  
 And the king welcomed them with good intente.  
 Then did King Harry, not long after,  
 Make Sir John Standley of howshould tresourer,  
 Became the greatest mann in the kings coun-  
 sayle,  
 So circumspecte that the king loved him well ;  
 Then shortly after sent him to Yerland,  
 There made him his deputye and lievetenaunte,  
 Kepte the countrey there in love and perfection,  
 Neither wilde nor tame durst make insurrection.  
 There lies he buried, Jesu his soule defende !  
 Honorably lived, and godly made his ende.

Now tuching the Yle of Mann somewhat I  
 will saye,  
 And how firste it cam to this Sir John Standleye.  
 Sir William Montague was first Englishman,  
 And by right of his wife was first Lord of Man ;  
 He was a stoute man, but he was prodigall,  
 And to the Lord Scroope he sould this yland all ;

Which Lord Scroope, a Pomfrette by attainer,  
So lost that yland with all the remainder.

The king then bestowed this fayre fertile iland  
After Lord Scroope on the Earle of Northum-  
berland;

In Henryes dayes, the fourth of his raigne,  
At battayle of Shrewsburye was that earle slayne.  
For that Sir John Standley was formost in these  
affaires,

The king gave the iland to him and to his heyres,  
Which he well deserved manye divers waies :  
Even thus the Ile of Man came first to the  
Standleys,

Prainge God in possession they may long claime,  
With all the rest they have, God preserve them.  
Then cam Sir John Standley, sonn to the first  
Sir John Standley,

And was liefetenaunt of Ireland many a daye.  
Then came his sonne Harry, that was lord baroun,  
Lived Lord of Lathum till his life was donne.

Here endes the Second Fytte.

## THE THIRD FYTTE.

THEN came Thomas Derbye, that noble stoute  
earle,

Who amongeste menn may be taken as a peerle;  
So appeareth by his actes which I shall tell,  
That duelie and trulye may be proved well;  
Not as some cronicles do flatter falsly,  
Some doth leave out the truth, some shamefully  
do lye.

Heare shalbe no praises but that shalbe worthye,  
Also that no man of truth cann not it denie.  
Some croniclers omitte actes right notable,  
And writtes fancies much like an Esope fable,  
To leave out manly actes and put in trifles,  
As on should go to a faire and buy nyffells.  
I shall open divers thinges to the world hid,  
Which be right worthye to have been cronicled,  
Of due true right cannot be denied.

But he like a very man himselfe oft tried,  
I meane Thomas Standley, heyre to Lord Harry,  
And firste of that name that was Earle of  
Darby;

When he was but yonge, just xviii yeares of age,  
 The Scottes into the ile of Mann made a voiage,  
 There did burne and spoyle, and did much outrage,  
 But this yong man being of lustie courage,  
 His father also aged and unwedlye,  
 Had with him yong men a lustye company,  
 Tooke shipping, and in the ile of Mann arryved,  
 Thought to venge those harmes, or from life  
 deprived.

From Man the wind scoured him into Scotland,  
 And shortely after he had set foote on land,  
 From to reward the Scottes with the same like  
 light,

He set on fire a greate towne called Kirkobright,  
 With five villages mo, or he away went; [brent.  
 But since that tyme the Scottes in Man never  
 There was good beginninge of a lustye ladde,  
 There was a noble child to venge his ould dadde!  
 I like mann well with home small doubttes be  
 had, [haulf mad.

But buckells himselfe to fighte as if he were  
 For his stoute harte and burninge Kyrkeobryghte,  
 The king to his worthie welcome home made  
 him knight.

Then this gentle knighte soone after married he  
 Doughter to the noble earle of Salisbury,  
 By whome he had divers sonnes notable,  
 To serve God and his prince were stoute and able,  
 Of whome hereafter I entend some what to  
 speake, [breake.

But nowe I may not my grownded purpose  
 This lady comen of noble parentage,  
 Died from her lond and lefte him in chiefe  
 corage :

Leave this, and turne to his father Lord Henry,  
 Shortly after God tooke him to his mercy;  
 Lord Thomas Standley then of right did succede,  
 And to Queene Margaret was sore compained on  
 in deede. [esse,

This queene was a ladye of stoute greate prow-  
 And shee was doughter to the Duke of Angesse,  
 She tooke on her to keepe a parliamente  
 Pointed at Coventry herself there presente.  
 Thither came Lord Standley neither feard ne  
 fainte,

To see who durst him of any crime attainte.  
 Hee kneeled humbly downe before her face,  
 Said, I am heare to submitte me to your grace,

Not as a traitor or such like offender,  
 Nor to your grace any such pretender,  
 But hether comen as a righte deffender,  
 Thoughe my power perchaunce som thinke it  
 slender.

I cry deffiaunce to any earthly mann,  
 Hereto I cast my glove, reprove me who can,  
 Beseching your grace be but indifferente,  
 And as you see cause let right have preferment.  
 I trust in God shortly such false surmysers  
 Shall before your grace be proved misers.  
 Stand up, my lord, quod she, I like your maner,  
 I trust ye will shewe yourself as ye are.

Three dayes the glove did ly on the chamber  
 floore,

On still appointed to watch within the doore,  
 And every night watched with faire torch lighte,  
 But none tooke up the glove, yoman, lord, ne  
 knight.

The queene her selfe tooke payne the third day  
 To take up the glove, and such like wordes did  
 say :

Undoubted of you, my lord, some did tayles tell,  
 I cannot blame you though you take it not well ;

And I not well contente, by God and by Sainct  
Ann,

To heare false reporte by any noble mann.  
Returne you home againe, and care not therfor,  
False tongues, my lord, henceforth shall hurte  
you no more ;

And do good justice at home in your countrey,  
And in readines to searve the king and me.

Thus lustye Lord Standley well disburdened,  
And thanckes be to God, joyfully returned  
To that noble woman and lady his wife,

Who not long after chaunged this mortall life.

Then he came in favour with Lady Margaret,  
That was doughter to the Duke of Somerset,  
And King Henry the Seaventh she was his  
mother,

She would have Lord Standley, she would have  
none other ;

Wherewith the duke was grieved in his courage,  
And devised how to let the mariadge.

He beethought him of a mischeevous acte,  
Yeat, thanked be God, his purpose was backt.

To murther Lord Standley he was pretendid,  
Hit chauncid the matter was better endid.



He sent over sea with devise much marvelous,  
 For a man of armes called most dangerous,  
 That had destroyed and killed many a knighte,  
 He was so puissant that none resist him mighte,  
 But he did almost him as lightly overthrow  
 As a good faucon will strike downe a poore  
 crowe,

Willing him to come into England shortely,  
 And he should be rewarded honorably,  
 With horse and armour and speare would perce  
 and frette,

In England he should doe some valiaunte feate.  
 This mightie mann to Englaund him advaunced,  
 He hadd better have taried as it chaunced,  
 And thoughe of him was such dredeful fame  
 and brute, [impute.

The Lord Standley did him never the more  
 Thoughe to worke secreatly was the dukes  
 intente,

Yeat the Lord Standley knew it incontinent.  
 Looking for comminge of his geste every daye,  
 And provided him stoutely for such a fray.  
 Now is this dreadfull mann comen to the duke,  
 Who pretendid to put Lord Standley to rebuke,

And when he was comen even at the first,  
He sent to Lord Standley to just if he durst.  
The Lord Standley tooke the message in good  
worth, [henceforth.  
Bad point the time and place where he will  
He is comen from farre, I redd rest him a while,  
Lest his foolish enterprise do him beguile,  
And longer then him list let him not forbear,  
I would he should knowe hit, I do him not feare,  
But send him defiance with all my harte,  
And all his maintainance the king set a parte.  
So to his triumph they did proceede apace,  
The day was pointed, and Smithfield was the  
place. [tooke payne ;  
To view these champions both king and queene  
Of lordes and ladies with them a noble trayne.  
Now these menn of armes be comen to the  
campe,  
Theire hardy horses apace did start and stampe,  
And the two stoute menn tooke neither kreeke  
nor crampe,  
Nor with cowardishe were striken into dampe.  
Quod on, A mighty outlandishe man is this ;  
Quod Lord Standley, My harte is as good as his !

The trumpets gave warning and blew up apace,  
 Now lustye Lord Standley, God send thee good  
 grace.

Together they rann with good sharpe speares and  
 greate,

As God would thoutlandish man missed his feate,  
 For the Lord Standley with his greate sturdystaffe  
 Hardly overthrew him and laid him abaffe ;

At the first race he killd him out of hand,  
 And brake his horse backe never did stande.

Englishmen rejoysed his expedition,  
 The sownd of trumpets sounded throughout  
 London ;

Of people could not have ben a greater shoute  
 If graves had opened and corses comen oute !  
 When his headpiece was of without taring,  
 On horsbacke presented himself to the king,  
 And said, My liege lord, your grace not offended,  
 Whoso is angry with my deede let him come  
 amend it,

Christened or heathen, whatsoever he be,  
 I here defie him, excepting no degree ;  
 And turned his horse, thinking to go away :  
 Quod the queene, A litle tary, Lord Standelay.

Downe shee went and straighte towards him doth  
 repaire,

With a trayne of ladies right goodly and faire,  
 Said, Hould, lord, for your valiaunte enterprise  
 A ring of gould with a diamonde of prise,  
 Ye be worthie have it, and it were better,  
 It is well bestowed and to no mann meeter.

Thanked her humbly and courteously againe,  
 His soveraigne lady and queene to take such  
 payne, [mighte,

And what lady shall neede with best of my  
 For such service as this let me be your knight.  
 And among these ladyes there was his owne love,  
 Who was more than glad to see fortune so prove;  
 She was the meriest woman in all this thraive,  
 She smiled in her sleeve that non might perceive.  
 The same ring and diamond that the queene did  
 geeve

He ware on his chayne as long as he did live.  
 The dukes giftes for thoutlandishmans fayre  
 mountinge

Lord Standley payde it, it had a shorte countinge.  
 The duke seeing his worthines and courage,  
 Caused his harte much yeald to the mariadge,





There had beene a fray, but some rann from  
theire good,

And yeat to this day is called Waltoun woodde.  
Jacke Moris of Wiggam brought the duke banner  
To Wiggan kirke, yt served fourty yeares there.  
This donne, the earle mad greate speade and hast  
upward,

With hast post made hast to noble King Edward,  
Kneeled on his knee, sayd, My lord soveraigne,  
I am come to your grace me to complayne ;  
I am your true subject never me abused,  
I trust you wold not I should be misused ;  
The duke's grace your brother but even nowe of  
Undeserved with me is fallen to debate, [late,  
Came neere to my house with a greate multitude,  
And sent a message to me that is very rude,  
That he would burne my house and also me kill,  
I thought to doe my best to prevent his ill will;  
And though I was your subjecte and mann onlye,  
As redy to doe you service as he,  
And subject to your grace and to none other,  
Although that he was your naturall brother ;  
He is called wise that such rigour withstandes,  
I thought better put myself into your handes,

Rather than wittingly to see my house burned,  
 I doubted and from his purpose him turned.  
 I went to meete him, but not followed him farre,  
 And used but only frindly neighbour warre ;  
 It appeared he cam not for good entente,—  
 Beseeching your grace to be indifferente.  
 Stand up, my lord, ye be welcome hartely,  
 I am sory my brother did so lewdlye,  
 He is my brother, I cannot that deny,  
 And God wot some time will do full folishly.  
 I pray you, my lorde, beare with him for this tyme,  
 And I shall forsee for any more such crime,  
 I trust I shall declare him such a lesson,  
 For using noble menn after such fashion ;  
 It was to princely donne, I am not well contente,  
 On king in a realme is right sufficient ;  
 If ever he playe me such a parte againe,  
 I shall make the parte perchaunce to his payne.  
 Though he be my brother, yeat neverthelesse  
 I may not nor will not mainteyne his leaudnesse,  
 I must use my noble menn favourably, [me,  
 I must mainteyne them and they must mainteine  
 And, good my lord, take this for no unkindnesse,  
 When my brother is come, I shall make redresse.



On the third daye after cam the duke full meete,  
 The king gave him a lesson was a bitter sweete ;  
 Though he was his brother, he let him well knowe  
 He should not by power his nobles overthrowe.  
 Soone after the king agreede the earle and the  
     duke,  
 Yeat he studied still to put the earle to rebuke,  
 But as happe is God is above the divell,  
 He devised good under the pretence of evell,  
 That his secret ire in maner made him sicke,  
 For spite desired he to besiege Barwicke ;  
 And said he doubted not soone to make it  
     Englishe,  
 Not so minding but meaning purpose peevishe,  
 Desiring also to have in company  
 The Earles of Northumberland and Darby.  
 The duke thought nothing lesse in his ireful harte,  
 Thoughe the king tooke it thankfull in good parte,  
 Sent his commissions both to thone and to thother  
 They should prepare them to waite on his brother.  
 The Earle of Darby perceived he must goe,  
 Thought he would have companye inough and mo,  
 And did mistrust the duke as he worthy was,  
 A man of greate ire and of litle grace ;



I will not say his death drove the duke away,  
 But he went sodenly and late, as I say,  
 With small advisement, and all the hast might be,  
 With tentes and baggage quickly away went he.  
 Reason may judge that either for feare he went,  
 Or meaning to the earle sum mischievous intent ;  
 With shame is he gonne, returned not againe,  
 He never bod field ne fray but when he was slayne.  
 Nowe this duke with all his company is gonne,  
 And hath lefte the Earle of Darby post alone ;  
 Not long before this time King of Scottes did  
 sende

To the Earle of Darby, and title did pretende  
 To the ile of Mann, and badde him deliver it,  
 Els with sword and fire he would worke an ill fitte.  
 The earle said stoutly, let the king make the hast  
 he cann,

Least I come fro Scotland ere I come to Mann !  
 I hould non of him, I tooke not at his hand,  
 I hould my title by the crowne of England ;  
 Tell the king even thus I do him not feare,  
 For ere he get my iland, he shall buy it deare ;  
 I trust I shal be able to withstand his yll,  
 And not trouble my king, beging when he will.





Arrowes gave warning to stand backe or do worse;  
 Now a shafte seales to the pricke like a pikpurse.  
 I redd us maintain archery in this land,  
 For it is the fayrest flowre in our garland.  
 Now is this earle gon, God and St. George him  
 speede,

And passed is his way by Barwicke and Tweede,  
 Throughe Scotland to Edenborough is he gonn,  
 Well worthy of England to be champion ;  
 His company only plaid not hardy partes,  
 But likewise to their master shewed loving  
 hartes ;

There was non gave backe from the least to the  
 most, [most.

But rather strove who might set his foote for-  
 At these dayes who did well was rewarded,  
 Of late who does well is but smally regarded ;  
 A fayre worde of a frinde doth a good harte feede,  
 And where on beareth love will joparde in deade,  
 But with a straung captaine not looking for  
 meede, [neade ;

Makes ofte a good mann to shrynke in tyme of  
 The profit of a yonker is seen somewhile  
 A straung souldiour a straunge capteine beguile.

To strange captayne to put men is a fonde  
 prancke, [thanke.

Who list jeopard life while he lookes for a  
 These men were the erles owne menn, there  
 hartes non devided,

And ever for his hurte men he well provided ;  
 I never knewe non that with him cached harme,  
 That after did begg, but kept well and warme.  
 It seemed in Scotland he was not affrayed,  
 But went to Edenborough with banners displayed,  
 With egle and child fayre wavering in the winde,  
 Which comforted souldiours before and behinde ;  
 To Edenborough cam in the morning the next  
 daye,

And to the greate gates he tooke the redy way ;  
 When they came, the greate gates were open set ;  
 They entred apace, not doubting fray nor let ;  
 The Scottes at that tyme had of them litle feare,  
 But playnely thought they durst not have entred  
 there.

It seemed the earle cared not for gayne or losse,  
 For in complet harnesse he stode at the crosse ;  
 The King of Scottes hearing and seeing the same,  
 Mad proclamation in King Edwards name,





The king hearing of this valiaunte enterprise,  
 He straight, like a noble prince and a wise,  
 Sent him a greate summe of silver and gould,  
 And bad him send for menn what place he  
 would,

With greate thankes, to Lancashire, Cheshire, and  
 Wales, [the walles scalles ;  
 Through comferte whereof the menn straighte  
 Though they were backed, their manhood was  
 neverthelesse.

Soone after manfully they did hit redresse,  
 And tooke of their enemies the Scottes greate  
 vengauce,

And still put them to wonderfull greevaunce.  
 The winning of this towne and the earles good  
 chaunce [stance,  
 Would aggravate hearers with much circum-  
 But to make shorte, and speake of that is most  
 nead, [indeed.

With manhood and sore strokes wann the towne  
 This same noble earle, this valiaunte Standelay,  
 Till he had the towne he would not sure away ;  
 In King Edwards name he did the towne receive,  
 With bagge and baggage he let go all the lave,

And put in Englishmen an honest number,  
So lasfe it Englishe without cumber.

Thus Barwicke became Englishe by therle  
Standelay,

There is no true man that therto dare say nay;  
A thousand four hundred lxxij. no doubt  
Barwicke was made Englishe, or neere there-  
aboute.

At his returne home he had thankes notable,  
The king made him of England the highe  
constable.

Now heare I do reporte me to you all  
If this acte be not worthy a memoriale ;  
I thinke ould true chronicles be gonne there  
wayes,

Stollen or purloyned from suppressed abbayes ;  
Croniclers to flattery have such respecte,  
They set in trifles, and noble actes neglecte.

As, such time William Horne was maior of  
London,

Sheriffes William Fynkle and John Rymyngton,  
A bushel of wheate vi<sup>d</sup>, iii<sup>d</sup> bay-salt,  
Cronicled there wheate was with you under  
mault ;

Next yeare divers bakers were put on pillory :  
 These be high matters to put in memory !  
 In Oxford, Robin Karper killed a louse,  
 I assure you a highe point in a lowe house.  
 Croniclars have used much flattering phrases  
 To put in some lies, and leave that worthy praise is.  
 This noble earle, with valiant victory,  
 Is returned home with his stoute companye.  
 Now let us somewhat speake of Richard the duke,  
 That pretended to put this earle to rebuke,  
 And that which he wrought to be his confusion  
 Redounded to the earles honor in conclusion.  
 Then this duke and earle were better made at on,  
 Living quietly till King Edward was gone.  
 Edward Fourth is dead, Edward fifte should  
     raigne,  
 Poore infant, alas ! in the towne he lyes slayne  
 Through his uncle Richard, most unnaturall,  
 For which soone after he had a shamefull fall.  
 O Richard, Richard, what hast thou thereby  
     wonne,  
 So cruelly to kill thine owne brother's sonne ?  
 For covetousenes so destroyed thine owne bloud,  
 Slewe an innocent and didst thyselfe small good.



The king kepte him still till his head was whole,  
 To let the earle goe home the king might not  
 well thole ;

Yeat at length King Richard thought good for a  
 chaunge,

To let the earle goe and keepe his son Lord  
 Straunge.

To proceede quickly and theron not tary,  
 To avenge God's quarell came in King Harry,  
 And brought no mo with him but five hundred  
 menn ;

Right quickly therle of Darby went to him then,  
 And his brother, Sir William Standelay, stoute  
 knighte,

These two were cheife helpers of him to his right.  
 When Richard went to field to meete King  
 Henry,

Lord Straunge with him his prisoner did cary,  
 King Rychard sent quikly word to the Earle of  
 Darby, [Straunge dy :

To come take his parte or his sonne Lord  
 He bad make meate of him to eate with his  
 spoone, [doone ;

And he would visit him ere the feast were





Thus throughe a vayne mistruste and false  
jelousye,

This stoute gentleman yll cast away was he.  
His second sonne Edwarde maried to an heyre,  
A thowsand markes a yeare of good landes and  
fayre.

His plainge of instrumentes was a good noyse,  
His singing as excellent with a sweete voyce ;  
His countenaunce comely with visage demure,  
Not moving nor streining, but stedfast and sure.

He would shewe in a single recorder pipe  
As many partes as any in a baggepipe.

When the king of Castyle was driven hyther  
By force and violence of stormye wether,  
He broughte with him were thoughte fine  
musitions,

There was none better in theyre opinions ;  
Kinge of Castile said, theyre actes more to able,  
They were gentlemen of houses notable.

I have, quoth Henry seaventhe, a knighte my  
servante,

One of the greatest earles sonnes in all my land,  
His singing gallante with a voyce most sweetelye,  
His plainge pleasante much better then meetelye;





Blowinge divers measures was very diffuse,  
 Before kings and others he did it of use.  
 He had more quallities like a gentleman  
 Then in all his time had any other mann,  
 And for his hardines, to saye truth and righte,  
 He was a stoute mann and a valiante knight,  
 As at the deathe of King Jamye did appeere ;  
 He used himselfe so valiante there, [after  
 That King Harry the eighte made him soone  
 Of that noble order knight of the garter,  
 And created him Lord Mountegle by that name,  
 Seeinge he had right well deserved the same.  
 Sheriffe of Lancashire he was made full sure,  
 And well enjoyed it while his life did endure,  
 With Arndernes and Booland that fayre forest,  
 With many mo good thinges he had well in rest.  
 Parland by Colbrooke King Henry did him give,  
 And well enjoyed it so long as he did live ;  
 He thought it so sure by the kings promisinge,  
 That he spent there xij. hundred pownds on  
 buildinge.

Cardinall Wolsey, being Lord Chaunceler,  
 Staied the greate seale, which lost it his heyres  
 after.

This was Sir Edward Standley, the earles second  
 sonne, [wonne ;  
 Who at the Scottishe field much honor had  
 Edward his bastard sonne, but eighteene yeares  
 of age,

Did beare his standard with hardy courage.  
 That time was second Thomas Earle of Darbye,  
 Beyond sea in Fraunce viij<sup>th</sup> king Henrye,  
 A noble, vertuous, godly earle was hee,  
 A charitable and full of greate pittie,  
 For all goodes and landes be under the sunne,  
 He would not wittingly eny wronge have donne,  
 But soone as it came to his intelligence,  
 Incontinently would make due recompence ;  
 In Fraunce helped many souldiours in distresse,  
 All the world loved him for his gentlenesse,  
 He did all men righte, good to the poore withall,  
 Wherefore his good deades be better to his  
 soule.

He served God wel, and much did fast and praye,  
 Such one to the poore hath not beene manye a  
 daye.

He was egre and forward in all his factes,  
 That he wanne much honor for his noble actes ;



And ofte most longe of frindes, the very truth to  
tell,

It is a greate grace if such on doe prove well.  
Greate abuse in priesthoode and matrimony,  
When fancie of frindes shall choose for the partye.  
A goodly tall man as was in all England,  
And sped all matters that he tooke in hand.  
King Harry the seaventh, a prince noble and sage,  
Made him bushoppe for wisdom and parentage,  
Of Eely many daye was he bushoppe there,  
Builded Somersame, the bushoppes chiefe manor  
A greate viander as any in his dayes, [there ;  
Twobushoppes that then was, this is not disprayse.  
Because he was a priest I dare doe no lesse,  
But looke as I knewe not of his hardinesse.  
What priest hath a blow on the one eare sodenlye,  
Turne the other likewise for humilitye ;  
He would not so doe by the crosse in my purse,  
And yeat I trust his soule fareth never the worse,  
For he did actes bouldly divers in his dayes,  
If he had beene no priest had beene worthye  
prayse.

He did end his life in mery Mainchester,  
And right honorably lies buried there,

In his chappell which he begann of free stone,  
 Sir John Standley made it out when he was gonne;  
 God send his soule to the heavenlye companye,  
 Farewell, goodly James bushoppe of Ely.  
 Of this earles three sonnes heere I have you tould,  
 Who were all noble men valiante and bould,  
 Yeat is there one whome I maye not well forget,  
 To saie something to his prayse I will not let,  
 Of Thomas Lord Mountegle, sonne to Edward,  
 A stoute hardye knighte, yeat gentle not foroward,  
 And in the kings warres valiaunte and forward,  
 As in Scotland he shewed himself no coward,  
 But redy, on horsebacke or foote, nighte and day,  
 At skry or skirmishe neaver absent away;  
 For his readines he was worthy greate praise,  
 Not long ago, in King Henry the eightes dayes,  
 A fayre man on horsbacke as ever on horse rode,  
 And sure in his sadell as ever horse bestrode;  
 Hath lefte behinde him on memoriall sure,  
 His free gentlenes to every creature.  
 Yf a poore mann had donne him courtesye,  
 He was againe with speach or cappe as ready,  
 Whereby undoubted he wanne love and renowne,  
 And each mann did laud him in countrey and towne;

He loved mirth and musicke and a good songe,  
 More pittie his fortune was not to live longe.  
 Now noble Thomas departed is he,  
 At whose funerall was many weeping eye,  
 Many doth for him praye, non doth curse and  
     banne,  
 Which seemed he was a charitable man.  
 Yeat of his noble succession divers be  
 Righte honorable and righte greate praise worthy;  
 As Edward that righte noble Earle of Darby,  
 Greate houskeeper of all England is he,  
 God save his life, for as longe as he doth live,  
 Condigne laud and praise my penne may him not  
     give,  
 Nor of his children ther noble worthinesse,  
 Being yeat living I may it not expresse,  
 For feare it should be thought a flattering parte,  
 I must stay my penn contrary to my harte,  
 And laud them litle or nothing at all,  
 Lest it chaunce my doing be judged partiall.  
 I referre to those that live when I am donne,  
 To make a full end of that I have begunne.  
 Yeat is there three impes so well have played the  
 That with honesty I cannot stay my penne, [men,

Who in there youthes did jopard their life so sore,  
I most say something, thoughe they deserved  
more.

First William Lord Mountegle, sonne to Thomas,  
Who in his tyme second Lord Mountegle was ;  
This William bestowed himselfe in his tender age,  
In warres against the Scottes with manly courage,  
Without the consent of kinne or creature,  
Amonges the irefull Scottes tooke his adventure,  
Much honor with greate daungers he did deserve,  
But God and his manhoode did him still præserve.  
All skryes and skirmishes he well observed,  
And with his bright brand manfully cutte and  
carved ; [day,  
That newes came from Scotland almost day by  
How non played the man like Sir William  
Standlay.

Amonge other actes which be right notable,  
Forget not, Scottes, ye knowe it is no fable,  
Remember Swynketon Chase, there ye Scottes  
him tried,  
Like a very mann there he baded your pryde ;  
Be no whitte ashamed to heare of that day,  
Being five to one he made you runne away.







A greate matter that such a yonge impe as he  
 Emonge mercilesse menn voyd of all pittie,  
 And comminge of such noble parentage,  
 But it came of greate valiaunte courage.  
 Heere the ould proverbe true in him we may see,  
 Tymely crookes the boughe that good camock  
 wil be.

To put him in presse amonges people froward,  
 Especiall ones where he scaped so hard,  
 They gotte him in a streete with a wyly trayne,  
 Where he fought manfully or ells had beene  
 slayne ;

To helpe no pollicy could countervayle,  
 But his very manhoode did his lyfe prevayle.  
 I red of non so yonge a man, nor I thinke never  
 shall,

So stoutely winne and come from them all,  
 To therle of Southsex, his kinsman righte neere,  
 Who at that present time was chieftayne there,  
 And lord deputy visiting the north border,  
 Who with his manhood held them in good order.  
 He honorably tooke this journey in hand,  
 Many myles by sea, to James Macke Conells  
 lande.

There did burne and spoyle, and taried divers  
 dayes, [praise.

So returned homewards with greate honor and  
 Sir Edward Standley was with him presently,

On sea and land non more hardy and stoute  
 then he. [Standley,

And there was the third impe, blacke Sir George  
 Who never shrancke at neade in fild nor in fray,  
 He shewed him a boorde of the true neast right  
 well,

Hardy as Hancke, an old ladde of the castell;  
 He would not shrincke neither on horsebacke nor  
 on foote, [soote ;

But byd byllinge bouldley, like the ould blacke  
 Amongest his enimies environed full ofte,  
 But ever he gate him roome his strokes were  
 not softe.

Divers times was he unfrindly betrapped,  
 But still when he was amongst them unwrapped,  
 He stoutely upon them so manfully rapped,  
 And cutte them so sore and on the sculles  
 knapped, [cramorcry !

He made them crye, Kroughe krishe shave my  
 Well was him sonest could get away and flye.



I meane not for the beauty therofe only,  
 But each office sitte so necessary,  
 Both fayre and large, and in place so apte and  
 meete,

With each on a fayre well with water full sweete,  
 Save only the pantry, which therof had no neade,  
 Butler, seller, kitchin be noble in deade.

King Henry the Seaventh, who did lye their eight  
 dayes,

And of all houses he gave it the most praise,  
 And his haule at Richmond he pulld downe all,  
 To make it up againe after Latham hall ;  
 To speake of his fare was sure so excellente,  
 The king and his company so well contente,  
 I hard noble men say that were of his trayne,  
 They thought they should never se such faire  
 againe.

The king and all mused how he such fare did get,  
 They sawe never king have lyke chiere of a sub-  
 jecte ;

[the ould,

And each meale newe plate, they saw no more  
 Silver nor gilte, onlesse it were playne Gould ;  
 Counseller nor head officer was there non,  
 But the chamberpottes were fine silver each on ;

The earles buttry and seller open night and day,  
Come who would and welcome, no man was said

nay :

After all such cheere yeat he gave such a thinge,  
Was a princely gifte to such a noble king,  
Pictures of all apostles he gave him all twelve,  
Of silver and gwylte, also of Christ himselfe,  
To parte with them would have made some  
mannes harte sory,

For they were each on a cubite lenghe and more;  
In the jewell house who so liste to desire,  
May se them if they be not hurte with fyre :  
Thus is this king gon with honorable cheere,  
Which was remembred after many yeare.

And propper Greenhoghe tower also he builded,  
Which hath fewe fellowes all thinges considered,  
Of pretty straunge fashion made all of free  
stones, [both at ones,

Yeat two lordes may well keepe howse there  
And the one not troble the other anye white,  
So made of small compasse came of a greate  
witte. [ration,

At Handen and Knowesley made a greate repa-  
And on Robert Rochdale was his free-mason ;

Curstange bridge that standes on the river of Wyer,  
 Rochdale made the same on this earles coste  
 and hire,

And Warington was kepte a commen ferry,  
 Which polled the people unreasonably ;  
 None might go to or fro on horsbacke nor foote,  
 But paye ere they past, there was no other  
 boote.

The good earle considering the peoples coste,  
 And to make the way more ready to runne poste,  
 Being tediousse to passe by boate or by barge,  
 The earle made a goodly bridge on his owne  
 coste and charge ;

With another good substantiall purveiaunce,  
 Also gave landes therto for it maintaynance ;  
 This was a noble harte, liberall, and kinde,  
 And people will praye for him tyme out of  
 mynde.

And Paules Chayne in London he made a howse  
 full fayre, [repayre ;  
 And his howse in Holborne he did righte well  
 At Colham courte and Cadysdayne he made  
 greate coste,  
 Jesu save his soule, there was no labour lost !





I am glad, saide the king, it does so well chaunce.  
 Thus the good earle cooled the kinges greevaunce.  
 But for the earle might happe throughe this  
 exaccion,

Possyibly have proved some fond commotion.

So heere he gate not his love with cruelty,

But with gentlenesse and liberalitie.

For all controversies he found provision,

That but fewe for suytes travayled to London ;

In such matters, God wote, greate payne tooke he,

Saved the countrey travayle and much money,

And eased the poore that had litle to spend,

And, thanckes be to God, on each matter made  
 goode ende.

Nowe for there most travayle poore rich and all,

And for the most parte greate fishe devoures

small ; [go,

Thus walkes the world forthward and apace doth

Stedfast in no pointe, it shal be proved so.

Thinke it no surer but weake slipper as ise,

And who trustes other in it sure is not wise ;

No man can last any longer then the time

Which God hath appoynted, therefore shake of  
 all crime ;

We most after this earle happen not all thither,  
Where his sonnes is I thinke some be to lyther.  
We be precisly sure each one for to dye,  
No mankind hath charter to the contrary.  
If mighte or money could save this man,  
Or love of his neighbours, he had not died than.  
But seing death is to us so naturall,  
Pray we charitably for each others soule,  
And specially for this soule nowe let us praye,  
Of this honorable earle Thomas Stanley,  
Who in honor and love hath ended this life,  
With truth ever in wedlocke to God and his wyfe.  
The love which he wann with liberality,  
God keepe it so styll with the same propertye !





## SIR W. STANLEY'S GARLAND.

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THIS garland, so highly and deservedly popular in the North of England, is described in a work by Thomas Heywood, Esq., on the 'Earls of Derby and the Verse Writers and Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,' 4to. 1825, p. 29. "The original edition," observes Mr. Heywood, "has a woodcut of its hero, with a staff under his arm, a gaily cocked hat upon his head, and one arm extended, but whether to point to a ship in the distance, or for the purpose of giving additional emphasis to the song he is evidently singing, is doubtful." The superscription to this effigy runs thus: "Sir William Stanley's Garland, containing his twenty-one years' travels through most parts of the world, and his safe return to Latham Hall." Mr. Heywood justly adds, that although the writer commits the grossest anachronisms, yet his stanzas are not devoid of interest.

---

[IN Lancashire there liv'd a lord,  
A worthy lord and a man of fame,  
Whose dwelling was at Latham-hall,  
And the Earl of Derby call'd by name.  
He had two sons of noble race,  
Who gave their father great delight ;  
He train'd them up in learning good,  
Whereby their wisdom to requite.

The elder was call'd my good Lord Strange,  
     Lord Ferdinando was his name ;  
 The youngest was call'd Sir Wm. Stanley,  
     A noble valiant-minded man ;  
 But as it happen'd on a day,  
     Sir William fell upon his knee,  
 Desiring leave of his father dear,  
     Some foreign countries he might see.  
 " O, grant me leave, father," he said,  
     " Some foreign countries for to see,  
 To learn the speech of other lands,  
     Whereby I may renowned be."  
 " I'll grant thee leave, son Will," he said,  
     " For three years' space thou shalt be free,  
 And gold and silver thou'st have enough  
     For to maintain thee gallantly ;  
 But, before thou go'st, take here my ring,  
     Preserve and keep it safely ;  
 And if thou lack'st anything,  
     Be sure thou send the same to me."  
 Then Sir William took leave of Latham-hall,  
     And of all that in lovely Latham lay ;  
 And then he prepar'd himself for the seas,  
     To travel in some strange country.

As soon as Sir William was got on ship-board,  
 He to himself did secretly say,  
 " I'll make a vow to the living Lord,  
 That three seven years I'll make away;  
 Before to England I'll return,  
 Or ever on English ground will tread,  
 Twenty-one years shall be pass'd and gone,  
 According to the vow I've made."  
 Sir William travell'd first to France,  
 To learn the French tongue and to dance ;  
 He tarried there not past three years,  
 Till he learn'd their language and affairs.  
 Then Sir William travell'd to Spain,  
 A knowledge of their tongue to gain.  
 He tarried not past half a year,  
 Till he thought he had been in Spain too long ;  
 To Italy Sir William then would go,  
 To Rome, and to High Germany,  
 To view the countries all around,  
 And see what pleasures in them might be.  
 In Rome and in High Germany  
 He stay'd three years before he went,  
 And then to Egypt he took his way,  
 To view that court was his intent.

And one year and half Sir William stay'd,  
 Then took his leave most courteously  
 Of the King of Morocco and his nobles all.  
 Next then to Barbary court he went,  
 Where to see the king was his intent ;  
 When two full years Sir Wm. had been,  
 Into Russia he needs must go,  
 To visit the emperor and his queen ;  
 One Doctor Dee he met with there,  
 Which doctor was born at Manchester;  
 Who knew Sir William Stanley well,  
 Tho' he had not seen him for many a year.  
 " Pray what's the cause," the doctor said,  
 " Brings you, Sir William, to this country ?"  
 " I'm come to travel," Sir William replied ;  
 " I pray thee, doctor, what brought thee here ?"  
 " I'm come to do a cure," the doctor said,  
 " Which was of the emperor's feet to be done,  
 And I have perform'd it effectually,  
 Which none could do but an Englishman."  
 Then he brought him before the emperor,  
 Who entertain'd him with princely cheer,  
 And gave him gold and silver store,  
 Desiring his company for seven year :

But one three years Sir William would stay  
     Within the emperor's court so freely ;  
 And then he said that he would go  
     To Bethlehem right speedily,  
 Likewise to fair Jerusalem,  
     Where our blessed Saviour Christ did die ;  
 He asked them if it was so,  
     They answer'd and told him aye ;  
 " This is the tree," the Jews then said,  
     " Whereon the carpenter's son did die :"  
 " He was my Saviour," Sir William said,  
     " For sure he died for the sins of me !"  
 But one half year Sir William would stay,  
     He kiss'd the cross with weeping eye,  
 And then he would unto Turkey go,  
     Where he endured more misery ;  
 For passing through Constantinople,  
     Wherein the great Turk he did lie,  
 Sir William then was taken prisoner,  
     And for his religion condemn'd to die.  
 " Before I'll forsake my living Lord,  
     My blessed Saviour and sweet Lamb,  
 Sweet Jesus Christ that died for me,  
     I'll die the worst death that e'er did man !



Farewell, father, and farewell, mother,  
 And farewell all friends at Latham-hall!  
 Little do they know that I am a prisoner,  
 O how I'm subject unto thrall!"

A lady walking under the prison wall,  
 Hearing Sir William so sore lament,  
 Unto the great Turk she did hie,  
 To beg his life was her intent.

"A boon, a boon, thou emperor,  
 For thou'rt a lord of great command!  
 Grant me the life of an Englishman!  
 Therefore against me do not stand,  
 For I will make him a husband of mine,  
 Whereby Mahomet he may adore;  
 He'll carry me into his own country,  
 And safely thither conduct me o'er."

"Take thou thy boon, thou gay lady,  
 For thou art one of a tender heart,  
 But let him yield to marry thee,  
 Or else be hanged e'er he depart."

The lady's to the prison gone  
 Wherein Sir William he did lie,—  
 "Be of good cheer, thou Englishman,  
 I think this day I've set thee free!"

If thou wilt yield to marry me,  
And take me for to be thy bride,  
To take me into thy own country,  
And safely thither to be my guide.”  
“I cannot marry,” Sir William said,  
“To any lady in this country ;  
For if ever on English ground I tread,  
I have a wife and children three.”  
This excuse serv'd Sir William well ;  
The lady was sorry for what he did say,  
And gave him five hundred pounds in gold  
To carry him to his own country.  
But one half year Sir William would stay,  
After from prison he was set free,  
And then he would to Greenland go,  
Where he endur'd more misery.  
For three months there was nothing but night,  
And there Sir William was forc'd to want,  
Having nothing to feed upon but roots,  
And they to him grew wond'rous scant.  
His shoes were frozen to his feet,  
He scarcely knew where for to tread ;  
On his hands and knees he was forc'd to creep,  
Expecting each hour he should be dead.

But when daylight it did appear,  
    Lord! in his heart he was full fain,  
Then he saw ships coming from merry England,  
    To fetch whales off they thither came.  
One Captain Stanley, owner of the ship,  
    When he saw Sir William unto him come,  
He had known him in his own country,  
    A man of noble birth and fame.  
“You’re well to travel,” the owner said,  
    But scarce one word Sir William did say,  
Until that he had to him sworn  
    (Nor on ship-board would he come that day)  
That he would never name at Latham,  
    Nor to any friend that he should see,  
Nor ever his name in question call,  
    When he came into his own country.  
For three years’ space I have to stay,  
    According to the vow I’ve made,  
And those three years shall have an end,  
    Or on English ground I’ll never tread.  
Then back they all came for Holland,  
    Being joyful of each other’s company;  
The captain then he took leave of him,  
    And bid him well to the Low Country.

With one John Howell he did meet there,  
For three years' space to be his man,  
To get his living behind other men's backs,  
When all his money was spent and gone.  
When those three years were at an end,  
Lord, in his heart he was full fain,  
Then he saw ships coming from merry England,  
And to Latham-hall he return'd again :  
But standing bare at Latham gate,  
Desiring to speak with the old earl,  
The porter thrust him back again,  
Much like unto a dogged churl :  
" Go, stand thee back, thou fellow bare,  
Thou canst not speak with my lord this day."  
" Now ill betide thee," Sir William said,  
" I was as well-born and bred as thee."  
But he got lodgings at old Holland's house,  
Who entertain'd him with good cheer ;  
And when they were at supper set,  
He call'd for a bottle of his best beer :  
" Now, by your leave, goodman Holland,  
I'll drink a health to an Englishman  
Whom I have seen in countries strange,  
And William Stanley is his name."

“Do you know my young lord?” said old Holland;  
 “ I pray you, sir, tell unto me.”  
 “ He is no lord,” Sir William said,  
 “ But him I’ve seen in a far country.”  
 “ He is a lord,” said old Holland,  
 “ He is a lord of high degree ;  
 Because his elder brother’s dead,  
 And Sir William in a far country.”  
 Old Holland got up by time in the morn,  
 Before it was well break of day,  
 To speak with the Earl of Derby then,  
 As he rode a hunting out that day :—  
 “ Good morrow, my lord,” said old Holland,  
 “ Last night at my house a guest did lie  
 Who came out of countries strange,  
 And tidings brings of our Sir Wm. Stanley.”  
 “ Bring him hither to me,” said the old earl,  
 “ Let me see the guest right speedily :  
 If he can tell me any tidings of my son Will,  
 Then well rewarded he shall be.”  
 But when he came his father before,  
 Sir William fell upon his knee,  
 Craving a blessing of his father dear,  
 And pardon for all his discourtesy.

“ If thou be my son Will,” said the old earl,  
“ As I do very well think thou may’st be,  
I gave thee a ring when thou didst go ;  
Restore the same again to me.”  
He gave his father there the ring,  
Whereby he knew him perfectly,  
And shew’d him a lion on his right side,  
Saying, “ Here is the mark the Lord sent me !”  
The king then hearing he was come,  
Sent for him straightway up to court,  
And entertain’d him royally  
With gallant cheer and princely sport.  
The Earl of Derby made a feast,  
Which lasted at Latham months three,  
And nobly entertain’d the guests  
That came to see his son William Stanley.





## RULES FOR BELL-RINGERS.

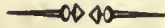
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THESE Rules are painted on the wall of the belfry in St. John's Church, Chester. The church is situated on the outside of the city walls, but is the most ancient religious foundation there; an old legend relating that King Ethelred, who had intended such a work, dreamed that he saw St. John the Baptist, who told him to commence on that spot of ground where he should first see a white hind; and that, in consequence, here the king erected his church. In 987, Ethelred Earl of Mercia founded a collegiate church here, which was repaired, in 1057, by Earl Leofric. The following rhymes are painted in distemper, in old English letters, within an ornamental border, bearing date A. D. 1687. Aubrey relates that it was usual in his time for gentlemen to occasionally amuse themselves with an hour's exercise at bell-ringing. This fondness for bell-ringing, and the constant way in which they were heard at all times, gave England the name of "the ringing Island." (Kindly communicated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq.)

---

You ringers all observe these orders well,  
he forfits 12 pence that turnes ore a bell;  
& he y<sup>t</sup> ringes with either spurr or hatt,  
his 6 pence certainly shall pay for y<sup>t</sup>;  
& he y<sup>t</sup> spoile or doth disturbe a peale,  
shall pay his 4 pence or a cann of ale,  
And he that is hard to curse or sweare,  
shall pay his 12 pence & forbear;

These customes elsewhere now are used,  
lest bells & ringers be abused ;  
You gallants then y<sup>t</sup> on purpose come to ring,  
see y<sup>t</sup> you coyne along with you doath bring ;  
and further also if y<sup>t</sup> you ring here,  
You must ring truly with hand & eare,  
Or else your forfits surely pay  
full speedily, & that without delay.  
Our lawes is ould, y<sup>e</sup> are not new,  
The sextone looketh for his due.



## DE CESTRISCIRIA.

From MSS. Addit. 6032 in the British Museum.

O Devania, virtutis nutrix,  
Pollens nobilibus, princeps virorum,  
Qui pulchri corpore, spiritu feroces,  
Septi robore prodigique vitæ,  
Hostes aggrediuntur et laccessunt ?

*Finis.*





The

**Palatine Garland.**







Palatine Garland:

Being

A Selection of Ballads and Fragments,

Supplementary to

The Palatine Anthology.

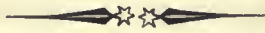


London: M.D.C.C.C.L.





## The Palatine Garland.



### THE CHESTER GARLAND.

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From an old copy, in four parts, printed at Tewkesbury. This ballad is of great curiosity, being founded on the same tale as Cymbeline, and from the close similarity of its story to the tale as related in 'Westward for Smelts,' 1620, it would appear that it was formed from the popular traditional version of the romance, not on the play.

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**A** MERCHANT of London, as many report,  
He for a long time a young lady did court;  
At length by long courtship this handsome lady  
Did promise this merchant his bride to be.

Of one thing this lady she was ignorant,  
To go his own factor the merchant was bent;  
The ship was freighted, all things ready were  
In order to sail, but the wind was not fair.

So he, to make sure of this lady bright,  
Was married one morning before it was light ;  
And married they were, but the same day  
Tidings came to him the ship must away.

He said, My dear jewel, the thing it is so,  
That I, my own factor, to Turkey must go ;  
It will not be long ere I shall return  
To you home in safety, so, dear, do not mourn.

So then he embrac'd, and away did hie ;  
To be left alone the lady did cry ;  
As he is gone from me, I'll do what I can  
To keep myself free from the scandal of man.

Then this noble lady, with troubled mind,  
She unto her chamber herself close confin'd ;  
Wherein we must leave her to sigh and complain,  
And turn to the merchant who's gone o'er the main.

He sail'd into Russia, where, as we find,  
His ship was laden with traffic so fine ;  
Then to come to London his course he did steer,  
And what happen'd to him you quickly shall hear.

Upon the wide ocean a storm did arise,  
In which gloomy clouds did darken the skies ;  
The wind did blow, and the storms did roar,  
Which drove them almost to the Irish shore.

For several hours by the waves they were tost,  
 Expecting each moment their lives would be lost ;  
 In the midst of their danger one did contrive  
 To alter their course, and at Chester arrive.

The thing was soon noised abroad in the town,  
 And many shopkeepers to this ship came down ;  
 One bought the whole cargo ; the money, 'tis said,  
 To this London merchant in a few days was paid.

One day, at a tavern, these dealers, we find,  
 Stay'd several hours with drinking of wine ;  
 At length the shopkeeper said, Shall we go  
 And get us a miss ?—The merchant said, No.

Sir, with such a lady I fairly did wed,  
 She's chaste as when we were married,  
 A woman as honest as ever you knew,  
 Then to such a wife I will be chaste and true.

The shopkeeper said, Your conceit is strong,  
 To think any woman can tarry so long  
 To wait for a husband. I'll lay what you dare,  
 That I can defile your chaste lady fair.

To which the merchant said, Sure, I am free  
 To lay ship and money on her chastity ;  
 Then before witness the thing was agreed,  
 And the shopkeeper came up to London with speed.

## Part II.

He went to a tavern, and there did presume  
To call for a bottle of wine and a room ;  
'Twas a widow woman, who lived then there,  
For the sake of some money the wife did ensnare.

He asked if she knew such a one ? the reply  
Was, Yes, sir, and she liveth hard by.  
He said, Fifty guineas I'll give you straitway,  
If into her chamber you will me convey.

Her answer was to him, As I am alive,  
A way to get you there I will soon contrive.  
She went to this lady, and said, It is so,  
To my dying father this night I must go.

My jewels and plate and other things brave,  
Lie lock'd in a chest which by me I have ;  
This night in your chamber, pray, let them lie here,  
To-morrow I'll fetch them, you need not fear.

This lady, not knowing her wicked design,  
Gave leave to bring them at night we find.  
This vile, subtle woman, to compleat the jest,  
Had him convey'd there lock'd in the chest.



This lady she used to keep a great light,  
To burn in her chamber always in the night ;  
And as this lady was in a deep sleep,  
The shopkeeper out of the chest did creep.

When he came to the bed; like one in amaze,  
He on this lady did stand and gaze,  
And on her right breast he espied a mole,  
Which for some time he did stand to behold.

Likewise on the table he chanced to spy  
A girdle and watch, that on it did lie ;  
On the girdle and watch her name was plac'd,  
Which things in his pocket he put up in haste.

Saying, These tokens my wager will gain,  
And now to disturb her I will refrain.  
Then into the chest he went, and there lay  
Until the next morning he was fetched away.

So then for West-Chester he did repair,  
And with a good horse he soon came there,  
Crying to the merchant, The wager I've won,  
And, if I mistake not, thou art undone.

Upon her right breast there is a mole grows,  
Which you, in long courting, have seen, I suppose;  
Sir, there is a girdle and watch likewise,  
Therefore you may see I tell you no lies.

To see this the merchant wept bitterly,  
 And said, Wicked woman, thou has ruined me !  
 For to be undone this makes my heart ake ;  
 Now for a subsistence what course can I take ?

To hear this moan, some merchants being there,  
 Said to him, Brother, do not yet despair ;  
 Since you are ruin'd by a vile woman,  
 We'll make a man of you once more if we can.

So among them they raised two hundred pound,  
 And set him up shopkeeper in Chester town ;  
 But Satan was busy, and to stir up strife,  
 He tempted the merchant to murder his wife.

### Part III.

He then kept a servant, whose name it was John,  
 He then sent a letter to her by this man ;  
 These words were in it : At Chester I be,  
 With all expedition, dear wife, come to me.

Perusing the letter, she said, with a smile,  
 My dear, I'll be with you in a short while ;  
 Next day with this young man away she went,  
 Of these ill designs she was innocent.

Riding through a wood to make her his prey,  
 He with a penknife did turn and say:  
 Come, lady, alight from your horse directly,  
 For it is order'd here you must die.

To hear these expressions, she cry'd out amain,  
 Young man, wherefore is it I must be slain?  
 His answer was, For . . . . .  
 The man that defiled you I knew before.

She said, If I must die, I'll take it on my death,  
 No man ever knew me since I drew breath.  
 He said, These excuses will never do,  
 My master sent me to murder you.

He charged me to bring your clothes and heart;  
 Then I'll not prove false to him, for my part.  
 Thus, as she stood trembling, and for life did cry,  
 By Providence, a hog by chance to come by.

She said, Save my life, and kill that swine,  
 And take the heart, he'll think it is mine.  
 Likewise take these my cloaths also,  
 And give me yours; then a wandering I'll go.

For to save her life, then, he thought good,  
 And the thing desired was done in the wood.  
 He went home and said, Sir, to finish the strife,  
 Here are the cloaths and heart of your wife!

To see this the merchant did blush,  
 And into the fire the heart did push ;  
 Crying, There is the heart of a strumpet again,  
 Who has been my ruin and fed me with pain !

Thus he, in vile manner, did burn this heart,  
 By which we may see revenge is sweet ;  
 But now I will leave him, mistaken, and hear  
 What course of life this lady did steer.

### Part IV.

Dress'd in man's apparel she wander'd away,  
 But as she was going through a town one day,  
 She went to a gentleman's door, it is said,  
 And heartily begged for a morsel of bread.

This man came forth, and look'd in her face,  
 And said, Young man, it is a disgrace  
 For to go a-begging. Art willing, said he,  
 To serve such a master as now I may be ?

Her answer was, Yes, and thank you beside ;  
 Come in and sit down, the master reply'd,  
 And soon I will put better cloaths on thy back ;  
 Be but a good servant, thou nothing shalt lack.

This man so lov'd her, that in a short space,  
 He got her a commission for a captain's place;  
 Then she with great courage to Flanders went o'er,  
 And was in battle where cannons did roar.

Summer being ended, both she and her men,  
 All that were alive, came to England again;  
 For winter's quarters it was ordered so,  
 That she and her men to West-Chester should go.

Where, walking the streets one night, this lady  
 Look'd into a shop, and her husband did see;  
 For to think of his actions that were so base,  
 Her heart was disturb'd and mov'd from its place.

Dress'd as a commander, she to him did go,  
 And said unto him, Sir, do you know  
 Such a man in this town? tell me if you can;  
 His answer was, Sir, I am the man!

Sir, did you not marry with such a lady,  
 A noble knight's daughter? pray, where is she?  
 Yes, I marry'd her, the merchant reply'd;  
 About three years ago she sicken'd and dy'd.

Then unto a justice of peace she retir'd,  
 And told the whole matter, which thing he admir'd;  
 He sent for her husband and young man in haste,  
 With the villain that was shut in the chest.

But first he examined the lady's husband,  
But he with blushes appear'd very wan,  
And thinking his lady she had been dead,  
With fear his teeth gnashed in his head.

The justice said, Young man, for thee,  
Did'st thou kill this man's wife? tell unto me.  
He said, Sir, I was sent the lady to kill;  
Unto her, through mercy, I shewed no ill.

My master charged me to bring her heart,  
But he was mistaken that time for his part;  
For 'twas a hog's heart I brought him to show,  
And I hope she is living, but where I don't know.

Dress'd in man's apparel, she said to him, John,  
I am the young lady, though drest like a man;  
To hear this the merchant began to sweat,  
And look'd like a woodcock caught in a net.

And then the shopkeeper was call'd in place,  
Who on this lady had brought sorrow apace;  
He being examined, was found guilty,  
And order'd to stand in the pillory.

Nay, this was not all, he was order'd to pay  
Fifty thousand pounds to the merchant next day;  
Which sum was produc'd with great discontent,  
And strait to a prison he quickly was sent.

Saying, I'm ruin'd by playing the cheat,  
And shall be expos'd to shame in the street ;  
To prevent all scandal, he took a penknife,  
And stabb'd himself, which ended his life.

And now the merchant and lady do dwell  
Together in love, and agree very well ;  
And as for the young man who pity'd her moan,  
This lady loves him as a child of her own.





THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

*The Famous History of the Lancashire Witches, containing the Manner of their becoming such; their Enchantments, Spells, Revels, merry Pranks, raising of Storms and Tempests, riding on Winds, &c. The Entertainments and Frolics which have happened among them. With the Loves and Humours of Roger and Dorothy. Also, A Treatise of Witches in general, conducive to Mirth and Recreation. The like before never published. 12mo, n. d.*



CH. 1.—*The Lancashire Witches Temptation, and of the Devil's appearing to her in sundry shapes, and giving her money.*

LANCASHIRE is a famous and noted place, abounding with rivers, hills, woods, pastures, and pleasant towns, many of which are of great antiquity. It has also been famous for witches, and the strange pranks they played. Therefore, since the name of Lancashire witches have been so frequent in the mouths of old and young, and many imperfect stories have been rumoured abroad, it would doubtless tend to the satisfaction of the reader to give some account of them in their merry sports and pastimes.



Some time since lived one Mother Cuthbert, in a little hovel at the bottom of a hill called Wood-and-Mountain Hill, in Lancashire. This woman had two lusty daughters, who both carded and spun for their living, yet was very poor, which made them often repine at and lament their want. One day, as Mother Cuthbert was sauntering about the hill side, picking the wood off the bushes, out started a thing like a rabbit, which run about two or three times, and then changed into a hound, and afterwards into a man, which made the old beldame to tremble, yet she had no power to run away. So putting a purse of money in her hand, and charging her to be there the next day, he immediately vanished away; and old Mother Cuthbert returned home, being somewhat disturbed between jealousy and fear.

CH. 2.—*Strange and wonderful apparitions; how one witch had power to make another; and other strange things.*

The old woman opened not her purse till she came home, and then found in it ten angels; so calling to her daughters, she told them what had happened. The wenches rejoiced the treasure of the house increased, that they might stuff themselves with beef and pudding, which they had long been strangers to; and advised her mother to go again as she was ordered, and so she did. The first thing she saw was a tree, rising out of the ground, which moved

toward her, and, to her great surprise, multiplied into a very thick wood round her, so that she was afraid of losing herself; when on a sudden she saw a house, and heard the sound of musick. This appeared more strange; however she took courage, and went towards it, where she found a matron standing at the door, who very kindly invited her in, where she found a great many women all dancing and revelling; and the house appeared like a stately palace, and tables furnished with variety of delicacies. The dance being ended, she was desired to sit at the table with the rest; but she scrupled it at first; till at length, being hungry, she fell roundly to. After dinner, the matron which received her, by striking the floor with her wand, caused divers of the familiars, in the shape of cats, bears, apes, &c., to enter and dance antic dances, whilst she played on the gridiron and tongs. This done, taking Mother Cuthbert aside, she demanded how she liked their cheer and sport? She answered, Very well; but desired to know where she was, and her company? Mother Crady then told her that she was Witch of Penmure, a great mountain in Wales, and the rest were her countrywomen of the same faculty; and being desirous to have her of the fraternity, she had contrived this way to entertain her, to shew that she might always live jocund and merry. Mother Cuthbert, overcome with persuasions, consented, when immediately they anointed her breast with a certain ointment, then speaking a charm or two, they gave her the rest to use upon occasion; and also in another box a little thing like a mole, that was to be her imp. So

all mounting upon a coal-staff, away they flew, and she with them ; but they left her at the door of her own house, and kept still on their way with the wind.

CH. 3.—*A Lancashire Witch enchants the mayor of the town who had caused her to be whipped ; with the circumstances attending.*

Mother Cuthbert, being thus entered into the society of witches, by the force of her ointment, and council of her imp, who could speak when he pleased, and turn himself into divers shapes, finding the power she had, began to play many pranks.

Some time before this the mayor of Lancaster had caused Mother Cuthbert to be whipt for breaking his pales to make her a fire in the cold winter, which she resented much ; and now knowing her power to revenge it, she trudges thither, where she found him carousing with many friends. She took an opportunity to slip a letter into his hands, and retired unknown, which he had no sooner perused, but telling his company he must run a race, he immediately went into the next room, and stripped himself stark-naked, then taking a hand-whip, he ran into the street, lashing his sides and back, crying, There he goes ! I win ! I win ! whilst the people followed, calling him to stay, thinking he was distracted ; yet he run on to the further end of the town, lashing himself till he was bloody. At which time, coming to his wits, he was in the greatest consternation,

swearing the devil had put this trick upon him; for all the time he imagined he had been on horseback, and was riding a race, not feeling the lashes he gave himself till he had completed his number, and filled the measure of the witch's resentment.

CH. 4. — *The old woman's two daughters become witches; and one of them, in the shape of a mare, is revenged upon her false sweetheart and rival.*

Mother Cuthbert, growing more and more perfect in her art, resolved to bring in her daughters for a snack, and thereupon communicates to them all that had befallen her. They were content to be ruled by the mother, and she anointed them, and used the best means she was able to make them perfect in their new trade.

Their names was Margery and Cicely; the first was courted by Roger Clodpate, a plain, downright, country fellow; but he was wheedled from her by Dorothy, a gentleman's dairymaid not far distant. This vexed Margery, and made her resolved to be revenged for it; so one day, as they went abroad in the fields about courtship, she, by casting up dust in the air, and other enchantments, raised up a mighty storm of rain, which so swelled the ditches that they overflowed in their way and stopped them; but as they began to think of going back, Margery immediately transformed herself into the shape of a black mare, and came gently towards them, when Roger, glad of the oppor-

tunity, first mounted his sweetheart, and then got up himself. But they were no sooner in the middle of the water than she threw him heels over head, and ran away laughing, soon recovering her shape; while Roger and Doll were in a piteous case, and forced to trudge home, like drowned rats, with the story of their unfortunate disaster.

CH. 5.— *A witch rescues a man who was going to gaol, and plagues the bailiffs, by leading them a dance over hedge and ditch.*

A poor man being arrested by a cruel creditor for debt, and he not being able to pay it, they were carrying him to Lancaster gaol, when Mother Cuthbert met them, and desired to know the matter. The officers answered her very surlily, pushing her aside, which, raising her choler, she said, But you shall let him go before we do part. And they said he should not. Whereupon she bid the poor man stop his ears close: and then she drew out a pipe which had been given her by the witch of Penmure, and then set piping, and led them through hedges and thorns, over ditches, banks, and poles, sometimes tumbling, and other times tearing and bruising their flesh; while the poor fellow got time enough to make his escape, and the catch-poles cried out for mercy, thinking the devil had led them a dance. At length she left them in the middle of a stinking pond to shift for themselves.

CH. 6.—*Of a Lancashire witch being in love with a gentleman: of her haunting him in the shape of a hare, and obtaining her ends.*

Cicely, the youngest daughter of the Lancashire witch, being in love with a gentleman's son about a mile from their home, was resolved to have him in her arms at any rate; wherefore, knowing he admired hunting; she often turned herself into a hare to make him sport, and still drew him towards her mother's house, for when he went that way he was used to call to chat with them, the which caused in Cicely the first passion; but once this had like to have proved fatal, for the charm wanting somewhat of its force, one of the foremost hounds caught her by the haunches just as she was entering her creep-hole, and gave her a terrible pinch; and happy was it for her that she was so near, or her loving had been for ever spoiled. The young man, commonly losing the hare about this house, began to wonder, and supposing it to have run in at the sink, he entered the house, where he found Cicely rubbing of her back; but not meeting what he sought, nor looking for such a transformation, he departed, and she for the future grew cautious of shewing him any more sport of that kind. But when he was going to be married to a beautiful young gentlewoman, she by enchantment caused the lady to lose herself in a wood, and there cast her into a deep sleep for a day and a night. In the mean time she personated the

bride ; but knowing it could not long continue, she cast him likewise into a deep sleep, and then fetched the young lady to his arms, that when they both awaked they thought they had been all the time together.

CH. 7.—*Mother Cuthbert enchants several thieves, and takes away their money ; with the manner of setting spells.*

Old Mother Cuthbert, going along the road, she overheard some thieves bragging of a mighty purchase they had made, whereupon she resolved with herself that she would come in for a share ; and accordingly she muttered some words, on which the horses began for to stumble, which made them curse and swear. At length they supposed they heard the rattling of clubs and staves, as if the whole country had been up in arms to seize them ; and finding they could not spur their horses on, nor make them stir a foot, they got off, leaving their portmantuas behind them, and ran away on foot. The prize she conveyed home, and hearing some poor people had been robbed, she gave them back what they had lost. The fright the rogues were put into was caused by enchantment, in which she was so good a proficient, that she often would set spells on the highway, so that any being robbed the rogues had no power to get away.

*The description of a spell.*—A spell is a piece of paper written with magic characters, fixed in a critical season of the moon and conjunction of the planets; or, sometimes, by repeating mystical words. But of these there are many sorts.

CH. 8.—*The manner of a witch feast; or, a general meeting.*

There being a general meeting of the witches to consult for merry pranks, and to be even with any who had injured them, one of them must needs bring her husband with her; but charged him and made him promise that whatever he saw or heard he should not speak a word of it. To this he promised to be obedient. He was carried thither in the night, but he knew not which way; and there he found a stately palace (to his thinking), furnished with goods of exceeding value, and it shined in the night with artificial lights as at noon-day. Here they had all manner of good cheer, and he was as frolicsome as the merriest. The man observed his covenant till he came to eat, when looking about and seeing no salt (for it seems witches never use any), he, before he was aware, cried out, What, in God's name, have we no salt here? Upon this all the lights immediately went out, and the company flew away; so dreadful is the name of God to those servants of Satan. Storms of rain and hail, attended with lightening and terrible claps of thunder, ensued. The rain poured on him, the wind blew,



and instead of a palace, when daylight appeared, he found himself in an old uncovered barn, on a steep hill, about twenty miles from home. And from that time he never desired to go with his wife to see curiosities.

CH. 9.— *The humours of Roger and Doll, with the manner how they was served by a Lancashire witch.*

Roger and Dorothy being got in a merry humour, one day meeting with Margery, began to swear at her, and called her *Leaden Heels*, but she passed by as if she minded it not. They had not far to go before there was a stile to go over; but when they was on the top they could not get down on either side, fancying there was ponds of water round about them, till some travellers came by, who, finding them thus mounted on the wooden horse in a strange posture, made them dismount. However, not satisfied, she watched their motions, and found them in a barn that stood by the road, where the cows used to be driven in to be milked. There, being seated upon the straw, toying together, and wondering at what had happened, they proceeded to be a little more familiar together. But just as they were going to offer, Margery, who stood there invisible, sprinkled Roger with a certain dust, which changed his very countenance, making it appear to his mistress like an ass's head; which so frightened her that she gave a lusty spring, and throwing him quite over, she got up, running, and crying out, The

devil! the devil! This so terrified Roger, that he followed, crying out, What ails you, my dear? what ails you? In this manner, to the laughter of a great number of people, they ran until they were so tired they were forced to lie down, being no longer able to hold out. Thus, at this time, her revenge was satisfied.

CH. 10.—*How some witches, revelling in a gentleman's house, served the servants who surprised them.*

It happened one time that a great number of Lancashire witches were revelling in a gentleman's house in his absence, and making merry with what they found, the dogs not daring to stir, they having, it seems, power to strike them mute. However, during their frolick, some of the servants came home, and thinking they had been ordinary thieves, went to seize them; but they happened to catch a Tartar; for each taking one, they flew away with them, who in vain called for help, till they had lodged them on the top of very high trees; and then raised prodigious storms of thunder and lightening, with hard showers of rain, they left them there to do penance for their intrusion.

CH. 11.— *A brief treatise on witches in general; with several things worthy of note.*

About this time great search was made after witches, and many were apprehended; but most of them gave the hangman and the gaoler the slip; though some hold that when a witch is taken she hath no power to avoid justice. It happened, as some of them were going in a cart to be tried, a coach passed by, in which appeared a person like a judge, who, calling to one, bid her be of good comfort, for neither she nor any of her company should be harmed; and in that night all the prison locks flew open, and they made their escape; and many, when they have been cast into the water for a trial, have swam like a cork. One of them boasted she could go over the sea in an egg-shell. It is held on all hands they adore the devil, and become his bond-slaves, to have for a term of years their pleasure and revenge. And indeed many of them are more mischeivous than others in laming and destroying cattle, and in drowning ships at sea, by raising storms. But the Lancashire witches, we see, chiefly divert themselves in merriment, and are therefore found to be more sociable than the rest.

CH. 12.—*A short description of the famous Lapland  
witches.*

The Lapland witches, they tell us, can send wind to sailors, and take delight in nothing more than raising of storms and tempests, which they effect by repeating certain charms, and throwing up sand in the air. The best way to avoid their power is to believe in God, who will not suffer them to hurt us; for here they are held to be restrained. As many mistake their children and relations to be bewitched, when they die of distempers somewhat strange to the unskilful; so one poor woman or other is falsely accused of things which they are entirely ignorant of.

This may suffice as to what comically or really relates to witches, or such as are imagined to be possessed with evil and familiar spirits.





## RICHARD SHEALE'S LOVE-SONG.

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From MS. 48, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

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**M**Y Kebbell sweete, in whom I trust,  
Have now respect and do not faylle  
Thy faythfull frend, who ys most just,  
And shall not in hys frendshyp quayle ;  
But prove hymself as just and true,  
As ever sowthe was fownd in yow.

For fleetynge tyme, nor wastfulle sword,  
Nor tawntyng gyrds fawstred in art,  
Shall make me to forgo my woord,  
Nor from my faythfull frend astart ;  
But wyll be fownd as tryed gowlde,  
As frendlynes requyrs yt showlde.

Thy tender hart to gentell kynde  
Dothe show what rase ingendred the ;  
A nobell hart in the I fynd,  
Which makes me to thy wyll agre ;  
And ever wyll and ever shall,  
Thowghe I showld dwell in lastyng thrall.

Lothsom dysdayne dothe swell to se,  
And ragyng ire doth boyle allso,  
For sowthe trew faythe grounded to be  
In harts dwellynge on yerthe below;  
Wher the do thyнк that hydden guylle  
Dothe trap men wyth hys subtyll wyll.

I woowld I had the nymbell wynges  
Of mylk-whyte dove that clyps in sckye;  
In fethers then I woold be clad  
To mownt over the mowntaynes hye,  
And lyght on the I woold be bolde,  
That kepethe fast my hart in howlde !





## LIVERPOOL IN THE YEAR 1714.

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I MAY say the same of Liverpool, which is built on a bank of sand, whose entrance from the sea is pretty difficult; no river near it, nor yet any fresh water in the town but what rain affords; and yet is a large, fine built town, some merchants having houses that in Italy would pass for palaces. The new church is one of the finest in England, and the streets neat; and those about that called the New Town are very handsome and well built.

They have made a fine dock here for the security of their shipping, where fourscore sail of ships may lie in the greatest storms, as secure as a man in his bed. But this is all forced, nothing of nature; and when they have brought fresh water into the town, which is designed, by pipes from some springs in Sir Cleve More's estate, about four miles off, and for which they have got an act of Parliament, may become one of the finest towns in England. Their Exchange for merchants is very convenient, hard by the Town-house.

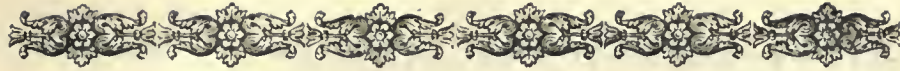
From Liverpool I went to Aeyton, a fine seat of Sir Richard Gresner; and from thence to my Lord Cholmley's, about twelve miles from Chester. It's a noble old seat, the gardens not inferior to any in England; and one gravel walk the longest I have seen. He is Lord Lieutenant of

the County of Chester, and Treasurer of the Houshold to his Majesty. Nobody makes a better figure at court, nor a greater in his country than he does. But as this corner of the kingdom are generally disaffected to the present government, his zeal makes him less belov'd.

You may reasonably ask me, that since I was in Lancashire, when at Liverpool, I did not proceed through that large county, before my return to the midland ones; and so proceed by the west shore to Carslile? The reason, upon the strictest enquiry, was, that except a very noble seat of the Earl of Warrington's, there is not anything remarkable in Lancashire, but good neighbourhood and plenty; and more of the Roman Catholick religion in this county than in any three others in England: a remark I forgot to make of North Wales, that, except at Holly-Well, I did not hear of one dissenter, or one Roman Catholick, in all the counties I went through.—*Journey through England, 1714.*







## MANCHESTER IN THE YEAR 1714.

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**B**EFORE I leave Lancashire, I can't but take notice of Manchester, which is ten times more populous than Preston. Manchester is famous for its Collegiate Church, and choir of excellent workmanship, a noble hospital with large endowments, a flourishing school, an extraordinary library, and returns more money in one month than Preston does in fifteen. If time would permit, I could mention three or four towns more, much larger than Preston.— *Travels through England, 1714.*





## THE PALATINE COUNTIES IN 1634.

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From an account written by three military officers who travelled through them in that year. A MS. of the time.

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**W**E entered into the famous County Palatine of Lancaster, by a fayre, lofty, long, archt bridge over the river Lun. Wee were for the George in Lancaster, & our host was the better acquainted with the affayres of the shire, for that his brother was both a justice of the peace & a chiefe gaoler there, by vertue whereof wee had some commaund of the Castle, w<sup>ch</sup> is the hon<sup>r</sup> & grace of the whole towne. The stately, spacious, & princely strong roomes, where the Dukes of Lancaster lodg'd. It is of that ample receipt, & in so good repayre, that it lodgeth both the judges & many of the justices every assizes. It is a strong & stately castle; and commaunds into the sea.

[Proceeding the next morning, by several seats & castles, upon the rivers Dee & Ribble,] w<sup>ch</sup> last wee pass'd over by a fayre arch'd bridge, within 5 or 6 miles of the sea, w<sup>ch</sup> cutts this shire in sunder iust in her narrow middle. The wayes being so pleasant, the situations so sweet, the soyle so good & fertile, as made us truant and beguile ourselves

in the time, & to undergoe such fortune as is incident to travellers, for being benighted, wee mistooke our way, & were in great danger among those deep hell coal-pitts; for w<sup>ch</sup> way soever wee tooke, we were still led to those Tartarean cells, w<sup>ch</sup> our horses discovered sooner than wee could, & by their snuffing made us take heed of them: surely some of the infernall spiritts have their residence in them.

It was now time or never to consult what was fittest & speediest to be done, to free us out of this blacke & dismall danger, and whilst we were at a stand, & in consultation, the melodious sound of a sweet cornet arrested our eares (may those sweet blastes ever give content to all as to us), for we were guided & conducted through woods, from this darksome haunted place, by the sounding thereof, to a stately fayre house of a gentleman (Mr. Standish, of Standish), that was the High Sheriffe of that good rich shire this yeere, into whose custody we had committed ourselves but that wee understood that his house was that night full of strangers.

[Went on to Wiggan,] where we rested that night: wee came thither late & weary, & had fayre quarter afforded vs, by a fat honest host, an alderman, & a jovial blade; his own castle was full, yet did he billet vs at his overthwart neighbours, in two sumptuous chambers, where we all soundly slept after our (that dayes) enchantm<sup>t</sup>.

[The next morning, after visiting the church,] we hastned to our joviall alderman, but he, with a noble boone Parson, another honest gentleman, & Mr. Organist, did arrest vs in

their fayre market place, & kindly invited us to their morning's draught, a whiskin of Wiggin ale, w<sup>ch</sup> they as heartily as merrily whiskt off, as freely & liberally they call'd for it. It was as good as they that gave it, for better ale & better company no travellers whatsoever would ever desire. I dare say he was no ordinary parson, neither in his condition nor calling; for his seale stil'd him an arch-deacon, that's his condition; and what he call'd for he freely pay'd for, that's his calling. There were other men of his coat generous like himsele, sure some of his neere neighbours, into whom he had infus'd soe curteous a garbe.

[After breakfast the following day we] had this good company adieu. This honest parson would not let us passe w<sup>th</sup>out a speciall token and badge of his love, presented every one of us a peece of canall plate, w<sup>ch</sup> we kindly accepted off, and so shooke hands, and away for Chester, through many fayre townes, but especially two sweetly built and situated [Preston and Warrington]; and by as many fayre stately seates and situations, and more especially two, the one a goodly castle, and Parke, a large priviledg'd place, plac'd on a high hill [Houghton Castle, the king's]; the other not far from that [Rock Savadge, the Lord Savadges], sweetly and stately situated, upon a curious ascent, neere the banke of a pleasant river [the Weaver], which there meets another river [the Marsie], and so runs into the sea; the latter of w<sup>ch</sup> rivers divides those two famous County Palatines, Lancaster and Chester, by a great and fayre archt bridge, against that sumptuous rich building and parke of that noble lords [Frosdam, Sir John Savadge's],

and another neat seat of a knight's [Sir Peter Lee's]. Before we came thither, we past through a towne, where the worth of the parsonage wee cannot forget, deserving a marginall note [Winwicke, worth £2000 p<sup>r</sup> ann<sup>m</sup>]. There wee bestow'd some small time in viewing such a church, as maintaines such a fat rector, and in her the monum<sup>ts</sup> and chappell of the Gerrards.

[At Chester. Went to the cathedral] to heare a grave prebend preach in his surplice. This place was not answerable to others we had pass'd, unlesse to Carlisle; it is an old building of white stone, neither was there any ancient monum<sup>ts</sup> of note or value.

In our marching the city rounds, wee pass'd over 4 gates, w<sup>ch</sup> she dayly openeth to let in both her owne country-men, and her neighbouring Welsh shentles. At one of these gates next the said river wee tooke an exact view of the rare water-workes, w<sup>ch</sup> are Middletoniz'd, and brought up to a high tower, on the top of the gate-house, and from thence convey'd by trunckes and pipes all the city over, as in London. The river w<sup>th</sup>in 8 or 10 miles of the city falls into the sea, upon the sandes close all along the city walls; to Wales ward is a long fayre race for horses, where hur will run her Welsh tyke with the proudest pamper'd courser of our English breed.

This wall hath many strong watch-towers to guard her, and one kept cleanly, neat, and trim by the spruce company of Barbers.

In the market place and heart of the city yo<sup>u</sup> may walke dry in any wet weather on a gallery on either side of the

streets by all the shops, under arches, and buildings, about 2 yards high, ietting into the street ; the forme is rare, the buildings but indifferent. The cittie and her buildings are very ancient, and soe are the lawes and priviledges, both in her and in the whole principallitie ; ffor she is providently govern'd by a mayor, 2. sheriffes, 24. aldermen, of the number were 4. of great ranke and worth, 2. whereof are lords, and 2. knights, and a recorder.

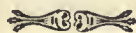
In this city stands a stately and strong habitable castle, wherein the judges of the circuit lye. Before yo<sup>u</sup> passe ouer y<sup>e</sup> fayre archt bridge, into the inner court, on the left hand in the Case Court stands the great and spacious hall, where they sit on one bench togeather a whole weeke, the high sheriffs place being on y<sup>e</sup> one side, and the constables of the castle on the other. Adioyning to it is y<sup>e</sup> Exchequer, where their Courts Palatine are kept, wherein sometime sitts that old earle the Chiefe Chamberlaine, vsually, and often the vice-chamberlaine, and constantly and daily, the attorneys and clerks, w<sup>th</sup> other officers, as purseuants, seale-keepers, &c. In this court are placed the armes of the 8. barons, whereof one onely is now extant [the Baron of Kinderton].

There is 8. chvrches in the citty: in one of them, called St. Maries, is Troplies chappell, where upon a curious monument of alabaster lyes the L<sup>d</sup> Troplie, and his ladie, a princesse ; his sons tombe, and his ladys, the Earle of Shrewsbury's daughter ; and both the ffather and the sonne in their martiall habits.

The citizens retaine an old order and custome, w<sup>ch</sup> is this ;

allwayes on Christmas even the watch begin, and the mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and fortye of the common counsel goe about the cittie in tryumph, w<sup>th</sup> torches and ffireworkes. The recorder making a speech of the antiquity of her, founded by gyants. On Midsummer euen, the giants and some wild beasts (that are constantly kept for that purpose) are carry'd about the towne. By this, time it was to leaue this ancient city, w<sup>ch</sup> did so flourish in y<sup>e</sup> dayes of renowned King Edgar; yet ere we part from her, wee must give the governor of her his due, by whom wee were gently and curteously entertain'd in his owne house, who being call'd away by his brethren to the penthouse, thither also he kindly requested vs to accompany him, where we were treated like statesmen.

From this place he would not let us part till we saw the ancient order and manner in making of their ffreemen there, and thus in brieve it was. Two that were to be enfranchiz'd that day, came in both of them w<sup>th</sup> helmets on their heads, and each an halbert in his hand, and so arm'd tooke an oath, before the mayor and justices then present, alwayes to have these 2. defensive weapons in readinesse, for the defence both of the king and the city; so they counter-marcht away, disarm'd themselves, marcht up againe, and were then sworne fre members of the city; psently after, one of the mayors officers enters w<sup>th</sup> a pottle of wine and sugar, wherew<sup>th</sup> this worshipfull company bad vs freely welcome, which wee kindly embrac'd, and so tooke our leaues, and left them at their graue counsells.





## THE LIVERPOOL TRAGEDY:

*Or, A Warning to Disobedient Children and Covetous Parents, shewing how one John Fuller left his father's house to go to sea against his will, and was shipwrecked, but was preserved on a rock; how he was fetched by the ship's boat, and put ashore at Bengal, where he married; how he returned home, when he, not informing his parents who he was, they murdered him for the sake of his gold, with their tragical end.*

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It is almost unnecessary to say that the wretched doggrel here reprinted is preserved solely on account of its local interest. It was frequently issued both in the broadside and chap-book form, and appears to have been popular about the commencement of the present century.

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### Part I.

**Y**OU tender parents that have children dear,  
Be pleas'd to wait awhile, and you shall hear  
A dismal accident befel of late,  
Which ought to bear an everlasting date.



At famous Liverpool in Lancashire,  
One Mr. Robert Fuller liv'd, we hear ;  
A grazier, who liv'd in a happy state,  
He being not too poor, nor yet too great.

He had three daughters, charming beauties bright,  
And but one son, which was his heart's delight ;  
His father doted on him, and in truth  
He was a dutiful and sober youth.

He bound him prentice to one Mr. Brown,  
A noted surgeon, who liv'd in the town ;  
With whom he staid the term of seven years,  
And serv'd him faithfully as it appears.

And afterwards some time did with him dwell,  
And as a servant pleas'd his master well ;  
He got acquainted with a surgeon's mate,  
Who was going a voyage up the Straight.

He did persuade him for to go to sea,  
And said, in time he might promoted be ;  
This so much wrought upon the young man's mind,  
That he to go with him seem'd much inclin'd.

He went and told his father his design,  
That he would go to sea in a little time,  
For I to the East Indies now will go ;  
Therefore, dear father, do not say me no.

To hear these words his father was surpris'd,  
It soon fetch'd tears from his aged eyes ;  
Can you, my son, said he, from me depart,  
And leave me here behind with aching heart.

Because I plac'd in you my chief delight,  
Do you my tender care this way requite ?  
You my consent to go shall never have,  
'Twill bring me down with sorrow to the grave.

Go, wilful youth ; perhaps the time may come  
That you may wish you'd stay'd with me at home.  
But all these arguments would not prevail,  
He was resolv'd the raging main to sail.

His mother cry'd, I thought I had a son  
Would be my comfort for the time to come ;  
His sister cry'd, Dear brother, do not go,  
And leave our father thus oppress'd with woe.

His father said, My son, let reason rule,  
Take my advice, and do not play the fool ;  
What is the meaning of this sudden change ?  
What makes you fancy at this time to range ?

Father, all these persuasions are in vain,  
I am resolv'd to cross the raging main ;  
Therefore give me your blessing ere I go,  
For I'll begone whether you will or no.

His father cry'd, Since you don't me regard,  
 God justly will your wickedness reward ;  
 God's heavy judgments will upon you come,  
 For being such a disobedient son.

So you must go without what you now crave,  
 Mine nor God's blessing you will never have.  
 What courses now this stubborn youth doth steer,  
 You in the second part shall quickly hear.

### Part II.

He went with speed unto the surgeon's mate,  
 And goes with him a voyage up the Straights ;  
 But with that voyage he was not content ;  
 Further to go his rambling mind was bent.

He came to London, and a ship he found,  
 Which lay at Deptford, for the Indies bound ;  
 And straight he ordered his matters so,  
 As surgeon's mate on board of her to go.

The very next day as he set sail, we hear,  
 He sent a letter to his father dear ;  
 Father, he wrote, I am alive and well,  
 But when I shall return I cannot tell.

I am on board a noble ship of fame,  
For the Indies bound, the Prince by name ;  
I will come home when my wild frolick's run ;  
So this is all at present from your son.

His aged father read the letter strait,  
And said, My son is gone in spite of fate ;  
All I can do, I'll act a father's part,  
And beg of God to turn his stubborn heart.

Where now his aged father we will leave,  
And turn unto his son which made him grieve,  
Who then was sailing on the ocean wide ;  
But mark in what short time did him betide.

As by the coast of Brazil they did sail,  
Boreas began to blow a blustering gale ;  
The captain, then, with deep concern did say,  
If this storm holds we shall be cast away.

He scarce had spoke these words, when on a rock  
The ship was drove with such a mighty shock,  
She stuck so fast she could not get away ;  
So they in sorrow were forced to stay.

The captain cry'd, Let's beg of God that He  
May from this shocking danger set us free ;  
Next, let all hands help to heave out the boat,  
That o'er the foaming billows we may float.

He gave command ; the thing as soon were done,  
 And overboard with speed the boat was flung ;  
 Each one to save his life got in with speed,  
 Until the boat would hold no more indeed.

The boat it were so full it could not swim,  
 So some were forced to get out again ;  
 The surgeon's mate, the grazier's stubborn son,  
 As fortune order'd, chanced to be one.

He was oblig'd out of the boat to go  
 Back to the ship, his heart oppress'd with woe ;  
 Fifteen poor souls behind them they did leave,  
 Whose piercing cries a stony heart would grieve.

The captain cry'd, My boat will hold no more ;  
 But if I should live to get on shore,  
 And you remain alive in this sad case,  
 I'll surely come and fetch you from this place.

### Part III.

The poor distressed men, in great despair,  
 Unto the Lord did make their humble pray'r,  
 Expecting ev'ry minute for to be  
 Sunk to the bottom of the swelling sea.

The grazier's son said, Here I will not stay,  
But through the foaming billows swim away ;  
I can swim well, the sea does calm appear ;  
So, fare you well, my brother sailors dear !

He overboard did jump before them all,  
Which made the seamen after him to call :  
You silly man, you cannot get on shore,  
We think that we shall never see you more.

Thus he went along till almost night,  
When his poor limbs were tired quite ;  
But fortune unto him did prove so kind,  
That he by chance a mighty rock did find.

The rock was rugged, high, and very steep,  
He with much trouble up the side did creep,  
And looking round, no land he could behold ;  
He cry'd, My sorrow now is manifold.

My father's words into my mind does come,  
That I do wish I'd stopt with him at home ;  
Also, I find it true what he then said,  
But now my disobedience is repaid.

He likewise told me, if I e'er did slight  
His careful counsel, God would me requite ;  
He told me, though a blessing I did crave,  
His, nor God's blessing, I should never have.

## Part IV.

He, thus lamenting, spent the tedious night,  
Until the morning it grew light ;  
Then went to search the rock all round,  
Where for his food some shell-fish he found.

Satan, the first deceiver of mankind,  
Did come to tempt this surgeon, as we find,  
Thinking he would on any terms comply,  
So took advantage of his misery.

While this young surgeon looked out to sea,  
At a good distance from him seem'd to be  
A something rowing to him in a boat,  
Which o'er the rolling waves did swiftly float.

This young man thought he'd been a friend at first,  
But next, he fear'd it was something worse,  
For if some wild man-eater it should be,  
He first will kill, the next, devour me.

The young man were soon freed from fear,  
As the devil, like some sailor, did appear ;  
And when he came unto the rock did say,  
Young man, how came you here this very day?

The surgeon all his whole misfortunes told,  
And while the truth to him he did unfold,  
Three drops of blood down from his nose did fall,  
Which made him think him not a friend withal.

The Devil then reply'd, Young man, if you  
Will be my servant wholly, just, and true,  
And will resign yourself up to me,  
I from this wretched place will set you free.

The young man found who were with him then,  
And cry'd, You grand deceiver of us men,  
O, get you gone, your flattery forbear;  
Why do you try my soul for to ensnare ;

I now your whole temptations do despise,  
Thou subtle fiend, thou father of all lies ;  
I will resign myself to God alone,  
Therefore, you vile deceiver, quick begone !

The devil then he strait did disappear,  
And left the surgeon trembling with fear ;  
Where now, awile, we'll leave him to complain,  
And turn unto his shipmates once again.

The captain in the boat got safe on shore,  
And soon returned to the ship once more,  
Where, out of fifteen, nine were left alive ;  
The captain did their drooping hearts revive.



Where is the rest of you ? the captain cry'd.  
 Alas ! with hunger they have dy'd.  
 All but the surgeon, who here wouldn't stay,  
 And overboard did jump, and swam away.

The captain cry'd, I hope my dream is right,  
 That he were on a rock I dreamt last night ;  
 So man the boat, for I the rock do know,  
 To save his life I thither now will go.

The boat was mann'd, and to the rock they came,  
 Where, to their joy, he did alive remain ;  
 They took him in, and then rowed away,  
 Which proved unto him a happy day.

### Part U.

Their ship from off the rock they soon did get,  
 And took great pains in well repairing it ;  
 Then for Bengal in India they did sail,  
 And soon arrived with a prosperous gale.

The surgeon soon got him there a wife,  
 And ten years liv'd a very happy life ;  
 Six children had likewise, a good estate,  
 But he was born to be unfortunate.

About his parents he was troubled so,  
 That back to England he would go;  
 He left his wife and children, as 'tis told,  
 And with him took ten hundred pounds in gold.

Two of his sisters in that time were dead,  
 The other to a glazier married;  
 He call'd there first, she were o'erjoy'd to see  
 That her own brother yet alive should be.

How does my parents do? then he did say.  
 She cry'd They're well, I saw them yesterday;  
 But they're so covetous grown of late,  
 They scarce allow themselves food to eat.

This night I'll go and lodge there, he did say;  
 But they shan't know me till you come next day.  
 Unto his father's house he then did go,  
 Asking if he a lodging could have or no?

They answer'd, Yes; and bid him strait come in.  
 But now, alas! his sorrows did begin;  
 His father said, Young man, I tell you true,  
 I had a son who was very much like you.

A purse of gold he to his mother gave,  
 And then tomorrow it of you I'll have.  
 She cry'd, I will. He then went to bed;  
 When the devil quickly put it in her head,

To murder her own son, the gold to have,  
For that was all she in this world did crave ;  
Husband, said she, when he is dead and gone,  
Then all the gold will surely be our own.

To murder this young man they both did go,  
But that he was their son they did not know ;  
They found him fast asleep, void of all care,  
Then quickly cut his throat from ear to ear.

His sister came, saying, Father, dear,  
Did there not come my brother here ?  
He answer'd, No. She said, There did indeed.  
Alas ! said they, we've made our son to bleed.

He strait then took up the bloody knife,  
And instant put a period to his life ;  
His wife she sat a little while below,  
At last up stairs did to her husband go.

Where, to her grief, she saw him bleeding lie ;  
She cry'd, Alas ! I've caused you to die,  
All by my means, for the sake of cursed gold ;  
My child and husband dead I do behold !

Now I will make up the number three,  
I cannot live such a sad sight to see ;  
Saying, World, farewell ! gold, from you I must part !  
Then run the knife into her cruel heart.

The daughter, wond'ring at their long delay,  
Did go upstairs to see what made them stay ;  
When the dreadful sight she did behold,  
Her dying mother all the story told.

Then did her daughter weep, then went away,  
And raving mad died on the next day.  
So children all, from disobedience flee,  
And parents, likewise, not too covetous be !





## EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

*An epithe off the dethe off the Ryghte honorable Lady Margrete countes off Darbe, which departyde this world the xix day of January, and was buryede the xxiiij<sup>to</sup> off Phebruary in anno Dñi 1558, on whosse soll God have mercye. Amen, quothe Rycharde Sheale.*

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MS. Ashm., Vol. xlviiii, Art. 57, f. 107.

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**O** LATHAM, Latham, thowe most lament, for thowe haste loste  
a floware ;

For Margret the countis of Darbe in the yerthe hathe bylte her bowar.  
Dethe, the messenger of Gode, on her hathe wrought his wyll,  
Whom all creaturs muste nedys obay, whethar the be good or ylle :  
Ther ys no emperowre, kynge, nor prince, his powar can w<sup>t</sup>stande,  
But when he commys the muste obey, no remedye can be fonde.  
When this good Ladye dyd parseve from hence she shulde departe,  
Farewell, my good Lorde & Hussbande, sayde she, farwell w<sup>t</sup> all  
my hart !

The noble yerle of Darbe, God kepe the bothe nyghte and daye !  
On syght of the I wolde I myghte se or I wente hence awaye !

Fache me the laste tokene, quoth she, that he unto me sente ;  
 To kys hite nowe, or I departe, hite ys my wholl intente.  
 Ther was many a wepyng eye thes lovyng wordds to heare ;  
 All thosse thate stode here abowte, the made full heaveye cheare.  
 Farwell, dowghetar Margrete, sayde she, God grawnte youe, of his  
 grace,

Be good unto your systar Cateryne, whillys you have tym & space.  
 Godds blessyng I gyve youe hear, bothe nowe & evermore ;  
 Look ye sarve God bothe nyght & day, and be good unto y<sup>e</sup> poware ;  
 And then, I truste, your noble fathar for youe he wyll provyde  
 Suche things as shalbe nessessary at every tym & tyde.

Farwell, good lady Mary, and my lady Jane also,  
 For now ther ys no remedy but I must from you go.  
 God have youe in his kepyng, & presarve youe nyght & day,  
 No remedy that I can se but I must from youe away !  
 Farwell, my lovyng brothar Barlowe, my leve I tak of thee,  
 Wyth thes mortall yeys that I nowe bear no more I shall you see ;  
 Comend me to my mothar and all my othar ffrendds,  
 I trust to se youe in the heavyns when all things have ther endds :  
 Moche mor ther was spoken, the whiche I overpas,  
 And rephar yt to the hearars that then present was,  
 Y<sup>t</sup> the may mayke reporte accordyng to the same,  
 And so declare the deddys wyll, or els the be to blame.

Fache me the godde Stanlay, sayd she, in all the haste ye may,  
 That I may talke my mynde to hem or ever I go my waye.  
 Whiche Stanlay wyll you have, madam, the sayd w<sup>t</sup> on accorde.  
 Good Sir Thomas Stanlay, she sayde, y<sup>t</sup> ys so lyke my lorde.  
 A messynger then for was made to fache y<sup>t</sup> jentyll knyght,  
 But or he to Latham cam, yt was about mydnyghte :

When that he sawe y<sup>t</sup> she was dede, he wept & mad gret mon,  
 For he lovyde here well & she lovyde him, all this ys ryght well  
 knowne :

Farwell, my jentillmen in jenerall, farwell, my yemen ichone,  
 I may no lengger hear remain, but I must from you gone.  
 Farwell, my jentyll women, all my leve of you I take ;  
 I am not able for your great penyys amendds now for to make.  
 I desyr youe all to pray for me, whyllys I have lyf and brethe,  
 That I of heven may cleam my parte, be Cristis passion & dethe.  
 Then callyde for the sacrament of Cristis body and blude,  
 To se y<sup>e</sup> goodly ende she mayde dyd many a mans hart goode.  
 Lord God, quoth she, I comen my sprite into thy holy handes,  
 For thowe from syne haste set me free and broken all my bonds ;  
 Be Cristis dethe & passione, she sayd, I trust savyd to be :  
 Then yeldyde she up the goste, & gave herselfe to dye.  
 Nowe ys this noble lady dede, whom all the world dyd love ;  
 She never hurte man, woman, nor childe, I dar well say & prove ;  
 She never hurte none off her men in word nor yet in dede,  
 But was glade allway for them to speake such tym as y<sup>e</sup> had ned.  
 Latham allway both nyghte & day may morn & mak gret mon,  
 For y<sup>e</sup> losse of this lady dear, whose vertus wear well knowene.  
 The noble Yerle off Darbe, I pray God save his lyffe,  
 Hathe preparede a noble buryall for his moste lovyng wyffe ;  
 Full ryally he hathe broughte her hom, lyke an man of micil fam,  
 This noble countis of Darbe his wyffe Margret was here nam ;  
 To Armykyrke was her body brought & ther was wrappyd in clay,  
 Many was the wepyng ye y<sup>t</sup> ther was sen y<sup>t</sup> daye :  
 Ther wear in blacke gowyns mornars many on,  
 And all here yemen in blacke cotis wear clothed everychon ;

Ther wear cot-armors mad right fin w<sup>t</sup> gold & sylver bright,  
 To se them wayt uppone the corps yt was a goodly syght.  
 Ther was a standarde w<sup>t</sup> bannars & flaggs w<sup>c</sup> was pleasaunt to behold,  
 All men rejoyde y<sup>t</sup> syght to se, to say I dar be bolde :  
 Full honorable was she buryed accordyng to here state,  
 And every man was set in ordare after a semly rate :  
 Ther wear both knyghttes and squyars & jentillmen also,  
 Both ladys & jentillwomen & many othar mo.  
 My Lady Mary, God save her lyffe ! was cheff mourner y<sup>t</sup> day,  
 Full honorable she dyd hereselffe behave, I dar be bold to say.  
 My lord Bisshope of Man at the buryall there was,  
 In his ornamentes & mytar he sang a solem mas :  
 The xix. day of January this good lady she dyd dye,  
 And was buryede the xxiiij<sup>t</sup>. of Phebruary, y<sup>e</sup> truthe who lyst to try :  
 Such a gorgious hers, I dar be bolde to say,  
 Was never sen in Lonkeshyar befowar y<sup>t</sup> present daye :  
 For good consideracion ther was no commen doll,  
 But on twesse after forty pownde was dalt for here soll  
 To the poor off viij. parisshes next joynynge therabowte,  
 Which was a very godly dede I put youe owt a dowte :  
 Nowe God have merci on here soll, I desyre youe all to pray,  
 Y<sup>t</sup> she may stande on Cristes ryght hand at y<sup>e</sup> latter day,  
 Whenas y<sup>e</sup> good shall go to blys & the wychyd sort to hell,  
 Becaus y<sup>e</sup> woulde not fle from syne, whillys y<sup>e</sup> yn yerth dyd dwell ;  
 For y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>t</sup> in this worlde lyve well can never dy amys,  
 But God allway wyll them presarve & bring them to his blyss :  
 W<sup>tt</sup> joye y<sup>t</sup> we may all cum to God graunt us of His grace,  
 When y<sup>t</sup> we shall wende hence away in Heaven to have a place.

*Amen, quoth Rychard Sheale.*





## THE LANCASHIRE HEROES.

*In praise of the Valiant Champions of the North.*

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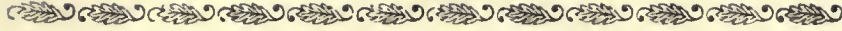
MS. Ash., Vol. xlviij, Art. 52, f. 101.

---

W<sup>h</sup>in y<sup>e</sup> northe contré  
Many noble men there be,  
Ye shall well understand,  
Ther ys y<sup>e</sup> yerle off Westmorlond,  
Y<sup>e</sup> quyns lyffeteant,  
A nobleman & a valyant ;  
Then y<sup>er</sup> ys y<sup>e</sup> yerle off Combarland,  
And y<sup>e</sup> yerle off Northomberland,  
And Sir Harrye Perce his brothar,  
As good a man as another,  
He ys and hardy knight,  
And hath oft put y<sup>e</sup> Skotts to flight.  
Ther ys my lord Ivars, my lord Dacars  
W<sup>t</sup> all ther partacors,  
Noblemen & stowte,  
I do put youe owt off dowte ;  
Yf y<sup>e</sup> Skotts ons looke owte,  
Ye wyll rape them at y<sup>e</sup> sknowte,

For Northarne men wyll fight,  
Bothe be day & night,  
Her enymyes when . . . . .  
As y<sup>e</sup> hawk uppon her pray ;  
Ther ys also Sir Harry Ley,  
W<sup>c</sup> dar both fight & fray,  
Whether it be be night or day,  
I dare be bold to say,  
He wyll not rone away,  
He ys both hardy & fre ;  
Ther ys also Sir Rychard Lye,  
W<sup>c</sup> ys both war & wice,  
And of polytyk device,  
All thes well I do knowe :  
Yet ys ther many moo,  
The which I cannot nam,  
That be men of mickle fame,  
God save the yerle of Shrowesbyry !





THE CHESHIRE COMMANDERS.

*A List of the Cheshire Commanders under Sr Will.  
Brereton, Rebell in Chief.*

---

MS. Ashm., 36, 37, Art. 93, p. 78.

---

S<sup>R</sup> BILLY QUAKE  
W<sup>th</sup> his rebells doth crack,  
They are hardy, stout, and tall;  
They plunder and steale,  
Sincerely in zeale,  
And Quack is their generall.

Afleck is a Scotch dog,  
He must dye like a hog,  
And Louthaine is sick of a knee.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . . pedigree.

Manvaring nere shrunk,  
 Nor Jack Booth from a Punke,  
 Edward's a bankrupt knave ;  
 Massey's an asse,  
 Soe Croxton may pas,  
 His wifes zeale makes him a slave.

Whitneys an arch theife,  
 And Lounds is as briefe,  
 Baskerville needy and poore ;  
 The . . . pudding Key  
 Is a butcherly boy.  
 And each one . . . . .

The booke binder Steele,  
 Sure got by y<sup>e</sup> Dee'le,  
 And Bromehall a pedling rogue ;  
 Chesuris will lye,  
 And Warburton cry,  
 And Stukely will cog and collogue.

If the dee'le have his due,  
 Woe to Gerrard of Crew,  
 And Duckenfield wanteth . . . . .  
 If he come in the field,  
 Like a capon hele yeild,  
 And Bukkeley hath . . . . . in his bones.

Ned Minshulls cut nose,  
 A coward still shewes,  
 And Clutton is one of the breede;  
 The Carmans of the Crue,  
 That base Goldigue,  
 And Newton's a bastardly weede.

Bostock for his lust,  
 Did penance, twas just;  
 The lecher was catcht . . . . .  
 Rathbone, worse then a Jew,  
 And Lea keepeth Cree,  
 S<sup>r</sup> Randle nere built it therefore.

Brooks, mad as a hare,  
 At Halton doth stare;  
 Jack Marbury lookes for a parte.  
 That the soldiers stand out  
 Makes them both to pout,  
 But the castle . . . . .

And Ned Hide the pimpe,  
 That farely fat impe,  
 Tarpily not to forget,  
 But, alas! he is dead,  
 Whome he once did bested;  
 A better pimpe noe one can get.

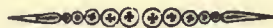
Lancasters mad,  
 And Eatons as bad,  
 Manwaring lookes like an ape;  
 Osly is nought,  
 And Zanche was cought  
 When he was in a captaines shape

Bearetree w<sup>th</sup> his pack,  
 The country doth rack,  
 His wife is a frowning jade;  
 She spied at the dore,  
 When his Oswellstree . . . .  
 Went w<sup>th</sup> him to Wales for to trade.

Will Marbury's done,  
 False Sparston and's son  
 Have scarce a peny in their purse:  
 Elcock doth dote,  
 Raven lyes in his throate,  
 And David the thresher is worse.

Laversage a foole,  
 Fort like a . . . . .  
 Was made a justice in hast;  
 His nephew a man,  
 Hath beleagured a can,  
 But now he growes big in the wast.

Theis are a broode  
 That will never be good,  
 Yet seeme religious and wise ;  
 They rob, kill, and steale,  
 In truth and in zeale,  
 By flattery, falsehood, and lyes.



[The following explanation of these nicknames is from a paper  
 in Ashmole's handwriting.]

|                                                                      |                                 |                               |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| S <sup>r</sup> W <sup>m</sup> Brereton, Lieuten-<br>tenant Generall. | Cap <sup>t</sup> . Whitney.     | Warburton.                    |
| Leiutenant Coll. Afflex.                                             | Cap <sup>t</sup> . Bromhall.    | Goldigew Carman<br>de London. |
| Major Loudon.                                                        | Cap <sup>t</sup> . Baskerville. | Dukenfield.                   |
| Cap <sup>t</sup> . Geo. Booth.                                       | Lounds.                         | Steele.                       |
| Cap <sup>t</sup> . Brooke.                                           | Stewkley.                       | Newton.                       |
| Cap <sup>t</sup> . Edwards.                                          | Key.                            | Bulkley.                      |
| Cap <sup>t</sup> . Massey.                                           | Minshull.                       | Jo. Bool.                     |
| Cap <sup>t</sup> . Croxton.                                          | Clutton.                        | Jo. Marbury.                  |
|                                                                      | Chesuris.                       | Gerrard.                      |

*Comds for the Cause.*

Mr. Marbury.  
 Mr. John Leigh.  
 Mr. Leversage.  
 Mr. Elcock.  
 Mr. Raven.  
 Mr. Davys.

*Promoters.*

Mr. Lancaster.  
 Mr. Pearetree.  
 Mr. Sankey.  
 Mr. Osley.



*To the r. hon<sup>ble</sup> Robert Viscount Kilmeddy, and the  
r. W<sup>ll</sup> Orlando Bridgeman, esq., Vice-Chamberlain  
of Chester.*

---

MS. Ashm., Vol. xxxvi, xxxvii, Art. 280, f. 270.

---

CHESTER, that noble County Palatine,  
After some broyles, by Providence divine,  
Few dayes before y<sup>e</sup> celebrated birth  
Of Christ the Prince of Peace (who came to earth  
Out of the Fathers bosome), did conclude  
A wondrous peace, putting an end to rude  
Nick-names (as Round-head) and y<sup>t</sup> deadly thing,  
Robbery, knowne by the terme PLUNDERING.  
O! may Harpocrates, that silent god,  
Not suffer these base crimes to have abode  
Within men's hearts; yea, surely charme the tongue,  
And hinder it from venting them among  
Those which are apt quickly to take offence,  
However carefull of due innocence:  
Let not those bellows fiercely worke upon  
Seare heares of men, to cause dissension



To rise again in an unlucky flame,  
 Tending to hell, from whose duke first it came.  
 (For Sathan, that first schismatck, gives life  
 To envy, pride, and w'tsoere breeds strife.)  
 Let this peace ever last, ever prevayle,  
 Like running waters, which will never fayle.

Cheshire, thou art an exemplary shire,  
 May all shires follow thee, with full desire ;  
 Take such best courses still, and never cease  
 To passe all countyes in y<sup>e</sup> waye of Peace.

*Fecit, non minus (in hoc) orator quam poeta, Andreas  
 Woodde, Pastor Ecclesiae Warminchamiensis,  
 in agro Cestriensi.*





## THE LIVERPOOL MONUMENT.

---

**B**BRITANNIA long expected great news from her fleet,  
Commanded by Lord Nelson, the French for to meet;  
At last news came, o'er the country it was spread,  
That the French was defeated, but Nelson was dead.

A cause to rejoice, a cause for to weep—

A victory gain'd,

A loss on the deep;

A victory gain'd, &c.

Not only brave Nelson, but hundreds were slain,  
In fighting the French on the watery main,  
To maintain Britain's honour, glory, and wealth,  
They fought, and would not yield, till they yielded to death.

A cause to rejoice, &c.

Come mourn, says Britannia, come mourn, children dear,  
And to my brave Nelson a monument rear;  
Let it be of polish'd marble, to perpetuate his name,  
And in letters of gold write, He died for my fame.

A cause to rejoice, &c.

When the merchants of Liverpool heard her say so,  
 They said, Dearest mother, to our 'Change we will go;  
 And there we will build a most beautiful pile  
 To the memory of Nelson, the hero of the Nile.

A cause to rejoice, &c.

Your plan, says Britannia, appears excellent good,  
 A monument to Nelson, a sword to Collingwood,  
 Such a tribute of praise, such a well-timed reward,  
 Will make my brave sons Liverpool to regard.

A cause to rejoice, &c.

In the room of dear Nelson, Collingwood I have plac'd,  
 And with a rich coronet his head I have grac'd,  
 In the steps of his predecessor let's hope he will tread;  
 And our foes will ne'er invade us, but our cannon they will

A cause to rejoice, &c. [dread.

My sons on the ocean mighty deeds have done;  
 My sons in foreign lands great battles have won;  
 If the Nile could but speak, Egypt but declare,  
 The world would then know none with them could compare.

A cause to rejoice, &c.

My sailors and soldiers need not to be told  
 In readiness themselves against your enemies to hold;  
 They your cause will defend, your rights will support,  
 And from an invasion keep each British port.

A cause to rejoice, &c.



## THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

---

The following short poem is taken from a manuscript commonplace-book of the time of Charles II, which consists almost entirely of extracts from printed books; and this may, probably, be taken from some production of the period, though the work has not yet occurred to me. I feel sure this is the case, having a certain recollection of having met with some of the verses elsewhere. Perhaps some of our readers would kindly indicate the source, if it occurs to them.

---

COME, gallant sisters, come along,  
Let's meet the devil ten thousand strong;  
Upon the whales' and dolphins' backs,  
Let's try to choak the sea with wracks,  
Spring leaks, and sink them down to rights;

And then we'll scud away to shoar,  
And try what tricks we can play more.

Blow houses down, ye jolly dames,  
Or burn them up in fiery flames;  
Let's rowze up mortals from their sleep,  
And send them packing to the deep.  
Let's strike them dead with thunder-stones,  
With lightning search to skin and bones;  
For winds and storms, by sea or land,  
You may dispose, you may command.

Sometimes in dismal caves we lie,  
 Or in the air aloft we flie ;  
 Sometimes we caper o'er the main,  
 Thunders and lightnings we disdain ;  
 Sometimes we tumble churches down,  
 And level castles with the ground ;  
 We fire whole cities, and destroy  
 Whole armies, if they us annoy.

We strangle infants in the womb,  
 And raise the dead out of their tomb ;  
 We haunt the palaces of kings,  
 And play such pranks and pretty things.  
 And this is all our chief delight,  
 To do all mischief in despight ;  
 And when w' have done, to shift away,  
 Untoucht, unseen, by night or day.

When imps do . . . . .  
 We make them act unlucky feats ;  
 In puppets, wax, sharp needles' points  
 We stick, to torture limbs and joints.  
 With frog's and toad's most poys'nous gore,  
 Our grizly limbs we 'noint all ore,  
 And straight away, away we go,  
 Sparing no mortal, friend nor foe.

We'l sell you winds, and ev'ry charm,  
Or venemous drug that may do harm ;  
For beasts or fowls we have our spells  
Laid up in store in our dark cells ;  
For there the devils use to meet,  
And dance with horns and cloven feet ;  
And when we've done we frisk about,  
And through the world play revel-rout.

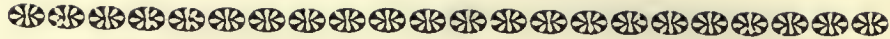
In charnel-houses we do crawl,  
Rattling the bones of great and small ;  
We hurl wildfire balls ore men's heads,  
And slily creep into their beds.  
We knock men down, and hurl huge stones,  
And clubs and bats, to break their bones ;  
We play bo-peep, and put out lights,  
Groan, howl, and scare folks with strange sights.

We ride on cows' and horses' backs,  
O'er lakes and rivers play nice knacks ;  
We grasp the moon, and scale the sun,  
And stop the planets as they run.  
We kindle comets' dazzling flames,  
And whistle for the winds by names ;  
And for our pastimes and mad freaks,  
'Mong stars we play at barly-breaks.

We are ambassadors of state,  
And know the mysteries of fate ;  
In Pluto's bosom there we ly,  
To learn each mortal's destiny.  
As oracles their fortunes show,  
If they be born to wealth or wo.  
The spinning sister's hands we guide,  
And in all this we take a pride.

To Lapland, Finland, we do skice,  
Sliding on seas and rocks of ice,  
T' old beldams there, our sisters kind,  
We do impart our hellish mind ;  
We take their seals and hands in blood,  
For ever to renounce all good.  
And then, as they in dens do lurk,  
We set the ugly jades a-work.

We know the treasures and the stores  
Lock'd up in caves with brazen doors ;  
Gold and silver, sparkling stones,  
We pile on heaps, like dead men's bones.  
There the devils brood and hover,  
Keep guards that none should them discover ;  
Put upon all the coasts of hell,  
'Tis we, 'tis we stand sentinel.



## LIVERPOOL IN 1706.

Extracted from a tract, entitled 'A Trip to Liverpoole by Two of Fate's Children in search of Fortunatus's Purse: a Satyre address'd to the Honourable the Commissioners of Her Majesties Customs. By a Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn.' Fol., Lond., 1706

OUR business being much the same,  
At length to Liverpoole we came,  
Which well deserves the voice of fame;  
Where Fortunatus left his purse,  
As we had heard some men discourse;  
And any man alive wou'd guess  
By the town's sudden rise no less;  
From a small fishery of late,  
Become the darling child of Fate;  
So wealthy grown, so full of hurry,  
That she eclipses Bristol's glory;  
Her trade, as well as sumptuous houses,  
Where the chief publican carouses,  
The port's infallible director,  
In modern English call'd collector,  
Does manifestly testify  
Her mightiness a mystery;



A riddle wants an exposition,  
 Without the purse's kind permission,  
 A treasure inexhaustible,  
 Constantly drain'd, yet always full ;  
 A hocus-pocus way of thriving,  
 A sudden tast of splendid living,  
 Which by the merchants does appear,  
 By chance, or choice, establisht here.  
 Yet none can compass this foundation  
 Without address and application ;  
 That man who wou'd improve his store,  
 Must launce out some to get in more.  
 If sparing of his back or pelfe,  
 The catif may go hang himself ;  
 Int'rest upon a lushious scent  
 Requires no force of argument ;  
 Nor is't a sin to cheat the queen,  
 Provided one can do it clean.  
 From profit can accrue no curse,  
 If blest with Fortunatus' purse.  
 If to possess it be my lot,  
 What need I value how 'tis got ?  
 The veriest fool belongs to th' port,  
 May guess where he's to make his court,  
 So properly no sinner can,  
 That does his int'rest rightly scan,  
 As to the happy publican.

Now wou'd you know why our controuler  
 In 's office places brother Jouler ?  
 Ask him the reason of his doing,  
 He'll tell you he gets more by brewing.  
 How ere he came the stock to get,  
 His patent scarce is paid for yet.  
 Thus trades are juggled dext'rously  
 Between the publican and he,  
 Beyond the reach of spiteful rally,  
 As long as both their books keep tally ;  
 Of seizures now she does descry  
 The nice invisibility.  
 Custom-house rats, sharp-set, devour  
 All solid goods within the store ;  
 If liquid ones, the cask did run,  
 Or the hoops flew, which is all one.  
 By transmutation, in a trice,  
 True lofty nance, crab-sider is ;  
 All moveables become a game,  
 Or never twice appear the same.  
 By this and t' other modern locust,  
 The seiser's property is hocust ;  
 But Parker's camblet was true blue,  
 Therefore appear'd again in view,  
 The same in specie, tho' not shape,  
 On which the sheeres had done a rape ;  
 You now may two o' th' vermin see,  
 Trim'd up in Parker's livery.

What was in sight he knew full well,  
The rest was crib'd in taylor's hell,  
Whence no redemption any more  
Than from the rapparees in power.  
My dad will stoop to save a pin,  
And why not more when his hand's in?  
His profitable curtesy,  
Paid to each supernum'rary,  
The pot, spit, table does supply;  
His conscience, for convenience sake,  
Like parson's barn, turns nothing back.  
Malice may call this bribery,  
And yet I know no reason why  
If on my will your bread's attendant,  
Are not acknowledgments dependant?  
If a hard winter once did bilk  
His brats o' th' cow that gave 'em milk,  
Grateful returns do best confute,  
When he that makes 'em 's most put to 't.  
If costly superfluities  
Support our female vanities,  
We absolutely here parade  
Without 'em, nothing's to be had.  
The publican dares nothing do,  
But what my mother prompts him to;  
For he's at beck like spaniel dog—  
She wears the breeches, he the clog.  
A most obsequious lover-smut,  
And old, insipid, sorry put.

When the mundungus fleet came in,  
'Twas we that did your business then ;  
Your cargo laid in the queen's yard,  
'Twas by our management you steer'd.  
Old dad and his fraternity  
You soust one night in Burgundy,  
And every sense did gratify.  
For at a friend's they'll drink their fill,  
And let it pass for what you will.  
But then, of the same dog a hair,  
Next morning made their wisdoms stare.  
In short, you had a sudden view,  
The queen was paid her custom too,  
But then, what damage did accrue ?  
The merchant will the better get,  
Especially a favourite.  
At other times, when goods you run,  
With what facility 'tis done,  
Putting the change upon the ship,  
All hands were friends—ay, marry, whip.





## THE POSIE OF A RING.

*Verses written to his Love that sent him a Ring wherein  
was gravd, "Let Reason rule," from Chester,  
anno 1585.*

---

From a common-place book, temp. Eliz. (MSS. Rawl.)

---

SHALL Reason rule where Reason hath no right,  
Nor never had? Shall Cupid lose his landes,  
His claim, his crown, his kingdome, name of might,  
And yeilde himselfe to be in Reason's bandes?  
No, friend, thy ring doth wil me thus in vaine:  
Reason and Love have ever yet beene twaine.

They are, by kinde, of such contrarie mould,  
As one mislikes the others lewde devise:  
What Reason willes Cupido never would,  
Love never thought Reason ever wyse.  
To Cupid I my homage then have done;  
Let Reason rule the hearts that she hath wonne.



## THE PRAISE OF LANCASHIRE MEN;

OR,

*A few lines which here is pen'd,  
Wherein they Lancashire lads commend.*

---

*Tune—A Job for a Journeyman Shoemaker.*

---

YOU muses all assist my pen,  
I earnestly require  
To write the praise of the young men  
Born in Lancashire :  
They are both comely, stout, and tall,  
And of most mild behaviour ;  
Fair maids, I do intreat you all  
To yield to them your favour.

When Lancashire lads doth feel the dart  
Of Cupid's bow and quiver,  
And aim to take a fair maid's part,  
I'm sure he'l not deceive her :

Unto their promise they will stand,  
 Which they to you propounded ;  
 They will not break for house nor land,  
 If love their hearts have wounded.

There is knights' sons and gentlemen,  
 That's born in Lancashire,  
 That will be merry now and then,  
 If need it do require ;  
 The plowman likewise is our friend,  
 Which doth use plow and harrow ;  
 He freely will his money spend,  
 When he meets with his marrow.\*

In Lancashire there's brisk young lads,  
 As are within our nation,  
 Most of them of several trades  
 Or some occupation ;  
 That their wives they can well maintain,  
 And bring them store of treasure,  
 All by their labour and their pain,  
 They live with joy and pleasure :

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\* That is, mate or companion.

It is a most delightful thing  
 And pleasure for to hear  
 These boys their songs and catches sing  
 When they drink ale and beer :  
 They will be merry, great and small,  
 When they do meet together;  
 And freely pay for what they call,  
 A figg for wind and weather !

At pleasant sports and football play  
 They will be blyth and jolly,  
 Their money they will freely lay,  
 And cast off melancholly.  
 When Lancashire lads, of several trades,  
 They have a jovial meeting,  
 Each man a glass unto fair maids,  
 Will drink unto his sweeting.

Brave Lancashire lads are souldiers stout,  
 Whose valour have been tryed  
 At sea and land in many a bout,  
 When thousands brave men dyed ;  
 And always scorned for to yield,  
 Although their foes wer plenty ;  
 If they but ten men on the field,  
 They surely will fight twenty.



Great James our king they will defend,  
As well as any shire ;  
To England they will prove a friend  
If need it do require.  
They loyal subjects still hath been,  
And most of them stout-hearted,  
Who still will fight for king and queen,  
And never from them started.

Now to conclude, and make an end  
Of this my harmless sonnet,  
I hope no man I do offend ;  
Each man put off his bonnet  
And drink a health to James our king,  
And to our English nation ;  
God us defend in every thing,  
And keep us from invasion !





NEWES OVT OF CHESHIRE OF THE  
NEW FOUND WELL.

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Imprinted at London by F. Kingston for T. Man. 1600.

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*Newes out of Cheshire, concerning the New Found Well,  
as it is contained in a letter lately sent from a  
Cheshire man to a gentleman, a deere friend of his,  
in Northampton-shire.*

**H**EARTIE commendations prefixed. You earnestly desire me in your last letters to impart unto you a true report of the New Found Well here in Cheshire, whereof you haue so many incredible reportes in that countrey, as it would greatly satisfie you to heare that which were undoubtedly true. That which in so short a time I could gather and set downe for your satisfaction herein, I have sent you inclosed. The matter itselfe would require to be handled by some men of great learning and iudgement, not one of my small understanding, and to be published to the world in a graue and iudiciall discourse, not barely reported in a plaine unlearned letter: but syth you desire it, I will

adventure to deliuer you my knowledge and opinion touching this New VWell. If the length of my letter be troublesome to you, you may thanke yourselfe for urging me to write of a matter which my skill serueth not to containe in the limittes of an ordinarie letter. Now I have undertaken it, I can be no briefer, then first to preamble it a little: then to tell you the place, the situation, the description of the VWell, then some of the effects and cures it hath wrought, the credit and opinion it daily winnes, and to doe you all the pleasure that I can in this intelligence, I have with my penne drawne a true plot and scite of the VWell as it is placed: so I desire to be heartily remembered to all my good friends at Stoke-lodge. Chester the 12. of August, 1600.

Your Brother in Law euer Assured. G. W.

*Newes out of Cheshire concerning the New Found VWell.*

It is a well knowne trueth, that the giuer of all good blessings doth diversly bestowe the same vpon mortall creatures here on earth, and in the bestowing thereof, hath alwaies obserued a distinction or difference of persons, times, and seasons, as revaling some at one time and some at another, and how some which have been hidden and vnknowne to all ages heretofore past, haue been shewed to men of latter daies. Among all other benefits extraordinarie throwne downe from that bountifull hand, what hath oftener been felt in man's comfort, than the finding of reme-

dies against diseases, and medicines against the fraile infirmities of our corruptible bodies ? The prooffe hereof is the well knowne inuention of so many new devised easements and helps for all manner of maladies, and we see that as new and new distempers doe from age to age still bring forth infirmities, not seene nor heard of former times ; so men haue been inspired euermore with giftes and graces of that excellencie, whereby they haue found out, vsed, and applied profitable remedies, neuer formerly inuented nor prescribed.

And of all things in the world found to be medicinable and helpfull to man's health, no one thing may challenge so great a preeminence (as an instrumentall cause) as water, wherein euen from the worlds beginning hath euer been found most excellent soueraigntie of preservation and recouerie of mens decaied health, and remedie against seuerall diseases. And as the vnspeakable Prouidence created water at the first to be one of the chiefe meanes to nourish and feede the bodies of such creatures as were to live by sustenance : so hath he miraculously at diuers times indued speciall waters to be effectually against mens infirmities : a thing most apparant in all, both sacred and humane, stories and testimonies.

Naaman's washing him seuen times in Jordan at the prophet's commandement, to be healed of his leprosie, implieth the fitnes of water in the curing of so grieuous a disease, and albeit the Almighty power, who indeede performed that cure miraculously, could as well haue done it by the vse of any other matter, yet herein was shewed the fit vse and application of water aboue all other things, for

the effecting of that glorious worke : and may not the like be affirmed touching that lame cripple in the Gospell, which had lyen so long by the poole, wanting meanes to be put into it, whereof he was still preuented by those who thrust in before him for recouerie of infinite infirmities?

Besides the peculiar graces bestowed on some speciall waters vpon extraordinarie occasions, what simple iudgement cannot obserue that the vse of pure and good waters hath in all ages, at all times, in all places, and with all persons, been of such estimation, that (to speake nothing, that nothing medicinable or needfull can serue man's necessitie without some necessarie helpe of water) bathing and washing hath been as the common and readiest, so the most effectuell and soueraigne preseruatiue of health and remedie against infirmities ; and hath thoroughout the whole world been practised not alone by vulgar people, or young vnlearned feeble, sicke, or poore persons, but by men most wise, learned, mightie, rich ; yea, kings, emperors, and greatest monarkes of the earth.

To what purpose (will it happilie be asked) is this far fetcht preamble placed in the front of so slender a discourse ? Truly, not that I would here trouble my selfe to proue a matter that perhaps is not doubted of, or which no man meanes to make question of, but onely to this ende : euen that hauing prepared the mindes of such to whom these newes shall be imparted, to yeeld to this reason, and remember it as a trueth, that extraordinarie remedies are often euen wonderfullie reuealed to mankinde for helpe of their diseases, and that the most excellent instrument which

hath most oft conuaied that soueraigne good to men, hath been and is, some speciall water; they may with better approbation conceiue the report of our newes of the New Found VVell, and with gentler credulitie imbrace the benefit, and beleue the trueth.

The famous Countie Palatine of Cheshire can boast of many excellencies, wherein a countrie either for profite or pleasure may be tearmed happie. Among other the ornaments thereof, I cannot but greatly commend a most stately, large, and as I may so terme it, a princely forrest (though there be others also within the shire) situate euen in the chiefest and best knowne parts of the countie, called the Forrest of Delamere, belonging to her Maiestie. The same bordering towards the west and northwest side, neere to Merzey, an arme of the ocean, in many old records of this countie, is called the Forrest of Mare-mondiam, but is best knowne, and hath been very auncientlie called by the name formerlie mentioned.

Giue me leaue a little to describe vnto you the same forrest, because in it is the well whereof I intreate. There are about the middest of the forrest certaine ruinous walles of stone, some inclosures, and the prints of an auncient situation, which as well common report of the countrie, as also the testimonies of the best writers of England's antiquities doe affirme to haue been a citie (and it should seeme indeede to haue been a walled towne) there founded and built by Eadelsteda a Queene of Merceland: and the place to this day is called Eadesburie, whereof the whole hundred (being a seuenth part of the shire) reteyneth still the name.

The borrough or towne being now vtterly decaied and gone, there remaineth onely vpon the top of the vtmost height within that situation, a proper built lodge, called the Chamber, and hath been for the most part maintained and inhabited by a famous race of gentlemen (the Dones), of whome for certaine hundreds of yeares, knights and squires of that surname (hauing still by inheritance been masters of the game or chiefe forresters there) haue left good remembrances of their worthes and great reputation to all posteritie: and is now possessed by a worshipfull gentleman, John Done, Esquire: whom the rather I am bolde here by name to mention, because of his charitable disposition and gentlemanlike furtherance of the benefit of this well, to the reliefe of all sorts of people that seeke for helpe by it.

About a mile and halfe from the Chamber toward the southwest side of the forrest is situate the New found Well. All the westerly and southerly side of the forrest is mountanous, and full of vaste vneuen hilles, scattringly beautified with many okes (yet most of them shrubby and of low growth) and not fewe queaches & thicks of hull and hauthornes, the hils themselues for the most part distinguished by galles and gutters made by waters falling from springs and other places, which in continuance of time haue worne and eaten deepe passages.

In the side of one of these hilles, whose declining lyeth almost full upon the north and north-east, ariseth the spring, head, and fountaine it selfe now called the New found Well: the same insensibly issuing from firme ground at the

roote or foote of a shrubbe hull or hollintree, yet so as the same hull standing at the south-west corner of the well there is some twentie inches distance betweene them.

The well or cesterne being bordered with three or foure flagge-stones (as the compasse of it without breaking any earth about it would giue leaue) is almost foure square, conteyning south and north about 30 inches, west and east about 26 inches.

Whether the spring issue upright from the bottome, or from the one side, or from all sides, it is not perceiued. I rather iudge it comes at the south-side (which is the backe of it, and beares against the descent of the hill). If it should bubble forth at the bottome (as in many other welles I have seene) this water being so cleare it might be easily perceiued, especially the spring being free, and yeelding continuall issue in a good proportion.

I have seene indeed many orderly springes farre exceede it in strength and bignesse of gush, yet have I not known any to keepe a more certain and vniforme course, nor deliuer his water in so close and vnperceivable manner, as this well doth.

The force or streame which the spring is well able to maintaine, is about so much water as you may imagine would continually runne at full through a pipe or tronke, whose concaue or hollow were three or foure inches compasse.

The descent of the hill beneath the well northward is steepe, and the waste water falling north from the fountaine hath both of it owne course, and shortly meeting with some



other rilles, worne the ground to a great hollow dingle, which carrieth them downe to a brooke at the foot of the hill, by which they are conueyed to a great poole of Sir John Egerton's, neere little Budworth, which serueth Olton Milles; so that, albeit the spring sendeth his water at the first northerly, yet within lesse then one quarter of a mile's labour it windeth about the hill skirte, and then holdeth his course full southerly.

What the vaines of the earth about it may be, or from what manner of mixture the spring should issue, I dare not take vpon me to set downe, hauing neither skill to iudge of such matters, nor having had meanes as yet to procure search made to finde the nature of the mould whence it springes, which I know would be greatly materiall to such as haue skill and knowledge how to iudge of the power and efficacie of the water thereby. All that I can say in this respect, is that the vpper part or face of the earth there seemes to be a stiffe clay, insomuch that the resorters thither hauing made some one or two slender weake dammes to stay the water, halfe a dozen yards or more beneath the fountaine, there are by that meanes two small lakes or pooles wherein poore people, when they are disposed, do bathe and wash themselues, which pooles they be verie unfit for that purpose, being verie vnhandsomely, thicke and muddy with the clay and soyle of the earth, yet they shew the fitnessse and commodious means how cesterne or some handsome prouisions might be made, either open or close, for the people of all sortes to vse their best benefit, and that so farre from the head of the spring, and so much beneath

the bodie and seate of the fountaine itselfe, that there were no perill by breaking or digging the ground, to worke anie annoiance or hinderance to the vertue of the spring or water thereof.

There be many that at their first taste of the water, doe confidently affirme they feele as it were some relish or smacke of an allome-like composition; and not a fewe I haue heard censure, that there seemes to them a little resemblance of the tast of licoris; some compare it to some other things: for my part (because I am purposed to auerre nothing herein, but what I am verilie perswaded to be true) as I can allow of no man's taste to be authentically in this point, unlesse I could also find it in mine own, so truly I must confesse that it is a water different from manie other spring waters in taste, and the most pleasantest in drinking of anie that I haue euer tasted, onely the relish is to me of no especiall thing that I can name, and the operation such as in my iudgement, and by experiment upon mine owne and manie others' bodies, it neuer offendeth with cold or heauy weight in a man's stomack, as the most sorts of waters vsually doe.

It is one thing most notorious and worthie to be so, that no persons of anie sort whatsoever, which take it in anie good quantitie, but can and do report that they find difference in the operation of it from other waters, and most comonly it is obserued that to such as are unhealthfull, and griued with some infirmitie, they are sure by the water to finde in themselues some alteration: to such as are healthfull and verie sound of bodie, it either worketh no motion at all,

or if anie, it looseth the bellie, and giueth most gentle and hurtlesse purgations.

That there may be some alluminous mixture within the ground, by which the spring hath his passage, one reason may be that quick piercing nature which is found in it, both in the inward receipt of it, and the outward application to greene wounds and cuts, vpon which with wonderfull speed it worketh effectually. And besides, though I neuer made triall myselfe, the generall report is that by reason of a secret sharpe tartnesse that is in it, the water will turne or breake milke, whereinto it is put, immediately.

An other reason of the same efficacy may be this, which I can well testifie vpon mine owne knowledge, that it skowreth and cleanseth anie thing which is washed in it, more then anie water that I haue knowne, insomuch that it is of exceeding vse for the keeping white and faire the face and handes, better and more pleasing to many then the vse of sopes, washing balles, or such other mixtures, neither so wholesome nor so pleasant as this naturall pure spring water.

This may be sufficient for the situation and description of the well, will you now heare the manner of finding it.

In the ende of the last winter quarter, and beginning of this spring time nowe past, here in these partes (as I thinke elsewhere) there rained an extreame contagion of sicknesse, not infectious, yet so generall, as few escaped without some or other touch of vnhealthfulnesse. Among other sorts of infirmities, many were tormented with hot burning agues

and feuers of all kindes, which agues the vulgar people here (especially when they light on children or young folkes, or that they hold them but intermissiuey, so that the patient lies not by it) call it the Fittes.

One John Greeneway, of Vtkinton, an honest substantiall countriman of good credit and well reputed, being about fiftie yeeres of age or somewhat more, was about the ende of March last past troubled with the fittes ; he tried such ordinarie remedies as the countrie experiance would offer, but found no abatement of his disease, at length he calls to mind an experiment, that sixteene or seunteene yeeres now past in the like necessitie had relieud him : and this it was.

Being at that time vexed with the fits, and finding no ease nor remedie for it, he thought good to repaire to a learned phisition at that time lying at the Citie of Chester, which is about sixe or seuen miles distant from Greenwaies house.

The phisition tooke good regard of the man's infirmity, and being a man both learned and conscionable prescribed to him, that he should get him home, keepe him warme, vse good diet, and not to omit to walke forth in the mornings, to finde out some good pure spring water, to drinke of it, to bathe and wash himselfe with it, and herein he doubted not he should recouer his health shortly.

I have hereat not a little beene troubled in mine owne opinion to resolue in any probable appearance, what to deliuer touching the phisition's direction, as whether he might speake this of an excellencie of knowledge, or hauing

before that time either read in some vnknowne memoriall, or had vnderstanding of peculiar vertue to be in that or some other water thereabout, or that he spake in generalitie, meaning that anie pure spring water were good for that mans infirmitie; or whether the great guider of all man's inuention for general benefits did not herein vse the phisitions prescription, as a meanes of that future benefit he meant to bestow upon poore distressed creatures: which last surmize, I verily hold most answerable to my owne satisfaction, yet so, as I leaue it with the rest to each man's particular choice and approbation.

Howsoeuer it were, Greeneway being well acquainted with the springs and all other commodities of the forrest, had soone found out this prettie purling fountaine, both for puritie and situation (as he thought) fittest to answeere the phisitions direction, and there by drinking, washing, and accomplishing what he was commaunded, in verie shorte time hee was of his ague throughly cured.

Since that time till this present yeere he hath liued healthfull and sound, but being againe surprized with the same grieffe, necessitie then enforcing the remembrance of his former helpe, he repaired to his auncient medicine againe, where a short triall had soone taught him, that this was a remedie of greater regard then he formerly made of it: and thereupon tooke better notice and aduisement of it then before he had done.

It happened within the space of one moneth after this, that one of his sonnes, and afterwards a second, and then a third were successively taken with the Fittes, and each of

them seuerally eased and holpen by the vse of this well, according to their fathers direction, as he himselfe had done before them.

The neighbours neere vnto him hearing and finding the trueth of this successe, began to resort to the well, as either the same sicknes or anie other grieffe gaue them cause, and when the experiance of many confirmed the vertue thereof to extend to giue helpe and ease, not onely to agues and other inward diseases, but also to be medicinable to all manner of outward grieuences and sores, it drew people in verie great numbers to repaire thither, and the more trials put in execution, the more credit and account it hath euer since gotten.

If I thought it not a thing both ridiculous and in some sort infamous, to spread in people's eares vaine tales and incertainties, I would then haue stuffed this discourse with such surmises, as perhaps would go more currant and plausible to many, then a bare recitall of the trueth touching the finding of the New found Well. And vpon this conceit I have thought fit to omit the laying forth of sundrie opinions, as they nowe are deliuered among common persons and some others of good note touching the same.

I spare to discourse vnto you what coniectures are daily cast abroad, that the same well should haue beene of knowne and notable vertue in the daies of the afore named Queene Eadilfede, and vsed by her meanes and maintenance to the generall reliefe of people in those daies, but afterwards in the outrages and oppressions which the conquering Danes made in the countrey, it was closed and

stopped up to prevent the benefite which that common rigorous enemy might have received by it: but because I finde no such thing recorded in any remembrance that I reade or heare of, I leaue the credit thereof to such prooffe as they can make, who would perswade the world that it is so.

I have heard likewise some persons of no meane account report, that there are within this countie some credible recordes which might be produced, wherein mention is made of an auncient well, within the precincts of Delamere, that many yeares past was esteemed of great vertue and efficacie, insomuch as the same being dedicated by the first Christians which had vse thereof to holy Saint Stephen, the same still beareth name (in the said records) of Saint Stephen's Well, and by circumstances therein gathered, it is said that this late found well may be likely to be the same: whereof, hauing no further prooffe, then as yet I can attaine vnto, I leaue it as doubtfull as the former.

But I will proceede with the further explication of the late effects of this water, which since the great repaire and concourse which people of all sorts haue made vnto it, is found to be profitable, not onely against agues, which was the first vertue reuealed in it, but also against all manner of coldes, stoppings, grypings, gnawings, collicks, aches, ruptures and inward infirmities, and no lesse soueraigne against sores and outward anguishes, wounds, swellings, vlcers, festers, impostumes and hurts of the seuerall ioynts and members; besides that, it hath done no small number of straunge cures, against sorenes of eyes and eares,

blindnesse, deafnesse, lamenesse, stiffnesse of sinnewes, numbnesse, weaknesse, and feeblenesse, all which I am able to auerre and proue, by vndeniable demonstration from the seuerall effects of infinite numbers of people, that haue giuen witnesse thereof in these three or foure moneths now last past.

I call them infinite numbers, because indeede the resort thither immediatlie after the first rumour of the well, grew vncountable, and the people as well of Cheshire, as all the bordering shires thereabouts, traouelling thither daily in greater and greater multitudes (euen till they amounted by estimation to more than two thousand in a daie). Master Done euen then at the first, although it were a great disturbance to her Highnesse deere in the forrest, and occasion of much other inconuenience to the countrie, yet in regard of the notable comfort that sicke and diseased, and pleasure that healthfull and sound persons received by it, hath been contented to allow free accesse, and permitted all manner of meete prouision to be brought vnto it, with most carefull and worshipfull foresight and heede, as well that no money nor fee should be exacted for the vse of the water which God had freelie bestowed on poore and rich, as also that there should be order and gouernment warilie taken ouer all such as resorted thither, so that no manner of misdemeanor or disorder should growe in that place, whereunto such great assemblies are apt and prone enough, if good heede and preuention be not vsed.

To which purpose it happened well that the well itselfe falleth within the limits of a walke in the forrest, which hath



long time been kept and watched by one John Frodsham, the keeper of that walke, who as he was a very fit and meete person, both for his good discretion and estimation to take the gouernment and ordering of people of the inferior sort, and for the entertainment of the better sort as they resorted thither, so hath he taken great paines and care in discharging the trust in him reposed, for satisfaction of all manner of resorters thither, and daily endeauoreth himselfe by all waies and meanes possible, that his master's good and forward inclination to doe all both poore and rich equall furtherance in their desires, may honestly and respectiuely be accomplished.

Now by that which hath been before set downe, it appeareth what diuersitie of cure this well water hath made vpon sundrie persons, as shall be more largely proued to such as make doubt of the trueth of these reports. For as it consequently followeth that (these things being graunted) then is this water found beneficiall and medicinable against more seuerall sorts of diseases and infirmities, then any one remedie that hath been commonly knowne, heard of, or experimented (which reporte is indeede wonderfull, and scarcely to be beleueed to such as have not been eye witnesses thereof), so were it a great boldnesse and an enterprise of a very brainsicke disposition in me, that should affirme the same, vnlesse I were warranted by the experiance of so many, so credible, so wise, so graue, so sufficient persons, both in Cheshire, Lankashire, Darbeshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Flintshire, Denbighshire, and others, from whence men, women, and children hauing resorted

hither in such abundance, there is not any but haue giuen ample testimonie that they found some extraordinarie pleasure by drinking, or other vse of the water (especially those who vpon any cause of grieffe haue received it) as more at large I might very well make manifest, if I thought it conuenient or much necessarie for me to publish that approbation and testimonie vnder their seuerall names, which many of the best ranke of the inhabitants of these adioyning countries, haue and doe freely and trulie giue of it.

And least it should be expected that I should insist vpon some particular instances, or otherwise suspected I dealt not plainlie, but sought to beguile persons remote and farre dwellers, with words whereof I had no prooffe, I thinke it not impertinent to set downe the particulars of some of the cures made vpon diuers diseases, in diuers persons, of diuers habitations; which though they be skant an hundredth part of those which might be registred to haue receiued benefit by the well, yet it shall be sufficient to any reasonable minde, to take viewe and note by these of what power and force the water is found to be: wherein I cannot in any sort be conuincd of lying or misreporting, because they are testimonies taken from the confession of all the parties themselues, and witnessed by the beholders, being many scores, yea, hundreds of people of all these countries, who haue seene the proceedings as here is deliuered.

First, for the curing of agues, there is none within any reasonable distance from the place, but know what numbers haue been, and are dailie cured of that infirmitie, especiallie

of such as dwell neere the well, or haue staid a competent space to take benefite by the water in the best kinde: which is to receiue it fresh from the fountaine itselfe: let it suffice to name these fewe for example.

The aforementioned John Greenwaie, William, Thomas, and Ralphe his sonnes, all honest young men and credible persons.

One William Johnson, a seruant to Ralphe Smethers, extreamlie vexed with an ague, was upon May Day last, spedily and perfectly restored to his health by drinking this well water.

One Master Haworth, of Congerton, an honest gentleman, deliuered from the fits within once or twice washing and drinking.

One Joan Gorst, a substantial honest man's daughter, likewise perfectly cured of an ague, which had handled her in such extremitie, that through weakenes she could not be brought on horsebacke, but as she was staid and held vpon the horse, she recouered health by three or foure times drinking and washing.

For sorenes and blindnes of eyes, consider these few reports.

Hugh Rowe, of Darnall, a man of good wealth and very honest credit, hauing been quite depriued of the sight of one eye for three yeares space, by washing oft in this water, hath welneere recovered sight in the same againe, a cure that among the rest hath much confirmed both mine and many others beleefe of the effectuall operation of this water, being well acquainted with the losse of his say'd

eye, and knowing well the man's worth of credit in that behalfe.

Thomas Leonard, borne at Salisburie, and latelie blind for the space of two yeares, hath with washing in this water about twelue dayes receiued sight againe.

Ralphe Hickenson, a poore labourer, fallen of late yeares very blinde, as hath been well knowne to many of the worshipfull gentlemen in the countrey, who thereupon haue caused reliefe and prouision for him according to the statute, hath by the use of this water recouered sight againe, which serueth him well to goe without leading, which before he could not doe.

One Robert Bradley, who came out of Darbshire the 24 of July, being borne at Chappell in the Frith, was led hither blind, hath here recouered sight, and the fourth of August is gone home without leading.

One of Edge, in Cheshire, hauing had a pearle fifteene or sixteene yeeres in one eye, by this water got remedie for it.

Cures of aches and griefes in the ioints and body have beene such as follow.

One Anne the wife of William Wield, of Rushton, hauing such paine in her backe and hippes, that she was altogether vnable to go, is by vsing this water become perfectly sound, and goeth well.

One Anthony Bigges, a souldier late in the regiment of Sir Samuell Bagnall, came forth of Ireland verie lame, sicke, and feeble, not able to mooue farther than he was supported by crouches, on the 24 of July began to vse this water, and

the 29 of the same had recoured strength, and went lustily homeward toward Somersetshire, with onely a walking staffe in his hand.

Roger Nickson, a substantiall man, now Maior of Ouer, confesseth himselfe to be cured of a sore paine he had in one of his legs.

One Ralph Lightfoot, of the same corporation, saith he had a certain griping in his body, which would take him three or foure times a day, and almost plucke him to the ground, and in short time now hath beene fully cured thereof.

George Blacamore, of the same society, saith, that by twice washing he was cured of an issue of water which came from his knee by a cut with an axe, which before would have drenched through nine-fold of cloth in lesse then a quarter of an houre.

One James Kelsall cured of a legge which had beene sore for many yeeres before, and would be holpen by no meanes till now.

One Edward Billington, of Middlewich parish, hauing a straunge disease in his body, that he was not able almost to mooue himselfe, is now able to go to the well with ease, being almost foure miles distant.

One Mistres Drakeford, of Congerford, was here cured of some infirmities in her bodie, as by her husband was credibly reported.

One Hugh Fairechild, of Prescot parish in Lancashire, affirmeth himselfe to be hereby cured of a rupture.

One Randol Phitheon, of Warmincham, yeoman, was long

time benumbed by a poyson, that he could almost hold nothing in his hand, auoucheth that he hath receiued great comfort by this water.

Robert Hall, of the parish of Whitegate, whelewright, had of late a disease fell into one hand, which brake and issued at fifteene holes, and is with this water made fish whole, witnessed by the sight and knowledge of the Vicar of Ouer, a very honest gentleman.

One Master William Johnes, a gentleman of worth and good reputation, dwelling neere Wrixham, in Denbighshire, came very sicke and lame to this well, where recouring health and soundnes, he left testimonie there vnder his hand-writing of the great benefit he receiued to this effect, viz. That where he was exceeding lame of his knees and feete, and grieuously pained in his head, necke, shoulders, and sides, that from Easter-weeke till the 26 of June, he was not able to go without the helpe both of the crouch, and one to hold him by the other arme, vsing this water at his house one fortnight, he found himselfe able to go onely with the helpe of a little sticke in one hand, and to get vpon his horse without helpe, and in token of the benefit he receiued there, he hath left his crouch in the hollin there behind, this second of August, 1600.

The same crouch with diuers others being there indeed reserued as oft as anie haue cause to leaue them.

One Peter Nightgale was by this water likewise cured of a rupture in his bodie.

One Joane Bromhall, of the Middlewich, lame of one arme and one hand, as is known and affirmed by men of good

worship, by this water hath gotten helpe, and hath perfect vse of her arme and hand againe.

John Olton, of Wettenhall, the younger, an honest credible man, hauing a rupture many yeeres, and not able to go without the helpe of a steele girdle which he wore continually, hath heereby gotten remedie, and goeth now lustily without his girdle.

I may not omit among these some that haue beene eased of the gout and such like aches. As one George Johnson, of Northwich, long time diseased in that sort, so that he was not able to goe, is by this water holpen and well amended.

Christopher Bennet, of Wiruin, much eased and holpen of a gout, and sorenesse besides, called a wildfire, in one of his legges.

One Master James Hocknell, sonne to John Hocknell, Esquire, being not able to goe, but was brought to the well on horsebacke three or foure times, and became perfectly amended.

One Elizabeth Bradshaw, of Northwich, had sore legges twentie two yeeres, and hath here by this water gotten helpe.

The straungest cure to my iudgement that procedes from this water, among all the rest, is the helpe that it giues to some of the hardnesse of hearing, whereof there are a few testimonies giuen by many; one that is knowen to be benifited therein is Randol Wield, a young youth of Vtkinton.

This I know vpon my owne knowledge that a gentleman

here in the countrey, one Master D. C. being so deafe that he cannot heare the report of a gunne discharged verie neere him, hauing some of this water infused into his eares, it presently drew forth much corruption beyond all expectation; what further benefit will insue towards the amendement of this deafnes restes in God's hands, but there is good hope.

I haue purposely spared to remember a worshipfull knight of Lancashire, who hath oft visited to his owne great ease and comfort this well, and as well himselfe as other gentlemen of good account, and some learned of his companie haue giuen very great approbation to the truth of the welle's efficacy.

It hath had no fewe reports of doing good to some such as haue beene there to seeke for remedie against falling sicknesse, appoplexies, epilepsies, letargies, giddinesses, and other straunge symptomes: but eyther I suppose these proofes are sufficient, or infinite cannot serue.

I hold it therefore a needlesse and unprofitable labour to trauell further in these recitals of cures: neither doe I labour hereby to spread an opinion beyond trueth of the vertue of this well, which to do were no way to me worth my labour.

That I should endeauour to deceiue and beguile men's eares with a straunge report, would more displease me to thinke myselfe so gulde in mine owne folly, then pleasure me to thinke there were a pleasure in illusions, to labour to draw men the faster to frequent the place and come to see the well, I protest before God I know not how that may



any way benefit me one farthing, only my desire is to satisfy my friends and others of the truth of that, whereof now there grow many doubts and disputations among men.

They which dwell farre remote rest doubtfull, whether the large and ample fame thereof spread, deserue credit or not. Some that dwell neere the place argue and debate whether or how it is possible such straunge and admirable effects should be produced from a cause so simple, poore, easie, and common as the water of a little spring.

Of the first sort those that be generous, gentle, and well disposed, I suppose these confirmations will worke very farre for their satisfaction; because I know not how any thing may be proued, if it be not a good prooffe which is drawne from the approbation of worshipfull, wise, learned, rich, poore, and altogether, and that not of one, but of many shires: and I will neuer beleeeve prouerbe more whilst I live, if the prouerbe be not in this cause somewhat auailable which saith, It must needs be true which every man saith.

Endlesse were the labour a man might haue that would go about to answer the obiections which the curiositie of some braines will still brue, and fling in his face that shall commend any truth whatsoever, neither will I enlarge this discourse with so tedious a purpose as to conuince that by way of argument, which no equall mind will much doubt of.

The scepticke inquirers which professe doubtfulness in all things though neuer so manifest, and aske why fire is fire, or why heat is heat, why white is not called blacke, and

why blacke is not called blew : what answere deserue their friuolous demaunds, but silence the reward of foolish questions ?

They that aske why the water of that well should be so holosome about an other water, eyther on this side or beyond the same place, eyther one on this side the hill, or one the other, are they not like to those which contened the prophet's prescription touching Naaman, and asked if Abanah and Pharpar, riuers of Damascus, were not as fine waters as that of Jordan ?

Why was not this precious water (say some) found out before this time ? or how comes it to passe, that in an element so bare, void of mixture, and so meerey nothing almost differing from other water, there should be operation so diuers as to be medicinable against such diuersitie of diseases, wherof no doubt the causes proceed some contrary one to another ? Questions sottish and contemptible. Have not all notable benefits had their seuerall beginnings ? and cannot men tell you of the inuention and first finding of tenne thousand publike admirations, whereof some haue lien hid and vnreuealed euen till our daies ? and is it any new thing that waters should effect so strange, and so diuers operations ?

What meane scholler hath not read of the well in Gnarsborough forrest, which couereth leaues, flesh, and such like into hard stone ?—of the well in Gloucestershire, which turneth oke rootes as they grow into hard stone ?—of an other neere Stratford, conuerting stickes and the like into the like hardnes of stone ?

Are not these straunge operations? and can a man presently giue a reason hereof? Knowes any man the reason why that lake in Snowdon, which carrieth the mooueable iland, should bring forth eeles, perches, and trouts with onely one eye a peece in their heads, which no other water beside doth? or why that well in Wales, six mile from the sea, or another in Darbeshire, 40 miles distant from the sea, should rise and fall iust with the ebbing and flowing of the sea?

We are to wonder at, not examine all the secret workings of nature, and giuing praise to the great guider of nature, and ouer-ruler of naturall causes, to receiue the good benefits we find with thankfull humilitie.

I could heartily wish that some learned and experienced man of ability and iudgement (rather a skilfull phisition then any) would take paines, iudicially to approue and publish to the world the vertues and vse of this good water, as hath heretofore been done by our best bathes in other parts of the realme. Perhaps some famous Doctor Turner, or learned Master Jones could well satisfie the curiosity of the narrowest inquirers why this should be, and that should be; they could iudge of the nature of the water, of the colour, of the vaines of the earth, of the situation, of the climate, of all the collaterall causes which make it beneficiall.

If our well worke the like or as strange effects as Bath, Buxtons, Saint Vincent's, or Hallywell, what advantage haue they of it, sauing that good fortune hath found them out such men (as those before named) to publish their vertues.

The first of which named welles (I meane the Bath) I must needs with great reuerence giue due admiration vnto, in respect of the great fame and antiquitie, it is knowne to be of. And because it exceeds all the rest as in heat, so in the sensibleness or manifest appearance of phisicall or medicinable curing, I hold it great reason it should retaine the preheminance ouer all the rest.

And where our wel wanting that sensible heat may perhaps in that respect be disallowed the name of a medicinable water: I answer nothing but that which Master Jones writeth of Buxtons Well, that being not so hot as the water of Bathe, it healeth more temperately and effectually.

Thus farre (bro. B.) as my haste and slender abilitie would permit, I haue laboured to impart vnto you the newes of the New found Well. If you please, you may commit it further view; if it be not well reported, or the newes not well accepted, or my meaning not well construed, I can say no more than this, I would all were well.

*Finis.*

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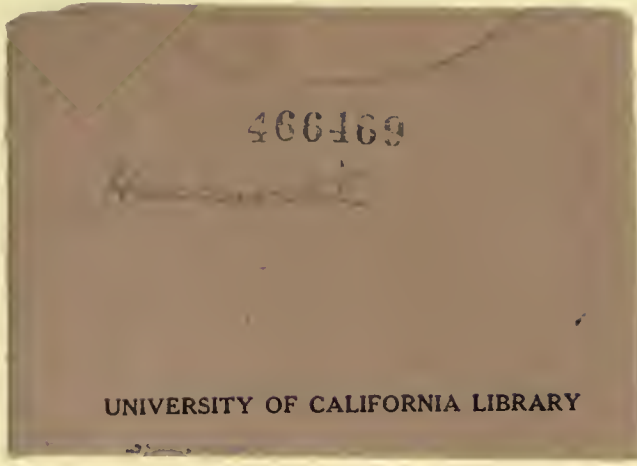
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