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TO  
JOHN M. KEMBLE, ESQ. M.A.  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD AND ESTEEM.



# Songs and Carols

Printed from a Manuscript in the Sloane Collection

in the British Museum



London

William Pickering

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**C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.**



## PREFACE TO THE SONGS AND CAROLS.

**L**ONG ago, the Sloane MS. No. 2593, had been pointed out by Ritson as "a singularly curious relic," and he had printed five songs from it, three of which I have reproduced in the present selection, as my object was to give twenty of



what seemed to me the most important pieces it contained. Two or three errors which had found their way into Ritson's edition, and which I trust have been carefully expunged, will also perhaps palliate the crime of having given what has before been printed from the same originals.

In the catalogue by Ayscough, the contents of this volume are justly described as being "some pious, some the contrary," and I have endeavoured to give a fair sample of both;

b

but as the former kind, the pious songs, are infinitely more numerous and on the whole of less importance as well in this manuscript as in the whole mass of Early English Poetry, I have given every specimen which occurred in it of the latter class, and have contented myself with a selection only from the other. In this I had also another object, that of showing how easily things sacred and things profane were reconciled and brought together in the minds of our uncultivated ancestors, who in the same breath could pass from the praises of : Marie Mylde,' to the merest ribaldry. The pious songs are in some instance not devoid of merit, and I should have perhaps done well to have made a larger collection ; but there is a wide field for the gleaning of such productions, and should these tracts be continued, it is my intention to give a selection of pious songs, not from one, but from many manuscripts, and those of different ages.

Ritson is perhaps not far wrong in conjecturing this MS. to be of the reign of Hen. V. If anything, I think it may be rather earlier, but its greatest antiquity must be included within the fifteenth century. The circum-

stances mentioned in the xivth song may perhaps lead to a more exact estimate of the antiquity of the songs themselves.

These songs are written in a dialect of which the most prominent characteristics are the replacing of—

*sh*, by *x*, in the forms of the verb *shall*, as *xal*, *xalt*, *xulde*; by *ch*, at the end of a word, as *fleych* (flesh), *dych* (dish), *reych* (rush), *worchepe*; by *sch*, at the beginning of a word, as *schrewde*, *schote*, *schette*, *scharpe*, *scheld*, *schene*, and *sche*, though the latter word is most commonly written *che*. On the other hand, we have in one instance *schylde*, for *chylde*, which, however, is probably only an error of the scribe.

*w*, by *qu* and *qw*, as *quan*, *quat*, *qwete*, *quer*, *qwyppe*.

*e*, by *y* or *i*, in the terminations of the verbs: see the note on Song x.

There has not as yet been enough done in the classification of our dialects, to enable us to speak on the subject very decisively, except perhaps in one or two instances. Some of the changes above mentioned appear to have been more or less common to several dialects, but

certain extracts given by Sharp (in his *Essay on the Coventry Mysteries*) from the registers at Coventry, bear so perfect a resemblance to the dialect of our Songs, that, if the circumstance of a manuscript having been written at a given place be considered as a proof of its being the dialect of the district, we should feel no difficulty in giving the Sloane MS. to Warwickshire, and I have sometimes thought that the songs it contains were a collection made for the purpose of being sung in the mysteries themselves. It must be confessed, however, that the Pageant of the Sheremen and Taylers, which Mr. Sharp has printed, as well as the other short pieces which he has joined with it, contain none of the foregoing characteristics.

The initial at the head of the preface is taken from the MS. Harl. No. 2895, of the 11th century, and represents a popular topic of middle age superstition; those who will may consider it as the combat between the Saxon Beowulf and the redoubtable fire-drake. The cut at the end of the preface, and that at the end of the notes, are from MS. Reg. 2, B. vii. The latter, which is described in the note on Song i, forms one of a series of drawings il-

lustrative of scripture history, and has under  
it the couplet,

“ Icii fuyit Adam en secle tere,  
Eve file pur robe fere.”

While alluding to this note, it will be well  
to say that the Latin proverb quoted in it is  
found in the MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 7 ; I  
had quoted it from memory, but I find that it  
varies from the original only in the orthography  
of the first word, *quum* for *cum*.

THOMAS WRIGHT.





How be-thing the gentil man, how Adam dalt and  
Ebe span.

**I**n the vale of Abraham  
Cryſt hym ſelf he made Adam /  
And of his rybbe a fayr woman /  
And thus this ſemly word be-  
gan.

Cum Adam / and thu ſalt ſe  
The blyſſe of paradys / that is ſo fre /  
Ther-in ſtant an appil tre /

Let and fretwot growit ther-on:  
Adam / if thu this appil ete /  
Alle theſe joyis thu ſalt for-zete /  
And the peynis of helle gete.

Thus god hym ſelf warnid  
Adam.

Quan god was fro Adam gon /  
Sone after cam the fend anon /

b.

A fals tretour he was on /  
He tok the tre / and krep ther-on.  
Quat epylt the / Adam / art thu  
wod ?

Chi lord hazt tawt the lytil good /  
He wolde not thu vnder-stod

Of the wyttts that he can :

Tak the appil of the tre /  
And ete ther-of / I bidde the /  
And alle hese joyis thu ralt se /  
Fro the he ral hedyn non.

Duan Adam hadde that appil ete /  
Alle hese joyis wern for-zete /  
Non word more myzt he speke /  
He stod as nakyd as a ston.

Chan cam an aungil with a swerd /  
And drof Adam into a disert /  
Ther was Adam sore a-ferd /  
For labour coude he werkyn  
non.



Alle maydenis for Gods grace worchepe ze seynt  
 Nicolas.

Seynt Nicholas was of gret poste /  
 For he worchepid maydenis thre /  
 That wer sent in fer cuntre

Common wommen for to be.  
 Here fader was man in powre aray /  
 On to his dowters he gan say /  
 Dowters / ze must a-way /

Non lenger kepe zu I may :  
 Dowters / myn blyssing I zu zeue /  
 For catel wil not with me thryue /  
 Ze must with zowre body leue /  
 Your worde ze must dryue.

The eldest dowter swor / he bred of  
 qwete /

I haue leuere beggyn myn mete /

And getyn me good qwer I may  
gete /  
Than ledyn myn lyf in lecheri.  
The medil dowter seyde / so mote  
che the / [be  
I hadde leuere hangyd and drawyd  
With wylde hors to or thre /  
Than ledin myn lyf in lecheri.  
The zongere lechery gan to spyse /  
And preyid saynt Nicholas / as che  
was wise /  
Saynt Nicholas / as he was wyse /  
Help vs fro lecheri.  
Saynt Nicholas / at the townys  
ende /  
Consoylid tho maydenis hom to  
wynde / [synde  
And throw Gods grace he rulde hem  
husbonds thre good and hind.

Wommen be bothe good and trewe, wytnesse  
of Marye.

Of hondys and body and face arn  
clene /

Wommen moun non beter bene /  
In euery place it is sene /

Wytnesse of Marie.

It is knowyn / and euere was /  
Ther a womman is in plas /  
Womman is the welle of gras /

Wytnesse of Marie.

They louyn men with herte trewe /  
ho wyl not chaungyn for non netwe /  
Wommen ben of wordys ffewe /

Wytnesse of Marie.

Wommen ben trewe with-out  
lesyng /

Commen be trewe in alle thing/  
And out of care they mowen vs  
bryng /  
Wytnesse of Marie.

iv

Syng we alle and sey we thus, gramersy myn  
owyn purs.

Duan I haue in myn purs i-now /  
I may haue bothe hors and plow /  
And also fryndis i-now /

Throw the vertu of myn purs.  
Duan my purs gynnyzt to slak /  
And ther is nowt in my pak /  
They wil seyn / go / far wil / Jak /  
Thu ralt non more drynke with  
vs.

Thus is al myn good i-lorn /  
And myn purs al to-torn /

I may pleyne with an horn /  
In the stede al of myn purs.  
Far wil / hors / and far wil / cow /  
Far wil / carte / and far wil / plow /  
As I pleyd me with a bow /  
I seyde / god / quat is al this.

v

Of a rose, a louely rose, of a rose is al myn song.

Lestenynt / lordyngs / bothe elde  
and yunge /  
How this rose began to sprynge /  
Swyche a rose to myn lykynge.  
In al this word ne knowe I  
non.

The aungil cam fro heuene tour  
To grete Marye with gret honour /  
And seyde che ruld here the flour

That rulde breke the fynds  
bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem/  
That is bothe bryzt and schen/  
The rose is Mary/ heuene qwyn/  
Out of here bosum the blosme  
sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myzt/  
That sprong on cyrstemesse nyzt/  
The sterre schon ouer Bedlem  
bryzt/

That is bothe brod and long.  
The secunde braunche sprong to  
helle

The fendys power down to felle/  
Ther-in myzt non sowle dwelle;  
Blyssid be the tyme the rose  
sprong.

The thredde branche is goode and  
swote/

It sprang to heuene crop and rote /  
Ther-in to dwellyn and ben our  
bote /  
Euery day it schewith in  
pryfts hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour /  
The that bar the blyssid flour /  
The be our helpe and our socour /  
And schyd vs fro the fynds  
bond.

vi

I haue a gentil cook /  
crowpt me day /  
He doth me rysyn erly  
my matynis for to say.  
I haue a gentil cook /  
comyn he is of gret /  
His comb is of reed corel /

his tayl is of get.  
I haue a gentyl cook /  
comyn he is of kynde /  
His comb is of reed scorel /  
his tayl is of inde :  
His leggs ben of asour /  
so gentil and so smale /  
His spors arn of syluer qwoyt  
in-to the wortewale :  
His eynyn arn of cristal /  
lokyn al in aumbyr :  
And euery nyzt he perchit hym  
in myn ladyis chaumbyr.

vii

Omnēs gentes plaudite :  
I saw myny bryddis setyn on a tre :  
He tokyn here slepyt and flowyn  
away /



With / ego dixi / haue good day.  
Many qwoyte feders hazt the ppe:  
I may noon more syngyn / my  
lyppis arn so drye.  
Manye qwoyte federis hazt the  
swan :  
The more that I drynke the lesse  
good I can.  
Ley stykkys on the fer / wyl mot  
is brenne :  
Zeue vs onys drynkyn / er we gon  
henne.

viii

I haue a zong suffer  
fer be-zondyn the se /  
Many be the drowryis  
that che sente me.  
The sente me the cherpe

with-outyn ony ston :  
And so che dede dowe  
with-outyn ony bon :  
Sche sente me the brere  
with-outyn ony rynde :  
Sche had me loue my lemman  
with-oute longgyng.  
How ruld ony cherye  
be with-oute ston :  
And how ruld ony dowe  
ben with-oute bon :  
How ruld ony brere  
ben with-oute rynde :  
How ruld y loue myn lemman  
with-out longgyng.  
Quan the cherye was a flour /  
than hadde it non ston :  
Quan the dowe was an ey /  
than hadde it non bon :

Quan the brere was on-bred /  
than hadde it non rynd :  
Quan the maydyn hazt that che  
louth /  
che is with-out longyng.

ix

I haue a netwe gardyn /  
and netwe is be-gunne :  
Swyche an other gardyn  
know I not vnder sunne.  
In the myddis of my gardyn  
is a peryr set /  
And it wele non pere bern /  
but a pere jenet.  
The fayrest mayde of this toun  
preyid me  
For to gryffyn here a gryf  
of myn peryr tre :

c.

**Q**uan I hadde hem gryffid  
alle at here wille /  
**T**he wyn and the ale  
che dede in fille.  
**A**nd I gryffid here a gryf  
ryzt vp in here honde /  
**A**nd be that day xx wouks  
it was qwyk in here womb.  
**T**hat day twelfue month  
that mayde I mette /  
**T**he seyð it was a pere robert /  
but non pere jenet.

**x**

**R**obynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn.  
I herde a carpyng of a clerk  
al at zone wodes ende /  
**O**f gode Robyn and Gandeleyn  
was ther non other gyng.

Stronge theuys wern tho chylderin  
non /  
but bowmen gode and hende :  
He wentyn to wode to getyn hem  
sleych /  
if God wold it hem sende.  
Al day wentyn tho chylderin too /  
and sleych fotondyn he non /  
Til it were a-geyn eyn /  
the chylderin wold gon hom :  
Half a honderid of fat falsyf der  
he comyn a-3on /  
And all he wern fayr and fat i-now/  
but markyd was ther non.  
Be dere Gode/ seyde gode [Robyn]/  
here-of we rul haue on.  
Robyn went his joly bowe /  
ther-in he set a flo /  
The fattest der of alle the herte

he clef a to.  
He hadde not the der i-flawe  
ne half out of the hyde /  
There cam a schrewoode arwe out of  
the west  
that felde Roberts pryde.  
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west  
be euery syde /  
Hoo hat myn mayster slayin /  
ho hat don this dede :  
Fal I neuer out of grene wode go  
ti I se sydis blede.  
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd  
west /  
and sowt vnder the sunne /  
He saw a lytil boy he clepyn  
Wrennok of Doune :  
A good bowe in his hond /  
a brod arewe therine /

And fowre and xx goode artwys  
 trusyde in a thrumme.  
 Be war the / war the / Gandeleyn /  
 her-of thu ralt han summe :  
 Be war the / war the / Gandeleyn /  
 her-of thu gyft plente.  
 Euere on for an other / seyde  
 Gandeleyn /  
 mysaunter haue he ral fle.  
 Dwer at ral our marke be /  
 seyde Gandeleyn.  
 Eueryche at otheris herte /  
 seyde Wrennok a-geyn.  
 Ho ral zeue the ferste schote /  
 seyde Gandeleyn.  
 And I ral zewe the on be-forn /  
 seyde Wrennok ageyn.  
 Wrennok schette a ful good schote /  
 and he schet not to hye /

Throw the sanchothis of his bryk/  
it towochyd neyther thye.

Now hast thou zouyn me on be-  
forn /

al thus to Wrennok seyde he /  
And throw thou myzt of our lady  
a bettere I ral zeue the.

Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe /  
and set therin a flo /

He schet throw his grene certyl /  
his herte he clef on too.

Now ralt thou neuer zelve / Wren-  
nok /

at ale ne at wyn /

That thou hast slawe goode Robyn  
and his knaue Gandeleyn :

Now ralt thou neuer zelve / Wren-  
nok /

at wyn ne at ale /



That thu hast slawe goode Robyn  
and Gandeleyyn his knawe.  
Robyn lyzth in grene wode bow-  
dyn.

xi

*A a a a, nunc gaudet Ecclesia.*

Leftenytz lordyngs bothe grete  
and smale /  
I cal zu telyn a wonder tale /  
How holy cherche was brow[t] in  
bale

*Cum magna injuria.*

The greteste clerk of al this lond /  
Of Cauntyrbery ze vnder=stond /  
Slatwyn he was [be] wykkyd hond  
*Demonis potentia.*  
Knyts kemyn fro Hendry kyng /

Wykkyd men / with-oute lesyng /  
Ther they dedyn a wonder thing  
Feruentes insania.

They sowynt hym al a-bowtyn /  
With=ine the paleys and with=  
outyn / [dowte

Of Ihesu Cryst hadde they non  
In sua malitia.

They openyd here mowthis wonder  
wyde /

To Thomeys they spokyn mekyl  
pryde /

Here / tretour / thu ralt a-byde  
Ferens mortis tedia.

Thomas answerid with mylde  
chere /

If ze wil me slon in this manere /  
Let hem pasyn alle tho arn here  
Sine contumilia.

Be-forn his aunter he knelyd  
adoun /

Ther they gunne to paryn his  
crown /

He sterdyn the braynys vp and  
doun

Oportans celi gaudia.

The turmentowrs a-bowtyn sterte/  
With dedly wondys thei gunne  
him hurte /

Thomas deyd in moder cherche  
Pergens ad celestia.

Moder / clerk / wedue / and wyf /  
Worchepe ze Thomeys in al your  
lyf /

For .liij. poynts he les his lyf  
Contra regis consilia.

How hey, it is . . . les, I dar not seyn, quan  
che seyt pes.

Zyng men / I warne zu euerychon /  
Elde wywoys tak ze non /  
For I my self haue on at hom :  
I dare not seyn quan che seyt  
pes.

Quan I cum fro the plow at non /  
In a reuen dyck myn mete is don /  
I dar not askyn our dame a spon :  
I dar not / &c.

If I aske our dame bred /  
Che takyt a staf and brekit myn  
hed /

And doth me rennyn vnder the led :  
I dar not / &c.

If I aske our dame sleych /

The brekit myn hed with a dych /  
Boy / thu art not worzt a rey ch :

I dar / &c.

If I aske oure dame chese /  
Boy / che seyzt / al at ese /

Thu art not worzt half a pese :

I dar not sey quan che seyzt  
pes.

riii

Synge we nowe alle and sum, Ave rex gentes  
Anglorum.

A netwe song I wil be-gynne /  
Of kyng Edmund that was so  
fre /

How he deyd with-oute synne /  
And botwdyn his body was to a  
tre. [hym prykke /

With arwoys scharpe they gunne

For non rewthe wold they lete /  
As dropys of reyn they comyn  
thikke / [mete.

And euery arme with other gan  
And his hed also thei of smette /  
A-mong the breres thei it kest /  
A wolf it kepte / with-outyn lette /  
A blynd man fond it at the last.  
Prey we to that worthi kyng  
That sufferid ded this same day /  
He saf vs bothe eld and yung /  
And scheld vs fro the fendes fray.

xi

Man be wys, and a-rys, and thynk on lpf that  
lestnit ay.

Thynk man quer of thu art worout /  
Potwre and nakyd thu were heder  
browt /

Thynk how Cryst thi soule hazt  
bowt /

And fond to seruyñ hym to pay.

Thynk man on the dere zers thre :

Ffor hunger deyd gret plente /

Powre and ryche / bond and fre /

Thei leyn dede in euery way.

Thynk man on the pestelens

tweye :

In euery cuntry men gunne deye /

Deth left neyther for lowe ne heye /

But lettyd hem of here pray.

Deth is wonder coueptous :

Duan he comit to a manys hous /

He takit the good man and his

spowes /

And bryngit hem in powre

aray /

After cam a wynds blast /

d.

That made many a man a-gast /  
Stefue stepelys that stodyn fast  
The weyke fyllyn and blewyn  
a-way.

Many merueplis God hazt sent  
Of lytenyng and of thunder dent:  
At the frere campys hazt it hent /  
At Lynne toun / it is non nay.  
Lytenyng at Lynne dede gret  
harm /

Of tolbothe and of fryre carm :  
Thei stodyn wol cole / that stodyn  
wol warm :

It made hem a wol sory fray.  
Lok man how thu ledyft thi lyf /  
And how thu spendyft thi wyttys v /  
Go to cherche / and do the schryf /  
And bryng thi sowle in redy  
way.



Go bet, peny, go bet, go, for thu mat makyn bothe  
frynd and fo.

Peny is an hardy knyzt /  
 Peny is mekyl of myzt /  
 Peny of wrong he makyt ryzt /  
 In euery cuntre qwer he goo.  
 Thow I haue a man i-slawe /  
 And forfetyd the kyngs lawe /  
 I ral fyndyn a man of lawe  
 Wyl takyn myn peny and let  
 me goo.  
 And if I haue to don fer or ner /  
 And peny be myn massanger /  
 Than am I non thing in dwer /  
 My cause ral be wol i-doo.  
 And if I haue pens bothe good and  
 fyn /

Wen wyl byddyn me to the wynn /  
That I haue cal be thin /  
    Sekyrly thei wil seyn so.  
And quan I haue non in myn purs /  
Peny bet / ne peny wers /  
Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors /  
    He was a man / let hym goo.

rxvi

We ben chapmen lyt of fote, the fowle wey is  
for to fle.

We bern a-bowtyn non cattis  
    skynnys /  
Pursis / perlis / syluer pynnis /  
Smale wympele for ladyis chynnys :  
    Damsele / bey sum ware of me.  
I haue a poket for the nonys /  
Ther-ine ben tweyne precyous  
    stonys :

Damsele / hadde ze a-sayid hem  
onys /  
Ze wuld the rather gon with  
me.

I haue a jelyf of Gods sonde /  
With-outyn fyt it can stonde /  
It can smytyn and hazyt non honde :  
Wyd your self quat it may be.  
I haue a powder for to selle /  
Quat it is can I not telle /  
It makit maydenys wombys to  
swelle /  
Ther-of I haue a quantyte.

rvii

Prenegard, prenegard, thus here I myn baselard.

Lestenit / lordyngs / I zu be-  
seke /

v 2

Ther is non man worzt a leke /  
Be he sturdy / be he meke /  
But he bere a baselard.  
Myn baselard hazt a schede of red /  
And a clene loket of led /  
We thinkit I may bere vp myn  
hed /  
For I bere myn baselard.  
My baselard hazt a wrethin haste /  
Duan I am ful of ale cawte /  
It is gret dred of man slawtte /  
For then I bere / &c.  
My baselard hazt a syluer schape /  
Ther-fore I may bothe gaspe and  
gape /  
We thinkit I go lyk non knape /  
For I bere a baselard.  
My baselard hazt a trencher kene /  
Fayr as rasour scharp and schene :

Euere me thinkit I may be kene /  
For I bere / &c.

As I zede vp in the strete /  
With a cartere I gan mete /  
Felawe / he seyde / so mot I the /  
Thou ralt for-go thi baselard.  
The cartere his qwoypp be-gan to  
take /

An al myn fleych be-gan to qwake /  
And I was lef for to a-scape /  
And there I left myn baselard.  
Quan I cam forzt on-to myn  
damme /

My hed was brokyn to the panne /  
The seyde / I was a praty manne /  
And wel cowde bere myn  
baselard.

If I synge ze wyl me lakke /  
 And weny I were out of myn  
 wyl /  
 Therefore smale nots wil I crake /  
 So wolde God I were qwyte.  
 Syn me muste take this mery toyn /  
 To glade with=al this cumpany /  
 I rede or ony stwyche be don /  
 For Gods loue / tey vp zour ky.  
 Ffor sothe I may not synge / I  
 say /  
 My boys and I arn at discord /  
 But we rul sonde to take a day /  
 To takyn myn a=boys and myn  
 a=cord.

rix

Mak ȝe merie, as ȝe may, and syng with me  
I ȝu pray.

In Patras ther born he was  
The holy buschop seynt Nicholas/  
He wofst mekyl of Gods gras /  
Throw vertu of the Trinite.  
He reysyd thre klerks fro deth to  
lyfue /  
That wern in salt put ful stoythe/  
Be-twyr a bochere and his wofue/  
And was hid in priupte.  
He maryid thre maydenys of myld  
mod /  
He gaf hem gold to here fod /  
He turnyd hem fro ille to good /  
Throw vertu of the trynpte.  
An other he dede sekryly /

He sau'd a thef that was ful sty /  
That stal a swyn out of his sty /  
His lpf than sau'd he.  
God gratot vs grace bothe eld and  
yng /  
Hym to serue at his plesyng /  
To heuene blyffe he vs bryng /  
Throw vertu of the trinite.

xx

Kyrie, so kyrie, Jankyn syngyt merie, with aleyson.

As I went on 30l day  
in owre professyon /  
Know I ioly Jankyn  
be his mery ton /  
Jankyn be-gan the offys  
on the 30l day /  
And zyt me thynkyt it dos me good



so merie gan he say /  
kyrieleyson.

Jankyn red the pystyl  
ful sayre and ful wel /  
And zyt me thinkyt it dos me good /  
as euere haue I sel.

Jankyn at the sanctus  
crakit a merie note /  
And zyt me thinkyt it dos me good /  
I payid for his cote.

Jankyn crakit nots /  
an hunderid on a knot /  
And zyt he hakkyt hem smallere  
than worts to the pot.

k.

Jankyn at the Angnus  
beryt the par brede /  
He twynkelid / but sayd nowt  
and on myn fot he trede.

Benedicamus domino /  
Cryſt fro ſchame me ſchylde /  
Deo gracias ther-to /  
alas I go with ſchylde.  
k.

NOTES  
ON THE SONGS AND CAROLS.

SONG I.

Gloss. *be-thing*, bethink—*dalf*, dolve, dug—*word*, world—*cum*, come—*xalt*, shalt—*se*, see—*stant*, stands—*appil tre*, apple tree—*lef*, leaf—*frewt*, fruit—*growit* grows—*ete*, eat—*for-zete*, lose—*peynis*, pains—*quan* when—*fro*, from—*fend*, fiend—*tretour*, traitor—*on*, one—*tok*, took, seized—*krep*, crept—*quat*, what—*eylyt*, ails—*wod*, mad—*hazt*, hath—*tawt*, taught—*lytil*, little—*wytts*, senses—*tak*, take—*hesse*, his—*hedyn*, hide—*wern*, were—*myzt*, might—*disert*, desert—*a-ferd*, afraid—*coude*, could—*werkyn*, work.

*Now be-thing the gentil man,  
How Adam dalf and Eve span.*

This proverb, more commonly given thus:—

“When Adam dolve and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman,”

was common to most of our western countries during the middle ages. It was the well-known motto of the

•

English rebels of the fourteenth century. Holinshed, speaking of the troubles in the reign of Richard II., and of the rebel priest, John Ball, says :—" When all the prisons were broken vp, and the prisoners set at libertie, he being therefore so deliuered, followed them, and at Blackeheath when the greatest multitude was there got together (as some write) he made a sermon, taking this saieg or common prouerbe for his theame, wherevpon to intreat,

When Adam delu'd and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman ?

and so continueing his sermon, went about to prooue by the words of that prouerbe, that from the beginning, all men by nature were created alike, and that bondage or seruitude came in by iniust oppression of naughtie men."

The German proverb is given by Agricola thus—

" So Adam reutte, vnd Eva span,  
Wer was da ein eddelman ?"

Agric. Prov. No. 264, where there is as good a sermon on the subject as was ever made by John Ball. See, also, the collection by Grüter.

The same proverb occurs amongst a MS. collection of popular sayings in Latin leonines, in the Brit. Mus. translated thus—

Quum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,  
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generosus erat ?

I have never seen the proverb in French, but in a Nor-

man manuscript of the thirteenth century in the British Museum is the pictorial illustration of it which forms the vignette at the end of these notes.

L. 4. *word*, in Middle English, is a very common orthography, (perhaps provincial) of what we now write *world*.

L. 7. *An appil tre*.

As represented in this song, the story of the fall is very curious, particularly the circumstance of the omission of Eve's participation in the transgression, and the description of Adam's misery and fear because he could not work.

A curious sermon, in French verse of the thirteenth century, which has been published lately at Paris, by M. Achille Jubinal, commences with the following curious account of the fall, which may be paralleled with our song. Adam, here, plays the sole part, though at the end he is blamed for believing all that Eve chose to tell him.

Grant mal fist Adam  
Qui par le Sathan  
Tal conseil crut ;  
Mal conseil li dona,  
Qui ceo lui loa,  
Car tost l'out soduit.  
Par l'enticement  
Del mortel serpent  
Fu tost deposés ;  
Mult par fu chatifs  
Quant de Para[d] is

Fu déserités.  
Mult par pout plorer  
Quant ne pout entrer,  
Là dum il esteit;  
Li angres ert devant  
O s'espée ardant  
Qui deffendéit.  
Mult fu repentanz;  
Plus de neuf cenz anz  
Fu le repentir:  
Mais pot lui numta,  
Car tant traveila,  
K'il l'estut morir.  
Après cele mort,  
N'out altre déport  
En Enfer n'alast;  
Encore i fust-il,  
Se Deu par son fil,  
Fors ne l'en-getast.

And again, speaking of the pains which the wicked must suffer after death,—

O Deus, quele dolor  
Et cum grant tristor  
Lor vint à soffrir,  
Par icele pome  
Qui à un sol home  
Vint si à plaisir!

L. 30. *disert*. The manuscript had originally *a ferd*, which is erased, and the other word supplied by the original hand.

## SONG II.

Gloss. *worchepe*, worship—*ze*, ye—*gret poste*, great power—*fer*, far—*cuntre*, country—*here*, their—*fader*, father—*powre*, poor—*on to*, unto—*dowters*, daughters—*gan*, began—*non lenger*, no longer—*zu*, you—*zeue*, give—*catel*, cattle, stock—*zowre*, your—*leue*, live—*zour*, through—*worde*, world—*be*, by—*bred*, bread—*qwete*, wheat—*leuere*, rather—*beggyn*, to beg—*mete*, meat—*getyn*, to get—*qwer*, where—*ledyn*, to lead—*lyf*, life—*medil*, middle—*mote*, might—*che*, she—*the*, thrive—*to*, two—*zongere*, younger—*spyse*, despise—*townys*, town's—*consoylid*, counseled—*tho*, the, those—*wynde*, wend, go—*throw*, through—*xulde*, should—*synde*, sende—*hind*, gentle.

The subject of this song seems to have been a story very popular in England about the period at which it was written. The following version of it is given in Caxton's edition of the *Liber Festivalis* (1484):

“Than fyl it so that there was a ryche man that had daughters fayre and yonge wymmen, but by myschyef he was fallen vnto pouerte, so for grete nede he ordeyned hem to be comen women for to geten her lyuyng and hys bothe, and whan nycholas herde therof he had grete compassyon of hem, and on a nyght pryuelye at a wyndowe he caste a bagge wyth a somme of golde in to the mannes chaumbre, than on the morowe tyde that man aroos and founde thys golde, than was he glad therwith that no man coude telle hit, and anone with that golde he maried his elder daughter, than another nyght nycholas caste

another somme of golde in to the mannes chaumbre as he dyd before, and so the iij nyght whan this man herde the golde falle, anone he went out and ouertoke nycolas, and knewe that it was he that had holpen hym soo in his myschyef, and knelid doun and wold haue kissed his fete, but he wold not suffre hym, but prayed hym to kepe counceyl whyle he lyued."

L. 22, 23, *as che was wise—as he was wise.* The repetition of this expression is perhaps an error of the scribe. In the romance of Horn, a poem of the thirteenth century (MS. Bibl. Pub. Camb. Gg. 4. 27.) occurs a somewhat similar expression. The seneschal of King Aylmer promises to bring Horn to the princess Rymenhild—

‘ Rymenhild, forzef me thi tene,  
 lefdi my quene,  
 and Horn ihc schal the fecche  
 whan so hit recche.’—  
 Rymenhild, zef he[o] cuth,  
 gan lynne with hire muthe;  
 heo makede hire wel blithe  
 wel was hire that sithe.

### SONG III.

Gloss. *honds*, hands—*arn*, are—*mown*, may—*non*, no—*bene*, be—*sene*, seen—*knowyn*, known—*ther*, where—*plas*, place—*gras*, grace—*lowyn*, love—*herte*, heart—*ho*, who (?)—*chaungyn*, change—*ben*, are—*esyng*, falsehood.



#### SONG IV.

Gloss. *sey*, say—*gramersy*, thank—*owyn*, own—*quan*, when—*myn*, my—*i-now*, enough—*plow*, plough—*fryndis*, friends—*throw*, through—*vertu*, virtue—*gynnygt*, begins—*slak*, slacken, fail—*nout*, nothing—*sey*, say—*far will*, farewell—*xalt*, shalt—*i-lorn*, lost—*to-torn*, torn to pieces—*pleynie*, complain—in the *stede*, instead, in the place—*quat*, what.

L. 13. *far*, an error of the press for 'far.'

#### SONG V.

Gloss. *lesteny*, listen—*elde*, olde—*zyng*e, young—*sprynge*, spring—*swych*, such—*aungil*, angel—*tour*, tower—*grete*, greet—*gret*, great—*che*, she—*xuld*, should—*bere*, bear—*flour*, flower—*fynds*, fiends—*heye*, high—*Bedlem*, Bethlehem—*schen*, resplendent—*heuene*, of heaven—*qwyn*, queen—*blosme*, blossom—*ferste*, first—*myzt*, might—*cyrstemesse nyzt*, christmas night—*sterre*, star—*schon*, shone—*dwelle*, dwell—*blyssid*, blessed—*thredde*, third—*swote*, sweet—*crop and rote*, crop and root—*dwellyn*, dwell—*ben*, be—*bote*, remedy, aid—*scheweth*, shows—*prysts*, priests—*here*, her—*schyd*, shield.

#### SONG VI.

Gloss. *cook*, cock—*crowyt*, crows—*doth*, causeth—*rysyn*, to rise—*gret*, great—*tayil*, tail—*get*, jet—*scorel*, coral—*inde*, purple(?)—*asour*, asure—*qwyt*, white—*wortewale*,? —*eynyn*, eyes—*lokyn*, locked—*nyzt*, night—*perchit*, perches.

The writer of this song would seem to have had in his eye Chaucer's description of the Cock, in his tale of the Nonnes Priest.

— A cok highte chaunteclere,  
In all the land of crowing nas his pere.  
His vois was merier than the mery orgon  
On masse daies that in the cherches gon ;  
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge  
Than is a klok, or any abbey orloge.—  
*His combe was redder than the fin corall,*  
Enbattelled as it were a castel wal,  
His bill was black and as the *jet* it shone,  
*Like asure were his legges,* and his tone :  
His *nailes whiter* than the lillie flour,  
And like the burned gold was his colour.

#### SONG VII.

Gloss. *myny*, many—*bryddis*, birds—*setyn*, sit—*he*, they—*fleyzt*, flight—*flowyn*, flew—*hazt*, hath—*noon*, none—*syngyn*, sing—*lyppis*, lips—*qwyte*, white—*federis*, feathers—*can*, know—*ley*, lay—*stykkys*, sticks—*fer*, fire—*wyl*, ? —*brenne*, burn—*zeve*, give—*onys*, once—*drynkyn*, to drink—*er*, before—*gon*, go—*henne*, hence.

#### SONG VIII.

Gloss. *zong suster*, young sister—*fer be-zondyn*, far beyond—*se*, sea—*drowryis*, ? —*che*, she—*dede*, did—*dowe*, daw—*sche*, she—*ruld*, should—*flour*, flower—*ey*, egg—*on-bred*, un-bred—*louth*, loveth.

L. 7. The word *the* seems to have been omitted by the scribe between the words *dede* and *dowe*, in this line.

L. 12. *longgyng*. The phrase *love-longing*, was a favourite expression with the earlier poets. Chaucer ridicules it in the following lines of his Ryme of Sire Thopas :

Sire Thopas fell in *love-longing*  
Al whan he herd the throstel sing,  
And priked as he were wood ;  
His faire stede in his priking  
So swatte, that men might him wring,  
His sides were al blood.  
Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, ed. Pickering, vol. iii. p. 72.

#### SONG IX.

Gloss. *swych*, such—*myddis*, middle, midst—*peryr*, pear-tree—*wele*, will—*non*, no—*bern*, bear—*gryffyn*, to graft—*gryf*, a graft—*che*, she—*ryzt*, right—*honde*, hand—*wowks*, weeks—*qwyk*, alive.

#### SONG X.

Gloss. *lyth*, lyes—*wode*, wood—*bowndyn*, ?  
—*herde*, heard—*carpyng*, talking, chatting—*zone*, yond  
—*wodes*, woods—*gode*, good—*gynge*, ? —*theyys*,  
thieves—*wern*, were—*tho*, those—*chylдерin*, lads—  
*non*, none—*hende*, gentle, polite—*he*, they—*getyn*, to  
get—*them*, them—*fleych*, flesh—*wentyn*, went (pl.)—  
*fowndyn*, found (pl.)—*a-geyn*, towards—*evyn*, evening  
—*hom*, home—*honderid*, hundred—*falyf der*, fallow

deer—comyn, came (pl.)—a-zon, against (he comyn  
 a-zon, they met)—i-now, enough—zul, shall (pl.)—  
 on, one—joly, beautiful—flo, arrow—herte, herd—  
 clef, clove—a to, in two—i-slawe, slain—ne, nor—  
 schrewde, cursed—arwe, arrow—est, east—be, by—  
 hoo, who—slayin, slain—hat, hath—zal, shall—ti, till  
 (perhaps a mere error of the scribe)—sydis, sides—  
 lokyd, looked—sowt, south—he clepyn, they call—  
 trusydy, trussed—thrumme, ? —be war, beware  
 —han, have—summe, some—gyst, gettest—mysauntre,  
 misadventure, bad luck—he zal, he who shall—fle, fly  
 —Qwer at, whereat—everyche, each one—otheris, the  
 others—zeve, give—ferste schote, first shot—be-forn,  
 before—schette, shot—to hye, too high—throw,  
 through—sancothis, ? —bryk, breeches—  
 towchyd, touched—thye, thigh—zowyn, given—  
 myzt, might—certyl, kirtle—zelp, yelp, boast—slawe,  
 slain—knaue, knawe, lad—lyzth, lies—bowdyn, ?

*Robynn lyth in grene wode bowdyn.*—Ritson, who  
 printed this song in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*,  
 ridiculously enough took the word 'lyth' for a pro-  
 per name, and 'by a stretch of his imagination, has  
 given us a short sketch of the life of his hero, Robin  
 Lyth, whom he even believes to have been one of  
 Robin Hood's own men, who set up the trade of out-  
 law on his own bottom after the death of his master.  
 "Who or what this Robin Lyth was," says he, "does  
 not, otherwise than by this little performance, com-  
 posed, it should seem, to commemorate the manner of  
 his death, and of the revenge taken for it, any where  
 appear. That he was a native or inhabitant of York-

shire is, indeed, highly probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a few miles north of Whitby is a village called LYTHE, whence he may be reasonably supposed to have acquired his surname: the second, that near Flamborough, in Holderness, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at present, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of ROBIN LYTH HOLE; from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same occupation, had several such in those and other parts: and, indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his master's death, had set up for himself. See a further account of the above cave in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*."

All Ritson's reasonable suppositions and probabilities would have been quite unnecessary, had he endeavoured to construe the sentence, and had he paid a proper attention to the form which the word takes in the repetition of the *refrain* at the end—'Robyn lyzth in grene wode bow[n]dyn.' It must be observed, too, that in the other parts of the song the name is never mentioned. Our song belongs to the class, and is an early specimen of the Robin Hood ballads, and is on that account extremely curious. Ritson goes so far as the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*; to seek another instance of the name *Gandelin*—the *Gamelin* of the Cook's tale attributed to Chaucer, which is an imitation of the same class of ballads, approaches very near to it—indeed the former might almost be a corruption by vulgar pronunciation of this latter.

L. 4. *gyng*. Ritson substitutes *thyng* in place of this word.

L. 5. *chylдерin*, here evidently means upgrown men. It is one of those words which appears to have been formerly used in a much less restricted sense than at present, and we have such examples as 'Horn child' &c.

L. 19. *went* must be an error of the scribe for 'bent.'

L. 18, 31. *xul—xal*.—The distinct singular and plural forms of *shall* and *will* were preserved up to a late period of Middle English. Our songs are written evidently in a rather broad dialect, and their forms are not always very regular—still we can trace tolerably well its systematic variation from the others, and from the older Saxon. The verb was conjugated thus—

*Present.*

	1st Person.	2nd Person.	3rd Person.
S.	—	—ist, -it	— it
P.	— yn (?)	—	— in, -yn.

*Preterite.*

S.	—, -id	—, dist	—, -id
P.	-yn, -dyn(?)	—yn, -din (?)	—yn, -dyn.

*Infin.* —yn. *Part. past.* —yn, -id.

It will at once be seen that the chief characteristic of the dialect is the use of the *i* (and *y*) in place of the pure Saxon *e*, *a*, and *o*, of the inflections, and of the pure Middle English *e*, which equally replaces these three Saxon letters. Thus the Saxon *est*, second pers. sing.

pres. is replaced by *ist*, as we may gather from the contracted form *gyst* (givest), which occurs in Song x. l. 44. The second persons sing. and pl. are rarely used in the songs we have printed. The second form *it*, which we have given, may be supposed from the contracted form *mat*, Song xv. The third pers. sing. pres. is used with very little variation, as *growit*, *cylyt*, *crowyt*, *perchit*, *comit*, *thenkit*, *syngyt*, &c. In a few instances the final *th* is preserved in place of the *t*, as *schewith*, *lyth* (*lyzth* in another place), *doth*. Another variation of the form is by final *st*, *hazt*, *seyzt*. In the first of these two words, however, we trace the regular form in the contracted *hat*, which occurs twice, x. 29, 30. Of the first and second persons plural of the present I have met with few instances—the first seems to have been *yn*, or *in*, like the third person, if we may judge from the contracted forms *gon*, *bern*, *arn*, which occur more than once. The third person is regular in *yn*, as *lovyn*, *clepyn*, *stondyn*, *holdyn*, and the two contracted forms *mown* (iii. 2, 15) and *ben* (iii. 11, 13, vii. 13). Twice, in the third song, the latter of these takes the form *be*. The first and third person singular of the preterite of the weak verbs are regular in *id*, *yd*, the second person singular in *dyst*. Of the first and second pers. pl. pret. we find no examples, but they probably ended, like the third person plural, the strong verbs in *yn*, the weak verbs in *dyn*. The *yn*, *in*, of the infinitive is, as in all the later dialects of Middle English, very often dropped.

The following are all the inflections of the verb *to be*, which occur in our collection of songs—

f.

Present.

1st Person.	2nd Person.	3rd Person.
S. am	art	is
P. arn	—	ben, be (see above).

Preterite.

S. —	were	was
—	—	wern, wer (i. 27, ii. 2).

*Infin.* to be, ii. 4, bene, iii. 2, ben, v. 22, &c.

L. 62. *thu*,—an error of the scribe for ‘the.’

SONG XI.

Gloss. *lestenytz*, listen—*zu*, you—*telyn*, tell—*wonder tale*, wonderful tale—*cherche*, church (pronounced, probably, *kerke*)—*browt*, brought—*bale*, evil, mischief—*ze*, ye—*slawyn*, slain—*knyts*, knights—*kemyn*, came—*Hendry*, Henry—*lesyng*, falsehood—*dedyn*, did—*sowtyn*, sought—*a-bowtyn*, about—*paleys*, palace—*with-outyn*, without—*non dowte*, no fear—*mowthis*, mouths—*Thomeys*, Thomas—*spokyn*, spoke—*mekyl*, great, much—*tretour*, traitor—*slon*, slay—*pasyn*, pass—*tho*, who—*arn*, are—*be-forn*, before—*aunter*, altar—*gunne*, began—*paryn*, (?)—*sterdyn*, stirred, scattered—*braynys*, brains—*sterte*, started—*moder*, mother—*wedue*, widow—*les*, lost.

SONG XII.

Gloss. *les*, falsehood—*dar*, dare—*seyen*, to say—*seyz*, says—*pes*, peace! i. e. be quiet—*zyng*, young—*everychon*, every one (ever each one)—*elde*, olde—*wywoys*, wives, women—*on*, one—*hom*, home—*seyxt*, says—*fro*, from—*non*, noon—*reven dych*, riven dish,



broken or cracked dish—*askyn*, to ask—*spou*, spoon  
—*takyt*, takes—*brekit*, breaks—*hed*, head—*doth*,  
causes—*rennyn*, to run—*fleych*, flesh—*worzt*, worth  
—*reych*, rush—*al at ese*, all at ease—*pese*, pea ?

*How hey! it is . . . les.*—Something is defaced in  
the manuscript—probably it should be ‘it is non les’  
—it is no falsehood.

### SONG XIII.

Gloss. *sum*, some—*fre*, free, liberal—*deyid*, died  
—*bododyn*, bound—*arwys*, arrows—*non rewthe*, no  
ruth, no pity—*lete*, desist—*reyn*, rain—*smette*, smote  
—*breres*, briars—*kest*, cast—*lette*, hindrance—*fond*,  
found—*ded*, death—*saf*, save—*eld and syng*, old and  
young—*fray*,

Ritson also printed this song: it is hardly necessary  
to say that *gentes Anglorum*, is an error of the scribe  
for *gentis Anglorum*.

### SONG XIV.

Gloss. *wys*, wise—*a-rys*, arise—*lestenit ay*, lasteth  
for ever—*quer of*, whereof—*wrouit*, wrought, made—  
*power*, poor—*heder*, hither—*browt*, brought—*fond*,  
try—*dere zers*, dear years—*gret plenty*, great plenty  
—*leyn*, lay—*pestilens*, pestilences—*twoeye*, two—*deye*,  
die—*heye*, high—*lettyd*, hindered—*pray*, prey—*comit*,  
comes—*manys*, mans—*takit*, takes—*spous*, spouse—  
*bryngit*, brings—*cam*, came—*stefne*, sleep—*stepelys*,  
steeples—*weyke*, week (?)—*fyllyn*, fell—*blewyn*, blew  
—*merueylis*, marvels—*hast*, hath—*dent*, a stroke—  
*frere camys*, frier-carmelites (?)—*hent*, caught—*non*  
*nay*, no nay, no denial—*stondyn*, stand—*wol*, well

—*cole*, coal—*stodyn*, stood—*lok*, look—*wytts v*, five senses—*schryf*, shrive.

L. 4. *to servyn hym to pay*, i. e. to serve him for repayment, I suppose. In *Piers Plowman* (pass. 5), we have—

“ For thouz I seye it my selfe,  
I serve hym to paye.” (i. e. for hire.)

### SONG XV.

Gloss. *bet*, —*peny*, penny—*mat*, may—*makyn*, to make—*frynd*, friend—*fo*, foe—*mekyl*, much, great—*myst*, might—*ryzt*, right—*qwer*, where—*goo*, goes—*thow*, though—*i-slawe*, slain—*fyndyn*, to find—to *don*, to do, affair—*massanger*, messenger—*non*, no—*dwer*, fear, doubt—*i-doo*, done—*fyn*, fine, pure—*byddyn*, to bid, invite—*thin*, thine—*sekyrly*, certainly—*seyn*, to say—*bet*, better—*ne*, nor—*wers*, worse—*lytil*, little—*lytil fors*, little esteem.

The subject of this song was very popular, and was, like much of the poetry of this period, taken from the French. The earliest English copy is that of the Cotton. MS. which has been printed in the last edition of Ritson's *Popular Poetry*.

*Go bet, peny, &c.*—Ritson, who printed this song in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, reads this as follows with two errors, that of giving the third *go* as a correction of his own, and the omission of a very important word, which latter shows that he did not understand the grammar of the language which he was printing, because he gives the *infinitive* ‘makyn,’ as the second person singular present, which would have been ‘makist’ or ‘makit.’

Go bet, Peny, go bet [go],  
For thu makyn bothe frynd and fo.

SONG XVI.

Gloss. *ben*, are—*chapmen*, hawkers, pedlers—*lyzt*, light—*fote*, foot—*fowle weyis*, foul ways—*bern*, bear—*a-bowtyn*, about—*skynnys*, skins—*pursis*, purses—*perlis*, pearls—*pynnys*, pins—*smale wympel*, small wimples—*chynnys*, chins—*bey sum*, buy some—*pocket*, pocket—*nonys*, occasion—*tweyne*, two—*stonys*, stones—*ze*, ye—*asayid*, tried—*onys*, once—*gon*, to go—*jelyf*, ?—*sonde*, sending—*fyf*, feet—*stonde*, stand—*smytyn*, smite—*hazt*, hath—*ryd*, divine, guess.

SONG XVII.

Gloss. *prenegard*, take care (*prenez garde*)—*bere*, bear, carry—*baselard*, a short dagger—*lestelit*, listen—*beseke*, beseech—*worzt*, worth—*leke*, leek—*but*, unless—*myn*, my—*hazt*, has—*schede*, sheath—*loket*, —*led*, lead—*me thinkit*, it seems to me—*hed*, head—*wrethin*, twisted, platted—*cawte*, caught—*slawte*, slaughter—*schape*, —*knape*, lad, clown—*trencher*, blade—*zede*, went—*so mot I the*, as I may thrive—*for-go*, lose, quit—*quyppe*, whip—*an*, and—*fleych*, flesh—*lef*, glad—*ascape*, escape—*forzt*, forth—*damme*, dame.

L. 7. *me thinkit*. In Saxon there were two verbs, one neuter, *þincan*, making its preterite *þuhte*, *to seem*, the other transitive, *þencan*, making its preterite *þohte*, *to think*. Our *think* is the representative of the latter, except in the phrase *me-thinks*, which is preserved from the Middle-English, and which is composed of a verb in the third person sing. (the Saxon

pinceſ), with a dative of the pronoun. Literally translated it is—it seems to me.

#### SONG XVIII.

Gloss. *lakke*, blame—*nots*, nuts—*syn*, since—*toyn*, tone—*rede*, counsel—*ony swych*, any such—*tey*, tie—*ky*, ? cow—*sothe*, truth—*fonde*, seek, endeavour.

#### SONG XIX.

Gloss. *buschop*, bishop—*wyst*, knew—*gras*, grace—*reysyd*, raised—*lyfue*, life—*swythe*, quickly—*betwyr*, between—*bochere*, butcher—*fod*, ?—*sekyrly*, certainly—*stal*, stole—*swyn*, swine—*plesyng*, pleasure.

#### SONG XX.

Gloss. *kyrie aleyson* (κυριε ελεισον) ‘Lord, have mercy on us,’ a part of the liturgy—*zol*, yule, christmas—*ton*, tone—*offys*, office, service—*xyt*, yet—*red*, read—*pystyl*, epistle—*sel*, bliss, happiness—*crakit*, cracked—*hakkyt*, hacked—*worts*, herbs—*beryt*, bore—*nownt*, nought, nothing—*trede*, trode—*schylde*, shield—*schylde*, child.

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The only instance I have met with of a second copy of one of these songs, is one of song III. in another MS. of the Brit. Mus. (Harl. 7358) where it stands thus:

*Wymmen beth bothe goude and trawe, wytnesse on  
Marie.*

Wymmen beth bothe goud and schene,  
On handes, fet, and face clene;  
Wymmen may no beter bene,  
W. o. M.

Wymmen beth gentel on her tour,  
A womman baroure savyour;  
Of al thys wor[ld] wyman is flour,  
W. o. M.

Wyrchyp we wymmanys face,  
Wer we seth hem on a place;  
For wymman ys the wyl of grace,  
W. o. M.

Love a womman with herte truwe,  
He nel chongy for no newe;  
Wymmen beth of wordes fewe,  
W. o. M.

Wymmen beth goud, with-oute lesyng,  
Fro sorwe and care hy wol us bryng;  
Wymman ys flour of alle thyng,  
W. o. M.



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