

*Interior of the Room in Beddell's Quarters where Rowleys' Manuscripts were said to have been deposited.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

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VOL. II.

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CONTAINING  
*THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO*  
*ROWLEY.*

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1803.



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*The Pieces to which Asterisks are prefixed are now first  
collected or printed.*

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# Eclogues.



*The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to with the following title in the first page "Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton" There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "Goddwyn, a Tragedie."*

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

## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE and RAUFE.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from hei lethalwounde,  
From hei galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,  
Kennynge hei legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure lode the fraie,)  
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's daik surcote graie,  
Twayne lonelic shepsterres dyd abrodden sie  
(The rostlyng liff doth they whytte hartes affraie,)  
And wythe the owlette tumbled and dyd cie,

SMEETHYNGE, *smoking*, in some copies *blethyng*, but in the original as above

LITHAL, *deally*

TWYTTE, *pluck or pull, twitch.*

KENNYNGE, *seeing*

SURCOTE, *a cloak or mantle, which hid all the other dress*

SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds*

ABRODDEN, *abruptly*, so Chaucer,  
Syke he abrodden dyde attourne

ROSTLYNG, *rustling*

AFFRAIE, *affright*

Firste Roberte Neatheide hys sore boesom stioke,  
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe' gif thos the howies do comme alonge,  
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,  
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bce stronge,  
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe  
To oure giete wronges wee have enheped moe,  
The Baronne warie! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe  
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie  
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie demie tale,  
Come heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

R A U F E

Saie to mee nete, I kenne thie wocin myne;

ENHEPED, *added, heaped.*  
DEEMIE, *sad.*

|| BALEFULL, *woeful, lamentable.*  
NETE *nought*

Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle  
 Swote flouietts, mantled meadows, forestes dygne;  
 Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;  
 The swote ribible dynning yn the dell,  
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte,  
 Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:  
 Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,  
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasyng  
 dome.

R O B E R T E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kyng-coppe-decked mees,

SABALUS, *the Devil.*

MOTE, *might*

SWOTE, *sweet*

DYGNE, *good, neat, genteel*

GRAVOTS, *groves, sometimes used for a  
 coppice.*

FAR-KEND, *far-seen.*

ERRMIETS, *hermit.*

RIBIBLE, *violin.*

DYNNING, *sounding*

HOASTRIE, *inn, or public house.*

EKE, *also*

DYSPORTE, *pleasure.*

IMPESTERING, *annoying.*

WARDE, *to keep off.*

AYE, *ever, always.*

MRES, *meadows.*

Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
 Mie tendie applynges,\* and embodye tices,  
 Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedyng to the syghte,  
 Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stunge yn fyghte,  
 Mie gorne emblaunched with the comficie plante,  
 Mie floure Seyncte Marieshotte yngwythethelyghte,  
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.  
 I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe,  
 Ihantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

APPLYNGES, *grafted trees.*  
 EMBODYE, *thick, stout.*  
 PARKER'S GRANGE, *liberty of pasture*  
     *given to the Parker*  
 CUYEN, *tender*  
 KYNE, *cows.*  
 STRINGE, *strong*  
 GORNE, *garden*

EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened, bleached*  
 COMPREIL, *cumfily*, a favourite dish  
     at that time.  
 FLOURE SEYNCTI MARIF, *marygold*  
 SHOTTEYNG, *shutting.*  
 DURESSED, *hardened.*  
 IHANTEND, *accustome.d.*

\* Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere

## R A U F E.

Here I wille \*obaie untylle Dethe doe 'pere,  
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,  
 Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth neie,  
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre.  
 I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;  
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;  
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,  
 And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.

---

OBAlE, *abide*. This line is also wrote,  
 "Here will I obate until dethe ap-  
 "pere," but this is modernized  
 SLEAETH, *destroyeth, killeth, slayeth*

EVERICHONE, *every one*.  
 GRE, *grow*  
 BEMENT, *lament*  
 BOOLIE, *much-loved, beloved*.

---

\* This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of *Gloss Ur* has observed, that *Obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver. 12084 is a *misprint* and should be *Abeye*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best MSS. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the Poems got his word *Obate*, with its interpretation.

*Tyrwhitt.*

†Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;  
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

## R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.  
Mie sonne, mie sonne \*alleyn, ystorven ys;

---

CALKED, *cast out, ejected.*

CULLYS-YATTE, *alluding to the port-  
cullis, which guarded the gate, on  
which often depended the castle.*

|| DOME, *fate*

MIE SONNE ALLEYN, *my only son*

YSTORVEN, *dead.*

---

† This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner "*Calked, exp. Cast, credo Cast up*" Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out*, and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article "*Calked for Calculated Ch the Frankelynes tale.*" It is probable too I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of the *Frankelens Tale*, which in the common editions stands thus — "*Full subtelly he had calked al this,*" where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS

*Tyrwhitt*

\* Alone is never used for only, *solus* for *unicus*, *seul* for *unique* The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakespere, "*Ah' no — it is my only son*" — to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words.

*Tyrwhitt.*

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;  
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis  
 Now from een logges fledden is selyness,  
 Mynsteres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,  
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie diesse  
 And wyth her champyones gore hei face depeyncte;  
 Peace fledde, disordei sheweth hei dark rode,  
 And thorow ayre doth fle, yn garments steyned with  
 bloude.

YWIS, *I think*  
 LOGGES, *cottages*  
 SELYNNESS, *happiness*  
 MYNSTERES, *monasteries*

ALLEYN, *only.*  
 HALLIE, *holy*  
 DEPEYNCTE, *paint.*  
 RODE, *complexion.*

\* When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask.

*Shakespere Henry 4 P 1.*



## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

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### NYGELLE.

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Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,  
Pourc owte yei pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde

Nycharde of Lyons haite to fyghte is gon,  
Upoune the biede sea doe the banneis gleme,  
The amenused nationnes be aston,  
To ken syke laige a flete, syke fyne, syke breme.  
The baikis heafods coupe the lymed stienc,

---

---

SPRYTES, *spirits, souls.*

PLEASAUNCE, *pleasure*

BREDE, *broad.*

GLEME, *shine, glimmer, gleam*

AMENUSED, *diminished, lessened.*

ASTON, *astonished, confounded*

KEN, *see, discover, know.*

SYKE, *such, so*

BREME, *strong*

HEAFODS, *heads.*

COUPE, *cut*

LYMED, *glassy, reflecting.*

Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the haire ake iiese;  
 The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme  
 Conteke the dynnyng ayre, and reche the skies  
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadies hedde.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,  
 Decorn wyth fonnes iare, doe shemyng ryse ;  
 Upswalyng doe heie shewe ynne dricrie pryde,  
 Lyche gore red estells in the eve merk skyes ;  
 The nome-depeyncted shields, the speies aryse,  
 Alyche talle roshes on the water syde ;

OUNDES, *waves, billows*

AKE, *oak*

SLUGHORNES, *a musical instrument,*  
*not unlike a hautboy*

SWOTYE, *sweet*

CLEME, *sound*

CONTEKE, *confuse, contend with*

DYNNYNGE, *sounding*

TRONES, *thrones*

ASTEDDE, *seated*

GULE, *red*

DEPEYNCTED, *painted*

DECORN, *carved.*

FONNES, *devices*

SHEMYNGE, *glimmering*

UPSWALYNGE, *rising high, swelling*  
*up*

HEIR, *they*

ESTELLS, *a corruption of estoile, Fr*  
*a star*

EVL, *evening*

MERK, *dark*

NOME-DEPEYNCTED, *rebus'd shields, a*  
*herald term, when the charge of*  
*the shield implies the name of the*  
*bearer*

ALYCHE, *like*

Alenge from baik to baik the byghte sheene flyes;  
 Sweft-keiv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poue owte youe pleasaunce on mie fadies hedde.

The Saracen lokes owte he doethe fecre,  
 That Englonde's brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.  
 Lyke hunted bockes theye runneth here and there,  
 Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.  
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;  
 The mittee crosse Jerusalem ys scene,  
 Dhereof the syghte yett courage doe affiaie,  
 In balefull dole their faces be ywicene  
 Spirytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poue owte youe pleasaunce on mie fadies hedde

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the sydes of everich baik appeie

ALERGE, *along*.  
 SHEENE, *shine*  
 SWEFT-KERV'D, *short-lived*  
 BRONDEOUS, *furious*  
 REINETH, *runneth*  
 ONKNOW LACHYNGE, *not knowing*  
 OBAIE, *abide*.

MITTEE, *mighty*  
 AFFRAIE, *affright*  
 BALETULL, *woeful*  
 YWREENE, *covered*  
 BOLLENGERS, COTTES, *different kind of  
boats*.

Foothe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,  
 Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and speie.  
 The jynynge sheldes doe shemie and moke glare;  
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted dynne;  
 The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to daie,  
 Boun the meik sweide, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte yei pleasaunce onne mie fadies hedde.

Now comm the wanyng Sarasyns to fyghte;  
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of wane,  
 Inne shcenyng goulde, lyke feene gironfers' dyghte,

---

EFTSOONES, *full soon, presently*  
 JYNNGE, *joining*  
 GLARE, *glitter*  
 DOSHEYNGE, *dashing*  
 GEMOTED, *united, assembled*  
 REYNNG, *running*  
 FOEMFN, *foul*  
 GIF, *if*  
 BOUN, *make ready*

---

MERN, *dark*  
 FRAIE, *evigil*  
 BLYN, *cease, stand still.*  
 LYONCEL, *a young lion.*  
 FEERIL, *flaming*  
 GRONFFRS, *a meteor, from gron, a fen,*  
*and fer, a corruption of fire, that is,*  
*a fire exhaled from a fen*  
 DYGHTE, *dark*

---

\* Mr Bryant has a curious remark upon this word

“ It is here said to be derived from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, a corruption of *fire*  
 Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*, the same

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and scene afaire.  
 Syke haveth I espyde a gieter staire  
 Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle byghte,  
 Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayld beames doe barre  
 The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.

---

AMENGE, *among*  
 DRYBBLETT, *small, insignificant*  
 WAYNE, *cart*.

AMAYLD, *enamelled*  
 BLAUNCHIE, *white, silver*  
 ESTELLS, *stars*

---

which the country people stile a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack a lantern*. On this account the expositor has been induced to derive it from *gron a fen*. But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides, a *Gronfire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *gron\** and *grun, solum*. See Olaf Verch Lexicon Suet Gothic. It was expressed A S *grund solum fundum* Al *grunt* B. *grond*. See Lye's Etymolog Ang. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyeche a battently low mic swerde shall brend

*Goddwyn 50*

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old

---

\* *Gron*, significant undoubtedly a marshy place but also solid ground.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Spytes of the bleste, and evenich Seyncte ydedde  
Poue owte youi pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-ied die,  
Terroure, embuled yn the thonders rage,  
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme fle.  
Enchafynge echone champyonne war to wage.

---

DISTRAUGHTE, *distracting*  
AFFRAIE, *affright*  
EMBULED, *armed*

UGSOMME, *terribly*  
ENCHAFYNGE, *encouraging, heating*

---

some phenomenon, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1032, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom, and that a sad mortality ensued, and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, *such as were never seen before*. They broke out of the earth in different places and did a great deal of mischief †. Simon Dunelmensis takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1018. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature, and he concludes with saying, *villas et segetes ruitas ustulavit*. *Hist Ang Scrp pt Decem* p 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed, and the mischief which was done by these fires. *ibid* p 939 l 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next

---

† P 154. See also Roger de Hoveden p 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *latent lowes* and *gronfires*, which broke out in the times specified.

\*Speies †bevytle speies, swerdes upon sweides engage;  
 Armouie on armouie dynn, shielde upon shielde ;  
 Ne dethe of thosandcs can the wa11e assuage,  
 Botte falleynge nombeis sable all the feelde,

---

BEVYLL, *break*, a herald term, signi- || DYNN, *sounds*  
 fying a spear broken in tilting, SABLE, *blacken*.

---

\* Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,  
 To armour armour, lance to lance opposed  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets thiong,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

*Pope's Homer*

† The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *bevytle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey "Bevile (in Heraldry, *broken* or open, like a bevel, or carpenter's rule"

*Tyrwhitt*

---

century, according to Holinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not by water, nor by any means † be subdued. V 2 p 44 Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these Groundfires, to which the poet alluded It is remarkable

---

† See an account of a similar phænomenon in Germany mentioned by Tacitus.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Pouie owte youe pleasaunce on mic fadies hedde

The foemen fal aounde ; the cross 1eles hye ;  
 Steyned ynne goeie, the harte of waire ys seen ;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thourgheveryche trope doth flie,  
 And beereth meynthe of Turkes onto the greene ;

---

RELES, *waves*

|| MEYNTE, *many, great numbers*

---

that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon was anno 1048, both in the days of Earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made, agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires, was not indeed in the days of King † Richard, who is the person concerned in the Second Eclogue, yet not so far removed, but that there might have been persons living by whom they were seen. The memory of them could not have been soon effaced. Hence it was natural for persons, who were treating of those times, to introduce those circumstances, which so particularly marked them. For the justice of these comparisons was very apparent in those days, which fitness and propriety is lost if they are introduced at a later season, and by another hand. It is from such remote and secret reference that I am induced to think that some of these poems are of a greater antiquity than has generally been attributed to them. As to the person who has attempted to explain them, it is manifest that he proceeded merely by surmise and conjecture. He was not acquainted with the latent purport of these references ; and the conclusion which necessarily follows, is, I think, very plain.

---

† They happened anno 1185, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p 195



Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn is sleene ;  
 The waylynge mone doth fade before hys sonne ,  
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee foimed to actions deene.  
 Doeynge syke marvells, strongeis be aston.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is wonne , Kynge Rycharde master is ,  
 The Englonde bannen kisseth the hie ayre ;  
 Full of pure joië the armie is iwys,  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ;  
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,  
 Twyghte into lovyngë aimes, and feasted eft ;  
 In everych eyne aiedyngë nete of wyere,  
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde.  
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadies hedde.

SLEENE, *slain*.  
 WAYLYNGE, *decreasing*.  
 DEENE, *glorious, worthy*.  
 MARVELS, *wonders*.  
 ASTON, *astonished*

IWYS, *certainly*.  
 BAYRE, *brow*  
 TWYGHTE *plucked, pulled*  
 EFT, *often*  
 WYERE, *grief, trouble*.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea  
 The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyne ,  
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beechē dyd flee,  
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the byne.  
 Lette thyssen\* menne, who haveth sprite of loove,  
 Bethyncke untoe themselves how mote the meetynge  
 proove

---

UPSWOL, *swollen*

---

\* THYSSEN this word is not to be found in any other writer *thysen* or *thies*  
 is used by the Colliers about Bristol

## ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

---

---

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

---

---

Wouldst thou kenn nature in hei better parte ?  
Goe, seiche the logges and ⁊ bordels of the hynde ;  
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made aite,  
Inne hem you see the †blakied foime of kynde.

---

LOGGES lodges, huts.  
BORDEIS, cottages  
HYNDE, servant, slave, peasant  
GYFF, if

HLM, a contraction of them  
BLAKIFD naked, original.  
KYNDI, nature

---

---

\* *Bordel*, in very old French, signifies a cottage, and *bordelier*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for the keeper of such a house

† To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occurring *Æ* 178

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and sonne-brente doe appere

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde ?  
 Woulde it kenne evenich thyng, as it mote bee ?  
 Woulde ytte here phrāse of vulgar from the hynde,  
 Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free ?  
 Gyfsoe, rede thys, whychè Iche dysportyngende;  
 Gifnete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

M A N N E

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe ?  
 O where do ye bende yei waie ?  
 I wille knowe whether you goe,  
 I wylle not bee asseled naie.



LICHEYNGE, *liking*

MOTE, *might* The sense of this line is,

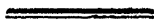
Would you see every thing in its  
 primæval state

WISEEGGER, *wise-egger, a philosopher*

KNOWLACHE, *knowledge*

DYSPORTYNGE, *sporting*

ASSELED, *answered*



and again 407

*Blake* stondesth future doome, and joiè doth mee alyse

is explained *open, exposed*; and *blakied* is made the participle from an imaginary verb, to *blakie*, signifying to *open*.

## W O M A N N E.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,  
 To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

## M A N N E.

Syr Rogeie, the parson, hav hyred mee there,  
 Comme, comme, lett us tynpe ytte awaie,  
 We'lle wuike and we'lle synge, and weylledrenche  
 of stronge bee  
 As longe as the merrie sommeis daie.

## W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wuch '  
 Moke is mie woe.  
 Dame Agnes, whoc lies ynne the Chyrche  
 With birlette golde,

HELE, *aid, or help.*  
 WURKE, *work.*  
 WURCH, *work*

|| DRENCHÉ, *drink.*  
 || BIRLETTE, *a hood, or covering for the  
 back part of the head*

Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,  
 What was shee moe than me, to be soe 3

- M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar  
 Tryppynge over the lea ;  
 Ich ask whie the loverds son  
 Is moe than mee.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,  
 From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle ;  
 Swythyn scille oppe the haie upponne the playne ,  
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gie talle.  
 Thys ysalyche ouie doome; the great, the smalle,

GELTEN, *gilded*

AUMERES, *borders of gold and silver,  
 on which was laid thin plates of either  
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the  
 present spangled laces.*

LOVERDS, *lord's*

SWELTRIE, *sultry*

WAYNE, *car.*

SEME, *seed*

SWYTHYN, *quickly, presently*

SCILLE, *gather*

GRE, *grow*

DOOME, *fate.*

Moste withe and bec forwyned by deathis daite  
 Sec <sup>l</sup> the swote flouette hathe noe swote at alle  
 Itte wythe the ianke wede bereth eualle parte  
 The crauent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,  
 Alyche to die awaie wythe those there dyd bemente

## M A N N E.

All-a-boon,\* Syr Priest, all-a-boon.

Bye yei preestschype nowe saye unto mee;  
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe haide bie,  
 Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee moe greate,

Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate <sup>o</sup>

---

WITHE, *a contraction of wither.*  
 FORWYNED, *dried*  
 SWOTE, *sweet.*  
 FLOUETTE, *flower.*  
 EUALLE, *equal.*

CRAVENT, *coward.*  
 BLENTE, *ceased, dead, no more*  
 BEMENTE, *lament*  
 ALL-A-BOON, *a manner of asking a  
 favour*

---

\* Mr Tyrwhitt says, "the only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order, is in Chaucer C Tales v 9492

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone"

This the Dean of Exeter considers as authority, arguing that the words in Chaucer should be connected but *all* is there evidently an adjective connected with the pronoun *hem*.

## SYR ROGERRE

Attoune thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
 Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle,  
 An answeie to thie barganette here see,  
 Thys welked flourette wylle a lesou telle  
 Arist it blew, itte flouished, and dyd well,  
 Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighbouie greene ;  
 Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,  
 Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-biente playne,  
 Didde not yttes loke, whilist ytte there dyd stonde,  
 To crophe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe , the loveids ente  
 Mooveth the iobber hym theifor to slea ,

ATTOURNE, *turn*

TENTYFLIE, *carefully, with circum-  
 spection*

CHAPER, *dry, sun-burnt.*

DELLE, *valley*

BARGANETTE, *a song, or ballad.*

WELKED, *withered*

ARIST, *arisen, or arose*

BLEW, *blossomed*

ASCAUNCE, *disdainfully*

DEIGNED, *disdained*

RENNOME, *glory*

EFTSOONES, *quickly*

DAIE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt,*

SYKE, *such*

LOVERDS, *lord's*

ENTE, *a purse or bag*

SLEA, *slay*



## ECLOGUE THE THIRD

Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,  
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee  
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie  
Coudest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,  
Thou wouldst eftsoones see tothe ynne whatte I saie,  
Botte lette me heere the waic of lyffe, and thenne  
Heare thou from me the lyffe of odher menne

### M A N N E

I ryse wyth the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dyve the wayne,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I synge a songe or twayne  
I followe the plough-tayle,  
Wythe a longe jubb of ale  
Botte of the maydens, oh!  
Itte lacketh notte to telle;

---

ETHE, *ease*

TROTTE, *truth*

HAILE, *happy*

WURCHEST, *workest*

KIVERCLED, *the hidden or secret part of*

SOUGHLYS, *souls*

EFTSOONES, *full soon, or presently*

WAYNE, *car*

TWAYNE *two.*

JUBB, *a bottle*

Syre Pieste mote notte cie woe  
 Culde hys bull do as welle  
 I daunce the beste heredeignes.  
 And foile the wysest feynges  
     On everych Seynctes hie daie  
 Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene.  
 All a footeyngge it awaie,  
 Wythe maydens on the greene.  
 But oh ! I wyshe to be moe greate,  
 In iennome, tenuie and estate

S Y R   R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,  
 Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte ;  
 Whan fuired unweis doc the heaven fylle,  
 Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affyghte.

---

<p>HERDEYGNES, <i>a country dance, still practised in the North</i></p> <p>FOILE, <i>baffle</i></p> <p>FEYGNES, <i>a corruption of Feints</i></p> <p>MYNSTRELLE, <i>a minstrel is a musician</i></p> <p>UNLISTE, <i>unbounded</i></p>	<p>  </p>	<p>BRAUNCES, <i>branches</i></p> <p>FUIRED, <i>furious</i></p> <p>UNWERS, <i>tempests, storms.</i></p> <p>DEERE, <i>dire</i></p> <p>DOLE, <i>dismay</i></p> <p>MOKE, <i>much</i></p>
---	-----------	--

Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,  
 Stondethe unhuite, unquaced bie the stoime :  
 Syke is a picte of lyfle . the manne of myghte  
 Is tempest-chafft, hys woe greate as hys foime .  
 Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,  
 Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste  
 mounte

---

CONGEON, *conarf*  
 ABESSIE, *humility*  
 DYGHTE, *declid*

UNQUACED, *unhuite*  
 PICTE, *picture*  
 TEMPEST CHAFF, *tempest beats*

---

Evidently from the French *abaissez*, but corruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed  
 it is used by no other writer

*Tyrwhitt*

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH

---

ELINOURE and JUCA

---

Onne Ruddeborne bank twa pynnyge Maydens sate,  
 Thene teares faste dyppeynge to the watene cleere,  
 Echone bementynge for hei absente mate,  
 Who atte Seyncte Alboons shouke the moorthyng  
 speare

The nottebrowne Elmoure to Juca saye  
 Dydde speke \*acroole, wy the languishment of eyne,  
 Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvyng  
 bime

---

RUDEBORNE, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York

BIMENTYNGL, *lamenting*  
 MORTHYNGL, *murdering*  
 ACROOLE, *faintly*  
 LLEMED, *glistened*

---

\* Unauthorized The imitative verb *crool*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove

## ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

### ELINOURE

O gentle Juga ! leaue me deime plaine,  
To fyghte for Yonke mie love ys dyghte in stele .  
O mai ne sanguen steme the whyte rose peyncte,  
Mai good Scyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte  
wele  
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;  
See ! see ! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies ;  
Inhild some joyce of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies

### JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey d banke,  
Where melancholych broods, we wyl lamente ,  
Ee wette wythe mournyng dewe and evene danke .  
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente.

---

DE ME, *sad*  
DYGHTE, *arrayed, or eased*  
MOKE, *much.*

|| INHILD, *injust*  
JOICE, *juice,*  
LEVYNDE, *blasted*

O! lyehe forelettenn halles<sup>h</sup> of merrimente,  
 Whose gasthe mitches hoide the traine of flyghte,  
 Where lethale ravens baik, and owlets wake the nyghte.

## ELINOURE

No moe the miskynette shall wake the moine,†  
 The minstielle daunce, good cheere, and moiryce  
 plaie,  
 No moe the amblynge palfie and the horne

---

FORLETTE<sup>h</sup>, *forsaken*  
 MITCHES, *ruins*  
 FRYGHTE, *fear*

LETHALE, *deadly, or deathboing*  
 MISKYNETTE, *a small bagpipe*

---

Mr Bowles has introduced this line in his Monody written at Matlock  
 Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of Ruin rent  
 Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment

† The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

Gray

Shall from the lesse lrouze the foxe awaie ,  
 I'll seke the foireste alle the lyve-longe daie ,  
 Alle nete amenge the gïavde chyche glebe wyll goe,  
 And to the passante Spÿghtes lecture mie tale of woe

## J U G A

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the lene  
 Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte ,  
 The tÿppeynge Faeries weve the golden dieme  
 Of Selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte ,  
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes foibydde ' ) gif to a  
 spÿte

Syn Rychardes foime ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte  
 Hys bledeynge clare-colde coise, and die eche daie  
 ynn thoughte

LESSEL, in a confined sense, a bush or  
 hedge, though sometimes used as a  
 forest

AILE NETE, night

AMENGE, among

CHURCH GLEE, church yard.

LECTURE, relate-

MOKIE, black

LEDEN, decreasing

SELYNESS, happiness

LYPED, linked.

## ELINOURE

Ah woe bementynge wordes, what wordes can shewe!  
 Thou limed ryver, on the linche maie bleede  
 Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie watenes  
     flowe,  
 And Rudboine stieeme be Rudboine stieeme indeede!  
 Haste, gentle Juga, tyype ytte oere the meade,  
 To knowe, o1 wheder we muste waile agayne,  
 O1 wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the  
     plain

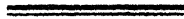
Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
 O1 twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
 Theie moved gentle ocie the dewie mees,  
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shynes remayne  
 Theie dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes  
     weie slayne,

BLEMENTYNGE, *lamenting*  
 LIMED, *glassy*.  
 LINCHE, *bank*

|| MENGED, *mingled*  
 || MEES, *meeds*



Distaughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes  
syde,  
Yelled theyie lethalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves  
and dyde



DISTRACHTTE, *distracted*

The  
Parlyamente  
of  
Sprytes.

*From Barrett's History of Bristol The Original in  
Chatterton's hand-writing is in the British Museum  
It was among the most early communications of Chat-  
terton to Mr. Barrett.*

# A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaid bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before  
Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre, on dedicatyng the chyrche  
of *Oure Ladie of Redcleft*e, hight

## The PARLIAMENT of SPRYTES.

---

---

Wroten bie T ROWLEIE and J ISCAMME.

---

---

*Entroductyon bie Queene Mabwe*  
(*Bie Iscamme*)

Whan from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,

---

---

HULSTRED, *hullen*

JOHN CARPENTER, bishop of Worcester, who in conjunction with Mr Canynges, founded the abbey at Westbury

JOHN ISCAM, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called

“The Pleasaunt Discourses of Lamyngeton,” also at the desire of Mr Canynges (Rowley being then collecting of drawings for Mr Canynges) he translated a Latin piece called Miles Brystolli into English metre. The place of his birth is not known.

Bie feiventc praici of yours myghte lea theiye heade  
 And chaunte owte masses to oure Vvrgyne.  
 Was evenie piclate lyke a Carpenterie,  
 The chyche woulde ne blushe at a Wynchesteire

Leaned as Beauclerke, as the confessor  
 Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge chaitable,  
 Busie in holie chyche as Vavasour,  
 Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges stable,  
 Honest as Saxonnes was, from whence thou'rt spruunge,  
 Tho boddie weak the soule foi ever younge.

'Thou knowest wellc thie conscience free from steyne,  
 The soule hei rode no sable batements have,  
 Yclenchde oer wythe vytyues beste adaygne,  
 A daie aeterne thie mynde does aie adave  
 Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,  
 Ne stavvyngc piccestes ycrase thie nyghtlic reste

---

RODE, *completion* I take the  
 meaning of this line to be, "The  
 completion of the soul is free from  
 the black marks of sin"

YCLENCHEDE, *covered*  
 ALTERNE, *eternal*  
 ADAVE, *enjoy*  
 YCRASE, *to break*

Here then to thee let me for one and alle  
 Give lawde to Carpenterie and commendatyon,  
 For hys giete vyitues but alas ! too smalle  
 Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste blatyon,  
 Or to blazc forthe hys publicke goode alone,  
 And alle hys pryvate goode to godde and hym ys  
 knowne

*Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.*

*(Be Iscarme)*

Soon as the moine but newlie wake,  
 Spyed Nyghie ystoiven lye,  
 On hene coise dyd dew droppes shake,  
 Then fore the sonne upgotten was I.  
 The rampyngc lyon, felle tygere,  
 The bocke that skyppes from place to place.  
 The olyphaunte and rhynocere,

---

BLATYON, *blation, praise*

|| RHYNOCEERE, *rhinoceros*

OLYPHAUNT, *elephant* So an ancient anonymous author

The olyphaunt of beastes is  
 The wisest I wis,  
 For hee alwaie dothe eat  
 Lyttle store of meat

Befoie mee throughe the greene woode I dyd chace  
 Nymiodde as scyptures hvyght mie name  
 Baalle as jetted stonnes saie .  
 Foi rearynge Babelle of greete fame,  
 Mie name and renome shalle lyven for aie  
 But here I spie a fyner rearynge,  
 Genst whych the clowdes dothe not tyghte,  
 Onne whych the stanes doe sytte to appearunge·  
 Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom of  
     lyghte  
 O where ys the manne that buylded the same,  
 Dyspendyng wouddlie stoie so welle ;  
 Fayn woude I chaunge wyth hym mie name,  
 And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to helle.

*Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.*

Whan toe theyie caves aeterne abeste,  
 The waters ne moe han dystreste.

JETTED, *devised or fained*  
 RENOME, *renown*  
 DYPENDYNGE, *expending*  
 HAN, *preterite of have*

---

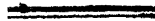
ABESTE, according to Rowley,  
*humbled or brought down*  
 And Rowleie saies "the pryde  
 wylle be abeste" Entroductyon to  
 the Entyrlyude of the Apostate

The wolde so large ;  
 Butte dyde dyscharge  
 Themselves ynto theyre bedde of 1este.

Then menne besprenged alle abroade,  
 Ne moe dyde woishyppe the true Godde ,  
     Butte dyd create  
     Hie temples greate  
 Unto the ymage of Nymiodde.

But nowe the Worde of Godde is come,  
 Borne of Maide Maie toe brynge home  
     Mankynde hys shepe,  
     Theme for to keepe  
 In the folde of hys heavenlie kyngdome

Thys chyche whych Canynge he dyd see,  
 To bee dispente in prayse and prayer,  
     Mennes soules to save,





From vowynge giave,  
Ande puryfye them heaven were.

*Spytes of Elle, Bythrycke, Fyts-hardyngc, Frampton, Gaantes, Segowen, Lanyngcton, Knyghtes Templars, and Byrtonne*  
(*Bie Rowleie*)

*Spyte of Bythrycke speeketh.*

Elle, thie Bystowe is thie onlie care,  
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode,  
Ne lovyngc dames toe kynde moe love can bea,  
Ne Lombades ovei golde moe vyllaunt broode.

VOWRYNGE, *devouring*

ELLE, *Keeper of Bristol Castle in the  
time of the Saxons*

BYTHRYCKE, *an anglo-Saxon, who in  
William the Conqueror's time had  
Bristol*

VYLLANT, *vigilant*

HEAVEN WERF, *heavenward, so Rowley*

“ Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven were,  
Ne kyne or mylke flockes upon the playne,  
Ne mannours ryche nor banners brave and fayre,  
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne

Introductory to the Enterlude of the Apostate.”

*Spryte of Elle speeketh.*

Swythyn, yee sprytes foisake the bollen floude,  
 And biowke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne ,  
 Welle have I vended myne foī Danyshe bloude,  
 Syth thys greete stiuctue greete mie whaped eyne.  
 Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,  
 Toune there your eyne and see your woikes outvyde.

*Spryte of Bythryche speeketh*

What wondrous monumente ! what pyle ys thys !  
 That byndes in wondris chayne entendemente !  
 That dothe aloof the ayne skyen kyss,  
 And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,  
 From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse sente  
 Fulle welle myne eyne aede ytte canne ne bee,  
 That manne coude reare of thylke agreete extente,  
 A chyriche so bausyn fetyve as wee see

---

SWYTHYN, *quickly*  
 BOLLEN, *swelled*  
 BROWKE, *enjoy*  
 WHAPED, *amazed*

|| ENTENDEMENTE, *understanding*  
 || AEREDE, *conceive.*  
 || BAUSYN FETYVE, *elegantly large*

The flemed cloudes disparted from it flie,  
 Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye .

*Elle's spryte speeketh.*

Weie I once moe caste yn a moitalle fiame,  
 To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne eare,  
 To heare the masses to owre holie dame,  
 To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre !  
 Throughe the halfe hulstred sylver twynklynge glare  
 Of yon byghte moone in foggie mantles dreste,  
 I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,  
 Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte areste.  
 Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle Lflie the lyghte,  
 O were I manne agen to see the syghte !  
 Theire sytte the canons, clothe of sable hue  
 Adoine the boddies of them everie one ;  
 The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,  
 And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,

FLEMED, *frighted*  
 ASPERE, *to view*  
 ISHAD, *broken*

|| HALLIE, *well pleasing, also holy.*  
 || WAYLE, *old*  
 || CHAPPEAUS, *hats or caps of estates.*

Wythe golden tassyls glyttinge ynne the sunne;  
 The dames ynne kyttles alle of Lyncolne greene,  
 And knotted shoone pykes of brave colouies done  
 A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

*Byrtonnes spryte speeketh.*

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,  
 For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome .  
 At everyche tyltyngge yaide mie name was hyghte,  
 I beare the belle awaie whereee I come.  
 Of Redclfte chyche the buyldyngge newe I done  
 And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,  
 Of Maries house made the foundacyon,  
 And gave a threescore markes to Johnes hys toe  
 Then clos'd myne eyne on eithe to ope no moe,  
 Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was doe.  
 Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,  
 Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.  
 Thys geason buyldyngge limesd of the towne,  
 Like to the donous soule, shalle never die :

---

PYGHTEN, *pulled down*  
 GEASON, *rare.*

|| LIMEDST, *most noble,*  
*rare.*

But if percase Tyme, of hys dyie envie,  
 Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and throckes of stone ;  
 The faytoui traueller that passes bie  
 Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendouie shewne  
 Inne the crasd arches and the cauvellynge,  
 And pyllais theyre giene heades to heaven rearynge.

*Spryte of Segowen speeketh.*

Bestoykyngge golde was once myne onlie toie,  
 Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie ;  
 Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe emploie,  
 Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye  
 Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howie laie,  
 Thynkyngge howe to benym the oiphyans breadde,  
 And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,  
 I from the skien heare a voyce, which said,

---

THROCKES, *heaps.*  
 FAYTOUR, *wandering*  
 ROYEND, *ruin'd*  
 CRASD, *broken, old*  
 SEGOWEN, *A usurer, a native of Lombardy*

BESTOYKYNGE, *deceiving.*  
 LEMAN, *whore*  
 JURBE, *bottle*  
 BENYM, *to take away.*  
 REDELESS, *helpless.*

Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake ,  
Some deede thats holie doe, or hee thie soule wylle take.

I swythyn was upryst wyth feeie astounde ;  
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle :  
Stiayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,  
Thoughten full soone for to go to helle  
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd telle,  
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie  
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to peices felle.  
Mie heart dispanded into heaven laie :  
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—  
Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,  
Twas love of Godde that set thee on the reaynge  
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe  
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge .

---

UPRYSTE, *risen up*  
ASTOUNDE, *astonished*  
MERKE, *darkness*  
AREEDE, *counsel*

DISPANDED, *expanded.*  
ASTOWDE, *bestow'd*  
KARYNTE, *a loan*  
LYMED, *noble*

Thys chyrch owie lesse buyldyngs all owt-darynge,  
 Lyke to the moone wythe staines of lyttle lyghte ;  
 And after tymes the feetyve pyle reveinyng,  
 The prynce of chyches buyldeis thee shall hyghte ;  
 Grcete was the cause, but gicetei was the effecte,  
 So alle wyll saie who doe thys place piospect.

*Spryte of Fytz Hardyng speeketh*

From royal parentes dyd I have 1etaynyng,  
 The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syie ;  
 The Dane who often thow thys kyngdom draynyng,  
 Would mark theyie waie athowgh wythe bloude and  
 fyie

As stopped 1yveis alwaies 1yse moe hyghei,  
 And 1ammed stones bie opposuics stronger bee ;  
 So thie whan vanquyshed dyd piovc moe dyie,  
 And foi one peysan there dyd threescore slee  
 From them of Denmaiques 1oyalle bloude came I,  
 Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie

---

BELTYVE, *handsome or elegant*

|| PEYSAN, *a countryman, also a foot soldier*

The pypes maie sounde and bubble foith mie name,  
 And tellen what on Radcleftē syde I dyd  
 Tynytie Colledge ne agiutche mie fame,  
 The fayrest place in Bystowe y buylded  
 The royalle bloude that thow mie vaynes slydde  
 Dyd tyncte mie hate wythe manie a noble thoughte,  
 Lyke to mie mynde the mynster y leared,  
 Wythe noble carvel workmanshype was wroughte.  
 He at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's thione,  
 Dyd I take place and was myself alone

But thou, the buylder of this swotic place,  
 Where alle the saynctes in sweete ajuncty on stande,  
 A verie heaven for yttes fetyve grace,  
 The glorie and the wonder of the lande,  
 That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers hande,  
 To bee the beste that on the erthe remaynes;  
 At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,  
 Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes  
 Canynge the greate, the charytable, and good,  
 Noble as kynges if not of kyngelie bloude

---

MYNSTER, *monastery*  
 SWOTIE, *sweet or delighting*

|| DRES, *first table in a monastery, where  
 the superior sat*



*Spryte of Framptone speeketh*

Bystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radcleftē toe,  
 For heie mie deedes weie goddelye everychone,  
 As Owdens mynstei bie the gate wylle shewe,  
 And Johnes at Bystowe what mie workes han done  
 Besydes aneie howse that I han begunne,  
 Butte myne compaide to thyssen ys a g1offe.  
 Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,  
 A verie punelstie or veie scoffe;  
 Canyngē, thie name shall lyven be for aie,  
 Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie

*Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.*

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,  
 And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe:  
 As touryngē to mie Godde on erthe dyd lyve,  
 So alle the Bystowe chronycles wylle shewe.

ANFRE, another  
 GROFFE, a laughing stock

|| PUNLSTRE, an empty boast.

Butte alle mie deedes wylle bee as nothyngge nowe,  
 Syth Canyngge have thys buyldyngge fynyshed,  
 Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Bystowe,  
 And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched .  
 Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of alle,  
 And onlie in the wicke of nature falle

*A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh*

In hyllic land where Sarasins defyle  
 The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,  
 And Chyste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,  
 Woities of despyte genst oure Savyour thowe.  
 There twas that we dyd owre warfaiage doe,  
 Guarynge the pylgryms of the Chystyian faie;  
 And dyd owre holie aimes in bloude embiue,  
 Movyngge lyke thonder boutes yn dreai aiaie.  
 Owre strokes lyke levyn taleyngge the tall tree  
 Owre Godde owre aime wyth lethalle foice dyd drie.

---

MOSCHYES, *mosques*  
 FAIE, *faith.*

LF'YN, *lightning*  
 || DREE, *drive*

Maint tenures fayie, ande mannoues of giete welthe,  
Greene woodes, and bicoklettes unnyng throughe  
the lee,

Dyd menne us gyve for theyie deaie soule her helthe,  
Gave eithlie 1yches for goodes heavenlie.

Nee dyd we lette oure 1yches untyle bee,

But dyd ybyulde the Temple chyiche soe fyne,

The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie ;

Itte seemeth camoys to the wondryng eyne ,

And ever and anon when belles 1ynged,

From place to place ytte moveth yttes lue heade .

Butte Canyng from the sweate of hys owne biowes,

Dyd gette hys golde and 1ayse thys fetyve howse.

*Lanyngetonnes spryte speeketh.*

Lette alle mie faultes bee buied ynne the grave ;

Alle obloquyes be rotted mythe mie duste ,

MAINT, *many*  
UNTYLE, *useless*

|| BISMARELIE, *curiously*  
CAMOYS, *crooked upwards, Lat simus.*

Lette him fyist caipen that no wemmes have :  
 'Tys paste mannes nature foi to bee aie juste.  
 But yette in sothen to rejoyce I muste,  
 That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde ;  
 Sythe thys quantissed place so gloryous,  
 Seemeynge alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,  
 Has nowe supplied for what I had done,  
 Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

*Elle's spryte speeketh.*

Then lette us alle do jyntelie reveraunce here,  
 The beste of menne and Byshoppes here doe stande :  
 Who aie Goddes shepsterres and do take good care,  
 Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand ;  
 Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande  
 Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,

WEMMES, *faults*  
 QUANTISSED, *curiously devised.*  
 GUYLDE, *company.*

CIERGE, *candle.*  
 SHEPSTERRES, *shepherds.*  
 LIKANDE, *liking.*

When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,  
Affiyghte the wycked and awaken alle :  
Then Canynge 1yses to eternal 1este,  
And fyndes hee chose on eithe a lyfe the beste.

# The Tournament.



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

*Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "our Ladie," in the place where the church of St Mary Ratchliffe now stands*

*The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton —*

*"Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of Syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation M C C . XXXXXXV hee was desyabelle of aspect and in hys yowthe much yeven to Tourneyynge, and M C C . XXXXXXV at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learncd and ybuylde a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye to behoulde, wyth carvelly'd pyllars on which was thys ryme wroten .*

*Fullle noble is thys Kyngeise howse  
And eke fulle noble thee,  
Echone is for the other fyte  
As saynctes for heaven bee*

*Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds and was of the poore beloved in M C C LXXXV Kynge Edwarde\**

---

\* This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285, " Rex Edw 1 per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitum Gloveriæ noscitur pertinere Rex dein Bristoliam veniens festum Dominiæ nativitatibus eo Anno ibi tenuit "



kepte hys Chyristmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferraris Nevylle Geofiore Freeman, Clyman Percie, Heldebrand Goume, Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renoune, who established a three days jouste on Saynte Maryes Hylle Syrre Ferraris Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armour bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Geraysse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuyng proper but was quychlye overthrown then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudie swerde pcercyng a courone wyth a sheelde peasenue with sylver, he ranne twayne tyltes, but Nevylle throwen hym on the thyde rencountre, then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrown Syrre Ferraris Neville, he woulde there erecte and buylde a chyche to owre Ladye allgate there stode angh Lamynghtonnes Ladies chamber hee then encountred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferraris horse and man to the grounde, remaynyng honynge, victore knyght of the Jouste, ande settyng atte the vyghte honde of K Edwarde. Inne M CCLXXXI hee performed hys vovewen ybuylden a gode-lye chyche from a patten of St Oswaldes Abbyes Chyrche and the day of our Lordes natyvyty m.c.cci. Gylbert de Sante Leonfardoe Byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde."

THE  
TOURNAMENT,

AN INTERLUDE.

---

*Enter an HERALFDE*

The Tournament begyunes ; the hammeris sounde,  
The courseis lysse about the mensuredde felde,  
The shemyngge armoure throwes the sheene arounde,  
Quayntysseid fons depicted onn eche sheelde  
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,

---

LYSSE, *sport, or play*

MENSUREDD, *bounded, or measured*

SHEMRYNGE, *shining.*

SHEENE, *lustre*

QUAYNTYSSED, *curiously devised,*  
*quaint*

FONS, *fancies, or devices*

DEPICTED, *painted, or displayed,*

FEERIE, *fery*

AMIELDE, *ornamented, enamelled*

Supportes the rampyngge lyoncell on beare,  
 Wythe stiaunge depyctures, natuie maie nott yeelde,  
 Unseemlie to all oideir doe appeie,  
 Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spyte,  
 Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer of hei joies,  
 Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres aounde;  
 Wythe advantayle<sup>s</sup> and borne<sup>t</sup> I meynte emploie,

---

LYONCELL, *a young lion*  
 DEPYCTURES, *drawings, paintings*  
 YATTE, *that*  
 SPRYTE, *soul*  
 SPENCER, *dispenser*

SWYTHEN, *quickly*  
 YEVE, *give*  
 ADVANTAYLE, *armour*  
 BORNE, *burnish*  
 MEYNTE, *many*

---

\* "In the notes ADVANTAYLE is interpreted *armour* and BORNE *burnish*. In this passage there seem to be several mistakes. The transcriber has expressed the former word with a d, *adventayle* and *advantayle* in which, if there be any propriety, he was, I believe, little aware of it. The true spelling is supposed to be *aventayle*, from the French *avant*. It was some part of a suit of armour which projected, and this might have been known from Skinner *Aventaille credo a Franco—Gallico jam obsoleto, aventail, prætentura ferrea τροσσγυδιον* ab adverbio *avant*. A like account is afforded by Du Cange, but neither of them define precisely, what piece of armour it was. However from the accounts

Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the giounde.  
 Soe the tall oake the iwie twysteth iounde;  
 Soe the neshe floweri gies ynnethe woodeland shade.

---

NESHE, *young, weak, tender.*

|| GRFES, *grows*

---

which are uniformly given of it, we may be assured that it was something which stood forward, and is therefore supposed by Du Cange to be *anterior armatura pars*. In the MSS of William and the Werwolf, mention is made of the hero seizing upon a person with whom he is engaged in fight, which circumstance is thus described

William thant with by the aventayle him hente,  
 To have with his swerd swappod of his heade.

P 54

We find that he laid hold of a particular part of the armour, such as most facilitated his cutting off the head of the enemy. This therefore must have been part of the helmet, and that part especially which was most prominent and liable to be seized upon, and this I take to have been the beaver. There were several sorts of helmets of different denominations, and I imagine that one of them was stiled *aventaille* or *adventaille*, from a moveable beaver, which was made to slide up and down. The name was given from its affording, when the beaver was up, an opening to the air for respiration, and seems to have been derived, not from *avant* but from *ad* and *ventus*, or *ventilo*, from whence was formed the French word *aventail*. Du Cange quotes from Rymers Foed. an order Tom 8 P 384 Tredecim loricas, quinque *aventails*, quadraginta arcus &c. The beaver of an helmet projected beyond the helm, and stood hollow, so that it gave an opportunity for a person to lay hold of it and to force the head of his enemy downward. From hence I am induced to think, that an adventail was properly that fore part of the helmet, the beaver, but which often gave name to the whole. When this beaver, was put up, it afforded an opening to breathe more freely, and to receive fresh

The woulde bie diffrance ys ynne ordeii founde ;  
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made. ·

---

air, which opening was from thence stiled a *ventail* from *ventilo* When Æneas was healed of his wound by Iapis, and was returning compleatly armed to battle, he embraced his son who stood by his side, and kissed him, which is thus described by Gawin Douglas.

Ascaneus zoung tenderly the ilk place  
 With all his harnes belappit dyd embrace,  
 And thro his helmes *ventall* a lyttell we  
 Him kissit.

P 425, l 18.

It is expressed after the same manner in an ancient poem quoted by Mr Warton Hist of Eng Poetry V 1 p, 163

Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,  
 With the lybardes painted wele  
 And helme he had of ryche entayle,  
 Trusty and trewe was his ventayle

From Hist of Richard Cueur de Lyon

There is a passage in the Interlude of Ælla, where the adventaile is mentioned in conjunction with the helmet

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle  
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte

v 469

Ventale or ventall, *a vent hole and breathing part of a helmet* a Fr ventaille Gloss. to Gawin Douglas.

Hence I imagine that the beaver and the helmet itself had the name of adventail and aventail from being constructed in such a manner as to afford occasionally such an opening

As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,  
 Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of  
 onne



BOWKE, *body*  
 NETE, *nothing*

|| ALLEYN, *alone*  
 || SYKE, *so.*



\* BORN, p 62

“ By this word is signified a kind of gorget or breast plate expressed more commonly burn and byrn, from the byrna of the Saxons Byrna, lonca Sax Dict In the laws of K Athelstan mention is made of a person having a *burn* and helme c 72 In the laws also of K Ina, a *burn* and sword are spoken of, c 55 It was sometimes expressed *bryne* and *brynia* Brynia, *lorica*, hringa brynia, *lorica annulis ferreis concatenata* Olaf Verelli Lex Sueo-Goth It is taken notice of by Du Cange as it is differently exhibited Brunea, brunia, bronja, *lorica* Gloss Lat Theotise *thorax, militare ornamentum, lorica* He also expresses it byrnan and byrn Turnus is described in the Scottish version of the Æneis, as arming himself in the following manner

He clethis him with his scheid and semysbald,  
 He clasps his gilt habirihone thrinifald,  
 He in his breistplait strang, and his *birnye*,  
 Ane sour sward belis law down by his the

P. 230 l 42

Among the English it seems to have been called burn, and in the poem from whence I have quoted the passage, it appears to have denoted *militare ornamentum*, probably something like a Gorget, with which the Heralds presented the Knights at the same time that they gave them their helmets and spears

I sonne of honnour, spencer of her joyes  
 Must sythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde,

## Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie heavenne these tylteis staie too longe  
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge foir the fyghte  
 The mynstielles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,  
 Yett notte a speeie of hemm hath grete mie syghte.  
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.  
 I lacke a Guid, a Wyllyamm to entylte.

---

HERAWDE, *herald*  
 HEMM, a contraction of *them*.

|| GUID, *Guis de Sancto Egidio*, the most  
 famous tilter of his age  
 || WYLLYAMM, *William Rufus*.

---

Wyth adventayle and borne I meynte emploie,  
 Who without me would fall unto the ground

So it should be stopt After the Herald had mentioned that he was to present to the Knights what belonged to them, he magnifies his own office, and speaks of himself as the dispencer of all honour I, says he, *employ many, who without me would sink to nothing* In short he intimates, that all honours and badges of honour, come through the hands of the herald, which seems to have been not at all understood by the transcriber

Such I imagine, is the purport of the two words in question, *adventayle* and *borne*. By the former of these is meant, *an helmet with a sliding bever*, by the other a kind of *cuirass* or *gorget* which two by the transcriber have been interpreted *armour* and *burnish* "

*Bryant*

This is the strongest argument that has been adduced for the authenticity of the poems Chatterton translates *borne*, after Kerse, *burnished* this makes the passage unintelligible the real meaning of the word explains it.

To reine anente a fele emboydiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne renome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie Heavenne and Maie ytt ys tyme they'ie here,  
 I lyche nott unthylle thus to wiede the speare.

## HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm  
 faire.

## BOURTONNE.

Ah ! swythenn mie shielde and tyltynge launce bee  
 bounde  
 Eftsoones beheste mie squyeri to the ware.  
 I fle before to clayme a challenge grownde.

*Goeth oute.*

---

REINE, *run*  
 ANENTE, *against*  
 FELE, *feeble*  
 UNTHALLE, *useless*  
 SLUGGHORNE, *a kind of clarion.*

DYNN, *sound*  
 SWYTHENN, *quickly*  
 BOUNDE, *ready*  
 EFTSOONES, *soon*  
 BEHESTE, *command*



## HERAWDE.

The valourous acts woulde meinte of menne astounde;  
 Haide bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte,  
 Anenst alle menne thou beiest to the giounde,  
 Lyche the haid hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.  
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
 Syche dothe the valouious actes drocke eche  
 knyghte's hue,

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE, SYRR SYMONNE DE  
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR  
 RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYN-  
 TON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR  
 KNYGTES, HERAWDE, MYNSTRILLES, AND  
 SERUYTOURS

MEINTE, *meint*  
 SHAPPE, *fate, or doom.*  
 ANENST, *against*  
 PYGHTE, *pitched, or bent down*

YDRONKS, *drinks*  
 DROCKE, *drink*  
 SERUYTOURS, *servants, attendants.*

## K Y N G E.

The barganette, yee mynstrelles tune the styngge,  
Somme actyonn dyie of anntyante kynges now  
syngge.

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure, botte Englonde  
thoine,  
The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd knite,  
Snett oppe hys long stunge bowe and sheelde  
aborne,\*  
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.  
Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hylted denne,  
Lett thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thyngge bott  
menne

---

BARGANETTE, *song or ballad.*  
DELIEVRETIE, *activity*  
KNITE, *joined, knit*  
SNETT, *bent,*  
ABORNE, *burnished*

BEHESTEYNGE, *commanding*  
HOMMAGERES, *servants, homagers.*  
*vassals*  
HYLTED, *hidden.*  
FLOES, *arrows.*

---

\* An unauthorised word, formed from Kersey's blunder

Ynn the treed fouieste doe the knyghtes appeie,  
 Wyllyamm wythemyghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies,  
 Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eaie;  
 He iyseth batten, ioaies, he panctes, hee dyes.  
 Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,  
 Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne  
 biedienn slea

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees heerydes;  
 The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wynges;  
 The lordyng toad ynn all hys passes bides;  
 The beiten neders att hymm daite the stynges;  
 Styлле, styлле, hee passes onn hys stede astrodde,  
 Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynges untoc  
 bloodde.

TREED, *wooded, full of trees*  
 ENYRONN'D, *worked with iron*  
 PLIES, *bends*  
 DYNNS, *sounds*  
 BATTENT, *loudly*  
 FORSLAGENN, *slain*  
 MERKE, *dark, or gloom*.

FLEMED OWLETT, *frighted owl*  
 EVE-SPECKTE, *marked with evening  
 dew*  
 LORDYNGE, *standing on their hind  
 legs*  
 BERTEN, *venomous*  
 NEDERS, *adders*.

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,  
 Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brier,  
 Att commyng dynn doth rayse hymselfe distraughte  
 Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltten denne,  
 Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thyng e botte  
 menne.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge ;  
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
 Wythe myghte alych theroghlyngethonderstronge;  
 The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth sendes.  
 Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
 Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr  
 menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie ;  
 The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie.

---

SWELTRIE, *hot, sultry.*  
 DISTRAUGHTE, *distracted.*  
 HYLTTEN, *hidden.*  
 FLOES, *arrows.*

|| PASSENT STEPPE, *walking leisurely.*  
 || ROGHLYNGE, *rolling*  
 || TAKELLE, *arrow*  
 || COURACIERS, *horse coursers.*

Hee lepethe hie, hee stonds, hee kepes att baie,  
 Botte metes the arowe, and eftsoones dothe die.  
 Forslagenn att thie fote lette wyldre beastes bee,  
 Lette thie fiores dienche yei blodde, yett do ne briedrenn  
 slee.

Wythe murthen tyiedd, hee sleynge hys bowe  
 alyne <sup>4</sup>  
 The stagge ys ouch'd wythe crownes of lilliefloweis  
 Arounde there heaulmes there greene verte doe  
 entwyne;  
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the greene wode bowerrs  
 Forslagenn wyth thie floe lett wyldre beastes bee,  
 Feeste thee upponne there fleshe, doe ne thie briedrenn  
 slee.

---

FORFLAGGEN, *slain*

BOWE ALYNE, *across his shoulders*

OUCH'D, *garlands of flowers being put  
 round the neck of the game, it was*

|| *said to be ouch'd, from ouch, a  
 chain worn by Earls round their  
 necks*

|| VERTE, *leaves and branches*

---

\* Unauthorised and unintelligible.

## K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie, who wylle fyyste affraie?

## H E R A U L D E.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte honnouie thyne.

## B O U R T O N N E.

I clayme the passage

## N E V Y L L E.

I con.take the waie,

## B O U R T O N N E

Thenn there s mie gauntlette on mie gaberdyne.

---

TOURNEIE, *tournament*  
AFFRAIE, *fight, or encounter*  
YATTE, *that*

|| CON.TAKE, *dispute*  
|| GAUNTIETTE, *glove*  
|| GABERDYNE, *a piece of armour.*

## HEREHAULDE

A legefyll challenge, knyghtes and champyonns  
 dygne,  
 A leegefyll challenge lette the slugghoine sounde  
 Syr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte*  
 Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and hoise, toe giounde  
 Nevylle *falls*  
 Lovcides, how doughtilie the tylteirs joyne '  
 Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
 fyghtes,  
 Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee knyghtes

## FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe ; mie squieii, mie shielde ;  
 Oii onne oii odheii wyll doe myckle scethe  
 Before I doe departe the lissedd felde,

LEGEFULL, *lawful*  
 DYGNE, *worthy*  
 LOVERDES, *lords*  
 DOUGHTILIE, *furiously*  
 QUACEDD, *vanquished.*

ASSAYIE, *oppose*  
 ANENTE, *against*  
 MYCKLE, *much*  
 SCETHLE, *damage, mischief*  
 LISSEDD, *bounded*

Mieselfe on Bourtonne hereuppon wyll blethe.  
 'Me shielde'

## BOURTONNE

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe  
 Whanne Bouitonn fyghtes, hce metes a doughtie foe  
*These tylte Feians falleth*  
 Hee falleth, nowe bie heavcune thie woundes doe  
 smethe;  
 I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

## HERAWDE

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feeelde  
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnou'd  
 sheeld.

## BERGHAMME

I take the challenge, squyre, mie launce and stede.

---

BLETHE, *bleed*  
 ETHE, *easy*

|| SMETHE, *smoke*  
 || WOE, *hurt, or damage*



I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; for I mee staie.  
 Botte' gyff thou fyghteste mee thou shalt have mede,  
 Somme odheii I wylle champyonn toe affraie,  
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,  
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne fori thie speie.  
 Heichawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,  
 De Berghamme wayteth fori a foemann heere.

## CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende; I doe thee fie.  
 Lyche forreyng levyn, schalle mie tylte-launce flie.  
 Berghamme *and* Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*

## BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd  
 eyne.

AFFRAIE, *fight, or engage*  
 MEDE, *reward*  
 TENDE, *attend, or wait.*  
 FIE, *defy.*

FORREYNG LEVYN, *destroyng light-*  
*ning*  
 ATTOURE, *turn*  
 BEEVEREDD, *beavered*

I have boine downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee  
 Swythenne begynne, and wynn thie shappe on myne;  
 Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee  
 Bourtonne and Buighamm *tylteth* Beighamme*falls*.

## HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe thee,  
 And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fouthe.  
 Lett hymm bee sett a syde, tyll hee doth see  
 A tyltynge for a knyghte of gentle wourthe.  
 Heere commethe straunge knyghtes, gyff corteous  
     heie,  
 Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ighte of fraie,

## FIRST KNYGHT.

Strauengers wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme

Efte, *again*.

Swythenne, *quickly*

Wynn, *declare*

Shappe, *fate*

Corteous, *worthy*.

Heie, *they*

Beseies, *becomes*

Yeve, *give*

Fraie, *fight*.

The rennome ynn thys Touneie foir to tylte,  
 Dheibie to pioove fiomm ciavents owie goode name,  
 Bewynnyng thatt wee gentile blodde have spy lte.

## HEREHAWDE

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these stiaungeis, saic,  
 Bee you tulle wyllyng foir to yeve hymm fiaie?

*Fyve Knyghtes tyltethwythe the straunge Knyghte,  
 and bee everichone overthrowne.*

## BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde  
 Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente,  
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houde a piercedd sheeld,

RENNOME, *honour, renown*  
 TOURNEIE, *tournament*  
 CRAVENTS, *cowards*  
 BEWRYNNYNGE, *declaring*  
 YEVE, *give*

EVERICHONE, *every one.*  
 YCRASEDD, *broken, spilt*  
 BESPRENTE, *scattered*  
 PIERCEDD, *broken, or pierced through*  
*with darts.*

Gyff all the feeelde wythe champyonne blodde bee  
 stente,

Yett toe encounten hymm I bee contente.  
 Anodneri launce, Marshalie, anodheir launce  
 Alb,ytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,  
 Yett Boutonne woulde agenste hys val advance.  
 Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,  
 Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,  
 Thatt ynnwhatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall  
 fall

Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out speere,  
 There schalle ayse a hallie chyrcches walle,  
 The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Maye calle,  
 Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde  
 And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,  
 Gyff yonderi stiaungerr falleth to the grounde

STENTE, *stamed*  
 LOWES, *flames*  
 YBRENTE, *burnt*  
 VAL, *hlm.*

ANETHE, *beneath*  
 STAUGHT OUT, *stretched out*  
 HAILIE, *holy*  
 FAIFULLIE, *faithfully*

Straungerr, bee boune; I champyonn you to waie  
 Sounde, sounde the slughoincs, to be hearde fromm  
 faile.

Bourtonne *and the* Straungen *tylt* Straunge, *falleth.*

## K Y N G E

The Moynynge Tyltes now cease

## H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente  
 Rounde hymm, yee mynstielles, songs of achments  
 synge,

Yee Herawdes, getheir upp the speeres besprente;  
 To kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knces bente.  
 Dames faire and gentle, fori youre loves hee foughte;  
 Fori you the longe tylte-launce, the sweide hee shente;  
 Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte

---

BOUNE, *ready*

CHAMPYONN, *challenge*

ACHMENTS, *achievements, glorious  
 actions*

BESPRENTE, *broken spears.*

SHENTE, *broke, destroyed*

ALIEINE, *only, alone.*

---

\* Advance our waving colours on the Walls!

Comme, mynstrelles, sound the stryngge, goe onn eche  
 syde,  
 Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde.

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quickenn'd  
 gore,  
 Bendyngewythespoiles, and bloddie droppyngehede,  
 Dydd the merke wood of ethe and rest explore,  
 Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,  
 Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,  
 Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglentine,  
 From hys vysage washedd the bloude,  
 Hylte hys swerde and gabeidyne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd view.  
 Dydd soe ycorvenn everne shape to joie,

---

SMETHYNGE, *smoking, steaming*  
 MERK, *dark, gloomy.*  
 HYLTE, *hid, secreted.*

SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*  
 YCORVENN, *mould*

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodheir hue,  
 Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie  
 All delyghtsomme and contente,  
 Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,  
 Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,  
 Lyche the meik-plante doe entwyne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasue and heri trayne,  
 Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place heri to fynde,  
 Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde retayne;  
 Seeke Honnouie fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.

---

ENSHOTYNGE, *shooting, darting*  
 HENTE, *grasp, hold*  
 MEIK-PLANTE, *night-shade.*

ONKNOWIACHYNGE, *ignorant,*  
*knowing*  
 YSPENDE, *consider.*

**Bristowe Tragedie,**  
or the dethe of  
**Syr Charles Balodin.**





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

*The person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotts Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edw. IV.) was taken Sir Baldewyn Fulford and beheded at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. Rot. Pat. 8 Edw IV p 1 m 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw IV. goes on thus. "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, Knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, Maure of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treasons, &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vii day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers treasons by him doon ayenst your Highness, &c." If the*

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

“ Item for washyng the church payven ageyns }  
 Kyng Edward 4th is comynge. } iijd. ob.

*BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:*

OR THE DETHE OF

*SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.*



The feathered songster chaunticleer  
Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
And tolde the earlie villager  
The commynge of the morne:

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

“ Thou’rt ryghte,” quod hee, “ for, by the Godde  
 “ That syttes enthron’d on hyghe !  
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 “ To daie shall surelie die.”

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

Syr CANTERLONE\* thenne bendedd lowe,  
 Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe ,  
 Hee journey’d to the castle-gate,  
 And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys childien twaine,  
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
 Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,  
 For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

---

\* It appears by a MSS (*Rich penes me*) that Henry 6, was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that K. Edward 4, had such a person as Sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem

“ O goode Syr CHARLES !” sayd CANTERLONE,  
 “ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,  
 “ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne  
 “ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

“ Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,  
 “ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syri CHARLES;  
 “ Of thatte I’m not affearde ,

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space ?  
 “ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d .

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,  
 “ I’de soone die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,  
 “ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.”

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,  
 To tell the maior straite  
 To gett all thynges ynn reddyng  
 For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

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

Thenne quod the kynge, “ Youre tale speke out,  
 “ You have been much oure fiende ;  
 “ Whatever youre request may bee,  
 “ Wce wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My nobile leige ! alle my request  
 “ Ys for a nobile knyghte,  
 “ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge,  
 “ Hee thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ He has a spouse and children twaine,  
 “ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;  
 “ Yff that you are resolv’d to lett  
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.”

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

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

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

“ Was Godde to seiche our hertes and reines,  
 “ The best weie synners grete ;  
 “ CHRIST's vycari only knowes ne synne,  
 “ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,  
 “ Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sue ;  
 “ From race to race thy familie  
 “ Alle sov'reigns shall endure .

“ But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou  
 “ Beginne thy infante reigne,  
 “ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows  
 “ Wylle never long remayne.”



“ CANYNGE, awaie ' thys traytoui vile  
 “ Has scoin'd my power and mee ;  
 “ Howe canst thou thenne foi such a manne  
 “ Intreate my clemencye ”

“ Mie nobile leige ' the trulie brave  
 “ Wylle val'rous actions piize,  
 “ Respect a brave and noble mynde,  
 “ Altho' ynne enemies.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ' By Godde ynne Heav'n  
 “ That dydd mee beinge gyve,  
 “ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade  
 “ Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ Bie MARIE, and alle Seinctes in Heav'n,  
 “ Thys sunne shall be hys laste ”  
 Thenne CANYNGE diopt a biinie teare,  
 And from the ptesence paste.

Wyth herte byymm-fulle of gnawyngge grief,  
 Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,  
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,  
 And teares beganne to flowe.

“ We all must die,” quod brave Sy<sup>r</sup> CHARLES;

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

“ Dethe ys the suie, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee moitall menne.

“ Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul

“ Runns oveir att thyne eye;

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ That thou doste child-lyke crye ?”

Quod godhe CANYNGE, “ I doe weepe,

“ Thatt thou soe soone must dye,

“ And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe,

“ ’Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.”

“ Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

“ From godlie fountaines sprynge;

“ Dethe I despise, and alle the power

“ Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.

“ Whan throug the tyiant’s welcom means

“ I shall resigne my lyfe,

“ The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde

“ For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

- “ Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,  
“ Thys was appointed mee ;  
“ Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
“ Whatt Godde cōdeynes to bee ?
- “ Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooode,  
“ Whan thousands dy’d aounde ;  
“ Whan smokyng stieemes of crimson bloode  
“ Imbrew’d the fatten’d grounde :
- “ Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev’iy darte,  
“ That cutte the aire waie,  
“ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,  
“ And close myne eyes for aie ?
- “ And shall I nowe, foir feere of dethe,  
“ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?  
“ Ne ! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,  
“ Bee alle the manne display’d.
- “ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,  
“ And garde thee and thye sonne,  
“ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,  
“ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

- “ My honest friende, my faulte has beene  
 “ To serve Godde and mye pynce ;  
 “ And thatt I no tyme-seiver am,  
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce  
  
 “ Ynne Londonne citye was I boine,  
 “ Of parents of giete note ;  
 “ My fadie dydd a nobile armes  
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote :  
  
 “ I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone  
 “ Where soone I hope to goe ;  
 “ Where wee for ever shall bee blest,  
 “ From oute the reech of woe :  
  
 “ Hee taughte mee justice and the laws  
 “ Wyth pitie to unite ;  
 “ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
 “ The wronge cause fionn the ryghte :  
  
 “ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
 “ To feede the hungrie pooie,  
 “ Ne lette my servants dryve awaie  
 “ The hungrie fionne my doore

- “ And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe  
 “ I have hys wordyes kept ;  
 “ And summ’d the actyonns of the daie  
 “ Eche nyghte befoie I slept  
  
 “ I have a spouse, goe aske of her,  
 “ Yff I defyl’d her bedde ?  
 “ I have a kyng, and none can laie  
 “ Blacke treason onne my hedde.  
  
 “ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 “ Fromme fleshe I dydd,refrayne ;  
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d  
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne ?  
  
 “ Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,  
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe ,  
 “ Moste willynghe ynne thye just cause  
 “ Doe I resign my biethe.  
  
 “ Oh fickle people ! rewyn’d londe !  
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;  
 “ Whyle RICHARD’s sonnes exalt themselves,  
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

- “ Saie, weie ye tyr’d of godlie peace,  
 “ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,  
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 “ For those of bloude and peyne?
- “ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,  
 “ And mangled by a hynde,  
 “ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,  
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde;
- “ Whatte tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,  
 “ Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,  
 “ And ne ryche monument of brasse  
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN’S name shall bear;
- “ Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
 “ Whyche tyme can’t eate awaie,  
 “ There wythe the servants of the Lorde  
 “ Mie name shall lyve for aie.
- “ Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne  
 “ I leave thys mortall lyfe :  
 “ Farewell, vayne world, and alle that’s deare,  
 “ Mie sonnes and lovyngye wyfe ;

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,  
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;  
 " No; woulde I even wyshe to lyve,  
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, " 'Tys a goodlie thyng  
 " To bee prepar'd to die,  
 " And from thys world of payne and greffe  
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,  
 And claryonnes to sounde;  
 Sy; CHARLES hee heide the hoises feete  
 A prauncyng onne the grounde

And just before the officis,  
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,  
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

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

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ?

“ Theye washe my soule awaie,

“ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,

“ Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

“ Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

“ Untoe the lande of blysse ;

“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände’s love,

“ Receive thys holie kisse.”

Thenne FLORENCE, fault’ring ynne her saie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyng !

“ Mie heite ys welle nyghe bloke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The ciuelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,

“ Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe ”

And nowe the officers came ynne

To byngge Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd saie .



“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ;  
 “ Truste thou ynne Godde above,  
 “ And teache thye sonnes to feare the Loide,  
 “ And ynne theye heites hym love .

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race  
 “ Thatt I theyre fader ynne :  
 “ FLORENCE ! shou’d dethe thee take—adieu !  
 “ Yee officers, lead onne.”

Thenne FLORENCE rav’d as anie madde,  
 And dydd her tresses tere ;  
 “ Oh ! staie, mye husbände ! loide ! and lyfe !”—  
 Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

“Tyll tyiedd oute wythe 1avyngeloud,  
 Shee fellen onne the floie ,  
 Syr CHARLES excited alle hys myghte,  
 And march’d fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,  
 Wythe lookes fulle biave and swete ;  
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moie concein  
 Thanne anie ynne the stretc.

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

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

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psauwe  
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;  
 Behynde theye backes six mynstrelles came,  
 Who tun'd the stiunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye alicheis came ;  
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
 From rescue of kyng HENRIE's friends  
 SYR CHARLES foir to defend.

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

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe  
 Of aicheis stionge and stoute,  
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
 Marched ynne goodlie route

Seincte JAMESSES Fieeis marched next,  
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ,  
 Behynde theyie backes syx mynstrells came,  
 Who tun'd the stiunge bataunt :

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

And after them, a multitude  
 Of citizenns dydd thionge ;  
 The wyndowes weie alle fulle of heddes,  
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,  
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
 " Washe mie soule clean thys daie !"

At the giete mynsteir wyndowe sat  
 The kynge ynne mycle state,  
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge  
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
 Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heaie,  
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,  
 And thus hys woïdes declaie :

“ Thou seest me, EDWARDE ! traytoui vile !

“ Expos'd to infamie ;

“ Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne !

“ I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedynges, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne.

“ Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede 'till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe .

“ Whylst thou, peihapps, for som few yeares,  
 “ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,  
 “ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule  
 “ Twixt kynge and tyiant hande .

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave !  
 “ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”—  
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge  
 Deparied thenne the sledde

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

“ To hym that soe-much-dreaded deathe  
 “ Ne ghastlie terrois bynge,  
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the ttruth,  
 “ Hee’s greater thanne a kynge !”

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

And nowe the horses gentlie diewe  
SYI CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;  
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,  
Hys pietious bloude to spylle.

SYII CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
As uppe a gilded carre  
Of victoie, bye val'rous chiefs  
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie waie :

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

“ As long as EDWARDE rules thys land,  
“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;  
“ Youie sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,  
“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

“ You leave youre goode and lawfull kyng,  
“ Whenne ynne adversitey ;  
“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,  
“ And for the true cause dye.”

Then hee, wyth p̄iestes, uponne hys knees,  
 A pray'r to Godde dydd make,  
 Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe  
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde  
 Most seemlie onne the blocke ;  
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once  
 The able heddesh-manne stroke ,

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffold twyne ;  
 And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,  
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte ;  
 And ev'ye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Upponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,  
 One onne the mynster-tower,  
 And oae from off the castle-gate  
 The crowen dydd devoure ;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,  
A dreery spectacle ,  
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

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



ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

From a copy made by Mr Catcott, from one in Chatterton's  
hand-writing.

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,  
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,  
The counynge handiewoike so fyne,  
Han well nighe dazcled mine eyne ;  
Quod I ; some counynge fanic hande  
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande ;  
Fulle well I wote so fine a syghte  
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte  
Quod Trouth, thou lackest knowlachynge ;  
Thou foisoth ne wotteth of the thyng.  
A Rev'end Fadie, William Canynge hight.  
Yreered uppe this chapelle blyghte ;  
And eke another in the Towne,

WOTE, *know*

|| KNOWLACHYNGE, *knowledge*.

Where glassie bubblynge Tymme doth 1oun  
Quod I, ne doubtte for all he's given  
His sowle will certes goe to heaven  
Yea, quod Tiouthe, than goe thou home,  
And see thou doe as hee hath donne  
Quod I; I doubtte, that can ne bee;  
I have ne gotten markes three.  
Quod Tiouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;  
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe

---

ROUN, ruz

## ON THE SAME.

---

*From a MS in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by  
Mr Catcott, entitled, "A Discourse on Brystowe, by  
Thomas Rowle."*

---

Stay, curyous tiaveller, and pass not bye,  
 Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.  
 Whole rocks on rocks with y1on joynd surveie,  
 And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.  
 This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,  
 Fyre-levyn and the mokie stoime defie,  
 That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,  
 Shall be the record of the Buyldcis fame for aie

Thou seest this maystie of a human hand,  
 The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande,

FETIVE, *elegant*  
 ASTOUNDE, *astonish*  
 ENTREMED, *intermixed*

DISPONED, *disposed*  
 FYRE-LEVYN, *lightning*  
 MOKIE, *gloomy*

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe giete,  
 Grieter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.  
 Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,  
 That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,  
 As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,  
 Such is giete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God  
 elate.

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well ;  
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
 And learn the Bulde's vertues and his name ;  
 Of this tall spyie in every countye tell,  
 And with thy tale the lazing 1ych men shame ,  
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle ;  
 How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
 And glouyous paved at once the way to heaven and  
 fame.

DISPANDE, *expanded.*  
 PAYRDE, *compared.*

|| LAZING, *inactive.*

ON THE  
*DEDICATION*  
 OF  
*OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.*

---

*This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parlyamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.*

---

Soone as byght sonne alonge the skyne,  
 Han sente hys ruddie lyghte ;  
 And fayryes hyd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,  
 Tylle wys'h'd appioche of nyghte,  
 The mattyn belle wyth shyllie sounde,  
 Reeckode thiove the ayie ,  
 A troop of holie fieeres dyd,  
 For Jesus masse prepare.  
 Arounde the highe unsaynted chyiche,  
 Wythe holie relyques wente ;

And every door and poste aboute  
     Wythe godlie thynges besprent.  
 Then Carpenter yn scalette dieste,  
     And mytred holylie;  
 From Mastie Canynge hys greate howse,  
     Wyth rosarie dyd hie.  
 Before hym wente a thiong of freeies  
     Who dyd the masse songe synge,  
 Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,  
     Tryckd lyke a barbed kynge,  
 And then a rowe of holie freeies  
     Who dyd the mass songe sound;  
 The procurators and chyrche reeves  
     Next prest upon the ground,  
 And when unto the chyche theye came  
     A holie masse was sange,  
 So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce  
     The heven so hie it range  
 Then Carpenter dyd purifie  
     The chyche to Godde for aie,  
 Wythe holie masses and good psalmes  
     Whyche hee dyd theteyn saie.

Then was a sermon preeched soon  
    Bie Caypynterre holie,  
And after that another one  
    Ypreechen was bie mee :  
Then alle dyd goe to Canynges house  
    An Enterlude to playe,  
And dlynk hys wyne and ale so goode  
    And praie for him for aie.

## ON THE MYNSTER.

---

*This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol.*

*It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as ne as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt he dyed yn M C C.XV. beyng buried in his albe in the mynster."*

---

With daitive steppe religyon dyghte in greie,  
 Her face of doleful hue,  
 Swyfte as a takel thi o'we bryghte heav'n tooke herwaie,  
 And ofte and ere anon dyd saie  
 "Aie! mee! what shall I doe;  
 " See Bystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,  
 Aysynge to mie view,

---

**DAITIVE**, perhaps *haitive*, or *haiftiff*,  
*hasty*, from the French *hasty*, *hasty* || **TAKEL**, *arrow*.



“Thycke thiong’d wythe soldyers and wythe taffyck-  
 menne ;

“ Butte saynctes I seen few.”

Fytz-Hardyngge rose<sup>1</sup>—he rose lyke bryght sonne in  
 the moine,

“ Faine dame adlyne thein eyne,

“ Let alle thie greefe bee myne,

For I wylle reie thee uppe a Mynster hie ;

“ The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie ;

“ And wylle a monke be shoine ,”

Thenne dyd the dame replie,

“ I shall ne be forelouue ;

“ Here wyl I take a cherysaunied ieste,

“ And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges bieste

## ON HAPPINESSE.

By WILLIAM CANYNGE

---

*Thus, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr.  
Canyngge, are printed from Mr Catcott's copus.*

---

Maie Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde ?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found ?  
 Wote yce, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 O1 quite erased from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secret fontes the wateries dyd abounde ?  
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke ?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behouldeis thynke thou aite iwreene,  
 To ope the doie to Selynesse ys thyne,

---

SELYNESSE, *happiness*  
 ADYGHTE, *clothed.*  
 BESTADDE, *fixed*  
 ERACED, *banished, erased.*

---

|| SCAUNCE-LAYD, *uneven*  
 || AGROSED, *frighted*  
 || IWREENE, *displayed*

And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene  
Doen of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene ;  
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
Whoeie hath thee hath gotten Selynesse

---

**Dole, grievous**

*Om* *JOHNE A DALBENIE,*

=====  
*BY THE SAME.*  
=====

Johne makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke ;  
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to myndethe worke.

*The GOULER'S REQUIEM.*


---



---

 BY THE SAME
 

---



---

Mie boolie entcs adieu ! ne moe the syghte  
 Of guilder meike shall mete mie joieous eyne,  
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to spcke ytt fyne ;  
 Ne moe, ne moe, alas ! I call you myne .  
 Whyddei must you, ah ! whyddei must I goe ?  
 I kenn not either ; oh mie enmcis dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyl wuicke mee myckle woe ;  
 I muste be gonne, botte whaic I dare ne telle ,  
 O storthe unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle

BOOL'E, *belov'd.*  
 ENTES, *purses*  
 WHYDDER, *whither.*

|| EMMERS, *coined money*  
 || STORTHE, *death*

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the ioddie sunne,  
 A shade of theves eche stieake of lyght dyd seeme ;  
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was iunn,  
 Eche stnyng nayghbou dyd mie haite afleme  
 Thye loss, oi quyck oi slepe, was aie mie dieme ;  
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase ,  
 Foi thee, I gotten or bie wiles oi bieme ,  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;  
 Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenne notte botte foi thee l to the quede must goe.

DYGHTE, *dre.s*  
 AFLEME, *affright*  
 YCRASE, *violate*

BREME, *violence*  
 QUEDE, *devil*

The *ACCOMTE* of *W. CANYNGES*  
*FEAST.*

BY THE SAME

---

*This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barratt as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Fella*, and in that of *Goddwyn*, and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "The merry Traks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discourse of Bristol." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Warhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot Parl 3 II VI n 28* Leland's *Itin* vol VII p 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles* songs in *Fella*. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is certified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt" which had been pawned to him for £100.*

---

Thorowe the halle the belle han sounde ;  
Byelecoyle doe the Graue besecme ;

---

BYELECOYLE, *fan welcome*

The ealdermenne doe sytte aounde,  
 Ande snoffelle oppe the cheoite steeme  
 Lyche asses wylde ynne desaitte waste  
 Swotelye the moineyngē ayie doe taste.

'Syke keene thie ate ; the minstriels plaie,  
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;  
 Heie styлле the gūestes ha ne to saie,  
 Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.  
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,  
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Goiges be ne seene.

---

**BEESEME,** *becomes*  
**SNOFFELLE,** *snuff up.*

|| **CHEORTE,** *cheerful.*



*EPITAPH on ROBERT CANYNGE*

---

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

---

Thys mornynge staine of Radcleves 1ysynge 1aie,  
 A true manne good of mynde and Canynge byghte,  
 Benethe thys stone lies moltynge ynto clare,  
 Untylle the darke tombe sheene an cteine lyghte.  
 Thyde from hys loynes the present Canynge came ;  
 Houton aie wordes for to telle hys doe ,  
 For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recordeid name,  
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;  
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the  
     solle,  
 He'll wyng to hea ven with kynne, and happie bee hys  
     dolle.

---

MOITRYNGE, *mouldering*  
 HOUTON, *followe.*

|| SOILE, *soul*  
 DOLLE, *portion*

## The STORIE of WILLIAM CANYNGE.

---

*The first 34 lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of Painters, Carvellers, Poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own*

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

*The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter on 19 September, 1467, and received the higher orders of Subdeacon, Deacon, and Priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively*

---

Anent a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
 Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,  
 Myndeinge how thowwe the giene mees yt twynd,  
 Awhilst the cavys icspons'd yts mottling songe,  
 At dystaunt 1ysyng Avonne to be sped,  
 Amenged wyth 1ysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head ,

Engalanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes  
 And wraytes of aldeis of a beicie scent,  
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,  
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,  
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
 Roies fleemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These eynegearis swy thyn bringethe to mie thoughte  
 Of hardie champions knowen to the floude,  
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,  
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
 Warden of Bystowe towne and castel stede,  
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

---

ANENT, *opposite,*  
 MEES, *meadows*  
 RESPONSD, *answered*  
 MOTTLING, *murmuring*  
 AMENGED, *mingled*  
 WRAYTES, *wreaths,*  
 AGESTED, *heap'd up.*

SEMBLAMENTE, *appearance.*  
 BLATAUNT, *noisy*  
 CLEPDE, *named*  
 FLEMIE, *frighted*  
 EYNEGEARS, *objects.*  
 SWYTHYN, *quickly*

Methoughtesuch doughtie menn must have a spighte  
 Dote yn the amour brace that Mychael boie,  
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,  
 And earthe was drented yn a meie of goie,  
 Orr, soone as there dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
 Fate had wiott downe, thys mann ys boine to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,  
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spaire yn stonie?  
 Weie I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie  
 Inn erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of gloie;  
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
 And bie theyie teste all after actes be tyde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
 As fayie a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,  
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste  
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe  
 Ynn visyonn foie mie phantasie dyd goe

---

DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*  
 DOTE, *dressed*  
 BRACE, *suit of armour.*  
 DRENTED, *drenched.*

MERE, *lake*  
 DISPONE, *dispose*  
 MERKE, *darkness.*  
 YWRYNDE, *covered.*

Thus all mie wandrynge faytoui thy nkeynge strayde,  
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde.  
 Whan from the distaunt stieeme arose a mayde,  
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ;  
 Lychē to the sylver moone yn fiostie necte,  
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geeie,  
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,  
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weerie ;  
 Naked shee was and loked swete of youthe,  
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Tjouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-blowne hayie  
 What ne a manne shoulde see dyd swotelie hyde,  
 Whych on hei milk-white bodykin so fayie  
 Dyd showe lyke blowne stieemes fowlyng the white-  
 tyde

---

FAYTOUR, *deceiving*  
 DEQUAC'D, *dashed*  
 BROWDED, *embroidered*  
 PYKES, *picked shoes*  
 PARAMENTS, *robes of state*  
 WODEN, *dyled with wood.*

BEWTIE, *beauty.*  
 BEWRYEN, *declare*  
 ETHIE, *easy*  
 SWOTELIE, *sweetly*  
 BODYKIN, *body*  
 FOWLYNG, *disfling*

O1 veynes of brown hue yn a maible cuan,  
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from far.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,  
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte ;  
 Mie senses foigarde ne coulde reyn awaie ;  
 But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte  
 Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,  
 Whyche mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abiewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte .  
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,  
 Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete  
 I lok'd wyth eyne as puie as angeilles doe,  
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe

---

CUARR, *quarry*  
 SCAUNING, *looking obliquely*  
 FORGARDE, *lost*  
 REYN, *run*  
 FORSTRAUGHTE, *confounded*

EWBRYCIOUS, *adultrous*  
 ABRWE, *excite, brew*  
 HETE, *promise*  
 CROUCHEF, *crucifix*  
 ANETE, *annihilate*

---

\* Unauthorised Dean Miller says it is the old English word *nete* or *no'ght*, with the prefix *an-*, to which corresponds the old French verb *aneantis.d* (annihilated) used by Chaucer. But there is no proof, that the word *nete* has ever been used as a verb, even if it exists.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's giace  
 Shec 'gan to lectuie from hei gentle bieste ;  
 For Tiouthis woides ys hei myndes face,  
 False oratoiyes she dyd aie deteste :  
 Sweetnesse was yn eche woide she dyd ywreene,  
 Tho shee stiove not to make that sweetnesse sheene

Shee sayd , mie manner of appeieyngce here  
 Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;  
 I'm Tiouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere,  
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labynge biayne I sawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of loie,  
 Payncteis and carvelles have gaine good name,  
 But there's a Canyngce, to enciease the store,  
 A Canyngce, who shall buie uppe all theyie fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne  
 What troulic noblenesse yn Canyngce ianne

---

SEMBLATE, *appearan.*

YWFENE, *display.*

MYNDRUCH, *a hurting of honour and  
 worship* Keisey

HEAVENWERE, *towards heaven*

GOULERS, *userers.*

ADAWE, *awaken.*

LORE, *learning*

CARVELLERS, *carvers, sculptors.*

TROULIE, *true, truly*

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,  
 Tyi'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltne daie,  
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,  
 So, senses sonke to 1este, mie boddie laie,  
 Eftsoons mie sp1ghte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Strayte was I canyd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whylst Canyng swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,  
 And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
 And all the scroll of Fate un1avelled ;  
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,  
 I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,  
 In everie meirriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie ;  
 He eate downe leainyng wyth the wastle cake.  
 As wise as anie of the eldermenne,  
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayie at tenne.

---

BORDELIER, *cottager*

ETHIE, *easy*

MAYNT, *many*

DEFT, *neat, cleanly*

EFTSOONS, *quickly, immediately*

IMMENGDE, *mingled.*

FLANCED, *arched*

SHEPEN, *innocent, simple*

PERPLED, *scattered*

WASTLE CAKE, *cake of the white-t  
bread*



As the dulce downie baibe beganne to gre,  
 So was the well thyghte texture of hys loie,  
 Eche daie enhedeynge mockler foi to bee,  
 Greete yn hys counsel foi the daies he boie  
 All tongues, all cariols dyd unto hym synge,  
 Wondryng at onc soc wysc, and yet soe ymge

Encircasyng yn the ycaies of mortal lyfe,  
 And hasteynge to hys jounie ynto heaven,  
 Hee thoughte ytt proper foi to cheese a wyfe,  
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene  
 Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,  
 And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his soule !)  
 Who loved money, as hys charie joie,  
 Hee had a broder (happie manne be s dole !)  
 Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fader's boie,  
 What then could Canyngge wissen as a parte  
 To gyve to hei whoe had made chop of hearte ?

---

DULCE, *soft*  
 GRE, *grow*  
 THYGHTE, *connected.*  
 ENHEDEYNGE, *being careful*  
 MOCKLER, *stronger, greater*  
 YINGE, *young.*

CHEESE, *chuse*  
 GEVENE, *given*  
 SEMELIKEEDE, *countenance.*  
 CHARIE, *dear*  
 WISSYN, *wish*  
 CHOP, *exchange*

But landes and castle tenues, golde and bighes,  
 And hoardes of sylver iousted yn the ent,  
 Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,  
 To change of troule love was theyre content,  
 Theire lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,  
 Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,  
 And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,  
 And at hys wyll hys biodei Johne supplie  
 Hee gave a chauntie to redeeme theyre soules ;  
 And put hys biodei ynto syke a trade,  
 That he loide mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys moynynge tourned to gloomie nyghte ;  
 Hys dame, hys secoude selfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
 Seekynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,  
 And sleed good Canynge ; sad mystake of dethe !  
 Soe have I seyn a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
 Trodde downe and bioke and widder ynn ytts pyme.

BIGHES, *jewels*  
 ENT, *purse*  
 ADYNGE, *creditable*.

|| SENDAUMENT, *appearance*  
 || COMMILIE, *decent, comely*.  
 || WIDDER, *wither*.

Next Radcleeve chyche (oh woike of hande of heau n,  
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instruente,)  
Was to my bismaide cyne-syghte newlic giv n,  
'Tis paste to blazonne ytt to good contente  
You that woulde fayn the fetye buyldynge see  
Repayie to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobile soule  
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe,  
I sawe what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;  
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.  
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke ;  
Then belle for even-songe mic senses woke

---

BISMARDE, *astonished.*  
FETYVE, *elegant*

|| MYNDRUCH, *wounded hero.*  
MENICED, *menaced*

## HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.

---



---

*From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.*

---



---

Yynge Heraudyn al bie the giene Wode sate,  
 Heieynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue,  
 Seeinge the kenspeked amaylde flouiettes nete,  
 Envyngynge to the Birds hys Love songe true.  
 Syrre Prieste camme bie ande foithe hys bede-rolle  
     diewe,  
 Fyve Aves ande on Pater moste be sedde,  
 Twayne songe, the on hys songe of Willowe Ruc  
 The odher one————

CHELANDRIE, *goldfinch*  
 OUE, *ouzel-blackbird*  
 ENVYNGYNGE, *sending*

|| KENSPEKED, *marked*  
 || AMAYLDE, *enamelled*

## FRAGMENT,

BY

JOHN, second ABBATTE of SEYNCTE AUSTYNS  
MYNSTERRE

---

*From Barrett's History of Bristol It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowley's History of Peyncters. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived, he understood the learned languages Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."*

---

Hate of lyone ' shake thie swoide,  
 Bare thie moitheyng steinede honde,  
 Quace whole armies to the queede,  
 Worke thie wyll yn bulhe blonde.  
 Barons here on bankes-brow ded,  
 Fyghte yn fures gaynste the cale;  
 Whylest thou ynne thondeyng aimes  
 Wariketh whole cyttyes bale.

Harte of lyon ' Sound the beme '  
Sounde ytte ynto innei londes,  
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,  
Inne thie bannei teiror stondes.

## W A R R E.

BY THE SAME

---

*From Barretts History of Bristol Chatterton says,  
 "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I  
 have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still  
 (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley," whose works when  
 I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.*

---

Of waries glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie.  
 Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps the  
     lyne,  
 Whylste hoare expenaunce tellet what toe saie,  
 And forwyned hosbandie wyth bleaie eyne,  
 Stondeth and woe bements, the tiecklynge byne  
 Rounnyng adone hys cheekes which doethe shewe,  
 Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the  
     ploughe

---

*None of Rowley's pieces were ever  
 made public, being till the year  
 1631 shut up in an iron chest in Red-  
 cliff church*

POYNCTELLE, pen  
 SKEMPS, marks  
 FORWYNED, blasted, burnt  
 BEMENTS, laments

GIUMM, gloomy

Sæie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evich syde,  
 The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle,  
 Whanne smetheyng sange dyd flowe lyke to a tyde,  
 And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,  
 Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,  
 Where all were misdeedes doeyng lyche unwise,  
 Where hope unbaried and deathe eftsoones dyd shote  
 theye eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribbelle kenne,  
 Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the speie  
 In ugsommeesse waie moste bee dyghte toe menne.  
 Unseliness attendethe honouewere,  
 Quaffe your swote vernage and atrected beere

GLOWSTER, *earl or consul of Gloucester*  
 BLSPRENGED, *scattered*  
 SMLTHEYNGE, *smoking*  
 SANGE, *blood*  
 SHEPSTER, *shepherd*  
 RIBIBBLE, *a fiddle*  
 THYGHTE, *compact, orderly, tight*

UGSOMMEESSE, *terror*  
 UNSSELINESS, *unhappiness*  
 HOUNOUREWERE, *the place or residence  
 of honour*  
 SWOTE, *sweet*  
 VERNAGE, *vintage, a me cyder*  
 ATRECTED, *extracted from corn*



*A CHRONYCALLE of BRYSTOWE.*

WROTE BIE

*RAUFE CHEDDER CHILPPBLINNE. 1356*

---

*From a MSS by Chatterton in the British Museum*

---

Ynne whilomme daies as Stowe saies  
 Ynne famous Bystowe towne  
 Dheie lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes  
 Of marvellous renowne  
 A Saxonne boulde renowned of ould  
 For Deth and deinic dede  
 Maint Tanmen slone the Bugge uponne  
 Icausyngē hem to blede  
 Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same  
 And yev hymme rennome giate,  
 Hee lyved neie the Ellynteire  
 Al bie Seyncte Lenaides yate.

A mansion he, made bosmoerie  
Was reered bie hys honde,  
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkeive  
Inne Baldwynne striete doe stonde.  
On Ellie then of Meicyann menne  
As meynte of Pentells blase,  
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede  
And dydde the Dans arise.  
One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne  
Inne Bystowe towne dyd leve,  
And toe the samme for hys gode name  
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.  
Hammon a Loide of he accoide  
Was ynne the striete nempte biede,  
Soe greate hys Myghte soe stryngge yn fyghte  
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.  
Fitz Lupous digne of gentle Lyne  
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,  
Inn moddie Gionne the whyche uponne  
Botte Reittes and ioshes laie  
Than Radclyve Stricte of Mansyonnes meete  
In semelie gaie doe stonde,  
And Canyngge grete of fayie estate  
Bryngeth to Triadyngge Londe

Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngddomme  
 Inne Inyvesmythe stiete to lyne,  
 Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne  
 As Abbattes doe blasynne.  
 Roberte the Eile, ne conkered cuill  
 Inne Castle stede dyd fraie  
 Yunge Henrie to ynn Bystowe true  
 As Hydelle dyd obaie  
 A Maiour dhecne bee ande Jamne hee  
 Botte anne ungentle wyghte,  
 Seyncte Marie tēde eche ammie fiende  
 Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

The FREERE of ORDERYS WHYTE

---

*From a MSS by Chatterton in the British Museum There is also the beginning of a poem called the Freere of Orderys Black, which is unfit for publication.*

---

There was a Broder of Orderys Whyte  
 Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte  
     Ave Maria, Jesu Maria,  
 The nonnes al slepeynge yn the Dortoure  
 Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freeris the Flowre  
     Ave Maria, Jesu Maria

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well  
 And songe with hem too the sothen to tell  
     Ave Maria, &c

But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or ynge  
 That ever dhey e oderwyse dyd synge  
     Than Ave Maria, &c

This Broder was called evnich whccie  
 To Kenshamm and to Būstol Nonneie  
 Ave Maria, &c.

Botte seyynge of masses dyd wūch hym so lowe  
 Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did gīowe  
 Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows  
 And hontend everych Knyghtys House  
 With Ave Maria, &c.

And beynge ance moe in gode lyken  
 He songe to the Nones and was poren agen  
 With Ave Maria, &c.

## DIALOGUE

Between MASTER PHILPOT and WALWORTH  
COCKNEIES

---

*From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley. It contains, says the Dean, a variety of evidence, tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages, is a stile used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rime, (p. 226. vol 2d Venice 1741) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus.*

“ *Namque locutus sum in lingua trina* ”

*Shelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, shew it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, Sir William Walworth and Sir John Philpot, men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the control and management of these two citizens. (Walsingham, p 200 Rapin, vol. 1 p. 454 and 458 )*

## PHILPOT.

God ye God den,\* my good naighbou, howe d'ye ayle?  
 How does youi wyfe, man ! what never assole ?  
 Cum iectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

## WALWORTH

Ah, Mastre Phyllepote, evil tongues do saie,  
 That my wyfe will lyen down to daie  
 Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne fo1 aie.

\* This salutation, which should be written *God ye good Den*, is more than once used by Shakespear

In Love's Labour Lost, the clown says,

*God dig you den all* Act iv Sc 1

That is to say, *God grve you a good evening*, for *dig* is undoubtedly a mistake for *grve*.

So in the Dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc 5 the former says,

*God ye good morrow gentlemen,*

to which the latter replies,

*God ye good den, fair gentlewoman,*

And in the Exmoor Courtship,

*Good den, good den,*

which the Glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of a *good evening*, and Mr Steevens observes on the passage in Love's Labour Lost, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the Northern Lass, by R Brome, 1633, for the following phrase.

*God you good even.*

## PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,  
 Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.  
 But I pity you nayghbour, is it so ?

## WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est.  
 Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay,  
 But oft with cityzens it is the case ;  
 Honesta tuiptudo pio bonâ  
 Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.



*The Merrie TRICKS of LAMYNGETOWNE.**By Maystre JOHN A ISCAM*


---



---

*From Dean Milles's Edition*


---



---

## I

A 1ygourous doome is myne, upon mie faie  
 Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome sonne,  
 Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,  
 To othei reaulmes must Laymyngtonne be gonnc,  
 Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunnc ;  
 And shall I hearken to a cowaits recde,  
 And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne ?  
 No ! fie all thoughtes of runyng to the Queed ,  
 No ! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneics see,  
 That Laymyntone the biave, will Laymyngetowne  
 still be.

---



---

 QUEED, *devis*

## II

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans  
 I'll don, and girth my sweide unto my syde ;  
 I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,  
 But act the pyiate, rob in every tyde ;  
 With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,  
 Their goodes in B11stowe markette shall be solde.  
 My bark the laverd of the waters ryde,  
 Her sayles of scarlette and hei stere of golde ;  
 My men the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,  
 And in my shyppes combyne the foice of all their three.

## III.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chace,  
 That through the lessele hunt the builed boare,  
 Tell them how standes with me the present case,  
 And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,

SABATANS, *boots*  
 LAVERD, *lord*.

|| LESSEL, *bushes*  
 || BURLED, *armed*.

And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more  
 Let every auntious knyghte his amour biase,  
 Then meats be mans fleshe, and theye beverage goie,  
 Hancle, or Hancelled, from the human race ;  
 Bid them, like mee theye leedei, shape theye mynde  
 To be a bloudie foe in aimes, gaynst all mankynde

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.

*Ralph goes out*

III.

LAMYNGETOWNE

Unfairfull Cockneies dogs ' your god is gayne  
 When in your towne I spent my giete estate,  
 What crowdes of citts came flockyng to my tyme  
 What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,  
 My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the giate ;  
 But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,  
 I stode in waide ye laughed at mie fate,  
 Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte ,  
 But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,  
 I've got experience now, altho I bought it wecle.

---

SAUNT, *saunter*  
 AUNTIOUS, *adventurous*

|| HANCELLED, *cut off*  
 || CURRIEDOWES, *flatterers.*

IV.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,  
 That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise ;  
 I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,  
 Will profite by youe lessons and bee wise ;  
 Make you give back the haivest of youre lies ;  
 From deep fraught barques I'le take the myseis soul,  
 Make all the wealthe of every \* my piize,  
 And cheating Londons pryde to Dygnei Bustowe iolle.



\* The word *one*, or *man*, must be here supplied, in order to complete the sense  
 and the verse

## SONGE

or

## SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.

---

*From Dean Milles's Edition According to Chatterton, this  
and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol  
was completed in 1247.*

---

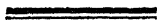
Whann Noriurs and hys menne of myghte,  
 Uponne thys bydge daide all to fyghte,  
 Foislagenn manie warriours laie,  
 And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie  
 Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,  
 And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,  
 Fromme out the bydge the pulinge bloode  
 Embolled hit the runnynge floude

---

NORRURS, *King of Norway*

‡ EMBOILED, *swe'led*

Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,  
And all hys aims were *gutte de sangue*  
His doughtinesse w1ought thilk dismaye,  
The foreign warriours ranne awaie,  
E1le Baldwynus regardedd well,  
How manie menn forslaggen fell ;  
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,  
And thanked Godd for victorye ;  
Thenne threw hys anlace ynn the tyde,  
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and he1mytte died



GUTTE DE SANGUE, *drops of blood, an heraldic allusion, suitable to the  
genius of that age.*

SONGE  
OF  
SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

---

*From Dean Milles's Edition*

---

## I

Whanne Kyngge Kynghill ynn hys honde  
 Helde the sceptie of thys londe,  
 Sheenyng staire of Chrystes lyghte,  
 The meikie mysts of pagann nyghte  
     Gan to scatter fair and wyde ·  
 Thannc Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,  
 Dotred hys honnoies and fyne clothes,  
 Piecchyng hys Loide Jesus name,  
 Toe the lande of West Sexx came,  
     Whare blaeke Sevein iolls hys tyde.

---

KYNGE KYNGHILL, *King Coenwulf* || BLAERE, *yellow*  
 MERKIE, *dark*

## II

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde  
 Ove11 the waters lyke a Godde,  
 Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,  
 Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,  
     Wytnesse to the myracle,  
 Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,  
 And set manee ynn ryghte waie.  
 Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,  
 Moe than gieste bie mortalle thoughte,  
     O11 thann mortall tonge can tell.

## III

Thenn the foulke a bydgc dydd make  
 Ove11 the streme untoe the hecke,  
 All of wode eke longc and wyde,  
 Pryde and glorie of the tyde,  
     Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie.  
 Thenn E1e Leof he bespedde  
 Thys giete ryver fromme hys bedde,  
 Round hys castle for to tunne,  
 T'was in tiothe ann ancyaute onne,  
     But waie and tyme wyll all decaie.

---

HECKE, *height*  
 ERLE LEOF, *Earl Leofwin.*

|| B1SPEDDE, *dispatched, turned away*



## IV

Now agayne, wythe bremie foice,  
 Severn ynn hys aynciant course  
 Rolls hys rappyd sticeme alonge,  
 With a sable swifte and stronge,  
     Moreyng manie ann okie wood .  
 Wee the menne of Bristowe towne  
 Have yreeid thys bydge of stone,  
 Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste  
 Till the date of daies be past,  
     Standynge where the othei stode

BREMIF, *furious, violent*

SABLE, *sand*

MORLYNG, *rooting up, so explained in  
 the glossary to Robert Gloucester —*

*Mored, z c digged, grubbed The  
 roots of trees are still called Mores in  
 Devonshire*

*SANCTE WARBUR.*

---

*From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies It is there  
entitled Imitation of our Old Poets. On our Ladyes  
Church. 1769.*

---

In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King  
Of all the boirdes of the sea did reigne,  
Whos cutting celes, as the Baidyes synge,  
Cut stiakyng fuuowes in the foamie mayne,  
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,  
As great as good, and eke as good as great.  
Tho blest with what us men accounts as stoir,  
Saw something further, and saw something moie.

Where smokyng Wasker scous the claiey bank,  
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,

---

**CELES**, most probably from the ancient word *Ceolis*, which, in the Saxon, is *ships*. From whence *Ceolæ*, we find in Brompton, are used for large ships.

Emyttyng to the feelds a dewie dank,  
 As in the twynning path-waye he doth runne ,  
 Here stood a house, that in the 13 ver smile  
 Since valorous Uisa first wonne Byttayn Isle ,  
 The stoncs in one as firm as rock unite,  
 And it detyde the greatest Warriours myghte

Around about the lofty clemens lie  
 Proud as then planter recide then greemie crest,  
 Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came bie  
 In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest  
 Attendyng Squies dieste in tuckynge bryghte,  
 To each tenth Squier an attendyng Knyghte,  
 The hallie hung with pendaunts to the floie,  
 A coat of nobil aimes upon the dooie ,

Hoises and dogges to hunt the fallowe decie,  
 Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,  
 Faulkonnes in mewes, and, litle bnds to teir,  
 The sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkies gode,

Just in the prime of life, whan others court  
Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,  
Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with the  
    Court  
And as aforesed mickle much of land,

\* \* \* \* \*

*The WORLDE.**From Barrett's History of Bristol*


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*FADRE, SONNE, and MYNSTRELLES.*


---



---

## FADRE

To the woilde newe and ytts bestoykenyngē waie  
 Thys coistelle sonne of myne ys all me care,  
 Yee mynstrelles waine hymme how wyth icde he staie  
 Where guylded vyce dothe spiedde hys mascill'd snare,  
 To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde,  
 And couronnes of iudde goulde ne glorie rounde hys  
 hedde

## FIRST MYNSTREL

Me name is Interestē, tis I  
 Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,

Eche one hylten secret's myne,  
 None so woldie, goode, and dygne,  
 Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,  
 Intereste wyll rule the roaste.  
 I to everichone gyve lawes,  
 Selfe ys fyist yn everich cause.

## SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame  
 Of lemmies melancholi,  
 Love somme behyghte mie name,  
 Some doe anemp me follie ;  
 Inne sprytes of meltyнге molde  
 I sette mie buneynge sele ;  
 To mee a goulers goulde  
 Doeth nete a pyne avele ;  
 I pre upon the helthe,  
 And from gode redeyнге flee,  
 The manne who woulde gette wealthe  
 Muste never thynke of mee.

## THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the Queede of Pryde, mie spyynge heade

Mote see the cloudes and styll be wysyng e hie,  
 Too lyttle is the earthe to bee mie bedde,  
 Too hallow for mie bretheryng place the skie,  
 Daynous I see the worlde bineth me lie  
 Botte to mie bettenes, I soc lyttle gree,  
 Aneuthe a shadow of a shade I bee,  
 Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multiplye

#### FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the Queed of goulers, look arounde  
 The ays about mee thieves doe represente,  
 Bloudsteyned robbers spyng from oute the grounde,  
 And anie vysyons swaine around mie ente;  
 O save mie monies, ytte vs theyre entente  
 To hymme the redde Godde of mie fiended spighte,  
 Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte'

#### FIFTH MYNSTREL

Vice bee I hyghte onne golde fulle ofte I hyde,  
 Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;  
 Mie ugsomness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,  
 Laeyng mie lovers ynne a sylkenne dicme;

Botte whan mie untriue pleasaunce have byn tyde,  
 Thanne doe I showe alle hownesse and low,  
 And those I have ynne nette woulde feyne mie gyfte  
 eschew

## SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,  
 Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte,  
 Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe blame,  
 Botte moste ryche goulens from mee take a flyghte;  
 Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,  
 Doethe mie ghasstness mockle multiplye  
 And maketh hem afiayde to lyve or die.

## FADRE.

Howe vilcyn Mynstrelles, and is this your rede,  
 Awaie · Awaie I wyll ne geve a cuise,  
 Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speche take hede,  
 Nothyng yz goode thatte byngeth not to puise.



One CANTO of an ANCIENT POEM,

CALLED

*The UNKNOWN KNIGHT or the  
TOURNAMENT.*

---

*From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "He  
offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The  
Author unknown" 1769*

---

The Matten belle han sounded long,  
The Cocks han sang their morning songe,  
When lo ' the tuncful Clations sound,  
(Wherem all other noise was down'd)  
Did echo to the rooms aroud,  
And greet the ears of Champyons stronge ;  
Arise, arise from downie bedde  
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!

Then each did don in seemlie gear,  
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,  
And on each sheelde devices shone,  
Of wounded hearts and battles won,  
All curious and nice echon ;  
With manie a tassild spea ;  
And mounted echeone on a steed  
Unwote made Ladies hearts to blede.

Heraulds eche side the Claiions wound,  
The Horses started at the sound ;  
The Knyghtes echeone did poynt the launce,  
And to the combattes did advance ;  
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce ;  
Thyre prancyng horses tare the ground ;  
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,  
The first to exercise their myghte—

O'Rocke upon his cousei fleet,  
Swift as lightning were his feet,  
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame ;  
From West Hybernee Isle he came,

His myghte depictur'd in his name  
 All deded such an one to meet ,  
 Bold as a mountain wolt he stood,  
 Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude,

But when he thiewe downe his Asenglave,  
 Next came in Syr Botcher bold and brave,  
 The dethe of manie a Saaceen ,  
 There thought him a Devil from Hells black den,  
 Ne thinking that aue of mortalle menne  
 Could send so manie to the grave,  
 For his life to John Punsce he render'd his thanks  
 Descended from Godied the King of the Manks

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,  
 And ran at O. Roche in full career ,  
 Then launces with the furious stroke  
 Into a thousand slivers broke,  
 Even as the thunder tears the oak,  
 And scatters splinters here and there :

---

\* Probably alluding to the word Rock,

So great the shock, then senses did depart,  
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the haite.

Sy<sup>1</sup> Botelier Rumsie first came from his traunce,  
And from the Marshall toke the launce,  
O Rocke eke chose another speere,  
And ran at Sy<sup>1</sup> Botelier full career;  
His piancyng stede the ground did tare;  
In haste he made a false advance;  
Sy<sup>1</sup> Botelier seeing, with myghte amain  
Fellde him down upon the playne

Sy<sup>1</sup> Pigotte Novlin at the Claiions sound,  
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings aound,  
He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,  
And feishe ranne up in full career;  
But for his appearance he payed full deare,  
In the first course laid on the ground;  
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,  
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Syr Botelie then having conquer'd his twayne,  
 Rode Conqueroi off the tourneyng playne,  
 Receivying a garland from *Alice's* hand,  
 The fayrest Ladye in the lande  
 Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,  
 Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,  
 Syr Botelie crown d, most galantie stode,  
 As some tall oak within the thick wode.

Awhile the shrill Clarions sounded the word;  
 Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh Lord,  
 Who over his back his thick shield did byng,  
 In checkee of redde and silvei shcenнге,  
 With steede and gold trappings beseeming a King,  
 A guilded fine Adder twyned round his sweide.  
 De Bietville advanced, a man of great myghte  
 And couched his lance in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,  
 That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,  
 Ev'n so they met in due time sound,  
 De Bietville fell upon the ground,

The bloude from inwaïd bruised wound,  
Did out his stained helmet flowe ,  
As some tall baik upon the foame main,  
So laie De Bretville on the plain

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,  
Advanced next in lists of fyght,  
He knew the tricks of touneynge full well,  
In running race ne manne culd him excell,  
Oï how to wielde a swoïde better tel,  
And eke he was a manne of might  
On a black Stede with silver trappynge dyght  
He daide the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,  
So furiously ech other met,  
That Compton's well intended speere  
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,  
And wound his hand in furious gear ;  
Syr Johns stele Assenglave was wette :  
Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,  
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.

The tenders of the feelde came in,  
And bade the Champyons not begyn ;  
Eche tounney but one hou should last,  
And then one hou was gone and past

*The ROMAUNTE of the CNYGHTE.*

By JOHN DE BERGHAM

---

*From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of  
Mr Cottle.*

---

The Sunne ento Vygyne was gotten,  
The flouneys al a1ounde onsp1yngede,  
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fenne  
The Quenis Ermyne a1ised fio Bedde;  
Sy1 Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede  
Ne Rouncie ne D1ybblette of make

ROMAUNTE, *Romance.*  
CNYGHTE, *Knight*  
ONSP1NGEDE, *faded, fallen.*  
WODDIE, *woody.*

BLAUNCHED, *whitened*  
ROUNCIE, *a cart horse, or one fit to  
menial services*  
DRYBBLETTE, *small, little*



Thanne asterte foi du'sie dede  
 Wythe Moiglaie hys Fooemenne to make blede  
 Ekeswythynas wynde. Trees. theye Haitys to shake  
 Al doune in a Delle a merke dernie Delle  
 Wherie Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,  
 There dyd hee perchaunce Isee  
 A Damoselle askedde foi ayde on her kne  
 An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie hei stonde  
 Hee hollyd hei faeste bie hei honde,  
 Discourteous Cnyghte, I doe prae nowe thou telle  
 Whurst doeste thou bee so to thee Damselle.  
 The Knyghte hym assoled eftsoones,  
 Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.  
 Begon foi I wayte notte thyc boones.

The Knyghte sed I proove on thic Gaberdyne  
 Alyche Boais enchafed to fyghte heie flies.

---

ASTERTE, *passed, or went forth*  
 DUR'SIE, *from dur, ess, hardship, signify*  
*ing hardy.*  
 MOIGLAIE, *a fatal sword,*  
 FOOMEMNE, *foes.*  
 EKE, *also*  
 SWYTHYN, *quickly*  
 MERKE, *dark*  
 DERNIE, *gloomy, solitary.*  
 PERCHAUNCE, *by chance.*

ASSOIFD, *answered* Used by Rowley  
 in the same sense  
 EFTSOONES, *quickly, presently.*  
 GABERDYNE, *a manner of challenging*  
 So in Rowley's Tournament,  
 "Thanne theeres my Gauntelette on  
 the Gaberdyne"  
 ALYCHE, *like*  
 ENCHAFED, *heated, furious, vexed.*

The Discoorteous Knyghte bee styngge botte stynger  
the nyghte,

The dynne bee heide a'myle for fuine in the fyghte  
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the Knyghte, now comme thou  
wi me,

Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne feie,  
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,  
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heavenwere.



STRYNGE, *strong*  
DYNNE, *sound, noise.*  
FUINE, *fury*

WOTTE, *know.*  
HEAVENWERE, *to God*

*The ROMANCE of the KNIGHT.*

MODERNISED

*By THOMAS CHATTERTON.*


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*From a MS. of Chatterton's in the possession of Mr. Cottle.*

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---

The pleasing Sweets of Spring and Summer past,  
 The falling Leaf flies in the sultry blast,  
 The Fields resign their sparkling Orbs of Gold,  
 The wrinkled Grass its Silver Joys unfold  
 Mantling the spreading Moon in Heavenly white,  
 Meeting from every Hill the ravish'd sight.  
 The yellow Flag appears its spotted Head,  
 Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed  
 The worthy Knight ascends his foaming Steed,  
 Of Size uncommon, and no common Breed.

His Sword of giant make hangs from his Belt,  
Whose piercing Edge his daring Foes had felt.  
To seek for Glory and Renown he goes  
To scatter Death among his trembling Foes ;  
Unner'd by fear they trembled at his stroke ;  
So cutting Blasts shake the tall mountain Oak.

Down in a dark and solitary Vale  
Where the cunst Screech-Owl sings her fatal tale,  
Where Copse and Brambles interwoven lie,  
Where Trees intertwining arch the azure Sky,  
Thither the fate-mark'd Champion bent his way,  
By pulling Streams to lose the heat of Day :  
A sudden Cry assaults his listening Ear,  
His Soul's too noble to admit of fear —  
The Cry re-echoes with his bounding Steed  
He gropes the Way from whence the Cries proceed.  
The arching Trees above obscur'd the light,  
Here 'twas all Evening, there Eternal Night.

And now the rustling Leaves and strengthened Cry  
Bespeaks the Cause of the Confusion nigh ;  
Tho' the thick Brake the astonish'd Champion sees  
A weeping Damsel bending on her knees :

A ruffian Knyght would force her to the ground,  
 But still some small resisting strength she found.  
 (Women and Cats, if you Compulsion use  
 The pleasure which they die for, will refuse,)  
 The Champion thus: Desist discourteous Knight,  
 Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy mighte.  
 With Eye contemptuous thus the Knight replies,  
 Begone! whoever dares my Fury dies.  
 Down to the Ground the Champion's Gauntlet flew,  
 I dare thy Fury, and I'll prove it too.

Like two fierce Mountain Boars enraged they fly,  
 The prancing Steeds make Echo rend the Sky,  
 Like a fierce Tempest is the bloody Fight,  
 Dead from his lofty Steed falls the proud Ruffian  
 Knight.

The Victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the Dame,  
 I will convey you hence to whence you came.  
 With Look of Gratitude the Fair reply'd  
 Content: I in your Virtue may confide.  
 But, said the Fair, as mournful she survey'd  
 The breathless Corse upon the Meadow laid,  
 May all thy Sins from Heaven forgiveness find!  
 May not, thy body's crimes, affect thy mind!

To *JOHNE LADGATE.*

(*Sent with the following Songe to Ælla* )

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---

*This and the two following Poems are printed from a copy  
in Mr Catcott's hand-writing.*

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---

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes  
be soe,

Thatt thou and I a bowtyngge matche muste have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyngge of oulde friendshyppes bee,  
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Remember Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,  
Who whanne John Clarkyngge, one of myckle lore,

---



---

SYTHE, *since.*

|| ALL-A-BOONE, *favor.*

VOL. II.

N

Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to  
fyghte,  
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse  
more.

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

*SONGE to ÆLLA,**LORDE of the CASTEL of BRYSTOWE*

YNNE DAIES OF YORE.



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

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde  
 hue  
 Lyche kynge-cuppes biastyng wythe the morning  
 due,  
 Arraung'd ynne dreare arnaie.  
 Upponne the lethale daie.



Spredde farie and wyde onne Watchets shore ;  
 Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,  
 And bie thie valyante hande  
 Beespringedd all the mees wythe gore.

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

Oh thou whereer (thie bones att reste)  
 Thye Spÿte to haunte delyghteth best,  
 Whethen upponne the bloudc-embrewedd pleyne,  
 Ori whaie thou kennst fromm farie  
 The dysmall cÿe of wanne,  
 Whi seest somme mountayne made of coise of sleyne ;

BEESPRINGEDD, *sprinkled.*

MEES, *meadows*

DRAWNE, *q driven.*

|| ANIACF, *sword.*  
 || QUENT, *strange*

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,  
 Ypiauinceynge o'er the mede,  
 And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres ;  
 On ynne blacke aimouie staulke aounde  
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeries ;

Oir fierye round the mynsterr glare ;  
 Lette Eystowe styll be made thie care ;  
 Guaide ytt fionne foemenne and consumyng  
 fyre ;  
 Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,  
 Ne lette a flame enhaime the grounde,  
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

---

HATCHEDD, *covered with achievements*  
 AMENGED, *among.*

ARDUROUS, *burning.*  
 ENSYRKE, *encircle.*

## THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES

WERE COMPOSED BY

*JOHN LADGATE,*

A PRIEST IN LONDON,

*And sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding  
Songe of Ælla.*



Havyng wythe mouche attentyon 1edde  
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,  
 Admye the vaises mouche I dyd,  
 And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was  
 A Poett mouche 1enownde,  
 Amongs the Latyrs Vygilius  
 Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne  
 The gyfte of inspyration,  
 And Afled to the Sexonne menne  
 Dydd synge wythe elocation.

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

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes  
 Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,  
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves  
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.



ELOCATION, *elocation*.

|| MOKIE, *dark, gloomy*



Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of this and the two preceding  
 Poems, supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett

from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

*Verses to Ladgate*

In the title, for *Ladgate*, r *Lydgate*

ver 2 r *Thatt I and thee*

3 for *bee*, r *goe*,

7 for *fyghte*, r *wryte*

*Songs to Ælla*

The title in the vellum MS was simply "*Songs to Ælla*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lord of the castell. of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses

ver 6 for *brastyng*, r *burstyng*

11 for *valyante*, r *burlie*

28 for *dysmall*, r *honore*

*Ladgate's Answer*

No title in the Vellum MS

ver. 3 for *varse*, r *pen*

antep for *Lendes*, r *Sendes*

ult for *lyne*, r *thyng*

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

In the title of the *Verses to Ladgate*.

Ong *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*

ver 3 Ong *goe* — Chat *doe*

7 Ong *wryte* — Chat *fyghte*

*Songe to Ælla*

- ver. 5 Ong *Dacyane* — Chat *Dacya's*  
           Ong *whose lockes* — Chat *whose hayres.*
11. Ong *burlic* — Chat *broned*
- 22 Ong *kennest* — Chat *heart.*
- 23 Ong *honore* — Chat *dysmall*
- 26 Ong *Yprauncynge* — Chat *Ifrayning.*
- 30 Ong. *gloue.* — Chat. *glare.*



**ACELIA,**  
a  
**Tragycal Enterlude,**  
or  
**Discoorseynge Tragedie,**  
wrotenn by  
**THOMAS ROWLEGE;**  
plaiedd before  
**Mastre Canynge,**  
Atte hys howse nemyte the Rodde Lodge:  
Alsoe before the Duke of Norfolck,  
**Johan Howard.**



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

*EPISTLE to MASTRE CANYNGE*

*On ÆLLA.*

---

\*Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,  
 Whan Reasonn hyt heiselfe in cloudes of nyghte,  
 The preeste delyvered alle the lege yn i hym ;  
 Lyche peyncted tyltyngespeaes to please the syght,  
 The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke dere,  
 Syke dyd their auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

---

HYIT, *hid, concealed.*  
 LEGE, *law*  
 PEYNCTED, *painted*  
 FELLE, *bad, pernicious.*

MOKE, *much*  
 DERE, *hurt, damage.*  
 LEE, *lay, song*  
 DEFTLIE, *sweetly, agreeably, skilfully*

Perchaunce yn Vyrtyues gaie ihym mote bee thenne,  
 Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde ,  
 In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,  
 Inne lithie moncke apperes the bairrones pryde .  
 But ihym wythe somme, as nedere without teethe,  
 Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel  
 scathe.

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a baine of lore,  
 Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Fienche or  
 Giekc,  
 Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeyes or more,  
 To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.  
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despysed,  
 The Englysch hym to please moste fyyste be latynized.

GARE, *cause.*

Efte, *of*

HALLIE, *holy*

RIBAUDES, *rake, lewd person.*

LITHIE, *humble, rather insinuating.*

NEDERE, *adder.*

SCATHE, *hurt, damage.*

LORE, *learning*

KENNS, *knows*

PYGHTE, *plucks or tortures.*

KNOWLACHYNGE, *knowledge.*

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synges ;  
 Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge  
 knowes ;

Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,  
 Beeynge as badde yn vearse as good yn prose.

Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,  
 Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr  
 blodde.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,  
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymnt and woe.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adames ,  
 He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe.

---

REQUIEM, <i>a service used over the dead</i>		DYNNETH, <i>sounds</i>
HYNDE, <i>peasant</i>		DOLTE, <i>foolish</i>
GUYFTS, <i>gifts</i>		ADRAMES, <i>churls</i> ,
UNLORED, <i>unlearned</i>		LAUDES, <i>praises.</i>
LOUGHE, <i>laugh.</i>		KENNES, <i>knows.</i>

---

\* Unauthorised. There is however the adjective ADRAMING, *churlish.*

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,  
 At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water  
 brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, behynde hys lynes.  
 Geofioie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;  
 Woïdes wythoutesense full gïoffyngelye he twynes,  
 Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere ;  
 \*Waytes monthes on nothyng, and hys storie donne,  
 Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere  
 begonne.

Enowe of odhers ; of mieselfe to write,  
 Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,  
 To you I leave the taske, I kenne your myghte  
 Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe of faultes, be  
 less



YAPED, *laughable.*

FAGE, *tale, jest*

BEYINDE, *beyond*

GROFFYNGELYE, *foolishly,*

COTTEYNGE, *cutting.*

GYF, *if.*

MEYNTE, *many.*

\* Perhaps *waytes.*

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you  
 Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be  
 untrue.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete ;  
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe ;  
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,  
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.  
 Bottelette ne woides, whyche droorie mote ne heare,  
 Bee placed yn the same Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

---

HALLIE, *holy*

DROORIE, *strange perversion of words*

*\*droorie in its ancient signification  
 stood for modesty*

ANERE, *another* This word which  
 occurs again Æ 15 is asserted by  
 Tyrwhitt to be unauthorized

---

\* This is an error of Chatterton

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne,  
 And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,  
 Thai fand inull hys coffer



A lettyr that hym send a lady  
 That he luffyt *per drouery*  
 That said quhen he had yernyt a yer  
 In wer, as a good hatchiller  
 The aventurs castell off Dowglas  
 That to kep sa peralous was,  
 Than mycht he weill ask a lady  
 Hyr amours and hyr *drouery*

The Bruce B 8 488.

Mr Pinkerton adds *per drouery* is *not in a way of marriage* the term is old French

## LETTER

TO THE

*Dygne MASTRE CANYNGE.*


---

Sti'aunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,  
 Nete butte a baie iewytalle can hav place ;  
 Nowe shapelie poesie hast loste ytts powers,  
 And pynant hystorie ys onlie giace ,  
 Heie pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers.  
 And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ,  
 Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regiate,  
 Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate

---

DYGNE, *worthy.*  
 NETE, *nought.*  
 PYNANT, *languid, insipid*  
 HEIE, *they*

WOLSOME, *noxious, loathsome.*  
 REGRATE, *esteem.*  
 HERHAUGHTRIE, *heraldry.*



Lette kynges, and ruleis, whan here gayne a thione,  
 Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grandsieres  
     bore,

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,  
 Now iaung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;  
 Lette trades, and tounefolck, lett syke thynges alone,  
 Ne fyghte for sable yn a fieelde of aure ;  
 Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,  
 Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe †hede.

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,  
 And shake hys\* hedde to styrrre hys rede aboute ;  
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oeie thys booke,  
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trowth ys left wythoute ,

---

EMARSHALLED, *blazoned*  
 SYKE, *such*  
 AURE, *or, in his auldry*  
 NILLYNGE, *urra'ing*

MYCKLE, *much*  
 ASCAUNSE, *obliquely.*  
 REDE, *wisdom*  
 ASKAUNTED, *glanced*

---

† Probably *neede*

Sidrophel in Hudibras

Who having three times shook his head  
 To stir his wit up, thus he said

Eke, gyf ynto a vew percasse I tooke  
 The longe beade-rolle of al the wiytyngre route,  
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Toigotte, Bedde,  
 Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise  
 Yee aie to stycke so close and bysmarelie  
 To hystorie, you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
 Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie ;  
 Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte alyse,  
 Nott makynge everyche thyngre bee hystorie ;  
 Instedde of mOUNTYNGE onn a wynged hoise,  
 You onn a rOUNCY dyve ynn dolefull course.

Canyngre and I from common course dyssente ;  
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene ;

---

EKE, *also*

GYF, *if*

PERCASS, *perchance.*

HEM, *them*

GRAIEBARBES, *greybeards*

BYSMARELIE, *curiously*

AMENUSED, *lessened*

DRYBBLETTE, *small.*

YATTE, *that*

ALYSE, *allow*

ROUNCY, *cart horse.*

YEV, *give.*

---

Ne wylle betweene crased moltrynge bookes bepente,  
 Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes sheene ;  
 And wheie wee kenn somme ishad flouies besprente,  
 We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte clene ,  
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,  
 Botte sometymes soaie 'bove trowth of hystoie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was veaise yn daies of yoie ?  
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewryen,  
 Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,  
 A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.  
 Veaise maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,  
 An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne ;  
 Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
 Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a greate.

CRASED, *broken*  
 MOLTRYNGE, *musty, moldering,*  
 ISHAD, *broken*  
 BESPRENTE, *scattered*  
 FETYVELIE, *elegantly.*  
 BEWRYEN, *declared, expressed, dis-*  
*played.*

KEPPENED, *studied*  
 POYNTELLE, *a pen, used metaphorically,*  
*as a muse or genius.*  
 ONLIST, *boundless.*  
 LECTURN, *subject*  
 ADYGNE, *nervous, worthy of praise*

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

T. ROWLEIE.



WORDIE, *worthy*.  
WYSCHÉ, *wishes*.

|| SELINESSE, *happiness*

## ENTRODUCTIONNE.

---

Somme cheisaunei tys to gentle mynde,  
 Whan here have chevyced theye londe from bayne,  
 Whan there ai dedd, there leave yer name behynde,  
 And theye goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne,  
 Downe yn the giave wee ynhyne everych steyne,  
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,  
 Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys castell stede,  
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptie swaie,  
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,  
 Then scel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,  
 Wee 1owze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
 To saie what he, as clergyond, canne kenne,  
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

---

CHERISAUNEI, *comfort*  
 CHEVYCED, *preserved, redeemed*  
 BAYNE, *ruin*  
 YNHYME, *inter, inhume*  
 STEYNE, *fault, stain, blot.*  
 HER, *their*

FETYVE, *neat, comely*  
 BAUBELS, *jewels*  
 GEASONNE, *rare*  
 THYS CASTELL, *Bristol Castie*  
 SEFL'D, *closed*  
 CLERGYOND, *taught*

*ÆLLA.*

---

*PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD**ÆLLA*, bie THOMAS ROWLEIE, Preeste, the Aucthoure.*CELMONDE*, JOHAN ISCAMM, Preeste*HURRA*, SYRR THYBBOTTE GORGES, Knyghte*BIRTHA*, Mastre EDWARDE CANYNGE

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles

---

*CELMONDE*, att *BRYSTOWE*

Before yonne roddie sonne has dloove hys wayne  
 Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,  
 Mee, happelless me, hee wylle a wietche behoulde,  
 Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne mys-  
 chaunces chayne.

Ah ! Bntha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre ?

---

*DYCHTE*, *eloathed*.|| *GITES*, *robes*, *mantles*

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?<sup>3</sup>  
 Whie ait thou nott as coarse as odhers are ?—  
 Botte thenn thie soughe woulde throwe thy vysage  
     sheene,  
 Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,  
 Lyche nottebrowne cloude, whann bie the sonne  
     made redde,  
 Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe ywreene,  
 Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage spreedde.  
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and hate  
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys  
     moste parte.

---

POYNTELE, *a pen.*  
 BEWREENE, *express.*  
 SHERRES, *shines*  
 SEMLYKEENE, *countenance.*

WAYLDE, *chosen*  
 YWREENE, *covered.*  
 SYKE *such.*

---

<sup>3</sup> Is she not more than painting can express ?

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe aneie '   
 Ytte cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.   
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stonge poysonn ynn the   
 beere,   
 And hymm, heir, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea   
 Assyst mee Helle ' lette Devylls 1ounde mee tende,   
 To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie   
 fiende.

## ÆLLA, BIRTHA

## ÆLLA

Notte, whanne the hallie pieste dyd make me   
 knyghte,   
 Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,   
 Howe bie mie honde the piewyd Dane shoulde blede,   
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne ynne   
 fyghte,

---

ANERE, *another.*

ATTENES, *at once.*

DOUGHTIE, *mighty valiant.*

|| HALLIE, *holy*  
 || PREVID, *hardy, valourous, proved.*



Notte, whann I fyiste behelde thie beauteous hue,  
 Whyche stiooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer  
     soule ;  
 Nott, whann frim the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd  
     viewe  
 The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
 Whan all the troopes of Denmaique made giete dole,  
 Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,  
 Whann hallie pieest, the lechemanne of the soule,  
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe :  
 Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys giate ,  
 Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

## BIRTHA

Mie lorde, and husbände, syke a joie is myne :

BARBED, *armed*  
 DOLE, *lamentation*  
 REDDOURE, *violence*  
 LECHEMANNE, *physician*  
 CAYTYSNEDE, *binding, enforcing*

HAPPY, *happy*  
 SELYNESSE, *happiness*  
 SHAP, *fate*  
 EMMATTE, *lessen, decrease.*  
 SYKE, *su. n*

Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,  
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynne mync eyne,  
 OI ynn myne haite, where thou shalte be foi aie ,  
 Inne sothe, I have botte mceded oute thie faie ,  
 Foi twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente,  
 As mane tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,  
 And on the grasse hei lemes of sylven sente,  
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee foi thie swote to bee,  
 Enactyngge ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,  
 Whanne deysde bie theselse, foi wante of pheeres,  
 Awhylst thie menyemen dydde laughe and jeaste,  
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares



MEDED, *recompensed*  
 FAIE, *faith, constancy*  
 YBLENT<sup>E</sup>, *blinded*  
 LEMES, *lights, rays*  
 CHEESE, *chuse*

|| SWOTE, *sweetheart, bride*  
 ENACTYNGE, *acting*  
 DEYSDE, *seated under a canopy*  
 PHEERES, *fellows, equal*

Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondied feeres,  
 Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,  
 And offrendes made mee, moethannyie compheeries,  
 Offe scarpes of scalette, and fyne paramente,  
 All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,  
 I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

## ÆLLA.

Mie lyttle kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,  
 Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,  
 Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe:  
 Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.

WARDEST, *watche.*  
 GYFF, *if*  
 ALEST, *least.*  
 DAYGNOUS, *disdainful*  
 OFFRENDES, *presents, offering*  
 COMPHEERES, *equals, companions*  
 SCARPES, *scarfs*  
 PARAMENTE, *robes of scarlet*

LYSSFD, *bounded, confined*  
 STREVE, *strive,*  
 AMEDD, *rewarded.*  
 CORVEN, *represent, carve.*  
 BAWSYN, *large.*  
 OLYPHAUNTES, *elephants.*  
 AMATE, *destroy.*

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,  
 Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaven down  
 to thee,  
 Layde the whol wolde a falldstole atte thie feete,  
 On smyle would be suffycyll mede foi mee.  
 I amm Loves borro'r, and canne never paie,  
 Bott be hys borrowe styll, and thyne, mie swete, for  
 aie.

## BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your ahevments soe smalle ;  
 As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare ;  
 For nothyng paste will BIRTHA ever call,  
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere  
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle speere,  
 Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you ,

---

STRAUGHTE, *stretch'd*  
 PYGHTE, *plucked*  
 FALLDSTOLE, *kneeling stool*

SUFFYCYLL, *sufficient*  
 MEDE, *reward*  
 AHEVMENTS, *services*

Be notte toe slack yn love, ne oveideare;  
 A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves moie tīue.

ÆLLA.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne  
 To beemoe cleigionde thann ysn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,  
 MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE

Alle blessinges showie on gentle Ælla's hedde,  
 Oft maie the moone, yn sylver sheenyngelichte,  
 Inne varied chaunges vayed blessinges shedde,  
 Besprengyng far abode mischaunces nyghte,  
 And thou, fayre Birtha' thou, fayre Dame, so  
 bryghte,

---

VOLUNDE, *memory, understanding*  
 KENNE, *make known*  
 CLERGIONDE, *learned*

||| BESPRENGEYNGE, *scattering, dispersing*

Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,  
 Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,  
 Wytheverych chaungynge mone newjoiesencrease!  
 I, as a token of mie love to speake,  
 Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre  
 brayne to breake.

## ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe  
 stronge,  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

## CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe<sup>1</sup>

*Mynstrelles Songe bie a Manne and Womanne.*

---

SELYNESSE, *happiness.*  
 DYGHTE, *cloathed.*

|| JUBBES, *jugs.*  
 TYDE, *betyde or happen.*

## MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsteri swayne ;  
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe  
 From the floures of yellowe hue ;  
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

## WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre I wylle go,  
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,  
 Lyche the sylve-footed doe,  
 Seekeynge shelteir yn giene trees.

## MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,  
 Pereynge ynne the stieme belowe ;  
 Heie we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke,  
 Toune thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

---

SHEPSTERR, *shepherd*  
 BESTOIKERRE, *deceiver*.  
 MEES, *meadows*

PERFYNGE, *appearing*.  
 DANKI, *damp, moisture*

## WOMANNE.

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

## MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,  
 Howe the ouzle chautes hys noate,  
 The chelandree, gieie moyn laike,  
 Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate ;

## WOMANNE.

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

---

ERSTE, *formerly*  
 DAMOYSELLES, *damsels.*  
 SWOTIE, *pleasant*  
 OUZLE, *the blackbird.*

|| CHELANDREE, *goldfinch.*  
 || BLATAUNTIE, *loudly.*  
 || LECTURNYES, *lectures.*



## MANNE.

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

## WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.  
 Oute uponne ye ' lette me goe.  
 Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.  
 Robynne, thys youie dame shall knowe.

## MANNE

See ' the crokyngge bionie  
 Rounde the popler twyste hys spiaie ;

MEES, *meadows*  
 GRATCHE, *apparel*  
 SWYTHE, *quickly*

|| ALATCHE, *accuse, cry out*  
 || CROCKYNGE, *crooked, twisting.*

Unauthorized.

Rounde the oake the greene iwie  
Flouryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,  
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;  
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;  
Nature made all thynges bie payres.  
Droored cattes wylle after kynde;  
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

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

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;e;  
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;  
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge;  
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

---

FLORRYSCHE<sup>T</sup>HE, *flourishes*.  
COYEN, *coy*.  
DROORED, *modest*.

|| YWRYNDE, *separated*.  
|| LEMANNE, *mistress*.

## MANNE

Bic oure ladie hei yboine,  
 To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,  
 I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,  
 So tyde me lyfe or dethe foi aie.

## WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe  
 Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,  
 Unto divinistre goe,  
 And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

## MANNE

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

## BOTHE

Wee wylle ynn a boidelle lyve,  
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;  
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve,  
 Wee ynn goodnesse wylle bee greate.

## ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;  
 And there ys monie foi yer syngyne nowe;  
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges  
 telle <sup>?</sup>

## CELMONDE.

In marriage, blesynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

## MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille  
 syng,

---

BORDELLE, *a cottage.*  
 HAILIE, *happy.*

|| ТРОУЕ, *think*  
 || ЛАУРДЕ, *lord*

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryngē,  
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and syngē.

*Mynstrelles Songe.*

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE

The boddynge flourettes bloshe atte the lyghte;  
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;

---

CHOUGHE-VOYCES, *hoarse, as raven*  
*voices*  
SWOTELIE, *sweetly.*  
STRET, *stretch.*  
ENGYNE, *rack.*

BODDYNGE, *budding.*  
BLOSHE, *blush.*  
MEES, *meadows*  
SPRENGED, *sprinkled.*

Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte ;  
 The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe ;  
 The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,  
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne  
 ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and bynges the dewe alonge ;  
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne ;  
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe ;  
 Yonge ivie rounde the dooie poste do entwyne ;  
 I laie mee onn the grasse ; yette, to mie wylle,  
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, theie lackethe somethynge  
 style.

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,  
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;

DYGHTE, *cloathed.*  
 NESH, *tender.*  
 ENLEFED, *full of leaves.*  
 STRAUGHTE, *stretched.*  
 WHESTLYNGE, *whistling.*

|| DYNNE, *sound*  
 || RODDIE, *red*  
 || WELKYNNE, *sky*  
 || ALESTAKE, *maypole.*  
 || THOUGHTENNE, *thought.*

Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes ;  
 As Instiumentes of joie weie made the kynde.  
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thic aimes, and see  
 Wynter, and biownie hylles, wylle have a charme for  
 thee.

### THYRDE MYNSTRELLE

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-biente doe  
 appere,  
 Wyth hys goulde honde gylteynge the falleynge  
 lefe,  
 Bryngeynge oppe Wynter to folfylle the yeie,  
 Beerynge uponne hys backe the ipped shefe ;  
 Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte ;  
 Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far  
 the syghte,

AILEYNE, *alone*  
 BROWNE, *brown*.  
 BLAKE, *bleak, naked*  
 SONNE-BRENTE, *sun-burnt*.

GUYLTERYNGE, *gilding*.  
 FOLFYLLLE, *fill up, fulfill*  
 LEVYNNE FYRES, *flashes of lightning*.  
 LEMES, *meteors*.

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,  
 Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde ;  
 When joicie peres, and bernies of blacke dic,  
 Doe daunce yn ayie, and call the eyne aounde ;  
 Thann, bee the even foule, oi even fayie,  
 Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme  
 care.

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidhei kynde ;  
 Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free ;  
 Dheere ys a somewhatte eveie yu the mynde,  
 Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllid bee,  
 Neseyncteyncelles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,  
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne  
 fayre :

---

RUDDE, *red*  
 FRUCTYLE, *fertile.*  
 JOICIE, *juicy.*  
 PERES, *pears*  
 STEYNCED, *stained, alloyed.*

WROGTE, *formed.*  
 ALLLYNE, *alone*  
 CHAFE, *hot*  
 DHEERE, *there*  
 TERE, *health.*



Eche mornynge I yse, doe I sette mie maydennes,  
 Somme to spynn, somme to cuidell, somme bleach-  
 ynge,  
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
 Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Loide Walterie, mie fadie, he loved me welle,  
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge,  
 Botte schulde I agen goe to menie Cloud-dell,  
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and loide Thomas came over the lea,  
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyng,  
 Shee putte uppe hei knyttynge, and to hym wente shee,  
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelic embiacyng

### ÆLLA

I lyche eke thys, goe ynn untoe the feaste;  
 Wee wylle peimyttte you antecedente bee;

CURDEIL, *card*  
 AIDFNS, *assistance*  
 SWYTHYNE, *immediately*  
 FADRE, *father*

|| SOTHEN, *truth*  
 || REDEYNGE, *wisdom, deliberation.*  
 || DERKYNNES, *young deer*  
 || ANTECEDENTE, *to go before.*

There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jaste;  
 And there ys monnie, that you menie bee,  
 Comme, gentle love, wee wylle to spouse-feastegoe,  
 And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted every ch  
 woe.

## ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE

## MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondyng onn our coaste  
 Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
 Magnus and Hunn, wythe a doughtie hoaste,  
 Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee,  
 Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these ioyners flee  
 This dogges alleyn can tame thys ragyng bulle  
 Haste swythyn, fore aneghe the towne thare bee,  
 And Wedecesteres rolle of dome bee fulle

CAROLIE, *song*  
 YAPED, *laughable*  
 DREYNCTED, *drowned*  
 SCOLLES, *hoals*  
 DOUGHTIE, *valiant*.

QUANSED, *stilled, quenched*  
 LEVYNNE, *lightning*  
 ROYNNERS, *ruiners, ravagers*  
 FORE, *byfore*  
 ANEGHE, *near*.

Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the bykei fle,  
 Foi yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie  
 die.

### ÆLLA.

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

### BIRTHA.

O ! lyche a nedeie, lette me ounde thee twyne,  
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Butha ryne,  
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarie.

---

BYKER, *battle*  
 DYSPORTYSMENTE, *enjoyment*  
 SELKE, *silk*  
 GABERDYNE, *military cloak.*  
 NEDERE, *adder.*

|| HYLTE, *hide.*  
 || RYNE, *run*  
 || SLUGHORNES, *warlike instruments of*  
 || *music.*

## ÆLLA

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
Then gioffyshe to foirbydde thie hongered gwestes to  
eate ?

O mie upswalyngge harte, what wordes can saie  
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente ?  
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,  
O ! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.  
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yo1 favouies sente  
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne ?  
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,  
And for a bodykyn\* a swarthe obteyne ?

---

GROFFYSHE, *rudely, sternly*  
UPSWALYNGE, *swelling*  
YBRENTTE, *burnt up*  
ENTENDEMENTE, *comprehension*

|| DENTED, *joined*  
|| BODYKYN, *body, substance*  
|| SWARTHE, *ghost, or shadow*

---

This diminutive never was used as a mere synonyme of its original word  
Dean Milles adduces *God's bodikins*. This oath cannot be received in  
evidence

O ' whie, yee seynctes, oppriess yee thos mie sowle ?  
 How shalle I speke mie woe, mie fieme, mie dieene  
 dole ?

### CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh poie mans rede.  
 Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.  
 Thanne, loveide lette me saie, wyth hommaged  
 diede,  
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie ;  
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,  
 The foemenn, everych honde-poyncete, getteth fote.  
 Mie loveide, lett the speeie-menn, dyghte foï fiaie.  
 And all the sabbataners goe aboute  
 I speke, mie loveide, alleyne to upryse  
 Youie wytte from maiuelle, and the waiiour to alyse.

---

FREME, *strange*  
 DOLE, *sorrow*  
 REDE, *council, advise.*  
 EFTE, *often*  
 LOVERDE, *lord*  
 YLAYN, *prostrate, lying*  
 LETHLEN, *still dead.*

HONDE-POYNCTE, *moment.*  
 DYGHTE, *prepared,*  
 FRAIE, *battle*  
 SABBATANERS, *booted soldiers,*  
 ALLEVNE, *only*  
 ALYSE, *set free.*

## ÆLLA.

Ah ! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte ;  
 Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see heiselle ;  
 I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,  
 To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.  
 Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fouie telle,  
 Whyche 1yseth from mie love to Birtha fayre ?  
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,  
 Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.  
 Yette I wylle bee meselfe, and iouze mie spryte  
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie  
 fyghte.

## BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde .  
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne ;

---

TAKELLS, *arrows, darts.*  
 SOULGHE, *soul*  
 FELLE, *pernicious*  
 TYNGE, *tongue.*  
 FOURIE, *fury.*

QUEEDE, *devil*  
 IMPLEASAUNCE, *unpleasantness*  
 AGEARE, *appearance, dress.*  
 RENNOME, *renown.*

I, lyche a nedere, wylle untoe thee byde,  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us  
 twayne

I have mie parte of drienne dole and peyne,  
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtied eyne;  
 Ynue tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll  
 dayne,

Gyff dierie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.

Goe notte, O Ælla, wythe thie Butha staie,

For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie

ÆLLA.

O! tys foi thee, for thee alleyne I fele,

Yett I muste bee mieselfe, with valoures gear

NEDRE, *adder*

TYDE, *betide*

DRIERIE, *grievous.*

DOLE, *sorrow*

BRASTETH, *bursteth.*

HOITRED, *hidden*

SWARTHYNGE, *dying*

SEMMLYKEED, *countenance*

- I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,  
And shake the bloddie sweide and steyned speie

## BIRTHA

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys BIRTHA teare ?  
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte ?  
Entykeynge wyght<sup>1</sup> ys leathall waire so deaire ?  
Thou prycest mee belowe the joes of fyghte  
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
Hong pendaunte bie thy sweide, and craved for thy  
morte

## ÆLLA.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as staires  
ybiente,

---

NOTTE, *cloath, prepare, fasten*  
ROU, *horrid, disgusting*  
UGSOMME, *terrible*  
ENTRYKEYNGE, *deceitful*  
WYGHTE, *man*

LEATHALL, *deadly*  
PENDAUNTE, *depending*  
MORTHE, *death*  
YBRFENTE, *burning*



Headed bie these the wordes doe onn mee falle,  
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve me harte contente,  
 Wakyng mie slepyngge mynde to honnoues calle  
 Of sclynesse I pryze thee moe yan all  
 Heaven can mee sende, or counyngge wytt acqyre,  
 Ytte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
 Retounyngge to thie eyne with double fyre

### BIRTHA,

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd ?  
 Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde ?  
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll mo11owes sonne appercs.

### ÆLLA

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;  
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares ;

---

SELYNESS, *happinesse.*  
 BOON, *a favor*  
 ATTENES, *at once*

|| MYTTEE, *mighty*  
 || WURCHETHE, *worketh*  
 || BANE, *calamity, damage*

'Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.  
 Rouze all the honnouie, Birtha, look attouie  
 The bledeynge countie, whych for hastie dede  
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
 To 10yn yttes 10yneis, make yttes foemenne blede.

## BIRTHA.

Rouze all the love ; false and entrykyng wyghte !  
 Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command  
 Under the sygnette of oure lord the kyng.

## ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande ?  
 Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng !

---

ATTOURE, *around.*  
 RODEYNGE, *command.*  
 DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*  
 ROYNEIS, *ravagers.*

ENTRYKING WYGHTE, *deceitful man.*  
 SYGNETTE, *seal*  
 RECREANDE, *coward.*

Heere, Birtha, thou has potte a double styng.  
 One for the love, anodher for the mynde.

## BIRTHA

Agytled Ælla, the abredynge blynge  
 'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde  
 Yette heare me supplicate, to mee attende,  
 Hea! from me groted haite the love! and the  
 friende.

Lett Celmonde yn the armou-brace be dyghte ;  
 And yn the stead unto the battle goe ,  
 This name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flighte,  
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the  
 foe.

## ÆLLA

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;

---

AGYTED, *offended*  
 ABRDYNGE, *upbraiding*  
 BLYNGE, *ceas'*  
 YWRYNDE, *disclosed*

GROTED, *swollen.*  
 ARMOUR-BRACE, *suit of armour*  
 DYGHTE, *cloathed.*  
 DOE, *make*

I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countie wele,  
 And leave thee for ytt Celmonde, swefthie goe,  
 Telle mie By stowans to [be] dyghte yn stele,  
 Tell hem I scoine to lenne hem from afai,  
 Botte leave the vyigyn by dall bedde for bedde of  
 waie

ÆLLA, BIRTHA,

BIRTHA

And thou wylt goe: O mie \*agroted haite!

ÆLLA

Mie countie waites mie marche, I muste awaie,  
 Albeytte I schulde go to mete the date  
 Of ceiten Dethe, yette here I woulde notte stae

---

WELE, *welfare*

|| AGROTED, *swollen*

\* Qy Sick quasi ægroted or agrated.

Botte thos to leave thee, Butha, dothe asswaie |  
 Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be sedde bie  
 tyngue.

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,  
 Whan ounde aboute mee songe of waie heie  
 syng.

O Butha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,  
 And joyous see mie aimes, dyghte oute ynn warie  
 anaie.

### BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle stiev  
 To keepe mie woe behyltten yn mie bieaste  
 Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,  
 Lyche thee, I'lle stiev to sette mie mynde atte  
 reste.

ASSWAIE, *assey*  
 TYNGUE, *tongue*.  
 HEIE, *they*  
 STREV, *strive*.  
 AGREEME, *torture*.

ACCAIE, *aswage*.  
 DIFFICILE, *difficult*.  
 BEHYLTREN, *hid*  
 YEV, *give*.

† Unknown and unintelligible.

Yett oh' forgeve, yff I have thee dystieste ;  
 Love, doughtie love, wylle beaie no odher swaie.  
 Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,  
 Shappe\* fouldie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.  
 It was a tene too doughtie to be boine,  
 Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wythe syghes  
 ytorne

## ÆLLA.

This mynde ys now thiselfe, why wylte thou bee  
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,  
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,  
 Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave  
 behynde ?  
 O Butthafayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende

SHAPPE, *fate.*  
 TENE, *pain or torment*  
 OUNDE, *flood*  
 YTORNE, *rent.*

|| BLANCHE, *fair*  
 || BIGHES, *jewels*  
 || WARDE, *watch*  
 || EVERYCH, *every*

\* Qy *Hap* ?

On my longe shielde vcorne thie name thoul t fynde  
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte  
 and fiende

ÆLLA, BIRTIIA, CELMONDE *speaking*

The Bystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge  
 Echone athwaite hys backe hys longe waite-shield  
 dothe slynge

ÆLLA

Butha, adieu, but yette I cannotte goe

BIRTIIA

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staire.  
 Engyne mee notte wyth syke a dierie woe

---

YCORNE, *engraved*  
 WORDIE, *worthy*

|| LYNGE, *stay*  
 || ENGYN, *torture*

## ÆLLA

I muste, I wylle, tys honnoue cals awaie

## BIRTHA

O mie agioted haite, braste, braste ynn twaie  
Ælla, for honnoue, flyes awaie from mee.

## ÆLLA

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

## BIRTHA

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loveide, staie.  
He's gon, he's gone, alas ! percase he's gone for aie

---

AGROTED, *swelling*  
BRASTE, *burst*  
TWAIE, *twain*.

|| OBAIE, *wait*.  
|| LOVERDE, *lord*  
|| PERCASE, *perhaps*.



## CELMONDE

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,  
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,  
 Whyche faire abiode ynnē gentle ayie doe flie,  
 Meetyngē from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,  
 Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte  
 Hecket ynnē amyste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,  
 Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starnie lyghte;  
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente;  
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponne thie wyde  
 aumere.

---

HAILIE, *holy*  
 SUSTER, *sister*  
 ENJOYOUS, *emaptured, joyful.*  
 AIBEYTTTE, *although*  
 HECKET, *wrapped closely, covered*

YBIENTE, *blinded*  
 ADINTL, *fastened*  
 DIPYCTE, *painted*  
 AUMLRE, *robe or garb.*

---

## AUMERE

The word does not occur in any of our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,  
 Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie ;  
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbiuche awed,  
 Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie  
 Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker stak.

---

NETE, *night*

HOPLEN, *hopelessness*

ADAWED, *awakened*

AWHAPED, *astonished*

FETYVENESS, *agreeableness*

NETE, *nought*

MYNDERUCHT, *emulation*

BYKER, *contest, battle*

---

Romaunt of the Rose v 2271

Weare streighte gloves with *aumere*  
 Of silk

The French original stands thus

De gins et de bourse de sove,  
 Et de sancture te cointoye.

Skinner, who probably did not think of consulting the original, supposes *aumere* to be something belonging to *gloves*, and so at a venture expounded it *frimbria, instita, a fringe or border*. It seemed, and still seems most probable to me, that *aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *bourse de soye*, and consequently that *aumere* was sometimes equivalent to a purse. But the Dean, if I understand him rightly, differs from us both, and thinks that *aumere* is a translation of *sancture*, a girdle. "The *sancture*, or girdle, says he, has escaped the notice of the learned Editor, though, as a principal ornament in ancient dress, it was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, than the purse." Which was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, is

Dothe warie begynne þ̄ theris Colmonde vn the  
place

Botte whanne the warie ys doune, I ll haste awaie



not the question, but which is mentioned, and if the girdle escaped the notice of Chaucer, I do not see that I was bound to take any notice of it. In short *aumere*, upon the face of this passage, must probably signify, either *something belonging to gloves*, or a *purse*, or a *girdle*, and I think I might safely trust the intelligent reader with the determination, in which of these three senses it is here used by Chaucer. But I have also referred to another passage of the same poem R. R. ver. 2087 in which he uses *aumener* in this same sense of a purse.

Then from his *aumener* he drough  
A little key feuse enough

The original is

Adonc de sa *bourse* il traict  
Un petit clef bien fait

Where *aumener* is undoubtedly the translation of *bourse*. I must observe farther, that in what I take to be the most accurate and authentic edition of the French *Roman de la Rose*, (Paris 1727) these two lines are thus written, v. 2028

Lors a de l' *aumener* traict  
Une petite clef bien faicte

Which, I apprehend, adds no small strength to my conjecture, that both *aumener* and *aumere*, are derivatives from the French *aumenerie*. If so, it becomes still clearer, that the proper signification of *aumere* is a *purse*, a signification which will not suit any one of the passages, in which the word occurs in these Poems.

*T, whist*

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes  
face.

I see onnumbered joyes aounde mee ryse,  
Blake stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee  
alyse.

O honnouie, honnouie, what ys bie thee hanne?  
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,  
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,  
And nothyng does thie myckle gastness feie.  
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.  
Thou there dyspcipellest thie levynne-bronde;  
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou at the gare;  
Sleene ys mie comfoite bie thie feie honde;  
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the  
ground,

---

NETHE, *beneath*  
BLAKE, *naked*  
ALYSE, *quit*  
HANNE, *had*  
HAILIE, *happy*.  
BORDELYER, *peasant, cottager*  
BESTANNE, *opposed, lost*  
MYCKLE, *great*

GASTNESS, *terribleness*  
DYSPERPELIEST, *scatterest*  
LEVYNNE-BRONDE, *lightning*  
SOULGH, *soul*  
FORWYNED, *withered*  
GARE, *cause*  
SLEENE, *slain*  
FERIE, *fiery*

Itte keiveth all abioade, bie brasteynge hyltrens  
wounde.

Honnouie, whatt bee ytte<sup>p</sup> tys a shadowes shade,  
A thyng of wychencief, an idle dreme,

On of the fonnis<sup>v</sup> whych the clerche have made  
Menne wydhoute spytes, and wommen for to  
fleme;

Knyghtes, who ofte kenne the loude dynne of the  
beme,

Schulde be foigarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,  
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules be breme,  
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse

O thou, whatter thine name,

O<sup>i</sup> Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie sable spyte,

For fiemde and doletulle dede

---

KERVETH, *cutteth, layeth waste*  
BRASTEYNGE, *bursting*  
HYLTREN, *hidden*  
WYCHENCREF, *witchcraft*  
FONNIS, *devices*  
CIERCHE, *church.*  
FLEME, *terrify*

BLMF, *trumpit*  
FORGARDE, *lost*  
ALYCHE, *like*  
BREMPE, *furious*  
ZABALUS, *the devil*  
QUEED, *the devil*  
FREMDE, *strange*

\* A word of unknown origin

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,  
*wyth the ARMIE neare WATCHETTE*

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,  
 To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.  
 Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne,  
 Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre  
 Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.  
 Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,  
 The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,

SWYTHE, *quickly*  
 OFFRENDES, *offerings*  
 PAVYES, *daggers*  
 HALLIE, *holy*

|| MORIE, *murky, gloomy*  
 || AGGUYLTE, *offended*  
 || GYTTELLES, *mantels*

Mooved the staries, and dyd unbynde  
 Everyche bannere to the wynde ,  
 Whanne the oundyng waves dystrest  
 Stroven to be overest,  
 Sockeynge yn the spyie-gyite towne,  
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,  
 Sendyng dethe, on plagues astridde  
 Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde .  
 To mee send youi heste dyvyne,  
 Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,  
 Thatt I maie now undevyse  
 All the actyonnes of th'emppiize.

*falleth downe and este ryseth*

Thus saythe the'Goddes , goe, yssue to the playne  
 Fori there shall meynte of mytte menne bec slayne

---

BARRIERE, *boundary*  
 OUNDYNGE, *foaming, undulating*  
 STORVEN, *strove*  
 OVEREST, *uppermost*  
 SOCKEYNGE, *sucking*  
 SWOLTERYNGE, *overwhelming.*  
 ASTRODDE, *astride.*

ERTHYS, *earth's*  
 HESTI, *command*  
 EIETTEN, *enlightning*  
 UNDEVYSE, *explain*  
 EMPPRYSE, *understanding*  
 EFTE, *afterwards*  
 MYTTE, *mighty*

## MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnusfoughte  
 Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,  
 Athorowe sweides, alyche the Queed dystraughte,  
 Have Magnus pressynge wioghte hys foemen loaste,  
 As whanne a tempeste vexethe soaie the ccaste,  
 The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,  
 So dyd I inne the waire the javlynne toste,  
 Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie  
 speai

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,  
 Mie lethalle speeie, alyche a levyn-mylted oke

## HURRA.

The wordes aie greate, fullhyghe of sound, andeeke

---

IREYNTED, *scattered*  
 NOYANCE, *destruction*  
 ATHOROWE, *through*  
 QUEED, *the devil*  
 DYSTRAYGHTE, *distracted*  
 LOASTE, *loss*  
 DYNGEYNGE, *noisy, scounding.*  
 OUNDE, *wave*

TOSTE, *toss*  
 MLYNTF, *many*  
 MORIE, *marshy*  
 GRONFER, *fen fire, or meteor*  
 DROKE, *dry.*  
 IETHALIE, *deadly*  
 LEVYN MYLTED, *meted with lightning.*  
 EEKE, *amplification, or boast.*



Lyche thondeire, to the whych dothe comme no  
rayne

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke ,  
The cocke saiethe drefte, ytt aimed ys he alleyn  
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne  
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,  
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,  
And toie the heaulmes from heades of myckle  
myghte.

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,  
Lette blowes thie actyons speke, and bie thie corrage  
stonde.

### MAGNUS.

Thou are a waiioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne  
And myckle famed for thie handie dede  
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne mennic,  
Nor aie thou makest aimed haites to blede

---

DOUGHTIE, *valiant*  
DREFTE, *least, rather vauntingly*  
ADVENTAYLE, *beaver.*

HEAULMES, *helmets.*  
SYTHENCE, *since*  
ANENTE, *against.*

Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,  
 Havethe thee scene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,  
 Wythe coises I investynge everych mede,  
 And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte  
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn foi mie renome,  
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie  
 dome.

## HURRA.

How ' butte bee boune mie rage I kenne alyghte  
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene  
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte ,  
 Thanne to the souldyeis all thou wylte bewreene  
 I'll prove mie couage onne the builed greene ;  
 Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee

EFTE, *often*.  
 INVESTYNGE, *cloath: ig.*  
 ASTON, *astonished*  
 RENOME, *renown.*  
 REYNE, *run.*  
 DOME, *fate*

|| BOURNE, *confined, stopped*  
 || WORDHYE, *worthy*  
 || PEENE, *punishment*  
 || BEWREENE, *declared, exposed*  
 || BURLED, *armed*

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,  
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee  
 Thys mie adented shelde, thys mie wane speare  
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hutter's harte can  
 feare

### MAGNUS

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys nolde spyte  
 Dothe soe eniage, he knowes notte whatte to saie  
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd  
 wryte,  
 And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie  
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes iage wouldest staie  
 'Tys here to meet ytt, botte gyff nott, bec goe,  
 Lest I in furre shulde mie aimes dysplaie.  
 Whych to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe

SPHERE, *spear*  
 ADEENE, *worthy*  
 ADENTED, *bruised, battered*  
 GOTTES, *drops.*  
 HEAFOD, *head.*

PEYNCTE, *paint*  
 ANENT, *against*  
 WOLFYNNES, *wolf's.*  
 FURRIE, *fury*  
 WURCHE, *work*

Oh' I bee madde. dysstraughte wyth biendyng  
 rage,  
 Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed haite  
 asswage

## HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art  
 That doest aslee<sup>t</sup> alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn haite,  
 I almost wysche thie prowes weie made lesse  
 Whan Ælla (name diest uppe yn ugsomness  
 To thee and iecreandes) thondered on the playne.  
 Howe dydste thou thowwe fyiste of fleeis presse'  
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reync

---

DYSTRAUGHTE, *distracted*  
 RAGE, *burning*  
 SMETHYNGE, *smoking*  
 CHAFED, *enflamed*  
 ASLEE, *slide, or creep*  
 DOLED, *painful*  
 STRYNGE, *strong*  
 LYONCELLE, *lyon's cub.*

WYSCHÉ, *wish*  
 UGSOMNESS, *terror*  
 RECREANDES, *cowards*  
 FLEERS, *fugitives.*  
 FEDERED, *feathered*  
 TAKEELLE, *arrow*  
 REYNE, *run*

\* An unknown word

A ionnyngc pryze onn seyncte daie to oideayne,  
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ionnyngc pryze  
wylle gaync.

## MAGNUS

Eternalle plagues deuou this baned tyngue '  
Myriades of neders pie upponne this spyte '  
Maicst thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,  
Unmanned, uneyncd, exclooded aie the lyghte,  
This senses, lyche thiselfe, enwiapped yn nyghte,  
A scoff to fomen and to beastes a pheeie '  
Maic furched lewynne onne this head alyghte,  
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweiee '  
Fen vaipous blaste this eueriche manlie powere,  
Maie this bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes  
deuoue

---

RONNYNGE, *running*  
BANED, *cursed*  
TYNGUE, *tongue*  
NEDERS, *adders*.  
PRE, *prey*  
YYNGE, *young*  
UNEYNED, *blind*  
PHEERE, *companion, equal*.

FURCHEDD, *forked*  
LEWYNNE, *lightning*.  
FHUYR, *fury*  
UNWEERE, *storm*.  
BANTE, *cursed*  
WOLSOME, *loathsome*  
PEENES, *tortures*

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

## HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns  
 kyng,  
 Wythe fhuie, as thou dydste begynne, peisue ;  
 Calle onne mie heade all tortuies that be rou,  
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie causes fele  
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne  
 blewe,  
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azuie rele  
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde ;  
 Baue on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of  
 myckle pryde  
 Botte doe notte waste thie bieth, lest Ælla come.

---

FAYGNE, *willingly*  
 WELLYNS, *heaven's*  
 FHURIE, *fury*  
 ROU, *rough, terrible.*

BANE, *curse*  
 RELE, *wave*  
 DYNNE, *sound*

Æ L L A ,

## MAGNUS

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle <sup>1</sup>  
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome <sup>1</sup>  
I feeie noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle  
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle <sup>2</sup>  
Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne  
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletie felle ,  
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne  
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte ieule the Dacyanne  
state,  
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysre-  
gate.

## HURRA

I pryze thie thicattes joste as I doe thie banes,  
The sede of malyce and recendize al  
Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes ,  
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue foi prooffe canst calle

---

UNLYDGEFULLE, *unloyal*.  
SLETRE, *slaughter*.  
YYNE, *thine*

DYSREGATE, *break connection with*.  
BANES, *curses*  
RESENDIZE, *cowardice*

Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,  
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scoine to foul mie  
     swoide,  
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,  
 Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde  
 I Hurra amme mesel, and aie wylle bee,  
 As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande as  
     thee.

MAGNUS. HURRA, ARMYE, and MESSEN-  
 GERE.

MESENGERE.

'Blynne youi contekions, chiefs, for, as I stode  
 Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,

---

GROFFILE, *abject, grovelling*  
 BLYNNE, *cease*

|| CONTEKIONS, *contentions*

---

\* These nine lines, and the speech of the second Messenger afterwards, are the blank verse, a metre first practised in England by Surrey



Notte lyche aun handfulle of a fiemded foë,  
 Botte blacke wythe aimoure, movynge ugsomlie,  
 Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
 'To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thondei stoime.

## MAGNUS

Ar there meynthe of them ?

## MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,  
 Seemyng as tho' there styng as peisante too

## HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte ? lettes sette oue wair-  
 arraie  
 Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare,

FREMDED, *frighted*.  
 UGSOMLIE, *terribly*.  
 HELE, *help*.

|| PERSANTE, *piercing*  
 || BEME, *trumpet*

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styngge as faste as heie.  
 Whatte<sup>2</sup> doest foigard thie blodde<sup>2</sup> ys ytte fo  
 feare<sup>2</sup>

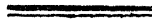
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,  
 And yette ne bykei wythe the soldyer gaude<sup>2</sup>  
 Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the leie,  
 I of the boddie wyll keepe watch and warde

MAGNUS.

Oue goddes of Denmarke know mie haite ys goode.

HURRA

For nete uppon the eithe, botte to be choughens  
 foode



FORGARD, *lose.*

CASTLE-STERE, *the hold of the castle*

BYKER, *battle*

ANNETHE, *underneath*

|| LERE, *leather, stuff*

|| NITE, *nought*

|| CHOUGHENS, *ravens*

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE  
MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mic towic I kende the commynge foe,  
I spied the crossed shilde, and bloddie sweide,  
The furyous Ælla's banner, wythynne kenne  
The armie ys Dysordei throughe oure hoaste  
Is fleyngc, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;  
Sty1, sty1, mie lordes !

MAGNUS.

What ? Ælla ? and soc neaic ?  
Thenne Denmaiques roiend ; oh mie rysyngc feaic !

HURRA

What doeste thou mene ? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou ate a venie berne.

---

KENDE, *perceived*  
ROIEND, *ruined*

|| BERNE, *child*.

Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,  
 Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of aycton  
 deine

Botte I toe wair mie doeynges moste attuene,  
 To cheeie the Sabbataneres to deerie dede

## MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne eveyche syde wylle burne,  
 Telleyng e hem alle to make hei foemen blede ;  
 Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,  
 Mie harte I wylle upryse, and inne the battelle slea

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and ARMIE  
 near WATCHETTE.

## ÆLLA

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure vowes,

CREAND, *cowardly*  
 MOCHE, *much*  
 DFRNE, *terrible*  
 ATTURNE, *turn*

SABBATANERES, *booted soldiers.*  
 DEERE, *terrible*  
 UPRYSE, *rouse up*  
 MATTYNES, *morning devotion*

Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune ,  
 And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
 Of certane masteischyppe upon hys glestreyng  
 blowes.

As for mie haite, I owne ytte ys, as eie  
 Itte has beene ynne the sommei-sheene of fate.  
 Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of feie ,  
 Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,  
 Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state.  
 Impatyente for to mete the persante stele,  
 And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate  
 As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde weale  
 Friends, kynne, and soldyenes, ynne blacke armour  
 dieie,  
 Mie actyons mytate, mie presente redyng here.



BOUNE, *ready*  
 MASTERSCHYPPE, *victory*  
 GLESTREYNGE, *glittering*  
 UGSOMME, *hideous*  
 GRATCHE, *garb, dress.*

EMBOILEN, *swelling*  
 PERSANTE, *piercing.*  
 DRERE, *terrible*  
 REDYNGE, *advice*

There ys ne house, athow thys shap-scurged isle,  
 Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has sorfeted the hongerde soyle,  
 And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.  
 Inne gyte of fyie oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;  
 Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge goie;  
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,  
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.  
 Yee menne, gyf ye aie menne, displaie yor name,  
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest  
 flame.

Ye Chystyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;  
 These roynenes of our hallie houses slea ;  
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the  
 flame,

---

SHAP-SCURGED, *fate-scourged*  
 SORFETED, *surfeted, cloyed*  
 ENLOWED, *flamed, fired.*  
 LEMED, *lighted*  
 GYTE, *dress*  
 HALLIE, *holy.*  
 DYGHTE<sup>s</sup>, *cloathes.*

STORVEN, *dead*  
 SMETHYNGE, *smoking*  
 PYGHTE<sup>s</sup>, *pluck*  
 YBRENDE, *burn.*  
 ROYNERRES, *ravagers.*  
 BRASTE, *burst.*

Lyche torrentes, gushyngc downe the mountaines.  
bee.

And whanne alonge the giene yer champyons flee,  
Swefte as the iodde foi-weltyngc levyn-bionde.  
Yatte hauntes the flyngc northeic oere the lea,  
Soe flie oponne these roynes of the londe  
Lette those yatte aie unto yer battayles fledde,  
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowyngc bedde

Let cowarde Londonne see herie towne on fyie,  
And strev wythe goulde to staie the ioyners honde,  
Ælla and Bystowe havethe thoughtes thattes  
hyghei,  
Wee fyghte notte foi ourselves, botte all the londe  
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,  
Pressyngc ytte downe binethe the reynyngc stieme,  
Wythe dieene dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,

---

FOR WELTRYNGE, *blasting*  
LEVYN-BRONDE, *flash of lightning.*  
YATTE, *that*  
BATTAYLES, *ships, boats*  
ETERNE, *eternal*  
FEERIE, *fiery*  
LOWYNGE, *flaming*

STREV, *strive*  
ROYNERS, *ruiners*  
HYGER, *the bore of the Severn*  
LYGHETHE, *lodgeth*  
RELYNYNGE, *running*  
DREERIE, *terrible*  
ENSWOLTERS, *swallows, sucks in*

Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhuiye bieme,  
 Soe wylle wee beerie the Dacyanne aimedowne,  
 And throughe a stoime of blodde wyl reache the  
 champyon clowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gae,  
 To Bystowe dheie wylle toune yeyie fhurie dyre;  
 Bystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayie,  
 Biendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyie,  
 Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ne,  
 Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,  
 See[ing] the lambe and shepster nere the biere,  
 Doth th'one for safetie, th'one for hongie slea;  
 Thanne, whanne the iavenne cokes uponne the  
 playne,  
 Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns  
 slayne.

FHURYE, *fury*  
 BREME, *fiere*  
 LOEKE, *luck*  
 GAERE, *cause*

UNENHANTENDE, *unaccustomed*  
 WOLFYNs, *wolves*  
 PRE, *prey*  
 SHEPSTER, *shepherd*



Lyche a 1odde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,  
 Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynnne fyghte,  
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bec  
 sleene

Lyche [a] loud dynnyngge sticeme scalle be mie  
 myghte.

Ye menne, who woulde descryve the name of knyghte,  
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte,  
 To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywite,  
 Whanne Englonde han hei foemenn, Bristow slepte.  
 Youiselves, youre chyldien, and youie fellowes crie,  
 Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be biave, and wynne  
 or die

I saie ne moe; youie spryte the 1este wylle saie,  
 Youre spryte wylle wynne, thatte Bristow ys  
 yer place,  
 To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie,

GRONFER, *fen meteor.*  
 ANLACE, *sword.*  
 STRYNGE, *strong*  
 LYONCELLE, *lion's whelp.*  
 SLEENE, *slain*  
 DYNNYNGE, *sounding*

SCALL, *shall*  
 PIVES, *diggers*  
 POYNTELE, *pen*  
 RENNOMES, *reputation*  
 GARE, *cause,*  
 WRYNNE, *discover*

Inne youre owne haites you maie the foote-pathe  
trace.

'Twezte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle space ;  
The tyme ys nowe to proove youselves be menne ;  
Diawe foithe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve  
grace,

Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne  
Thus I enrone mie anlace, go thou shethe ;  
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe  
deathe.

### SOLDYERS.

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

'TWEZTE, *between*  
SHAPPE, *fate*  
BORNYSHED, *burnshed*  
FETYVE, *agreeable, somely.*

ENRONE, *unsheath*  
ANLACE, *sword*  
LEATHAL, *deadly*

## CELMONDE.

This speche, O Loverde, fyiethe the whole twayne,  
 Their pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe,  
 Go, and sytte crowned on coises of the slayne ;  
 Go, and ywielde the masse sweide of deathe.

## SOLDYERRES

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

## ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie fiendes, you noble spytes  
 Speke yn youie eyne, and doe yet master telle  
 Swefte as the rayne-stoime toe the eithe alyghtes,  
 Soe wylle we fall upon these ioynes felle.  
 Ouie mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe  
 to helle,



Theyre throngynge coises shall onlyghte the staries;  
The barrowes biastyng wythe the sleene schall  
swelle,

Bynnyng to commynge tymes our famous warres,  
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the  
nyghte

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,  
Echone wylle mai velle atte the deime dede,  
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne\* seene the daie,

---

ONLYGHTE, *darken*  
BARROWES, *tombs*  
BRASTYNGE, *bursting*  
BRYNNYNGE, *declaring*

LOWE, *flame*  
POYNTELLES, *pens*  
DERNIE, *valiant*  
WYSSEN, *wish*

---

The CAPITAL BLUNDER which runs through all these Poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is *the termination of verbs in the singular number in n* *han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the *present* or *past* time SINGULAR of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the *present time plural* and the infinitive mode

*Tyrwhitt*

In opposition to this conclusive remark ANONYMUS produced twelve passages of which only one is in the least to his purpose "Ich han bitten this wax"—an old rime of nobody knows whom. Mr Bryant and the Dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection

And biavelie holped to make the foemenn blede,  
 Botte for yer holpe our battelle wylle notte nede,  
 Oure force ys foice enowe to staie theyre honde,  
 Wee wylle 1etourne unto thys grened mede,  
 Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.

Nowe to the waire lette all the slughornes sounde,  
 The Dacyanne troopes appele on yinder rysynge  
 grounde

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.



SLUGHORNES, *warlike instruments of* ¶ YINDER, *gondr.*  
*music*

DANES *flynge, neare* WATCHETTE

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes, Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;  
 The Saxonne come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;  
 Lette's strev to gette awaie to ynder greene;  
 Flie, flie, thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace  
 bledde,  
 And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?  
 See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,  
 Yette I wylle synglie daie the bloddie fiaie

---

STREV, *strive*.  
 ANLACE, *sword*.

|| BESPRENGED, *scattered*

Botte ne ; I'lle flie, and moither yn ietiete ,  
 Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle mark the goeynge  
 of my feete.

### THYRDE DANE

Enthoghteynge fou to scape the brondeyng foe,  
 As neie unto the by llowd beche I came,  
 Fair offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.  
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,  
 Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe ;  
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,  
 There lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge\* yield ye  
 breathe,

---

NE, *no*  
 WORTHER, *murder*  
 SCALLE, *shell*  
 ENTHOGHTEYNGE, *thinking*  
 BRONDEYNGE, *furious, inflamed*

SPRYNGE, *lofty*  
 BATTAYLES, *ships*  
 BURIED, *armed*  
 BOBBLYNCE, *the noise made by a mar*  
*in drowning*

---

\* Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,  
 And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, o1 yn the battle  
 slayne

## HURRA

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous  
 knyghte,  
 Bie cravente havyouie havethe don oure woe,  
 Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
 And placeyng valourous menne where diaffs mote  
 goe  
 Sythence oure fourtunie havethe touned soe,  
 Gader the souldyeis lefte to futuie shappe,  
 To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe,  
 Inne futuie daie wee wylle have better happe  
 Sounde the loude slughoine foi a quicke foiloyne,  
 Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner  
 joyne.

---

DYSCOURTEOUS, *ungenerous*  
 CRAVENTE *coward*  
 HAVYOURE, *behaviour*  
 DESPENDYNGE, *expending*.  
 DRAFFS, *refuse*  
 SYTHENCE, *since then*

FOURTUNIE, *fortune, or conflict*  
 GADER, *collect*  
 SHAPPE, *fate*.  
 FORLOYNE, *retreat*  
 SWYTHE, *quickly*



Throwe hamlettes wee wylle sprengē sadde dethe  
 and dole,  
 Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves there-  
 ynne  
 Goddes ! here the Saxonnes lyeche a byllowe 1olle  
 I heeie the anlacis detested dynne  
 Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne ,  
 Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte  
 agenne.



HAMLETTES, *villages*  
 SPRENGE, *scatter*  
 DOLE, *lamentation.*

|| WASCH, *wash*  
 || ANLACE, *sword*  
 || PENNE, *eminence*

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE

O foir a spryte al feere <sup>1</sup> to telle the daie,  
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,  
 Makeyng eoure foemennes envyyngchautes to blede,  
 Ybereynge thro the wouilde oure rennomde name for  
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie iobes byn dyghte,  
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,  
 †The howeis diewe awaie the geete of nyghte,

---

SCAL, *shall*  
 ASTOUNDE, *astomish*  
 RIDE, *wisdom*  
 YBEREYNGE, *bearing*

RENOMDE, *renowned.*  
 DYGHTE, *cloathed.*  
 FYTTED, *flew*  
 GFLEIE, *mantle*

---

\* Heavens gates spontaneous open to the Powers,  
 Heavens golden gates, kept by the winged Hours  
 Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
 Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,  
 Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away

*Pope's Homer*

Her sable tapistrie was iente yn twayne  
 The dauncyngestreaks bedecked heaveunes playne,  
 And on the dowe dyd smyle wythe shemyng eie,  
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke aimouie  
     steyne,  
 Sheenyng upon the boine whyche stondeth bie,  
 The souldyeis stood uponne the hillis syde,  
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a foireste byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe bueres ;  
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte,  
 Hys eyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyie ,  
 Whanne he encheered evenie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous  
     knyghte ,  
 Itte moovethe hem, as hontenes lyoncelle ;  
 In tiebled aimouie ys theyre couage dyghte ;  
 Eche waiyng harte for prayse & iennome swelles :

---

SHEMYNGE, *glittering*  
 GOTTES, *drops*  
 BORNE, *burnish, rather hill*

ENLEFED, *inleaf*  
 ENSEMEYNG, *appearing.*  
 LOWE, *flame*

Lyche slowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge streme  
 Syche dyd the moimryng sounde of the whol armie  
 seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onnc to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,  
 Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesome  
 taie

To telle howe evenie loke wuld banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntell oi hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-weie,  
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and stryngge,  
 Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie waiiours hedde  
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masteie arounde hym  
 fledde.

The battelle jyned, swerdes uponne sweides dyd  
 ryngge ;

CROUCHEYNGE, *crooked, winding.*  
 MORMRYNGE, *murmuring*  
 POYNTELL, *pen*  
 TYNGUE, *tongue*

|| HEAVEN-WERE, *towards heaven*  
 || BRONDEOUS, *furious*  
 || STRYNGGE, *strong*

Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee ;  
 Lyche fallyngestarres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;  
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea ;  
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,  
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,  
 Wythe sythe a fhuyne he dydde onn 'hemm dree,  
 Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne ;  
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, my tyngge ; saie nee ;  
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee  
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.  
 Heere a stoute 'Dane uponne hys compheere felle ;  
 Heere loide and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne,  
 Heere sonne and fadie trembled ynto helle.  
 Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to telle !  
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte, botte Ælla's speere  
 Uponne the flyyngge Dacyannes schoulder felle,  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte taie,

---

FLEMED, *frighted*.  
 DREE, *drive*  
 BOWKES, *bodies*.

COMPHEERE, *companion*.  
 HYNDLETTE, *peasant*.

He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes  
 sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons  
 stonde,

Lyché bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous  
 myghte ys fledde ;

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
 Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes  
 deadde.

After hys acte, the aīmie all yspedde ,  
 Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe ;  
 Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes ; the foemenn  
 bledde ;

Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe ;  
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,  
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyché a  
 ravenne fledde.



GRIPPED, *grasped.*  
 YSPEDDE, *dispatched*

|| STRAUGHTE, *stretched*  
 DOUGHTIE, *valiant.*

The soldyeries followed wythe a myghtie cne,  
 Ciyes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes  
 affraie  
 Swefte, as yci shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes  
 fle,  
 Swefte as the rayne uponne an Apyllle daie,  
 Pressyng behynde, the Englysche soldyeries slaie  
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;  
 Ælla commaundes 'here shoulde the sleetie staie,  
 Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.  
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,  
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.  
 Mic servant squyre '

### CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

#### CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing hoise,  
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the  
 wynde.



SLEETRE, *slaughter*.

Whoe wylle outestreppe the moineynge lyghte yn  
 course,  
 Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.  
 Somme hyltlen mattes doe mie piensence fynde.  
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.  
 Gyff ynne thys gaie thou doest mie order mynde,  
 Whanne I 1eturne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;  
 Fle, fle, be gon, an howeire ys a daie;  
 Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & bynge hymm  
 heere — awaie !

CELMONDE. [*Solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toun  
 He waytethe, tulle hys woundes be bioghte to ethe.  
 And shalle I from hys biowes plocke off the cioune,  
 Makynge the vyctoie yn hys vyctoie blethe ?  
 O no ! tulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,  
 Fulle soonere woulde I toittued bee toe deathe;

---

GYTTELLES, *mantle, cloathing*  
 MERKE, *darkness,*  
 HYLLEN, *hidden.*  
 GARE, *cause*

DYGHTE, *prepare*  
 ETHE, *relief, easy*  
 SMETHE, *smoke*



Botte—Biitha ys the pryze ; ahe ' ytte were ethe  
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe,  
 Botte thanne rennome æterne—yttte ys botte ayre :  
 Breddde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvvyng there

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre  
 To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,  
 Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,  
 And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
 Were blodde, and morthur, masterie, and warre ;  
 Thie I wylle holde to nowe, and hede ne moe  
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarie.  
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantyng of a thoine,  
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glouie shalle be  
 torne.

---

ETHE, *easy*.  
 GAYNE, *great, advantageous*

|| ÆTERNE, *eternal*  
 || BATTENTLIE, *boldly, or violently*

## BRYSTOWE.

## BIRTHA, EGWINA.

## BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;  
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere,  
 Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,  
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, and brynie teare !

## EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
 Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied\* reste.

---

PRECHE, *exhort, recommend*  
 WEERE, *grief*

|| SELLYNESSE, *happiness.*  
 || CHERISAUNIED, *comfortable*

---

\* By an error of the press, Chersaunied is printed in Kersey instead of Chersaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places

Youre loverde from the battle wylle appere,  
 Ynne honnouie, and a greater love, be dieste :  
 Botte I wylle call the mynstielles roundelaie ,  
 Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase youi wiere  
                   awaie

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynynge 1yve1 bec ,  
                   Mie love ys dedde,  
                   Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
                   Al under the wylLOWE tree



LOVERDE, *lord.*  
 SWOTIE, *sweet,*

|| WIERE, *grief*  
 || REYNYNGE, *running*

Blacke hys clyne as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

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

Harke ' the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
 In the briered delle belowe ;  
 Harke ' the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ,

---

CRYNE, *hair*  
 RODE, *complexion.*  
 CALE, *cold.*

|| SWOTE, *sweet*  
 || DEFTE, *neat*

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wylowe-tree.

See ' the whyte moone shecnes onne lue ;  
 Whytere ys mie true loves shroude ,  
 Whytere yanne the moynynge skie.  
 Whytere yanne the evenynge cloude .

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wylowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleuis be layde,  
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
 Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Alle under the wylowe tree.



Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
 Ouphante fanie, lyghte youre fyies,  
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;  
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,  
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

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

---

DENTE, *fasten*  
 GRE, *grow*.  
 OUPHANTE, *elfin*.

NETE, *nighte*  
 REYTES, *waterflags*.  
 LEATHALLE, *deadly*

## BIRTHA

Thys syngeyng haveth whattu coulde make ytte  
 please ,  
 Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all  
 ease,



UNCOURTLIE, *unpleasant, cruel*  
 SHAPPE, *fate.*

|| BENYMMES, *bereaves.*

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

Cuisse onne mie taidie woundes ' brynge mee a  
stede '

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte ,  
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges foi  
flyghte ,

Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge  
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne  
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's aimes so longe '

O ' whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, noi mie londes goode  
leme myne eie !

Yee goddes, howe ys a loveries temper foimed '



Sometymes the samme thyng wyll bothe bane,  
and blesse;

On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thyng  
warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less  
"Tys Byrtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-  
sesse;

I wyll, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede ?

Mie huscales, hyther haste, prepare a dresse,  
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,  
For yn hei lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne.



BANE, *curse.*

ENCALEDE, *frozen, cold*

ESTROUGHTED, *stretched forth*

|| HUSCALS, *attendants*

|| COURACYERS, *horse coursers, couriers*

CELMONDE, *atte* BRYSTOWE

The worlde ys daike wythe nyghte; the wyndes  
 are stulle;  
 Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme,  
 The upryste spiytes the sylente letten fyllen,  
 Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreame;  
 The foireste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;  
 Nowe maie mie love be sated yn yttes treaten;  
 Uppone the lynche of somme swefte reynyng  
 streame,  
 At the swote banquetten I wylle swotelie eate.  
 Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CFLMONDE.

Go telle to Biitha straye, a straungerr waytethe here

UPRYSTE, *risen*  
 LETTEN, *church-yard*  
 OUPHANT, *elfin*

|| LEME, *light*  
 || LYNCH, *brink, border*  
 || REYNING, *running*

## CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

## BIRTHA.

Celmonde ' yce seynctes ' I hope thou haste goodc  
newes

## CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste ; for heavie newes prepare.

## BIRTHA

Is Ælla welle?

## CELMONDE

Hee lyves; and styлле maie use  
The behylte blessinges of a future yeare.

## BIRTHA,

Whatte heavie tydyngge thenne have I to feare?  
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latehe saie?

## CELMONDE

Foī heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.  
 Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fiaie;  
 In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

## BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast !

## CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

## BIRTHA.

Wylle Biitha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?  
 I fle; newe wynges doe from mie schouleris  
 sprynge.

## CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

---

BYKEROUS, *warlike*  
 AGROTED, *swelling, or bursting.*

|| ETHE, *relieve, ease.*  
 DEFTELIE, *easily, commodiously*

## BIRTHA

Oh ! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge :  
 Sweftlie caparisons for 1ydyngge byngge ;  
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.  
 O Ælla, Ælla ' dydste thou kenne the styngge,  
 The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,  
 Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gaie to bee ;  
 Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

## CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as a vrc,  
 Mie servytouies doe wayte mee nere the wode ;  
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repavie,  
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.  
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys  
     bloode,  
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys haite alle  
     cheerie ;

---

LYNGE, *linger.*

LEVYN PLOOME, *feathered lightning*

|| GARE, *cause.*

|| YEV, *give*

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;  
 You doe hys spyte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere  
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,  
 Yette love wille be a toie to tourne to feere nyghtes  
 smoke

## BIRTHA

Albeytte unweais dyd the welkynn rende,  
 Reyne alyche fallynge ryveys, dyd ferse bee,  
 Erthe wythe the ayie enchafed dyd contende,  
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd  
 slee,  
 Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ;  
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,  
 Owlettes, wythe scychyng, shakeyng everyche  
 tree,



LIVELYHODE, *life.*  
 MOKE, *dark*  
 TORE, *torch*  
 FLERE, *fire*  
 UNWEARS, *tempest.*

WELKYNN, *sky, or heaven*  
 REYNE, *rain.*  
 FERSE, *fierce*  
 ENCHAFED, *heated.*  
 ENSEME, *furrow, or make seams in.*

And water-nedeis wrygglynge yn eche stienc.  
Yette woulde I fle, ne undei coverte staie,  
Botte seke mie Ælla owte, biave Celmonde, leade the  
waie.



WATER-NEDERS, *water-serpents*

## A WODE.

## HURRA, DANES.

## HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,  
 Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oue ylle warie;  
 Whatteveire schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,  
 Spreddyng our ugsomme rennome to afaire.  
 Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee aie,  
 Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle foi yee bee,  
 On eueich bieaste yn gorie letteres scaire,  
 Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes  
 maie dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmaikes shore,  
 Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne  
 moeie

---

BEWRECKEYNGE, *revenging*  
 UGSOMME, *terrible*  
 RENNOME, *renown.*  
 NETE, *nought*

SUFFYCYLE, *sufficient*  
 SCARRE, *mark*  
 DREE, *drive*  
 EFTESOONES, *quickly*



The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede ,  
 Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a  
     fiare,  
 Oure venie amourie, and oure heaulmes dyd blede,  
 The Dacyannes spytes, lyche dewe dropes, fiedde  
     awaic,  
 Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie ,  
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte ,  
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle  
     paie,  
 Brynnyng, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn  
     fyghte ,  
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,  
     destroie,—  
 Oure amouries—wyntei nyghte shotte oute the daie  
     of joie

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
 Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie biende ,

---

QUEEDES, *devils*  
 HEAULMES, *helmets*  
 HIND-IETTES, *peasants*  
 BRYNNYNGE, *chewing*

WYLFES, *wolves*  
 SHOTTE, *shot*  
 FHUYRIE, *fury*  
 BRENDE, *burn*

Brastyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,  
 The talle chyche-spye upon the grene shalle bende;  
 Wee wyll the walles, and auntyante touriettes  
 rende,

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beeie,  
 Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dheieof sende,  
 Besprengynge alle abrode sadde waie and bloddie  
 weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wyll fle;  
 And thence wyll yssue owte onne all yatte commeth  
 bie

## ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

### CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

#### BIRTHA.

Thys meikness doe affiaie mie wommanns breaste.

---

BRASTYNGE, *bursting*  
 AUNTYANTE, *ancient*  
 PETE, *pluck up*

BESPRENGYNGE *scattering*  
 WEERE, *tempest*  
 MERKNESSE, *darkness.*

†Howe sable ys the spieddyng skie an ayde †  
 Hailie the bordelene, who lyves to reste,  
 Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde,  
 The staines doe scantillie the sable brayde,  
 Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comfoite wove,  
 Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte  
 ariayde †

### CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fittet tyde for love

### BIRTHA

Saiest thou for love † ah † love is far awaie  
 Faygne would I see once moe the ioddie lemes of  
 daie

---

HAILIE, *happy.*  
 BORDELEIRE, *cottager*  
 FLEMYNGE, *terrifying*  
 SSANTILLIE, *scarcely, sparingly.*

BRAYDE, *embroider*  
 LEMLS, *rays, beams*  
 MERKER, *darken*  
 TYDE, *time*

---

\* All is hush'd and still as death † — 'tis dreadful †  
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile †  
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice

*Mourning Bride*

## CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here

## BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

## CELMONDE

Thys Celmonde menes,  
 No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,  
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
 Nete in thys foireste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,  
 The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn  
 nyghte;  
 See<sup>1</sup> howe the brauncynge ties doe here entwyne,  
 Makeynge thys bower so pleasyng to the syghte;  
 Thys was for love fyiste made, and heere ytt  
 stondes,  
 Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves  
 bondes.

---

<sup>1</sup>BEWREENE, *discover*  
 NETE, *nought*.

|| TORE *touch*  
 BRAUNCYNGE, *branching*.

## BIRTHA

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or else mie  
 thoughtes  
 Perchaunce maie I obbe thie honestie so fayre

## CELMONDE

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

## BIRTHA

Oh heaven and carlie<sup>1</sup> whatte ys ytt I doe heare<sup>2</sup>  
 Am I betraсте<sup>2</sup> where ys mie Ælla, saie<sup>1</sup>

## CELMONDE

O<sup>1</sup> do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,  
 Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

## BIRTHA

Awaie<sup>1</sup>

---

BETRASTE, *betrayed*,

|| NETE, *not*

I wylle be gone, and gioape mie passage oute,  
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
 Ontylle thou doeste mie biendynge love amate.  
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regiate.  
 O ! didst thou see mie bieastis tioblous state,  
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe !  
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,  
 Gyff Birtha style wylle make mie haite-veynes  
 blethe.

Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,  
 Fullle ylle I canne thie fiownes and haide dysplea-  
 saunce brooke

NEDERS, *adders*  
 BRENDYNGE, *burning*  
 AMATE, *quench.*  
 REGRATE, *favor*

HARRIE, *harrow, tear up*  
 ETHE, *ease*  
 HELE, *help, healing*  
 BLETHE, *bleed*

## BIRTHA

The love ys foul; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavitie sedde  
 Swythynne fle from mee, and ne turther saie;  
 Radher thanne heere thie love, I woulde bee dead.  
 Yee seynctes, and shal I wronge mie Ælla s bedde,  
 And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the  
     thyng?

Lett mee be gone—alle causes onne thie hedde!  
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message byngge!  
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable haite!  
 Or welkyn and hei staires wyll take a maydens parte

## CELMONDE.

Sythence you wyllc notte lette mie suyte avele,  
 Mielove wyllc have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte,  
 Youe lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryngce as stele;  
 The meikye seesonne wyllc youe blshes hylte.

DESLAVATIE, *litchery*  
 WEIKYN, *heaven*  
 AVELF, *avail, prevail*

|| MEIKYE, *murky, dark*  
 || HYLTE, *hide*

## BIRTHA

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

## CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of nede.  
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou  
wylte.

Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete else hede.

## BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,  
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder  
heare.

Holpe ! holpe ! oh godde !

STREV, *strve*.  
WISCHE, *wish*

|| BESTOYKERRE, *decever*.  
|| RODER, *Roader-Visitor, traveller*.



CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES

HURRA.

Ah ! thatts a wommanne cnes  
I kenn hem ; saic who aic you, yatte be thecic ?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie ! onie bie thys sweide yee dies.

HURRA.

The wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affiere.

BIRTHA

Save mee, oh ! save me from thys roynec hecic !



SETE, *stability.*  
AFIERE, *affright*

|| ROYNER, *ruiner*

HURRA

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

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see  
 Gyff mie stryngge anlance maie bewyten whatte I bee.

*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he  
 sleath, and falet to Hurra*

---

BRONDEOUS, *furious*.  
 ANLACE, *sword*

|| BEWRYLN, *bewray, discover*.

## CELMONDE

Oh! I forslagen be ' ye Danes, now kenne,  
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,  
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;  
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æteine nyghte, —  
 To hei be kynde

*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte  
 Saie, who bee you ?

BIRTHA

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA

Ah !

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,

---

FORSLAGEN, *slain.*  
 FORSLEGE, *slay.*

|| ÆTERNE, *eternal*  
 ANENSTE, *against*

Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,  
 Mie thanks I euei onne you wylle bestowe,  
 From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of moitalwoe.

## HURRA.

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

---

LETHAL, *deadly*  
 ANLACE, *sword*  
 EWBRICE, *adultery*  
 PYGHTE, *plucked*  
 BRONDEOUS, *furious*  
 FORSLAGEN, *slew*

YBRFNTTE, *burnt*  
 SHENTE, *broke*  
 HANTONED, *accustomed*  
 GARE, *cause*  
 WYSCHEDE, *wished*  
 DOME, *fate*

## BIRTHA

Mercie !

## HURRA.

Bee stytle.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;  
 Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the foiloyne;  
 The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,  
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde and  
 wyne ;

Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne ?  
 You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestian felde,  
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyde  
 spieddyngge shulde

Whanne you, as caytysned, yn felde dyd bee,  
 He oathed you to be stytle, and stiayte didd sette  
 you free.

---

FORLOYNE, *retreat.*  
 DYGNE, *noble, worthy of praise.*  
 SMETHD, *smoked.*  
 BEHYLTE, *forbid.*

CLEYNE, *sound.*  
 CAYTYSNED, *captives.*  
 OATHED, *swore.*

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave ?  
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countiyes gae ?  
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,  
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere ?  
 O! scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appeie,  
 Doeynge hym favouie for hys favoure donne,  
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,  
 Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne ?  
 The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;  
 Damoysselle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe  
 mee.

## BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seyncetes unto yee gyve !  
 Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughtelyvynges'  
 bee '  
 Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,  
 Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe and  
 sea.

---

FORSLEGE, *slay*.  
 GARE, *cause*  
 PERCASE, *perhaps*.  
 MENNYS, *mens*.

BEWRYNNE, *declare*.  
 LONGE-STRAUGHTE, *lengthened*.  
 GUYFTE, *gift*

O Celmonde ! I maie defthe rede by thee,  
 Whatte ille berydethe the enfouled kynde,  
 Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie clyme bewree !  
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !  
 Soldye ! for syke thou arte ynn noble fiaie,  
 I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the  
 waie.

### HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene,  
 Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;  
 The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oer the  
 greene,  
 Toe chase the meikyness of nyghte awaie;  
 Swifte flies the howeis thatte wylle bynge oute  
 the daie;

DEFTLIE, *properly*  
 BETYDETHE, *awaiteth.*  
 ENFOULED, *visious.*

|| CROSS-STONE, *monument.*  
 || BEWREE, *declare.*  
 || LEME, *ray*

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeyng giasse;  
 The shepster mayden, dyghtyng heu auaie,  
 Scante sees her vysage yn the wauie glasse;  
 Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,  
 O! Bystowes wallyd towne, damoyselle, followe mee.



GREEINGE, *growing*  
 SHEPSTER MAYDEN, *shepherdess.*

|| DYGHTYNGE, *preparing*  
 || SCANTE, *scarce.*



## AT BRYSTOWE

## ÆLLA AND SERVITOURS

## ÆLLA

Tys nowe fullc moine, I thoughten, bie laste nyghte  
 To have been heere ; mie stede han notte mie love,  
 Thys ys mie pallace , lette mie hyndes alyghte,  
 Whylste I goe oppe, and wack mie slepeynge dove.  
 Staie here, mie hyndlettes , I shal goe above  
 Nowe, Butha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spyte,  
 The smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyll  
     proove ;  
 Mie ledanne boddie wyll bec sette alyghte.  
 Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,  
 Yatte I on Butha's bieste maie thynke of warre ne  
     moie.

---

HYNDDES, *servants*.  
 ENHELE, *heal, cure*

|| LEDANNE, *heavy*

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla !

ÆLLA.

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

EGWINA.

Birtha is —

ÆLLA.

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

EGWINA.

Gone —

ÆLLA.

Gone ! ye goddes !

## EGWINA

Alas ' ytte ys toe true  
 Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wy the myckle woe '  
 Ælla ! whatt ⁊ Ælla ' oh ' hee lyves agen '

## ÆLLA

Cal mee notte Ælla , I am hymme ne moe  
 Where ys shee gon awaie ⁊ ah ' speake ' how ⁊ when ⁊

## EGWINA.

I will.

## ÆLLA

Capayson a score of stedes , flie , flie '  
 Where ys shee ⁊ swythyne specke, or instante thou  
 shalte die.

## EGWINA.

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

## ÆLLA

Oh ' speak.

## EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heaue rayne,  
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with hei wieie,  
 Her love the gaie, thatte gave hei haite syke peyne—

## ÆLLA.

Her love ! to whomme ?

## EGWINA

To thee, her spouse, alleyne  
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,  
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;  
 Thanne alle aounde the pallace I dyd seere,  
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
 wheere.

WIERE, *grief.*  
 GARE, *cause*  
 ALLEYNE, *only, alone.*

|| HENTYLLE, *custom*  
 || SEERE, *search*

## ÆLLA

Thou lvest, foul hagge ' thou lvest ; thou art her ayde  
To cheie hei louste , — botte noe , ytte cannotte bee.

## EGWINA

Gj ft trowth appcair notte inne whatte I have sayde,  
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

## ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe ; I see,  
Shee wythe somme loustie paramouic ys gone,  
Itte moste be soe — oh ! howe ytte wracketh mee '  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronnc ;  
Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste  
comme ,  
Nete lyvyngc upon eithe can now enswote mie  
domme.

LOUSTIE, *lustful*  
BRONDEOUS, *furious*

|| ENSWOTE, *sweeten*.

## ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

## SERVYTOURE.

Loveide<sup>1</sup> I am aboute the trowth to saie  
 Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde 1etourne to 1este.  
 As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
 To Bntha onne hys name and place addreste;  
 Downe to hym camme shee, butte thereof the reste  
 I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

## ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie haite flames yn yttes heste;  
 I once was Ælla, nowe bee notte yttes shade  
 Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle  
 Fallen onn mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla  
 styll.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte.  
 Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce  
 wynde,

---

LOVERDE, *lord*  
 HESTE, *command*  
 BENNED, *cursed, tormented.*

|| UNBURIED, *unarmed*  
 || DOLCE, *soft, gentle*

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth iage Im pyghte,  
 A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde  
 Mie hommeu yette somme drybplet joie maie fynde,  
 To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve,  
 Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,  
 Itte weie a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve,  
 Mie huscarles, untoe everie askei telle,  
 Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle

*Stabbeth hys beste.*

### SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene, the flower of Englonde's maide'

### ÆLLA.

Be stytle. stythe lette the chyches ryngie mie  
 knelle.

STEERED, *stealed*  
 PYGHTE, *tortured*  
 UNWEERE, *tempest*  
 ENGYNED, *racked*  
 HOMMEUR, *honour*

|| DRYBBLET, *inconsiderable*  
 || YEVE, *give*  
 || RYNDE, *ruined*  
 || RECRANDIZE, *corradice.*  
 || HUSCARLES, *servants*

Call hyther biave Coermyke, he, as waide  
Of thys mie Bystowe castle, wyll doe welle

*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA EGWINA, SERVYTOURE,  
COERNYKE.

ÆLLA

Thee I ordeyne the waide, so alle maie telle.  
I have botte lyttel tym to diagge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dyenne yn the caies of hei I wyschd mie wyfe<sup>1</sup>  
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA

Yatte shee moste bee,

ÆLLA.

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

---

LETHALLE, *deadly*  
DYENNE, *sound.*

|| WYSCHD, *wished*



ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE,  
COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah ! BIRTHA here !

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys ? whatte menes yis leathalle  
kneile ?

Where ys mie Ælla ? speeke , where ? howe ys hee ?  
Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed ; botte doe notte lyve for thee

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla ?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.

This foulness urged me honde to gyve thys wounde,  
Ytte mee unspytes.

BIRTHA,

Ytte hathe unspiyted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! me Biitha fallethe to the grounde!  
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane, botte yette a fiende to thee  
Thys damoysselle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Stievyng full hard anenste a builed swayne  
I sente hym myryngge ynne me compheeres blodde,  
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie wanyngge trayne.  
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne,

UNSPRYTES, *un-souit*  
BURLED, *armed.*

|| MYRYNGE, *wallowing*  
COMPHELPEES, *companions*

The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle,  
So here wæc broughte her wythe you to remayne.

### COERNIKE

Yee nobylle Danes ! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

### ÆLLA.

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

### BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne ? I cannotte blame thie feere  
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste ;  
I wylle to thee bewyten the woefulle gae.  
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of 1este.  
Wordeynge for mee to fle, att your requeste,  
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyngte laie ;

---

BEWYEN, *declare*  
GARE, *cause.*

|| WORDEYNGE, *bringing me word*

I wyth hym fledde; thio' a muike wode we pieste,  
 Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie :  
 The Danes—

## ÆLLA.

Oh ! I die contente — *dieth.*

## BIRTHA.

Oh ! ys mie Ælla dedde ?  
 Oh ! I wyll make hys grave mie vyigyn spousal bedde.  
*Birtha feyncteth.*

## COERNYKE.

Whatte ? Ælla deadde ! and BIRTHA dyyngge toe !  
 Soe falles the fayrest flouiettes of the playne.  
 Who canne unplyte the wuchys heaven can doe,  
 OI who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne ?  
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne,

---

MURKE, *dark.*  
 UNFLYTE, *unfold.*

WURCHYS, *works.*  
 SHAPPE, *fate*  
 RENNOME, *renown*

For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,  
Thie countrymen shall reie thee on the playne,  
A pyle of carnes, as anie giave can boaste  
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,  
Inne heaven thou syng of Godde, on eithe we lle  
syng of thee.



CARNES, *stones.*

|| AMEDE, *reward*

**GODWIN;**

**A Tragedie,**

**By THOMAS ROTULEGE.**

*Transcribed by Mr. Catcott from a poem in Chatterton's  
hand-writing [See p 2]*

## PROLOGUE,

*Made be Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE*

---

Whylomme bie pensmenne moke ungentle name  
 Have upon Goddwyne Eile of Kente bin layde,  
 Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;  
 Unliart divinistries haveth saide,  
 Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wuiche;  
 Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.

The aouthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,  
 Albeytte a cleigyon, trouthe wyll wytte

---

WHYLOMME, *of old, formerly*  
 PENSMENNE, *writers, historians.*  
 MOKE, *much*  
 UNGENTLE, *inglorious*  
 BENYMMYNGE, *bereaving*  
 FAIE, *faith*  
 UNLIART, *unforgiving*

DIVINISTRES, *divines, clergymen,*  
*monks*  
 HALLIE, *holy*  
 WURCHE, *work*  
 NE, *not*  
 AUCTHOURS, *author*  
 CLERGYON, *clerk, or clergyman*



Inne drawyng of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;  
 Entyn a kyng mote bee full pleased to nyghte  
 Attende, and maicke the partes nowe to be done:  
 Wee bette<sup>1</sup> fo<sup>1</sup> toe doe do champion\* anie onne

---

ENTYN, *even*  
 MOTE, *might*.

|| CHAMPYON, *challenge*

---

\* No instance of this verb has yet been adduced from a writer earlier than Shakespeare

**GODDWYN;**  
**A T R A G E D I E.**

---

*PERSONS REPRESENTED*

HAROLDE,	bie T ROWLEIE, the Aucthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie JOHAN DE ISCAMME
ELWARDE,	bie SYRR THYBBOT GORGES
ALSTAN,	bie SYRR ALAN DE VERE
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie MASTRE WILLYAM CANYNGE.

Others bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

---

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

Harolde !

HAROLDE

Mie loverde !

GODDWYN.

O ! I weepe to thyncke,  
What foemen 1yseth to ifiete the londe.

---

LOVERDE, *lord.*

|| IFRETE, *devour, destroy*

Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hautes bloude  
 dyncke,  
 And all ys graunted from the ioieal honde.

## HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge\* stonde ;  
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teies of goie :  
 Am I betrassed, syke shulde mie bulie bionde  
 Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I boie

## G O D D W Y N .

I ken thie spryte ful welle , gentle thou art,  
 Stringe, ugsomme, 1ou, as smethynge aimes seeme .

---

BATTEN, *fatten*  
 AGREME, *grievance*  
 BLYN, *cease, be still*  
 ALEDGE, *idly*  
 BETRASSED, *deceived, imposed on*  
 SYKE, *so*  
 BURLIE, *fury, anger, rage*

---

DEPEYNCTE, *paint, display*  
 SPRYTE, *soul.*  
 STRINGE, *strong*  
 UGSOMME, *terrible*  
 ROU, *horrid, grim*  
 SMETHYNGE, *smoking, bleeding.*

---

\* Unintelligible Mr Bryant supposed it to have been written *adelege*, which he says is analogous to the Saxon adverb *delech*, and corresponds to Chatterton's interpretation

Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,  
 And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme  
 What tydynges from the kyng<sup>e</sup>!

## HAROLDE.

His Normans know.  
 I make noe compheere of the shemyng<sup>e</sup> trayne.

## GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,  
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.  
 What tydyng<sup>e</sup> w<sup>it</sup>he the foulke?

## HAROLDE

Stylle moimoyng<sup>e</sup> atte yer shap, stylle toe the  
 kyng<sup>e</sup>  
 Their rolle thenc triobbles, lyche a soigie sea.

---

E<sup>FTE</sup>, *oft*  
 C<sup>H</sup>E<sup>F</sup>E<sup>S</sup>, *heat, rashness.*  
 R<sup>E</sup>D<sup>E</sup>, *council, wisdom*  
 B<sup>R</sup>E<sup>M</sup>E, *streng<sup>th</sup>, also strong*

|| C<sup>O</sup>M<sup>P</sup>H<sup>E</sup>E<sup>R</sup>E, *companion*  
 || S<sup>H</sup>E<sup>M</sup>Y<sup>N</sup>G<sup>E</sup>, *audacious, glimmering*  
 || F<sup>O</sup>U<sup>L</sup>K<sup>E</sup>, *people*  
 || S<sup>H</sup>A<sup>P</sup>, *fate, destiny*

Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a  
 styngē?  
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ȳghted  
 bee?

## GODDWYN

Awayte the tyme whanne Godde wylle sende us  
 ayde.

## HAROLDE

No, we muste stieve to ayde oureselves wyth powie.  
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde<sup>1</sup> tis fetche  
 prayde  
 Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howie?  
 Thos croche oure aimes, and ne tolyve daeygne,  
 Unburled, undehevre, unespyte?  
 Far fro mie haite be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,  
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

---

FETELIE, *nobly*

CALKE, *cast*

CROCHE, *cross, from crouche, a cross.*

DAREYNGE, *attempt, or endeavour*

UNBURLED, *unarmed*

UNDELIEVRE, *unactive.*

UNSPRYTE, *unspirited*

THYK, *such.*

## GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fy tte  
 Mie Kentyshmen, the Summeitons shall 1yse;  
 Adented prowess to the gite of witte,  
 Agayne the argent hoise shall daunce yn skies.  
 Oh Harolde, heere forstiaughteynge wanhope lies.  
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe  
 Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,  
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?  
 Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;  
 Botte oh! tweie hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe  
 Thou aite all piceste, and notheynge of the kyng.  
 Thou aite alle Noiman, nothyng of mie blodde.  
 Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to syng,  
 Seivyng the leegefolcke thou aite seivyng  
 Godde

---

ADENTED, *fastened, annexed*

PROWESS, *might, power*

GITE, *mantle, or robe*

ARGENT, *white, alluding to the arms  
of Kent, a horse saliant, argent*

FORSTRAUGHTEYNGE, *distracton.*

WANHOPE, *despair*

BIETHE, *bleed*

ALYSE, *allow*

ETHE, *ease*

TRONE, *throne*

PYGHTE, *pluck*

BESEIES, *becomes*

LEEGEFOLCKE, *subject.*

## HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servycc To the skyes  
 The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.  
 The wyddowe, fahdielesse, and bondemennes cures  
 Acheke the mokie aue and heaven astende <sup>4</sup>  
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende,  
 Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes  
 shalle bee;  
 Lyche a battently low, mie sweide shalle brende;  
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem  
 slea;  
 Wee wayte too longe, oure purpose wylle defayte;  
 Aboune the hyghe empryze, and rouze the cham-  
 pyones straye

## GODDWYN

This suster—

---

CONTEKES, *contentions, complaints.*  
 ACHEKE, *choke*  
 MOKIE, *dark cloudy*  
 ASTENDE, *astound, astonish.*  
 HANCEILED, *cut off, destroyed*  
 NORMANNE, *slaves.*

BATTENTLIE, *loud roaring.*  
 LOW, *flame of fire*  
 BRENDE, *burn, consume*  
 DEFAYTE, *decay, fail*  
 ABOUNE, *make ready*  
 EMPRYZE, *enterprize*

\* Unauthorised

## HAROLDE

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.  
 Albeytte, dyd shee speeke hei foemen fayre,  
 I wulde dequace hei comlie semlykeene,  
 And foulde me bloddie anlance yn hei hayre

## GODDWYN.

Thye fhan blyn,

## HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,  
 Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unkend,  
 Beheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare,  
 Ecie Harolde hyde hys name, his countiees fiende

---

ALBLYTTE, *notwithstanding*  
 FOEMEN, *foes.*  
 DEQUACE, *mangle, destroy*  
 SEMLYKEENE, *beauty, countenance*  
 ANLACE, *an ancient sword*  
 FHUIR, *fury*  
 BLYN, *cease*

LEATHAL, *deadly*  
 MERE, *lake*  
 UPRISTE, *swollen*  
 HILTRENE, *hidden*  
 UNKEND, *unknown*  
 BEHESTL, *command*



The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle.  
The fee<sup>11</sup>e anlace brede shal make mie gare pievayle.

## G O D D W Y N ,

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

## H A R O L D E

Bethyncke thee whatt  
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,  
Here liethe Noimans coupynge hei bie lotte,  
Caltysnyng eveich native plant to gie,  
Whatte woude I doe? I brondeous wulde hem slee ,  
Tare owte they<sup>1</sup>e sable haite bie 1yghtfulle bieme ,  
They<sup>1</sup>e deathe a menes untoe mie lyfe shulde bec,  
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn they<sup>1</sup> haitc-blodde  
streme.

LETE, *still*

GULE-STEYNCT, *red-stained*

BRYGANDYNE, ADVENTAYLE, *parts of  
armour*

BREDE, *broad*

GARE, *cause*

DRITES, *droits, rights, liberties*

COUPYNGE, *cutting, mangling*

CALTYSNYNG, *forbidding, restraining.*

GRE, *grow*

BRONDEOUS, *furious*

BREME, *strength*

Eftsoones I wyll bewyne mie rage fulle ire,  
And Goddis anlace wilde yn fume dye

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE

Take offe hys crowne;  
The ruler of somme mynster hym oideyne,  
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe,  
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,  
Ande somme moe reded rule the untenty ff'ieaulme;

BEWRYNE, *declare*  
ANLACE, *sword.*  
MYNSTER, *monastery*  
DYGNER, *more worthy*  
PYGHTE, *pulled, plucked*

BRAYD, *displayed*  
SUPER HALLIE, *over-righteous*  
REDED, *counselled, more wise*  
UNTENTYFF, *uncarefull, neglected*

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne  
 To yelde the spoiles, and alleyne weie the  
 heaulme .

Botte from mee haite bee evcrych thoughte of  
 gayne,  
 Not anie of me kin I wysche him to oideyne

### HAROLDE,

Tell me the meenes, I wylle boute ytte stiaie te,  
 Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be done

### G O D D W Y N

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,  
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie  
 sonne

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undeigon,  
 Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;

---

ALLEYNE, *alone*  
 WERE, *wear*.  
 BETE, *bid, command*.  
 SLEA, *slay*

SWYTHYNNE, *presently*,  
 UNPLAYTE, *explain*  
 AGRAMES, *grievance*.  
 BRAUNCE, *branch*

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron  
 Diented of alle yts swolyngē owndes shalle bee;  
 Mie remedie is goode; ouī menne shall yse,  
 Eftsoons the Noīmans and owre agīame flies.

## HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,  
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes  
 as brede  
 As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes  
 The wodeland grounde of water-mantled mede,  
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the  
 doughtiest blede,  
 Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,  
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,

---

MOLLOCK, *wet, moist*  
 GRON, *fen, moor*  
 DRENTED, *drained*  
 SWOLYNGE, *swelling*  
 OWNDES, *waves.*  
 AGRAME, *grievance.*  
 GEMOTE, *assemble*  
 BREDE, *broad*

YBROCHED, *horned*  
 BLAUNCH, *white*  
 DYGHTEs, *decks*  
 DOUGHTIEST, *mightiest, most valiant.*  
 FORSLAGEN, *slain*  
 ORRESTS, *oversets*  
 CASTLE-STEDE, *a castle*

Who dare on kynges foi to bewiecke yieie woes ;  
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the date,  
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the 1yghtfulle fiare

## GODDWYN

Botte fiste we'll call the loverdes of the West,  
 The eiles of Meicia. Conventie and all,  
 The moe wee gayne, the gaie wylle prosper beste,  
 Wythe syke a number wee can never fall.

## HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
 And alle attenes the spreddyngc kyngedomme  
 bynde  
 No crouched champyone wythe an haite moe  
 feygne

---

BEWIECKE, *revenge*  
 LOVERDES, *lords*  
 GAIE, *cause*  
 ATTENES, *at once*,

CROUCHED CHAMPYONE, *one who takes  
 up the cross in order to fight against  
 the Saracens.*  
 FLYGNE, *willing.*

Dyd yssue owte the hallic sweide to fynde,  
 Than I nowe stiev to 1yd mie londe of peyne.  
 Goddwyn, what thanckes owre labouics wylle en-  
 hepe !

I'lle 1yse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne ,  
 I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys nowe aslepe.

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,  
 That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

## GODDWYN

Next eve, my sonne

## HAROLDE

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme.  
 Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die  
 Thie geason wronges bee 1eyne ynto theyre pinyne ,  
 Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succou e the.  
 Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,

---

HALLIE, *holy*  
 ENHEPE, *heap upon us*  
 GEASON, *rare, extraordinary, strange.*

REYNE, *run, shot up*  
 EGEDERINGE, *assembling, gathering*

Tys fulle ande b1asteth on the chaper g1ounde;  
 Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the No1mans flie,  
 And alle they1e mittee menne be sleene a1ounde  
 Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,  
 Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn wayne for hele shal  
 calle.



BRAS<sup>TETH</sup>, *bursteth*.  
 CHA<sup>PER</sup>, *dry, barren*  
 MIT<sup>TEE</sup>, *mighty*.

|| SLEENE, *slain*  
 || HELE, *help*.

## KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE

## QUEENE

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here<sup>p</sup>  
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.  
 These browded straungers alwaie doe appere,  
 Theie parte you trone, and sete at your ryghte  
 honde

## KYNGE

Go to, goe to, you doe ne undeistonde:  
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;  
 Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me gronde;  
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kynnesse slepe.

---

LOVERDE, *lord.*

BROWDED, *embroidered, it is conjectured  
 embroidery was not used in England  
 till Henry II*

TRONE, *throne*

YEAVE, *give.*

BOWKIE, *person, body*

EMBOWRE, *lodge*



## QUEENE

Mancas\* you have yn stoic, and to them paite ;  
 Youe leege-folcke make moke dole, you have they  
 worthe asteite †

## KYNGE

I heste no rede of you I ken mie friendes  
 Hallie dhere aie, fulle ready mee to hele  
 Theyie volundes aie ystorven to self endes ;  
 No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele .  
 I muste to prayeis , goe yn, and you do wele ;  
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie ,  
 Go mine go ynne, ande viewe the azuic rele,  
 Fulle welle I wote you have noc mynde toe praie

MANCAS, *marks.*  
 LEEGE-FOLCKE, *subject*  
 MOKE, *much*  
 DOLE, *lamentation*  
 ASTERTE, *neglected, or passed by.*  
 HESTE, *ask.*

HELE, *help*  
 VOI UNDES, *wills*  
 YSTORVEN, *dead*  
 DENWERE, *doubt.*  
 RLE, *waves.*

\* Mancas were small Saxon coins.

† Unintelligible

# A TRAGEDIE

## QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were,  
To seive you leege-folcke toe is doeyngc hommage  
there.

## KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

### KYNGE.

Mie fiende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges bynges  
thee here?

### HUGHE

There is no mancas yn mie loydes ente,  
The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere,  
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente

---

HEAVEN-WERE, *heaven ward, or God-ward*  
HENTE, *purse, used here probably as a trus (tr)*  
Hus, *huse*

DISPENST, *experce*  
RECEIVURI, *receipt*  
EFTSOONES, *soon*  
DISPENTE, *expended*

## K Y N G E

Thenne guylde the Weste

## HUGHE.

Mie loveide, I dyd speke  
 Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thynge,  
 He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke,  
 Saeynye, go beare thatte message to the kyng.

## K Y N G E.

Arace hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis woide,  
 Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies sweide.

## HUGHE.

Atte seeson fyttē, mie loveide, lette itt bee ;  
 Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,

---

MITTE, *a contraction of mighty.*  
 ARACE, *drvest.*

|| ENALSE, *embrace*

Inne strevvyng to slea hymme, ourselves we slea;  
 Syke ys the doughtyness of hys giete fame.

## KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.  
 Botte thou maigest fynde fulle store of maïckes yn  
 Kente

## HUGHE.

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

## KYNGE.

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

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche eile doe bere  
 Such stedness in the yll and evylle thyng,

---

DOUGHTYNESS, *mightiness*.  
 REDE, *counsel*.

|| ENT, *purse*  
 || STEDNESS, *firmness, steadfastness*

Botte atte the goode there hover yn denwere,  
Onknowlachynge gif theicunto to clynge.

## HUGIIE

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kyngc '  
O Edwarde, thou descivest pure llege;  
To thee here shulden al theine mancas bynge;  
The nodde should save menne, and the glomb  
folslege.

I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,  
I speke whatte bee the trowth, and whatte all see is  
ryghte.

## KYNGE

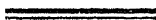
Thou arte a hallie manne, I doe thee pryze.

DENWERE, *doubt, suspence*  
ONKNOWLACHYNGE, *not knowing.*  
ONWORDIE, *unworthy*  
MARVEILE, *wonder.*  
LEEGE, *homage, obeysance.*  
HEIE, *they*

GLOMB, *frown.*  
FORSLEGE, *kill*  
CURRIEDOWE, *flatterer*  
WITE, *reward.*  
HALLIE, *holy.*

Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn mie  
praiies.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise,  
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyies.  
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,  
There alleyn have sy ke love as to acquyie yei bredde.



HELE, *help*  
ALISE, *allow*

|| HAMLETTES, *manors.*  
|| ALLEYN, *alone*

## CHORUS,

To GODDWYN, a TRAGEDIE

Whan Freedom, dieste yn blodde-steyned veste.  
 To evne knyghte hei wanne-songe sunge,  
 Upponne hei hedde wylde wedes weie spredde;  
 A gorie anlace bye hei honge  
     She daunced onne the heathe,  
     She heaide the voice of deathe,  
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys haite of sylver hue,  
 In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;  
 She heaide onflemed the shuiekyng voice of woe,  
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.  
     She shooke the builed speere,  
     On hie she jeste her sheelde,

ANLACE, *sword*  
 ASSAYLED, *endeavoured*  
 ACALE, *freeze*  
 ONFLEMED, *undismayed*

BURLED, *armed, pointed*  
 JESTE, *hoisted on high, raised*  
 FOEMEN, *foes, enemies*  
 FLIZZE, *fly*

Her foemen all appeire,  
 And flizze alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod stiaught ynto the skyes,  
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,  
 Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,  
 Chaftes with hys yionne feete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,  
 She bendes befoie hys speere,  
 She 1yses from the shocke,  
 Wioldyng her owne yn ayre.

Haide as the thonder dothe she diuue ytte on,  
 Wytte scillye wymped gies ytte to hys c1owne,  
 Hys longe shaipe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys  
 gon,  
 He falles, and fallynge 1olleth thousandes down

HEAFOD, *head.*  
 STRAUGHT, *stretched*  
 ALYCHE, *like*  
 TWAIE, *two*  
 BRENDEYNGE, *flaming.*  
 GRONFYRES, *meteors*

CHAFTES, *beats, stamps.*  
 SCILLYE, *closely*  
 WYMPLED, *mantled, covered*  
 GIES, *guides*  
 BURLD, *armed*  
 ARIST, *arose.*



Wa1, goaie-faced-war, bie envie build a11st,  
 Hys fee11e heaulme noddynge to the aye1e,  
 Tenne bloddie a1rowes ynne hys st1eynyng1e fyste—

\* \* \* \* \*



H1 AULME, *helm*

## ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

Bye T ROWLEIE

BOOKE Iff

---

*This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr Barrett, who received it from Chatterton*

---

Whanne Scythyanes, salvage as the wolves there  
 chace,  
 Peyncted in honowe foimes bie natue dyghte,  
 Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,  
 And wyth the moineynge iouzed the wolfe to  
 fyghte,  
 Swefte as descendeynge lemes of ioddie lyghte  
 Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas.

---

BOOKE Iff *I will endeavour to get the  
 remainder of these poems (Chatterton)*  
 HORROWE, *unseemly, disagreeable.*  
 DYGHTE, *dressed*

HECKLED, *wrapped*  
 LEMES, *rays*  
 HULSTRED, *hidden, secret*  
 LAVEYNCE, *washing.*

Geid the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets  
 twighte,  
 And 1anne yn thoughte alonge the azuie mees,  
 Whose eyne dyd fecine shene, like blue-hay red defs,  
 That dreene hange upon Doves emblaunched clefs

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azuie icles  
 The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;  
 An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles  
 Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the fioste of feie.  
 The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;  
 Their stonde, their ionne, their lokc wyth egre  
 eyne,  
 The shypes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelic  
 ayie,  
 Ronneth to harbour from the beatynge byne;

GERD, *broke, rent*  
 DRYBBLETS, *small pieces.*  
 TWIGHTE, *pulled, rent.*  
 MEES, *meadows*  
 DEFS, *vapours, meteors.*  
 EMBLAUNCHED, *whitened*  
 RELES, *ridges, rising waves.*

UNCOUTHE, DENWERE, *unknown tre-  
 mour*  
 KNOPPED, *fastened, charmed, congealed,  
 rather, nipped*  
 LISSETH, *boundeth*  
 BOLEYNGE, *swelling*

Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stionde  
 A builed Trojan lepes, wythe Moiglaen sweerde yn  
 honde.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose  
 sweides

Glested lyke gledeynge staries yn fiostie nete,  
 Hayleynge theyie captayne in chirkyngge woides  
 Kyngge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.  
 The giete kyngge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
 giete,

Prepared for battle, maicschalled the fyghte,  
 Theie urged the waile, the natyves fledde, as flete  
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme befoie the syghte;  
 Tyll tyied wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,  
 Theie uncted Brutus kyngge, and gave the Trojanns  
 swaie

BURLED, *armed*  
 COMPHEERES, *companions*  
 GLEDEYNGE, *lived*.

|| CHIRKYNGE, *a confused noise*  
 UNCTED, *anointed*.

Twayne of twelve yeais han lemed up the myndes,  
 Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire bieste,  
 Improved in mysteik waiie, and lymmed theyre  
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Britons sonke to æterne\_1este  
 Eftsoons the gentle Locyne was possest  
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente,  
 Halceld the bykious Huns, who dyd infeste  
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;  
 As hys broade sweide on Hombenes heade was  
 honge,

He touned toe ryver wyde, and ioaynge rolled  
 alonge

He wedded Gendolyne of roical sede,  
 Upon whose countenance i odde healthe was spreacle  
 Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of hei wede,  
 She sonke to pleasaunce on the manny age bedde

LEMED, *enlightened*  
 LEGGENDE, *alloyed*  
 UNTHEWLS, *single barbarity*  
 MYSTERK, *mystic*  
 LYMMED, *polished*

PARAMENTE, *a princely robe*  
 HALCELD, *defeated*  
 BYKPOUS, *warring*  
 ALYCHE, *like*  
 WIDE, *gainer*

Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde,  
 Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;  
 Unnumbered beauties weie upon hei shedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;  
 The mornynge tyngge, the rose, the lillie flouie,  
 In ever ionneyngge iace on hei dyd peyncte theyre  
 powere.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned hei love;  
 These lyved soft momentes to a swotie age,  
 Eft wandynge yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre dispoite engage,  
 These dydde thei tell the meinic lovyngge fage,  
 Croppe the pyniosen flouie to decke theyre  
 headde,  
 The feeie Gendolyne yn woman iage  
 Gemoted wariuous to bewieck hei bedde,  
 These rose, ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene,  
 The fane Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

---

AMETTEN, *met with*  
 SWOTIE, *sweet*  
 EFT, *oft*  
 FACE, *a tale*

GEMOTED, *assembled.*  
 BEWRECK, *revenge*  
 ENCHAFED, *heated, enraged*

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeynge moineyng shewed a fayre clare,  
 Hei fadie Locynne, once an haillie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterne dydde she haste awaie.  
 To where the Western mittee pyles of claie  
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere  
 There dyd Elstida and Sabyna staie;  
 The fyiste tyeckde out a whyle yn wanyou-  
 gratch and gear,

Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente death, to telle the dame, she was notte yn  
 regrate.

The queene Gendolync sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge  
 skies,  
 To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,  
 Eke everychone who shulde hei ele emprize

BODDYNGE, *budding*  
 MITTEE, *mightie*.  
 GRATCH, *apparel*  
 REGRATE, *esteem, favour*

EMMERTLEYNGE, *glittering*  
 PYGHTE, *settled*  
 ELE, *help*  
 EMPRIZE, *adventure*

Sweete as the ioaieyng wyndes the gyaunte flies,  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn  
 nyghte,  
 Stepte over cytties, on meint acies lies,  
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of moineynge lighte,  
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye,  
 He thoiove warriours gratch fayie Elstind did espie

He toie a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
 Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,  
 Thanne wythe a funne, mote the eithe astounde,  
 To meddle ayie he lette the mountayne fle  
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie;  
 Onne Vyncente and Sabyna felle the mount,  
 To lyve æternalle dyd theise eftsoones die,  
 Thoiove the sandie grave boiled up the pouple  
 founte,

On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,  
 Staieynge the iounynge course of meint a limmed  
 rylle

---

MEINT, *many*.

HEREHAUGHTES, *heralds, harbingers*

GIE, *guide*

HARRIED, *lost*

ASTOUNDE, *astonish*

LIMMED, *glassy, refl. ring*



The goddes, who kenne the actyons of the wyghte,  
 To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,  
 Houton dyd make the mountaine bie the mighte  
 Forth from Sabyna ran a ryverie cleere,  
 Roarynge and rolleynge on yn couise bysmare,  
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,  
 Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere,  
 Sabynas floode was helde ynne Elstydys bones  
 So are there cleped; gentle and the hynde  
 Can telle, that Seveines stieembe bie Vyncentes rocke's  
 ywrynde

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,  
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped,  
 Whanne, as he stiod alonge the shakcyngc lee,  
 The roddie levynne glesteird on hys headde  
 Into hys hearte the azure vapouies spreade;  
 He wrythde aounde yn deaie dernie payne,

LEGGEN, *lesson, allay*  
 HOUTON, *hollow*  
 BYSMARE, *bewildered, curious.*  
 HEAVENWERE, *heaven-ward.*  
 YWRYNDE, *h.d., covered*

BAWSYN, *huge, bulky*  
 YSPED, *dispatched*  
 RODDIE LEVYNNE, *red lightning.*  
 DERNIE, *cruel*

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were  
fed,  
He feile an hepe of ashes on the playne  
Stylle does hys ashes shootc ynto the lyghte,  
A wondrous mountayne hee, and Snowdon ys ytte  
hyghte

---

LEMES, *flames, rays*

## AN EXCELENTE BALADE

## Of CHARITIE.

*As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEIE 1464.*

---

*This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton*

---

In Virgyne the sweltie sun gan shene,  
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his iare;  
 The apple rodded from its palie giene,  
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy spiaie;  
 The peede chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;

---

THOMAS ROWLEY, *the author, was born at Norton Mal reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire*

VIRGYNE, *the sign of Virgo*  
 MEES, *meads*  
 RODDIE, *reddened, ripened*  
 MOLE, *soft*  
 CHELANDRI, *pied goldfinch*

'Twas nowe the pryde, the manhode of the yeare,  
 And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte  
 aumere

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
 Deadde still the aine, and eke the welken blue,  
 When from the sea ariist in dieai ariiae  
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande diewe,  
 Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatheid up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,

DIGHTE, *drest, arrayed*  
 DEYTE, *neat, ornamented*  
 AUMERE, *a loose robe or mantle*  
 WELKEN, *the sky, the atmosphere*  
 ARIST, *arose*  
 HILTRIN, *hiding, shrouding*  
 ATTENES, *at once*  
 FETYVE, *beauteous*

---

SEYNCTE GODWINE'S COVENT It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Balled of Charity. The Abbott of St Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

A hapless pilgum moneynge dyd abide,  
 Pore in his vewe, ungentle in his weede,  
 Longe bietful of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer' fle?  
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent ne

Look in his glommed face, his spighte there scanne,  
 Howe woe-be-gone, howe withered, forwynd,  
 deade'

Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshiewed  
 manne!

Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoune bedde,  
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gie on thie hedde.

---

UNGENTLE, *beggarly*

WEDE, *dress*

BRETIUM, *filled with,*

ALMER, *beggar*

GLOMMED, *clouded, dejected* A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words, and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts Glum-

mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light, and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*

FORWIND, *dry, sapless*

CHURCH-GIFBE HOUSE, *the grave*

ASSHREWID, *accused, unfortunate*

KISTE, *coffin*

DORTOURE, *dormitory, a sleeping-room*

---

\* Unauthorised, and contrary to analogy

Is Charitie and Love amonge highe elves ;  
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storme is ripe ; the bigge drops falle ,  
 The forswat meadowes smethe, and drench the  
     raie,

The coming ghastrness do the cattle pall,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge oer the plaine,  
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe,  
 The welkin opes, the yellow leynne flies,  
 And the hot fierre smothe in the wide lowings dies

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge  
     sound

Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, down'd,

AMINGE, *among*

FORSWAT, *sun-burnt.*

SMETHE, *smoke*

DRENCH, *drink*

GHASTRNESS, *ghastliness*

PALL, a contraction from *appall*, to  
     fright

FLOTT, *fly*

LEYNN, *lightning*

SMOTHE, *steams, or vapors*

LOWINGS, *flames*

CYMMYGE, *noise*

CHEVES, *moves*

EMBOLLEN, *swelled, strengthened*

Still on the gallard<sup>1</sup> care of tenouie hanges  
 The windes aie up, the lofty elmen swanges,  
 Agayn the levynne and the thunder pouics,  
 And the full cloudes aie biaste attenes in stonen  
 showers.

Spuncynge his palfie oere the watie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Scyncte Godwynes convente came,  
 His chapounette was dented with the reine,  
 And his pencte gyidle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewaide tolde his bederoll at the same;  
 The stoime encieasen, and he diew aside,  
 With the mist almes cravei neere to the holme to  
 bide

---

GALLIARD, *frighted*

BRASTE, *burst*

CHAPOURNETTE, *a small round hat,  
 not unlike the shapournette in heraldry,  
 formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and  
 Lawyers*

PLNCTE, *painted,*

HE AYNWARDE TOI DE HIS BEDEROLI,  
*he told his beads backwards, a figu-  
 rative expression to signify cursing*

MIST, *poor, needy*

---

\* Gallied is still used in this sense in the country around Bristol.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autiemete was edged with golden twynne,  
 And his shoone pyke a lovers mighte have binne;  
 Full well it shew n he thoughten coste no sinne  
 The trammels of the palfiye pleasde his sighte,  
 For the horse-millanare<sup>\*</sup> his head with roses dighte

---

COPE, *cloak*

AUTREMETTE, *a loose white robe, worn  
 by Priests*

SHOONE PYKE, *picked shoe*

HORSE-MILLANARE, *I believe this trade  
 is still in being, though but seldom em-  
 ployed*

---

\* Mr Steevens has left a curious note upon this word

One morning, while Mr Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging, before he found he had left on his table a memorandum book which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it, while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the Charity School on St Augustine's Back, where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot however where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his "Excellente Balade of Charitie, as wroten by the gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie 1464.

"For the *horse-millanare* his head with roses dighte"

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term, and such a trade had been extant in 1464, but his wonder



An almes, su pieste<sup>1</sup> the droppynge pilgim saide,  
 O<sup>1</sup> let me waite within your covente doie,  
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loud tempeste of the aie is oer,  
 Helpless and ould am I alas<sup>1</sup> and poor,  
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche,  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche

Valet, 1cplyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne,  
 This is no season almes and prayeis to give,  
 Mie portei never lets a faitou in,  
 None touch mie lynge who not in honou live

---

CROUCHE, *crucifix*

|| FAITOUR, *a beggar or vagabond*

---

would have ceased, had he been convinced as I am, that, in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a Sadler's shop, over which was inscribed A or B (no matter which) HORSE-MILLINER. On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator, stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of *horse-millinary*. We have here perhaps the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an "Abbot of Seyncte Godwynes Convente"

And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did  
 styve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glorie laie,  
 The Abbatte spuilde his stecde, and eftsoones roadde  
 awaie

Oncemoe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;  
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;  
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene,  
 A Limitouie he was of order seene,  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the poie almei laie binethe the holmen tice

An almes, su priest<sup>t</sup> the droppynge pilgrim sayde  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake  
 The Limitouie then looscn'd his pouche threade,  
 And did thereoute a greate of sylver take.

SHETTYNGE, *shoot ing*  
 GRADIE, *gliding*  
 REYNEYNGL, *running*

---

JAPE, *a short riple, worn by Friars  
 of an inferior class, and secular  
 priests*  
 LIMITOURE *a licensed begging friar*

The mistei pilgum dyd for halline shake  
 Heie take this silvei, it maie cathe thie caie,  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we  
 baie.

But ah ! unhaile pilgum, leine of me,  
 Scathe anie give a rentiolle to then Loide  
 Heie take my semecope, thou aite baie I see,  
 Tis thyne, the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde  
 He left the pilgum, and his waie aboide  
 Vyrgynne and hallic Seyncte, who sitte yn glouie,  
 O1 give the mitte will, or give the godc man powei

HALLINE, *joy*  
 EATHE, *ease*  
 NETE, *nought*  
 UNHAILIE, *unhappy*  
 SCATHE, *scarce*

SEMECOP1, *a short under-cloak*  
 ABORD1, *went on*  
 GIOURI, *glory*  
 MITTE1, *mighty, rich*

# Battle of Hastings.

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

*It should be observed, that the Poem marked No 1, was given to Mr Barrett by Chatterton with the following title " Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowley, parish preeste of St Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465 —The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with" Being afterwards prest by Mr Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend, but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr Barrett the poem marked No 2, as far as ver 550 incl with the following title, " Battle of Hastyns by Turgotus, translated by Rowley for W Canynge Esq." The lines from ver 531 incl were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem*

*BATTLE of HASTINGS.*

(No. 1.)

---

O Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle,  
 How manie a nobil eile and valious knyghte  
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harold noble fell,  
 Al sleyne in Hastyns feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
 O sea' our teeming donoie han thy floude,  
 Han anie fructuous entedement,  
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,  
 Befoie Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went ;  
 Whose cowait arrows manie eiles sleyne,  
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

---

TEEMING, *prolific*  
 FRUCTUOUS, *useful*

|| ENTENDEMENTE, *meaning.*  
 || BRUED, *embrued*

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
 Whose poygnant allowes, typp'd with destynic.  
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone  
 Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-hearted are,  
 From out of heaynge quicklie now departe;  
 Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie waie  
 Will gievee your tenderlie and mayden haite  
     Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geaie,  
     And scond youi mansion if grymm war come there

Soone as the eilie maten belle was tolde,  
 And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,  
 Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
 Prepar'd for fyghte in champion ariarie.  
 As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte.  
 Aie yoked bie the necke within a spaire,

---

WOTE, *know*  
 GEARE, *apparel*  
 SCOND, *abscond from*

|| MATEN, *morning*  
 || SPARRE, *enclosure*

There rend the eithe, and travellyrs affiyghte,  
 Lackynge to gage the spoitive bloudie waine,  
 Soe lacked Hairoides menne to come to blowes,  
 The Noimans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Haiiolde tunynge to hys leegemen spake,  
 My menne men, be not cast downe in mynde;  
 Youi onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
 Befoie yon sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde.  
 Youi lovyng wife, who eist dyd ind the londe  
 Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,  
 Wyll falle into the Noimanne iobber's honde,  
 Unlesse with honde and haite you plaie the manne.  
 Cheer up youie haites, chase sorrowe farie awaie,  
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to  
 daie.

And thenne Duke Wylyyam to his knyghtes did saie;  
 My menne menne, be bravelie everiche,

GAGE, *engage in.*  
 LEEGEMEN, *subjects.*  
 LODE, *praise.*

|| DONDE HIS WELKE, *finished his course.*  
 || LURDANES, *Lord Dane.*  
 || EVERICHE, *every one.*



Gif I do gayn the honoie of the daie,  
 Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche  
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;  
 Loidshippes and honoies echone shall possesse,  
 Be this the woide to daie, God and my Ryghte,  
 Ne doubtte but God will ouie tñue cause blesse  
     The clacions then sounded sharpe and shille,  
     Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille

And biave Kyng Harolde had nowe donde his saie;  
 He thiewe wythe myghte amayne hys shoite hoise-  
     speai,

The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,  
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde,  
 The cruel speai went thorough all his hede;  
 The puipele bloude came goushyng to the grounde,  
 And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:  
     So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
     It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

---

SAIE, *military cloak*  
 AMAYNE, *main force.*  
 CRISTEDE, *crested.*

|| ABOUNDE, *benefit.*  
 || GOUSHYNGE, *gushing*

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
 Come ayde thy fiend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams  
     payne,

Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte,  
 Thy coloyng excells a synger strayne.

Duke Wyllyam sawe his fiende sleyne piteouslie,  
 His lovyng fiende whome he muche honoied,  
 For he han lovd hym from puenilitie,  
 And there togethei bothe han bin ybied :

O' in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,  
 To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a biasen crosse-bowe in his honde.  
 And diewe it haide with all hys myghte amein,  
 Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
 Han by his soundyngge arrowe-lede\* bene sleyned

---

ARROWE-LEDE, *arrow-head*

---

\* One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon *lade*, iter profectiv Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is misspelled for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable

Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,  
 Bye comlie forme knowlached from the 1est,  
 But nowe his destind howie dyd aryve,  
 The a11owe hyt upon his his milkwhite breste  
     So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,  
     Blown in the mo1nyng, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie goie,  
 That in his tender guttes it entered,  
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,  
 And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.  
 Biave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,  
 Was smeerd all over withe the go1ie duste,  
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme coise,  
 That Alured coule not hymself aluste \*  
     The standyng No1mans diew they1 bowe echone,  
     And bioght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

---

KNOWLACHED, *known*  
 THILK, *such*  
 VERITEE, *truth*.

FLAITEN, *terrific*  
 ALUSTE, *disengage*

---

\* Mr Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,  
 The Englysh nete but short hoise-spears could welde,  
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure daites did kille,  
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stioke,  
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,  
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
 Thene sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,  
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of  
 they came

Duke Wylliam diewe agen hys arrowe styngge,  
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede diewe he;  
 The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd synge,  
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee  
 At this brave Tosslyn thiewe his short hoise-speare;  
 Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe,  
 The yone weapon hummed in his eare,  
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibon on the plove

---

HENDIE, *hand to hand*  
 HEDE, *regarded*

|| PROW<sup>r</sup>, *for head.*

Upon his helme soe furious was the strokc.  
It splete his beaver, and the ryvets brokc

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,  
And onn his hede expos'd a pune wounde,  
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameme,  
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde  
Then Doullie myghte his bowestyngge drew,  
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde.  
But Harolde's asenglave\* stopp'd it as it flew,  
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde  
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus brokc,  
Death-doyngge blade from out the scabard toke

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,  
And face to face appeard the knyghtes full brave.  
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,  
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.

---

SPLATE, *split*  
ASENGLAVE *lance*

|| VENGE, *revenge.*

---

\* This word is not known, it occurs again in this poem, l 423. Chatterton has used it in The Unknown Knight

So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,  
 White foynng hygh to roarynge combat runne;  
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,  
 Buiste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;  
 And when then myghte in buistynge waves is fled,  
 Like cowards, stele alonge then ozy bede.

Yonge Egeliede, a knyghte of comelie mien,  
 Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefaille,  
 At echone tylte and touney he was seene,  
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie waile,  
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte  
 Agemste the biest of Sieu de Bonoboe;  
 He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,  
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, hys haite was woe.  
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren twene,  
 Whom he wythe cheyshment did deaile love;

WEIRS, *torrents*  
 AFFYND, *related*

|| LEFFED, *left*

In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,  
 He wonne the tylte, and waie hei crymson glove,  
 And thence unto the place where he was boine,  
 Togethei with hys welthe and better wyfe,  
 To Normandie he dyd perdie retourne,  
 In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe,  
 And now with soviayn Wyllyam he came.  
 To die in battel, or get welthe and fame

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

---

PERDIE, *certainly*

Then Egheled dyd in a declynie  
 Hys launce upreie wyth all hys myghte ameine,  
 And strok Fitzport upon the dextei eye,  
 And at his pole the speai came out agayne  
 Butt as he drewe it forthe, an a11owe fledde  
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Triacy's bowe,  
 And at hys syde the a11owe entered,  
 And out the crymson strieme of bloude gan flowe;  
 In purple strekes it dyd his aimer staine,  
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egheled, befoie he sunken downe,  
 With all his myghte amem his speai besped,  
 It hytte Bertiammil Manne upon the crowne,  
 And bothe togethei quicklie sunken dede  
 So have I scen a rocke o'er otheis hange,  
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
 But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange  
 That he the sleeve unavelis all theene fate,  
 And broken cunn the beech thys lesson speak,  
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake

---

DECLYNIE, *stooping, declination*  
 POLE, *crown of his head*

|| BESPED, *dispatched*  
 || SLEFVE, *clue*



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

But when Egheled tumbled to the grounde,  
 He from Kyngc Harold quickhe dyd advaunce,  
 And stooke de Triacie thilk a crewel wounde,  
 Hys Haite and level came out on the launce

---

SUBSTANT, *substantial*

|| THILK, *such*.

---

\* The author of the Examination printed at Sherborne remarks thus upon this passage. Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard" Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 145, at which time the poem is said to have been translated. King Henry 7 was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The yeomen of the Guard were instituted afterwards.

And then retieted for to guaide hys kynge,  
 On dented launce he boie the haite awaie,  
 An allowe came from Auffioie Guel's styngge,  
 Into hys heele betwyxt hys yion stae,  
 The grey-goose\* pynion, that thereon was sett,  
 Eftsoons wyth smokyng cymson bloud was wett

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
 Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
 And hytt de Guel thik a blowe, God wote,  
 Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.  
 This Auffioie was a manne of mickle pryde,  
 Whose feathrest bewty ladden in his face,  
 His chaunce in war he ne before han tyde,  
 But lyv d in love and Rosaline's embrace,  
 And like a useless weede amonge the hare  
 Amonge the sleme warriours Guel laie

---

DENTED, *bruised*  
 ADOE, *delay*

|| MAUGRE, *notwithstanding*  
 LADDEN, *lay*

---

\* The grey goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart's blood was wet

Kyngc Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,  
 And ferslie 1yd into the bloudie fyghte,  
 Eile Ethelwolf, and Goodrīck, and Alfie,  
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mīcal menne of myghte,  
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,  
 Effied the famous, and Eile Ethelwaide,  
 Kyngc Harolde's leegemena, eīies hīe and true,  
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guaide,  
     The reste of eīies, fyghtyngc othei wheres,  
     Stained with Noīman bloude theiue fyghtyngc  
         speres.

As when some 1yver with the season raynes  
 White fomyngc hīe doth bīeke the bīdges oft,  
 Oerturnes the hamelet and all contēns,  
 And layeth oer the hyls a muddie soft;  
 So Harold 1anne upon his Noīmanne foes,  
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,  
 And delte among them thilke a stoīe of blowes,  
 Full manie a Noīmanne fell by hym dede wounde,  
     So who he be that ouphant faeries striike,  
     Thei soules will wander to Kyngc Offa's dyke.

---

FERSLIE, *fervently*  
 LEEGEMEN, *subjects*

|| ERIES, *earls*  
 || OUPHANT, *elfin*

Fitz Salnauville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
 To noble Edelwaide his life dyd yelde;  
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stioke with thilke a  
     myghte,

The Noiman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.  
 Old Salnauville beheld hys son he ded,  
 Against Eile Edelwaide his bowe-strynge drew,  
 But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head:  
 He dy d before the poignant arrowe flew  
     So was the hope of all the issue gone,  
     And in one battle fell the sire and son

De Aubignee tod feircely thro' the fyghte,  
 To where the boddie of Salnauville laie,  
 Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?  
 I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie  
 Die then thou shalt, Eile Ethelward he said,  
 I am a cunnyng eile, and that can tell,  
 Then drew hys sweide, and ghashtie cut hys hede,  
 And on his ficend eftsoons he lifeless fell,  
     Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne, great God fore-  
     fend,

It be the fate of no such trusty ficende'

Then Egwin S<sup>i</sup>eur P<sup>i</sup>keny dyd attaque;  
 He turned aboute and vilely souten flie,  
 But Egwin cutt so deepe into his backe,  
 He rolled on the groundc and soon dyd dic.  
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,  
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,  
 But soonc Eile Cuthbert s dented fyghtyng spear  
 Stucke in his haite, and stayd his speed, God wote.

He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman s syde,  
 Myngle then stiemes of pouple bloude, and dy'd

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

When Edelwaïd perceevd Eile Cuthbert die,  
 On Hubert strongest of the Noïmanne ciewe,  
 As wolfs when hungried on the cattel fle,  
 So Edelwaïd amaine upon him flewe  
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde,  
 And was demasing howe to take his life,  
 When he behynde received a ghasstlie wounde  
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe,  
 Base trecheious Noïmannes, if such actes you doe,  
 The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you

The eile felte de Torcie's treacheious knyfe  
 Han made his cymson bloude and spūits floe;  
 And knowlachyng he soon must quy't this lyfe,  
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.  
 He held hys trustie sweïd against his breste,  
 And down he fell, and peic'd him to the haite,  
 And both together then did take then reste,  
 Then soules from coïpses unaknell'd depart,  
 And both together soughte the unknown shoie,  
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon befoie.

Kyngge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,  
 And hie alofe his tempei'd sweide dyd welde,  
 Cut offe his ayme, and made the bloude to fle,  
 His prooffe steel armouie did him littel sheelde,  
 And not contente he splete his hede in twaine,  
 And down he tumbled on the bloudeie grounde.  
 Mean while the othei eilies on the playne  
 Gave and received manie a bloudeie wounde,  
     Such as the aits in warie han learnt with caie  
     But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear

Hennewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
 Where Tho's fam'd temple manie ages stooode;  
 Where Druids\*, auncient priests dyd ryghtes ordaine  
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude,

---

ALOFE, *aloft*

|| SARIM'S, *Salisbury's*

---

\* Mr Warton argues that this opinion concerning Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot "The construction of this stupendous pile by the Druids, as a place of worship, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries" Dean Milles controverts this in a long note without effect It only appears that he and the Poet, with the same ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic Divinities

Where auncient Baiſi dyd then veiſes ſynge,  
 Of Cæſar conquer'd and his mighty hoſte,  
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,  
 Wreck'd all his ſhyppyng on the Britiſh coaſte,  
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity

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



The erlie was a manne of hic degrec,  
 And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;  
 Three Norman Champyons of hic degre  
 He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine  
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,  
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede,  
 Who eftsoons goied hym with his tylting launce,  
 And at his hoises feet he tumbled dede

His partying spitt hovered o'er the floude  
 Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd pouiple  
 bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degrec,  
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte amecine;  
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.  
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,  
 Enthoghte to stae a diving rivers course;  
 But better han it bin to lett alone,  
 It onlie drives it on with mickle foice;  
 The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,  
 Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The Sieie Chatillion, yonger of that name  
 Advauced next befoie the eilie's syghte,  
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
 And he renomde and valoius in fyghte  
 Chatillion his trustie swerd foith diewe,  
 The eile drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;  
 And at eche othei vengouslie they flewe,  
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;  
 Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,  
 Resolv d to vanquishe, or resolv d to die

Chatillion hyt the eilie on the hede,  
 That splytte eftsoons his crest helme in twayne,  
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,  
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.  
 The eilie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe  
 Upon his bieste, his haite was plain to see;  
 He tumbled at the hoises feet a'soe,  
 And in dethe panges he seer'd the recei's knee :

---

VENGOUSLIE, *revengefully*.

|| MASTIE, *mastiff*.

Faste as the iver rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
 So faste he dymg gryp'd the racer's lymb

The racer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
 And toste the cilic fair off to the grounde,  
 The cilic's squie then a sweide did sticke  
 Into his haite, a dedlie ghastlie wounde,  
 And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,  
 Upon Chatillon's souless corse of claie,  
 A puddie streme of bloude flow'd oute amene;  
 Stetch d out at length besmer'd with goie he laie,  
 As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,  
 To live a second time upon the main

The erhe nowe an horse and bever han,  
 And nowe agayne apperied on the feeld,  
 And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
 To his dethe-doyng sweid his life did yeeld,  
 When Sier de Broque an arrowe longe lett fle,  
 Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne,

---

\*This is a modern word Dean Milles justifies it from the antiquity and universality of horse races

It miss'd, butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
 And at his pole came out with horrid payne.

Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,  
 His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Harewald perceevd, and full of ire  
 He on the Sire de Broque with furie came;  
 Quod he, thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,  
 But I will be revenged for the same.  
 Into his bowels then his launce he thiuste,  
 And drew thereout a steemie diene lode;  
 Quod he, these offals are for ever curst,  
 Shall seive the coughs, and looke, and dawes for foode.  
 Then on the plaine the steemie lode hee thiowde,  
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with cymson  
 bloude

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,  
 Ah me! sayde he, what woeful syghte I see!

---

STEEMIE, *steeming*  
 DREERIF, *dreadful*

|| COUGHES, *choughs, or raven*

But now I muste do somethyng more than sighe;  
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he  
 Beneth the eilie's navil came the date,  
 Fitz Broque on foote han diawne it from the bowe,  
 And upwards went into the eilie's haite,  
 And out the crymson stieme of bloude gan flowe  
     As fromm a hatch, diawne with a vehement geir,  
     White rushe the burstyng waves, and ioar along  
         the weir

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

---

HATCH, *pen, or lock.*  
 GEIR, *turn, or twist.*

|| BESPED, *dispatched.*  
 || OPTICS, *eyes*

Biave Alued from binethe his noble hoise  
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;  
 And now eletten on another hoise,  
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
 The cowait Noiman knyghtes before hym fledde,  
 And from a distaunce sent then allowes keene;  
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
 As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.

Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
 Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the 1ock.

Upon 'du Chatelet he feiselie sett,  
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;  
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
 The lollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
 Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,  
 He 1ann his launce into Fitz Wallen's harte;  
 From Partraies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
 Within his owne he felt a ciuel daite;

---

SMORE, *besmeared*  
 ELETTEN, *alighted*.  
 SLEIEN, *slain*

WIGHTE, *person*  
 VILLEN, *vassal, peasant*

Close by the Noiman champyons he han sleme,  
 He fell, and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the  
 pleine

Eile Ethelbeit then hove, with elme just,  
 A launce, that stroke Partraie upon the thighe,  
 And pian'd him downe unto the gone duste;  
 Cruel, quod he, thou cuellie shalt die.  
 With that his launce he enterd in his throte;  
 He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;  
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
 And after it a cymson streme of bloude.  
 In agonie and peine he there did lie,  
 While life and dethe strove for masteine

He gyped hard the bloudie murthering launce,  
 And in a gioue he left this mortel lyfe  
 Behynde the eilie Fiscampe did advaunce,  
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife:

---

Hove, *heaved*  
 GIUVE, *inclination*

|| SCRITCH'D, *shrieked*  
 BETHOGHTE, *thinking*

But Egward, who percev'd his fowle intent,  
 Eftsoons his trustie sweide he foithwyth diewe,  
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
 That soule and boddie's bloude at one gate flewe.

Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
 Will black theire earthlie name, if not theire soule

When lo' an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge,  
 And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,  
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge  
 What he the first mischaunce received han,  
 With hoisemans haste he from the aime rodde,  
 And did repare unto the cunnyngc manne,  
 Who sange a chaime, that dyd it mickle goode,  
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbeit, and our holie Dame,  
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same

Then diewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seek,  
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on,

---

YCLEPD, *called*  
 SECK, *such*

|| HERBIES, *herbs*



And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck :  
 And then did say ; go, champyon, get agone.  
 And now was comynge Haroldc to defend,  
 And metten by Wallens crucl daite ;  
 His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend  
 The arrow peiced into his noble haite,  
     As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
     Falls to the pleine, so fell the warrour dede

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
 Who love of hym han from his county gone,  
 When he percevd his friend lie in his gone,  
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne  
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes byghte.  
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
 All living creatures fle far from their syghte,  
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen,  
     \*For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
     Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke



\* This couplet has occurred before, line 229 of this poem.

So from the face of Meivyn Tewdoi brave  
 The Noimans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste,  
 And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,  
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowait haste.  
 His garb sufficient weic to meve affiyghte;  
 A wolf skin guided round his myddle was,  
 A bear skin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
 Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws.  
 \*So Hercules, 'tis sunge much like to him,  
 Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

---

AGHASTF. *terrified*

|| TYTEND, *tightened*

---

\* And then about his shoulders broad he threw  
 A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he  
 In salvage forrest by adventure slew,  
 And reft the spoil his ornament to be,

Which spread'ng all his back with dreadfull view,  
 Made all that hi n so horrible did see  
 Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,  
 When the Nemean conquest he did win

*Spenser. Mu. spotmas*

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

His sweide was shoite, and broade, and myckle keene,  
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt ware.  
 The Noirmaun's haite in partes two cutt cleane,  
 He clos'd his cynne, and clos'd his eyne for aie  
 Then with his sweide he sett on Fitz du Valle,  
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte,  
 With thilk a fuie on hym he dyd falle,  
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte,  
     As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,  
     To dyve an oke into unfallow'd grounde,

And with the sweide, that in his neck yet stoke,  
 The Norman fell unto the bloude grounde,  
 And with the fall ap Tewdoie's sweide he broke,  
 And bloude afieshe came tickling from the wounde  
 As whan the hyndes, befoie a mountayne wolfe,  
 Fle from his paws, and angrie vysage gym,  
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
 They dae hym to his bearde, and battone hym,  
 And cause he fyghted them so muche befoie,  
 Lyke cowait hyndes, they battone hym the moie

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdoie was beieft  
 Of his keen sweide, thatt wioghte thilke great  
 dismaie

They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,  
 And full a score engaged in the fiare.  
 Meivyn ap Tewdoie, iagyng as a beai,  
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque,  
 And wing'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,  
 His visage was turned round unto his backe

---

GOLPHE, *pit*  
 BATTONE, *beat him*

|| GIER, *twist*

Backe to his haite icty'd the useless goie,  
 And felle upon the pleine to use no moie

Then on the mightie Sieie Fitz Pierce he flew,  
 And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte  
 Then manie Noimann knyghtes then arrowes drew,  
 That enter'd into Meivyn's haite, God wote  
 In dying pangs he gryp'd his throte moie stronge,  
 And from then sockets started out his eyes,  
 And from his moathe came out his blameless tonge.  
 And bothe in peyne and anguyshe eftsoon dies.

As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
 Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdoic  
 laie

And now Eile Ethelbert and Egward came  
 Brave Meivyn from the Normannes to assist,  
 A myghtie Sieie, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
 An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.



Erle Egward points his launce at Chatelet,  
 And Ethelbeit at Walleis set his,  
 And Egward dyd the Siere a hard blowe hytt,  
 But Ethelbeit by a mischaunce dyd miss  
     Fear laide Walleis flatt upon the striande,  
     He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
 The poynted launce of Egward dyd ypass.  
 The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,  
 And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass  
 As cowait Walleis laie on the grounde,  
 The dheaded weapon hummed oer his heade,  
 And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,  
 Upon his fallen loide he tumbled dead  
     Oh shame to Noiman armes! a loid a slave,  
     A captyve villeyne than a loide moie brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek,  
Peec'd to his bliane, and cut his tongue in two  
There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

*BATTLE of HASTINGS.*

(No. 2.)

---

Oh Truth' immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lyttle known to wyters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre Sancte' thy passynge worthe to  
     pryze,  
 To blame a fiend and give a foeman prayse  
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,  
 Ledyng a traine of staines of feeble lyghte,  
 With look adigne the wolde belowe surveies,  
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;  
 Wyth aimou dyd, with human goie ydeyd,

---



She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands cuse  
and pryde.

With ale and veinage drunk his souldiers lay ,  
Here was an hynde, and an erlic spiedde ,  
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie '<sup>1</sup>  
This even in dunke, to-morrow with the dead '<sup>1</sup>  
Thio' evnne troope disorder rec'd her hedde ;  
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme ,  
Sad dome was thienes, who lefte this easie bedde,  
And wak'd in toiments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne of comeng dethe afiaide,  
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and  
prayed \*

---

VERNAGE, *a sort of wine*  
HYNDE, *peasant,*

|| HEIDEIGNES, *dances*

---

\* The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and dauncing, not sleeping one winke on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledging their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the Lord's body

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode aounde,  
 Goe, Gythe and Eilward, take bills half a score  
 And search how faire oure focman's campe dothe  
 bound,

Youself have rede, I nede to saie ne more.  
 My brother best belov'd of anie oie,  
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,  
 Tell them to raunge the battle to the gioie,  
 And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.  
 He saide, the loreaul brodcis lefte the place,  
 Success and cheefulness depicte on ech face.

Slowelic brave Gythe and Eilward dyd advaunce,  
 And maikd wyth care the armies dystant syde,  
 When the dyie clatteryng of the shelde and launce  
 Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd  
 He lyfted up his voice, and loudlic cryd,  
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell,

WITES, *people*  
 REDE, *wisdom*

|| ORE, *other*  
 || DEPICTED, *painted*

Gythe diew hys sweide, and cutte hys builed  
 hyde,  
 The proto-slene manne of the fiede he telle;  
 Out sticend the bloude, and ran in smokinge  
 curles,  
 Reflected bic the moone seemd rubies mixt wvth  
 peales

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,  
 Rousd from their priers by the flotting curle,  
 Thoughe Gythe and Ailwardus percevvd the same,  
 Not once theire stode abashd, oi thoghte to fle  
 He seizd a bill, to conquere oi to die;  
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytoine,  
 That makes a vallye wheresoe ic it lie,  
 Fierce as a yver buistyng from the borne,



PROTO SLENE, *first slain*  
 FLOTING, *undulating*

|| CLEVIS, *clift*  
 || BORNE, *brook*

\* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stonemell carrying the same awaie J Lydgate ne knowyng this left out o line

So fiercele Gythe hitte Fitz du Goe a blowe,  
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone  
 lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name,  
 Let none ediaw his arcublaste bowe.  
 Gythe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,  
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyngc floe  
 The sue wente onne, ye menne, what mean ye so  
 Thus unprovokd to couite a bloudie fyghte?  
 Quod Gythe, ouie meanyng we ne caie to showe,  
 Noi dlead thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;  
 Heie single onlie these to all thie ciewe  
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heaites can  
 doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
 Noi joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;  
 In peace and mercy is a chrystians pryde:  
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.

ARCUBLASTER, *cross-bow*  
 CAS'D, *sheathed*

|| VENGYNGE, *revenging*  
 || DISTRAUGHT, *distracted*

And now the news was to Duke William brought,  
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were,  
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte.  
 And Gythe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere  
 Quod Willyam, thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A fiend to eveie manne that treads on Englysh  
 ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwge the campe ypass'd,  
 And sawe bothe men and eilies on the grounde;  
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte  
 theyr last,  
 And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.  
 He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd;

---

CATIES, *delicacies*  
 ENTHOUGHTE, *thought of*

|| ASTOWND, *astonished*

---

\* He sent out before them that should spye, and view the number and foice of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the Dukes tents, Duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their Lord safe without harme.

*Stowe*

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth  
 rage;  
 When throughe the hollow tentes these woïdes  
 dyd sound,  
 Rowse from youi sleepe, detratours of the age!  
 Was it for thys the stoute Noiwegian bledde?  
 Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre  
 In jintle slumbers chase the heat of dare,  
 Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins ioie,  
 That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a praie,  
 He tremblyng for his sheep dives dreeme awaie,  
 Gripes faste hys burled cloke, and sore adradde  
 Wyth fleeting studes he hastens to the fraie,  
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad,  
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,  
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies.

---

WANNE, *pale*  
 DETRATOURS, *traitors.*  
 HUSCARLES, *servants*  
 SHEPSTER, *shepherd*  
 JINTLE, *gentle*

WIND, *sound*  
 BURLED, *armed*  
 ADRADDE, *affrighted*  
 COISTRELL LAD, *servant*  
 TALBOTS, *dogs*

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine,  
 There thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line,  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and  
     byllspear shine,  
 Thowote the campe a wild confusionne sprede,  
 Eche biacd hys armlace sikei ne desygne,  
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde,  
 Some caught a slughoine, and an onsett wounde,  
 Kyng Harolde heaide the charge, and wondied at  
     the sounde.

Thus Leofwine, O Women cas'd in stele;  
 Was itte for thys Norwegia s stubborn secle  
 Through the black arrowe dyd the armlace fele.  
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?  
 Whilst yet the worlde was wondhyng at the  
     deede

---

WALSOME, *loathsome*  
 TRECHIT, *treachery*  
 ARMLACE, *acostrements for the arms*

|| SIKER, *sure*  
 || SLUGHORNE, *military trumpets*  
 || ONSETT, *charge*

You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in  
 hand,  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede  
 O shame! oh dyie dishonoure to the lande!  
 He sayde, and shame on everie visage spiedde,  
 Ne sawe the eilies face, but addawd hung their head

Thus he, rowze yce, and foime the boddie tyghte  
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for stienght  
 renownd,  
 Next the Bystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
 And last the numerous ciewe shall presse the  
 grounde  
 I and my king be wyth the Kenteis founde,  
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bystowe bande,  
 And Betriams sonne, the manne of glorious  
 wounde,  
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande,  
 And let the Londoners and Susseis plie  
 Bye Herewardes memune and the lighte skyits anie

---

REDE, *counsel*  
 ADDAWD, *awakened*  
 MENGED, *mixed troops*

|| MEMUNE, *attendants*  
 || ANIE, *annoy*



He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent  
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,  
 With twa redubbled fhuii the alans run,  
 So stynd the valiante Saxons evenich one,  
 Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode,  
 To 'tone for then bewiate so soone twas done,  
 And lyfted bylls enseem d an yion woode,  
 Here glorious Alfwold towr d above the wites,  
 And seem'd to brave the fun of twa ten thousand  
 fights

Thus Leofwme, today will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state,  
 This sunnes aunture be felt for yeais to come;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.  
 Thinke of brave Ælfidus, yclept the griete,  
 From poite to poite the red-hand Dane he chasd,

BELENT, *at a stop*  
 TWA, *twice*  
 FHUII, *fury*  
 ALANS, *hounds*

BEWRATE, *treashery*  
 WITES, *men, people*  
 AUNTURE, *adventure*,  
 YCLEPT, *called*

The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's could mate,  
 Who made of peopled realms a barren waste;  
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gythe unto Kynge Harolde ride,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare  
 Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
 And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
 Gythe waxen hotte, fhuu in his eyne did glare;  
 And thus he saide, oh brother, fiend, and kynge,  
 Håve I deserved this fiemed speche to heare?  
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng  
 When Tostus sent me golde and sylver stoie,  
 I scoind hys present vile, and scoin'd hys treason  
 more.

Forgive me, Gythe, the brave Kynge Harolde  
 cyd,

---

LYONCELS, *young lions*  
 MAGYSTRIE, *mastery*  
 BESTED, *contended*  
 ASKAUNTE, *obliquely*

FAY, *fasth*  
 FREMED, *strange*  
 HALLIDOME, *holy church*

Who can I trust, if biothers are not true?  
 I think of Tostus, once my joye and pryde  
 Girthe saide, with looke adigne, my lord, I doe  
 But what oure foemen are, quod Gythe, I ll  
 shewe;

Bie Gods hie hallidome they piceses are  
 Do not, quod Harolde, Gunthe, mystell them so  
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre  
 \*Quod Gunthe, why will ye then provoke theyr  
 hate?

Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie giete

---

ADIGNE, *noble*

|| MYSTELL, *miscall*

---

\* Harold asked them what tydings they brought, and they with long commendation extolled the clemencie of the Duke, and in good sadness declared that all the host almost did seeme to be Priests — The King laughing at their folly said, they bee no Priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes and stout of courage. Girthe his brother took the word out of his mouth and said, for as much as the Normans bee of such great force, me thinketh it were not wisely done of you to joyne battle with them

*Stowe*

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

Telle hym from me one of these thee to take;  
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
 Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.  
 He saide, the Monke departyd out of hande,  
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear,  
 Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand  
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

---

ARCUBLASTRIES, *cross-bowmen*  
 FLO, *arrow*  
 ASENGLAVE, *lances.*

LOVERDS, *lords.*  
 LIKAND, *choise*

\*He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,  
 And with his brotheis iouzd' each manne to blouddie  
 fyghte.

A standaide made of sylke and jewells rare,  
 Wherein alle coloues wroughte aboute in bighes  
 †An amynd knyghte was seen deth-doyngt there,  
 Under this motte, He conqueis or he dies.  
 This standard icht, endazzlyng mortal eyes,  
 Was boine neare Haroldde at the Kenters heade,  
 Who chaigd hys biodeis for the giete empyze  
 That staite the hest for battle should be spiedde

---

BIGHES, *jewels.*  
 MOTTE, *motto*

|| EMPRYZE, *undertaking*  
 HEST, *command*

---

\* And with the same indiscrettness he drave away a Monke that was Duke William's ambassador The Monke broughte three offers, to wit, that either Harold should, upon certain conditions, give over the kingdome, or to be King under Duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he offered to stande to the judgement of the Sec Apostolic

*Stowe.*

† The King himself stood afoote by the standard, which was made after the shape and fashion of a man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with gold and precious stones.

*Stowe.*

To evy erle and knyghte the woide is gyven,  
 And cures *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted  
 heaven

As when the eithe, torne by convulsyons dyie,  
 In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,  
 The warring foice of water, au, and fyie,  
 Biast from the regions of eteinal nyghte,  
 Thro the darke caveins seeke the reaulmes of  
 lyght,  
 Some loftie mountayne, by its fury toine,  
 Dreadfully moves, and causes gicte affiyght;  
 Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the boune,  
 And awfuller shakes, mov'd by the almighty foice,  
 Whole woods and foirests nod, and yvers change  
 theyr course

So did the men of war at once advaunce,  
 Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light,  
 Above a wood, yfoim'd of bill and launce,  
 That noddyd in the ayie most straunge to syght

Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,  
 Ne neede of slughornes to enowse theyr minde;  
 Eche shootyng speie yreaden for the fyghte,  
 Moore feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than  
     wynd,  
 With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyie,  
 One single boddie all there marchd, theyr eyen on fyre,

And now the greie-eyd morne with v'lets diest,  
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West.  
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes  
 Of the bright sunne awaytyng spiits leedes  
 The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,  
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie  
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
 And stopt his dnyng steedes, and hid his lyghtsome  
     raye.

---

SLUGHORNES, *war trumpets*  
 YREADEN, *made ready.*

|| JERNIE, *journey*  
 GLEDES, *glides.*

Kyng Harolde hie in ayie majestic raysd  
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;  
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,  
 Then fuyouse sent it whistlyng thro the ayie.  
 It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beei ,  
 In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;  
 Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
 Peercyng quite thro, befoie it dyd allaie ;  
 He tumbled, scitчыng wyth hys hoiiid payne ;  
 His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam saw, and soundyng Rowlandes songe  
 He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
 Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full  
     stronge,  
 From out of mortals syght shot up the floe ,  
 Then swyfte as fallynge staires to earthe belowe  
 It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;  
 Quite thro the silver-borduid crosse did goe,

MANCHYN, *sleeve*  
 PAIZDE, *poised*  
 ALLAIE, *stop*

|| SCITCHYNG, *shrieking*  
 || CUSHES, *armour for the thighs*  
 || FLOE, *arrow*



Not loste its force, but stuck into the feelde,  
 The Normannes, like theyr sovyn, dyd prepare,  
 And shotte ten thousande floes upringsynge in the aere †

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes then waie  
 In housholde armies thro the flanchd skie,  
 Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
 If that perchance some boggie fenne is nic,  
 Soon as the muddie natyon there espie,  
 Inne one blacke cloude there to the erth descende,  
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie,  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend.  
 So pione to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,  
 And peered thro biasse, and sente manie to heaven  
 or helle

---



---

FFANCHFD, *arched*

---



---

† Duke William commanded his men that some of them should shoote directly forward, and other some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped, and the arrowes shot directly aforehand, wounded them that stood upright

Elan Adelfied, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dne anowe buinyngc in his bieste,  
 Before he dyd, he sent hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne sunke to glorie and eteinal ieste  
 Nevylle, a Noimanne of alle Noimannes beste,  
 Thow the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As he on hoisebacke for the fyghte addressd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyngc oer the  
     steele,  
 He sente the avengyngc floe into the ayie,  
 And tuind hys hoises hedde, and did to leechc re-  
     payie

And now the javelyns, baibd with deathhis wynges,  
 Huild from the Englysh handes by force aderne,  
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of tenor synges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eteine  
 Huild by such strength along the ayie there buine,  
 Not to be quenched butte ynn Noimannes bloude;

LEECHE, *physician*  
 ADERNE, *dire*.

|| DREARE, *terrible*

Whereere they came they wcie of lyfe forloin,  
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude,  
 Like cloudes the Noirmanne arrowes did descend,  
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end

Noi, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande,  
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aine,  
 The foice of none but thyne and Harold's hande  
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer,  
 Itte whyzzd a ghassthe dynne in Normannes ear,  
 Then thundrynge dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
 He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte,  
 Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!  
 His hatchments raie with him upon the grounde was  
 prest.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his wae,

PHEON, *spear*  
 GLYTTED, *gilded*.  
 LETHAL, *deadly*.

|| GEER, *turn*  
 || GREAVE, *a part of armour*

Descendyng like a shafte of thundeꝛ fleete,  
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,  
 Onne Algaïs sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,  
 There thioȝhe dyd peerse, and stycke into his  
     goine,  
 In gyppe torments on the feelde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;  
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the boine,  
 Lyke studie elms by stormes in uncothe wythynges  
     toine.

Allick his brotheꝛ, when he this perceevd,  
 He drew his sweide, his lefte hande helde a speere,  
 Towards the duke he tuꝛnd his piauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a praye;  
 Then sent his lethal javlyn in the aye,  
 On Hue de Beaumont-s backe the javelyn came,  
 Thio his redde armour to hys haite it taie,  
 He felle and thondied on the place of fame,

---

ASSAIE, *make an attempt.*  
 DISTORT, *distorted, writhing*

|| BORNE, *birth of armour*  
 UNCOUPE, *struck*

Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Sieui de Roe  
And braste his sylver helme so fuyous was the blowe

But Willyam, who had scen hys prowesse great,  
And feered muche how faire his blonde might goe,  
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate  
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe  
As alic hoistes hys ayme for dedlie blowe,  
Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,  
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe  
Quite thowe his ayme into his syde ypaste,  
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng stanic at nyghte,  
He grypde his sweide, and felle upon the place of  
fyghte.

O Alfwolde, saie, howe shalle I syng of thee  
Or telle howe manie dyd bencthe thee falle,  
Not Haroldes self more Noirnanne knyghtes did  
slee,  
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call ;

---

BRASTE, *broke, burst*  
BRONDE, *fury*

|| ARBLASTER, *cross-bow*  
FLOE, *arrow*

How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?  
 Lyke thee, then leader, eche Bystowyanne  
     foughte,  
 Lyke thee then blaze must be canonical,  
 Foie thee, like thee, that daie bewiecke youghte.  
 Did thurte Normannes fall upon the grounde,  
 Full half a score from thee and there receive then  
     fatale wounde

Fust Fytz Chivelloys felt the dreiful foice;  
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;  
 Eftsoones throve that the durynge speare did  
     peece,  
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle,  
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle,  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde,  
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle,  
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylvei dyde

BEWRECKE, *reveng.*  
 NETE, *nought*  
 ASSAYLE, *attempt*

|| HYGRA, *boie of the Severn*  
 || ADVENTAYLE, *armor*  
 || CUISHE, *armor for the thigh*

Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,  
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's  
 1ysyng ray

Next Fescampe felle, O Christie, how harde his  
 fate

To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thionge.

His spite was made of malice deslavate,

Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.

The broch'd keene javlyn huld from honde so  
 stronge

As thine came thundyngc on his crysted beave,

Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,

With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave,

Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng briame,

As witheld okes or elmes are hewne from off the  
 playne.

GLEEM, *pointed.*  
 LECKFDST, *cowardiest.*  
 DESLAVATE, *disloyal*

BROCH'D, *pointed*  
 CRYSTED, *crested.*  
 BEAVE, *beaver*

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore  
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere,  
 Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld After-la-  
 goure,  
 How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?<sup>2</sup>  
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,  
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,  
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hautes bloud bear,  
 It gawe thee death and everlastyng fame,  
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde ayme,  
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds haime

---

LORE, *learning*  
 KENNE, *know*

|| HABERGEON, *coat of mail.*  
 || BEHIGHT, *name*

---

\* The word *Astologer* used sometimes to be expressed *Asterlagour*, and so it seems to have occurred in this line Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*, and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name, the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this After-la-gour as a person of science—"most skylld after-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems

*Bryant*



Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,  
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,  
 His soule and bloude came ioushyunge from the  
     wounde,

He closd his ceyn, and opd them with the blest  
 It can ne be I should behight the rest,  
 That by the myghtie ayme of Alfwold felle,  
 Paste bie a penne to be counte on expreste,  
 Howe manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle,  
 As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns  
     hand,

So laie the Noimannes slain by Alfwold on the strand

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles  
 Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,  
 Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;  
 The shepster swayncs in vayne theyr lees lement,  
 So foughte the Bystowe menne; ne one crevent,

---

KEN'T *know it.*  
 BESPRENGE, *spread.*

|| LEES, *sheep-pasture*  
 || CREVENT, *coward*

Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;  
 With fallen Noimans all the playne besprent,  
 And like theyr leadeis every man did slee,  
 In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;  
 The Bristowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not  
 dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encieasd the slayne;  
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,  
 Or telle how manie Noimannes preste the playne;  
 But of the eies, whom record nete hath slayne,  
 O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate  
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve  
 agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate,  
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,  
 And like to them æternal alwaie stiyve to be

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sune  
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shyne,  
 Whose breast for ever buind with sacred fyre,  
 And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine,

To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes 1esygne,  
 And lefte hys son his Gods and fortunes knyghte,  
 His son the Sancte behelde with looke adigne,  
 Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte,  
 Sancte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
 His friends he lets to lyve, and all his fomen bleedes

He married was to Kenewalchae faie,  
 The fynest damc the sun or moon adave,  
 She was the mightie Adcredus heyre,  
 Who was aheadie hastynge to the grave,  
 As the blue Bruton, 1ysynge from the wave,  
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
 And 1ounde aboute the 11synge wateis lave,  
 And then longe hayre arounde then bodie flies.  
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,

ADINGL, *worthy*  
 GEMOT, *counsel*

|| ADAVE, *arsae npon*. M unauthorized  
 || LAVE, *wash*

Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on hei lippes combine,  
 Her lippes moie iedde than summer evenynge  
     skyne,  
 O<sub>1</sub> Phoebus 1ysinge in a frostie moine,  
 Her breste moie white than snow in feeldes that  
     lyene,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-braste brookettes gently whyspyng in the  
     delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,  
 Biowne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
 So biowne the crokyde 1ynges, that featlie fell  
 Ove<sub>1</sub> the neck of the all-beauteous dame.  
 G<sub>1</sub>eie as the morne before the ruddie flame  
 Of Phebus charyotte 1ollynge thro the skie;  
 G<sub>1</sub>eie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,  
 So g<sub>1</sub>eie appeard her feetly sparklyng eye;

SKYNE, *sky.*

LYENE, *lies*

NEW-BRASTE, *newly burst*

|| CROKYDE, *curling, crooked.*

|| FEATLIF, *genteely.*

Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look  
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday  
 book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode  
 Befoie the abbie buylt by Oswald kyunge,  
 Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
 Where saintes and soules departed masses synge,  
 Such awe from hei sweete looke foithe issuyng  
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;  
 Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,  
 So sweet the wordes that from hei lippes did falle,  
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;  
 Hei wordies did displaie hei great entendemment

Tapie as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
 Tapie as elmes that Goodricks abbie shrove;  
 Tapie as silver chalices for wine,  
 So Tapie was hei aimes and shape ygrove

---

THRASLARKS, *thrushes*  
 ENTENDEMENT, *understanding*

|| SHROVE, *shrouded.*  
 || YGROVE, *formed*

As skylful mynemenne by the stones above  
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
 Thus was she outward foim'd; the sun hei mind  
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all hei chaimes  
 1efin'd.

What blazous then, what gloie shall he clayme,  
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,  
 That lefte the bosome of so fayie a dame  
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to seive his loide the kynge?  
 To his fayre shine goode subjects oughte to bing  
 The aimes, the helmets, all the spoyles of waire,  
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
 And travelling merchants spiedde hys name to faie;  
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
 And nowc among his foes dethe-doyngc blowes he  
 delte

---

MYNEMENNE, *miners*.  
 YLACH'D, *confined*

|| BLAZOURS, *praises*  
 || DOUGHTIE, *powerful*

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes  
 He rageth soie, and doth about hym slee,  
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree,  
 As when a rivette rolles impetuouslie,  
 And breaks the bankes that would its foice re-  
     stiaynē,  
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynge doth flee,  
 Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course main-  
     tayne;  
 As when a manne doth in a coine-fielde mowe,  
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide low e

So manie, with such foice, and with such ease,  
 Did Adhelm slaughtie on the bloudie playne;  
 Before hym manie dyd they hearts bloude lease,  
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng slayne  
 Angillian felte his foice, nor felte in vayne,  
 He cut hym with his sweide athur the breaste;  
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armouie stayne,

---

STREE, *strew, or scatter.*  
 LEASE, *lose*

|| ATHUR, *across*

He clos'd his eyen in æternal restē,  
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste boine awaie,  
 Stretchd in the aimes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thio the ayie he sent his javlyn feeice,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Thiove the vaste oibe the shaïpe pheone did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.  
 But soon another wingd its aiey flyghte,  
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe,  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyngē from the  
 blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie sue and mingled with the slaine.

IIue de Longeville, a foïce doughtie meire,  
 Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the daite,  
 When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted  
 speere  
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.



He drew his bowe, nor was of dethe astate,  
 Then fell down biethlesse to encrease the coise,  
 But as he drew hys bowe devoid of aite,  
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse,  
 Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe,  
 Now here, now there, with rage bleeding he rounde  
 doth goe

Nor does he hede his masties known commands,  
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,  
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,  
 And throwes hys mastic far off to the grounde.  
 Nea1 Adhelms feete the Noimanne laie astounde,  
 Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,  
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,  
 He peerd his sweide, and out upon the felde  
 The Noimannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!  
 He opd and closd his eyen in everlastyng nychte.

ASTATE, *afraid*  
 HATCHMENTS, *caparisons.*  
 ASTOUNDꝰ, *stunned*

||| BESPRENGD, *scattered,*  
 ENSOOND, *in a swoon,*  
 STEEMD, *reeked*

Caveid, a Scot, who for the Noimannes foughte,  
 A mann well skilld in swede and soundynge  
 styngge,

Who fled his county for a crime enstrote,  
 For daiynge with bolde woide hys loaule kynge,  
 He at Ealc Aldhelme with grete force did flynge  
 An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did iinge,  
 Peerd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
 Thro some tall spyie the shaftes in a torn clevis fle.

Then Addhelm huld a croched javlyn stronge,  
 With mighte that none but such grete championes  
 know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
 Ande hytte the Scot most fencie on the powe,  
 His helmet biasted at the thounding blowe,  
 Into his brian the tremblyn javlyn steck,

ENSTROTE, *to be punished.*  
 ASKAUNTE, *slanting*  
 CLEVIS, *clift*

|| PROW, *forehead*  
 || BRASTED, *burst*  
 || STECK, *stuck.*

From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,  
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck,  
 Down fell the wairiour on the lethal strand,  
 Lyke some tall vessel wicckt upon the tragick sande.

## CONTINUED

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

---

DERNE, dreary, melancholy  
 SCANTLIE, scarcely

|| IWIMPLED, covered.  
 || FORRY, destroy.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,  
 Plac'd on eche other in a dreare manere,  
 It ne could be the woike of human handes,  
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie  
 Heie did the Britons adoration paye  
 To the false god whom they did Tauian name,  
 Dightyngc hys altare with greete fyres in Maie,  
 Roastyngc theyr vycualle round aboute the flame,  
 'Twas heie that Hengyst did the Britons slee,  
 As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neeie on a loftie hylle a cite standes,  
 That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,  
 And kynglie lookes aounde on lower landes,  
 And the longe biowne playne that before itte lies.  
 Herewaide, boine of parentes biave and wyse,  
 Within thys vylle fyiste adrewe the ayre,  
 A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,  
 In anie kyngdom nee could fynde his pheer ;  
 Now 1ybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte

---

DIGHTYNGE, *dressing*  
 SCHEAFTED, *adorned with turrets*

|| PHEER, *equal*

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

Byghte sonne in haste han drove hys fiene wayne  
 A three howies course along the whited skyen,  
 Vewyng the swarthless bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetly to plonce in the byne.  
 For as hys becemes and fai-stretchynge cyne  
 Did view the pooles of goie yn purple sheene,  
 The wolsomme vapours ounde hys lockes did  
 twyne,

---

LYMED, *smooth*  
 BESPRENGED, *scattered*.  
 BIATAUNTE, *noisy*  
 BRONDED, *furious*  
 MAYNT, *many*.

POINTEL, *pen*  
 SKYEN, *sky*  
 SWARTHLESS, *without souls, lifeless*  
 PLONCE, *plunge*

And dyd disfygue all hys semmlikeen ;  
 Then to haide actyon he hys wayne dyd iowse,  
 In hysynge occan to make glaiu hys blowes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Noiman  
 knyghte.

That bee. war token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and daie to closei fyghte  
 The saxonne wanyon, that dyd so entwine,  
 Lyke the neshe byon and the eglantine,  
 Ome Conyssh wiastleis at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,  
 To the out aniae of the thight Saxonnes came ,  
 There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a paine  
 Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of waie.

Oh Tugotte, wheresoeer thie spyte dothe haunte,  
 Whithet wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,

WOISOMME, *loathsome*  
 SEMMLIKEEN, *countenance.*  
 GLAIR, *clear*  
 NESHY, *tender*  
 BRYON, *wild-vine*

EGIANTINE, *sweetbrier*  
 OURT, *open*  
 THIGHT, *closed, consolidated*  
 WHAFED, *astonished.*

Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte laike  
     chaunte,  
 Oire wyth some mokyngge brooklette swetelie glide,  
 Or rowle in feiselie wythe feise Severnes tyde,  
 Whereei thou art, come and my mynde enleeme  
 Wyth such greeete thoughtes as dyd with thee  
     abyde,  
 Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,  
 Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
 That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wyte

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys speire,  
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,  
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the aye  
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere,  
 Campynon famous for his statuee lughe,  
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyte of leire,  
 In cloudie daie he icechd into the skie;

SWOTIE, *sweet*  
 MOKYNGE, *mocking, bubbling*  
 ENLEEME, *enlighten*

|| DRYBBLETTE, *small portion*  
 || BROCHED, *pointed*  
 || LERE, *leather.*

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
And diewe hys steele Moiglaien sworde so stronge.

Thyxe ounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace  
wyde,

On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,

Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,

Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;

Alonge the felde it made an hoind cleembe,

Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in  
twayne,

Then yn the bloude the fierie sweide dyd steeme,

And then dyd diue ynto the bloudie playne;

So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,

Some thundeibolte taies trees and diyves ynto the  
grounde

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente

A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;

ANLACE, *sword*  
AGLEEME, *shine*  
BREME, *furious*

|| CLEEMBE, *sound*  
|| COUPEYNGE *cutting*



e playne the broken brasse bespente  
 yis bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde,  
 yd backe, and dyd not there abyde,  
 aught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,  
 downe the Normannes, did their raukes  
 ide,  
 himselfe lefte them unto the foe;  
 aunes, in kingdomme of the sunne,  
 e provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes  
 ne.

; who ken'd hee was his armies staie,  
 ge the rede of generaul so wyse,  
 fwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,  
 the aunie ayenwarde he lues,  
 as a feether'd takel Alf woulde flies,  
 ele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm  
 ounde,  
 nters, ten Bistowans for th' emprise  
 wyth Alf woulde wher Campynon stood,

---

*cattered*  
*backward.*  
*s, elephants.*

REDE, *advice.*  
 TAKEL, *arrow.*

Who aynewaide went, whylste evenic Noimanne  
 knyghte  
 Dyd blush to see then champion put to flyghte.

As pinctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wyldc,  
 When yt is cale and blustynge wyndes do blowe,  
 Enteis hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,  
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,  
 He thourghe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,  
 Thowe the quyck toient of the bollen ave,  
 Thowe Seveine lollynge oer the sandes belowe  
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,  
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tulle foi hys eyne  
 In peccies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwould he dyd to Campnyon haste,  
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Noimannes eyne,  
 Hce fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,

---

CALE, *cold*  
 BORDELLE, *cottage*  
 BELTRYNTS, *sprinkles*  
 BOLLEN AVF, *swelling wave*  
 ALOFE, *aloft*

|| BLENTS, *mixes with*  
 || STYNTS, *stops*  
 || CHYNE, *divide*  
 || AWHAP'D, *astonished*

To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne  
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,  
 And said, Campynon, is it thee I see ?  
 Thee ? who dydst actes of glorie so bewy en,  
 Now poolie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee ?  
 Awaie ! thou dogge, and acte a warrions parte,  
 Or with mie sweide I ll peice thee to the hate

Betweene Eile Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's  
 blonde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coude  
 bee,

Seezed a huge sweide Moiglaien yn his honde,  
 Mottrynge a praiet to the Vyigyne  
 So hunted deere the diyvyng houndes will slee,  
 When thiee dyscover they cannot escape,  
 And feeiful lambkyns, when thiee hunted bee,  
 Theyie ynfante hunters doe thiee ofte aw hape;  
 Thus stode Campynon, giete but heitlesse  
 knyghte,

When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,  
 Meanewhyle hys menne on evenie syde dyd slee,  
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
 Campynon's swerde in builie-brande dyd diee;  
 Bêwopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee,  
 Hys Bystowe menne came in hym for to save;  
 Eftsoons upgotten from the giounde was hee,  
 And dyd agayne the touring Noīman brave;  
 Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a dreat arraie,  
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys pieie.

Upōn the Noīmannes brazen adventayle  
 The thondynge bill of mightie Alfwould came,  
 It made a dentful biuse, and then dyd fayle,  
 Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a spaiklynge  
 flame;  
 Eftsoons agayne the thondynge bill ycame,  
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyits of laie;

---

DYGHTE, *prepare*  
 BUIIE-BRAND, *armed fury*  
 DREE, *drive*  
 BEWOPEN, *stupified*

ADVENTAYLE, *armor*  
 DENTFUL, *indentend.*  
 LARE, *leather,*

A tyde of purple goie came wyth the same,  
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it taie,  
 Campy non felle, as when some cittie-walle  
 Inne dolefulle terrouis on its mynouis falle

He felle, and dyd the Noiman iankes dyvyde.  
 \*So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
 Feeles the broad axes peesynge his broade syde.  
 Slowhe he falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
 Pressynge all downe that is with hym anighe,  
 And stoppynge weaie travellers on the waie,  
 So straught upon the playne the Noiman hie

\* \* \* \* \*

Bled, gion'd and dyed. the Noimanne knyghtes  
 astound

To see the bawsin champion prieste upon the grounde



STRAUGHT, *stretched out.*

|| BAW SIN, *huge.*



\* As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or pine, ft mast for some great admiral,  
 Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,  
 Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.

*Pope's Homer.*

As when the hygia of the Severne ioais,  
 And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,  
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceteis shore,  
 And sweepes the black sande ounde its horie prow;  
 So biemie Alfwoulde thio the waine dyd goe,  
 Hys Kenteis and Bystowans slew ech syde,  
 Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,  
 And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;  
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they  
     went,  
 And ounde aboute them swarthless coise besprente

A famous Noimanne who yclepd Aubene,  
 Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handeswoide fyghte,  
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,  
 For he in sothen was a manne of myghte,  
 Fyiste dyd his sweide on Adelgai alyghte,  
 As he on horseboock was, and pceisd hys gryne.

HYGRA, *boie*  
 UGSOM, *terrible*  
 CLEEMBE, *noise*  
 PROWE, *brow*  
 BREMIE, *furios*  
 BETREINTED, *sprinkled*

SWARTHLESS, *lifeless*  
 BESPRENTE, *scattered*  
 YCLEPD, *called*  
 SOTHLN, *truth*  
 GRINE, *groin*

Then upwaid wente in everlastyngte nyghte  
 Hee closd hys rolyng and dymseyghted cyne  
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam d Adelhed,  
 Bie vaiious causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposyngte went,  
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of stie,  
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente  
 At Alfwouldes head, as haïd as hee could diee;  
 But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie  
 Aslaunte his sweide did go ynto the grounde,  
 Then Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,  
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,  
 Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,  
 And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

\* \* \* \* \*

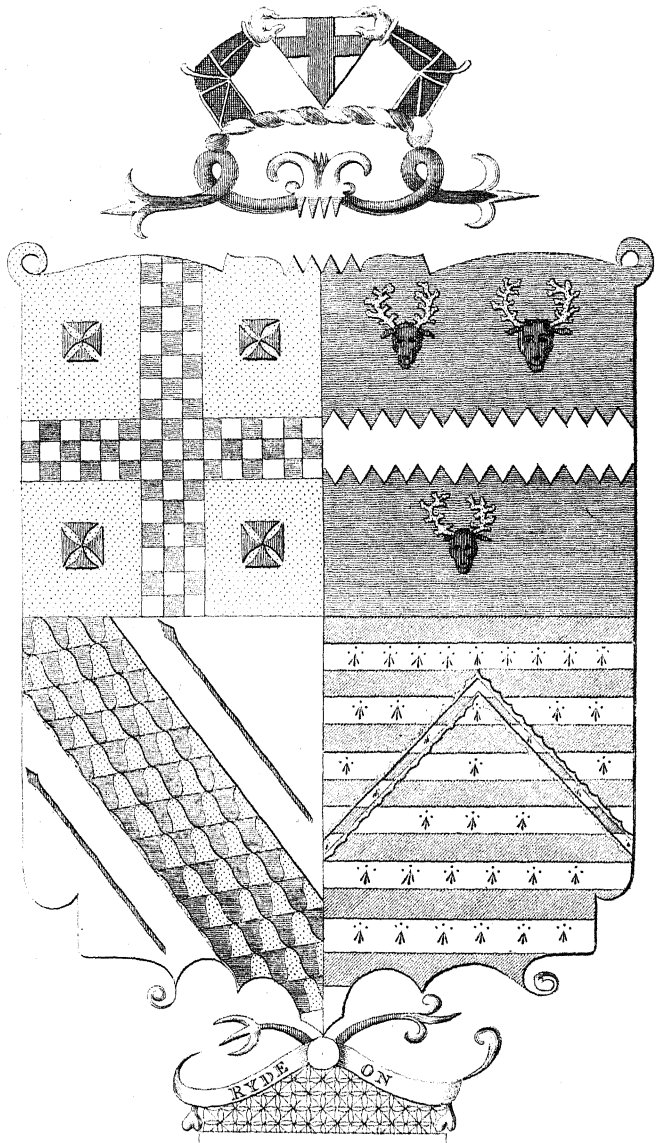
STEE, *straw*  
 DREE, *drone*.  
 BISMARLIE, *curiously*.

ASLAUNTE, *slanting*  
 GABERDYNE, *cloak*  
 UPRYNE, *lift up*





# THE DE BERGHAM ARMS.



ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
**Family of the De Bergham,**

FROM THE  
NORMAN CONQUEST

TO THIS TIME

Collected from original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of  
March and Garters' Records by

*THOMAS CHITTERTON.*

In the first place Chatterton commences the work with an erroneous assertion, No such person as "Simon de Levnete Lyze, alias Sealz," came to England with William the conqueror, as appears from an examination of the list of Names, still extant. And in affirming that this Sealz was created Earl of Northampton, by William, after the execution of the former Earl of that name, it is contrary to express and acknowledged Fact\*.

Another fundamental Argument against the authenticity of the Manuscript, is this. Altho' Chatterton has ascribed so great respectability and antiquity to the Family of De Burgham, including a succession of Knights, Baronets and Poets, yet no such name is on record as being entitled to *any* Coat of Arms, and which could not have been the case if the De Burghams had been so ancient and honourable a Family †

Not are the authorities which Chatterton, cites in support of his assertions entitled to greater credit. We

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\* Alwyne, whose lands lay in Warwickshire, in the Reign of Edward the Confessor, had Issue, Turkil, or Turchill, who was the reputed Earl of Warwick, at the time of the Conquest. This Turkil, by his second Wife, had Issue, Osbert de Arden, who was seated at Compton-Wyniate, in the County of Warwick, and took the Sir-name of Compton, from whom the Earls of Northampton descended.

† Before the Revolution, Commissioners, from the Herold's College, proceeded, at stated times, to every County in the Kingdom, and summoned before them all Persons, who had risen in opulence since their last visit, to take out their COAT OF ARMS. The expense was not inconsiderable, and whoever refused the proposed honour, was obliged, under a penalty, to write his Name in the SURVEY BOOK, at the top of which appeared, in legible Characters, "We the undersigned, renounce all claims to the title of Gentlemen!"

have heard of *Oral* tradition, but *Oral Deeds, Writings* and *Tournament Rolls*, are a new and inadmissible species of evidence. And although with many Readers the authority of Rowley may still be deemed legitimate, yet the *Records* of MARCH and GARTER, so often referred to, are absolute non-entities, these titles being applied to *officers* only in different departments of Heraldry, and not to *particular Writings*.

With respect to the emblazonments, which so scrupulously follow the introduction of every new Name, Chatterton, equally exposes himself to detection. The Coats of Arms ascribed to different Individuals throughout the Work, are for the most part, the direct reverse of those which the respective Families have ever borne, independently of which, some are imperfectly defined, and others extravagantly complex. It may be remarked also, that for a long series of real arms, he is too sparing in his embellishments. The Cross, so familiar to the Bearings of the middle ages, he has seldom introduced, as well as Saltires, Effigies, and Ordinaries, with artificial and Chimerical Figures. and he has made little other use of Celestials, than the occasional introduction of an Estale.

These omissions, in the opinion of a Heraldist, without any other evidence, would be a strong presumptive argument against the authenticity of the MS.

There are two Lancashire Families of the Name of Chatterton, but neither of them is entitled to arms, resembling in any respect that ascribed to "RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON." (A most significant and appropriate Name!) The first being, Gules, a Cross Potent Cross'd, Or, and the second, Argent, a Cheveon, Gules, between three Tent Hooks.

Every Reader will remark the great difference between the Emblazonment given to the Family of Chatterton in the De Burgham MS. and that which Chatterton assigns to himself in his WILL.† The former is pompous in the extreme, while the latter is distinguished for its simplicity. There appears however a mistake in it, twice repeated. It begins, "Vest a Fess," which has no meaning, Vest not being an Heraldic term. It should doubtless be read in both instances, "Fess Vert." An error which Chatterton's transcriber might very naturally make.

The same inconsistency also will be found in the Escutcheon given to De Burgham in the MS, and the engraving annexed, (which is taken from a Drawing, curiously painted by Chatterton, on a Piece of Parchment about eight inches square, and which he presented to Mr. Burgham, as a correct copy of his Arms!)

These mistakes and inadvertancies may fairly be attributed to the haste with which the MS. was probably written, designed merely to answer some temporary purpose, and I mention them only to infer that no person would have been exposed to such errors who primarily respected fact, and strictly adhered to authorities.

It appears very evident that Chatterton had paid particular attention to the subject of Heraldry, both from the present publication, as well as from his letter to Ralph Bigland Esq. and some other parts of his Works, but there are few Readers who will not smile when they find the beardless Bard of Bristol gravely telling his Relation Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, Grandson of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, in the eleventh Century !\*

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† Vol. 3.

\* Vide Letters, Vol. 3.

With respect to the Authorities which Chatterton gives for his Emblazonments, they will be found to consist merely of a number of names, well known in Heraldry, and, as might be supposed, without any *particular reference*, amongst which frequently appear, March! Garter! and Rowley!

In order to ascertain, in a general way, what portion of Truth was contained in the Pedigree of De Bingham, I have examined several of the works referred to in the margin of the MS and find, except in one instance, the information pretended to be derived from them wholly ungrounded

This one exception refers to Sir William Molcneux, who is mentioned at nearly the the end of the Manuscript, as having died at Canterbury, on his return from the wars in Spain, in the Year 1372, and at which place he was buried with a latin Inscription This information and inscription are accurately taken from WEAVER'S FUNERAL MONUMENTS, page 232, and to which Chatterton directs the Reader. But there is collateral evidence that Chatterton was acquainted with this Work, as he refers to it in his account of the Christmas Games, page 87, Vol 3, of the present Edition

Several Epitaphs and Paragraphs in old French and Latin will appear in different parts of the following Pedigree, but it should be remarked that Chatterton did not understand what he had thus written, as he uniformly applied for an explanation to Barrett, the Historian of Bristol, and the translations which are given, are accurately printed from *Barrett's hand-writing*, which invariably follows the Latin and French in the original MS

The Pedigree of the De Bingham Family, will probably illustrate the character of Chatterton, more than any

thing which has yet been published. The preceding remarks it may be presumed will excite reasonable suspicions, and if subsequent inquiries should prove that the whole is a fabrication, it will exhibit Chatterton, to the advocates of Rowley, in a new light, it will demonstrate him to have indulged a peculiar taste for subjects connected with antiquities, it will prove him to have possessed a sound judgment in selecting *names* and incidents, adapted to his purpose, and will exhibit a mind capable of forming a great and intricate plan, on the most slender materials, supported alone by nice arrangement and specious falsehood.

The ingenuity also which Chatterton will have discovered in adopting and applying quotations, from languages which he did not understand, will be very observable, and shew that he not only possessed no ordinary share of perseverance, but a power of assembling the *plausible*, and it may be added, a love, a very PASSION for *imposing on the credulity of others*

Should this Pedigree be proved to be wholly unfounded, the authenticity of the "Romance of the Cnyghte,"\* ascribed to JOHN DE BURGHAM, will hardly be contended for, and if Chatterton was equal to these varied and complicated Forgeries, who shall deny him the capability of producing ROWLEY? This is a suggestion which will arise in every unbiassed mind, and impartiality must conclude that they will then be manifestly links of the same chain, distinguished only by their respective magnitudes.

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\* Page 171, Vol 2

The publication of the following Pedigree, in the opinion of the author of these remarks, will throw a *conclusive* weight in the Anti-Rowleians' scale. With this accession of strength, they may assume a bolder tone, and with undoubting confidence affirm, that Chatterton must henceforth be regarded as the absolute and unqualified AUTHOR of ROWLEY.\*

In identifying the Priest of the 15th Century with the Bard of the 18th, as far as intellect extends, Chatterton must ever be considered as an almost miraculous Being, on whom was showered "The Pomp and Prodigality of Heaven!" Independently of his creative faculty, he is to be recognized as one who seemed intuitively to possess what others imperfectly acquire by labour. All difficulties va-

\* There is a conclusion to be drawn from a line in Chatterton's Will, which I do not recollect to have seen noticed. He says,

" For had I never known the Antique Lore "

What does he mean by "Antique Lore?" certainly not transcribing. A School-Boy might have done this. Without doubt he meant that earnest attention to obsolete Language, which was made the foundation of Rowley!

The following is another suspicious circumstance. The Glossary to all Rowley's Poems, was furnished BY CHATTERTON. It is strange that Chatterton should be denied the Power of using Words, the meaning of which he so well understood.

An argument also of great importance is to be deduced from the beginning of one of Chatterton's Letters, to Horace Walpole. He says "As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's Papers are Genuine"—If Chatterton had ever possessed the Originals of Rowley, it is impossible that he should have doubted concerning their Authenticity, and as the expression "*Now* convinced" implies that he had *before* doubted, the inference is very plain that he never possessed the originals.



nished before him, and every branch of knowledge became familiar to which he momentarily directed his luminous attention

When we consider the wonderful acquirements of Chatterton, in his short life, the maturity of his understanding, the brilliancy of his fancy, and the accuracy of his taste, the mind indulges in a melancholy but luxurious anticipation of what *another* seventeen years might have produced! But, as it is, he has reared to himself an immortal Cenotaph, and it is high time for the public, with a decisive hand, to pluck the borrowed plumes from a fictitious ROWLEY, and to place them on the brow of a real CHATTERTON. His fame should no longer be divided, but the present generation should boast the honorable distinction of having produced, perhaps, the greatest Genius that ever appeared in the "Tide of Times."

J C

*Account of the De BERGHAM Family.*

*Printed, with respect to the references, in the exact form in  
which Catterton wrote it*

\* Heylin  
Newbery  
Creeche

† Roll of  
Battle Abbey,  
7th in order

‡ M<sup>r</sup> Par

§ Ex  
Stem  
fam de  
Lee

(1) SIMON de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, married Matilda, Daughter of (2) Waltheof, a Earl of Northumberland, Northampton and Huntingdon† He came into England, with Wm. the Conqueror‡, who after the execution of Waltheof, for high Treason, created him Earl of Northampton in the year of Christ, M.LXXV by Deed by him granted, it appears he was possessed of Buigham Castle, in Northumberland He had three Sons, Simon, (3) Nigell de Lea,§ who married Hawisia de Asheton, by whom he had a Son, (4) Noimannus, Father of Nigelle de

Reigat  
Anus  
March  
1460

(1) Per Pale indented, Or and Gules (2) Argent a Lyon Rampt Azure a Chief Gules. (3) Bendy Or and Azure, a Pale Counter-changed (4) A Chevron between three Gauntlets.

|| Ex  
Stemma fam  
Sir Johan de  
Lereches

\* Mss  
R Thoresby,  
F R S

† Collins,

‡ Ashmole's  
order of the  
Garter  
Page 669

|| Collins  
Thoresby

§ Mon-  
Angl  
Vol 1

\* Visit  
de Cant

Seagar  
Norris  
Camden  
Guillem  
Garter  
March  
1460

Asheton, (5) Knight, who married || Hester de Haroldstan (6) Com Pem whose Son, Harie de Oime, married (7) Sywarda de Castleton, from whom descended (8) Sir Thomas de Ash-ton, † Knight Lord of Ashton, whose successor was, Sir Robert de Asheton, his Son and Hen, a Person of great note for he was Vice Chamberlain to Edward 3d, and by that title was in Commission with others for obtaining a Peace with Charles, King of France ‡ He resided in the West, || was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Admiral of the narrow Seas, also Justice of Iceland in 43 of Ed 3d, and constituted Treasurer of England in 47 Ed 3d, about which time being in that office, he was appointed, § with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile, and Leon. Sir Roger de Beaucamp and others of the greatest quality. Grantecs<sup>v</sup> in Trust of divers manors, rents and reversions purchased in Kent by the

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(5) Sable on Fess Argent, an Esteole Gules (6) 4th, 1st Or a Chief indented Azure. 2d Argent a Lyon Rampant Gules debrused with a fiette parted per Pale, Or a Sable, 3dly Lozengis Argent and Gules; 4thly. Barrie Bendy Or and Sable. (7) Or a Fess Vert.

King, to enfeoff therewith the Abbey of St. Mary le Grace, near the Tower of London He was afterwards constituted Constable of Dover Castle,† and was in such esteem and favour with that King, that he appointed him one of the Exors of his last Will and Testament. He was continued in favour in the succeeding Reign, and in the 4th of Richard 2d, was warden of the Cinque Ports ‡ He died the 8th Richard the 2d His Son (8) Thomas de Asheton, Father of John Asheton, being then a Knight, served in Parliament 12th Richard 2d as one of the Knights for Lancashire || This Sir John was drowned at Northam, leaving Issue by his Lady, the Daughter of (9) Sir Robert Standish, of Standish, two Sons, 1st, John, and Nicholas, Knight of (10) St John of Jerusalem in Bristol § John de Asheton, the eldest Son, succeeded to the Lordship of Ashton and

† Thoresby

‡ Cotton's Records

|| Pryme Brief Register

§ Rowley's MSS

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(8) (*Omitted in the MS*) (9) Ermine a Pile Sable  
 (10) Per Cheveron in Chief three Estoils in Base a Lyon Rampant, t w.

\* Collins  
Norm Nil  
in Coll. I hos  
Tekyll

† Pryme

Ex  
Her  
Bocnor  
Garter  
Ap

Ex Org  
Penos 7  
Ashton

‡ Thoresby

Rougo  
Dragon

at the Coronation of Henry 4th, was made Knight of the Bath, served in Parliament 12 and 13 Henry 4, 1 and 2 Henry 5, for the County of Landcaster,† and was made Captain and Bailiff of Constance in France as a reward for his services, as appears by several deeds, and the following extracts from the Tournament Books of Gauastei Herald “Syr R de. Shellie <sup>(11)</sup>agenst Syr T de Ashtoune the which Syr Johan dyd possesse ande houlde Constaunce yn Fraunce as mede for hys valouios Ach me ts.” He had two Wives. from his second mariage descended the Ashton’s of Middleton, and by his first Wife, <sup>(12)</sup>Isabelle Daughter of Sir Ralph Elande, of Bughouse in Com Ebor who was buried at Wakefield in that County, as the following Inscription testifies He had 4 Sons and 8 Daughters The Inscription is as follows ‡

(11) Or Semie de Shells Sable. (12) Argent Seven Lozenges Varye 3,3 1

Hic jacet Ossa, Dom Isabelae  
 Asheton mipei Uxoris Johis Ashton,  
 Militis and Matei Willi Mifield,  
 Militis obiit tertio Madi 1488

By which it appears\* she had been the  
 Wife of Alan de Mirfield (13) Knight Hei  
 4 Sons and eight Daugh by Sir John Ashe-  
 ton, were these, VIZ. 1 LUCIA, married  
 1st. to (14) Sir Richard Byion, 2d to Sir  
 Baitin Entwiste, (15) and 3d. to Sir Ralph  
 Shuley, (16) Knights 2 MARY, Wife of  
 (17) Thomas Langley, 3d CATHARINE, of  
 (18) John Duckenfield Esqrs. 4th. ELIZA-

\* Collins.

Ex 2  
Rich 3dHalstead's  
General

(13) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Passant' (14) Parted  
 per Bend sinister Cienelled Or and Sable (15) 6thly  
 1st Or SIX Lyoncells Rampant Gules 2d Or three Eagles  
 heads erased Sable beaked Gules 3d Gules 4th Sable  
 a Sheveron Or Trefoil slipped proper for Difference 5th  
 Girronny of 8 Argent and Gules 6th as 1st (16) Or  
 two bars Sable (17) Argent on a Fess Gules three Grey-  
 Hounds courant of the field (18) Azure a Buck Trippant  
 Argent wreathed Vert attured Or

Garret  
 Norroy  
 Suthroy  
 Vol  
 Clarent  
 Garret  
 March  
 1460

Ex Coll  
 Ex Coll  
 Rad  
 Thoresby  
 Ex stemua  
 familia  
 Sir Jerv  
 de Ashton

BLTH, 1st. of (19) Sir Ralph Harrington, 2d  
 of (20) Sir Richard de Hammeiton, Knights.  
 ANN, of (22) Thomas Buch MARGARET, of  
 Edmund Talbot (23) JOAN, of Ranulph de  
 Dutton and JANE, of John Rochley, of  
 Rochley in Com Ebor Esqis The Sons were  
 1st THOMAS, 2d (26) ROBERT, 3d (27) LAU-  
 RLNCE, and 4th (28) JOHN; whereof Thomas  
 de Asheton, the Eldest succeeded to the In-  
 heritance, and with (29) Sir Edmund de Tiaf-  
 ford, Knight, had a Patent from Hen 6 in  
 the 24th year of his Reign, for the use of  
 Alchymy and converting other metals.

Nom  
 Mil  
 Bibl  
 Cotton

Per Aitem sive Scientiam Philosophiæ  
 opciam E E Metalla imperfecta de suo

---

By the Art and Science of Philosophy &c to transmute  
 Metals Imperfect out of their proper kind, and then to

Garter  
 March

(19) Sable a Frett Or (20) Vert three Gaubs Or  
 (22) Argent a Cross reguled Sable. (23) Sable three  
 Talbots Or. (24) Or a Chevor between three Gadflies  
 (25) Azure seven rows three, two, two proper of York  
 (26) Argent an Estoule Sable. (27) A Rose slipped for differ-  
 ence (28) A Flour de Lye for differenc (29) Gules three  
 Cheverons Or

proprio genere, transiere and tunc ea per  
dictum Artem sive scientiam in aurum  
sive argentum perfectum transubstantiata  
ad omnimodas probationes and examina-  
tiones, sicut aliquod Aurum sive Argentum  
in aliqua minera crescens expectandum  
and induendum

This THOMAS left issue four Sons 1st  
John 2d (1) Edward Ashton, of Chattei-  
ton in Com Lanc in the right of his Wife,  
the Daughter and Heir of (2) RADCLIFF

Dugdale's  
Baron  
Cotton wids  
Rot fin  
9 H 6

transmute them into Gold perfect or Silver, according to all  
kinds of proofs and examinations, so that some Gold or  
Silver, growing into some Metal, be expected and harden'd  
by it

*N B This and the succeeding translations are in Barrett's  
hand Writing, in the MS*

(1) Argent three Estoiles Sable (2) 12thly 1st Or a  
Fess Vert 2d Gules two bends one Or the other Argent  
3d Or a Pheon Azure 4th Ermine a Lyon Rampant Gules  
5th Or a Pale Gules 6th Argent a Cross vairy Sable and  
Or. 7th Argent two bars Argent a border Engrailed sable,  
8th Gules a Saltire Argent, 9th Barry of 6 Argent and  
Azure 10th Or three Lyons passant Sable, 11th Gules a  
Fess Chequy Or & Az 12, Or an Annulet 9 6 7 difference

Garter  
March  
1460



Ex Coll	DE CHATTERTON of Chatterton, the Hen
Rob Dodsw	General of many Families. 3d. (5) Geoffrey
in Bibl	Ashton of Shipley, in right of his Wife,
Bodl	Hen of Shipley 4th (6) Nicholas, who
Clause de	married Mary, Daughter of (7) Lord Brook,
cod Am	was called to the degree of a Sergeant at
Fin lev	Law (6) 21. Hen 6, and the fist in the
Stow's Chron	call, also in the 23d year of the same King's
Nom	Reign, constituted one of the Justices of
Equit	the bench John the eldest Brother was
in B C	concerned in the Wars between the houses
	of York and Lancaster, and taking part with
	Henry, was with him in the fatal Battle of
	Northampton, 10 July 1460, and with eight
	more before the Engagement received the
	honour of Knighthood * He left Issue, Sir
* Nom Mil egused Rl In Coll Tho- Tekyl Pred	Thomas Asheton, of Asheton, who was
Ashmole	knighted at Rippon, 7 Hen. 7, and dying
Creeche	about 8 Hen. 8, without Heirs Male, his
	Estate devolved upon his Daughters and Co-
	heirs, who were married into the Families of

---

(N B. No Emblazonments given to No's. 5, 6, 7, and 8  
in the Text.)

1st Houghton, (1) of Houghton Tower Ashton, of Baiton in Com Lanc and 2 Booth (2) of Dunham-Massey in Com Cest

Having ended the direct Male Line of the Ashtons, we will slightly pass over the Ashtons of Middleton — Sir Ralph, Son of Sir John Ashton, married Margaret Baiton, (3) was afterwards Knight Marshall of England, Sheriff of York, Knight Banneret, Vice Constable of England He had Daughters inter-

\* Awarded so by Ed 4 also Lieutenant of the Tower

+ 13 & 14 Ed 4  
 ‡ Cw by R D  
 D of Gloucester in the field  
 11 and 2

(1) 12thly 1, Sable three bars Argent 2d Or two Bulls Passant Gules 3d Azure a Cross Argent 4th Ermine a Fess Azure 5th Argent a Munch Sable 6th Or a Fess Vert 7th Gyronny of 10 Or and Sable 8th Argent Sem 7 de Crosses Patee S 9th Gules 6 Garbs 3 2 1 Or 10th Argent three Lyons Couchant Gules 11th Argent Billettee Sable, 12th Or three Bars wavy Azure between 9 Flower de Luces Gules

Camden

Seiger

Garter

March

(2) 4th 1st Or three Boars' heads coupé azure 2d Argent 12 Bars gemells Azure 3d, Ermine a Lyon Rampant Sable 4th Barry of 6 Argent and Gules on a Chief Azure three Besants, (3) Gules

March

Garter

1460

§ The Deed by which he was made Vice Constable runs thus

Ordinavimus vos hac Vice Constabularium Nostrum Anglie ac Commissionarium nostrum and ad audiendum

Ashmole  
 Seiger  
 Camden  
 Tower  
 Records

Collins married with the (4) Talbots, (5) Hasfield,  
 Ashmole 6) Cowton, (7) Woodthorp, whose family and  
 March issue quartered, (8) Hopwood, (9) Laurence,  
 (10) Radcliff, (11) Holt, (12) Holland.

Collins Richard Asheton, was Knighted by Henry  
 the 8th In a window in Middleton Church  
 is this memorial for him

Wev Fu Oiate pro bono slatii Richardi Asheton,

---

& examinandum ac procedendum contra quascunq personas  
 de Cummulescæ nostra regicæ Majestatis suspectas——

We ordain you, by this, our Vice Constable of England,  
 and our Commissioner to hear, examine, and proceed  
 against all Persons suspected of the Crime of Disloyalty  
 to us

(4) Or three Talbots' heads erased Azure (5) Per Per-  
 fess 1st. Argent a Lyon saiant purple languid Gules  
 Garter vulned in the breast with an arrow Azure barbed Vert  
 March 2d Or three Bais Sable (6) Gules a Bend Or (7)  
 1460 Argent a Cat-a-mountain Gules (8) Sable a Lyon  
 Camden Passant regardant Or on a Chief Gules a Leopard's  
 Seagar Face Argent (9) Or Cheveron between three Nags  
 Garter courant Azure in the dexter Canton an Inescutcheon argent  
 and Gules (10) Per Fess Argent  
 March (11) Ermine a Cross Or (12) Argent a  
 Border Gules.

eorum qui hanc fenestram fieri fecerunt  
quorum arma Imagines supra Ostendun-  
tur, Anno Dom. MCCCCCX.

pei Femmed <sup>(13)</sup>Crew and <sup>(14)</sup>Foulshuist From  
him the quarters were, <sup>(15)</sup>Stuckland,  
<sup>(16)</sup>Southworth, <sup>(17)</sup>Gerard, <sup>(18)</sup>Wood, <sup>(19)</sup>Ew-  
wood, <sup>(20)</sup>Davenport, <sup>(21)</sup>Bellingham, <sup>(22)</sup>Hough-  
ton

Ashmole  
Collin.

The third Son of Simon de Senlize, Earl  
of Northampton, was <sup>(23)</sup>Hugh Fitz Simon,\*  
who held lands in the County of Chester, by  
doing † homage to Hugh <sup>(24)</sup>Lupus, Earl of  
Chester He married <sup>(25)</sup>Agnes de Apple-

\* Creecne

† Annals of  
Chester  
Saxon  
Chron

(13) Azure three Hippotames nasant Or (14) 3 Oak  
leaves slipped between a Cheveron (15) Eiminc a Chief  
Or Gules (16) Argent a Cross engrailed Sable between  
Four Lozenges Vert (17) Or three Bucks Azure between  
a Fess Gules (18) Argent an Oak Tree Vert (19) Per  
Cheveron, 1st Argent, Three Fermoulxes Sable 2d Gules  
three Palets Or (20) Gules on a Bend Or a Spear Sable  
(21) Argent three Bugle Horns Sable, garnished Or (22)  
Sable three Bars Argent (23) Argent Per Fess Sable  
(24) Or a Wolf's head erased Gules (25) Quarterly Or  
and Gules

March  
Rowley  
Garter  
Garter  
March  
Rowley

‡ Ex Stem<sup>a</sup>  
de Wyndh

|| Oral

§ Heylin

Bacon

Fam

doiceombe, † but he died without issue He was Witness|| to a Deed, granted by Hugh Lupus to the Monks of Chester 13 Will Con He was buried at Appledoicomb, with this Inscription—Hugo fil Com Northam He lies on his back, in a martial habit, having his shield—parted per Bend indented His Wife Agnes was buried by him, though without any Monument

\* Leland

Collins,

Annals of

Richd 1

Stowe

Leland

Baker

Garter

Simon, eldest Son of the said Simon de St. Lys, Earl of Northampton, had a Son, Alan, surnamed de Bellingham, from the place of his birth - This Alan, lived in the reign of William Rufus, from whom descended Eudo de Bellingham, Sheriff of Westmoreland, 8 & 9 R 1, before that Sheriffdom was made hereditary Henry de Bellingham, knighted by Lord Clifford, 39 Hen 6, at Wakefield, who was Father to Sir Roger Bellingham, made Knight Banneret, and the present Bellingham Knight, Baronets, and quartering — (1) Bourished, (2) Tunstall,

(1) Argent a Bull passant Gules hooped Or (2) Or between a Fess Daucetty Sable two Cat-a-Mountains' Ermine.

(3) Doholl, (4) Loyboune, (5) Heton, (6) Thoin-  
buigh, (7) Leck, (8) Cuisen.

This Simon de Senliz, notwithstanding the  
assertions of some Authors to the contrary,  
was Earl of Northampton in 1105, after his  
Father's death, he had three Sons, Simon,  
likewise Earl, John de (9) Tougecestie, and  
Galfid de (10) Cawcote John married Tho-  
masine de (11) Romaia, of the Blood of the  
Earls of Lincoln, from which marriage de-  
scended the (11 2d) Egstons, a Knightly Family  
Galfid became a Priest at Durham, Simon  
third Earl of that name, Grandson of the  
last Earl, had two Sons, John de (12) Beine

Leind

Newbery

Rowley

Gaita

March

Annals of  
Wm 1 &  
Wm Rufus

Original  
Records  
in the  
Tower

---

(3) Or a Chief Azure (4) Argent a Chevron  
between three Lizards Vert. (5) Per Bend 1st Argent  
three Bars wavy Sable 2d Or a Wolf Sahant Azure  
(6) Or three Ogresses (7) Per Fess counterchanged Ar-  
gent and Azure three Lyons Rampant (8) Gules three  
Capons Argent (9) Or a Bear's head coupé Gules muz-  
zled Argent (10) Argent three Leopards Passant Sable  
spotted Or (11) Gules 7 Marcls and Semie of Crosslets  
Or (11 2d) Or a Chief Gules (12) Falt, Per Pale  
Gules and Azure a Cross Engarled Sable

Rowley

Gaiter

Rowley

March

Seager

Oral Rec  
in Bibl  
Cott &  
Bodl

Heylin  
Newbery  
Annals  
of the Time

Account  
of Earl of  
Essex

and Simon de Senlize From John descended the Lords, Bernies, who quartered, <sup>(1)</sup>Wil chingham, <sup>2</sup>Waleot, <sup>(3)</sup>Guntons, <sup>(4)</sup>Reed- hum, <sup>(5)</sup>Hevingham, <sup>(6)</sup>Appleton, and <sup>(7)</sup>Coke Simon was succeeded in the Earldom by his youngest Son, Simon de Senliz last of the name, Earl of Northampton, who assumed the Coronet MCLXXXIIII He had a Son by his first Wife <sup>(8)</sup>Eva, who died in his In- fancy, and after married <sup>(9)</sup>Mellicentia de Boion or Bohun, who had a Son and Daugh- ter by her former Husband but Simon

Garter  
March  
Rowley  
Acquitain  
Seager  
Camden  
Flower  
Garter  
Sealer  
Rowley

(1) Argent a Castle triple towered Gate opened Sa- ble Portcullis down Or. (2) Argent A Cross Quartered Or and Sable (3) 4thly 1st Or a Lyon Rampant Gules 2d Gules three Pallets surmounted of a Bend Arg withn a border engrailed Or, 3d Azure three Crescents Sable 4th Or a Fess Vert (4) Or three Reeds Vert between a Fess Crenelled Sable (5) Or two Lyoncel's combatant Sable (6) Argent a Fess Sable between three Apples shipped all proper (7) Argent on a Bend Gutte de Sange a Man's head erased of the Field between three Fortuexes (8) Gules between a Cheveron three Crosses partd Argent. (9) Azure a Bend Argent between two Cottizes and six Lyons rampant Or

Dying her issue did not succeed him. Alan de Burgham, Lord of <sup>(10)</sup>Burgham, or Burgh Castle in Westm third Son of the said Simon, third Earl of Northampton, married Godieda Fitz Piers, (1159) who quartered <sup>(11)</sup>Mandeville, Earl of Essex By her he had one Son, <sup>(12)</sup>Alan de Burgham, to whom he gave the Lordship of Lyford, which his Father by the following Grant had given him

Annals of  
the Earls of  
Northampton

Oral Ch-  
from Hen  
2d to Sir  
Ino de  
Burgham

Simon de Sancto Lizio omnibus hominibus  
&c amicis suis tam Francigenis quam Angli-  
cis, salutem Sciatis me dedisse &c hac  
presenti Charta confirmasse Alano dicto de

Oral  
now  
in the  
Cottonian  
Library

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(10) Or a Cross Checky Argent and Azure (11) Per Pale  
1st quarterly Or and Gules a Border Varry 2d, quar-  
terly Or and Gules (12) Or a Cross Azure

Simon de Saint Lyze, to all men and his Friends, as well  
French as English, sendeth health — Know ye that I  
have given, and by this Charter confirmed to Alan called of  
Burgham, my Son, for his homage and service, all my land



Bingham filii meo pro homagio &c. Servites  
 suo termino meam de Lyforde cum omnibus  
 pertinentiis &c. libertatis suis, sibi &c. Here-  
 dibus ejus tenendum de me &c. Heredibus  
 meis libere &c. quiete, honorifica hereditate—  
 sicut illum ego inter alia recepi ac tenui de  
 Donatione &c. munificentia Willhelmi Illus-  
 tissimi Regis Angliæ pro servitiis quæ pater  
 meus in Conquestu per servitium dimidæ  
 Partis Feodi duus milit pro omni servitio  
 seculari Ego vero Prædictus Simon de Sancto  
 Lyzio Heredes mei prædictam terram præ-

---

of Lyford, with their appurtenances and liberties, to him  
 and to his Heirs, to be held of me and my Heirs, freely,  
 quietly, honorably, and by Inheritance—as I held it among  
 other things of a Gift and Munificence of Wm. most il-  
 lustrious King of England, for the services which my Fa-  
 ther did for him at the conquest, by the service of a moiety  
 of two Knights fees for all secular Service. I the foresaid  
 Simon de Saint Lyz, and my Heirs, against all men and

---

\* Barrett in translating this Grant, has altered, in the  
 MS. the word *filii*, to *filio*, and also corrected the latin in  
 several other places. But the Editor thought it the most  
 proper to print verbatim as *Chatterton* wrote it

dicto alano &c. Hæredisus ejus contra omnes  
homines & femines warianticeabimus. Hic  
Testibus Gardino filio Griemoaldo de Brix-  
worth, filio Herwito, filio. Philiberto. Willi-  
elmo Johannis le stronge Ranulphe de  
Chasteau &c midtis aliis.

Alen, Son of Alan de Bingham, married  
Audie de <sup>(1)</sup>Bugh, (1181) by whom he  
had one Son and three Daughters, Audia  
married to <sup>(2)</sup>Gawin Fitz Gawin Knight,  
Claire, to Sir <sup>(3)</sup>Hugo le de Spencer, and  
Walburv, to <sup>(4)</sup>Su Tybbott Poynyngs, Knight  
Su Johan de Bingham, married <sup>(5)</sup>Radegunda  
de Morton, (1220) and had a Son Su Alan  
de Bingham Knight, who married <sup>(6)</sup>Eva de

Annals  
of the Earls  
of Northamp

Ex fam-  
Fitz Warren's  
Spencer's  
Poyning's  
Oral  
Deeds

women These being Witnesses—Gawin the Son, Grim-  
bale de Brixworth Fitz Herwin, Fitz Philibert, William,  
John the Strong, Ralph de Chateau and many others

(1) Gules 7 Lozenges Vary 3 3 1 (2) Argent three  
Cinquemoils Vert on an Inescotcheon Gules a Lyon Rampant  
Or (3) Quarterly Argent and Gules over all on a Bend  
Sable an Escallop Or. (4) Argent a Bull passant Sable  
(5) Or an Eagle displayed Sable vulned in the breast with  
an Arrow, Gules feathered Argent (6) Or a Rowell Sable

Garter

March

Rowley

## ACCOUNT OF THE

Ex fam Tho Rowlic Sai and Thorpe and Aulstone Fitz Hugh Deed of Gift	Rouggile (1260) and had three Sons    Su John, Alan, and Guayn, or Wainn, and four Daughteis, married 1st Joan, to Su (7) John de Thoipe, Margene, to <sup>(4)</sup> Su Lodo- vicke <sup>(8)</sup> Aulston, Ellmoue, to <sup>(9)</sup> Hugh Fitz Hugh, and Emma to <sup>(10)</sup> Edwaide de Ashbie
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---

Garter March Rowly	(7) Per fess 1st Barry of 10 Argent and Azure, 2d Sable three Lyons Rampant Or    (8) Argent Or a Chief Gules three Plates.    (9) Argent a Wolf's head erased Sable. (10) Per Chevron 1st Or Six Eaglets displayed Vert, 2d Gules 10 Besants 4, 3, 2, 1
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[Thus far is written in a Book resembling a Boy's Copy-Book. A second Book of the same size begins with this Title, "Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Bughams, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by Thomas Chatterton" As the account is only brought down to the reign of Charles the 2d. it is evident that Chatterton did not fulfil what he had originally intended.]

CONTINUATION of the ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
FAMILY of the De BERGHAMS.

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Sir John de <sup>(1)</sup>Buigham, Eldest Son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisworth, the Floure of Chivelie. He spent his whole life in Tilting, tho' he was foiled by <sup>(2)</sup>Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol. He married Agnes <sup>(3)</sup>Despence. As this name comes from Despence, a Steward, many Families must of course (*have*) had one of the name That the word became hereditary . . . . . before the same was neglected for the Word Steward is doubtful. Let us examine the

Oral Deeds  
Writings  
Rowley

Oral Tuma  
Record.

Camden's  
Remains

Wood

Herne

Rowley

(1) Or Four Crosses Patee purpure between a Checky Cross Argent and azure (2) Quarterly 1st Or a Crescent Azure. 2d Gules three Barry Wavy Argent. 3d Azure three Talbot's heads erased between a Fess Or 4th Argent an Elm proper. (3) 6thly 1st Quarterly Argent and Gules over all a Bend Sable. 2d. Azure three Boars passant Or 3d Argent a Lyon Couchant Sable 4th Gules Gutte de Or 5th. England depressed with a Bend 6th Argent three Formoulxes Sable

Acquitaine  
1293

Camden  
Rowley  
Garter  
March  
1460.

Mon Angl Genealogies of Families that go further than  
 Newbery that period. (4) Robert de Molins, surnamed  
 Stowe De Spencer from his Office, is the first that  
 Madox occurs in our Records. He sat among the  
 Oral Deeds Barons assembled in council with William  
 Rec Bath the Conqueror at London, in the 17th Year  
 of his reign 1082. He was a Witness to the  
 Register de Deed, for the removal of the Secular Canons  
 Wigorn from Dunham, and to the Grant of Bath  
 to John Bick<sup>n</sup>. of Bath. He seized the  
 In Bibl Lordship of Elmeleigh from the Monks of  
 Cotton. Worcester as forfeit to the King. He held  
 Doomsd Bk by office 14 Lordships, by grant to him  
 and his Heirs 22. He married (5) Joane de  
 Pigitonne.

Gevase de (1) Hugh de Bellace, was surnamed De  
 Virgorn. Spencer, as Steward to King Hen. 1st. He  
 was succeeded in his Office by (2) William de

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Garter (4) Azure a Cross Moline Argent (5) Or A  
 March Lyon Rampant Gules Chained and Collar'd Argent

Acquitaine. (1) Or a Flower de Luce, 'Sable (2) Per Fess,  
 1st. a Lyon Rampant and Chief Gules. 2d. Per Cross  
 Ermine Argent and Sable.

Flarborough, who possessed the Manors of Flawborough, Woxhill and Elyngdown for Thurston le <sup>(3)</sup>Abbandon In the Reign of Hen 3d. the title Despencer being laid aside for that of Steward, the name of Despencer then became Hereditary. Hugh Despencer was one of the Nobles who took arms in defence of their ancient privileges, in the name of Hen: 3d. and was chosen one of the 12 Arbitrators on the side of the People In the 44 Hen 3 he was made Chief Justiciary of England. 48 Hen. 3 he appeared again in arms at Northampton and Lewes, at the latter of which places he took Prisoner Marmaduke de <sup>(4)</sup>Twenge and <sup>(5)</sup>Alan de Eive, afterwards Governor of Oiefoid Castle

Collins

Par

Stowe

TowerRecords

Brady

M Westm

M Par

His of  
Hen 3

Pal Hen 3d

Brady

Clarencieux  
on the ancient  
Nobility

(3) 4thly 1st Or three Lioncelles Rampant counter-changed, Per Pale Argent and Azure 2d Gules ten Nails, 4 3 2 1 Argent. 3d Argent three Bulls Passant Azure Hued Or. 4th Gules a Cross Jerusalem Or. (4) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Gules a Chief Azure 2d Or Lyon Gules 3d Argent three Roses Proper. 4th. as 1st (5) Sable three Lozenges between a Fess Murrey

Seager  
Norris  
Garter  
March  
Acquitaine  
Camden  
Guillem  
Porney  
Blexgrave  
Camden  
Seager

	in Com: Suff Castle of the De vies in Wilts.
Matthew Westm	Bernard Castle in Com Dun Oxford and Nottingham on account of the Baions He was one of the 6 Procurators commissioned to treat in the Presents of the King of France, and the Legate of the Apostolic See He was one of the three Barons who had the care of the King He married Alive, Daughter of <sup>(1)</sup> Phillip Basset of Wicomb Com Bucks, Widow of <sup>(2)</sup> Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.
M Par	
Garter	
Brady	
Dugdale	
Mon Angl	

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Camden	(1) 3d. 1st. Argent three Bars Sable. 2d. Party Pale Or and Azure a Bend Vary 3d Or a Cross Gules (2) 36th 1st Per Pale Or and Vert a Lyon Rampant Gules 2d England a Label of 5 Points Argent 3d Pale Or and Gules a Cheveron Counterchanged. 4th Ermine a Fess Gules. 5th, Gules a Cheveron between three Crosses Patee Argent. 6th, Argent between two Bars Sable Charged with three Besants a Lyon Passant Chief three Buck's heads caboshed of the 2d. 7th. Azure Semy Crosses Patee Argent and three Snakes conjoined in Triangles 8th Per Pale indented Argent and Azure. 9th. Sable a Manch Argent within a Border Or an Orle of Swords in Saltier Gules. 10th. Sable on a Cross envecked between four Eagles displayed Or five Wolves Passant of the first 11th Or three Cat-a-Mountains Sable 12th. Quarterly Ermine and Gules three Roundleys counterchanged. 13th. Or an Eagle Displayed Vert membered
Acquittane	
Garter	
March	
Blewmantle	
Norroy	
Seager	
Camden	
Norns	
Flower	
Guillim	
Porney	
Upton	

He was slain at the Battle of Evesham 49 Hen 7 3. The Story of his Son Hugh Despencer, Earl of Winchester, and Hugh Despencer his Grandson, Earl of Gloucester, are sufficiently known. This Family Quar-

Stowe  
Stowe  
Smollet  
Brady

and beaked Gules. 14th. Quarterly Or and Gules a Border vary 15th. Azure a Bend Argent double cotized between 6 Lyons Rampant Or 16th Quarterly Argent and Gules a Fess Azure in the 2d, and 3d, a Fess Or 17th. Gules four Lozengys in Fess Or. 18th. Gules three Lyons Passant gardent Argent incensed Azure. 19th Gules three Men's Legs armed proper Sable, conjoined in Fess at the upper part of the thigh flexed in Triangles garnished and Spurred Or. 20th Azure on a Bend Or a Chapeau Sable. 21st Or three Piles Gules 22d Vairo Or and Gules on a Border Azure Eight Horseshoes Argent 23d Argent on a Fess Azure Three Lozenges 24th Barry Nebule of 6 Argent and Sable on a Chief Or a Buck's head caboshed of the 2d. 25th. Quarterly Or and Gules an Escarbunle Pomies and Flourette Sable 26th Gules three rests Or 27th Or three Cheverons Gules. 28th Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable 29th Argent three Lozenges in Fess Gules. 30th. Or on a Pale Azure three Elower de Lys of the first 31st Or and Gules a Saltier counter-changed. 32d. Sable Six Lyons Rampant Argent. 33d. Gules Two Wings inverted and conjoined Or. 34th Argent a Bend Sable. 35th Or a Fess Gules a File of 12 points Argent 36th. As 1st.

Leigh  
Rowley  
Acquitaine  
Garter  
March  
Norroy  
Charencieux  
Blew—  
Mantle  
Rouge  
Cross  
Vert  
Dragon



Ex Coll  
 Ger Holls  
 Ex Coll  
 Rad  
 Thoresby  
 Wood  
 Collins  
 Camden  
 Heylin  
 Collins  
 Dugdale  
 Madox  
 Leland

tered Wentworth, <sup>(1)</sup> Edmond of Langley <sup>(2)</sup>  
 Duke of York, Son of Edward 3d <sup>(3)</sup> Leau-  
 champ Earl of Worcester, <sup>(4)</sup> Beauchamp  
 Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Warwick,  
 Another Family of the Despencers, descend-  
 ed from Hugh Despencer, of Great Marlow,  
 whose Son Geofiy founded a Monastery at  
 Marlow in Com: Bud. and gave the Church  
 of Bointon to Bridlington Priory. This  
 Family quartered, <sup>(1)</sup> Bohun, <sup>(2)</sup> Geives, <sup>(3)</sup> El-  
 lendon, <sup>(4)</sup> Seocolcombe, <sup>(5)</sup> Pollard, <sup>(9)</sup> Bade-

Rouge  
 Dragon  
 Aquitaine

March  
 Norroy  
 Camden  
 Flower  
 Norrs  
 Seager  
 Bath  
 Bl Man  
 Jekyll

(1) Sable a Cheveron Between 3 Leopards' Faces Or.  
 (2) France and England a Label of diffience (3) Gules  
 a Fess between Six Cross Crosslet (4) Itr.

(1) Azure on a Bend between two Cotises and Six Lyons  
 Rampt Or three Mulletts Sable (2) Sable a Lyon Passant  
 Or between three Cushions Ermine (3) 4thly 1st Or  
 three Nags Courant Sable bitted Argent. 2d. Sable 9 Plates  
 between a Fess Or 3d Azure Three Cherubs in Chief Or.  
 4th Vary Or and Gules a Lyon Azure on a Bend Argent.  
 (4) Or three Leopards Passant Gules and Chief Argent.  
 (8) Ermine a Talbot's head erased Or between two  
 Swords in Bend Gules. (9) 4thly. 1st Sable four Plates  
 between a Cross Argent 2dly. Barry of 10 Or and Azure  
 a Bend Gules 3d Argent on a Bend Or three Cinquefoils  
 Vert between three Bucks trippant Gules. 4th. Or a Wolf's  
 head erased Gules.

bie, <sup>(10)</sup>Lincoln, <sup>(11)</sup>Worsted, <sup>(12)</sup>Brown, <sup>(13)</sup>Wallop, <sup>(14)</sup>Temple, <sup>(15)</sup>Cope, <sup>(16)</sup>Ashby, <sup>(17)</sup>Poultney, <sup>(18)</sup>Graunt, <sup>(19)</sup>Rading, <sup>(20)</sup>Knightly, <sup>(21)</sup>Stielly.

This Sir John de Beigham, founded a Monastery at Lyfoyd Green He had two Sons, Henry and John, also three Daughters. Agnes, married to <sup>(1)</sup>Sir Robert Cleydon Knight, Emilia, to <sup>(2)</sup>Sir Evelyn de Biog; and Elinou, to Sir Uiban <sup>(3)</sup>Waldon, Knights. Henry after his Father's death,

(10) Barry of 6 Or and Gules a Chief Argent  
 (11) Ermine Pale Sable between two Lyons Rampant endorsed Argent (12) Argent on a Fess Sable a Lyon Passant. (13) Gules three Escallops Or (14) Or a Chief Gules (15) Argent on a Cheveron three Flower-de-Lys Or between as many Roses slipped all proper (16) Argent a Bend Gules (17) Or Semie de Trefoyls slipped proper (18) Sable a Lyon Passant Argent (19) Or Two Squirrels addorsed. (20) Barry q 10 Argent and Sable on a Canton Gules a Spur Or. (21) Sable Semis de Escallops Argent

(1) Sable three open Helmes Or (2) Gules a Sword Sable Pommelled Or (3) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Ermine between a Cheveron Gules

Ex fam  
 Scolcombe  
 Brown  
 Graun & 1c  
 Collins's MS

Dugdalc  
 Men  
 Angl  
 Nom  
 Mil  
 Lomp  
 Collins

Thoresby  
 Holles  
 Norroy  
 Camden  
 Acquitaine  
 March  
 Orle  
 Acquitaine  
 Rowley  
 MSS  
 Bil  
 Cotton:

Pryn  
Rowley

was Knighted and married Ester; the Relict of Sir Richard <sup>(4)</sup>Burdet, and Daughter of Sir Robert de <sup>(5)</sup>Snittenfield Knights <sup>(6)</sup>John was a Monk of the Cistercian Order in Dristol, as appears by the following Testimonial Letter.

Oral

Universis Sanctæ Matris Ecclesia filius ad quos præsentis litteræ perveniant Cancellarius Oxoniæ, Cœtusque Magistrorum ejusdem unanimis, salutem in Domino Sempiternam Quia juxta sententiam scriptalis accensa lucerna non est modis supponenda, set super candelabrum exigenda ut omnibus qui in domo

Call  
&  
Mullen

---

(4) Or a Hawke Gules jessed Argent. (5) Argent a Sword in Pale Azure. (6) Or a Cross Cheeky Argent and Azure

To all Sons of Holy Mother Church to whom these Presents shall come The Chancellor of Oxford and Society of Masters there being of one mind send health in the Lord, because according to the Word of Truth, a lighted Candle should not be put under a Bushel but be put upright on a Candlestick, that it may shine forth to all who are conversant in the house of the Lord. We are the more devoutly willing that the purity of Manners, the brightness of Knowledge

domine conversantui clarius duceseat. Morum  
 venustatem, scientiæ clauitatem, ac odoi-  
 feram famæ Suauitatem eorum qui inter nos  
 profecorunt efficacius ad communem fidelium  
 noticiam so foruentius cupinus peruenire  
 quo suæ conuersacionis matuuitas, et laboris  
 assidutes ad Dei lauhem proseimorum salu-  
 tem Ecclesiæque Sanctoe profectum osiden-  
 cius tendere dinoscumter Vobis itaque patefa-  
 cimus per piæcentes quod carissimus Socios  
 noster et confrater. Magister Johannes de  
 Burgham Monachus Ecclesiæ Beatæ Mariæ  
 de Bristol. ordinis cisterciensis in dicta  
 uniuersitatats nostria fucultatis Theologica

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and the sweetness of the good name of those who have  
 most effectually profited amongst us, should come to the  
 common notice of all the faithful, the more evidently the  
 maturity of their judgment, and assiduity of their employ,  
 to the praise of God and Salvation of their Neighbours, and  
 the promotion of Holy Church are known to tend We  
 make manifest to you by these presents, that our dear asso-  
 ciate and Brother, Master John de Burgham Monk of the  
 Church of the blessed Mary of Bistol, of the Cistercian  
 Order, hath been well and honestly and peaceably conversant

studio insistendo bene honeste ac pacifice  
 conuersatus actibus Scolasticis sufficienter  
 probatus ac magistrorum depositione landa-  
 bili solempniori approbatus ad præ-eminenci-  
 am Magistralem in dicta facultate honifice  
 neniuit exaltari et post. Velud Lucerna a  
 Luce vera diuinitis illustrata, præclarior  
 doctrinæ radiis auditores illuminans, forme  
 sua lectura landabiliter continuando præcedit  
 prout per noticiam propriam una cum fama  
 celebri referente, plenam recipimus verita-  
 tem Unde ne calumpniantium inuidia seu  
 insidiantium excogitata malicia tantæ profes-  
 sionis & honestatis lux splendida penat quin

---

in our said University, in the Study of Divinity sufficiently  
 proved in Scholastic Arts, and solemnly approved by the  
 laudible Deposition of the Master's, and has deserved to be  
 honourably exalted in the faculty of the preeminence of a  
 Mastership, and afterwards as a Lamp divinely illuminated  
 by the true light, enlightening his hearers by the Rays of  
 his excellent doctrine, he hath proceeded in continuing very  
 laudibly the form of his reading, as by common report  
 and his own celebrated character, We have received full  
 and true Intelligence Whence, lest, by the Envy of Calum-  
 niators, and malice forethought of the Envious, the splended

Pocius cedat aliis in lumen & exemplum ac  
 latius diffundatur ad sui recommendationem  
 & testimonium omnium premissorum eidem  
 magistro Johanno de Bugham Ordinis præ-  
 libati Consocio & Confratui nostre has Lite-  
 ras Testimoniales Sigillo communi Univer-  
 sitatis nostra feccius consignare Datas  
 Oxoniæ in vigilia Omnium Sanctorum Anno  
 Domini Millesimo trescentesimo\*.

light of such proficiency and honesty should perish but  
 rather serve to others for a light and example, and spread  
 far and wide to the recommendation of himself and testimony  
 of all the promises, we have caused these letters, Testimo-  
 nials to be sealed with the common Seal of our University  
 to the said Master John de Bugham, Fellow of the Order  
 aforesaid, and our Co Brother Given at Oxford, at the  
 Vigil of all Saints in the Year of our Lord 1330.

\* From the inaccuracy of the latin, it appears probable that Chat-  
 terton copied it from some badly-written MS.

Bale  
Leland  
Rowley  
Bale  
Leland  
Madox  
Rowley

This John, was one of the greatest Ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several Books, and translated some part of the Iliad, under the Title Romance of Troy which possibly may be the Book alluded to in the following French Memoire.

“ Un Lyvie ke paile de quartee principal gestes & de Charles · Le Romaunce Titus & Vespasian Le Romaunce de Aygres. Le Romaunce de Marchaunce: Le Romaunce de Edmund & Agoland: Le Ribaud par Monsieur Iscannus. Le Romaunce de Tibbot de Arable. Le Romaunce de Troys\*.”

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\* A Book which speaks of the four principal actions of Charles The Romance of Titus Vespasian: The Romance of Aygres · The Romance of Merchandise The Romance of Edmund and Agoland. The Ribaud, by Mr. Iscamen: The Romance of Tybbot de Arable The Romance of Troy, &c.

To give you an idea of the Poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320

*[Here follow, in the MS the Poem of the ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE, printed in Vol 2; page 171, and the same Poem modernised by T C. printed in the same Volume, page 174.]*

Sir John de Burgham, Son of Sir Henry de Burgam, (1361) married Ela <sup>(1)</sup> Calvesham, Daughter of Sir Roger de Calvesham, and Alva Becket This Sir John, together with five Lords and 11 Knights, is Witness to a Deed, from Ralph Nevil Lord of Raby, Earl Marshall and Earl of Westmoreland to Eliel p<sup>u</sup>ory By his Wife Ela he had two Sons, John, and William But she dying he married a Second, <sup>(2)</sup> Agnes Osborne. by whom he had three

Dugdale  
Holles  
Thoresby  
Oral  
Halstead's  
fam  
de  
Mord

---

(1) Argent three Pheons between a Cheveron Sable  
(2) Or a Fess Argent and Bend Gules

Acquitain  
March



Powell's  
 Mss  
 Visitation  
 de Com  
 Northam  
 Ree  
 Bibl  
 Cotton  
 Eidswicke  
 Ra. Inson  
 Chauncey  
 Fines  
 Ed

Daughters Hestei, married to Limpoldus de  
 (3) Burgh Elnour to Sir John de <sup>(4)</sup>Valvasour,  
 Knight, and Ema to Sir William de Blakstoke  
 Knight John his eldest Son, afterwards a  
 Knight, married <sup>(6)</sup>Eva Bardolf, Daughter of  
 Lord Bardolf William his youngest Son, sur-  
 named De Pakington from the place of his  
 birth, married <sup>(7)</sup>Ann de Felton, Daughter of  
 Sir Thomas son of Sir Thomas Felton, Chief  
 Justice of Chester This William is mentioned  
 with others in the following Fine

Camden  
 Norroy  
 Flower

---

(3) Quarterly, 1st Or three Mascull's vary Argent and  
 Azure 2d Gules a Lyon passant Or 3d Sable a Chief  
 and Border Argent. 4th Azure three Mural Crowns  
 Argent (4) Argent a Castle tripple towered Sable (5)  
 Or three branches slipped and Raguled Sable. (6) Argent  
 6 Rou idles counterchanged Per Pale Gules and Sable (7)  
 Gules two Lyons Passant Emme Crowned Or

“ Philippus de Ingoldsbie Richardus de Oseford-Johannes Vincent Rogerus Eyre, Guil. Burgham de Pakington, et Symon filius Willielmi Brorgensis Rowelleigh fecerunt homagium Dno Regi de Villa Rowelleigh custodienda ad opus Regis & colligenda firmas & alias proventus in eadem villa cum omnibus exilibus Teste rege apud Northampton.”\*

He was Secretary and Treasurer to the Black Prince in Gascoigne and wrote a Chronicle in French, from the 9th of King John to 1380. Some extracts from the Chronicle have been printed at Oxford, in Leland's Collectanea. This William had a Grant for Life from King

Collins  
Thoresby  
Dugdale  
and  
Leland.

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\* Philip de Ingoldsbie, Richard of Oseford, John Vincent, Rogor Eyre, William Burgham, of Pakington, and Simon the Son of William a Burgess, of Rowelleigh, have done homage to our Lord the King, for the Vill of Rowelleigh, and keeping it to the use of the King, and for collecting the Ferns and other Prophets with all the Rents Witness the King at Northampton.

Pal	Rich 2d, for the Government of the Hospital
Reg	
Ric 2	
Collins	
Thoresby	
Hollis	
Halstead	
Camden	
Collins	

of St Leonard's at Derby. From him descended Sir John Pakington, Chirographer of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry 7, Sir John Pakington, 25 Eliz and the present Pakingtons, Barts. They quarter, (1) Kivildocke, (2) De Valentine, of (4) Ypres, (5) Clevdon, (6) Tiploft, (7) Dudley, (8) Scrope, (9) Bolloigne, 10) Sweetoun, (11) Shockbrought, (12) Ausele,

---

Acquitaine	(1) Sable in Chief three Mulletts Or. (2) Or 6 Gaibs three two and one Gules. (3) Quarterly, 1st Lozengy Or and Sable on a Bordar Gules 8 Plates. 2d Or two Wolves counter saliant Sable 3d. Or three Bars Wavy counterchanged Per Pale Argent and Azure in Chief a Lyon gardant passant Or. 4th Gules a Spear in Bend Or between four Scorpions reversed Or (4) Barry of 10 Argent and Azure an Oile of Martlets Or (5) Per Fess, 1st, Or a Lyon Passant Cules languid Azure. 2d. Ermine, a Cross Sable. (6) Argent a Saltier engrailed Gules (7) Sable three Bucks' heads caboshed Or. (8) Sable a Bend Or (9) Argent a Cheveron between three Bulls' heads couped Gules. (10) Ermine a Fess Or (11) Per Cheveron Argent and Azure three Tor-teauxes in Chief. (12) Gules a Lyon Rampant Or languid Azure.
March	
Flower	
Norroy	
Seager	
Camden	
March	

(13) Evevel, (14) Washbourne, (15) Tycheborne,  
 (16) Scudamore, (17) Littleton, (18) Blount, (19)  
 Coibet, (20) Nove, (21) Audley, (22) Baldwin,  
 (23) Bacon, (24) Soames, (25) Constable, (26) Co-  
 vently, (27) Eyre, (28) Godfrey, (29) Bertram,  
 (30) Umfravill, (31) Bius, (32) Calthorp, (33)  
 Hengrave, (34) Haitley, (35) Molineux\*. Sir

Thoresby  
 Holles  
 Telyll  
 Seager  
 Collins  
 Camden

---

(13) Gules a Wyverne Or. (14) Or three Torteauxes  
 (15) Argent two Lyons Passant Azure. (16) Gules three  
 — Or (17) Argent three Pallets vary Or and Sable on  
 a Chief of the 2d a Talbot's head erased Azure. (18) Barry  
 Nobuly Argent and Azure (19) Or a Raven Close Sable  
 (20) Gules three Ducal Crowns in Pale Or (21) Argent  
 Semies of Crosses Patee Gules (22) Per Fess 1st Or two  
 Swords in Saltier Gules Pommilled Argent 2d Ermine two  
 Bars Azure (23) Gules on a Chief Argent two Mulletts  
 Sable. (24) Argent three Pallets Wavy Azure (25)  
 Quarterly Gules and Vane over all a Bend Or (26) Argent  
 a Boar incensed Azure (27) Azure three Besants in Chief  
 (28) Argent a Cheveon Or between three Apples Vert  
 (29) Argent a Goat Sahant Gules Wreathed about the Neck  
 & Horns Vert, (30) Argent a Barulet Gules between 10  
 Billets Or (31) Gules a Cross Patee fitched Argent (32)  
 Or a Cheveon Gules (33) Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable  
 (34) Barry Or and Sable (35) Azure a Cross Molux Or

Camden  
 Seager  
 March  
 Bath  
 Acquaintance  
 March  
 Camden

\* Sir William Molineux, a Person of inimitable Valour,  
 served under the Black Prince at the battle of Navarret in

Collins  
Hollis  
Dugdale

Henry, Son of the last Sir John De Burgham, was born 1395. He was Cofferer to Henry 5, as appears by his Monument

Norkan  
Church

“ Oiate pio Anima Johanni Burgham  
M - - - - - Cofferarii Hospiti Excel-  
lentissimi Regis Henrici quinti qui obi- - - -  
cia uxori ejus 1451, quorum animabus, pro-  
pitictur Deus ” \*

Spain, and was there made a Knight Banneret Anno Dom 1369 Returning homewards he died at Canterbury and was there buried with this Epitaph

Miles honorificus Molneus subjacet in his Tertius  
Edwardus delectit hunc ut amicum Fortia qui gessit,  
Gallos, Navarosq; repressit Hic cum recessit morte  
ferente decessit Anno Millesimo trecento Septuagimo  
Atque hic junge duo sic perit omnis Homo

Molneux, an honourable Knight, lies here within Edward the 3d, as a Friend, loved him He did valiant Acts subdued the Gauls and Navars, when he returned. Death striking him, he died, in the Year One thousand three Hundred and seventy two — Thus Man Perishes

\* Pray for the soul of John de Burgham, Chief Cofferer of the Alms — or the Almoner to the most excellent King Henry the 5th who died - - - - -  
- - - - - Alincia his Wife died 1451, on whose Souls God have mercy!

He married Alicia, Daughter of Sir Henry	Collins
Constable, Knight He accompanied King	Tullill
Henry in all his Wars in France, and was	Bath
made Knight Banneret, and had the Manor	Chauncey
of Leyhfoide granted him as a Reward for	Raffinson
his faithful services He had one Son and	Willis
five Daughters Alice, married first to (1)	Records
Graso de Brailsford Esquire, then to Sir Si-	Bale
mon de (2) Tozeill Knight Agnes, to	Rowley
(3) Sir Geofrie de Doicombe Elinouie to Sir	Hollis
Alan de (4) Cobb of Bristol, Merchant, com-	
monly-called the Chapman, from his Profes-	
sion Emelina to Sir Beitiam (5) Blagdon	
Knight, and Thomasine, 1st to Anthony	
(6) Lossiff Esq. 2d to Sir Thybbot (7) Wa-	Chronicles
terland, Knight Sir John the Son took	Hollis
arms on the part of the Yorkists, and	

---

(1) Argent a Cross Sable between 4 Egresses, (2) Or three Barrs Sable in Chief a Wolf Passant (3) P F Or and Vert a Stag at Gaze Counterchanged of the one and the other (4) Argent on a Fess Gules three Lyon's between as many Hounds courant (5) Or three hearts (6) Barry of 8 Argent and Azure (7) Sable three Hinds trippant Argent.

Norroy  
Clare ci  
Gul'lim

Dugdale Ex fam de la Zouche Willis Willis Nom Equit in Bibl  Cotton's Philpot's Chron	was slain at the Battle of Saint Alban's, leaving behind him two Sons, John and Henry, by his Wife Radegunda, Daughter of Sir William de <sup>(8)</sup> Zouch, afterwards Wife of Sir Jeann de <sup>(9)</sup> Hoylefowle, Sir John de Burgham (last mentioned) and his Brother Henry, went over to Richmond with the party of Lord Stanley, at the Battle of Bosworth Sir John married Elinoure de <sup>(10)</sup> Cotton. and Henry was a Seigeant at Law till the Reign of Henry the 8th, Sir John had three Sons, John, William and Thomas, and three Daughters, Elinour, married to Sir Joseph <sup>(11)</sup> Young, Knight and Banneret. Catherine, to Edward <sup>(12)</sup> Pedington, Esq. and Ann, to Lammel <sup>(13)</sup> Jacques, Esq. John
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---

Porney Macklean Camden Norroy Seager	(8) Argent Six Bars gemels Gules (9) Sible on Chevron Or two Estoils Gules between three fig-leaves Argents (10) Argent Six Pellets 3 2 1 (11) Quarterly 1st Varry Or and Sable 2 Gules on a Fess Or Three Torte mases between as many Long Bows (12) Argent on a Chief indented Gules an Eagle displayed Or vulned with an Arrow Azure Lined of the Field (13) Or a Cross Sable
--	--

Burgham, Esq. was a particular Favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and was employed by him in many affairs of consequence. He was the first of his Family who settled in the West. He sold his Estates in Westmoreland & Northamptonshire to purchase others in Gloucestershire. He refused the honor of Knighthood which the Cardinal offered to procure for him. He married Ann <sup>(1)</sup> Noel, by her he had two Sons, John who died in his infancy, and William. He deceased in 3 Mary, and was buried in St Leonard's, Eastcheap, Garter King at Arms attending his interment, having this Epitaph.

Philpot

Dugdale

Philpot

All you yatte passe bie

Wit a paternostic and Ave

Ypraise for the soulghys of John Burgham

And Anne hys Wife, 1556.

Weaver's

Fun

M

William Burgham served under Sir Francis Drake, in the memorable year 1588. He justed at the Tournament held in honour of the Queen's accession, and appeared with a

Baldington

Baldington

Howe's

Pap

Qu Eliza



Camden  
 Dugdale  
 Collins  
 Hollis  
 Pryne's  
 Register

than equal to any in the lists, tho' his magnificence on the occasion greatly diminished his fortune, to compensate for which Queen Elizabeth made him Keeper of three Forests in Gloucestershire. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Houndsgate<sup>(2)</sup> and relict of Sir Evelyn Leigh who quartered

<sup>(4)</sup> Ridware, <sup>(5)</sup> Eidswick, <sup>(6)</sup> Honbury, <sup>(7)</sup> Hous, <sup>(8)</sup> Westley, <sup>(9)</sup> Catesby, <sup>(10)</sup> Guildford, <sup>(11)</sup> Monson, <sup>(12)</sup> Aremene, <sup>(13)</sup> Allin, <sup>(14)</sup> Appledoi,

(1) 6thly 1st Argent a Fret Or on a Canton Gules a Rose Argent 2d Gules three Estoles Or 3d Sable on a Bend Argent three Escallops between two Lyons Rampant Or 4, Famine a Cross Longy Argent and Azure on a Canton Gules nowed Or 5th, Gules a Min Tiger affrontee Argent 6th, Argent a Lyon Salient Azure between three Swords Gules pommeled Or (2) Or on a Chevron Azure two Crescents between three Hounds Sahant of the Field (3) Quarterly Ermine and Or over all on a Bend Vert a Rowel Argent (3) Argent on a Cross Sable 5 Estors Or between four Lyons Rampant regardant Gules Vulned in the Shoulder with a beveled Spear Azure (4) Argent on a Bend Sable three Garbs Or (5) Or on a Fess Curcs . Dolphin Neiant. (6) Mascilly Or and Gules (7) Or a Bend Lozengé (8) Gules on a Bend Or a Sword of the Field (9) Sable an Inescotcheon within a border engtailed Argent (10) Or a Lyon Passant Gules (11) Azure three Giberdines Or (12) Ermine. (13) Sable in Chief two Boar's heads couped Or. (14) Argent a Fess

Norroy  
 March  
 Norroy  
 March  
 Aquitaine  
 Bath  
 Aquitaine  
 Garter  
 March  
 Bath  
 Norroy  
 Clarenceux

(17) Arnold, and others. By her he had one Son, William, and deceased 3 James 1st William his Son married Elizabeth Evans,<sup>(16)</sup> by whom he had one Son, William, and one Daughter married to Henry Wenham.<sup>(17)</sup> He deceased 13 Charles the 1st. William his Son, married Mary Walworth,<sup>(18)</sup> by whom he had one Son, John, who lived in the reign of Charles the 2d, and James the 2d.

Sequestra-  
tion  
Book.

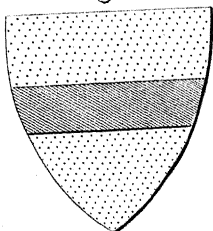
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(15) \*Or 3 Mascles Gules. (16) Or a Lyon Rampant Azure Collared and Chained Argent (17) Argent A Bull passant Gules attired Or. (18) Argent a Cross Sable between four Toiteauxes.

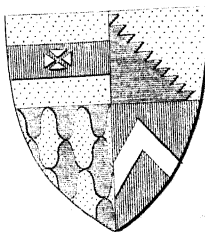
Rouge Cross  
Blew-  
Mantle  
Porney  
Gulim

# CHATTERTON'S ARMS.

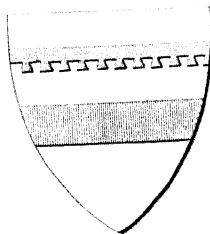
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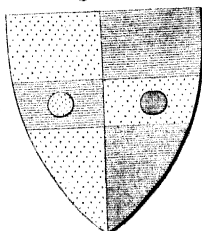
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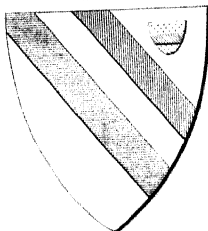
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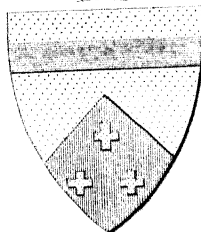
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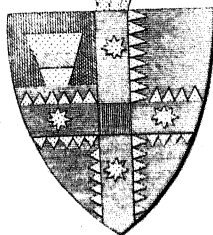
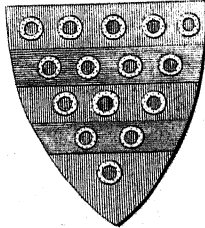
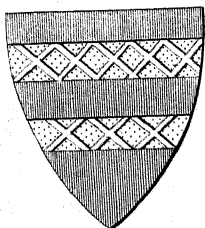
5



6



7



*DESCRIPTION*  
OF  
*CHATTERTON'S ARMS.*

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*From Chatterton's hand-writing preserved in the British  
Museum. Referring to the affixed Plate according to the  
Numbers.*

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- No. 1. Descended from Sire de Chasteautonne, of the House of Rollo, the 1st Duke of Normandy, and Eveligina, of Ghent. Elall, Dreighton and Syesston, principal Seats of the Chattertons, in Lancashire. Went to Sir Rich. Molineaux, Knight and Banneret, on the Demise of Sir Thomas Chatterton, Knight and Banneret of Elall 13 Henery 4th
- No. 2. Syr Syward de Chattertonne, of Daycheloe. 3d of William the 1st, (Collins) Took this Difference, at the Fortuny of Roene.
- No. 3. Saer Baron de Quinsie, Earl of Winchester, 1207. Half brother to Syr Nigell de Chatterton, of Dreton.

- No. 4. Syr Waleian Chatterton, surnamed De Ghent.  
4th Henry 1st.
- No. 5 Eudo de Elall, took by assumption an Inscotcheon of Chatterton—13th Henry 1st.
- No. 6 Vevyan Chatterton, Prior of Elall Priory of Assumption.
- No. 7 Gualter Baron Fortibus, Cousin to Sir Nigel de Chatterton of Dreton. 2d of Henry 2d.
- No. 8. Geofry de Placetis, half brother to Syr Thomas Chatterton, of Elhall, 9th of Stephen.
- No. 9. Engcbiam, Baron Chasteau Revignic, a Norman Lord, Chatterton by assumption.

## OBSERVATIONS

ON

## CHATTERTON'S ARMS.

THE preceding PLATE is copied from nine distinct Escutcheons, painted by Chatterton, as his Family Arms, and which are now preserved in the British Museum. It is possible that these Arms might have been intended as the first materials for tracing his pedigree on the same plan as he had executed Mr Bugum's

Few persons in the lower walks of life are able to ascertain their descent for more than a hundred years, and when it is considered that Chatterton's ancestors had been Sextons of Redcliff Church for nearly one hundred and fifty years, we cannot but admire his modesty in ascribing his origin to ROLLO, the first Duke of Normandy, whom the GREAT ALFRED repelled in the ninth century from the shores of Britain, and obliged to seek for an establishment on the coast of France.

Chatterton, in thus fictitiously dignifying his family, by connecting it with Princes and Nobles, was doubtless influenced by some motive, and probably a motive that bore an affinity to that which prompted him to undertake other forgeries, but the nature of which, at this time, we are unable to ascertain. It is however reasonable to believe, that this display of his family honours was designed to answer some

immediate purpose, in which detection was not to be calculated upon, or otherwise he would more scrupulously have guarded against the incongruity of making these latter aims so essentially different from those given in the De Burgum's Pedigree, the one consisting of nine quarterings, the other of twelve, but without the most distant resemblance, except in the first quartering of, *Or Fess Vert*, which he has uniformly represented to be his Family Arms,\* but for which there appears no authority.†

Chatterton seems to have found no difficulty in discovering the precise Arms of any particular person, even so far back as the seventh century, being able, at any time, to determine a point which would puzzle all the heralds in Europe. ‡

It happens unfortunately, that those who discredit Chatterton's Heraldic statements have, in many respects, to prove the negative side of the question, to which only presumptive evidence can be adduced, amounting in the whole to little short of demonstration, yet not so as to prevent tenacious persons from starting some objections, which, though of little weight, may yet be answered with difficulty. The generality of readers will deem the following observations unnecessary, to whom it will almost appear ludicrous that a formal argument should be ad-

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\* In his Will, Vol 3, page 453 In his Letter to Mr Stephens, Vol 3, page 413 In De Burgum's Pedigree, Vol 2, page 469, and in the first escutcheon of the annexed Plate.

† See Vol 2, page 457, at the bottom

‡ "Camden remarks, that the change of appellation so customary upon accession of feudal property, throws continual obstructions in the progress of a genealogist, and that the consequent confusion of names renders accuracy of deduction hardly to be attained with respect to the earlier times."

vanced against the reality of these fanciful Arms ; there are still, however, many zealous contenders for the truth of Rowley as well as for the veracity of Chatterton, to whom it is remarked, that the Escutcheons in the annexed Plate are internally objectionable, if not absolutely inconsistent with themselves.

It has been the usual practice of Heraldry, for the same family to bear the same Arms, with certain established *Differences*, and the exceptions which have arisen to this rule consist chiefly of additions, whilst the colour of the Field has commonly remained the same,—the various quarterings to which Families are entitled, arising principally from marriages and intermarriages, but here are the Mails of the same Family, who commonly retain, either wholly or in part, their paternal Arms, all possessed of different Escutcheons, and from the appearance of which the beholder would naturally conclude that they belonged to totally distinct Families, between whom, a couple of Inescutcheons form but a shallow union

A hope is entertained, that it will neither appear irrelevant nor misplaced, by stating one or two arguments, in opposition to Rowley, arising chiefly from the additional evidence now first presented to the Public.

Whoever closely examines the Life and Writings of Chatterton, will remark that he seemed to be strikingly influenced by one particular disposition of mind, and that was, through an excess of ingenuity, in a literary sense, *to impose on the credulity of others*. This predominant quality elucidates his character, and is deserving of minute regard by all who attempt to decide on the Rowleyan controversy.

I A New Bridge is just completed over the Avon at



Bristol.—Chatterton sends to the printer a description of the passing over the *Old Bridge*, for the first time, in the thirteenth century,\* on which occasion two songs are sung by two saints,† of whom nobody ever heard, and in language precisely the same as Rowley's, although he lived two hundred years after the event was said to have taken place †

II M<sup>r</sup> BUIGUM is a man attached to Heraldic honours—Chatterton gives him his Pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom † ‡

III M<sup>r</sup>. BUIGUM is one of the first persons who expresses an opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's Poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and grateful heart, presents him with the “*Romaunt of the Cnyghte*,” a Poem, written by “*JOHN DE BERGHAM*,” one of *his own* ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before,§ and the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same Poem, modernized by himself † ||

\* Vol 3, page 66 A bridge was built over the Avon at Bristol, in 1247.

† Vol 2, pages 152 and 151

‡ Vol 2 page 153.

§ Vol 2, pages 171 and 173

|| The Eclogue of “*Elinoure and Juga*,” was first published in the *Town and Country Magazine* for May, 1769, soon after which there appeared in the same work, a *Modernization* of this Eclogue on which circumstance Dean Milles thus reasons—“If Chatterton had been the author of the Eclogue of *Elinoure and Juga*, it is highly improbable that he should at the same time have penned an imitation of it in modern poetry, exerting his best abilities un-

IV. Chatterton wishes to obtain the good opinion of his relation, M<sup>r</sup> Stephens, of Salisbury, and, from something which it is possible his keen observation had remarked in M<sup>r</sup>. Stephens, he deems it the most effectual way, by informing him that he is descended from Fitz-Stephen,\* grandson of the venerable Od, Earl of Blois, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095<sup>†</sup> †

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der a feigned name, and then attempting to rival himself under another signature, which equally concealed him from the public. This imitation was not subscribed with Chatterton's usual initials, D B but professed to be written by W S A aged 16. The short interval between the publication of these two Pieces, the style of Poetry so much resembling Chatterton's other impositions, and the age of the author so accurately pointed out, determine this second Eclogue to be Chatterton's. It was probably written sometime before it was sent to the printer, especially as the original had been at least a twelve months in his possession. The simplicity of Rowley's ideas, the purity, ease, and fluency of his language, might have encouraged this attempt, in which he has so far succeeded, as not only to equal the original, but there wants no better proof of his inferiority to Rowley in point of poetic expression, than to compare the concluding lines of his imitation with those of the original Eclogue "‡ Fair and conclusive reasoning, and to which one only objection can be framed, and that is, that it is not founded on *fact*. The reader will smile on being informed that this imitation, instead of being the production of Chatterton, was written by a WILMINSTER SCHOLAR<sup>1</sup> who has since realized the promise of early talent, and for many years past conferred credit on the literature of his country. The imitation, on account of the curious circumstances in which it is involved, is reprinted, at the end of the first Volume, for the gratification of those who might wish to compare the two Poems

\* Vol 3, page 413

† I have no means of ascertaining whether Blois and Holderness were united as foreign titles in the eleventh century, but Blois was never an English name, and Holderness, at that period, was only a second title to the Earldom of Albedmarle

‡ Milles's Rowley, page 115

V. Mr. Catcott is a worthy and religious man, and who, from never intending to deceive, suspects no deception in others. Chatterton, who is a skilful engineer, adapts the nature of his attack to the strength of the fortress, and gives him an ancient Fragment of a Sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *written* by THOMAS ROWLEY !\*

VI. Mr. Barrett is zealous to prove the antiquity of Bristol—as a demonstrable evidence, Chatterton sends him an Escutchcon (on the authority of the same Thomas Rowley) borne by a Saxon, of the name of Ailward, † who resided in *Bristoa*, in the year 718 † ‡

VII. Mr. Barrett is also writing a comprehensive History of Bristol, and is solicitous to obtain all possible infor-

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\* It has been suspected that Chatterton was indebted for this fragment of a Sermon, on the "Divinity of the Holy Spirit," to two Sermons, on the "Duty of the Son and Holy Spirit," published by the late Rev CALIB EVANS, of *Bristol*, in the year 1766. The sentiments and language are almost similar. Mr. Evans also quotes *Hermon Witsius*, from the *Exercitationes in Symbolum* in which work is the *very quotation* from SAINT CYPRIAN, which appears in Rowley's Fragment. Chatterton may have seen Witsius, and he might then easily obtain a solution of a particular quotation, and afterwards apply it as he thought proper. His ingenuity was equal to a much greater achievement than this, although it is possible that he might have obtained the quotation on easier terms.

† Note to the account of Rowley's MSS Vol 3 page 303.

‡ Gildas, in the sixth century, distinguishes Bristol by the name of "Caer Brito," and Camden says that History gives it the name of Bristow for the first time, in the year 1012, when Harold is mentioned, by Florence of Worcester, as having set sail from Bristow, in order to invade Wales. Some writers have contended for a greater antiquity than this, though none (except Rowley) have been so extravagant as to suppose that Caer Brito was changed for Bristow, so early as the year 718 †

mation concerning it. Chatterton seizes the opportunity, and presents him, at *different times*, with an account of all the churches and chapels of Bristol, as they appeared three hundred years before,\* and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the Castle, †—The whole of this information being unsupported by either document or tradition, and resting alone, on the evidence of “The Gode Prieste, *Thomas Rowley*,” between whom and *Thomas Chatterton*, prejudice itself must allow, there was a great equality of talent, as well as a great similitude of pursuits. They were both Poets, both Antiquarians, and both perpetually adverting to Heraldry.

VIII. Public curiosity and general admiration are excited by translations from the Erse of Ossian—Chatterton, who gave precedence to none in “Catching the manners living” as they rise,” publishes a succession of Poems from the *Saxon* and *Welch*, ‡ indifferently to the inconsistency, or otherwise not aware, that he had professedly translated works, in the *same* style, and with the *same* imagery, from the TEUTONIC and CELTIC, two languages of different origin and genius, and whose poetry, of all their writings, has ever been considered as the most dissimilar.

IX. Mr. Walpole is writing the History of British Painters—Chatterton, (who, to a confidential friend, had before expressed an opinion that it was *possible*, by judicious management, to deceive even this master in antiquities, §) with full confidence, sends him an account of emi-

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\* Vol. 3, page 284.

† See Plate, Vol 3, page 497

‡ Vol. 3.

§ Vol. 3, page 521.

ment "Carvellers" and "Peyncters,"\* and informs him of others who once flourished in BRISTOL! but of whom the present inhabitants of Bistol never heard, and who are mortified at having no other evidence of the distinguished honour ascribed to them, than the solemn asseveration of that "something, nothing, not to be defined," Thomas Rowley!

But these are all subordinate deceptions. Chatterton's ambition embraced a larger range, and was circumscribed by no other limit, than, in the person of Rowley, of deceiving the Whole World. And that he succeeded in a great and unaccountable degree, is attested by the voluminous controversies of Antiquarians, Historians and Poets. The object bespoke the comprehension of his mind, and its partial success is a lasting monument of what perseverance may effect when supported by genius.

Another argument of equal magnitude may be deduced from the following consideration. All the Poets, to whose existence Chatterton, at least, was accessary, write in the same harmonious style, and evidence the same superiority of talent. Other Poets, existing in the like or different ages, have ever been distinguished for a diversity of qualities, compounded of imagination, judgment and taste, independently of mere language, which is susceptible of infinite gradations in the scale of excellence, but here are persons, living in different ages, exposed to different circumstances, and expressing different sentiments,

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\* Vol. 3, page 337.

yet all betraying the same abilities and the same peculiar habits of writing—whether it be

The Abbate, John, (living in the year 1186)	Vol. 2, p. 136
Carpenter, Bishoppe of Worcester	- Vol. 3, p. 312
Ecce, Bishoppe of Hereforde	- - Vol. 3, p. 390
Elmar, Bishoppe of Selseie	- - Vol. 3, p. 391
The Rawfe Cheddei Chappmanne	1356 Vol. 2, p. 140
Sir William Canynge*	- - - Vol. 2, p. 117
	120—160 & 325
Maystre John a Iscam	- - Vol. 2, p. 148
Seyncte Baldwynne	- - 1247 Vol. 2, p. 152
Seyncte Warbughe †	- - 1247 Vol. 2, p. 154
John De Bergham	- - 1320 Vol. 2, p. 171
John Ladgate	- - - Vol. 2, p. 182
Syr Thybbot Gorges, oi	- - 1440 Vol. 2, p. 221
Sir Thomas Rowley ‡	

And (with the exception of Ladgate) the whole completely unknown to the world till brought forward by Chatterton. Such a fact would be a difficulty infinitely greater than that of ascribing Rowley to a youth of 16 or 17 years of age, who had made "Antique Lore" his peculiar study, and whose mind was impregnated with indisputable and almost unlimited genius. If the adverse opinion were

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\* William Canynge, Esq will be found (page 347, Vol. 3) to be metamorphosed into Sir William Canynge, Knight of Jerusalem †

† The ceremony of passing the Bridge, on which occasion this song was sung, took place in the year 1247, although Turgotus, according to Rowley, makes St Warbughe to have lived in the year 638 †

‡ Page 348, Vol. 3 Thomas Rowley, Priest of St John's, is called Sir Thomas Rowley † and his brother, Sir William Rowley †

correct, it would in future exclude probability from all share in estimating truth and falshood, and necessarily confound the very principles of knowledge.

The most determined advocate of Rowley, will hardly insist upon it that he wrote the various Poems attributed to the preceding characters · and is it not equally extravagant to suppose that they were written by the men to whom they are assigned—who, after having intensely slept for ages, on a sudden burst forth, and form a new and separate constellation in the regions of poetry? And if they were neither written by Rowley, nor by the men to whom they are ascribed, who could have written them but Chatterton? And if Chatterton wrote these, why could he not have written the whole of Rowley, seeing there is a perfect uniformity in the harmony, the language, and the train of sentiment: an association applicable to one person, but physically impossible to all.

This is an argument to which too much importance cannot be attached. It is founded on no subtle and equivocal train of reasoning, but derives its strength from an unquestionable fact, the full force of which is manifest to the plainest capacity. Let the dispassionate inquirer ask himself, whether he thinks it possible for men living in these different ages, from 1186, to the middle of the fifteenth century, to write in a style so characteristically the same. But how easy is the solution when we admit that the person who wrote the first part of the Battle of Hastings, the death of Sir Charles Bawdin, and one imitation of our old Poets, wrote also all the rest.\* This is no divided

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\* Chatterton confessed to Mr. Barrett, that he wrote the first part of the "Battle of Hastings" He also acknowledged to his mother and sister that he

and temporising question, it is Rome or Carthage; it is Rowley or Chatterton; and from the new and abundant evidence, with which the public is presented, it is highly probable that the Disserting will form one general phalanx, and concur in declaring that there is neither external or internal evidence to believe that a single line of either the Poetry\* or the *Prose*, † ascribed to Rowley, was written by any other than that Prodigy of the eighteenth century.—Thomas Chatterton.

The opinion of many, that Chatterton found part of Rowley and invented the rest, is a supposition attended with insurmountable objections, and is never urged but in the absence of better argument; for in the first place, much of the evidence against Rowley bears with equal weight against this sentiment; in the second place, he who could write half could have written the whole; and in the third and principal place, there are no inequalities in the Poems, no dissimilar and incongruous parts, but all is regular and consistent, and without the appearance of even verbal in-



wrote the "Death of Sir Charles Bawdin,"\*\* and the Poem on Our Lady's Church; the "Imitation of our Old Poets," is confessedly modern.

Of the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, which Chatterton confessed to have written, Dean Milles says, "that a greater variety of internal proofs may be produced for its authenticity than for that of any other Piece in the whole collection." ††

\* For an Account of Rowley's original MSS see Vol 3, page 497.

† Some of the DEEDS in the third Volume will be found to be written in *Modern English*! We may suppose that these were designed to be *filled up*, like a *Painter's Sketch*, at a convenient opportunity.

\*\* See Mrs Newton's Letter, Vol 3, page 524.

†† Milles' Edition of Rowley, page 321.



terpolation. Whoever examines the beautiful Tragedy of *Ella*, will find an accurate adjustment of plan, which precludes the possibility of its having been matured by different persons at the distance of centuries; and with respect to the structure of the language, it is incontrovertibly modern, as well as uniform with itself, and exhibits the most perfect specimens of harmony; which cannot be interrupted by slight orthographical *excrescences*, or the sprinkling of a few uncouth and incongruous words.

There appears good evidence to believe that Chatterton found old parchments, relating, it may be supposed, expressly to Redcliff Church (though even these have not been exhibited) and which may originally have turned the tide of his attention to "Antique Lore." This direction of his mind, connected with his inveterate proneness to impose on others, and supported as he was by talents that have scarcely been equalled, reduces the magnified wonder, and presents an easy solution to every difficulty.

There is still another class, with whom the great argument for espousing Rowley, is, the difficulty of conceiving that Poems, so excellent, should have been written by an uneducated youth. This objection is plausible and imposing, and at the first view appears insuperable; but such persons do not consider that *this* youth was a comet in the hemisphere of genius, ordained sometimes to illuminate the world with its miraculous splendor, and which then retires for ages, whilst an admiring nation observes the inruption in the order of things, and is lost in the contemplation of its unknown laws.

The reader will permit his recollection to be recalled once more to the two Pedigees of De Beigham and De Chatterton. These are of the first importance, as they exhibit

unquestionable proof of that *radical* tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing Plausible Fictions (the grand key to his character!) and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority. These additional proofs of his *creative* faculty, connected with that body of diversified anti-rowleian evidence already before the public, can leave a doubt on few minds, but that Chatterton possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those pre-eminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of Rowley.

J. C.

## GLOSSARY.\*

- A
- A** BESSIE, *humility*, C.  
 Aborne, *burnished*, C.  
 Abounde, *do service, or benefit*.  
 Aboune, *make ready*, C.  
 Abredynge, *upbraiding*, C.  
 Abiewe, *brew*.  
 Abiodden, *abruptly*, C.  
 Acale, *freeze*, C.  
 Accaie, *assuage*, C.  
 Acheke, *choke*, C.  
 Achevments, *services*, C.  
 Achments, *achievements*, C.  
 Acome, *come*.  
 Acrool, *faintly*, C.  
 Adave, *dawned upon*.  
 Adawe, *awake*.  
 Adeene, *worthly*.  
 Adente *fastened*, C.  
 Adented, *fastened, annexed*, C.  
 Adented, *indented, bruised*.  
 Aderne, *cruel, fierce*.  
 Adigne, *noble, worthy*.  
 Adoe, *delay*.  
 Adiadde, *afraid*.  
 Adrames, *churls*, C.  
 Adrewe, *drew*.  
 Adventaile, *armour*, C.  
 Adygne, *nervous, worthy of praise*, C.  
 Æteine, *eternal*.  
 Affere, *to affright or terrify*.  
 Affaie, *affright*, C.
- Affaie, *to fight, or engage in a fray*, C.  
 Affynd, *related by marriage*.  
 Afleme, *as flemme, to drive away, to affright*.  
 After la gouie, *should probably be astrelagour; astiologer*.  
 Ageded, *heaped up*.  
 Agguylte, *offended*.  
 Agleeme, *to shine upon*.  
 Agrame *grievance*, C.  
 Agreme, *torture*, C.  
 Agreme, *grievance*, C.  
 Agrosed, *agruised; terrified*.  
 Agroted, *See groted*.  
 Agylted *offended*, C.  
 Aidens, *aidance*.  
 Aiglentine, *sweet-brier*.  
 Ake, *oak*, C.  
 Alans, *hounds*.  
 Alatche, *accuse*.  
 Aledge, *idly*.  
 Alenge, *along*.  
 Alest, *lest*.  
 Alestake, *a may-pole*.  
 All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour*, C.  
 Allaie, *was allayed or stopped. Allaie used as a verb neuter*.  
 Alleyn, *only*, C.  
 Almer, *beggar*, C.  
 Alofe, *aloft*.  
 Also, *else*.

\* Those words, whose significations were given by Chatterton, have the letter C, affixed to them.

- Alyche, *like*. C.  
 Alyne, *across his shoulders* C.  
 Alyse, *allow*, C.  
 Amate, *destroy*, C.  
 Amayld, *enameled*, C.  
 Amede, *recompence*.  
 Ameded, *rewarded*, C.  
 Amenged, *as manged*, mixed.  
 Amenused, *diminished*, C.  
 Ametten, *met with*.  
 Amield, *ornamented*, enameled, C.  
 Aminge, *among*.  
 Aneighe, *near*.  
 Aneste, *against*.  
 Anente, *against*, C.  
 Anere, *another*, C.  
 Anete, *annihilate*.  
 Anie, *as me*, nigh.  
 Anlace, *an ancient sword*, C.  
 Annethe, *beneath*. C.  
 Antecedent, *going before*.  
 Applynges, *grafted trees*, C.  
*apple-trees*.  
 Arace, *divest*, C.  
 Arblaster, *a cross-bow*.  
 Arcublastei, *a cross-bow*.  
 Arcublasties, *cross-bowmen*.  
 Arduous, *burning*.  
 Aredynge, *thinking*. *reading*. qu.  
 Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent*. C.  
 Arist, *arose*, C.  
 Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms*.  
 Armourbrace, *a suit of armour*.  
 Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow*.  
 Ascaunce, *disdainfully*, C.  
 Ascaunce, *obliquely*.
- Asenglave, *a lance*.  
 Askaunte, *obliquely*.  
 Askaunted, *glanced*.  
 Aslape, *asleep*.  
 Aslaunte, *slaughting*.  
 Aslee, *slide or creep*.  
 Assayle, *oppose*.  
 Asseled, *answered*, C.  
 Asshrewed, *accursed*, *unfortunate*, C.  
 Asswaie, *to assay*, *put to trial*.  
 Astaite, *started from*, *or afraid of* Neglected. qu.  
 Astedde, *seated*, C.  
 Astend, *astonish*, C.  
 Asterte, *neglected*, C.  
 Astoun, *astonished*, C.  
 Astounde, *astonish*, C.  
 Astounded, *astonished*.  
 Astrodde, *astride*, *mounted*.  
 Asyde, *perhaps astyde*; *ascended*.  
 Athowe, *through*.  
 Athur, *as thurgh*; *through*, *athwart*.  
 Attenes, *at once*, C.  
 Attouie, *turn*, C.  
 Attoure, *around*.  
 Attune, *to turn*.  
 Aucthoure, *author*.  
 Ave, *for eau*, Fr. Water.  
 Avele, *prevail*.  
 Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle*, C.  
 Aumeies, *borders of gold and silver*, &c. C.  
 Aunture, *as aventure*, *adventure*.  
 Aue, Or, *the colour of gold in heraldy*.  
 Autremeie, *a loose white robe*, *worn by priests*, C.  
 Awhaped, *astonished*, C.

Aye, *ever, always.*  
 Ayncwarde, *backwards, C.*

**B**

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable.*  
**C.**

Bane, *hurt, damage.*  
 Bane, *curse.*  
 Baned, *cursed.*  
 Bankes, *benches.*  
 Bante, *cursed.*  
 Baib'd, *armed.*  
 Baibde haulle, *hall hung round with armour.*  
 Baibe, *beard.*  
 Barbed horse, *covered with armour.*  
 Baren, *for barren.*  
 Barganette, *a song or ballad. C.*

Bauiere, *confine or boundary*  
 Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth.*  
 Bataunt, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum. qu.*  
 Battayles, *boats, ships, Fr.*  
 Batten, *fatten, C.*  
 Battent, *loudly, C.*  
 Battently, *loud roaring, C.*  
 Battone, *beat with sticks, Fr.*  
 Baubels, *jewels, C.*  
 Bawsin, *large, C.*  
 Bayne, *ruin. C.*  
 Bayre, *brow. C.*  
 Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*  
 Beei, *bear.*  
 Beeveredd, *beaver'd. C.*  
 Beheste, *command, C.*  
 Bchesteynge, *commanding. C.*

Behight, *name.*  
 Behylte, *promised, C.*

Behylte, *forbade.*  
 Behyltien, *hidden.*  
 Belent, *stopped, at a fault, or stand.*  
 Beme, *trumpet.*  
 Bemente, *lament, C*  
 Bened, *cursed, torment, C.*  
 Benymmyng, *bereaving, C.*  
 Berne, *child, C*  
 Berten, *venomous, C*  
 Beseies, *becomes, C*  
 Besprente, *scattered, C*  
 Bestoiker, *deceiver, C*  
 Bete, *bid, C.*  
 Betrassed, *deceived, imposed on, C.*  
 Betraste, *betrayed, C.*  
 Bevyle, *break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting, C.*

Bewrecke, *revenge, C.*  
 Bewreen, *express, C*  
 Bewyien, *declared, expressed, C*

Bewryne, *declare, C.*  
 Bewryning, *declaring, C*  
 Bighes, *jewels, C.*  
 Bulette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head, C.*

Blake, *naked, C.*  
 Blakied, *naked, original, C.*  
 Blanche, *white, pure.*  
 Blanchie, *white, C.*  
 Blataunthe, *loudly, C.*  
 Blente, *ceased, dead, C.*  
 Blethe, *bleed, C.*  
 Blynge, *cease, C.*  
 Blyn, *cease, stand still, C.*  
 Boddekin, *body, substance, C.*  
 Boleynge, *swelling, C.*  
 Bollengers and Cottis, *different kinds of boats, C*

Boolie, *beloved*, C.  
 Bordel, *cottage*, C.  
 Bordelier, *cottager*.  
 Boine, *burnish*, C.  
 Boun, *make ready*, C.  
 Bounde, *ready*, C.  
 Bourne, *boundary*, *promontory*.  
 Bourne, *bounded*, *limited*.  
 Bowke, Bowkie, *body*, C.  
 Bowting matche, *contest*.  
 Bismarehie, *curiously*, C.  
 Braste, *burst*,  
 Brasteth, *bursteth*, C.  
 Brasteynge, *bursting*.  
 Biaunce, *branch*. C.  
 Braunces *branches*. C.  
 Brauncyng, *branching*.  
 Brayd, *displayed*, C.  
 Brayde, *embroider*.  
 Brayne, *brain*, *care*.  
 Biede, *broad*. C.  
 Bredren, *brethren*.  
 Breme, *strength*, C.  
 Breme, *strong*, C.  
 Biemie, *furious*.  
 Brende, *burn*, *consume*, C.  
 Brendeynge, *flaming*. C.  
 Bretful, *filled with*, C.  
 Brionie, *briony*, or *wild vine*.  
 Broched, *pointed*.  
 Bronde, *fury*, or *sword*.  
 Brondeyng, *furious*.  
 Brondeous, *furious*, C.  
 Brooklette, *rivulet*.  
 Browded, *embroidered*, C.  
 Brued, *embued*.  
 Brutylle, *brittle*, *frail*.  
 Brygandync, *part of armor*. C.  
 Bynnyng, *declaring*, C.  
 Builed, *armed*, C.  
 Burlie bronde, *fury*, *anger*, C.

Byelecoyle, *bell acueil*, Fr.  
 the name of a personage  
 in the *Roman de la rose*,  
 which Chaucer has rendered  
*fair welcoming*.

Byker, *battle*.

Bykious, *warring*, C.

Bysmare, *bewildered*, *curious*, C.

## C

Cale, *cold*.

Calke, *cast*, C.

Calked, *cast out*, C.

Caltysning, *forbidding*, C.

Carnes, *rocks*, *stones*. Brit.

Castle-stede, *a castle*, C.

Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle*.

Cates, *cates*.

Caytysnede, *binding*, *enforcing*, C.

Celness, *coldness*.

Chafe, *hot*, C.

Chafes, *beats*, *stamps*, C.

Champion, *challenge*, C.

Chaper, *dry*, *sun burnt*, C.

Chapounette, *a small round hat*, C.

Chaue, *dear*.

Cheese, *chuse*.

Chofc, *heat rashness*, C.

Chelandree, *goldfinch*, C.

Cherisaunce, *comfort*, C.

Cherisauned, *comfortable*.

Cheves, *moves*, C.

Chevysed, *preserved*, C.

Cheynedd, *chained*, *restricted*

Chirckynge, *a confused noise*,

## C

Chop, *an exchange*.

Choppe, *to exchange*.

- Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws*  
 Church-glebe-house, *grave*, C  
 Chyiche-glebe, *church-yard*.  
 Clangs, *sounds loud*.  
 Cleme, *sound*, C.  
 Cleere, *famous*.  
 Clets, *cliffs*.  
 Cleped, *named*.  
 Clerche, *clergy*  
 Cleigyon, *clerk or clergy-*  
     *man*, C.  
 Cleigyon'd, *taught*, C.  
 Clevis, *cleft of a rock*.  
 Cleyne, *sound*.  
 Clinie, *declination of the body*  
 Clymyngye, *noisy*, C.  
 Compheeres, *companions*,  
     C.  
 Congeon, *dwarf*, C.  
 Contake, *dispute*, C.  
 Contens, for *contents*.  
 Conteke, *confuse; contend*  
     *with*, C.  
 Contekions, *contentions*, C.  
 Cope, *a cloke*, C.  
 Coiteous, *worthy*, C.  
 Coiven, See *ycorven*.  
 Cotte, *cut*.  
 Cottis, See *bollengers*.  
 Cotteyngye, *cutting*.  
 Covent, *convent*.  
 Coupe, *cut*, C.  
 Coupyngye, *cutting, mangling*  
 Couraciis, *horse-courers*, C.  
 Coyen, *coy*.  
 Crased, *broken*.  
 Cravent, *coward*, C.  
 Creand, as *recreand*.  
 Cristede, *crested*.  
 Croche, *cross*, C.  
 Crokyngye, *bending*.  
 Croched, perhaps *broched*.
- Crokyngye, *bending*.  
 Cross-stone, *monument*, C.  
 Cryne, *hair*, C.  
 Cuarr, *quarry*.  
 Cuishe, *armor for the thigh*.  
 Cullis-yatte, *portcullis-ga e*,  
     C.  
 Curiedowe, *flatterer*, C.  
 Cuyen kinc, *tender cows*, C.
- D
- Dacya, *Denmark*.  
 Daie biente, *burnt*, C.  
 Daise eyed, *daisied*.  
 Damoysselles, *damsels*.  
 Danke, *damp*.  
 Dareyngye, *attempt, endea-*  
     *avour*, C.  
 Darklinge, *dark*.  
 Daygnous, *disdainful*, C.  
 Deathdoeyngye, *murdering*.  
 Declynie, *declination*.  
 Decorn, *carved*, C.  
 Deene, *glorious, worthy*, C.  
 Deere, *dire*, C.  
 Defs, *vapours, meteors*, C.  
 Defayte, *decay*, C.  
 Deste, *neat, ornamental*, C.  
 Deigned, *disdained*, C.  
 Delievretie, *activity*, C.  
 Dente, See *adente*.  
 Dented, See *adented*.  
 Denwere, *doubt*, C.  
 Denwere, *tremour*, C.  
 Depeyncte, *paint, display*, C.  
 Depicted, *painted, or dis-*  
     *played*, C.  
 Depyctures, *drawings, paint-*  
     *ings*, C.  
 Dequace, *mangle, destroy*, C.  
 Dequaced, *sunk, quashed*.  
 Dere, *hurt, damage*, C.

Derne, *melancholy, terrible.*  
 Derkynnes, *young deer,*  
 Dernie, *woful, lamentable.*  
 Deinie, *cruel, C.*  
 Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful.*  
 Deslavatie, *lechery, C.*  
 Detratous, *traitors.*  
 Deysdc, *seated on a deis.*  
 Dheie; *they.*  
 Dhere, *there.*  
 Dhereof, *thereof.*  
 Difficile, *difficult, C.*  
 Dighte, *drest, arrayed, C.*  
 Dispande, *expanded.*  
 Dispente, *expended.*  
 Dispone, *dispose.*  
 Divinistre, *divine, C.*  
 Dolce, *soft, gentle, C.*  
 Dole, *lamentation, C.*  
 Dolte, *foolish, C.*  
 Donore, This line should probably be written thus;  
*O sea-o'ertecming Dovor!*  
 Dortoure, *a sleeping room, C.*  
 Dote, perhaps as *dighte.*  
 Doughtre mere, *d'outr mere*  
 Fr. From beyond sea.  
 Draffs, *the refuse, or what is cast away.*  
 Dreare, *dreary.*  
 Dice, *draw, or drive.*  
 Dieene, *driary, terrible.*  
 Dieste, *least, C.*  
 Drenche, *drink, C.*  
 Drented, *drained, C.*  
 Dreynted, *drowned, C.*  
 Dribblete, *small, insignificant, C.*  
 Drierie, *terrible.*  
 Drites, *rights, liberties, C.*  
 Diok, *dry.*

Drocke, *drink, C.*  
 Dioncke, *drank.*  
 Droone, *courtship, gallantry. C.*  
 Droored, *courted.*  
 Dulce, as *dolce.*  
 Duessed, *hardened, C.*  
 Dyd, should probably be *dyght.*  
 Dyghte, as *dight.*  
 Dyghtyng, as *dightyng.*  
 Dygne, *worthy, C.*  
 Dygnei, *more worthy, C.*  
 Dynning, *sounding, C.*  
 Dyspendyng, *expending.*  
 Dyspense, *expence, C.*  
 Dysperpellest, *scatterest, C.*  
 Dysporte, *pleasure, C.*  
 Dyspoiteyng, *sporting, C.*  
 Dyspoitusement, as *dysporte*  
 Dysigate, *to break connection or fellowship. To degrade. qu.*

## E

Edraw, for *ydaw*, Draw.  
 Eeke, *amplification, exaggeration.*  
 Este, *often, again, C.*  
 Eftsoones, *quickly, C.*  
 Egederinge, *assembling, gathering, C.*  
 Eke, *also, C.*  
 Ele, *help, C.*  
 Eletten, *enlighten, C.*  
 Elmen, *elms.*  
 Elocation, *elocution.*  
 Elves, *personages, people.*  
 Emarschalled, *arranged.*  
 Emblanchied, *whitened, C.*  
 Embodyde, *thick, stout, C.*  
 Embowe, *lodge, C.*



- Embollen, *swelled, strengthened, C.*  
 Emburled, *armed, C.*  
 Emmate, *lessen, decrease, C.*  
 Emmertleyng, *glittering, C.*  
 Emmers, *coined money.*  
 Emprize, *adventure, C.*  
 Empprize, *enterprize, C.*  
 Enactyng, *acting.*  
 Enalse, *embrace, C.*  
 Encaled, *frozen, cold, C.*  
 Enchafed, *heated, enraged, C.*  
 Encheere, *encourage.*  
 Encontryng, *encourting.*  
 Enfouled, *vitiated, polluted.*  
 Engarlanded, *wearing a garland.*  
 Engyne, *torture.*  
 Engyned, *tortured.*  
 Enharme, *to do harm to.*  
 Enheedynge, *taking heed.*  
 Enhele, *heal.*  
 Enhepe, *add. C.*  
 Enlefed, *full of leaves.*  
 Enleime, *enlighten.*  
 Enlowed, *flamed fired C.*  
 Enrone, *unshath.*  
 Enseme, *to make seams in.*  
 Ensemeyng, *as seeming.*  
 Enshone, *shewed.*  
 Enshoting, *shooting, darting, C.*  
 Enstrote, *deserving punishment.*  
 Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in, C.*  
 Enswote, *sweeten.*  
 Ensyrke, *encircle.*  
 Ent, *a purse or bag. C.*  
 Entendemente, *understanding.*  
 Enthoghte, *thinking.*  
 Enthoghte, *thought of.*  
 Enthoghteynge, *thinking.*  
 Entremed, *intermixed.*  
 Entrykeynge, *tricking.*  
 Entyn, *even, C.*  
 Enryonnde, *worked with iron. C.*  
 Eraced, *banished, erased.*  
 Erhie, *earl.*  
 Ermiett's, *hermits, C.*  
 Erste, *formerly.*  
 Estande, *for ystande, stand.*  
 Estells, *A corruption of estoile, Fr. A star, C.*  
 Estroughted, *stretched out.*  
 Ethe, *ease, C.*  
 Ethie, *easy.*  
 Evalle, *equal, C.*  
 Eve-merk, *dark evening.*  
 Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew, C.*  
 Everichone, *every one. C.*  
 Everyche, *every.*  
 Ewbruce, *adultery, C.*  
 Ewbicyous, *lacrivious.*  
 Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes.*  
 Eyne syghte, *eye-sight.*

## F

- Fadre, *father.*  
 Fage, *tale, jest, C.*  
 Faic, *faith.*  
 Fairfully, *faithfully, C.*  
 Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond, C.*  
 Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat. See Du Cange in v. Faldistorum.*  
 Far-kend, *far seen. C.*  
 Fayre, *clear, innocent.*  
 Fealliest, *most beautiful.*

Federed, *feathered*.  
 Fceie, *fire*.  
 Fceie, *flaming*, C.  
 Fele, *feeble*, C.  
 Felle, *cruel*, *bad*.  
 Fellen, *fell* pa. t. sing. qu.  
 Ferse, *violent*, *fierce*.  
 Feiselie, *fiercely*.  
 Fetelie, *nobly*, C.  
 Fetive, as *festive*.  
 Fctyve, *elegant*, *beautiful*.  
 Fctyvelie, *elegantly*, C.  
 Fetyveness, *festiveness*.  
 Feygne, *willing*.  
 Feygnes, A corruption of  
*feints*, C.  
 Fhuu, *fury*. C.  
 Fie, *defy*, C.  
 Flaiten, *horrible*, or *undulating*, qu.  
 Flaunched, *arched*.  
 Fleers, *flies*, *runaways*.  
 Fleeting, *flying*, *passing*.  
 Fleme, *to terrify*.  
 Flemed, *frighted*, C.  
 Flemie, *frightfully*.  
 Flemeynge, *terrifying*.  
 Fleuis, *flowers*.  
 Flizze, *fly*, C.  
 Floe, *arrow*. C.  
 Florryschethe, *blooms*, *flourishes*.  
 Flott, *float*, C.  
 Flotting, *floating* or *undulating*.  
 FloureScyncte Mary, *mary-gold*. C.  
 Flourette, *flower*. C.  
 Flytted, *fled*.  
 Foile, *baffle*, C.  
 Fons, Fonnes, *devices*, C.  
 Fore, *before*.

Forefend, *forbid*.  
 Fougard, *lose*, C.  
 Foiletten, *forsoaken*, C.  
 Forloyne, *retreat*, C.  
 Fonooy, *destroy*.  
 Foirreyng, *destroying*, C.  
 Forslagen, *slain*, C.  
 Foislege, *slay*, C.  
 Forstraughte, *distracted*.  
 Forstraughteyng, *distracting*, C.  
 Forswat, *sun-burnt*, C.  
 Forwelting, *blasting*, C.  
 Foiwyned, *dried*, C.  
 Foulke, *people*.  
 Foury, *fury*.  
 Fowlyng, *defiling*.  
 Fraie, *fight*. C.  
 Fiemde, *strange*, C.  
 Fiemded, *frighted*, C.  
 Fiuctile, *fruitful*.  
 Fiured, *furious*.  
 Furched, *forked*.

## G

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour*, C. A cloak.  
 Galland, *frighted*, C.  
 Gare, *cause* C.  
 Gastness, *ghastliness*.  
 Gauntlette, *glove*. C.  
 Gauntlette, *challenging*.  
 Geare, *apparel*, *accoutrement*.  
 Geasonne, *rare*, *extraordinary*, *strange*. C.  
 Geer, *dress*.  
 Geete, As *gite*.  
 Gelten, *gilded*. C.  
 Gemot, *ouncil*.  
 Gemote, *assembled*. C.  
 Geid, *broke*, *rent*. C.

Gies, *guides*, C.  
 Gier, *a turn or twist*.  
 Gif, *if*. C.  
 Gites, *robes, mantles*. C.  
 Glair, *shining, clear*.  
 Glairie, *clear, shining*.  
 Glare, *glitter*. C.  
 Gledes, *ghdes*.  
 Gledeynge, *livid*. C.  
 Gleme, *shine, glimmer*. C.  
 Glester, *to shine*.  
 Glestreyng, *shining, glittering*.  
 Glomb, *frown*. C.  
 Glommed, *clouded, dejected*. C.  
 Glouie, *glory* C.  
 Glowe, *shine, gleam*.  
 Glytted, *shone, or glided*, qu.  
 Gore-depycted, *painted with blood*.  
 Gore-red, *red as blood*.  
 Goine, *garden*. C.  
 Gottes, *drops*.  
 Goulei, *usurer*.  
 Goushyng, *gushing*.  
 Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*, C.  
 Grange, *liberty of pasture*, C.  
 Gratche, *apparel*. C.  
 Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen*. qu.  
 Gravots, *groves*. C.  
 Gre, *grow*. C.  
 Greaves, *a part of armor*.  
 Grees, *grows*. C.  
 Greeynge, *growing*.  
 Grete, *greeted, saluted*.  
 Groffile, *groveling, mean*.  
 Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly*.  
 Gloffyshe, *uncivil, rude*.  
 Gron, *a fen, moor*. C.

Gronfer, *a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire*. C.  
 Gronfyres, *meteors*. C.  
 Gioted, *swollen*. C.  
 Gryne, *grom*.  
 Grypped, *grasped*.  
 Gule depeyncted, *red painted*. C.  
 Gule steynct, *red stained*. C.  
 Guyfts, *gifts, talents*.  
 Guylde, *assess, tax*.  
 Guylteynge, *gilding*.  
 Gye, *a guide*. C.  
 Gyte, *as gite*.  
 Gytelles, *mantels*, C.

## H

Habergeon, *coat of mail*.  
 Haile, *happy*, C.  
 Hallie, *as, haile*.  
 Haloeld, *defeated*, C.  
 Hallidome, *holy church*, qu.  
 Hallie, *holy*. C.  
 Hallie, *wholly*.  
 Halline, *joy*. C.  
 Hamlettes, *manors*. C.  
 Han, *hath*. qu. *had*.  
 Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed*. C.  
 Handesword, *back-sword*.  
 Hantoned, *accustomed*. qu.  
 Harrie, *harrass*. qu.  
 Harried, *lost*. C.  
 Harte of Gieece, *a stag*.  
 Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments*.  
 Hatchments, *achievements, coat armour*.  
 Haveth, *have, hath*.  
 Havyoure, *behaviour*.  
 Heafod, *head*. C.

- Heavenwere, *heavenward*. C.  
 Heaulme, *helmet, crown*.  
 Hecket, *wrapped, closely, covered*. C.  
 Heckled, *wrapped*.  
 Hedes, *regards, attends to*.  
 Heic, *they*, C.  
 Heideygues, *a country dance, still practised in the North*. C.  
 Helc, *help*. C.  
 Hem, *a contraction of them*. C  
 Hentie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting*.  
 Hente, *grasp, hold*. C.  
 Hentylle, *custom*.  
 Her, *for their*.  
 Herehaughtes, *heralds*  
 Herehaughtrie, *heraldry*. C.  
 Herselle, *herself*  
 Hesc, *require, ask*. C.  
 Heste, *a command*  
 Hete, *promised*.  
 Hight, *named, called*.  
 Hiltiene, *hidden*. C.  
 Hiltung, *hilding*, C.  
 Hoastie, *inn, or a public house*. C.  
 Hoistes, *lifts up*.  
 Hollic, *holy*.  
 Holtied, *hidden*. qu.  
 Hommagies, *servants*, C  
 Hommeu, *honor, humor*. qu.  
 Honde poynete, *indea of a clock, marking hour or minute*.  
 Hopelen, *hopelessness*.  
 Hariowe, *unseemly, disagreeable*. C.  
 Hove, *lifted up, threw*  
 Houton, *hollow*. C.  
 Hulstied, *hidden, secret*. C.
- Hus, *house*.  
 Huscales, *house servants*.  
 Hyger, *the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the Hygra*.  
 Hyghte, *named, called*.  
 Hylle fyre, *a beacon*.  
 Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide*, C.  
 Hylted, *hidden*. C.  
 Hyltten, *hidden*.  
 Hynde, *peasant*. C.  
 Hyndlettes, *servants*.
- I
- Jade, *to render languid, fatigue*.  
 Jape, *a short surplice, &c*. C.  
 Jemie, *journey*.  
 Jeste, *hoisted, raised*. C.  
 Ifiete, *devour, destroy*. C.  
 Ihantend, *accustomed*. C.  
 Jintle, *for gentle*.  
 Immengde, *mixed, mingled*.  
 Impesteing, *annoying*. C.  
 Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness*.  
 Inhild, *infuse*. C.  
 Investynge, *cloathing*.  
 Joice, *juice*. C.  
 Joice, *juicy*.  
 Joustedd, *justed*.  
 Ishad, *broken*. C shed,  
 Ithink, *think*.  
 Jubbe, *a bottle*. C.  
 Iwreene, *disclosed*  
 Iwimpled, *wrapped up*.  
 Iwys, *certainly*. C.  
 Jyned, *joined*.  
 Jynynge, *joining*.
- K
- Ken, *see, discover, know*. C

Kenns, *knows*. C.  
 Kenne, *know*.  
 Kepe, *to take care of*.  
 Keppened, *careful*.  
 Keiveth, *cutteth, destroyeth*.  
 qu.  
 Kiste, *coffin*. C.  
 Kiverclcd, *the hidden or se-  
 cret part*. C.  
 Knite, *joined*.  
 Knopped, *fustened, chained,  
 congealed*. C.  
 Knowlache, *knowledg*. C.  
 Knowlached, *known, dis-  
 tinguished*.  
 Knowlachyngc, *knowledge*.  
 C.  
 Kynde, *nature*. C.  
 Kyngc coppes, *butterflowers*.

## L

Labynge, *labouring, agi-  
 tated*.  
 Ladden, *lay*.  
 Lare, *leather*.  
 Laverde, *lord*. C.  
 Lea, *field, or pasture*.  
 Lease, *lose*.  
 Leathal, *deadly*. C.  
 Lechemanne, *physician*.  
 Leckedst, *most despicable*.  
 Lecture, *relate*. C.  
 Lecturn, *subject*. C.  
 Lecturnyes, *lectures*. C.  
 Leden, *decreasing*. C.  
 Leeche, *physician*.  
 Leege, *homage, obeisance*. C.  
 Leegefolcke, *subjects*. C.  
 Leegefull, *lawful*. C.  
 Leegemen, *subjects*.  
 Lefed, *left*.  
 Lege, *law*. C.

Leggen, *lessen, alloy*. C.  
 Leggende, *alloyed*. C.  
 Lemanne, *mistress*.  
 Leme, *lighten up*.  
 Lemed, *lighted, glistened*. C.  
 Lemes, *lights, rays*. C.  
 Leie, *leather*.  
 Lessel, *a bush, or hedge*. C.  
 Lete, *still*. C.  
 Lethalle, *deadly, or death-  
 boding*. C.  
 Lethlen, *still, dead*. C.  
 Letten, *church-yard*. C.  
 Levyn-blasted, *struck with  
 lightning*.  
 Levyn-mylded, *lightning-mel-  
 ted*. qu.  
 Levyn--plome, *feathered  
 lightning*.  
 Levynde, *blasted*. C.  
 Levynne, *lightning*. C.  
 Levynne bronde, *flash of  
 lightning*.  
 Liefe, *choice*.  
 Liff, *leaf*.  
 Likand, *liking*.  
 Limed, *glassy*. C.  
 Limitouie, *a licensed begging  
 frur*.  
 Lunned, *glassy reflecting*. C.  
 Lissedd, *bounded*. C.  
 Lisseth, *boundeth*. C.  
 List, *concern, cause to care*.  
 Listeynge, *listening*.  
 Lathie, *humble*. C.  
 Loaste, *loss*.  
 Locke, *luck, good fortune*.  
 Lockless, *luckless, unfortu-  
 nate*.  
 Lode, *load*.  
 Lode, *praise, honor*. qu.  
 Logges, *cottages*. C.

Longe straughte, *far extended, lengthened.*

Loidynge, *standing on their hind lgs.* C.

Lore, *learning.* C.

Lote, *lot, fortune.*

Loveide, *lord.* C.

Loughe, *laugh.* C.

Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*

Low, *flame of fire.* C.

Lowes, *flames.* C.

Lowings, *flames.* C.

Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*

Luidanes, *Lord Danes.*

Lycheynge, *lking.* C.

Lyene, *lye.*

Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*

Lymmed, *polished.* C.

Lynche, *bank.* C.

Lynge, *stay, linger.*

Lyoncelle, *young lyon.* C.

Lyped, *linked, untid.* qu.

Lysse, *sport, or play.* C.

Lyssed, *bounded.* C.

Lyvelyhode, *life.* C.

## M

Magystic, *mastery, victory*

Marvelle, *wonder.* C.

Mancas, *marks.* C. *mancuses.*

Machyn, *a sleeve.* Fr.

Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*

Mate, *match.*

Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*

Maynt, *many.*

Mede, *reward.* C.

Mee, *meadow.* C.

Meeded, *rewarded.*

Melancholych, *melancholy.*

Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*

Menged, *mixed, the many.*

Mimiced, *menaced.* qu.

Mennys, *men.*

Mensuedd, *bounded, or measured.* C.

Menynge, *meaning.*

Meie, *lake.* C.

Meike, *dark, and gloomy*

Meike-plant, *nightshade.* C.

Meiker, *darker.*

Meikness, *darkness.*

Meikye, *dark.*

Meve, *move.*

Mevnte, *many, great numbers.* C.

Mical, *much, mighty.*

Miesel, *myself.*

Miskynette, *a small bagpipe.* C.

Mist, *poor, needy.* C.

Mitches, *ruins.* C.

Mitte, *a contraction of mighty.* C.

Mitee, *mighty.* C.

Mocklei, *more, greater, mightier.*

Moke, *much.* C.

Mokie, *black.* C.

Mokynge, *mocking, murmuring.* qu.

Mole, *soft.* C.

Mollock, *wet, moist.* C.

Molteynge, *mouldy, mouldering.*

Mone, *moon.*

Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*

Morie, *marshy.*

Mothe, *death, murder.*

Mothyng, *murdering.*

Mose, *most*.  
 Moste, *must*.  
 Mote, *might*. C.  
 Motte, *word, or motto*.  
 Mottung, *muttering, murmuring*.  
 Myckle, *much*. C.  
 Mychte, *mighty*.  
 Myghte amein, *main force*.  
 Myndbiuche, *firmness of mind, sense of honor*. qu.  
 Mynemcunne, *miners*.  
 Mynsteir, *monastery*. C.  
 Mynstuelle, *a minstrel is a musician*. C.  
 Myrynge, *wallowing*.  
 Mystell, *miscall*.  
 Mysterk, *mystic*. C.

## N

Ne, *Le not*. C.  
 Ne, *no, or, none*.  
 Ne, *nigh, or, nearly*.  
 Nedere, *adder*. C.  
 Neete, *night*.  
 Nesh, *weak, tender*. C.  
 Note, *nothing*. C.  
 Nete, *night*.  
 Nethe, *beneath*.  
 Nillynge, *unwilling*. C.  
 Nome-depeyncted, *rebus'd shields, &c.* C.  
 Notte, *knot, fasten*.  
 Notte browne, *nut brown*.  
 Noyance, *annoyance*.

## O

Oares, *wheries*.  
 Oathed, *bound upon oath*.  
 Obaie, *abide*. C.  
 Offiendes, *presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphauntes, *elephants*. C.  
 Onflemed, *undismayed*. C.  
 Onknowlacheynge, *ignorant, unknowing*. C.  
 Onlist, *boundless*. C.  
 Onlyghte, *darken*, qu.  
 Ontylle, *untill*.  
 Onwordie, *unworthy*.  
 Oppe, *up*.  
 Optics, *eyes*.  
 Oirests, *oversets*. C.  
 Overest, *uppermost*.  
 Ounde, *wave*.  
 Oundaynge, *undulating, swelling*. qu.  
 Ouphante, *ouphen, elves*.  
 Ouit, *overt, Fr. open*, qu.  
 Ouzle, *black bird*. C.  
 Owlett, *owl*. C.  
 Owndes, *waves*. C.

## P

Paizde, *poised*.  
 Pall, *contraction from appall to fright*. C.  
 Paramente, *robes of scarlet, C. a princely robe*. C.  
 Parker, *park-keeper*.  
 Passente, *passing*.  
 Passent, *walking leisurely*. C.  
 Paves, *shields*.  
 Pavyes, *shields*.  
 Parde, *compared*.  
 Peede, *ped*. C.  
 Peene, *pain*.  
 Pencte, *painted*. C.  
 Penne, *mountain*.  
 Pensmenne, *writers, historians*. C.  
 Percase, *perchance*. C.  
 Perdie, *for a certainty*.  
 Pere, *pear*.

Pere, *appear*. C.  
 Peieynge, *appearing, peeping*  
 Perfoice, *of necessity*.  
 Peipled, *purple*, qu. *scattered, diffused*. qu.  
 Persante, *piercing*.  
 Pete, *beat, pluck*. qu.  
 Peynctedd, *painted*. C.  
 Pheeres, *fellows, equals*. C.  
 Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart*.  
 Pictē, *picture*. C.  
 Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts*. C.  
 Pittē golphe, *hollow of the pit*.  
 Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing*.  
 Plies, *sounds*. C.  
 Plonce, *plunge*.  
 Poſe, *the crown of the head*  
 Pouchē, *purse*  
 Poyntellē, *a pen, &c.* C.  
 Pie, *to pry*.  
 Pie, *prey*.  
 Pieche, *preach, exhort, recommend*  
 Pieestschyppe, *priesthood*.  
 Prevyd, *hardy, valorous*. C.  
 Proto-slene, *first slain*.  
 Prowe, *forehead*.  
 Prowes, *might, power*. C.  
 Pucilitie, *childhood*.  
 Pyghte, *pitched, or bent down, settled*. C.  
 Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures*. C.  
 Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre*.

## Q

Quacedd, *vanquished*. C.

Quansed, *stilled, quenched*. C.  
 Quayntysſed, *curiously devised*. C.  
 Queede, *the evil one, the devil*.  
 Quent, *quaint, strange*.

## R

Rampynge, *furious*.  
 Receivure, *receipt*.  
 Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice*.  
 Recer, *for racer*.  
 Reddoue, *violence*. C.  
 Rede, *wisdom*. C.  
 Reded, *counselled*, C.  
 Redeynge, *advice*  
 Regiate, *esteem, favour*. C.  
 Reine, *run*. C.  
 Rele, *wave*. C.  
 Reles, *waves* C.  
 Rennomde, *honored, renowned*.  
 Rennome, *honor, glory*. C.  
 Requiem, *a service used over the dead*. C.  
 Responsed, *answered*.  
 Rcwynde, *ruined*.  
 Reyne, *run*. C.  
 Reyngye, *running*. C.  
 Reytes, *water-flags*. C.  
 Ribaude, *rake, lewd person*.  
 Ribbande geere, *ornaments of rabbands*.  
 Ribible, *violin*. C.  
 Riēse, *rise*.  
 Riped, *ripened*  
 Rodded, *reddened*. C.  
 Roddie, *red*.  
 Roddie levynne, *red lighting*. C.  
 Rode, *complexion* C.



Roder, *riden*, traveller.  
 Rodeyng, *riding*.  
 Roghlyng, *rolling* C.  
 Rostlyng, *rustling*.  
 Rou, *horrid, grim*. C.  
 Rouncey, *cart-horse*. C.  
 Royn, *run*.  
 Royner, *runner*.  
 Rynde, *ruined*.  
 Ryne, *run*.

## S

Sabalus, *the devil*. C.  
 Sabbataneis, *booted soldiers*.  
 Sable, *black in heraldry*.  
 Sable, *blacken*. C.  
 Sable, *darkness*.  
 Sable, *black*.  
 Sai, *sagum, military cloak*.  
 Sanguen, *bloody*.  
 Saun's plain, *Salisbury plain*.  
 Sayld, *assailed*.  
 Scalle, *shell*. C.  
 Scante, *scarce*. C.  
 Scantille, *scarcely, sparingly*. C.  
 Scaipes, *scarfs*. C.  
 Scame, *mark*.  
 Scethe, *hurt, damage*. C.  
 Scathe, *scarce*.  
 Scaunce-layd, *unven*.  
 Scauncing, *glancing, or looking obliquely*.  
 Scethe, *damage, mischief*. C.  
 Schattes, *shafts, arrows*.  
 Scheatted, *adorned with turrets*.  
 Scille, *gather*. C.  
 Scillye, *closely* C.  
 Scolles, *sholes*.  
 Seck, *suck*.  
 Seeled, *closed*. C.

Seere, *search*. C.  
 Selke, *silk*.  
 Selynesse, *happiness*. C.  
 Semblamente, *appearance*.  
 Semblate, *appearance*.  
 Seme, *seed*. C.  
 Semecope, *a short under cloak*. C.  
 Semlykeene, *countenance, beauty*. C.  
 Semmlykeed, *countenance*.  
 Sendaument, *appearance*.  
 Sete, *seat*.  
 Shap, *fate*. C.  
 Shap scurged, *fate-scurged*. C.  
 Sheene, *lustre, shine*.  
 Sheen, *to shine*.  
 Shemres, *shone*.  
 Shemyng, *glimmering*. C.  
 Shente, *broke, destroyed*. C.  
 Shepen, *innocent*. qu.  
 Shepsterr, *shepherd*. C.  
 Shettyng, *shooting*.  
 Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes, the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by 3 Ewd. 4. c. 5.*  
 Shotte, *shut*.  
 Shotteyng, *closing, shutting*.  
 Shrove, *shrouded*.  
 Siker, *sure*.  
 Skyne, *sky*.  
 Slea, *slay*. C.  
 Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth*. C.  
 Sledde, *sledge, hurdle*.  
 Slee, *slay*.  
 Sleene, *slain*. C.  
 Sleeve, *clue of the ead*.  
 Sletre, *slaughter*.  
 Sleyghted, *slighted*.  
 Sleynges, *slings*.

Slughornes, *a musical instrument, not unlike a haut-boy, a kind of clarion.* C.  
 Smethe, *smoke.* C.  
 Smething, *smoking.* C.  
 Smore, *bismearied.*  
 Smothe, *steam, or vapours* C.  
 Snett, *bent, snatched up.* C.  
 Snoffelle, *snuff up.*  
 Sockeynge, *sucking.*  
 Solle, *soul.*  
 Soi feeted, *surfeeted.*  
 Sothe, *truth.*  
 Sothen, *sooth.* qu.  
 Soughle, *soul.*  
 Soughlys, *souls.* C.  
 Souten, *for sought.*  
 Spaire, *a wooden bar, or inclosure.*  
 Spedde, *reached, attained.* qu.  
 Spencei, *dispenser.* C.  
 Speie, *allow.* qu.  
 Sphere, *spear*  
 Splete, *cleaved, split.*  
 Sprienged, *sprinkled.*  
 Sprytes, *sprits, souls.* C.  
 Spying, *towering*  
 Staie, *support, prop.*  
 Staic, *fastening.*  
 Stalks, *stalks.*  
 Steck, *stuck*  
 Stedness, *firmness, stedfastness.* C.  
 Steemde, *recked, steamed.*  
 Steemie, *steaming.*  
 Steeres, *stairs.*  
 Stent, *stained* C.  
 Steynced, *allowed, or stained.* qu.  
 Steyne, *stain, blot, dsgrace.*  
 Stoke, *stuck.*  
 Storth, *death.*

Stoiven, *dead.* C.  
 Stoiven, *for strove.* qu.  
 Stowe, *place, city.*  
 Straughte, *stretched.* C.  
 Stie, *straw.*  
 Stree, *strew*  
 Stiet, *stretch.* C.  
 Stiev, *strive.*  
 Stinge, *strong.* C.  
 Stynts, *stops.*  
 Substant, *substantial.*  
 Sufficyll, *sufficient.*  
 Super-hallie, *over righteous.* C.  
 Suicote, *a cloke or mantel which had all the other dress.* C.  
 Suster, *sister.*  
 Swanges, *wave to and fro.*  
 Swaith, *spirit, ghost.*  
 Swarthis, *dead, expired.*  
 Swaithyng, *expiring.*  
 Sweet-kervd, *short liv'd.* C.  
 Sweltue, *sultry.* C.  
 Swolteynge, *overwhelming* qu.  
 Swolyng, *swelling.*  
 Swote, *sweet.* C.  
 Swotelie, *sweetly* C.  
 Swotie, *sweet.* C.  
 Swythe, *quickly.* C.  
 Swythen, *quickly* C.  
 Swythy, *quickly* C.  
 Syke, *suck, so.* C.  
 Syllie, *since.*  
 Sythence, *since then.*

T

Takells, *arrows.* C.  
 Talbots, *a species of dogs.*  
 Tempest-chait, *tempest-beaten* C.

Tende, *attend, or wait.* C.  
 Tene, *sorrow.*  
 Tentyfle, *carefully.* C.  
 Thight, *consolidated, closed.*  
 Thilk, *that, or such.*  
 Thoughtenne, *thought.*  
 Thiaslarke, *thrushes.*  
 Throstle, *thrush.*  
 Thyk, *such.* C.  
 Tore, *torch.* C.  
 Tourneie, *turnament.* C.  
 Trechit, *traget, deceit.*  
 Tione, *throne.* C.  
 Trothe, *truth.* C.  
 Trioulic, *true, truly.*  
 Twae, *two.*  
 Twayne, *two.* C.  
 Twighte, *plucked, pulled.* C.  
 Twytte, *pluck, or pull.* C.  
 Tyngc, *tongue.*  
 Tytend, *tightened, fastened.*

## V U

Val, *helm.* C.  
 Vengoushe, *revengefully.*  
 Ugsomme, *terrible.* C.  
 Ugsomness, *terror.* C.  
 Villeyn, *vassal, servant.*  
 Unbuiled, *unarmed.* C.  
 Uncouthc, *unknown.* C.  
 Undevyse, *explain.*  
 Unliart, *unforgiving.* C.  
 Unlydgefulle, *rebellious.*  
 Unwote, *unknown.*  
 Upryne, *raise up.*  
 Vyed, *viewed.*

## W

Walsome, *loathsome.*  
 Wanhope, *despair.* C.

Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread.*  
 Waylde, *choice, selected.*  
 Waylyngc, *decreasing.* C.  
 Whiestlyng, *whistling.*  
 Woden blau, *dye'd blue with wood.*  
 Woe-be-mentyngc, *woe-bearing.*  
 Wychencief, *witchcraft.*  
 Wysche, *wish.*

## Y

Yan, *than.*  
 Yaped, *laughable.* C.  
 Yatte, *that.*  
 Ybereyngc, *bearing.*  
 Yborne, *son.*  
 Ybiende, *burn.*  
 Ycoine, *engraved, carved.*  
 Ycorvenn, *to mould.* C.  
 Ydeyd, *dye'd.*  
 Ydronks, *drinks.*  
 Yei, *your, their.*  
 Yeyre, *their.* C.  
 Yic, *thy.*  
 Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*  
 Yindei, *yonder.*  
 Yis, *this.*  
 Ylachid, *enclosed, shut up.*  
 Ynhyme, *inter.* C.  
 Ynutyle, *useless.*  
 Yicaden, *made ready.*  
 Yreerde, *reared, raised.*  
 Yspende, *consider.* C.  
 Ystorven, *dead.* C.  
 Ytoin, *torn.*  
 Ytsel, *itself.*

## Z

Zabalus, *the devil.*