

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

DUPL



32101 037604764

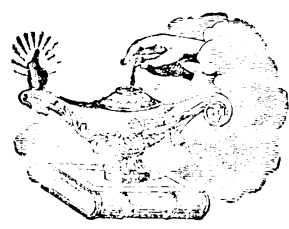
Little boys...

3723
.5
1788

2/16

3723
.5
1788

Library of the College of New Jersey



Gift of the Green Family

February, 1877.

XVIII ~~1088~~



SELECT POEMS
OF
WIL. DUNBAR.

PART FIRST.

FROM THE M. S. OF
GEORGE BANNATYNE,

Published 1568.

CONSIDER IT WARILIE, REDE AFTINER THAN ANIS,
WEIL AT ANE BLINK SLIE POETRY NOT TANE IS.
GAVIN DOUGLASS.

P E R T H :

Printed by R. Morison, Junr.

For R. MORISON & SON, Bookellers; and Sold by
J. MURRAY, NO. 32 FLEET-STREET, LONDON,
AND C. ELLIOT, EDINBURGH.

M, DCC, LXXVIII.





L I F E
O F
G A V I N D O U G L A S,
B I S H O P O F D U N K E L D (1).

GAVIN DOUGLAS, Author of the Poem of the **PALICE OF HONOUR**, and the celebrated Scotch Translator of the **ÆNEID OF VIRGIL**, was born either in the end of the year 1474, or in the beginning of the year 1475.

HE was third Son of Archibald fifth Earl of Angus, who is distinguished sometimes by the name of **BELL THE CAT**, in allusion to a well known historical Event in the Reign of James III, and sometimes by the name of the Great Earl of Angus. His mother was Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, Lord high Chamberlain (2) of Scotland.

THE place of his birth is not certainly known. It might be the Castle of Douglas, In the shire of Lanerk;

3723
.5
188

Lanerk; of Tantallan in East Lothian; of Dudhope in the neighbourhood of Dundee, and shire of Angus; or of Abernethy in the district of Strathern, and shire of Perth; in all which places the Earls of Angus had residence.

LITTLE is known concerning the first part of his Life. He was intended for the church, and it appeared, from the figure he afterwards made, that he had received a very liberal education.

BUT the education in Scotland at that time was variously conducted. Though there were two Universities, one of them at Glasgow, and the other at St Andrew's, yet many noblemen and others placed their sons in Monasteries, to be instructed by learned Monks; after which they were frequently sent abroad to attend in a foreign University, and to be still farther accomplished by acquiring an acquaintance with the manners of other nations.

HE is supposed to have entered into Priest's Orders, about the year 1496; and was then appointed Rector of the church of Hawick in Teviotdale (3). The barony of Hawick at that time belonged to James Douglas of Drumlanrig. The Earl of Angus, who had extensive estates in the forest of Selkirk and in the county of Roxburgh, was exercising jurisdiction as warden of the east and middle Marches (4). Our
Author

Author was there among his own kindred. And it must be owned, that the country in which he was situated, was, in many respects, admirably adapted to cherish his natural genius for poetry, and to call it into exertion.

BEFORE the year 1509, he was also appointed Dean or Provost of the Collegiate Church of St Giles in Edinburgh, which was a place of considerable dignity and profit (5).

It was, while in these his more humble situations, that he wrote his Poetical Works, which have transmitted his name with honour to posterity.

His tranquility began to be disturbed in the year 1513. Occurrences followed which forced him into public life, and were the means of involving him in the political contests of the times.

His two elder brothers, George Master of Angus, and Sir William Douglas of Braidwood or Glenberrie, were in the number of those illustrious persons, who, along with their sovereign, were killed in the battle at Flowdon, September 9, 1513.

THE old Earl of Angus, who had left the field before the commencement of the battle, when he heard of the fatal issue, retired to a religious house in Gal-

loway, where he died of grief, in the beginning of the year 1514.

ARCHIBALD, son of the late Master of Angus, succeeded to the earldom; a young nobleman, remarkable for the beauty of his person, and for his ambitious spirit.

QUEEN Margaret, who was then Regent of the kingdom, widow of king James IV, of Scotland, and daughter of king Henry VII, of England, encouraged his address. Without waiting for the general consent of the nation, they were married, August 6, 1514 (6).

It might have been expected, that our Author, because of his noble birth, his princely connections, and his own eminent talents, would have met with little or no interruption in his advancement to the highest offices in the church. But it was found to be otherwise. The influence of the Queen was greatly diminished in consequence of her marriage with the Earl of Angus. Her title to the regency was no longer generally acknowledged. And the rivalry for power among the nobles, especially between the families of Hamilton and Douglas, during the minority of king James V, divided the nation into parties, and was the occasion of a continued scene of misfortunes to our Author (7).

HIS ambition, however, naturally rose upon the marriage of his nephew with the Queen. It was suitable to their political purposes, that he should be speedily promoted to places of greater importance: and the present juncture seemed in some respects favourable.

FROM the time of the battle at Flowdon, in which the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishop of the Isles, the Abbot of Kilwinning, the Abbot of Inchaffray, and some other churchmen were killed, many of the great benefices had remained vacant. The Queen had presented qualified persons. But the disturbances excited by the disappointed candidates, still kept the places open, till the determinations of the Pope could be obtained, to whom all parties had their recourse.

THE Queen, August 5, 1514, which was the day preceding her marriage with the Earl of Angus, wrote a letter at Perth, to Pope Leo X, on the subject of the benefices. In the list of persons recommended by her, she mentioned Gavin Douglas, and requested that the Abbey of Aberbrothick, which was one of the richest in the kingdom, might be conferred upon him (8).

SHE again wrote a letter to the Pope, wholly in his behalf. "Master Gavin Douglas," said she, "is

highly acceptable to us. He is one of the first nobility in the kingdom, and is second to no person in learning and in virtuous life. He already, with œconomical power, presides in the Abbey of Aberbrothick: nor will his own family suffer him to be driven from it; at least, if a superior force should prevail, much variance would be the consequence.

“ WE therefore very earnestly intreat, that this man, who is worthy not only of an Abbey, but of the highest authority, even of the Primacy of the kingdom, and of a greater than it, may have the government of the said Monastery, till he shall be endowed with a more ample Prelacy”(9).

AN opportunity of presenting him to the primacy of the kingdom quickly occurred. William Elphinston, Bishop of Aberdeen, who, probably because of his great age, had with the consent of all parties been appropriated to the see of St Andrew's, died October 25, 1514. The queen immediately recommended Gavin Douglas to the Archbishopric.

“ HE took possession,” says Buchanan, “ of the Castle of St Andrew's, relying on the splendor of his family, on his own virtue and learning, and on his having been nominated by the Queen.”

BUT she was unable to protect or maintain him in the possession, John Hepburn, Prior of the regular Carons

Carons of St Andrew's, having procured his own monks to elect him to the archbishopric, under the pretext of an ancient right which the monastery, in conjunction with the Caldees, once had enjoyed, expelled from the castle, the servants of Gavin Douglas, and fortified it with a strong garrison.

THE QUEEN and the Earl of Angus were filled with indignation, when they heard of the violence of John Hepburn. But he was encouraged and supported by some great men of the kingdom: and probably it proceeded from the request of our Author, whose delicate sense of the true dignity of the Ecclesiastical character was uncommon in the times in which he lived, that no violent efforts were used against the Prior.

SOME of the Popes had granted power to the sovereign princes in Scotland, to present within eight months to benefices above the yearly value of two hundred ducats (10). But often when the king was a minor, or when other pretences were furnished, the Popes resumed the power and acted as patrones.

LEO X. did so at this time. He set aside both the competitors who were contending for the see of St Andrew's.

ANDREW Forman, Bishop of Moray, in Scotland, and Archbishop of Bourges in France, was then at
Rome

Rome acting in his own behalf. The king of France and the Duke of Albany had solicited the Pope in his favour: and the Pope by his letter, dated at Rome, December 8, 1514, addressed to Queen Margaret and to the Council of Scotland, invested him with the gift of the Archbishopric of St Andrew's, of the Abbeys of Dunfermling and Aberbrothick, and of all the other benefices which had belonged to the late archbishop (11).

THUS partly by violence, and partly by intrigue, our Author was disappointed both of the abbey and of the archbishopric (12).

GEORGE BROWN, Bishop of Dunkeld, died at his castle, in the Isle of Cluny, January 14, 1514—15. The Queen was then at Perth, with those lords of the council who were of her party. As she entertained but faint hopes of our Author obtaining the vacant see of St Andrew's, she, with the advice of these lords, presented him, in the king's name, to the vacant see of Dunkeld.

BUT there was already a competitor in that see. Bishop Brown's death was reported at Dunkeld before it had actually happened, and means were immediately employed to secure the suffrages of the chapter in favour of Andrew Stewart, Prebendary of the Church of Craig, in the shire of Forfar, and brother of the Earl of Athole.

HE was not capable of being fully elected according to the Canon Law, because he had not yet arrived at the office of a sub-deacon. He was therefore postulated, as was customary in such a case, by the canons and prebendaries, and reference was made to the patron for confirmation.

THE Queen, to strengthen her authority, applied to the Pope. By the assistance of her brother king Henry VIII, she procured from Rome a Bull or Apostolical Decree in favour of Gavin Douglas.

BUT the interference of the Pope was far from being of use for some time. The political influence of the Queen and of her husband was daily declining. John Stewart Duke of Albany, grandson of king James II, and cousin of the late king, arrived in Scotland from France, May 10, 1515. The Earl of Angus either privately left the kingdom, or durst not publicly appear: and the parliament, which met at Edinburgh, July 12, declared the Duke of Albany Regent, and instated him in the full exercise of his office.

IN some former reigns, laws had been enacted against procuring or making use of presentations from the court of Rome, to such benefices as were in the king's gift. The offending persons, if they did not resign their benefices when required, were to be

be declared rebels and traitors, and to be punished with banishment, and with the proscription of goods.

THESE laws were generally disregarded. But they were made a handle of in the case of Gavin Douglas, who was too nearly related to the Earl of Angus not to feel the effects of the Regent's jealousy (13).

HE was therefore summoned to answer to the charge of transgressing the laws of the kingdom. The judges, according to the last parliamentary statute (14), were to be "the best and worthiest clerks of the realm". They were to report their judgment to the lords of the Privy Council. If the person tried was found guilty, the sentence was to be published in the name of the king and three estates, and the execution of it was to be committed to the Chancellor.

THE Chancellor, in the time of Gavin Douglas, was James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, a partisan of the Earl of Arran; and who, probably, as a churchman, presided at the trial.

IT was not allowed as a sufficient defence of our Author that the Queen had presented him in the name of her son, because her title to the Regency had been disputed from the time of her second marriage. It would have been inconsistent with the honour of his character

character to renounce all right derived from her recommendation, as he and many others had continued to acknowledge her as Regent. And to relinquish his claim derived from the Pope's gift, he might reckon an offence against the authority of the church in such matters, and contrary to the sincerity which became him in the religion he professed.

“HE was found guilty,” says Miln, “of acting against the laws of the kingdom. He was banished by the unanimous voice of his judges; and the see of Dunkeld was declared vacant.”

THE sentence of his banishment, however, was not executed. If he had gone to England, he would have been well received by king Henry VIII, who was not displeased with his sister, for having married the Earl of Angus, and was highly dissatisfied with the late proceedings in Scotland. If he had gone to Rome, he might have watched the favourable opportunities of prevailing against his rivals in the church, and of obtaining benefices from the Pope, whose authority could not long be contested in Scotland, in the manner in which it now was. The Regent therefore, and Chancellor thought it most prudent that he should be sent to prison.

HIS trial seems to have happened early in July, 1515: and his imprisonment continued till August or September, 1516.

THE first place of his confinement was the Castle of Edinburgh. Afterward he was conveyed to the Castle of St Andrew's, where he was committed to the care of Prior John Hepburn, his former antagonist in the archbishopric: from thence he was conveyed to the Castle of Dunbar, and again to the Castle of Edinburgh.

WHILE he was confined some events happened, the report of which would give him pain.

THE Queen, August 9, 1515, was in expectation of having the young king and his brother committed to her custody, by means of Alexander Lord Hume, whom the Regent had already disgusted. It appears to have been her resolution to carry her children with her into England. But her scheme being disappointed, she retired to England, August 12; whither Lord Hume, who was denounced a rebel, because of the assistance he had given her, also went; and where also the Earl of Angus, and some of his relations, took refuge (15).

IN the diocese of Dunkeld, Andrew Stewart, the postulate bishop, obtained the king's warrant from the Duke of Albany for levying all the rents of the bishopric. But the Dean of Dunkeld, George Hepburn, son of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hales, adhered to

to the strictness of the Canon Law, and retained the tithes till the bishop should be confirmed.

MILN gives a good character of the Dean, according to the notions of religion entertained in those days, (16.)

Not long after the commencement of the vacancy, the Dean was elected by the Chapter "Vicar general of Dunkeld, and official for the charge of souls." His piety was exemplary, and, notwithstanding his great age, he acted with zeal and with a considerable degree of vigour in the temporal, as well as in the spiritual concerns of the diocese.

He met with trouble in endeavouring to promote the cause of our Author. In a court which he kept at Dunkeld, and to which he had called the tenants and vassals, he began to recommend the Queen's right, and the peace of the country.

BUT a person of the name of John, whose surname, Miln, out of tenderness conceals, and who acted as an agent for the postulate bishop, fired the great guns of the Castle or Episcopal Palace, at the house where the court was sitting, and threatened the Dean with immediate death if he did not cease from exercising his jurisdiction.

JOHN

JOHN was excommunicated for the disturbance he had given. But instead of obeying the sentence he came daily to the church, and frequently in company with Andrew Stewart.

“ At last,” says Miln, “ Matters were brought to such an issue, that at Dunkeld there was a total stop put to the performance of divine worship. From St Nicolas’ day,” (December 5, 1515), “ till Palm-sunday” (1516), “ there was no attendance in the church, neither on sundays, nor on faints’ days; no vespers, no mattins, no stated service of the canons, and no mass of any kind.”

IN August or September, 1516, the affairs of our Author took a more favourable turn. By the mediation of king Henry VIII, an agreement took place between the Duke of Albany on the one part, and the Queen and Earl of Angus on the other, one of the articles of which agreement was, that Gavin Douglas should be set at liberty.

THE Chancellor, James Beaton, accommodating himself to this new turn of affairs, joined his influence in mediating a reconciliation between the Regent and Gavin Douglas, so that nothing should be allowed to hinder his settlement at Dunkeld.

THE

THE Chancellor invited him to Glasgow, where he himself performed the ceremony of consecrating him to the episcopal office; and as he knew his funds were low, from the circumstances he had lately been in, he paid all the expences which attended the consecration, and gave him presents.

OUR Author, now Bishop of Dunkeld, proceeded from Glasgow to St Andrew's, which was the seat of his metropolitan. From thence he went to Dunkeld to be enthroned in his own Cathedral. The clergy and laity there received him with every testimony of affection. They accompanied him to the cathedral, where he gave them his blessing, and where the Pope's Bull, which once had occasioned him so much trouble, was published with the usual solemnities, at the great altar.

BUT the Castle, which was the Episcopal Palace, was occupied by the servants of Andrew Stewart: and the Bishop, not obtaining access there, lodged in the house of the Dean.

THE next day, the steeple or tower of the cathedral being also filled with Andrew Stewart's men, it was reckoned not safe for the Bishop to return to the church. He performed divine service in the Dean's house, where he also held his first chapterly meeting, in which the mutual oaths were administered.

AFTER dinner, while he was advising with his friends about what course he ought to follow, whether he should send notice of his situation to the Regent, or whether he should go to the Regent in person, news was brought that Andrew Stewart was in arms, and coming to assist his servants in the palace. At the same time the great guns were fired at the Dean's house from the palace and from the steeple.

THE Bishop's company immediately prepared for his defence. Those of them whom Miln, who was upon the spot, mentions, were James third Lord Ogilvy of Airly, David Lindsay Master of Crawford, Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, (Chartres) Laird of Kinfauns, James Carmichael; George Hepburn dean of Dunkeld, Thomas Greig prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

WHILE they set themselves to oppose the progress of the prebendary of Craig, they sent messengers to inform the Bishop's friends in Angus and in other places of his situation. In consequence of which, a great number of people arrived at Dunkeld the next day, not only from the neighbouring country, but also from Montrose, and from the lower parts of Fyfe.

ANDREW Stewart, finding that there was a great multitude to oppose him, retired with his company
into

into the woods. His servants who still kept possession of the palace and steeple, were, after a little time, expelled partly by stratagem, partly by military force though without bloodshed, but chiefly by the terrors of excommunication.

THE pretence of Andrew Stewart was that the Regent had committed to him the keeping of these places, and that therefore he could not deliver them without the Regent's ample warrant.

HE and his brother the Earl of Athole went immediately to court to complain of the expulsion. The Bishop followed to justify his own conduct. "For some time," says Miln, "there were mutual accusations. However, by the wisdom of some of the counsellors, they agreed upon these terms, that Andrew Stewart should retain all the Bishop's rents he had received; and should also have the churches of Aylth and Cargill, upon condition of paying some chalders of victual to the Bishop," (17.)

THIS reconciliation may be supposed to have happened September 28, 1516, as the Duke of Albany's letter to the Pope concerning it is of that date.

THE letter was written in a strain remarkably submissive. Leo X, was a Patron of learned men, and an encourager of the fine arts. He was well informed

ed that Gavin Douglas bore in his own country a character of eminent learning and genius. It may therefore be presumed that he sincerely intended to favour the promotion of such a person ; and that the Duke of Albany was afraid of his being more ready on that account to resent the affront which had been offered to the Papal Authority.

THE complimentary expressions in the letter, when rendered into plain English, may appear ridiculous or offensive. But the following translation may not only shew the policy of the Regent in palliating what had happened, but may also still farther illustrate the character and history of our Author, whose acceptance of a Bull from the Pope was declared to be a crime no longer than was reckoned convenient.

“ To Leo X. Sovereign Pontiff.

“ Most blessed father, we are happy to kiss your feet.

“ SOME time since the church of Dunkeld became vacant by the death of George, it's late Pastor, who died at home. The President and Chapter, residing at Dunkeld at the time, postulated to the church as their pastor, though as to sacred matters they could not canonically elect, an illustrious man, Mr Andrew Stewart, by both his parents procreate of royal blood, son of the Earl of Athole, and powerful in those parts.

“ THEY

“ THEY committed to his keeping and protection the Lands, Castles and Places belonging to the Bishopric, that by his authority the incursions of the Woodland people might be repelled.

“ BUT your holiness, as was reported by the most Reverend Cardinal of Medicis, assumed to the church of Dunkeld Gavin Douglas; who by the frequent letters of your clemency to us, being at last reconciled to us, is now admitted to the possession of that church.

“ LEST, however, any tumult or sedition should arise, we have persuaded the other, who under pretence of his being postulated held the forts and castles, to enter into an agreement, which, if confirmed by the authority of your Blessedness, would happily end the whole affair. What we therefore entreat at present is, that all defects of law and deed, and all errors being removed, the contract may be ordered to be observed.

“ A more full relation will be made by the most Reverend Cardinal of St Eusebius.

“ MOST Blessed Father, farewell. From Edinburgh, 28th day of the month of September, in the year of salvation, 1516,” (18.) (19.)

FROM

“FROM this time,” says Miln, “the church, and the whole province of Dunkeld enjoyed peace. The bishop, though he was loaded with debts, yet gave himself to good works. His first work was the bridge” (over the river Tay at Dunkeld),” one arch of which his predecessor had built, and his executors drove the piles for other two. Bishop Douglas continued the work; and upon his receiving two hundred and forty pounds from Bishop George’s executors, the work was so much brought forward that all foot people had an easy passage. His other good works, spiritual and temporal, I leave to the pens of the higher canons.”

THUS Abbot Miln finishes his account of Gavin Douglas, and also concludes his book of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld. It was wrote by him while he was one of the lesser canons, and therefore before 1518, when he succeeded Patrick Panter as Abbot of Cambuskenneth: for he concludes his dedication to the bishop and chapter with these words, “Alexander Miln, an unworthy canon, official of Dunkeld and prebendary of Monedy, wishes joy and increase in godliness,” (20.)

IN 1517, the bishop of Dunkeld was one of those counsellors who were appointed to assist the Duke of Albany in negotiating a treaty with France. The
bishop

bishop and the other counsellors went for that purpose to France, May 13th, 1517; and the Duke, June 7th.

IN January, 1517—18, the bishop left France, and returned to his own country, bringing with him a subscribed copy of the treaty, which was called a renewal of the ancient league between the two nations, (21.)

JUNE 27th, 1518, he was employed in such matters of party, or of national concern, as required him to correspond with some persons in England. There is an original letter, subscribed by the bishop, of the date above-mentioned, in the Cotton Library, the contents of which are not yet publickly known, (22.)

HE seems, before the end of that year, to have gone into England: for Mr Pinkerton has told us that in the same library, “is a letter from Angus and others,” (of date, December 14th, 1518) “recommending the bishop to the king of England, to settle some points between them,” (23.)

HE was at Edinburgh, April 30, 1520, when a bloody contest happened on the streets of that city, between the followers of James Hamilton Earl of Arran, and the followers of the Earl of Angus.

THE

THE design of the Earl of Arran and his party was to seize the Earl of Angus, and, in all probability, afterward to put him to death.

AN active person on the side of Arran was James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow. His zeal for the enterprise prompted him to do what was not uncommon among the churchmen in his time, but which the frequency of the practice could not render honourable in any of their profession: he put on a suite of armour, which however he concealed under his canonical habit, with a resolution personally to assist his party.

THE bishop went to him, and entreated him to join, as a churchman, in mediating a peace between the two Earls. Upon his refusing to meddle in the affair, the bishop could not help insinuating a suspicion of his being an instigator in the animosity which then subsisted, and of his being privy to a dangerous design.

THE archbishop thought proper to assert his innocence, and to appeal to the peace of his own conscience. In doing so, he clapped his hand, inadvertently, with some violence, upon his own breast, which made the iron plates of the armour to give a rattling sound.

THE

THE bishop was surpris'd at the discovery, and felt a becoming indignation, "My Lord," said he, "I perceive your conscience clatters," (24.)

WHEN his efforts with some other persons had proved ineffectual, he retired with grief to his own house (25), where he employed himself in such acts of devotion as were suitable to the danger his friends were in. But he allowed his servants to use their arms in the defence of the Earl of Angus.

ANGUS and his party were attacked, and came off victorious. Seventy two persons of the opposite party were killed, some of them men of considerable rank. The archbishop, who had been personally engaged, and who, as Buchanan expresses it, "flew about in armour as a fire-brand of sedition," narrowly escaped: he was taken from behind the high altar in the Black-friers church, to which he had fled for shelter, and owed the preservation of his life to the intercession of Gavin Douglas, (26.)

IN November, 1521, the party, which was headed by the Earl of Arran, so entirely prevailed, that prosecutions were commenced against the Earl of Angus, and against many of his friends. The bishop thought it most prudent to retire into England. In the Cotton Library, "are instructions for him from Angus and others, to implore the King of England's aid

aid against Albany the governor," dated, December 14, 1521 (27). He resided in London, where he endeavoured to relieve his mind with the conversation of some learned men.

BUT two events occurred, one of which tended to embitter to him the place of his residence, and the other to increase the animosity of his enemies at home in their procedure against him.

THE first was the war which now broke out between Scotland and England. He thereby found himself resident in an enemy's country; a circumstance, which was not only disagreeable to himself, but which was also represented to his disadvantage in the Scottish court.

THE other was the vacancies of the See of St Andrews, and of the Abbay of Dunfermling, which happened by the death of Andrew Forman in the beginning of the year, 1522.

THE eager expectant of these benefices was James Beaton, who not only as Archbishop of Glasgow, but also as chancellor of the kingdom, had much influence in all public affairs. The rival whom he most dreaded was the bishop of Dunkeld: he therefore exerted his utmost endeavours either to disappoint him, or to accomplish his ruin.

THERE

THERE is some ground to believe that the Bishop of Dunkeld was not without hopes of obtaining these benefices from the Pope, by means of the emperor, and of the king of England, and that he had formed a resolution of going to Rome personally to solicit the preferments, or at least to remain there till he could safely return to his own country.

IN the mean time a Process in Scotland was carrying on against him in his absence; the nature and issue of which appeared in a Proclamation at Edinburgh, February 21st 1321—22; which was made in the name of the King of Scots, and ordered in the presence of the Regent, with the advice of the Lords of Council, and of the three Estates of Parliament.

THE particulars were, “ that Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, not only without the permission of the Regent and three Estates, but even contrary to the Regent’s express command had entered England. That he was intending to remain there, to the betraying of this Kingdom, as might be conjectured from manifest tokens. That he was joining himself to the hostile English, even after war had been declared. By which doings he had fallen into the crime of Treason, according as it was defined in the Acts of Parliament.

“ THEREFORE, for the discouragement of Conspiracies and Rebellions, it was enacted that the Vicar General

General of St Andrews, Ordinary of the foresaid Bishop, should go to Dunkeld, there to sequestrate the Revenues of the Bishopric: And that no person whatever, under pain of treason, should furnish money or other means of support to the Bishop, or inform him by letters or messengers of any thing that was passing."

IN the same Proclamation, it was declared, by the three Estates, "that letters from the King and the Regent should be sent to their sacred Lord the Pope, lest, contrary to the privileges of the kingdom formerly granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs, he should assume or commend the foresaid Gavin to the Archbishopric of St Andrews, to the Abbey of Dunfermling, or to either of them, to the great injury of the commonwealth.

"ALSO That these letters might not be reckoned by the Pope to proceed from private picque against Gavin, or from partial favour to any other person, the three Estates were to send supplicatory letters to the same effect: and all the letters were to be authenticated by the great seal of the Sovereign Lord the King," (28).

So much afraid was James Beaton of Gavin Douglas obtaining the vacant benefices, that he himself wrote a letter from Edinburgh, April 8th, 1522, to Christiern II, King of Denmark, in which he besought that

that King to command his ministers at Rome to endeavour to disuade the new Pope, Adrian VI, from recommending Gavin Douglas.

“IT is my duty,” said he, “to write in this manner because of my office as chancellor. For Gavin is undermining the liberties of this kingdom. He is acting contrary to it’s most ancient establishments, and to the privileges granted to our kings by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Without having received letters from the king or from the Regent, nay, by means of our enemies, the most august Emperor and the King of England, he is making interest with the apostolical see for the Archbishopric of St Andrews, and for the monastery of Dunfermling, which are the chief Ecclesiastical seats in the kingdom,” (29).

BUT at the time when this last letter was written, Gavin Douglas had got beyond the power of all his enemies, and was removed from all contraverfies about earthly promotions. The plague raged at London, which proved fatal to him, about the end of March or the beginning of April, 1522, not long after he had completed the forty seventh year of his age.

IF he had lived till the Earl of Angus came again into power, he would, no doubt, have been restored with honour to his native country. But whatever preferments he might have attained, the revolutions

in the administration of affairs in Scotland were so frequent, and so violently carried on; and his connexion with the Earl of Angus was so incapable of being dissolved, whose ambition and arbitrary proceedings became intolerable to the king and to the whole nation, that he must still have been exposed to many troubles, (30).

THOMAS Halsey, Bishop of Leighlin in Ireland, died at London nearly about the same time with our Author. They were both interred in the Hospital Church of the Savoy. It is to be hoped that their monumental stone is still to be seen. After the inscription for the Bishop of Leighlin, the following words were added,

*“ Cui, Lævus, Conditur, Gawinus,
Douglas, Scotus, Dunkeldem, Præsul,
Patria, Sæc Exul. 1522.”* (31).

At the left side of whom, is buried Gavin Douglas, a Scotchman, Bishop of Dunkeld, an exile from his native country, 1522.

JOHN LESLY, Bishop of Ross, says of him, “ If he had not mixed himself in the national tumults, he would have been truly worthy of being consecrated or immortalized in the books and memory of all persons, on account of his poignant wit, and singular erudition.”

BUT

BUT considering the high opinion entertained of his abilities, and the friends who demanded his support, whom he could not desert without the imputation of selfishly consulting his own tranquillity, it was not possible for him to avoid being entangled in the public affairs, unless he had retired from the world altogether; which in his circumstances he could not have done without assuming, and strictly adhering to the rules of the monastic life.

BUCHANAN, though no popish bishop as Lesly was, and to whom no one will impute a partiality in favour of the Romish clergy, speaks of him in more honourable terms, "Gavin Douglas," says he, "left among good men a high relish of his virtue. Beside the splendor of his birth, and the graceful dignity of his person, he was possessed of the various kinds of literature which were cultivated in the times in which he lived, of the strictest temperance, and of a singular moderation of mind. In turbulent affairs, and amidst adverse nations, he preserved his faithfulness unshaken, and was held in esteem. He left behind him excellent monuments of his genius and learning, written in his native tongue."

ALSO Abbot Miln, who, being one of his own canons, had the best opportunities of knowing him in his private character and in the government of his see, when speaking of him says, "He was instructed.

in all divine and human learning.—A man of genius, of great skill in Divinity, and in the Canon Law.” —“ On the day of his installation at Dunkeld, the Clergy and Laity joined in praising God for giving them so noble, so learned, and so decent a Bishop.”

It does not appear certain that he wrote upon any of the subjects of Theology. His book, to which he gave the title of “*Auxes Narrations,*” or Golden Histories, but which does not seem to be now extant, might possibly contain something of that kind.

THE account which he appears to give of it in his epistle to Henry Lord Sinclair, is, that it expounded “*strange Histories, and uncommon terms.*” From which it may be conjectured, that, like Lord Verulam’s book “*of the wisdom of the ancients,*” it contained a moral and religious explanation of the fables of antiquity.

BUT his genius led him chiefly to Poetical composition, in which, it is not to be doubted, he indulged himself very early. He took pleasure in rural description, and in relating heroic achievements; and as he had a particular fondness for his vernacular language, he may be supposed to have been the Author of some of the pastoral and heroic ballads, or celebrated songs of his time, though he did not formally acknowledge them.

THE

The first Poetical piece of any consequence which he thought proper to own, was his translation of Ovid's Book "De Remedio Amoris." His translation probably was printed; but no copy of it is supposed to remain.

It has been conjectured, from what has been suggested perhaps from no unquestionable authority (31), that he found the exercise of translating this book necessary to cure him of a youthful attachment, which according to the Rules of the Popish church he could not continue in a consistency with his view of entering into holy orders.

He seems indeed to allude to the Law of Celibacy in his last adventure at the Palace of Honour. The habitation of the honourable Ladies was surrounded by a deep ditch. When he attempted to pass over by the narrow Bridge by which, no doubt, he meant the ceremony of marriage, he fell into the water, and awaked from his dream.

In 1509, when he was about twenty seven years of age, he wrote his allegorical Poem of the Palace of Honour. He dedicated it to King James IV, whom Erasmus in one of his adages, commends as a Prince endowed "with great quickness of genius, and with universal knowledge." The allegory is of that mixed kind which introduces ideal persons with such as are real,
and

and the Greek and Roman mythology with sacred History. The Author, in a vision, finds himself in a wilderness, where he sees troops of persons travelling to the Palace of Honour. They are severally described by him. He then joins himself to the train of the muses, and in their company proceeds to the happy place.

HE displays great powers of invention. The Poem abounds not only with moral lessons, but with lively and picturesque descriptions: and the language, tho' it may now appear barbarous to many, because of its obsolete words and seeming deficiencies in construction, is artfully compiled and wonderfully expressive.

It has been several times printed. A copy of the best edition, which was printed at Edinburgh in 1579, has been preserved in the Advocates Library; and from it the Morisons, Booksellers in Perth, were allowed to give their Edition.

ANOTHER of Gavin Douglas' youthful performances was his "Comœdiæ Sacræ." To turn pieces of sacred History into Dramatic Poems, and to represent them on the stage, continued to be the fashion long after our Author's time. Buchanan's compositions of this kind were conducted with decency. They were suitable to the dignity of the subjects, and to the characters of the persons he introduced. But oft-times absurd circumstances mingled in such compositions.

WE

WE know not how our Author's performance was conducted, as no copy of it is supposed to remain.

A discovery has lately been made of another Poem ascribed to our Author, and to which the title has been given of "King Hunt." Mr Plunkerton found it in Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington's manuscript collection of Scottish Poetry, now in the Papyrian Library at Cambrige. He has favoured his country with the publication of it, and of some other Poems from that same collection. Maitland believed it to be the work of our Author, as appears from his affixing the words "Quod Master Gavin Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld."

It contains an allegorical description of the different stages of man's life; and leaves upon the mind of the reader a melancholy conviction of the folly of those persons who, having yielded themselves to the dictates of pleasure, are thereby resigned to the invading infirmities of old age, and find cause to be afraid at the approach of death.

BEFORE the time of its being inserted by Sir Richard Maitland in his collection, which could not be former than the year 1555, it is possible some expressions were altered, or interpolations introduced, which the Bishop would not have approved.

IN

IN imitation of the wit or pleasantry of the Latin, and more especially of the Greek Poets, our Author affected to think that he had given great offence to Venus, not only by his translating Ovid's book "of the cure of Love," but also by his having uttered a bitter complaint, or hypochondriacal invective against her in the first part of his Poem of the Palace of Honour.

He represents himself in that Poem as rescued from her resentment by the muses. And when he saw her again on his arrival at the Palace, she gave him a book, viz. Virgil's *Æneid*, which she commanded him to translate. He promised to obey her command and took his leave of her.

To this he refers in his Epistle to Lord Sinclair, when presenting to him the translation of the *Æneid*, in which he speaks to the following purpose,

"I have fulfilled the Promise which I made to Venus about twelve years ago, as my Palace of Honour witnesseth. I then undertook to translate Virgil's volume of her son *Æneas*. My Lord, it was at your command that I compiled this work in our vulgar tongue: Yet allow Dame Venus to have her compliment,

"Whom to, some time, ye were an servand true."

A

A very amiable character of this nobleman is given by him in his first Prologue or preface to the *Æneid*, where he speaks to the following effect.

“ I engaged to translate this most excellent book at the request of a renowned Lord, Henry Lord Sinclair, an illustrious Baron of noble ancestry, the father of books, the protector of science and learning. Divers times, with pressing arguments, he prayed me to translate Virgil and Homer. Being nearly related to him in blood, I regarded his request as a command. What person that has any courtiesy in his mind, can gainfay a Lord so kind and gentle? beside his natural politeness of manners, his humanity, his courage, his chivalry, and freedom of spirit, he takes as great delight in collecting, and reading books, as ever king Ptolomy II, did.”

ABOUT six weeks after the translation of the *Æneid* was finished, Henry Lord Sinclair, who was the *Mœcenās* of his times in Scotland, was killed at the battle of Flowdon. Our Author lost in that same battle not only his two elder brothers, and the king his Patron, but also many other friends. Two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas are said to have been killed. The national and particular losses which our Author felt on that sad occasion, might incline him to compose some pieces of Elegiac Poetry. But if he composed any, none of them are now known as having been acknowledged by him.

He had said in his Epilogue to the *JEnied*, that his amuse-ment ever afterward should be wholly contemplative and solitary as a bird in a cage. That he had attained the summit of man's Life, or the half of three-score years and ten, and was now descending on the other side. Therefore, said he,

“Here I resign up younkeries observance,
And will direct my labours evermore,
Unto the commonweath, and Goddis Glour.”

YET it may be conjectured that he was the Author of that celebrated Elegiac song, which describes the devastation occasioned by the battle of Flowdon, in that part of the country with which he had long been well acquainted (33.)

He began to translate the *JEneid*, January 1511—12; and finished his translation of it, and of the supplementary book of Mapheus, on the Feast day of St Mary Magdalen, viz, July 22d 1513.

BUT he was closely employed in the work only sixteen months: For during two months it lay by him untouched, on account of some matters of great and serious consequence in which he was occupied (34). This he mentions as an apology, if his work should be thought subtle and obscure, and not so pleasant as it ought to be. Yet he beseeches that neither his rhymes, nor any of his words may be altered.

To

To each of the books of the *Æneid*, and to Mæpheus' supplement, he prefixed a Prologue. Some of these Prologues have been greatly admired for their moral tendency, and their luxuriancy of description. The Prologue to the 12th book, which contains the description of a morning in May, has been happily translated into modern English by a Scotch Poet, the late Jerom Stone.

OUR Author divided each book of the *Æneid* into chapters, and prefixed to each chapter a Poetical title narrating the contents.

LESLEY mentions the high opinion he entertained of our Author's translation. "He hath rendered," says he, "our language illustrious by many monuments of his erudition. Among these this proof of his genius is by far the most excellent, that he gave us the *Æneid* of Virgil in our common Idiom, with such dextelity, that each line of Scotch answers to one of Latin; with such energy of phrase, that they who understand it will admire the hidden force of our language: and with such success, that the honour conferred on the ancient Poets cannot easily be compared with the praise which he deserves in this way of writing: For in so much as our language is rough, and destitute of that copiousness which recommends the Latin, the praise of Douglas is the more illustrious. In his translation of Virgil the

d

sweetness

sweetness of the verses, and the gravity of the sentences have been preserved; he hath clearly explained the significations of the words, and given the full strength of almost every period. And all this was done by him in the space only of eighteen months," (35).

LESLEY, however, seems to have wrote from memory, and had forgot when he said that only one line of Scotch was given for one of Latin.

A great part of the language of the translation is now obsolete, and the delicacy of pronouncing it is consequently lost. The polish of Virgil's Verses cannot therefore be easily perceived in it. But such persons as will take a little trouble in becoming acquainted with the glossary will be convinced that Gavin Douglas fully saw and felt the beauties of his Author; that he was careful not to omit any of them, and has improved some of them with considerable judgment; they will find that every thing proceeds so freely, is so strongly imagined, and so naturally expressed as to give his work the superior excellence of not only captivating their attention in a pleasing manner, but of making them ready to forget that they are reading a translation.

THOUGH he loved his vernacular language, yet he again and again called it barbarous. He wished to

soften

soften and enlarge it. His purpose was to write as he had learned to speak when he "was a page," which means when he was a boy: yet he determined not altogether to neglect the southern dialect, and thought it best to pronounce some words as his English neighbours did. He declared that, rather than remain silent, through the scarcity of Scottish words, he would use bastard Latin, French, or English, which he reckoned he might do as lawfully, as the Latin writers of old made use of some Greek terms.

His ambition was that Virgil's book should be read by every nobleman and gentleman in Scotland, and that "unlettered folks should know, what learned clerks only had been able to comprehend."

MAPHEUS Vegius, a native of Italy, who was almoner to Pope Martin V, and who died in 1458, was reckoned a happy imitator of Virgil's style. Some of his countrymen gave him the commendation of his being the best of all the Poets who had appeared in a thousand years, Petrarch, who had wore the Laurel, not excepted.

His Works were much read in the time of our Author. His supplementary book to the *Æneid* has been often printed with Virgil's works; and our Author, in order to complete the story of *Æneas*, has given a translation of it.

THE last work of Gavin Douglas was a history of Scotland. He did not live to finish it; at least if he wrote all that he intended, it was only a summary, beginning with an account of the origin of the Scotch nation.

NOTHING more is known concerning it than what may be learned from the following relation which was given by Polydore Virgil.

“GAVIN Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld, a Scotchman and a man of the highest nobility and virtue, came into England, I know not for what cause. When he heard that I had long been employed in writing a history, he came to visit me, and we contracted a friendship. He afterwards very earnestly requested that in any account I should give of the affairs of Scotland I would not follow a history which had been lately published by a certain Scotchman. He promised to send in a few days a small commentary, which would be of use to me in that part of my work. This he accordingly did; and the first thing I found in the commentary, was an account of the very ancient origin of that nation,” (36).

POLYDORE inserts, seemingly in our Author's own words, the well known story of Gathelus and Scota: A story, which was generally believed, but which had
had

had been treated as a fable by John Major, who published his history of Scotland in April, 1521.

He then goes on to say of our Author, that, "he was a man truly honest, and attached to no opinion farther than he saw reasons to support it. But I was not," says he, "allowed long to enjoy my friend: For in that same year, 1521" (1522)," he was carried off by the Pestilence."

POLYDORUS Virgil, who was an Italian, had been long in England, where he had obtained an Arch-Deaconry. He had wrote a letter at London, December 13th, 1509, addressed to King James IV, in which he acquainted that king of his design of writing a history of England, and as far as possible a history of the whole Island.

"The Island," said he, "is one, and my intention is, as I go on in my history, to mention the affairs of Scotland, which are evidently illustrious: But this I cannot do in a regular order, as I have no writer whom I can follow. I have often spoken to Sir Gilbert, your Majesty's Chaplain, and urged him to give me even but the names of the Kings of Scotland, that I might put them in their due places in my history. But hitherto I have not succeeded.

“I now therefore beseech your Majesty, who knows no less how to do than to say a good thing, that you would condescend to transmit annals if there be any, or the names of the kings written in their order, and chiefly that you would instruct me in your own illustrious actions, or in what you may afterwards perform, all which I will insert in my work.

“I have not indeed genius or learning sufficient to display properly the affairs of your Majesty’s kingdom. This however undoubtedly will be done, that they shall lose nothing of honour or ornament by any unskilfulness or neglect of mine, for your Majesty shall be able to discern where the work has been touched by the hand of the Sovereign,” (37).

It does not appear that his request was granted. The king of Scots might wish rather to patronize a writer of his own nation, and in whom he could place more confidence, than in one who was principally to write of the affairs of England. But it is probable that the want of a complete History of Scotland became at this time, more than formerly, a subject of general complaint, and that some persons began to turn their attention to the means of supplying that deficiency.

BISHOP Elphinston’s book was perhaps written before this time. But that respectable person was now

in

in his extream old age. His book was not printed, and is said to have contained little else than a copy of Fordun's Chronicle, which yet lay in the monasteries unpublished.

THE publication of Major's history gave offence to Gavin Douglas, and to some others of the Scotch nation: and it is scarcely to be doubted but that Gavin Douglas, if he had lived longer and had not still been involved in troublesome affairs, would have written a complete History.

THE summary or specimen he gave does not seem to have been printed. It would appear that he carried the manuscript with him when he fled into England, and that at the time of his death it was in the hands of Polydore Virgil.

IF it was in the possession of that writer, its fate may be apprehended from what Bishop Nicholson relates in his English historical Library, and seemingly from the very best authority, that "Polydore Virgil, to prevent the discovery of the faults in his history, committed as many ancient, and manuscript histories to the flames, as a waggon could hold."

No reflexion is necessary to be made on so base and desperate an action. The mere recital is sufficient to expose it to the most indignant feelings of the human mind, (38).

NOTES

N O T E S

AND

R E F E R E N C E S.

(1). N. B. A brief account of Gavin Douglas is to be found in the History of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld, written in Latin by Alexander Miln, prebendary of Monedy and official of Dunkeld, afterward Abbot of Cambuskenneth and president of the Court of Session. Miln dedicated his book to Gavin Douglas, who was Bishop at the time, and to the Chapter of the Diocese.

It has not yet been printed. But the original manuscript has been preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and authenticated copies are to be met with in some other libraries.

A translation of it into English was made some years ago by a gentleman of distinguished accuracy and learning, a few copies of which, in manuscript, have been dispersed.

A pretty large account of the Life and Writings of Gavin Douglas is prefixed to that accurate Edition of his translation of the *Æneid*, which was published at Edinburgh, in 1710. The Editors seem to have taken notice of almost all the particulars that can be known concerning him.

Doctor George M'Kenzie, who probably had been one of the principal compilers, inserted their account, with some small variations, in the second volume of his Lives of the Scotch Writers, published at Edinburgh, in 1711.

(2). Crawford's Lives of the Officers of State, p. 315.

(3). N. B. M'Kenzie, Crawford, Keith, and others have wrote that Gavin Douglas was Rector of the Church

Church of Heriot, which is in Mid Lothian. The authority they refer to is Miln's M. S. in the Advocates' Library. But that M. S. has lately been consulted, and the word there is found to be "Hawick." Some person formerly having carelessly read or transcribed the name of the place, seems to have been followed by others in his mistake. In the translation already mentioned the mistake was happily avoided.

(4). N. B. George fourth Earl of Angus, and Archibald his successor the father of Gavin Douglas, bore the titles of Earl of Angus, Lord of Abernethy, Liddisdale, Jedward Forest, and Douglas. They were both of them also wardens of the East and Middle Marches between Scotland and England. The lands called Douglas Burn, and others, in the Forest of Selkirk belonged to them; also the lands of Liddisdale, and other extensive estates in the county of Roxburgh. George, fourth Earl of Angus, succeeded to the lands and Lordship of Douglas, in 1457, upon the forfeiture of James the last Earl of Douglas. See Crawford and Douglas' Peerages: and Hume's Hist. of the Douglasses, Edition. 1644.

(5). Keith's Scotch Bishops. p. 57. Spot. Relig. Houses, p. 286.

(6). N. B. According to the M. S. History of the Drummonds, written by William first Viscount of Strathallan, the marriage ceremony between Queen Margaret and the Earl of Angus was performed in the parish church of Kinnoul, by the Earl's near relation, John Drummond, Dean of Dunblane and Parson of Kinnoul.

They were married not fully eleven months after the death of King James IV, the queen's first husband.

(7). N. B. Not being possessed of a Latin copy of Miln's M. S. I am obliged to quote from the translation, the fidelity of which is however unquestionable.

What he writes of the queen's second marriage, and of it's consequences is as follows.

"It happened about this time that Queen Margaret, Henry the 8th's sister, whom the late king had left guardian to his son, and who for some time had been

been owned as such, married Archibald, Earl of Angus, without advising with the great men of the kingdom. Upon this there was a convention of the states at Dunfermling, who declared that she had forfeited her right; and the illustrious John Duke of Albany was unanimously chosen Regent, and guardian to the young king.

“ Yet after all, the Earl of Angus had such interest, that many men of great rank stood by the queen; but the rest were against her, the leaders of whom were the Chancellor James” (Beaton) “ Archbishop of Glasgow, and Alexander Lord Hume.

“ From these divisions powerful factions arose; but as the queen was on the spot, she endeavoured that no office should be disposed of without her consent.”

To what the Abbot has said, the following particulars may be added still farther to illustrate the state of parties at that time.

John Stewart Duke of Albany was first cousin to the late king. He was immediately upon the king's death, proposed for the Regency. But it was objected that he was a native of France, and that being a stranger in Scotland, he was unacquainted with the language and circumstances of the country.

James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, claimed the Regency, as next in blood after the Duke of Albany. But the other nobles opposed him, as they were afraid of his ambitious designs if he should obtain such an increase of power.

The queen prevailed against both the candidates. She pled the will of the late king in her favour, and the nearness of her relation to the young king as her own son.

James Beaton, who besides being Archbishop of Glasgow, was Chancellor of the kingdom, was the most powerful and active friend of the Earl of Arran. In all church matters especially, which because of the richness of the benefices were objects of singular attention, he aimed at the chief direction.

Alexander Lord Hume had long enjoyed the office
of

of Great Chamberlain, and for some time was at the head of the party which favoured the Duke of Albany.

The Queen's alliance with the Earl of Angus excited the jealousy of the Earl of Arran, who set himself more than he had formerly done to oppose the power of the family of Douglas.

(8). *Epistolæ Regum Scotorum*. v. i. p. 199.

(9). *Ibid.* p. 183.

(10). *Ibid.* p. 197.

(11). N. B. After the Duke of Albany was come to Scotland, and instated in the Regency, Andrew Forman, in a conformity to the temporal laws of the kingdom, resigned into his hands all the benefices he had received from the Pope. He was allowed to retain the archbishopric of St Andrews and the Abbey of Dunfermling: but his other benefices were disposed of to different persons. His commendatorship of the Abbey of Aberbrothick was given to James Beaton Archbishop of Glasgow. *Less. Hist. L. 9.*

(12). Buchanan. L. 13. C. 44. *Less. L. 9. Epist. Reg. Scot.* v. i. p. 197, 267.

(13). N. B. George Brown, the Predecessor of Gavin Douglas, had met with some trouble for having been guilty of the like offence.

He was at Rome, in 1484, where Pope Sixtus IV, conferred upon him the Bishopric of Dunkeld then vacant, and he was immediately consecrated at Rome by the Pope's order. But in the mean time another churchman, in Scotland, had obtained the royal favour, viz, Dean Alexander Inglis, clerk to the Privy Council of King James III, who was elected at Dunkeld much in the same precipitate manner in which Andrew Stewart afterwards was.

The King complained of what the Pope had done, as an incroachment upon his privilege. He sent remonstrances to Rome, but without effect. George Brown was immediately declared by the King and States, a traitor and rebel; and after he came home it was with difficulty the King was reconciled.

Yet Bishop Brown was so far from repenting of the

the unlawful manner of his promotion, that when he made his last will, in 1514, he bequeathed to his successor, who ever he should be, in the event of his being nominated by the Pope, the whole Household Furniture of his palace at Dunkeld, which Abbot Miln observes had been all purchased by Bishop Brown himself, for that at his accession, the Palace was destitute of Furniture of every kind. Miln M. S.

(14.) James 4. Parl. 1. C. 4.

(15.) Miln M. S. Lest. Hist. Lib. 9c

N. B. King James V, was at this time not much above two years of age, having been born April 11, 1512 His brother, Alexander Duke of Ross, was born April 30, 1514, which was about seven months after the death of his father. The Title of Ross was usually given to the second sons of the kings of Scotland; and Lelley, or the transcriber of his History, committed a mistake in calling this young Prince by the name of the Duke of Rothsay.

(16.) N. B. Miln, when giving an account of the brethren of the Chapter at Dunkeld, says, "The first who claims our notice is the dean, who is still alive. His life is a mirror to all the deans in the kingdom, against which the enemies of the church cannot prevail. At eleven o'clock, he caused Mass to be celebrated, by certain vicars of the quire, every day at the altar of the blessed Virgin.

"Besides his daily charity, he once every week caused a boll of meal to be distributed among certain poor men belonging to the city of Dunkeld. In the time of a great famine, he caused make pottage to be given in abundance to every poor man who begged, and this was to be done whether he was at home or not.

"When it was his turn to wait on the Cathedral, he suffered no solicitation of his friends to persuade him to be absent; and when at Dunkeld he was always at high Mass. On other days he directed the quire at morning, noon, and evening prayers. And what is more, during the whole time of Lent, he was never absent from the prayers said at midnight. He

was a good man himself, and chose to give an example of devotion to every other person."

(17). N. B. As Miln's Book has not hitherto been printed, large extracts from it may not be unacceptable, especially an Extract of the whole of what relates to Gavin Douglas.

"When Bishop George", (says Miln), "was dying, the report at Dunkeld was that he had been already dead. There was there at that time, the illustrious father of his country, John Earl of Athole, son of Earl John, who was brother to King James II.

"The Earl called the canons, and requested of them to make choice of his Brother Andrew, Prebendary of Craigie, and in the mean time to put the Episcopal Palace in his possession. Some of the canons were his relations, and others were afraid for themselves and their effects, therefore they agreed without delay to grant all that was desired.

"After the Bishop's funeral, they met in the chapter house, and appointed a day for the election, and ordered a public edict to be read for calling together the absent canons. Upon which day, by the Earl's interest, Andrew Stewart, though not yet in full orders, was unanimously made choice of for the office, and recommended for confirmation.

"This affair went the more easily, because the Earl was very powerful, and could defend every body belonging to the church from plunderers of every kind.

"Notice of this transaction was sent to France, to John Duke of Albany, lately appointed regent. But he refused to meddle with the great church benefices till he should come to Scotland.

"He landed in the west in May 1515. Andrew, by his brother's interest, got into his good graces, and had for answer, that he would give him the King's warrant for raising the Bishop's rents, as in the present situation he could not raise them in the ordinary form of the courts of law: And the dean, following the common law, reserved the fruits till the bishop should be confirmed.

"The

“ The Queen was at Perth when notice was brought to her of the late bishop’s death. By advice of such of the Counsellors as were of her side, she in name of the King caused recommend to the office the illustrious Master Gavin Douglas, Provost of St Giles in Edinburgh, Rector of Hawick, and Uncle to the Earl of Angus.

“ This was a man of genius, of great skill in Divinity, and in the canons of the church.

“ By the Queen’s solicitation, or as others say, by the King of England’s, he was promoted to the see of Dunkeld by Pope Leo. X: And on that account being summoned for acting against the laws of the land, he was found guilty, and banished by the unanimous voice of the judges. The see was declared vacant. He was committed to the custody of the venerable Father in Christ, John Hepburn, Prior and Vicar General of St Andrews.

“ He was kept in prison for more than a year, first in the Castle of Edinburgh, then in the Castle of St Andrews, of Dunbar, and of Edinburgh again.

“ The Queen took the matter so much to heart, that she entered into terms with Lord Hume the Chamberlain. By this agreement the King, and Alexander Duke of Ross his brother, were to be trusted to the Queen’s management.

“ At the Stated time the Chamberlain sent to Stirling Castle, and at the same time got an army together at Peebles.

“ Upon this the Regent sets out for Peebles, with the Lords and great men of the kingdom. And he sends Lord Fleming to Stirling Castle, which the King and his brother had not yet given up to their mother.

“ Immediately after this, the Queen and her husband the Earl of Angus, and the Lord Chamberlain entered England, where they continued till they had made up matters with the Regent.

“ By an article of this agreement, Gavin Douglas, Provost of St Giles, was set at liberty; and the Chancellor pleaded for him so effectually, that the Regent

was reconciled to him. And the Chancellor upon his own charges consecrated him at Glasgow, and over and above gave him some presents.

“ After his consecration, he first visited St Andrews ; and then the church of Dunkeld. The first night he was very affectionately received by the clergy and laity, who all praised God for giving them so noble, so learned, and so decent a bishop. He published the Bulls at the great altar ; and lodged in the dean’s house, as he had no access to the Palace, which, with the Steeple, Andrew Stewart’s servants held out from him ; and they refused to deliver them in their master’s name, alledging that they possessed all by the authority of the Regent.

“ Upon this account he was forced to have the service of God performed in the dean’s house : To which place he called the canons, and received their homage, and it was with their whole heart they yielded him homage. On the other hand the bishop swore to keep all the statutes of the church.

“ After dinner he consulted the gentlemen and clergy who were with him, what course he ought to follow in that conjuncture. Some advised to send notice to the Regent. Others would have him go in person.

“ In the midst of these consultations, they are informed that Andrew Stewart was in arms, with a design to relieve those who held out the Palace. That instant, a shower of canon shot came from the Steeple and Palace.

“ Then all the people of rank hurried to the bishop’s defence. There were the worthy dean ; James Lord Ogilvy ; David Master of Crawford ; Colin Campbell of Glenorchy ; Laird of Kinfauns ; the Prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

“ Notice is sent of this transaction to the Bishop’s friends in Angus, and elsewhere. Upon which there came next day such crowds from Montrose, from the low parts of Fyfe, and the country round about, that the city of Dunkeld could scarce hold them.

“ But

“ But for all this number, the Prebendary of Alyth had laid up such abundance of every thing, that there was room and provision for all the men and all their horses.

“ The Bishop elect not having it in his power to relieve those who held out the Palace and Steeple, is forced to retire to the woods. The Bishop Douglas on his side summoned them to surrender upon pain of excommunication. For fear of his threat, partly by force and partly by stratagem, the Steeple was put in the possession of James Carmichael, of some Prebendaries, and of the Bishop's family.

“ This put the people in the Palace in great fear. They obtained a truce, and a suspension of the excommunication, of some hours: But after that time they were still unwilling to surrender, however, by the merits of St Columbe, they gave up the Palace without bloodshed.

“ Upon this the Earl and his brother went to Court, to complain of what had been done. The Bishop went also to defend himself, for some time there were mutual accusations, &c. &c.

The whole of what follows in Miln's Book is to be found quoted in the account I have given of Bishop Douglas' Life.

His address in the beginning of the dedication is, “ To the Reverend Father in Christ, Gavin Douglas, by the Mercy of God Bishop of Dunkeld, Son of Archibald Earl of Angus, and who is distinguished for divine and human learning.”

Of the Prebendary of Alyth, of whom he makes such honourable mention, he says in the dedication, “ To the well beloved Thomas Greig Prebendary of Alyth, the head of his family, and who has great zeal for the purity of worship.”

He afterwards speaks of him in the following manner.

“ The Prebendary of Alyth was Master Thomas Greig, a devout man, and zealous for the decency of the service. In his house-keeping, he initiated the Highlanders, who keep open Tables. But

it was more by his œconomy than by the profits of his living, that he was enabled to support his hospitality.

“ He bestowed handsomely upon the Church. His Uncle of excellent memory, Mr John Donaldson Licentiate of the canon law, and Chancellor of Dunkeld, had raised an altar to all Saints. This altar Thomas Greig caused to be painted, and gave it vestments and other necessaries.

“ He caused make a silver cup of great weight ; and a white cup, equal, if not superior to the Chapter’s. From the rents of his town and country Estates, he appointed a vicar of the quire for saying mass at canonical hours.

“ He kept strict discipline, and was the determined punisher of offenders, whether they were laymen or clergyman, by his discretion in correcting, he rooted out some very bad practices that prevailed in his deanry of Athole and Bredalbane.

“ There was a certain person that pretended to be dumb, and who by words and signs made them believe that he discovered all things past and to come. He checked him so effectually that he caused him to speak, and to confess openly in presence of the bishop and clergy, that the devil had tempted him to those tricks. As he found him tractable, he prudently reconciled him to the church.

“ After the bishop’s death, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome ; and though he was above sixty years of age, he returned in good health.

“ As he was a man of great attention to good works, the bishop, to reward his zeal, made him prebendary of Fordeshaw, within a year, and before he got possession of that benefice, which had not been opened, he made him prebendary of Alyth.

“ His temper was somewhat passionate, but after all he was a kind hearted man.”

Miln in another part of his book, says, “ Thomas Grieg understood Irish, and was a rigid disciplinarian ; to him therefore the Bishop” George Brown, “ gave the charge of Athole.”

St Colume or Columba, to whose merits Miln ascribes this circumstance that no blood was shed when Andrew Stewart's servants were expelled from the steeple and palace, was the patron Saint of the Pictish nation, and of the city and diocese of Dunkeld in particular. The lands and rents belonging to the bishop were called St Colume's Patrimony; and Bishop Brown expressed great zeal, and was singularly successful in preserving the patrimony of the saint from dilapidation, and in recovering lands which formerly had made a part of it.

St Columba, who was a man of exemplary piety, and a real benefactor to his fellow creatures, was successful in converting the Picts to the Christian Religion.

He obtained the Island of Hey or Jona, where he founded a kind of Monastery, of which he became Abbot. Adamnanus, one of his successors, wrote an account of his life, and in further honour to his memory, founded a Monastery at Dunkeld. These, and some other monasteries were originally filled with the religious persons, who were called Culdees.

Columba was born in 520. He died at Hey in 597, and is said to have been buried there. But at least some of his bones were supposed to have been preserved at Dunkeld, as appears from one of the following passages in Abbot Miln's book, which are given as containing a still farther description of the religion and manners of the times.

“ In the year 1500 the pestilence ravaged the country and kingdom; and as a report went that the city of Dunkeld had at all times been preserved from calamities of that sort by the merit of it's patron St Colume, therefore, in honour of that Saint, Bishop George Brown caused high mass to be said, at his own charges, for a whole year at the time of ringing the second bell for mattins.

“ And as at the year's end the city and a great part of the country about it was untouched by that distemper, he continued this foundation, and left from his private estate fourteen pounds a year for the

the support of a daily mass: And that this might be done in such a way as to be an honour to the church, he chose seven vicars of the quire for the seven altars of the church which had not been endowed before. These vicars had each of them ten pounds of salary allowed him. The altars were those of St Martin, St Nicholas, St Andrew the Apostle, the Innocents, all Saints, St Stephen the Martyr, and St John the Baptist.

“Here there was a vast decency; for one of these vicars in his turn, said mass, when the second bell rung for mattins, every day, then the devout churchmen and laymen, besides a number of strangers, met with great joy.”

The Abbot again speaks of Bishop Brown's good works, during the pestilence, as follows—

“The Bishop observed that the small number of parish churches made a great concourse of burials, which in these circumstances had the worst of consequences. As the parish of Little Dunkeld was then sixteen miles long, with breadth in proportion, he divided it into the old parish of Little Dunkeld, and the parish of Caputh.

“At Caputh he built at his own expence a quire, with a painted ceiling and glazed windows. He gave for the support of the vicar, a vicarage which had been formerly united to his see, four acres of Glebeland, and the rising ground called the Mutehill to build a church upon, as may be seen at full in the charter of that church subscribed by me, and sealed with the seal of the Bishop and Chapter.

“What follows is surprising, and yet I think it must not be passed over. The Bishop had marked out and consecrated burying ground for his people, being much afraid of the pestilence. In the meantime he visited some of the church tenants of Caputh; who had been bad of that disease, and gave them such consecrated things as might be of use to them.

“Next day, he caused dip the bones of St Columbe in consecrated water, and sent it to them to drink, by the Chancellor, many did drink and were cured.

But.

But there was one forward fellow among them, who said to the Chancellor, "For what does the Bishop send us water to drink? I could wish he had sent us some of his best ale." But he, and the rest, to the number of thirty, who refused to drink of the water, died of the plague, and were buried in one grave, a little below the ordinary burying ground."

(18). Epist. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 222.

(19). N. B. The Earl of Athole at this time was John Stewart, whom Miln celebrates as the illustrious father of his country, son of Earl of John who was brother of King James II.

The old Earl John was the uterine brother of that king by their mother Queen Jane, who after the death of King James I, her first husband, married James Stewart, commonly called the Black Knight of Lorn. She was daughter of John Duke of Lancaster, a younger Son of King Edward III, of England.

John, eldest Son of Queen Jane and of the Knight of Lorn, was created Earl of Athole in 1457. His second Countess was Eleanor Sinclair, daughter of William Earl of Orkney and Caithness: By which Countess he had John the second Earl of Athole, and Andrew Stewart Prebendary of Craig. He died September 19th 1512.

Crawford and Douglas, in their books of the Peerage of Scotland, follow some lists which have been given of the noblemen who were slain in the battle at Flowdon, and mention John second Earl of Athole, brother of Andrew Stewart, as having been in the number of those who were killed in that battle. But Abbot Miln could not be mistaken, who mentions him as still living in 1516. He speaks also of his Countess in 1513, who was a daughter of the Earl of Argyle.

Andrew Stewart, who had been disappointed of the Bishopric of Dunkeld, was made Bishop of Caithness, in 1518. He died in 1542.

Lady Dorothea Stewart, the Heiress and representative of the Stewarts Earls of Athole, was, in July 1504, married to William Murray, who succeeded his father as Earl of Tullibardin.

It

It may not be improper to transcribe the account which Miln gives of the battle at Flowdon, as he was cotemporary with the event, it is to be regretted that he did not write a more particular relation.

“ It was in this year (1513), that Henry the VIII, of England declared war against France. He sent as Ambassadors to James IV, Lord Dacres, and Doctor West, Dean of Windsor, with great promises if he would give up the French alliance.

“ On the other hand, the French promised a subsidy, and the assistance of a body of troops: But these articles they never performed.

“ Upon the faith of these promises, King James enters England, takes Norham Castle, where he to no purpose waited fifteen days for the French. At the end of which time the Earl of Surry, the King of England's general, offers battle, which was accepted of. The King, and many of the nobility were killed, and among them many of the Bishop (Brown's) friends.

“ The battle of Flowden happened on the day before the nativity of the blessed Virgin, in the year 1513.

“ Upon his father's death, James V, a child of seventeen months old, was crowned at Stirling on St Matthew's day, the same year.”

(20). N. B. Alexander Miln was recommended to the Abbay of Cambuskenneth, by John Duke of Albany, October 28th 1516. (Epist. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 275.) He seems to have been put in the possession of that Abbay in 1518. When the new court of Session was instituted by King James V, in 1532 Abbot Miln was appointed president.

He appears, by his book of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld, to have been a good natured man, and loth to say any thing severe of any person.

(21). Less. Hist. L. 9. Epist. Reg. Scots v. I. p. 257.

(22). Pinkerton's List of Scotch Poets. p. xcv.

(23). Ibid.

(24). N. B. In the Scotch language the verb “clatter.”

ter," means not only to make a noise, but also to tell tales, or reveal secrets.

(25). N. B. One of the good works of Bishop Brown, recorded by Miln, was that he built the fourth wing of the house at Edinburgh belonging to the Bishops of Dunkeld.

(26). Buchan. Hist. L. 14. C. 12. Anderson's M. S. Hist. Pitfcottie. Hist. p. 189. But the two last mentioned writers were evidently mistaken when they placed this event in the year 1515.

(27). Pinkerton's list of Scotch Poets. p. xcvi.]

(28). Epist. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 328.

(29). Ibid. p. 333.

(30). N. B. The Earl of Angus returned to Scotland in 1525. Having been appointed one of the Lords of the Regency, he found means to take the whole management of affairs into his own hands. He deprived James Beaton, then Archbishop of St Andrews, of the office of Chancellor, and plundered his Castle of St Andrews.

The Archbishop concealed himself in unfrequented parts of the country. According to Lindsay of Pitfcottie, he for some time kept a flock of sheep, under the disguise of a simple shepherd.

(31). Woods Athenæ Oxon. v. I. p. 562. Weever's Monum. p. 446.

(32). See the life of Gavin Douglas by M'kenzie and the editors of the translation of the Æneid. Also Hume's History of the Douglasses, p. 235.

(33). N. B. The beautiful Elegiac Poem, which bears the name of the Flowers of the Forest, began to be generally known not many years ago. It is supposed to have been a Lamentation over those young men of the Forest of Selkirk, who went to the Field of Flowdon, and there met with their fate.

That many went from that part of the country, is not to be doubted, because of it's neighbourhood to the Borders, and because some of their chiefs were at the battle. George Master of Angus, who was killed in the battle, is said by Hume, in his History of the Douglasses, to have had Bailiffs in Selkirk who

held Courts in his name. And another of the chiefs in that part of the country, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, was also at Flowdon. I have also been informed that "A Standard, won by the Burgessees of Selkirk at Flowdon Field, still exists; and that a fac simile of it is carried about in that town on solemn occasions."

That Gavin Douglas was the author of the Poem is however to be reckoned only a matter of probable conjecture. There were undoubtedly some obsolete words in the original which do not now appear; for as the poem was not written, these words would be gradually changed for others that were better understood.

Mr Lambe, Vicar of Norham upon Tweed, gave a very good copy of it to the public in 1774. He published it in his Appendix to an historical Poem which was written in England and which relates many circumstances of the battle.

The monthly Reviewers, in their account of Mr Lambe's publication, say, "In the appendix, there is an old Scotch song on the battle of Flowdon, which for it's genuine simplicity, and the truly plaintive spirit of elegy, excels every thing of the kind we have met with."

(34). N. B. What this serious business was in which our Author was engaged, whether it related to the nation, or to the church in general, to the affairs of his family, of his provostship, or of his rectory, is not known, nor has been conjectured.

(35). Less. Hist. Lib. 9.

(36). Polyd. Hist. L. 3. p. 52, &c.

(37). Epist. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 139.

(38). N. B. Polydore was not singular in this species of wickedness, if the information given, in the beginning of the last century, to Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, who was a writer of great integrity, can be relied on.

In a letter to Mr David Buchanan, July 24th 1649, Sir Robert Gordon, speaking of Veremund, and of Cornelius Hibernicus, who were mentioned as
 Authorities

Authorities by Hector Boethius, says, "I heard, when I was a youth, at Aberdeen, where Boethius had presided in the University, and where he died, that he destroyed the Manuscript Copies of these Authors, to conciliate favour to his own History, and that from him our antiquities might be solely derived. Poor man! What favour thou didest gain to thy History is uncertain; but that by this action it has lost much of it's credit is beyond all dispute."

See Nicolson's Scot. Hist. Library, p. 75. Boethius, according to his own account, received the ancient books he mentions, in 1525. His History of Scotland was finished in April 1526, and published that same year. Therefore either he wrote it before he received the Books, or compiled it very hastily afterwards.

But his History is evidently written with more elegance and method than was consistent with it's being a hasty production.

If he really received the books, he made little or no use of them. And if they were in his possession, and destroyed by him, he must have been conscious to himself that it was an unfaithful History which he was seeking to impose upon the world.

Published by permission from the Original M. S. in the possession of the LITERARY and ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY of PERTH.

E R R A T A.

- P. 3. l. 18. *for* Glenberfie *read* Glenbervie.
- P. 3. l. 22. N. B. The Earl of Angus left the field before the commencement of the battle, because his presence was necessary at Edinburgh, of which town he was provost.
- P. 5. l. 22. *for* Aberbrothick *read* Aberbrothock, also in all other Pages where the same word occurs.
- P. 7. l. 21. *for* patrones, *read* patrons.
- P. 20. l. 9. *for* Bishop George's *read* Bishop George Brown's.
- P. 27. l. 18. *for* contraverfies *read* controverfies.
- P. 30. l. 16. *for* tables *read* fables.
- P. 32. l. 11. *for* obfelete *read* obfolete.
- P. 33. l. 18. *for* refigned *read* unrefigned.
- P. 35. l. 9. *for* Virgil and Homer *read* Virgil or Homer.
- P. 43. l. 12. *for* would *read* fould.
- P. 54. l. 11. *for* white Cup *read* white Cope.
- ib. l. 17. *for* Clergyman *read* Clergymen.
- P. 57. l. 11. *dele of* after Earl.
- P. 58. l. 3. *for* cotemporary *read* contemporary.

HEIR BEGINNIS

Ane Treatise callit the PALICE of HONOUR,
Compylit be Mr GAWINE DOUGLASS, BISCHOP of
DUNKELD.

Imprentit at EDINBURGH, Le JOHN ROB,

For HENRIE CHARTERIS, ANNO. 1579.

CUM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

TO THE
R E I D A R.

*W*HEN we had sene and considerit the divers impressions befoir imprented of this notabill werk, to have bene altogidder faultie and corrupt, not only that quhilk has bene imprentit at London, but also the copyis set furth of auld, amangis our selfis ; we have thocht gude, to take some peines and traivelles, to have the samen mair commodiously and correctly set furth : to the intent, that the benevolent Reidar, may have the mair delyte and plesure in reiding, and the mair frute in perusing this plesand, and delectable werk.

The

P R O L O G U E.



§ I.

QUHEN pail Aurora with face lamentabill.
 Her ruffet Mantill borderit all with Sabill,
 Lappit about the heuinly circumstance
 The tender bod and aires honorabill
 Of Flora quene till flowres aimiabill.
 In May irais to do my observance,
 And enterit in a gardyne of piefance
 With sol depaint, as Paradice delectabill
 And blifssfull bewis, with blomed varyance.

II.

Sa craftiily dame Flora had our fret
 Hir heuinly bed, powderit with mony a fet
 Of Ruby, Topas, Perle and Emerant.
 With balmy dew, bathit and keyndlie wet;
 Quhill vapours hote richt fresche and weil ybet,
 Dulce of odour, of flour, maist fragrant,
 The Silver dropis on dafies distillant:
 Quhilk verdour branches our the Alars zet,
 With smoky sence the mystis reflectant.

The

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair feis,
 Quirsprede the leuis of natures tapestries ;
 Abone the quhilk with heuinly harmonies
 The birdis sat on twistis and on greis,
 Melodiously makand thair kyndlie gleis,
 Whaife schill nottis fordinned all the skyis
 Of repercuss air the echo cryis,
 Among the branches of the blomit tries,
 And on the Laurers silver droppis lyis.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradice,
 Replenischit, and full of all delice,
 Out of the sey Eous alift his heid
 I mene the hors whilk drawis at deuce
 The affiltrie and Goldin Chair of Price
 Of Tytan ; whilk at morrow seemis reid ;
 The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
 Is restorit, baith Fowllis, Flowris, and Rice,
 Recomfort was, throw Phebus gudlyheid.

V.

The dasy and the maryguld unlappit,
 Quhilks all the nicht lay with their leuis happit,
 Thame to reserue fra rewmes pungitive,
 The umbrate trees that Tytan about wappit
 War portrait, and on the eirth yschappit,
 Be goldin bemis viuificatiue
 Quhais amene heit is maist restoratiue ;
 The Grefhoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
 And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

Richt

THE PROLOGUE.

VI.

Richt hailfome was the fessoun of the zeir.
Phebus furth zet depured bemis clear.
Maist nutritiue till all things vegetant.
God Eolus of wind list nocht appear,
Nor auld Saturne with his mortal speir,
And bad aspect contrair till eurie plant,
Neptunus Nold within that palice hant,
The beriall stremis rynnning men nicht heir,
By Bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
The purgit air with new engendrit heit,
The sol enbroued with colour, ure, and stone;
The tender grene, the balmy droppis sweit,
Sa rejoycit and comfort was my spreit,
I not was it a vision or fantone,
Amyd the buskis rowming myne alone,
Within that garth of all plesance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as Phebus schone.

VIII.

Singand O May thow Mirrour of Soles,
Maternall moneth lady and maistres,
Till eurie thing adown respirature,
Thyne heuinlic work and worthie craftines.
The small herbs constranis till increse.
O verray ground till working of nature
Quhais hie curage and affucurat cure
Causis the eirth his fruits till expres
Diffundant grace on euerie creature.

Thy.

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning incomparabil,
 Dantis the sauage beistis maist unstabill,
 And expellis all that nature infestis,
 The knoppit Syonis with leuis agreeabill,
 For till reuert and burgione ar maid abill
 Thy mirth refresches byrdis in thair nestis
 Quhilkis the to praise and nature neuer restis.
 Confessand zow maist potent and lowabill
 Amang the brownis of the Olive twistis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
 In the enforces martis vassalage,
 In the is amorous lufe and harmonie,
 With Incrementis fresche in lustie age,
 Quha that constrainit ar in luifis rage,
 Addressand them with obseruance airlie,
 Weill auchtis the till glorie and magnifie.—
 And with that word I raized my visage
 Soir affrayit half in an frenesie.

XI.

O Nature Quene and o ze lusty May
 Quod I, tho' how lang fall I thus foruay
 Quilk zow and Venus in this garth deseruis?
 Recounsel me out of this greit affray,
 That I may sing zow laudis day be day,
 Ze that all mundane creatures preferuis
 Comfort zour man that in this fanton steruis,
 With spreit arraisit and euerie wit away
 Quaiking for feir, baith pulsis, vane, and neruis.

My

XII.

My fatal weird my febill wit I wary,
 My desie heid qnhome lake of brane gart vary,
 And not sustene so amiabill a foun,
 With ery courage febill strenthis fary,
 Bounand me hame and list na lungertary ;
 Out of the air come ane impressioun,
 Throw whais licht in extasie or swoun,
 Amyd the virgultis all in till a fary,
 As feminine fa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme sa defyit was my might,
 Quhill thair remanit nouthert voice nor sicht,
 Breith motion nor heiring natural,
 Saw never man so faynt a leuand wicht,
 And na ferly, for our excelland licht
 Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaill
 Untill the hart, that it na danger aill
 Quhen it is smorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
 The dreidfull terrouer swa did me affaill.

XIV.

Zet at the last I not how lang a space
 A lytle heit appeirit in my face.
 Whilk had to foir been pail and voyde of blude
 Tho' in my swoun I met a ferly cace ;
 I thought me set within a desert place
 Amyd a forrest by a hyddeous flude,
 With gryfly fische, and schortly till conclude,
 I fall disceryue as God will give me grace
 Myne visioun in rural termis rude.

FINIS PROLOGI.

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR,

COMPYLIT BE

M. GAWINE DOUGLAS,

BISCHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE FIRST PART.

§ I.

THOW barrant wit ouriset with fantasie,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memorie,
Schaw now thy schame, schaw now thy badnytie,
Schaw now thy endite reprove of Rethorie,
Schaw now thy beggit termis mair than thrie,
Schaw now thy rymis, and thyne harlotrie,
Schaw now thy dull exhaust inanie,
Schaw furth thy cure and write thir frenesie
Quhilks of thy sempill cunning nakit the.

II.

My rauist spreit on that desert terrill,
Approchit near that ugie flude horribill
Like till Cochyte the riuier infernall,

With

With vile water quhilk maid a hiddious trubil
 Rinnand our heid, blude reid and impossibill.
 That it had been a riuier natural.

With brayis bair, raif rochis like to fall,
 Quhairon na gers nor herbis wer visibill
 Bot swappis brint with blastis Boriall.

III.

This Laithlie flude rumbland as thonder routit,
 In quhome the fisch zelland as eluis schoutit,
 Thair zelpis wilde my heiring all fordeisit,
 Thay grym monstures my spreits abhorit and doutit
 Not throw the soyl, but muskane treis sproutit
 Combust, barrant, unblomit and unleisit,
 Auld rottin runtis quhairin na sap was leisit,
 Moch, all waist, widderit with granis moutit
 A ganand Den quhair murtherars men reisit.

IV.

Quhairfoir my selvin was right fair agast,
 This wilderness abhominabill and waist,
 (In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
 Was dark as Rock, the quhilk the sey upcast.
 The quhiffilling wind blew mony bitter blast,
 Runtis rattillit and uneith micht I stand.
 Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand
 The river stank, the treis clatterit fast.
 The soyl was nocht bot marres slyke and sand.

V.

And not bot caus my spreitis wer abaisit,
 All sollitair in that desert arraisit

Allace

Allace I said is nane other remeid,
 Cruell fort n quhy hes thow me betraifit?
 Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compaffit?
 Allace, Allace, fall I thus sone be deid
 In this desert and wait nane other reid?
 Bot be devourit with fom beist rauenous?
 I weip, I waill, I plene, I cry, I pleid
 Inconstant warld and quheil contrarious.

VI.

Thy transitory plesance quhat auailis?
 Now thair, now heir, now hie and now deuailis,
 Now to, now fra, now law, now magnifyis,
 Now hait, now cauld, now lauchis, now beuailis.
 Now feik, now hail, now werie, now not aillis,
 Now gude now euill, now weitis and now dryis,
 Now thow promittis, and richt now thow denyis.
 Now wo, now weil, now firm now frivolous,
 Now Gam, now Gram, now louis now defyis
 Inconstant warld and quheill contrarious.

VII.

Ha, quha suld haue affyance in thy blis?
 Ha quha suld haue firm esperance in this,
 Whilk is alace sa fireuch and variant?
 Certes nane, sum hes no wicht? surelie zis.
 Than has myself been guilty? ze, I wis.
 Thairfoir alace fall danger thus me dant?
 Quhidder is become so sone this duillie hant?
 And ver translait in winter furious?
 Thus I bewail my faitis repugnant
 Inconstant warld and quheil contrarious.

Bydand

VIII.

Bydand the deid thus in ~~my~~ extasie,
 Ane dyn I hard approaching fast me by,
 Quhilk mouit fra the plague Septentrionall,
 As heird of beastis stamping with loud cry,
 Bot than God wait, how effrayit was I!
 Traistand to be stranglit with Bestiall.
 Amid a flock richt priuelie I stall,
 Quhair luikand out anon I did espy
 Ane lustie rout of Beifis rationall.

IX.

Of Ladyis fair and guidlie men arayit
 In constant weid, that weill any spreitis payit,
 With degeest mind, quhairin all wit aboundit
 Full soberlie their Haiknaysis thay assayit,
 Efter the faitis auld and not forwayit.
 Their lie prudence schaw furth and naithing roundit
 With gude effeir quhairat the wed resoundit.
 In steidfast ordour, to vesse unassrait
 Thay ryding furth with stabilnefs ygroundit.

X.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
 Quirfret with perle and stains maist preclair,
 That drawin was by haiknaysis all milk quhite,
 Was set a Quene, as lylie sweit of swair,
 In purpour rob hemmit with gold ilk gair,
 Quhilk gemmit claspis closed all perfit.
 A diademe maist plesandlie polite,
 Set on the tressis of her giltin hair;
 And in her hand a scepter of delyte.

XI.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
 Twelf Damifellis, ilk ane on thair estait,
 Quhilks semit of her counsell maist secre
 And nixt them was a lustie rout God wait,
 Lords Ladyis and mony fair Prelatt,
 Baith born of hie estait and law degre,
 Furth with thair Quene, thay all by passit me
 Ane esie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
 And I abaid alone within the tre.

XII.

And as the rout was passit one and one,
 And I remanand in the tre alone,
 Out throw the wod came rydand Catiues twane,
 Ane on ane asse, a widdie about his mone,
 The uther raid ane hideous hors upone,
 I passit furth and fast at thame did frane
 Quhat men thay wer? Thay answerit me agane,
 Our namis bene Achitophel and Sinone,
 That by our subtell menis, feill hes slane.

XIII.

Wait ze quoth I, quhat signifies zone rout?
 Synon said zee: and gaue ane hideous schout,
 We wretchis bene abject thair-fra I wis.
 Zone is the Quene of Sapience but dout,
 Lady Minerue, and zone twelf hir about
 Ar the prudent Sibillaís full of blis,
 Cassandra eik Delbora and Circes,
 The fatall sisters twynand our weirdis out,
 Judith, Jael, and mony a Prophetes.

B

XIV.

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair feis,
 Ouirspred the leuis of natures tapestries ;
 Abone the quhilk with heuinly harmonies
 The birdis fat on twistis and on greis,
 Melodiously makand thair kyndlie gleis,
 Whaife schill nottis fordinned all the skyis
 Of repercuss air the echo crys,
 Among the branches of the blomit tries,
 And on the Laurers silver droppis lyes.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradice,
 Replenischit, and full of all delice,
 Out of the sey Eous alift his heid
 I mene the hors whilk drawis at deuce
 The affiltrie and Goldin Chair of Price
 Of Tytan ; whilk at morrow seemis reid ;
 The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
 Is restorit, baith Fowllis, Flowris, and Rice,
 Recomfort was, throw Phebus gudlyheid.

V.

The dasy and the maryguld unlappit,
 Quhilks all the nicht lay with their leuis happit,
 Thame to reserue fra rewmes pungitive,
 The umbrate trees that Tytan about wappit
 War portrait, and on the eirth yschappit,
 Be goldin bemis viuificatiue
 Quhais amene heit is maist restoratiue ;
 The Grefhoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
 And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

Richt

THE PROLOGUE.

VI.

Richt hailfome was the seffoun of the zeir.
Phebus furth zet depured bemis clear.
Maist nutritiue till all things vegetant.
God Eolus of wind list nocht appear,
Nor auld Saturne with his mortal speir,
And bad aspect contrair till eurie plant,
Neptunus Nold within that palice hant,
The beriall fremis rynnning men nicht heir,
By Bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
The purgit air with new engendrit heit,
The sol enbroued with colour, ure, and stone;
The tender grene, the balmy droppis sweit,
Sa rejoycit and comfort was my spreit,
I not was it a vifion or fantone,
Amyd the buskis rowming myne alone,
Within that garth of all plesance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as Phebus schone.

VIII.

Singand O May thow Mirroure of Soles,
Maternall moneth lady and maistres,
Till eurie thing adown respirature,
Thyne heuinlic work and worthie craftines.
The small herbs constanis till increse.
O verray ground till working of nature
Quhais hie curage and affucurat cure
Causis the eirth his fruits till expres
Diffundant grace on euerie creature.

Thy

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning incomparabil,
 Dantis the sauage beistis maist unstabill,
 And expellis all that nature infestis,
 The knoppit Syonis with leuis agreeabill,
 For till reuert and burgione ar maid abill
 Thy mirth refresches byrdis in thair nestis
 Quhilkis the to praise and nature neuer restis
 Confessand zow maist potent and lowabill
 Amang the brownis of the Olive twistis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
 In the enforces martis vassalage,
 In the is amorous lufe and harmonie,
 With Incrementis fresche in lustie age,
 Quha that constrainit ar in luifis rage,
 Addressand them with observance airlie,
 Weill auchtis the till glore and magnifie.—
 And with that word I raized my visage
 Soir affrayit half in an frenesie.

XI.

O Nature Quene and o ze lusty May
 Quod I, tho' how lang fall I thus foruay
 Quilk zow and Venus in this garth deseruis?
 Recounsel me out of this greit affray,
 That I may sing zow laudis day be day,
 Ze that all mundane creatures preferuis
 Comfort zour man that in this fanton steruis,
 With spreit arraisit and euerie wit away
 Quaiking for feir, baith pulsis, vane, and neruis.

My

XII.

My fatal weird my febill wit I wary,
 My desie heid qnhome lake of brane gart vary,
 And not sustene so amiabill a foun,
 With ery courage febill strenthis sary,
 Bounand me hame and list na lunger tary ;
 Out of the air come ane impressioun,
 Throw whais licht in extasie or swoun,
 Amyd the virgultis all in till a fary,
 As feminine sa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme sa defyit was my nicht,
 Quhill thair remanit nouthar voice nor sicht,
 Breith motion nor heiring natural,
 Saw never man so faynt a leuand wicht,
 And na ferly, for our excelland licht
 Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaiil
 Untill the hart, that it na danger aill
 Quhen it is smorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
 The dreidfull terrour swa did me affaill.

XIV.

Zet at the last I not how lang a space
 A lytle heit appeirit in my face.
 Whilk had to foir been paill and voyde of blude
 Tho' in my swoun I met a ferly cace ;
 I thought me set within a desert place
 Amyd a forrest by a hyddeous flude,
 With gryfly fische, and schortly till conclude,
 I fall disceryue as God will give me grace
 Myne visioun in rural termis rude.

FINIS PROLOGI.

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR,

COMPYLIT BE

M. GAWINE DOUGLAS,

BISCHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE FIRST PART.

§ I.

THOW barrant wit ouriset with fantasie,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memor lye,
Schaw now thy schame, schaw now thy badnytie,
Schaw now thy endite reprove of Rethoryis,
Schaw now thy beggit termis mair than thryis,
Schaw now thy rymis, and thyne harlotrie,
Schaw now thy dull exhaust inanie,
Schaw furth thy cure and write thir frenesyis
Quhilks of thy sempill cunning nakit the.

II.

My rauift spreit on that desert terribill,
Approchit near that uglie flude horribill
Like till Cochyte the riuier infernall,

With

With vile water quhilk maid a hiddious trubil
 Rinnand our heid, blude reid and impossibill.
 That it had been a riuer natural.

With brayis bair, raif rochis like to fall,
 Quhairon na gers nor herbis wer visibill
 Bot swappis brint with blastis Boriall.

III.

This Laithlie flude rumbland as thonder routit,
 In quhome the fisch zelland as eluis schoutit,
 Thair zelpis wilde my heiring all fordeisit,
 Thay grym monstures my spreits abhorit and doutit
 Not throw the soyl, but muskane treis sproutit
 Combust, barrant, unblomit and unleisit,
 Auld rottin runtis quhairin na sap was leisit,
 Moch, all waist, widderit with granis moutit
 A ganand Den quhair murtherars men reisit.

IV.

Quhairfoir my felvin was right fair agast,
 This wilderneys abhominabill and waist,
 (In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
 Was dark as Rock, the quhilk the sey upcast.
 The quhiffilling wind blew mony bitter blast,
 Runtis rattillit and uncith micht I stand.
 Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand
 The river stank, the treis clatterit fast.
 The soyl was nocht bot marres slyke and sand.

V.

And not bot caus my spreitis wer abaisit,
 All sollitair in that desert arraisit

Allace

Allace I said is nane other remeid,
 Cruell fort n quhy hes thow me betraifit ?
 Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compaffit ?
 Allace, Allace, fall I thus fone be deid
 In this defert and wait nane other reid ?
 Bot be devourit with fom beift rauenous ?
 I weip, I waill, I plene, I cry, I pleid
 Inconstant warld and quheil contrarious.

VI.

Thy tranfitory plefance quhat auailis ?
 Now thair, now heir, now hie and now deuailis,
 Now to, now fra, now law, now magnifyis,
 Now hait, now cauld, now lauchis, now beuailis.
 Now feik, now hail, now werie, now not aillis,
 Now gude now euill, now weitis and now dryis,
 Now thow promittis, and richt now thow denyis.
 Now wo, now weil, now firm now frivolous,
 Now Gam, now Gram, now louis now defyis
 Inconstant warld and quheill contrarious.

VII.

Ha, quha fuld haue affyance in thy blis ?
 Ha quha fuld haue firm esperance in this,
 Whilk is alace fa fireuch and variant ?
 Certes nane, fum hes no wicht? surelie zis.
 Than has myself been guilty? ze, I wis.
 Thairfoir alace fall danger thus me dant ?
 Quhidder is become fo fone this duillie hant ?
 And ver tranflait in winter furious ?
 Thus I bewail my faitis repugnant
 Inconstant warld and quheil contrarious.

VIII.

Bydand the deid thus in my extasie,
 Ane dyn I hard approaching fast me by,
 Quhilk mouit fra the plague Septentrionall,
 As heird of beastis stamping with loud cry,
 Bot than God wait, how essayit was I!
 Traistand to be stranglit with Bestiall.
 Amid a stock richt priuelie I stall,
 Quhair luikand out anon I did espy
 Ane lustie rout of Beistis rationall.

IX.

Of Ladyis fair and guidlie men arayit
 In constant weid, that weil many spreitis payit,
 With degeft mind, quhairin all wit aboundit
 Full soberlie their Haiknaysis thay assayit,
 Efter the faitis auld and not forwayit.
 Their lie prudence schaw furth and naithing roundit
 With gude effeir quhairat the wod resoundit.
 In scidfast ordour, to vesie unaffrait
 Thay ryding furth with stabilnefs ygroundit.

X.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
 Quirfret with perle and stais maist preclair,
 That drawin was by haiknaysis all milk quhit,
 Was set a Quene, as lylie sweit of swair,
 In purpour rob hemmit with gold ilk gair,
 Quhilk gemmit claspis closed all persite.
 A diademe maist plesandlie polite,
 Set on the tressis of her giltin hair,
 And in her hand a scepter of delyte.

XI.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
 Twelf Damifellis, ilk ane on thair estait,
 Quhilks semit of her counsell maist secre
 And nixt them was a lustie rout God wait,
 Lords Ladyis and mony fair Prelatt,
 Baith born of hie estait and law degre,
 Furth with thair Quene, thay all by passit me
 Ane esie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
 And I abaid alone within the tre.

XII.

And as the rout was passit one and one,
 And I remanand in the tre alone,
 Out throw the wod came rydand Catiues twane,
 Ane on ane asse, a widdie about his mone,
 The uther raid ane hideous hors upone,
 I passit furth and fast at thame did frane
 Quhat men thay wer? Thay answerit me agane,
 Our namis bene Achitophel and Sinone,
 That by our subtell menis, feill hes slane.

XIII.

Wait ze quoth I, quhat signifies zone rout?
 Synon said zee: and gae ane hideous schout,
 We wretchis bene abject thair-fra I wis.
 Zone is the Quene of Sapience but dout,
 Lady Minerue, and zone twelf hir about
 Ar the prudent Sibillais full of blis,
 Cassandra eik Delbora and Circes,
 The fatall sisters twynand our weirdis out,
 Judith, Jael, and mony a Prophetes.

B

XIV.

XIV.

Quhilks groundit ar in firme intelligence,
 And thair is als into zone court gone hence
 Clerkis diuine, with probleumis curius.
 As Salomon the well of Sapience,
 And Aristotell fulfillit of prudence,
 Sallust, Senek and Titus Liuius
 Pithagoras, Porphyre, Permenyus,
 Melyffes with his sawis but defence,
 Sidrach Secundus and Solenyus.

XV.

Ptholomeus, Ipocras, Socrates,
 Empedocles, Neptenabus, Hermes,
 Galien, Auerroes, and Plato,
 Enoch, Lamech, Job and Diogenes,
 The eloquent and prudent Uliffes,
 Wife Josephus, and facund Cicero,
 Melchisedech with uther mony mo.
 Thair veyage lyis throw out this wildernes,
 To the Palice of Honour all they go.

XVI.

Is situate from hence liggis ten hunder,
 Our horsis oft or we be thair will founder.
 Adew we may na langer heir remane.
 Or that ze pass, quod I, tell me this wonder,
 How that ze wretchit Catiues thus at under,
 Ar sociat with this Court Souerane?
 Achitophell maid this answer again,
 Knawis thow not? Haill, eird quaik, and thunder
 Ar oft in May with mony schour of rane.

XVII.

XVII.

Richt fa we bene into this companie
 Our wit aboundit and usit was lewdlie,
 My wisdom ay fulfillit my desire,
 As thou may in the Bybill weill espy :
 How David's prayer put my Counsell by,
 I gart his sone againis him conspire,
 The quhilk was slane, whairfoir up be the swire
 Myself I hangit, frustrat fa foulilie.
 This Synon was a Greik that raisit Fire.

XVIII.

First into Troy as Virgil dois report,
 Sa Tratour like maid him be draw ourthoirt
 Quhill in he brought the hors, with men of armis
 Quhairthrow the town destroyit was at schort.
 (Quod I) Is this your destanie and fort?
 Curfit be he that sorrowis for zour harmis,
 For ze bene schrewis baith be goddis armis,
 Ze will obtene na entres at zone port,
 But gif it be throw Sorcerie and Charmis.

XIX.

Ingres to haue, quod thay, we not presume,
 It suficis us, to se the palice blume.
 And stand on rowme quhair better folk bene charrit,
 For to remane, adew, we haur na tume,
 This ilk way cummis the Courtis be our dume,
 Of Diane, and Venus, that feill has marrit,
 With that they raid away as they war skarritt,
 And I agane maist like ane Elriche grume
 Crap in the Muskane Aiken stok misharrit.

XX.

Thus wretchedlie I maid my residence,
 Imagining feill fyse for some defence,
 In contrair sauage beiftis maist cruell,
 For na remeid bot deid be voilence
 Sum time awagis febill indigence,
 Thus in a part I recomfort mysell,
 Bot that sa little was I dare not tell
 The sichling of a moufe out of presence
 Had bene to me mair ugsome than the hell.

XXI.

Zet glaid I was that I with them had spokin,
 Had not bene that, certes my hart had brokin,
 For megirness and pusillamitie,
 Remainand thus within the tre all lokin,
 Desirand fast som signes or sum tokin
 Of lady Venus, or hir companie ;
 Ane hart transformit ran fast by the tree
 With houndis rent, on whom Diane was wrokin
 Thair by I understude that scho was nie.

XXII.

Thay had before declarit hir cumming
 Mair perfectlie for thy I knew the signe
 Was Acteon, quilk Diane nakit watit
 Bathing in a well, and eik hir madynniss zing.
 The Goddes was commovit at this thing,
 And him in forme hes of a hart translatit
 I saw alace ! his houndis at him statit.
 Backwert he blent to give them knowledging
 Thay reis thair Lord, mis knew him at him batit.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Sine ladyis come with lustie gilten tressis,
 In habit wilde maist like till Fosteressis.
 Amiddis quhom heich on ane Eliphant
 In signe that sho in chastitie increffis,
 Raid Diane that Ladyis hartis drestis,
 Till be stabill and na way inconstant,
 God wait that nane of thame is variant,
 All chaist and trew Virginitie professis
 I not bot few, I saw with Diane hant.

XXIV.

Intill that court I saw anone present
 Jephteis douchter a lustie Ladie gent,
 Offerit to God in her virginitie.
 Polixena I wis was not absent,
 Peanthesfile with mannis hardyment
 Effygin and Virgenius douchter fre,
 With other flouris of feminitie,
 Baith of the New and the Auld Testament,
 All on thay raid and left me in the tre.

XXV.

In that desert dispers in sonder skattirit,
 Were bewis bair quhome rane and wind on batterit,
 The water stank, the field was odious,
 Quhair Dragonis, Lessertis, Askis, Edderis swatterit,
 With mouthis gapand forkit taillis tatterit,
 With mony a stang and spouttis vennimous,
 Corrupting air be rewme contagious,
 Maist gros and vile, enpoysonit cloudis clatterit,
 Reikand like hellis smoke, sulfurious.

XXVI.

My daifit heid fordullit diffelte,
 I raifit up half in ane lithargie,
 As dois ane catiue ydrunkin in fleip
 And fa appeirit to my fantafie,
 A fchynand licht out of the north eift fky,
 The whilk with cure to heir I did tak keip,
 Proportion founding dulceft, hard I peip,
 In musick number full of harmony
 Diftant on far was carpit be the deip.

XXVII.

Farther, by water, folk may foundis heir,
 Than by the eirth, the quhilk with poris feir
 Up drinkis air that mouit is be found,
 Quhilk in compact water, of ane riueir,
 May nocht enter, bot rinnis thair and heir,
 Quhill it at laft be carpit on the ground.
 And thocht throw din be experience is found
 The fische ar caufit within the riueir feir
 In with the water the noyis dois not abound.

XXVIII.

Violent din the air brekis and deris
 Sine greit motiown of the water feiris,—
 The water feirit, fiftes for feirdnefs flies,
 Bot out of dout na fische in water heiris,
 For as we fe, richt few of thame hes eiris,
 And eik forfuith bot gif wife clerkis leis,
 Thair is na air in with waters nor feis,
 But quhilk na thing may heir as wife men leirs,
 Like as but licht, thair is nathing that feis.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Aneuch of this, I not quhat it may mene
 I will returne till declair all bedene,
 My dreidfull dreame with grissie fantasies
 I schew befoir quhat I had hard or sene,
 Particularlie sum of my panefull tene.
 Bot now God waite quhat feirdness on me lysis
 Langer (I said) and now this time is twyis,
 Ane found I hard of angellis as it had bene,
 With harmonie ferdinnand all the skyis.

XXX.

Sa dulce, sa sweit and sa melodious,
 That euerie nicht thair with, micht be joyous,
 Bot I ane Catiues dullit in dispair,
 For quhen a man is wraith or furious,
 Melancholick for wo, or tedious,
 Than till him is all plesance maist contrair
 And semblable, than sa did with me fair.
 This melodie intonit heuinlie thus
 For profound wo, constranit me mak cair

XXXI.

And murnand thus, as ane maist wofull wicht,
 Of the maist plesant court I had a sicht,
 In warld adoun sen Adam was creat.
 Quhat sang? Quhat joy? Quhat harmony? Quhat licht?
 Quhat mirthfull solace plesance all at richt?
 Quhat fresche bewtie? Quhat excelland estate?
 Quhat sweit vocis, Quhat wordis suggurait?
 Quhat fair debaitis, Quhat luif full ladyis bricht?
 Quhat lustie gallandis did on thair service wait?

XXXII.

XXXII.

Quhat gudlie pastance and quhat minstrellie?
 Quhat game thay maid, in faith not tell can I.
 Thocht I had profound wit angelicall.
 The heuenlie foundis of thair harmonie,
 Hes dynnit fa my drerie fantasie,
 Baith wit and reffoun halfis loist of all,
 Zet (as I knaw) als lichtlie fay I fall,
 That angellike and Godlie company
 Till se, me thoecht a thing celestiall.

XXXIII.

Proceidand furth was draw ane chariote,
 Be courfouris twelf, trappit in grene velvot,
 Of fine gold wer junctures and harnassingis—
 The lymnaris wer of burnishit gold God wote,
 Baith aixtre and quheillis of gold I hote.
 Of goldin cord wer lyamis, and the stringis
 Festmmit conjunct in massie goldin ringis—
 Euir haims conuenient for sic note,
 And raw silk brechamis our thair halfis hingis.

XXXIV.

The bodie of the cairt evir bone,
 With Crisolitis and mony precious ston
 Was all ourfret, in dew proportioun,
 Like sternis in the firmament quilks schone,
 Reparrellit was that Godlike plesand one,
 Tyldit abone, and to the irth adoun,
 In richest clath of gold of purpore broun
 But fas, nor uther frenzies, had it none,
 Saiff clath of gold anamillit all fassioun.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Quhair fra dependant hang thair megir bellis—
 Sum round, sum thraw, in found the quhilks excellis,
 All wer of gold of Araby maist fine,
 Quhilks with the wind concordandlie fa knellis
 That to be glaid thair found all wicht compellis,
 The harmonie was fa melodious fine,
 In mannis voice and instrument deuine,
 Quhairfa thay went it seemit nathing ellis
 Bot ierarchies of angellis ordours nine.

XXXVI.

Amid the chair fulfillit of plesance,
 Ane lady sat at quhais obeyfance,
 Was all that rout: and wonder is to heir
 Of her excelland lustie countenance
 Her hie bewtie quhilk maist is to auance
 Precellis all, thayr may be na compeir
 For like Phebus in heist of his spheir
 Hir bewtie schane castand fa greit ane glance,
 All fairheid it opprest baith far and neir.

XXXVII.

Scho was peirless of schap and portraiture,
 In her had nature finischt hir cure,
 As for gude havingis thair was nane bot scho,
 And hir array was fa fine and fa pure,
 That quhairof was hir robe I am not sure,
 For nocht bot Perle and stanis nicht I see,
 Of quhom the brightness of hir hie bewtie,
 For to behald my sicht nicht not indure,
 Mair nor the bricht sone may the bakkis ee.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Hir hair as gold or Topafis was hewit,
 Quha hir beheld, hir bewtie ay renewit.
 On heid sho had a crest of dyamantis
 Thair was na wicht that gat a ficht eschewit,
 War he never sa constant or weill thewit,
 Na he was woundit, and him hir feruant grantis
 That heuinlie wicht, hir cristall ene sã dancis,
 For blenkis sweit nane passit unperfewit,
 Bot gif he wer preferuit as thir sanctis.

XXXIX.

I wondert fair and fast in mind did stair,
 Quhat creature that micht be was sa fair,
 Of sa peirlefs excellant woman heid.
 And farlyand thus I saw within the chair
 Quhair that a man was set with lymnis squair,
 His bodie weill entailzeit euerie steid.
 He bair a bow with dartis haw as leid
 His claithing was als grene as ane huntair
 Bot he forsuith had na eine in his heid.

XL.

I understude be signes persauabill
 That was Cupyd the God maist diffauabill
 The lady Venus his mother a Goddes,
 I knew that was the court sa variabill,
 Of eirdly lufe quhilk fendill standis stabill,
 Bot zet thair mirth and solace neuertheles
 In musick tone and menstrallie expres
 Sa craftilie with curage agreabill
 Hard neuer wicht sic melodie I ges.

XLI.

XLI.

Accompanyit lustie zonkeirs with all,
 Fresche ladyis fang in voice virgineall,
 Concordis sweit, diuers entoned reportis.
 Proportionis fine with sound celestiaall
 Duplat, triplat diatefferiaall
 Seque altera, and decupla resortis,
 Diapason of mony fundrie fortis,
 War sounge and playit be feir cunning menstrall
 On lufe ballatis with mony fair disportis.

XLII.

In modulation hard I play and sing
 Faburdoun, prickfang, discant, countering,
 Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmell
 On croud, lute, harp, with mony gudlie spring,
 Schalmes, clariounis, portatives, hard I ring,
 Mony cord organe tympane and cymbell.
 Sytholl, psalterie and voices sweet as bell
 Soft releschingis in dulce deliuering,
 Fractionis diuide, at rest, or clois compell.

XLIII.

Not Pan of Archaid sa plesandlie playis,
 Nor king David quhais playing as men sayis,
 Coujurit the spreit the quhilk Saul confoundit,
 Nor Amphion with mony subtell layis,
 Quhilk Thebes wallit, with harping in his dayis,
 Nor he that first the subtell craftis foundit,
 Was not in musick half sa weill y-groundit
 Nor knew thair measure tent daill be na wayis,
 At thair resort baith heuin and eird resoundit.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Na mair I understude thair numbers fine,
 Be god than dois of Greik a swine,
 Saif that me think sweit foundis gude to heir.
 Na mair heiron my labour will I tync,
 Na mair I will thir verbillis sweit define,
 How that thair musick tones war mair cleir
 And dulcer than the mouing of the spheir
 Or Orpheus harp of Thrace with sound diuine,
 Glaskeriane maid na noyis compeir.

XLV.

Thay condiscend sa weill in ane accord,
 That by na joint thair foundis bene discord,
 In euerie key thay werren sa expert,
 Of thair array gif I suld mak record,
 Lustie Springaldis and mony gudlie lord,
 Tender zounclingis with pieteous virgin hart
 Elder ladyis knew mair of lustis art,
 Diuers uthers quilks me not list remord,
 Quhais lakkest weid was filkis ouribrouderit.

XLVI.

In vestures quent of mony findrie gyse,
 I saw all claith of gold men might deuise,
 Purpour colour, punik and scarlote hewis,
 Veluot robbis maid with the grand assyse,
 Dames, fatyne, begaryit mony wise,
 Crameffie fatine, veluot enbroude in diuers rewis
 Satine figures champit with flouris and bewis,
 Damisflure tere pyle quhairon thair lyis,
 Peirle Orphany quhilk eurie stait renewis.

XLVII.

XLVII.

Thair riche entire maist peirles to behald
 My wit can not discrue howbeit I wald
 Mony entrappit steid with filkis feir
 Mony pattrell neruit with gold I tald
 Full mony new gilt harnasing not ald,
 Ou mony palfray luif sum Ladyis cleir,
 And nixt the chair I saw formest appeir,
 Upon a bardit curser stout and bald,
 Mars God of stife enarmit in birneist geir.

XLVIII.

Euerie Inuafibill wapon on him he bair,
 His tuik was gryn, his bodie large and squair,
 His lymmis weill entailziet to be strang,
 His neck was greit a span lenth weill or mair,
 His visage braid with crisp broun curland hair,
 Of stature not our greit, nor zet our lang,
 Behaldand Venus, O ze my lufe, (he sang).
 And scho agane with dallyance sa fair
 Hir knight him cleipis quhair sa he ryde or gang

XLIX.

Thair was Arcyte, and Palemon afwa
 Accompyniet with fair Aemilia,
 The Quene Dido with hir fals lufe Enee,
 Trew Troilus, unfaithfull Cressida,
 The fair Paris, and plesand Helena,
 Constant Lucrece, and traist Penelope,
 Kind Piramus, and wo begone Thyfse,
 Dolorous Progne, trist Philomena,
 King Dauids lufe, thair saw I Barfabe.

L.

Thair was Ceix with the kind Alceyon
 And Achilles wroth with Agamemnon,
 For Briffida his lady fra him tane,
 Wofull Phillis, and hir lufe Demophoon,
 Subtell Medea, and hir knicht Jafon.
 Of France I saw thair Paris and Veane
 Thair was Phedra, Theseus and Ariane
 The Secret, uife, hardie Ipomedon,
 Affueir Hester, Irrepreuabill Sufane.

LI.

Thair was the fals unhappy Dalida,
 Cruell wickit and curst Deianira,
 Waryic Biblis and the fair Absolon,
 Ypsiphile, abominabill Sylla,
 Triftram, Yfide, Elkana and Anna,
 Cleopatra and worthie Mark Anthone,
 Jole, Hercules, Alcest, Iron.
 The onlie patient wife Greffillida
 Hyacynthus that his heid brak one ane Stone.

LII.

Thair was Jacob with fair Rachel his Maik,
 The quhilk becomè till Laban for hir saik,
 Fourtene zeir bound, with hart immutabill,
 Thair bene bot few sic now I undertaik.
 This fair Ladyis in filk and claith of laik,
 Thus lang fall not all foundin be sa stabill,
 This Venus court, quhilk was in lufe maist abil,
 For till discrive my cunninges to waik,
 Ane multitude thay war innumerabill.

LIII.

LIII.

Of gudlie folk in euerie rank and age,
 With blenkis sweit fresche lustie grene curage,
 And dalyance thay riding furth in feir,
 Sum leuis in hope, and sum in greit thirlage
 Sum in dispair, sum findis his panis swage,
 Garlandis of flouris and rois Chaipletis feir,
 Thay bair on heid, and samin fang sa cleir,
 Quhill that thair mirth commouit my curage,
 Till sing this lay quhilk followand ze may heir.

LIV.

Constranit hart belappit in distres,
 Groundit in wo, and full of heuines,
 Complane thy panefull cairis infinite,
 Bewaill this warldis frail unsteidfastnes,
 Hauand regrait, sen gain is thay gladnes,
 And all thy solace returnit in dispite,
 O Catiue Thrall inuolupit in fyte,
 Confes thy fatall wofull wretchednes,
 Deuide in twane and furth diffound all tyte
 Aggreuance greit in miserable indyte.

LV.

My cruell fate subjectit to pennance
 Predestinate, sa void of all plesance
 Hes everie greif amid my hart ingraue,
 The slide inconstant destenie or chance,
 Unequallie dois hing in thair balance,
 My demerites and greit dolour I haue,
 This purgatorie redoublis all the laue,
 Ilk wicht hes sum weilfair at obeysance,

Saif me byfning, that may na grace refaue
Deid the addres, and do me to my graue.

LVI.

Wo worth sic strang misfortune anoyous,
Quhilk hes opprest my spreits maist joyous,
Wo worth this warldis freuch felicitie,
Wo worth my feruent difeis dolorous,
Wo worth the wicht that is not piteous,
Quhair the trespaffour penitent thay fe.
Wo worth this deid that daylie dois me die,
Wo worth Cupyd, and wo worth fals Venus,
Wo worth thame baith, ay waryit mot thay be,
Wo worth thair court and curfit deftenie.

LVII.

Loud as I mocht in dolour all deftrenziet,
This lay I lang, and not ane letter fenzeit,
Tho' saw I Venus on hir lip did bite,
And all the court in hafte thair horfis renzeit
Proclamand loude, quhair is zone poid that plenzeit,
Quhilk deith deseruis comittand sic despite,
Fra tre to tre thay feirching but respite.
Quhill ane me fand, quhilk said and greit difdenzeit,
Auant villane thow reclus imperfite.

LVIII.

All in ane feuir out of my muskane bowr,
On kneis I crap, and law for feir did lowre,
Than all the court on me thair heidis schuik,
Sum glowmand grim, sum girnand with visage fowre,
Sum in the nek gaue me feil dyntis dowre.

Pluck

Pluck at the craw thay cryit, deplome the ruik,
 Pulland my hair, with blek my face they bruik,
 Skrymomorie fery gaue me mony a clowre
 For chyppynutie ful oft my chaftis quik.

LXIX.

With pane torment thus in thair tenefull play,
 Till Venus bound thay led me furth the way,
 Quhilk than was fet amid a goldin chair;
 And fa confoundit into that fell affray,
 As that I micht confidder thair array.
 Me thocht the field ouirspred with carpettis fair
 (Quhilk was to foir brint barrane vile and bair)
 Wer maist plesand, bot all (the fuith to say)
 Micht nocht ameis my greuous panefull fair.

LX.

Enthronit fat Mars, Cupyd and Venus:
 Tho' rais ane clerk was cleipit various,
 Me till accusen of a deidlie crime,
 And he begouth and red ane dittay thus.
 Thou wickit Catue wod and furious
 Presumpteouslie now at this present time,
 My Lady hes blasphemit in thy rime,
 Hir sone, hir self, and hir court amorous,
 For till betrais awaitit heir sen prime.

LXI.

Now God thow wait me thocht my fortune fey,
 With quaikand voce and hart cald as a key,
 On kneis I kneillit and mercy culd imploir,
 Submittand me but ony langer pley,
 Venus mandate and plesure to obey.

Grace was denyit and my trauell forloir
 For scho gaue charge to proced as befoir
 Than various spak richt stoultie me to fley
 Injoynand filence till ask grace ony moir.

LXII.

He demandit my answer Quhat I said?
 Than as I mocht with curage all mismaid,
 Fra time I understude na mair supplie,
 Sair abaisit, belieue I thus out braid;
 Set of thir pointis of crime now on me laid,
 I may be quite guiltless in veritie
 Zit first agane the Judge quhilk heer I se,
 This inordinate court, and proces quaid,
 I will object for causes twa or thre.

LXIII.

Inclynand law (quod I) with piteous face,
 I me defend, Madame, pleis it zour grace,
 Say on (quod scho) Than said I thus but mair;
 Madame ze may noe fit into this cace
 For Ladyis may be judges in na place
 And mairattour I am na seculair,
 A spirituall man (thocht I be void of lair)
 Cleipet I am, and aucht my liues space
 To be remit till my Judge ordinair.

LXIV.

I zow bezeik Madam with bissie cure
 Till giue ane gracious Interlocutur,
 On thir exceptiones now proponit lait.
 Than suddanelie Venus (I zou assure)
 Deluierit sone and with a voice so sure,

Aufwerit

Answerit thus, thow subteil fmy God wait,
 Quhat wenis thow to degraid my hie Estait,
 Me to decline as Judge, curst creature,
 It beis not fa, the game gais uther gait.

LXV.

As we the find thow fall thoill Judgement,
 Not of a clerk we fe the represent,
 Saif onlie falsfet and disfaithfull taillis,
 First quhen thow come with hart and hail intent,
 Thow the submitt it to my commandement.
 Now now thairof methink to sone thow faillis,
 I wene na thing but follie that the aillis,
 Ze clerkis bene in subtell wordis quent,
 And in the deid als schairp as ony snaillis.

LXVI.

Ze bene the men beawrayis my commandis,
 Ze bene the men disturbis my fervandis,
 Ze bene the men with wickit wordis feill,
 Quhilk blapshemis fresche lustie zoung gallandis,
 That in my seruice and retinew standis,
 Ze bene the men that cleipis zow fa leill,
 With fallis beheft quhill ze zour purpos steill,
 Sine ze forfweir baith bodie, treuth, and handis,
 Ze bené fa fals ze can na word conceill.

LXVII.

Have done (quod scho) Schir varius alswyth
 Do write the sentence, lat this catiue knyth
 Gif our power may deming his misdeid.
 Than God thow wait gif that my spreit was blyth
 The feverous hew intill my face did myith

All my mal-eis for swa the horribill dreid,
 Haill me our set : I nicht not say my creid,
 For feir and wo within my skin I wryith,
 I nicht not pray forsuih thocht I had neid.

LXVIII.

Zet of my deith I set not half ane fle
 For greit effer me thocht na pane to die,
 But fair I dred me for some uther Jaip,
 That Venus suld throw her subtillitie,
 Intill sum byfning beist transfigurat me,
 As in a Beir, a Bair, ane Oule, ane Aip,
 I traistit sa for till have bene mischaip,
 That oft I wald my hand behald to se
 Gif it alterit, and oft my visage graip.

LXIX.

Tho' I reuoluit in my mind anone,
 How that Diane transformit Aceteone,
 And Juns eik as for a kow gart keip
 The fair Jo that lang was wo begone,
 Argus her Zimmit that ene had mony one,
 Quhome at the last Mercurius gart sleip,
 And hir deliuerit of tha danger deip;
 I rememberit also how in a stone,
 The wife of Loth y-changit fair did weip.

LXX.

I umbethocht how Joue and auld Saturne,
 Intill ane wolf thay did, Lycaon turne,
 And how the michtie Nabuchodonozor,
 In beistlie forme did on the feild sojurne,
 And for his guilt was maid to weip and murne.

Thir

Thir feirfull wonders gart me dreid-full foir;
For by exemplis oft I hard tofoir.
He fuld bewar that feis his fellow spurne,
Mischance of ane, fuld be an uthuris loir.

LXXI.

And rolland thus in diuers fantasies
Terribill thochtis oft my hart did gryis,
For all remeid was alterit in dispair.
Thair was na hope of mercie till deuyis,
Thair was na micht my friend be na kin wyis,
All haillelie the court was me contrair
Than was almaist written the sentence fair,
My febill minde feand this greit suppryis,
Was than of wit and euirie blis-full bair.

The

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR.

PART SECUND.

§ I.

TO thus amid this hard perplexitie,
Awaitand euer quhat moment I suld die,
Or than sum new transfiguratioun.
He that quhilk is eternal veritie,
The glorious Lord, ringand in persounis thre,
Prouydit hes for my saluatioun,
Be sum gude spreitis Reuelatioun,
Quhilk intercessioun maid I traift for me,
I forzet all Imaginatioun.

II.

All hail my dreid I tho forzet in hy,
And all my wo, bot zet I wist not quhy,
Save that I had some hope till be releuit,
I raifit than my visage haistelic,
And with a blenk anone I did espy,
A luik sicht quhilk nocht my hart engreuit,
Ane heuinlic rout out throw the wod eschewit
Of buhome the bountie gif I not deny,
Unetih may be intill ane scripture brewit.

III.

III.

With Lawreir crownit in Robbis fide all new,
 Of a Fassoun and all of steidfast hew,
 Arrayit weill ane court I saw come neir,
 Of wise degest eloquent fathers trew,
 And plesand ladyis quhilks fresche bewtie schew,
 Singand softlie full sweit on thair maner
 On Poet wise, all diuers versis feir,
 Historyis greit in Latine toung and grew,
 With fresche indite and foundis gude to heir.

IV.

And sum of thame ad Lyram playit and sang
 Sa plesand verse quhill all the Roches rang
 Metir Saphik, and also Elygie,
 Thair instrumentis all maist war fidillis lang,
 But with a string quhilk neuer a wriest zeid wrang,
 Sum had an harp and sum a fair psaltrie,
 Deuydit weill and held the measure lang,
 In foundis sweit of Plesand melodie.

V.

The Ladyis sang in voices dulcorait
 Facund epistillis quhilks quhylum Ovid wrait
 As Phillis Quene, send till Duke Demophon,
 And of Penelope the greit regrait,
 Send to hir Lord scho douting his estait,
 That he at Troy suld loisit be or tone
 How Accontius till Cydippe anone
 Wrait his complaint, thair hard I, weill, God wait,
 With other lustie missives mony one?

IV.

VI.

I had greit wonder of thay Ladyis feir,
 Quhilks in that airt micht haue na compeir
 Of Castis quent, rethorik colouris fine,
 Sa poet like in subteill fair manier,
 And eloquent firme cadence regulair.
 Thair veyage furth contenand richt as line,
 With sang and play (as said is) sa deuine,
 Thay fast approching to the place weill neir,
 Quhair I was torment into my greit pine.

VII.

And as that heuinlie fort new nominate,
 Remouit furth on gudlie wise thair gait.
 Toward the court quhilk was to foir expremit,
 My curage grew, for quhat cause I nocht wait,
 Saif that I held me payit of thair estait;
 And thay wer folk of knowledge as it semit,
 Als into Venus court full fast thay demit;
 Sayand, zone lustie court weill stop or meit,
 To justifie this bysning quhilk blasphemit.

VIII.

Zone is (quod thay) the court Rethoricall,
 Of Poet termis singand Poeticall,
 And constand ground of famous stories sweit,
 Zone is the facund well celestiall,
 Zone is the fontane and originall,
 Quhair fra the well of Helicon dois fleit,
 Zone are the folks that comfortis euerie spreit,
 Be fine delite and dite angelicall,
 Causand gros leid, of maist gudness gleit.

D

IX.

IX.

Zone is the court of plesand steidfastnes,
 Zone is the court of constant merines,
 Zone is the court of joyous discipline,
 Quhilk causis folk thair purposis to express,
 In ornate wise prouokand with gladnes,
 All gentill hartis to thair lair inclyne,
 Euerie famous poeit men may diuine,
 Is in zone rout, lo zonder thair princes,
 Thespis, mother of the musis nine.

X.

And nixt hir fine hir dochter first begot,
 Lady Clio, quhilk craftilie dois fet,
 Historyis auld like as thay war present,
 Euterpe eik whilk daylie dois hir det,
 In dulce blastis of pypis sweit but let ;
 The third sifter, Thalia, diligent
 In wantown writ, and chronikill dois imprint,
 The feird indytis oft with cheikis wet,
 Sair tragedies, Melpomone the gent.

XI.

Terpsichore the fyft with humbill foun,
 Makis on psalteris modulatioun,
 The sixt Erato like thir lovers wilde,
 Will sing, daunce, and leip baith up and doum.
 Polymnia, the feuint muse of renoun,
 Dytis thir sweit rethorick colouris milde,
 Quhilks are sa plesand baith to man and childe,
 Urania, the aucht sifter with crown,
 Writes the heuin and starnis all bedene.

XII.

XII.

The nynt, quhome to nane uther is compeir,
 Calliope the lustie lady cleir,
 Of quhom the bewtie and the worthiness
 Hir vertewis greit schynis baith far and neir,
 For scho of nobill fatis hes the steir,
 To write thair worschip, victorie and prowes,
 In kinglie style quhilk dois thair fame incres,
 Ecleipt in Latine heroicus, but weir
 Chief of all write like as scho is maistres.

XIII.

Thir musis nine lo zonder may ze see,
 With fresche nymphes of water and of sey,
 And fair ladyis of thir tempillis auld,
 Pyerides, Dryades and Saturee,
 Nerides, Aones, Napee,
 Of quhome the bounties neidis not be tauld,
 Thus demit the court of Venus mony fauld:
 Quhilk speiche refreshit my perplexitie,
 Rejoisand weill, my spreit befoir was cauld.

XIV.

The suddane sicht of that firme court foresaid,
 Recomfort weill my hew befoir was said,
 Amid my spreit the joyous heit redoundit,
 Behalding how the lustie musis raid,
 And all thair court quhilk was sa blyth and glaid,
 Quhais merines all heuines confoundit,
 Thair saw I weill in poetrie y-groundit,
 The greit Homeir, quhilk in Greik language said,
 Maist eloquentlie, in quhome all witt y-boundit.

XV.

Thair was the greit Latine Virgilius,
 The famous father Poet Ouidius,
 Dictes, Dares, and eik the trew Lucane,
 Thair was Plautus Poggius, and Perfius,
 Thair was Terence, Donate, and Seruius,
 Francis Petrache, Flaccus Valeriane,
 Thair was Esope, Cato, and Allane,
 Thair was Gaultier and Beotius,
 Thair was also the greit Quintilliane.

XVI.

Thair was the Satyr Poet Juuenall,
 Thair was the mixt and subteill martial
 Of Thebes Brute, thair was the Poet Stace,
 Thair was Faustus and Laurence of the Vale,
 Pomponius, quhais fame of late fans fail,
 Is blawin wyde throw eurie realm and place,
 Thair was the moral wise Poet Horace,
 With mony uther clerk of greit auail,
 Thair was Brunnell, Claudius and Bocchace.

XVII.

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew us neir,
 The hundreth part thair names ar not heir,
 Zit saw I thair of Brutus Albyon,
 Geffray Chaucier, as a per se sans peir
 In his vulgare, and morall John Goweir.
 Lydgatè the monk raid musing him alone,
 Of this statioun I knew also anone,
 Greit Kennedie and Dunbar zit undeid,
 And Quintine with ane huttock on his heid.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Howbeit I culd declair and weill indite,
 The bounties of that court dewlie to write,
 War our prolixit transcending mine ingine,
 Tuitching the proces of my panefull site.
 Believe I saw thir lustie musis quhite,
 With all thair rout toward Venus decline,
 Quhair Cupide sat with her in throne diuine,
 I standand bundin in ane forie piite,
 Bydand thair grace, or than my deidlie pine.

XIX.

Straicht to thair Quene thir famin musis raid,
 Maist eloquentlie thair salutationis maid,
 Venus again zald thame thair salufing,
 Richt reverentlie, and on hir feit upbraid,
 Beseikand thame to licht, nay, nay thay said,
 We may not heir mak na lang tarying,
 Calliope maist facund and leening,
 Inquirit Venus quhat wicht had hir mismaid,
 Or quhat was cause of hir thair sojourning.

XX.

Sister said scho behald zone byfning schew,
 A subtell smy, consider weill his hew,
 Standis thair bound, and bekinit hir to me,
 Zone Catiue had blasphemit me of new,
 For to degraid, and do my fame adew,
 A laitlie ryme dispitefull and subteil
 Compylet hes, reheirland loud and hie,
 Selander, Dispite, sorrow and velanie,
 To me, my sone, and eik our court for aye.

XXI.

He hes deseruit deith, he fall lie deid,
 And we remaine forsuith into this steid,
 To justifie that rebald rennegait,
 Quod Calliopie, sifter away all feid,
 Quhy suld he die, quhy suld he lois his heid.
 To slay him for sa small ane cryme God wait,
 Greitar degrading war to zour estait,
 To sic as he to mak counter pleid,
 How may ane fule zour hie honour chek mait?

XXII.

Quhat of his lak, sa wide zour fame is blaw,
 Zour excellence maist peirles is sa knaw,
 Na wretchis word may depair zour hie name,
 Giue me his life, and modifie the law,
 For on my heid he standis now sic aw,
 That he fall efter deserue neuer mair blame,
 Nocht of his deith ze may report bot schame,
 In recompence for his missettand saw,
 He fall zour heft in euerie part proclame.

XXIII.

Thar Lord how glaid became my febill goist,
 My curage grew the whilk befor was loist,
 Seand I had sa greit ane aduocait,
 That expertlie but prayer, price or cost,
 Obtenit had my friwoll actioun almost,
 Quhilk was befor perischt and desolait:
 This quhile Venus stude in ane studie strait,
 Bot finallie scho schew till all the Dist
 Scho wald do grace, and not be obstinait.

XXIV.

XXIV.

I will said scho haue mercie and pietie,
 Do slaik my wraith, and let all rancour be ;
 Quhair is mair vice than to be ouer cruell?
 And specially in women sic as me,
 A lady, fy ! that ufis tyrannie,
 A venomous ather and a serpent fell,
 A vennemous dragoun or ane deuill of hell,
 Is na compair to the iniquitie,
 Of bald wemen, as thir wise clerkis tell.

XXV.

Greit God defend I suld be one of tho,
 Quhilk of thair feid and malice never ho,
 Out on sic gram, I will haue na repreif,
 Calliope, sifter, said to Venus tho
 At zour requeist this wretche fall freily go
 Heir I remit his trespas, and all greif,
 Sall be forget, sa he fall say sum breif,
 Or schort ballat in contrair pane and wo,
 Twitching my Laude, and his plesand relief.

XXVI.

And secundlie, the nixt reffonabill command,
 Quhilk I him charge, se that he nocht gane stand,
 On thir conditiounonis sifter at zour requeist,
 He fall gang fre ; quod Calliope inclinand,
 Grant mercie sifter, I obleis be my hand,
 He fall obserue in all pointis zour behest.
 Than Venus bade do slaik sone my arceist.
 Belieue I was releuit of eurie band,
 Uprais the court, and all the parlour ceist.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Tho sat I down lawlie upon my kne,
 At command of prudent Calliope,
 Yeildand Venus thankis ane thousand fyith,
 For ta hie friendship, and mercifull pietie,
 Excelland grace, and greit humanitie,
 The quhilk to me trespassour did scho kyith,
 I the forgiue, quod scho, than was I blyth,
 Doun on ane stock I sat me suddenlie
 At hir command, and wrait this lay alswyth.

XXVIII.

Unwemmit witt deliuerit of dangair,
 Maist happellie deliuerit fra the snair,
 Releit fre of seruice and bondage,
 Expell dolour, expell deseifis fair,
 Avoid displeasure womenting and cair,
 Resfaje plesance, and do thy sorrow swage,
 Behald thy glaid fresche lustie grene curage,
 Rejoice amid thir louers but despair,
 Prouide ane place to plant thy tender age,
 In lestand blis, to remane and repair.

XXIX.

Quha is in welth? Quha is weill fortunate?
 Quha is in pietie disseuerit fra debait?
 Quha leuis in hope, Wha leuis in esperance,
 Quha standis in grace, Quha standis in firm estait?
 Quha is content, rejoycit air or lait,
 Or Quha is he that fortoun dois auance?
 Bot thow that is replenischet of plesance,
 Thow hes comfort, all weilfair delicate,

Thow

Thow hes glaidnes, thow hes the happie chance,
Thow hes thy will, Thow be nocht desolait.

XXX.

Incres in mirthfull consolatioun,
In joyous sweit imaginatioun,
Abound in lufe of perfite amouris,
With diligent trew deliberatioun,
Rander louingis for thy salvatioun,
Till Venus, and under her guerdoun all houris,
Rest at all eis, but fair or sitfull schouris,
Abide in quiet, maist constant weillfair,
Unwemmit wit deliuerit of all danger.

XXXI.

This lay was red in oppin audience,
Of the musis and in Venus presence,
I stand content thow art obedient,
Quod Calliope, my companion and defence.
Venus said eik it was some recompence,
For my trespas, I was sa penitent,
And with that word all suddanelie scho went,
In ane instant scho and hir court was hence,
Zit stil abaid thir musis on the bent.

XXXII.

Inclynand than, I said Calliope,
My protectour, my help and my supplie,
My fouerane lady, my redemptioun,
My mediatour, quhen I was dampnit to die,
I fall beseik the godlie majestie,
Infinite thankis, laude and benifoun,
Zow till acquite, according zour renoun,

It

It langis nocht my possibilitie,
Till recompence ten part of this guerdoun.

XXXIII.

Gloir honour laude and reuerence conding,
Quha may forzeild zow of fa hie ane thing,
And in that part zour mercie I imploir,
Submitting me my life time induring,
Zour plesance and mandate till obeyfing.
Silence said scho, I haue eneuch heirfoir,
I will thow wend and vesie wonderis moir,
Than scho me hes betaucht in keiping,
Of une sweit nympe maist faithfull and decoir.

XXXIV.

Ane hors I gat maist richelie befene
Was harneist all with wedbind leuis grene,
Of the same sute the trappours law doun hang
Ouir him I straid at command of the quene,
The famin furth we ryding all bedene,
Als swift as thocht with mony a merie sang,
My nymph alwayis conuoyit me of thrang,
Amid the musis to se quhat thay wald mene
Quhilks sang and playit but neuer a wreist zeid wrang.

XXXV.

Throw countreis feir holtis and rockes hie,
Ouir vaillis planis woddis wallie sey,
Ouir fludis fair, and mony strait mountane,
We war caryit in twinkling of ane eye,
Our horfis flaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me,
Now out of France turfit in Tuskane,
Now out of Flanders heich up in Almanie,

Now

Now into Egypt, now into Italie,
Now in the realm of Trace and now in Spane.

XXXVI.

The hie montanes we passit of Germanie,
Ouir appennynus devydand Italie,
Ouir Ryne, the Pow, and Tiber fluides fair,
Ouir Alpheus by pyse, the riche cietie,
Under the eirth, that enters in the see,
Ouir Rone ouir Sane ouir France and eik ouir Lair,
And ouir Tagus the golden sandit riuar,
In Theffalie we passit the mont Oethe,
And Hercules in sepulture fand thair.

XXXVII.

Thair went we ouir the riuar Peneyus,
In Sicill eik we passit the mont Tinolus;
Pleinisht with saiffon honie and with wyne,
The twa toppit famous Parnafus,
In Trace we went out ouir the mont Einus,
Quhair Orpheus leirit his Harmonie maist fyne,
Ouir Carmelus quhair twa prophetis deuyne,
Remainit, Helias, and Helifeus,
Fra quhome the ordour of Carmelites came fyne.

XXXVIII.

And nixt into the Land of Amafon,
In haist we past the flude Termodyon,
And ouir the huge hill that hecht Mynas,
We raid the hill of Bacchus Citheron,
And Olympus the mont of Macedon,
Quhilk semis heich up in the heuin to pass,
In that countrie we raid the flude Melas,

Quhais

Quhais water makis quhite schap blak anone,
In Eurpoe eik we raid the flude Thanas.

XXXIX.

We raid the swift riuer Sparthiades,
The flude of Surry Achicorontes,
The hill sa full of wellis eleipit Ida,
Armenie hills, and flude Euphrates,
The flude of Nyle the precious flude Ganges,
The hill of Sicill ay birnand Ethna,
And our the mont of Phrygie Dindama,
Hallowit in honour of the mother goddes,
Cauld Caucasus we past in Sythia.

XL.

We passit the fludis of Tigris and Phison
Of Thrace the riuers Hebrus and Strymon,
The mount of Modan and the flude Jordane,
The facund well and hill of Helicon,
The mont Eryx the well of Acheron,
Baith dedicate to Venus in certain,
We past the hill and desert of Libane,
Our mont Cinthus quhair god Apollo schone,
Straicht to the musis Castaline fountane.

XLI.

Beside that cristall well sweit and digest,
Thame to repos, thair hors refresche and rest,
Alichtit doun thir musis cleir of hew,
The companie all haillelie leist and best,
Thrang to the well to drink quhilk ran south west,
Throw out ane meid quhair alkin flouris grew,
Amang the laif full fast I did pursfew,

To

To drink, bot sa, the greit preis me opprest,
That of the water I nicht not taste a drew.

XLII.

Ouir horsis pasturit in ane plesand plane,
Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
Amid ane meid schaddowit with Ceder treis
Saif fra all heit, thair nicht we weil remain,
All kinde of herbis, flouris, frute, and greine,
With curie growand tre thair men nicht cheis,
The beryall streams rinnand ouir stanerie gries,
Made sober noyis, the schaw dinnet agane,
For birdis sang and founding of the beis.

XLIII.

The ladyis fair on diuers instrumentis,
Went playand, singand, danfand, ouir the bentis,
Full angellik and heuinlie was their soun,
Quhat creature amid his hart imprintis,
The fresche bewtie the gudelic representis?
The merrie speiche, fair hauingis, hie renoun,
Of thame, wald set a wise man half in swoun,
Thair woman lines wryithit the elementis,
Stoneist the heuin and all the eirth adoun.

XLIV.

The warld may not consider nor descriue
The heuinlie joy the blifs I saw believe,
Sa ineffable, abone my witt sa hie,
I will na mair thairon my foreheid riue,
Bot briefly furth my febill proces drive,
Law in the meid an Palzeeron pitcht I se,
Maist gudlieft, and richeft that nicht be,

My governour oftner than times five,
Unto that hald to pass commandit me.

XLV.

Swa finally straicht to that royall steed,
In fellowship with my leidar I zeid,
We enterit sone, the portar was not thra,
Thair was na stopping lang demand nor pleid,
I kneillit law, and unheilded my heid,
And tho I saw our ladyis twa and twa,
Sittand on deiffis, familiars to and fra,
Servand thame fast with ypocras and meid,
Delicate meitis dainteis feir alswa.

XLVI.

Greit was the preis, the feist royal to sene,
At eis thay ate with interludis betwene,
Gauë problewmis feir and mony fair demandis,
Inquyrand quha best in their times had bene,
Quha triast lovers in lustie zeirs grene,
Sum said this way, and sum thair to ganestandis,
Than Calliope, Ouide to appeir commandis,
My clerk quod scho of register bedene,
Declair quha war maist worthie of thair handis.

XLVII.

With laurer crownit at hir commandement,
Upstude this poet digest and eloquent,
And schew the fatis of Hercules the strang,
How he the griffie hellis hounds outrent,
Slew Iyounis, monsturis, and mony fell serpent,
And to the deith feill mighty gyantis dang.
Of Theseus eik he schew the weiris lang,

Agane

Agane the queene Ypolita the sweit,
And how he slew the Minotaur in Creit.

XLVIII.

Of Perseus he tauld the knichtly deidis,
Quhilk vinqushed, as men in Ouide reidis,
Creuell tyrantis and monstures mony one,
Of Dianis bair, in Callidon the dreidis,
How throw ane ladyis schot his sydis bleidis,
The bretheris deith, and syne the sifter's mone,
He schew how king Pryamus sone Pyssacone,
After his deith, bodie and all his weidis,
Intill ane skarth transformit was anone.

XLIX.

He schew at Troy quhat wise the Greiks landis,
How feirs Achilles stranglit with his handis,
The valzeant Cygnus, Neptunes son maist deir,
Quhilk at Greiks arriual on the strandis,
A thousand slew that day upon the sandis.
Fought with Achill and bluntit all his speir,
Na wapin was that might him wound or deir,
Quhill Achilles brist of his helme the bandis,
And wirryit him be force for all his feir.

L.

He schaw full mony transmutatiounis,
And wonderfull new figouratiounis,
Be hundrethis, mo than I haue heir expremit,
He tauld of lufis meditatiounis,
The craft of lufe and the salwatiounis,
How that the furie lustis fuld be flamet.
Of diuers uther matters als he demit,

And be his prudent schairp relatiounis,
He was expert of all thing as it semit.

LI.

Uprais the greit Virgilius anone,
And playit the sportis of Daphnis and Cōrydone,
Sine Terence come, and playit the Comedy,
Of Parmeno, Thrafon and wife Gnatone,
Juuenall like ane mowar him allone,
Stude scornand, euerie man as thay zeid by,
Martial was cuik, till roist, seith, farce and fry,
And Poggius stude with mony girne and grone,
On Laurence Valla, spittand, and cryand fy.

LII.

With mirthis thus and meitis delicatē,
Thir ladyis feistit according thair estait,
Uprais at last, commandand till tranoynt.
Retreit was blawn loude, and than God waitē,
Men nicht have sene swift horsis haldin hait,
Schynand for sweit, as thay had bene anoyit,
Of all that rout was neuer a prick disjoynt,
For all our tary, and I furth with my mait,
Mountit on hors, raid samin in gude point.

LIII.

Ouir mony gudlie plane we raid bedene,
The vaill of Hebron, the camp Damascene,
Throw Josaphat, and throw the lustie vaill
Ouir waters wan, throw worthie woddis grene,
And swa at last on lifting up our ene,
We se the final end of our trauail,
Amid ane plane a plesand roche to waill,

And

And euerie wicht free we that ficht had sene,
Thankand greit God, their heidis law deuaille.

LIV.

With finging, lauching, merines and play,
Unto this roche we rydand furth the way,
Now mair to write for feir trimblis my pen,
The hart may not think nor mannis toung say,
The eir nocht heir, nor zit the eye se may,
It may not be be imaginitt with men,
The heuinlie blis the perfite joy to ken,
Quhilk now I saw, the hundreth part, all day,
I nicht not schaw thocht I had toungis ten.

LV.

Thocht all my members toungis war on raw,
I war not able the thousand fauld to schaw,
Quhairfoir I feir ocht farther mair to write,
For quhidder I this in saul or bodie saw,
That wait I nocht, bot he that all dois know,
The greit God wait, in euerie thing perfite,
Eik gif I wald this auisioun indite,
Jangleris suld it backbite, and stand nane aw,
Cry out on dreimis quilks are not worth an mite.

LVI.

Senthis till me all verity be kend,
I repute thus better to make ane end,
Than ocht to say that suld heiraris engreif,
On uther side thocht thay me vilipend,
I consider prudent folk will commend,
The veritie, and sic jangling repreif,
With quhais correctioun, support and relief,

Furth to proced, this proces I pretend,
Traiftand in God my purposis to escheif.

LVII.

Howbeit I may not euerie circumstance,
Reduce perfitley in remembrance,
Myne ignorance zit sum part fall deuise,
Twitching this fight of heuinlie sweit plesance,
Now emptie pen write furth, thy lustie chance,
Schaw wonderis feill, suppois thow be not wise,
Be diligente and repelie the auife,
Be quick and schairp voidit of variance,
Be sweit, and caus not gentill hartis grife.

The

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR.

PART THIRD.

§ I.

ZE musis nine be in my adiutorie,
That made me se this blis and perfite glorie,
Teiche me zowr facund castis eloquent,
Len me a recent schairp fresche memorie,
And caus me dewlie till indite this storie,
Sum gracious sweitnes in my breift imprent,
Till mak the heirars bowsom and attent,
Reidand my wreitt illuminate with zour loir,
Infinite thankis randerand zow thair foir.

II.

Now briefly to my purpose for till gone,
About the hill lay wayis mony one,
And to the hicht bet ane passage ingraue,
Hewin in the roche of sid hard marbell stone,
Agane the stone llike to the glas it schone,
The ascence was hie, and strait for till consaue,
Zit than thir musis gudelic and suaue,
Alichtit down and clam the roche in hie,
With all the rout, out tane my nimphe and I.

III.

III.

Still at the hillis fute we twa abaid,
 Than suddanlie my keipar to me said,
 Ascend galland, than for feir I quoik,
 Be not affrayit scho said be not dismayit,
 And with that word up the strait rod abraid,
 I followit fast, scho be the hand me tuick,
 Zit durst I never for dreid behind me luik,
 With meikle pain thus clam I neir the hicht,
 Quhair suddanelie I saw ane grissie sicht.

IV.

As we approchit neir the hillis heid,
 Ane terribill fewch birnand in flammis reid,
 Abhominabill, and how as hell to see,
 All full of brinstane, pick and bulling leid,
 Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid,
 And miserabill Catiues zelland loud on hie,
 I saw, quhilk den nicht weill compairit be,
 Till Xanthus the flude of Troy sa schill,
 Birnand at Venus heft contrair Achill.

V.

Amid our passage lay this uglie sicht;
 Nocht braid but sa horribill to euerie wicht,
 That all the warld to passit suld have dreid.
 Weil I considerit na upper mair I nicht,
 And to descend sa hidious was the hicht,
 I durst dot auenture for this eird on breid;
 Trimbland I stude with teith chatterand gude speid,
 My nymphe beheld my cheir, and said let be,
 Thow sall nocht aill, and lo the caus. (quod scho).

VI.

VI.

To me thow art committed, I fall the keip,
 Thir pieteous pepill amid this laithlie deip,
 War wretchis quhilks in lustie zeiris fair,
 Pretendit thame till hie honour to creip,
 Bot suddanlie thay fell on slewthfull sleip,
 Fellowand plesance drownit in this loch of cair,
 And with that word scho hint me be the hair,
 Carpit me till the hillis heid anone,
 As Abaeuk was brocht in Babylone.

VII.

As we bene on the hie hill situait,
 Luik down quod scho consaue in quhat estait,
 Thy wretchit warld thow may consider now,
 At her command with meikill dreid God wait,
 Out our the hill sa hiddious hie and strait,
 I blent adoun and felt my body grow,
 This brukill eird sa litill till allow,
 Me thoecht I saw birn in ane fireie rage,
 Of stormie sey quhilk might na maner swage.

VIII.

That terribill tempest hiddeous wallis huge,
 War maist grislie for to behald or judge,
 Quhair nouthar rest nor quiet nicht appeir,
 Thair was ane perrelous place folk for to lodge,
 Thair was na help support nor zit refuge,
 Innumerabill folk I saw flotterand in feir,
 Quhilk pereist on the walterand wallis weir,
 And secundlie I saw a lustie barge,
 Ouirsett with seysis and mony stormy charge.

XIX.

IX.

This gudelic Carwell taiklit traift on raw,
 With Blanschit fail milk quhite as ony snaw,
 Richt souer, ticht and wonder stranglie beidit,
 Was on the bairdin wallis quite ouirthraw,
 Contrariousslie the bufterous wind did blaw
 In bubbis thick, that na schippis sail micht weild it,
 Now sank scho law, now hie to heuin up heildit.
 At everie part swa sey windis draif,
 Quhill on ane sand the schip did birft and Claif.

X.

It was a pieteous thing, alaik, alaik,
 To heir the dulefull cry, quhen that scho fraik,
 Maist lamentabill the pereift folk to se,
 Sa famist drowkit, mait forewrocht and waik,
 Sum on an Plank of fir tre, and sum of aik,
 Sum hang upon a takill, sum on ane tre,
 Sum fra thair grip sone waschin with the see,
 Part drownit, part to the Roche fleit or swam,
 On raipis or buirdis, sine up the hill thay clam.

XI.

Tho' at my nympe breiffie I did enquire,
 Quhat signifyet that feirfull wonders feir,
 Zone multitude said scho of pepill drownit,
 Ar faithles folk, Quhilks quhill thay ar heir,
 Misknawis God and followis thair pleseir,
 Quhair foir thay fall in endlis fire be brint,
 Zone lustie schip zow seis perieft and tint,
 In quhome zone pepill maid ane perrelous race,
 Scho hecht the Carwell of the state of grace.

XII.

XII.

Ze bene all borne the sonniss of Ire, I gues,
 Sine throw Baptifme gettis grace and faithfulness,
 Than in zone Carwell surelie ze remane,
 Oft stormested with this wardlis brucklenes,
 Quhill that ze fall in fin and wretchitnes,
 Than scrip broken fall ze drown in endles pane,
 Except by faith ze find the plank agane,
 Be Christ working gude warkis I understand,
 Remane thair with, thir fall zow bring to laied.

XIII.

This may suffice, quod scho, twichand this part,
 Return thy heid behald this uther art,
 Confidder wonders and be vigilant,
 That thow may better endyten efterwart,
 Things quhilkis I fall the schaw or we depart,
 Thow fall haue fouth of sentence and not scant,
 Thair is na welth nor weill fair thow fall want,
 The greit Palice of Honour thow fall se,
 Lift up thy heid, behald that sicht quod sche.

XIV.

At hir command I raifit hie on hicht,
 My visage till behald that heuinlie sicht,
 Bot to discriue this matter in effect,
 Impossibill war to ony eirdlie wicht,
 It transcendis feir abone my micht
 That I with ink may do bot paper blek,
 I mon draw furth the zok lyis on my nek,
 As of the place to say my leude auise,
 Pleneist with plesance like to Paradiice.

XV.

XV.

I saw ane Plane of peirles puleritudo,
 Quhairin aboundit alkin thingis gude
 Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene
 All foullis beistis, birdis, and alkin fude,
 All maner fishes baith of sey and fl. de,
 War keipit in pondis of poleist siluer schene,
 With purifyit water as of the cristall clene,
 To noy the small the greit beistis had na will,
 Nor Rauenous foulis the lytill volatill.

XVI.

Still in the fessoun all thingis remanit thair,
 Perpetuallie but outhar noy or fair,
 Ay rypit war baith herbis frute and flouris,
 Of euerie thing the names to declair,
 Unto my febill witt unpossibill wair,
 Amid the meid replet with sweit odouris,
 A palice stude with mony royal towris,
 Quhair kyrnellis quent feill turettismen nicht find,
 And Goldin Thanis waifand with the wind.

XVII.

Pinnakillis, Fyellis, Turnpekkis mony one,
 Gilt birneist torris, quhilk like to Phebus schone,
 Skarfment, reprice, corbell, and battellingis,
 Fullzery bordouris of many precious stane,
 Subtill muldrie wrocht mony day agone,
 On Butters, Ialme, Pillaris and plesand springis,
 Quick Imagerie with mony lustie singis,
 Thair nicht be sene, and mony worthie wichtis,
 Befoir the zet. arrayit all at richtis.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Furth past my nympe, I followit subsequent,
 Straicht throw the plane to the first waird we went,
 Of the palice, and enterit at the port,
 Thair saw we mony staitlie tornament,
 Lancis brokin, knichtis laid on the bent,
 Plefand pastance, and mony lastie sport,
 Thair saw we als, and sum time battell mort ;
 All thir quod scho, on Venus seruice vaikis,
 In deidis of armis for thair ladyis saikis.

XIX.

Vesyand I stude the principal place but peir,
 That heuinlie palice all of cristall cleir,
 Wrocht as me thocht of poliest berial stone,
 Bosiliall nor oliab but weir,
 Quhilk *sancta sanctorum* maid maist riche and deir,
 Nor he that wrocht the temple of Salomon,
 Nor he that buildit the royall Ylion,
 Nor he that forgit Darius sepulture,
 Culd not performe sa craftilie ane cure.

XX.

Studiand heiron my nympe unto me spak,
 Thus in a stair quhy standis thow stipifak,
 Gouand all day, and nathing hes vesite,
 Thow art prolix in haist return thy bak,
 Ga ester me and gude attendance tak,
 Quhat now thow seis luik efterwart thow write,
 Thow fall behald all Venus blis perfite,
 Thairwith scho till ane garth did me conuoy,
 Quhair that I saw eneuch of perfite joy.

F

XXI.

XXI.

Amid ane throne with stanis riche our frét,
 And claith of gold Lady Venus was set,
 By hir, hir sone Cupide quhilk nathing feis,
 Quhair Mars enterit na knowledge nicht I get,
 Bot straicht befor Venus visage but let,
 Stude emeraut Stages twelf, grene precious greis,
 Quhairon thair grew thre curious goldin treis,
 Upstandand weill the goddes face beforne,
 Ane fair mirroure be thame quently upborne.

XXII.

Quhair of it makit was I haue na feill,
 Of beriall, cristall glas or birniest steill,
 Of diamant, or of the carbunkill gem,
 Quhat thing it was define may I not weill,
 Bot all the bordour circulair euerie deill,
 Was plait of gold, cais stock, and utter hem,
 With vertious stanis picht that blude wald stem,
 For quha that woundit was in the tornament,
 Wor hail fra he upon the mirroure blent.

XXIII.

This royall relict sa riche and rarious,
 Sa poliest, plesand, purifyit and precious,
 Quhais bounteis half to write I not presume,
 Thairon to se was sa delicious,
 And sa excelland schaddowis gracious,
 Surmounting far in brichtnes to my dome,
 The coistlie subtill spectakill of Rome,
 Or zet the mirroure sent to Canace,
 Quhairin med nicht mony wonders se:

XXIV.

XXIV.

In that mirroure I micht se at ane sicht,
 The deidis and fatis of euerie eirdly wicht,
 All thingis gone like as thay war present,
 All the creatiounis of the angells bricht,
 Of Lucifer the fall for all his micht,
 Adam first man and in the eirth ysent,
 And Noyes flude thair saw I subsequent,
 Babylon beild that towre of sic renoun,
 Of Sodomes the feill subuerfioun.

XXV.

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph I saw,
 Hornit Moyes with his auld Hebrew law,
 Ten plaiges in Egypt send for thair trespas,
 In the Red sey with all his court on raw,
 King Pharaoh drownit, that God wald neuer knaw;
 I saw quhat wise the sey deuydit was,
 And all the Hebrewis dry fute our it pas,
 Sine in desert I saw thame fourty zeiris,
 Of Josue I saw the worthie weiris.

XXVI.

Of Judicum the battellis strang anone,
 I saw of Jepthe, and of Gedeone,
 Of Amalech the cruel homicide,
 The wonderfull workis of douchtie duke Samfone,
 Quhilk slew a thousand with ane asses bone,
 Rent tempillis down, and zettis in his pride,
 Of quhais strength mervellis this warld sa wide,
 I saw duke Sangor thair with mony a knock,
 Six hundreth men slew with ane pleuchis fok.

XXVII.

The prophet Samuel saw I in that glas,
 Anoyntit king Saull, quhais sone Jonathas,
 I saw vincus ane greit oist him alane,
 Zoung Dauid sla the grislie Golyas,
 Quhais speir heid wecht thre hundreth unces was,
 Jesbedonah the gyant mekill of mane,
 Lay be the handis of nichtie Dauid slane,
 With fingers sex on ather hand but weir,
 Dauid I saw slay baith lyon and beir.

XXVIII.

This Dauid eik at ane onfet a stound,
 Aucht hundreth men I saw him bring to ground,
 With him I saw Banayas the strang,
 Quhilk twa lyounis of Moab did confound,
 And gaue the stalwart Ethiop deidis wound,
 With his awin speir that of his hand he thrang.
 Unauasitlie this champion sa I gang,
 In a deip cistarne, and thair a lyoun sleuch,
 Quhilk in a storme of snaw did harm aneuch.

XXIX.

Of Salomon the wisdome and estaite,
 Thair saw I, and his riche tempill God wait,
 His son Roboam quhilk throw his helie pride,
 That all his leiges hartis be his fait,
 He was to thame sa outrageous ungrait,
 Of twelf tribes ten did fra him divyde,
 I saw the angell sla benichtis tide,
 Four scoir thousandis of Sennacheribs oist,
 Quhilk came to weir on Jewry with greit boist.

XXX.

XXX.

I saw the life of the king Ezechy,
 Prolongit fifteen zeir, and the prophet Hely,
 Amid a firie chair to Paradice went,
 The storyis of Efras and of Neemy,
 And Daniell in the lyounis caue saw I,
 For he the dragon slew, Bel brake and schent,
 The children thre amynd the fornace sent,
 I saw the transmigratioun in Babylon,
 And baith the buiks of Paralipomenon.

XXXI.

I saw the hailie arch angell Raphaell,
 Marie Sara the douchter of Raguell,
 On Tobias for his just father's faik,
 And bind the cruell deuill that was sa fell,
 Quhilk slew hir seuin first husbands as thay tell,
 And how Judith Holiphernes heid off straik,
 By nichtis tyde and fred hir town fra wraik,
 Jonas in the quhaillis womb dayis thre,
 And schot furth sine I saw at Niniue.

XXXII.

Of Job I saw the patience maist degeft,
 Of Alexander I saw the greit conquest,
 Quhilk in twelf zeirs wan neir this warld on breid,
 And of Anthiochus the greit unrest,
 How tyranlie he Jewrie all oprest,
 Of Machabeus full mony ane knight lie deid,
 Thae gart all Grece and Egypt stand in dreid,
 Inquiet brocht his realme throw his prowes,
 I saw his brether Symon and Jonathas.

XXXIII.

Quhilks war maist worthie quhil thair dayis rang,
 Of Thebes eik I saw the weirs lang,
 Quhair Tydeus allone flew fiftie knichtis,
 How finallie of Grece the championis strang,
 All haill the flour of knichtheid in that thrang,
 Destroyit was quhill Theseus with his michtis,
 The toun and Creon wan for all his slichtis,
 Thair saw I how, as Statiois dois tell,
 Amphiorax the bischop sank to hell.

XXXIV.

The faithfull ladyis of Grece I nicht confidder,
 In claithis black all bair fute pass togidder,
 Till Thebes sege fra thair lordis war slain,
 Behald ze men that callis ladyis liddier,
 And licht of laitis quhat kindnes brocht them hidder,
 Quhat treuth and lufe did in thair breists remane,
 I traist ze fall reid in na wriet agane,
 In an realme sa mony of sic constance,
 Perfaue thairby wemen ar till auance.

XXXV.

Of duke Pirichous the sponage in that tide,
 Quhair the Centauris rest away the bride,
 Thair saw I and thair battell hudge to se,
 And Hercules quhais renoun walkis wide,
 For Ixiona law by Troyis side,
 Faucht and ouircome a monstour in the fey,
 For quhilk quhen his rewaird donyit was he,
 Maid the first siege and the destructioun,
 Of michtie Troy, quhylum that royall town.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

To win the fleis of gold tho' saw I sent,
 Of Grece the nobillis with Jason consequent,
 Haill thair conquest, and all Medeas slichtis,
 How for Jason ypsip hilie was schent,
 And how at Troy as thay to Colchos went,
 Greikis tholit of king Laomedon greit unrichtis,
 Quhairfoir Troy destroyit was be thair michtis,
 Ixiona reuist and Laomedon slane,
 Bot Pryamus restorit the toun agane.

XXXVII.

The judgement of Paris saw I fine,
 That gaue the apill as poetis can define,
 Till Venus as goddes maist gudlie,
 And how in Grece he reuischit quene Helen,
 Quhairfoir the Greikis with thair greit navie,
 Full mony thousand knichtis hastilie,
 'Thame till reuenge faillit towart Troy in hy,
 I saw how be Ulixes with greit joy,
 Quhatwife Achill was found and brocht to Troy.

XXXVIII.

The cruell battellis and the dintis strang,
 The greit debate, and eik the weiris lang.
 At Troyis seige, the mirrour to me schew,
 Sustenit ten zeirs Greikis Trojanis amang,
 And ather partie set full aft in thrang,
 Quhair that Hector did douchtie deids anew,
 Quhill feirce Achill baith him and Troylus slew,
 The greit hors maid I saw, and Troy fine tint,
 And fair Ilion all in flammis brint.

XXXIX.

Sine out of Troy, I saw the fugitiues,
 How that Eneas as Virgil weill discryues,
 In countries feir was by the feyis rage,
 Bewauit oft, and how that he arriues,
 With all his Flote, but danger of thair liues,
 And how thay war reffett baith man and page,
 Be quene Dido remanand in Carthage,
 And how Eneas fine as that they tell,
 Went for to seik his father down to hell.

XL.

Ouir Stix the flude I saw Eneas fair,
 Quhair Charon was the busteeres ferriar,
 The fludes four of hell thair nicht I fe,
 The folk in pane, the wayis circular,
 The welterand stone wirk Syfpho nicht cair,
 And all the plesance of the camp Elise,
 Quhair guld Anchises did commoun with Enee,
 And schew be line all his successioun,
 This ilk Eneas maist famous of renou.

XLI.

I saw to goddes make the sacrifice,
 Quhair of the ordour and maner to deuise,
 War our prolect; and how Eneas fine,
 Went to the schip and eik I saw quhat wise,
 All his nauie greit hunger did surprife,
 How he in Italic finallie with greit pyne,
 Arryuit at the Strandis of Lauyne,
 And how he faucht weill baith on landis and feys,
 And Turnus slew the king of Rutileis.

XLII.

XLII.

Rome saw I beidit first be Romolus,
 And eik how lang as writes Liuius,
 The Roman kingis abone the pepill rang,
 And how the wickit proud Tarquinius,
 With wife and bairnis be Brutus Junius,
 War expelit Rome for thair insufferabill wrang,
 Bot all the proces for ill schaw war lang,
 How chaist Lucrece the gudliest and best,
 Be Sextus Tarquine was cruellie opprest.

XLIII.

The Punick battellis in that mirroure clear,
 Betwene Carthage and Romanis mony zeir,
 I saw becaufe Eneas piteous,
 Fled fra Dido be admonitiounis feir,
 Betwene thir pepill rais ane langsum weir;
 I saw how worthie Marcus Regulus,
 Maist vailzeand, prudent and victorious,
 Howbeit he nicht at libertie gone fre,
 For commoun profite cheifit for to die.

XLIV.

Tullus Seruilius douchtie in his daw,
 And Marcus Curtius eik in the mirroure I saw,
 Quhilk throw his stoutness in the fiery gap,
 For commoun profite of Rome himself did thraw,
 Richt unabaisitlie hauand na dreid nor aw,
 Mountit on hors, unarmit thairin lap;
 And Hanniball I saw be fatall hap,
 Win contrair Romanis mony fair victorie,
 Quhill Scipio eclipsit all bis glorie.

XLV.

This worchie Schipio cleipit Aphricane,
 I saw vincus this Hanniball in p'ane,
 And Carthage bring unto finall ruine,
 And sine to Rome conquerit the realme of Spane,
 How king Iugurtha hes his brether flane,
 Thair saw I eik and of his weir the fine,
 Richt weill I saw the battleis intestine,
 Of Catilina and of Lentulus,
 And betwene Pompey and Cesar Julius.

XLVI.

And breiffie euerie famous douchtie deid,
 That men in storie may se, or chronikill reid;
 I nicht behald in that mirrouir exprefs,
 The miserie, the crueltie, the dreid,
 Pane, sorrow, wo, beith wretchitnes and acid,
 The greit inuy, couetoufness, doublenes,
 Tuitchand warldlie unfaithfull brukilness,
 I say the feind fast folkis to vices tyft,
 And all the cumming of the Antechrist.

XLVII.

Plesand debaitments quha sa richt reportis,
 Thair nicht be sene, and all manner disportis,
 The Falcounis for the riuier at thair gait,
 Mewand the foullis in periculo mortis,
 Layand thame in be companeis and fortis,
 And at the plunge part saw I handillit hait,
 The werie hunter besie air and lait,
 With questing houndis seirching to and fra,
 To hunt the Hart, the Bair, the Da, the Ra.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

I saw Raf Coilzear with his thraw in brow,
 Craibit Johne the Reif and auld Cow kewpis fow,
 And how the wran came out of Ailffay,
 And Pairs Plewman that maid his workmen few,
 Greit Gowmacmorne and Fyn-Mac Cowl, and how
 Thay suld be goddis in Ireland as thay say;
 Thair saw I Maitland upon auld Beird Gray,
 Robene Hude and Gilbert with the quhite heind,
 How Hay of Naughton flew, in Madin land.

XLIX.

The Nigromancie thair saw I eik anone,
 Of Benytas, Bongo and Frier Bacone,
 With mony subtill point of juglairie,
 Of Flanders piis made mony precious ston,
 Ane greit laid sadill of a fisching bone,
 Of ane Nutmug thay maid a Monk in hy,
 Ane paroche kirk of ane penny pye,
 And Benytas of an Muffell maid an Aip,
 With mony uther subtill mew and saip.—

L.

And schortlie to declair the verity,
 All plesand pastance and gammis that nicht be,
 In that mirrour war present to my sicht,
 And as I wonderit on that greit ferlie,
 Venus at last in turning of her eye,
 Knew weill my face, and said be goddis nicht,
 Ze bene welcome my presonair to this hicht,
 How passit zow quod scho this hiddeous deip,
 Madame, Quod I, I not matr than ane schein.

LI.

Na force thair of said scho, sen thow art heir,
 How plesis the our pastance and effer,
 Glaidlie (quod I) madame, be God of heuin,
 Rememberis thow said scho without in weir,
 On thy promit quhen of thy greit danger,
 I the deliuerit. As now is not to neuin,
 Than answerit I agane with sober steuin,
 Madame zour precept quhat sa be zour will,
 Heir I remane all reddy to fullfill.

LII.

Weill weill, said scho, thy will is sufficient,
 Of thy bowfome answer I stand content,
 Than suddanlie in hand ane buik scho hint,
 The quhilk to me betaucht scho or I went,
 Commandand me to be obedient,
 And put in Ryme that proces than quite tint,
 I promisit hir forsuith or scho wald stint,
 The buik ressauand, thairon my cure to preif,
 Inclynand fine, lawlie I tuik my leif.

LIII.

Tuitchand this buik perauenture ze fall heir,
 Sum time after quhen I haue mair lascir,
 My nimphe in haist scho hint me be the hand,
 And as we samyn walkit furth in seir,
 I the declair quod scho zone mirroure cleir,
 The quhilk thow saw befor Dame Venus stand,
 Signifyis nathing ellis to understand,
 Bot the greit bewtie of thir ladyis facis,
 Quhairin louers thinks thay behafd all graces.

LIV.

LIV.

Scho me conuoyit finallie to tell,
 With greit pleasance fraicht to the riche castell,
 Quhair mony saw I preis to get ingres,
 Thair saw I Sinon and Achitophell,
 Preissand to climb the wallis, and how they fell.
 Lucius Cattaline saw I thair exprefs,
 In at an window preis to haue entrase,
 But suddanlie Tullius come with ane buik,
 And fraik him down quhill all his chaftis quoik.

LV.

Fast climmand up thay lustie wallis of stone,
 I saw Jugurtha and tressonabill Tryphone,
 Bot thay na grippis thair nicht hald for slidder.
 Preffand to clim stude thousands mony ane,
 And to the ground thay fallin euerie one.
 Than on the wall ane Garritour I confidder,
 Proclaimand loude that did thair hartis fwidder;
 Out on all falsheid the mother of euerie vice,
 Away inuy and birnand couetice.

LVI.

That Garitour tho' my nimphe unto me tald,
 Was cleipit Lawtie keipar of that hald,
 Of hie honour, and thay pepill outschett,
 Swa preissand thame to clim quhylum war bald,
 Richt verteous zoung bot fra time thai wox ald,
 Fra honour hail on vice thair mynde is set.
 Now fall thow go, said scho, fraicht to the zet,
 Of this palice and enter but offence,
 For the porter is cleipit patience.

LVII.

The mightie prince, the greiteſt emperour,
 Of zone palice, quod ſcho, hecht hie honour,
 Quhome to dois ſerue mony traift officair,
 For Cheritie of gudlineſs the flour,
 Is maifter houſhald in zone criſtall tour,
 Firme Conſtance is the kingis ſecretair,
 And Liberalitie hecht his theſaurair,
 Innocence and Deuotioun as effeiris,
 Bene clerkis of cloſet and cubicularis.

LVIII.

Hiis comptrollar is cleipit diſcretioun,
 Humanitie and trew relation,
 Bene Iſcharis of his chalmer morne and ewin,
 Peice, quiet Reſt oft walkis up and down,
 Intill his hall as Marſchalls of renoun,
 Temperance is cuik his meit to taiſt and prief,
 Humilitie carver, that na wicht liſt to greif,
 His maifter ſewar hecht verteous diſcipline,
 Mercie is copper and mixes weill his wine.

LIX.

Hiis Chancelair is cleipit Conciencie,
 Quhilk for na meid will pronounce fals ſentence,
 With him ar Aſſeffouris four of ane aſſent,
 Science, Prudence, Juſtice, Sapience,
 Quhilks to na wicht liſtin commit offence.
 The Chekker rollis and the Kingis tent,
 As Auditouris, thay ouirſee what is ſpent,
 Laubourius diligence, Gude Warkis Clene liuing,
 Bene Outſtewartis and Catouris to zone king.

LX.

LX.

Gude Hope remains euer among zone fort,
 And fine minstrail with mony mow and sport,
 And Peitie is the kingis almofer,
 Syne Fortitude the richt quha lis report,
 Is Leutenand all wretchis to comfort;
 The Kingis Minzeoun roundand in his eir,
 Hecht veritie did neuer leill man deir,
 And schortlie euerie vertew and plesance,
 Is subject to zone Kingis obeyfance.

LXI.

Cum on, said scho, this ordinance to vifite,
 Than past we to the cristall palice, quhite
 Quhair I abade the entrie to behald,
 I bad na mair of plesance nor delite,
 Of lustie ficht, of joy and blifs perfite,
 Nor mair weifare to haue abone the mold,
 Than for to see that zett of birnished gold,
 Quhairon thair was most curiouflic ingraue,
 All naturall thingis men may in eird confaue.

LXII.

Thair was the eirth environit with the fey,
 Quhairon the schippis failland nicht I fe,
 The Air, the Fire, all the four Elementis,
 The Spheiris feuen and Primum mobile,
 The Signis tuelf perfectlie euere gre,
 The Zodiack haill as buiks representis,
 The Pole antartick that euer himself absentis,
 The Pole artick and eik the Urffs twain,
 The Seuin starnis, Phaton and the Charlewane.

LXIII.

Thair was ingraue how that Ganymedes
 Was reift till heuin, as men in Ouide reidis,
 And unto Juppiter maid his cheif butlair.
 The douchteris fair into thair lustie weidis,
 Of Dryada, amid the fey but dreidis,
 Swymmand and part war figurit thair,
 Upon ane craig dryand thair zallow hair,
 With facis not unlike for quha them feing
 Nicht weill confidder that thay all fisteris being.

LXIV.

Of Planeitis all the conjunctiounis,
 Thair epistillis and oppositiounis,
 War portrait thair, and how thair courfis swagis
 Thair natural and daylie motiounis,
 Eclipsis, aspectis and digressiounis,
 Thair saw I, and mony gudlie personages,
 Quhilks semit all lustie quick images.
 The warkmanschip exceeding mony fold,
 The precious mater thocht was fynest gold.

LXV.

Wonderand heiron agane my will but let,
 My nymphe in greif schot me in at the zet,
 Quhat deuil, (said scho) hes thow nocht ellis ado,
 Bot all thy wit and fantasie to set
 On sic deting, and tho' for feir I swet,
 Of hir langage, bot than anone said scho,
 List thow se farlies, behald thame zonder lo,
 Zit studie nocht our' mekill adreid thow warie,
 For I persauce the halflings in ane Farie.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Within that Palice sone I gat ane sicht,
 Quhair walkand went full mony worthie wicht
 Amid the clois, with all mirthis to wail,
 For like Phebus with fyrie bemis bricht,
 The wallis schane castand sa greit ane licht,
 It semit like the heuin Imperiall,
 And as the Cedar surmountis the Rammal
 In perfite hicht sa of that Court a glance
 Exceidis far all eirdlie vane plesance.

LXVII.

For lois of sicht confidder nicht I nocht,
 How perfitelie the riche wallis war wrocht,
 Swa the refler of christall stanis schone,
 For brichtnes scarslie blenk thairon I mocht,
 The purifyit filuer surelie as me thocht,
 Insteid of Symont was ouir all that wone,
 Zit round about full mony ane beriall stone,
 And thame conjunctlie jonit fast and quemit,
 The clois was pachit with filuer as it semit.

LXVIII.

The durris and the windois all were breddit,
 With massie gold, quairof the fynes scheddit,
 With birneist Euir baith Palice and Towris,
 War theikit weill maist craftilie that cled it,
 For sa the quhitely blanschit bone ouirspreidit,
 Midlit with gold anamalit all colouris,
 Importuraît of birdis and sweit flowris,
 Curious knottis, and monie hic deuise,
 Quhilks to behald war perfite paradise.

LXIX.

And to proceed my nymphe and I furth went,
 Straicht to the Hall throwout the Palice gent,
 And ten stages of Topas did ascend,
 Schute was the door in at a boir I blent,
 Quhair I beheld the glaideft represent,
 That euer in irth I wretchit catiue kend,
 Breiffie this process to conclude and end,
 Me thocht the flure was all of Amytist,
 Bot quhair of war the wallis I not wist.

LXX.

The multitude of precious stanis feir,
 Thairon sa schone my febill sicht but weir,
 Micht not behald thair verteous gudlines,
 For all the ruif as did to me appeir,
 Hang full of plesand lowpitt sapheiris cleir,
 Of Dyamontis and Rubies as I ges,
 War all the buirdis maid of maist riches,
 Of fardanis, of jasp and smaragdane,
 Traists, formis, and benkis, war poleist plane,

LXXI.

Baith to and fro amid the Hall thay went,
 Royall Princes in plait and armouris quent,
 Of birniest gold couchit with precious stanis.
 Enthronit sat ane God Omnipotent,
 On quhais glorious visage as I blent,
 In extasie be his brichtness atanis
 He smote me doune, and briffit all my banis,
 Thair lay I still in swoun with colour blanche,
 Quhill at the last my nymphe up hes me caught.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Sine with greit pane, with womenting and cair,
 In hir armis scho bair me doun the stair,
 And in the clois full softlie laid me doun,
 Upheld my heid to tak the hailfome air,
 For of my life scho stude in greit dispair,
 Me till awalk was still that Lady boun,
 Quhilk finallie out of that deidlie swoun,
 I swyith ourcome, and up mine ene did cast,
 Be merrie man, quod scho, the worst is past.

LXXIII.

Get up, scho said, for schame be na cowart,
 My heid in wed thow hes ane Wyfes hart,
 That for a plesand ficht was sa mismaid,
 Than all in anger upon my feit I start,
 And for hir wordis war sa apirsmart,
 Unto the nymphe I maid a busteous braid,
 Carling, (quod I) quhat was zone that thow said,
 Soft zow, (said scho) thay are not wyse that stryfis,
 For kirkmen war ay gentill to the Wyfis.

LXXIV.

I am richt glaid thow art worthin sa wicht,
 Lang eir me thocht yow had nouter force nor micht,
 Curage nor will for to haue greiuit a fla,
 Quhat aillit the to fall? quod I, the ficht,
 Of zone goddes grim fyrie visage bricht,
 Quir-set my wit and all my speriets swa,
 I micht not stand, bot was that fuith za, za.
 Than said the nymphe richt merilie and leuch,
 Now I confidder thy mad hart weill aneuch.

LXXV.

LXXV.

I will na mair, quod scho, the thus assay,
 With sic plesance as may thay spreitis affray,
 Zet fall thow se surely sen thow art heir,
 My Ladyis court in thair gudlie array ;
 For to behald thair mirth cum on thy way,
 Than hand in hand swyith went we forth in feir,
 At a posterne towart the fair herbier,
 In that passage full fast at her I franit,
 Quhat folk thay war within that hall remanit.

LXXVI.

Zone was, said scho, quha sa the richt discriues,
 Maist valzeand folk and verteuous in thair liues,
 Now in the court of honour thay remain,
 Verteoullie, and in all plesance thriues,
 For thay with speir, with swordis, and with kniues,
 In iust battell war fundin maist of mane,
 In thair promittis thay stude euer firme and plane,
 In thame aboundit worschip and lawtie,
 Illuminate with liberallitie.

LXXVII.

Honour, quod scho, to this heuenlie Ring,
 Differs richt far fra warldlie gouerning,
 Quhilk is bot pompe of eirdlie dignitie,
 Giuen for estait of blude, nicht or sic thing,
 And in this countrie Prince, Prelate, or King,
 Allanarlie fall for vertew honourit be,
 For eirdlie gloir is nocht bot vanitie,
 That as we se sa suddenlie will wend,
 Bot verteuous honour neuer mair fall end.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

Behald said scho, and se this warldlis gloir,
 Maist inconstant maist, slid, and transitoir,
 Prosperitie in eird is but a dreme,
 Or like as man war steppand our ane scoir,
 Now is he law that was fa hie befoir,
 And he quhylum was borne pure of his deme,
 Now his estait schynis like the sone beme,
 Baith up and doun, baith to and fra, we se,
 This warld walteris, as dois the wallie sey.

LXXIX.

To papis, bischoppis, prelati and primati,
 Emperouris, kingis, princes, protestati,
 Deith settis the terme and end of all thair hicht,
 Fra thay be gane, let se quha on thame waitis,
 Nathing remanis bot fame of thair estaitis,
 And nocht ellis bot verteuous warkis richt,
 Sall with thame wend nouter thair pompe nor nicht
 Ay vertew ringis in lestand honour cleir,
 Remember than that vertew hes na peir.

LXXX.

For vertew is a thing fa precious,
 Quhair of the end is fa delicious,
 The warld cannot confidder quhat it is,
 It makis folk perfite and glorious,
 It makis sanctis of pepill vitious,
 It causis folk ay live in lestand blis,
 It is the way to hie honour I wis,
 It dantis deith and euerie vice throw nicht,
 Without vertew fy on all eirdlie wicht.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

Vertew is eik the perfite ficker way,
 And nocht ellis till lestand honour ay,
 For mony hes sene vitious pepill uphyt,
 And efter soone thair glorie vanifchit away,
 Quhair of examplis we se this euerie day,
 His eirdie pompe is gone quhen that he diet,
 Than is he with na eirdlie friend suppleit,
 Saifand vertew weillis him hes sic a feir,
 Now will I schaw, quod scho, what folk bene here.

LXXXII.

The strangest Sampfoun is into zone hald
 The feirce puiffant Hercules sa bald,
 The feirce Achill, and all the nobillis nyne,
 Scipio, Affricane, Pompeius the ald,
 Uther mony quhais namis befoir are tald,
 With thoufandis ma than I may heir defyne,
 And lustie ladyis amid thay lordis syne,
 Semiramis, Thamir, Hippolita,
 Pentheffilea, Medea, Zenobia.

LXXXIII.

Of thy region zonder bene honourit part,
 The kingis Gregour, Kenneth, and king Robert ;
 With uther ma that bene not heir reheirfit :
 Waryit, quod scho, ay be thy megir hart,
 Thow suld have sene had thow biddin in zone airt,
 Quhat wise zone heuenlie company conuerfit,
 Wa worth thy febill brane sa sone was perffit,
 Thow micht haue sene remanand quhair thow was,
 Ane huge pepill puneist for thair trespas.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Quhilks be wilfull manifest arrogance,
 Inuyous pride, pretendit ignorance,
 Foul doubillness and diffait unamendit,
 Enforces thame thair selfis to auance,
 Be fle falsheid, but lawtie or constance,
 With subtelness and slichtis now commendit,
 Betraifand folk that neuer to thame offendit,
 And upheis thameself throw fraudfull lippis,
 Thocht God caus oft thair eirdlie gloir eclippis.

LXXXV.

And noblis cummin of honourabill ancestric,
 Thair verteuous nobilitie settis nocht by,
 For dishonest unlesfull warldie wayis,
 And throw corruptit couetous Inuy,
 Bot he that can be dowbill, nane is fet by,
 Diffait is wisdome, lawtie, honour away is,
 Richt few or nane takis tent thairto thir dayis,
 And thair greit wrangis to reforme, but let,
 In judgement zone God was zonder fet.

LXXXVI.

Remanand zonder thow micht haue hard beliuē,
 Pronouncit the greit sentence definitiue,
 Tuitchand this actioun and the dreidfull pane,
 Execute on transgressours zit on live,
 Swa that thair malice fall na mair prescriue.
 Madame, quod I, for Goddis sake turn again,
 My spreit desyris to se thair torment fane,
 Quod scho, richt now thair fall thow be rejoifit,
 Quhen thow hes tane the air and better appoifit.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

Bot first thow fall consider commodities,
 Of our garding, so full of lustie tries,
 All hie cypres of fiewer maist fragrant,
 Ouir ladyis zonder bissie as the beis,
 The sweit flureist flouris of rethories,
 Gadderis full fast mony grene tender plant,
 And with all plesance pleniesht is zone hant,
 Quhair precious stanis on treis dois abound,
 In steid of frute chargit with peirles round.

LXXXVIII.

Unto that gudlie garth thus we proceed,
 Quhilk with a large fousie far on breid,
 Inueronit was quhair fishes war enew,
 All water foullis war fwemand thair gude speid,
 Alse out of growand treis thair saw I breid,
 Fowlis that hingand be thair nebbis grew.
 Out ouir the stank of mony diuers hew,
 Was laid ane tre ouir quhilk behouit us pass,
 Bot I can not declair quhair of it was.

LXXXIX.

My nympe went ouir, chargeand me follow fast,
 Hir till obey my spreitis wer agast,
 Sa perrilous was the passage till espy,
 Away scho went and fra time scho was past,
 Upon the brig I enterit at the last,
 Bot sa my harnis tremblit befily,
 Quhill I fell ouir and baith my feit slade by
 Out ouir the heid into the stank adoun,
 Quhair as me thocht I was in point to droun.

XC.

Quhat throw the birdis fang and this affray,
 Out of my swoon I walkinit quair I lay,
 In the garding quhair I first down fell,
 About I blent, for richt clier was the day,
 Bot all this lustie plesance was away,
 Me thocht that fair Herbrie maist like hell,
 In till compair of this ze hard me tell,
 Allace, allace, I thocht me than in pane,
 And langit fair for to haue swemit agane.

XCI.

The birdis fang nor zet the merrie flouris,
 Micht not ameis my greiuous greit dolouris,
 All eirdlie thing me thocht barrane and vile,
 Thus I remanit into the garth two houris,
 Curfand the feildis with all the fair colouris,
 That I awoke oft wariand the quhile,
 Alwise my mynde was on the lustie ile,
 I purpoiset euer till haue duelt in that art,
 Of rethorick colouris till haue found sum part.

XCII.

And maist of all my curage was agreuit,
 Becaus sa sone I of my dreme eschewit,
 Not seand how thay wretchis war torment,
 That honour mankit and honestie mischeuit,
 Glaidlie I wald amid this writ haue breuit,
 Had I it sene how thay wer slane or schent,
 Bot fra I saw all this weilfare was went,
 Till make an end, sittand under a tree,
 In laud of honour I wrait thir versis thre.

H

XCIII.

XCIII.

O hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest,
 Gem verteuous, maist precious, gudliest,
 For hie honour thou art guerdoun conding,
 Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
 But quhome in richt na worthie wicht may left,
 Thy greit puiffance may maist auance all thing,
 And pouerall to meikall auaill sone bring,
 I the require sen thow but peir art best,
 That efter this in thy hie blis we ring.

XCIV.

Of grace thy face in euerie place sa schynis,
 That sweit all spreit beith heid and feit inclynis,
 Thy gloir, afoir for till imploir remeid.
 He docht richt nocht quhilk out of thocht the tynis,
 Thy name bot blame and royal fame diuine is,
 Thow port at schort of our comfort and reid,
 Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid,
 All wicht but sicht of thy greit micht ay crymis,
 O scheme I mene nane may sustene thy feid.

XCV.

Hail rois maist chois till clois thay fois greit micht,
 Hail ston quhilk schone upon the throne of licht,
 Vertew quhais trew sweit dew our threw all vice,
 Was ay ilk day gar say the way of licht,
 Amend, offend and send our end ay richt,
 Thow staut, ordant, as sanct of grant maist wise,
 Till be supplie, and the hie gre of price,
 Delite the Cite me quite of site to dight,
 For I apply schortly to thy deuise.

The

*The Author directis his buik to the Richt Nobill
and Illuster Prince JAMES the Feird, King of
Scottis.*

Triumpous laud with palme of victorie,
The Lawret Crowne of Infnit Glorie,
Maist gracious Prince, our fouerain James the Feird,
Thy Majestie mot haue eternallie.
Supreme honour, renoun of cheualrie,
Felicite perdurand in this eird,
With eterne blis in heiuin by fatal weird,
Reffaue this roustie rural Rebal'drie,
Laikand cunning, fra thay pure leige unleird.

Quhilk in the sicht of thy magnificence,
Confidand in sa greit beneuolence
Proponis thus my vulgar ignorance
Maist humbillie with dew obedience,
Befeikand oft thy michtie exellance,
Be grace to pardoun all sic variance
With sum beneing respect of firm constance
Remittand my pretended negligence,
Thow quhais micht may humble thing auance.

Breif breizal quhair of eloquence all quite,
With ruffet weid and sentence imperfite,
Till cummin plane, se that thow not pretend the
Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite,
For as for me I quit clame that I kend the,
Thow are bot stouth, thift-louis, licht bot hite,
Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the,
Fair on with site and on this wise I end the.

F I N I S.

VINCIT TANDEM VERITAS.





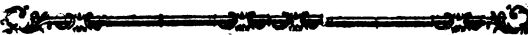
PROLOGUES,

WRITTEN BY

GAWIN DOUGLAS,

AND SELECTED FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.



THE
P R O L O G U E
OF THE
FOURTH BOOKE.

ON LOVE.

WITH bemys schene, thow bricht *Cytheria*,
Quhilk only schaddowist amonge sterris lite,
And thy blynd wyngit son *Cupid*, ze tua
Fosteraris of birnyng carnale hete delite,
Zour joly wo neidlingis moift I endite,
Begynnyng with ane fenzeit faynt plesance,
Gontinewit wyth lust, and endit wyth penance.

In fragil flesche zour febill sede is saw,
Rutit in delyte, welth, and fude delicate,
Nurist with sleuth, and mony vnsemly saw,
Quhare schame is loist, thar spredis zour burgeons hate,
Oft to reuolue agc vnlesful consate,

Ripis zour perellus frutis and vncorne :
Of wikkit grane how fal gude schauf be schorne ?

Quhat is zour force, bot febling of the strenth ?
Zour curius thochtis quhat bot musardry ?
Zour fremmit glaydnes lestis not ane houris lenth,
Zour sport for schame ze dar not specifye,
Zour frute is bot vnfructuous fantasye,
Zour sory joyis bene bot janglyng and japis,
And zour trew seruandis filly goddis apis..

Zour sueit myrthys ar myxt wyth byttirnes,
Quhat is your drery game and mery pane ?
Zour werk vnthrift, zour quiet is restles,
Zour lust lyking in langour to remane,
Frendschyp torment, zour traist is bot ane trane :
O luf, quhidder art thou joy, or fulyfchines,
That makys folk so glayd of thayr dystres ?

Salomon's wit, *Sampson* thou reuist his force,
And *David* thou bereft his prophecy,
Men sayis thou brydillit *Aristotell* as ane hors,
And crelit vp the floure of Poetry,
Quhat fall I of thy mychtis notify ?
Fare weil, quhare that thy lusty dart affalis,
Wit, strenth,, riches, na thinge bot grace aualis..

Thow chene of luf, ha *benedicite*,
How hard strenzeis thy bandis euery wicht ?

The

The God aboue, for his hie maieſte,
 With the ybound, law in ane maid did licht;
 Thou vincuſt the ſtrang gyand of grete mycht,
 Thou art mair forcy than the dede ſa fell,
 Thou plennyſt parradyſe, and thou heriit hell.

Thou makis febil wicht, and thou laweſt hie,
 Thou knyttis freyndſchip, quhare thare be na parage,
 Thou *Jonathas* confiderit with *Dauye*,
 Thou dantit *Alexander* for all his vaſſalage,
 Thou feſtynnyt *Jacob* fourtene zeris in bondage,
 Thou teichit *Hercules* go lerne to ſpyn,
 Reik *Deianire* his mais and lioun ſkyn.

For luſ *Narciſſus* periſt at the well,
 For luſ thou ſteruiſt moiſt douchty *Achill*,
Theſeus for luſ his fallow ſocht to hell,
 The ſnaw quhite dow oft to the gray maik will,
 Allace for luſ, how mony thame ſelf did ſpill?
 Thy fury, luſ, moderis tacht for diſpite,
 Fyle handis in blude of ther zing childrin lite.

O Lord, quhat writis myne autor of thy force,
 In his *Georgikis*? How thy vndantit mycht
 Conſtrenis ſome tyme ſo the ſtonyt hors,
 That by the ſent of ane mere ſer of ſycht
 He bradis brayis anon, and takis the flicht,
 Na bridill may him dant, nor buſtuous dynt,
 Nor bra, hie roche, nor brade fludis ſtynt.

The

PROLOGUES.

The buftuous bullis oft for the zoung kye
 With horne to horne wirkis othir mony wound ;
 So rummefin with mony law and cry,
 The feildis all doith of their routing refound.
 The meik hartis in belling oft ar found
 Mak feirs bargane, and rammys togiddir ryn,
 Baris *with* thare tuskis will frete otheris skyn.

The reuthful smert and lamentabil cais,
 Quhilk thare he writis of *Leander* zing,
 Quhom for thy luf, *Hero*, allace, allace !
 In feruent flambe of hait deifire birnyng,
 By nychtis tyde, the heuynys loude thundring,
 And all with storme troublit the feyis flude,
 Betand on the rolkis, and routand as it war wod.

Set he him not to fwym ouer, weil away !
 The firth betuix *Sestos* and *Abidane*,
 In *Europ* and in *Asia* ceiteis tua :
 His fader and moder mycht him not call agane :
 O God, quhat harme ? thare was he tynt and flane,
 And quhen his luf saw this mischief attanis,
 Out our the wall fcho lap, and brake hir banys.

Lo how *Venus* can hir fervandis acquite,
 Lo how hir paffiouns vnbridlis all thare wit ;
 Lo how thay tyne thame felfe for fchort delite,
 Lo from all grace how to myfcheif thay flit,
 Fra weill to sturt, fra pane to dede, and zit

There

Thare bene bot fewe exampill takis of other,
Bot wilfully fallis in the fire, leif brother.

Be neuer ouerfet, myne auctor teichis so,
With lust of wyne nor werkis veneriane ;
Thay febil the strenth, reuelis secrete, boith tuo
Strife and debait engeneris, and feil has flane,
Honest proues, drede, schame and luk are gane
Quhare thay habound : attempir thame for thy ;
Childir to engendir vse *Venus*, and not in vane,
Hant na forfet, drink not bot quhen thou art dry.

Quhat? Is this luf nyce luffaris, as ze mene,
Or fals diffait, fare Ladyis to begyle?
Thame to defoule, and schent zour self betuene,
Is all zour liking with many subteyl wile.
Is that trew luf, gude faith and fame to fyle?
Gif luf be vertew, than is it leful thing ;
Gif it be vice, it is zour vndoing.

Lust is na luf, thocht ledis like it wele,
This furious flamb of sensualitie
Ar nane amouris bot fantasy ze feil,
Carnale plesance but sicht of honeste,
Hatis himself forsuith, and luffis not the.
Thare bene tua luffis, perfyte and unperfyte,
That ane is lefull, that vther foule delyte.

Luf is ane kindely passioun engenderit of hete,
Kendillit in the hart ourspreddand all the cors,

And

And as thou feis sum persoun waik in sprete,
 Sum hate birnyng as ane vnbridillit hors.
 Like as the pacient has hete of ouer grete fors,
 And in zoung babbyis warmnes insufficient,
 And to aget failzeis, and is out quent.

Rycht so in luf thou may be excessiue,
 Inordinately luffand ony creature ;
 Thy luf also it may be defectiue,
 To luf thyne awne, and gif of vtheris no cure :
 Bot quhare that it is rewlit by mesure,
 It may be liknit till ane hale mannis estate,
 In temperate warmnes, nouthir to cald nor hate,

Than is thy luf inordinate, say I,
 Qnhen any creature mare than God thou luffis,
 Or zine luffis ony to that fyne, quhareby
 Thy self or thame thou frawartis God remouis :
 For till attempir thy amouris the behuffis,
 Luf euery wicht for God, and to gud end,
 Thame be na wise to harm bot to amend.

That is to knaw, luf God for his gudnes,
 With hert, hale mynd, trew seruice day and nycht :
 Nixt lufe thy self, eschewand wikkitnes,
 Luf syn thy nychtbouris, and wirk thame na vnricht,
 Willing at thou and thay may haue the sicht
 Of heuynnys blys, and tyist thame nocht therfra ;
 Fer and thou do, sic luf dow nocht ane fra.

Faynt

Faynt luf but grace for all thy fenzeit layis,
 Thy wantoun willis are verray vanyte,
 Graceles thou askis grace, and thus thou prayis :
 Haue mercy, lady, haue reuth and fum piete.
 And scho reuthles agane rewis on the :
 Here is na peramouris fund, but all haterent,
 Quhare nouthir to weill nor refoun tak thai tent.

Callys thou that reuth, quhilk of thar felfe ne rekkis?
 Or is it grace to fall fra grace? Na, na,
 Thou feikis mercy, and tharof myscheif makis :
 Renowne and honour quhy wald thou driue away?
 Ane brutell appetite makis zoung fulis foruay,
 Quhilk be refoun list nocht thare feit refrane,
 Haldand opinioun dere of ane borit bane.

Sayis not zour sentence thus, ikant worth ane fas ;
 Quhat honēste or renowne, is to be dram?
 Or for to droup like ane fordullit as?
 Lat vs in ryot leif, in sport and gam,
 In *Venus* court, sen born thareto I am,
 My tyme wel fall I spend : wenys thou not fo?
 Bot all zour folace fall returne in gram,
 Sic thewles lustis in bittir pane and wo.

Thou auld hafard leichoure, fy for schame,
 That flotteris furth euermare in sluggardry :
 Out on the, auld trat, agit wyffe or dame,
 Eschames ne time in roust of fyn to ly :

Thir *Venus* werkis in zoutheid ar foly,
 But into eild thay turn in fury rage.
 And wha schameles doublis thar syn, ha fy
 As dois thir vantouris owthir in zouth or age?

Quhat nedis awant zou of zour wikkitnes,
 Ze that delytis allane in velanus dede?
 Quhy glore ze in zour awin vnthriftines?
 Eschame ze not rehiers and blaw on brede
 Zour awin defame? hawand of God na drede,
 Na zit of hell, prouokand vtheris to syn,
 Ze that list of zour palzardry neuer blyn.

Wald God ze purchest but zoure awin mischance,
 And ware na baneris for to perys mo;
 God grant sum time ze turne zou to pennance,
 Refrenyng lustis inordinat, and cry ho,
 And thare affix zour luf, and myndis also,
 Quhare euer is verray joy without offence,
 That all sic beistly fury ze lat go hence.

Of brokaris and sic baudry how fuld I write?
 Of quham the fylth stynketh in Goddis neis.
 With *Venus* hen wyffis, quhat wyse may I flyte?
 That straykis thir wenschis hedes them to pleis.
 Douchter, for thy luf this man has grete diseis,
 Quod the bismere with the flekit speche:
 Rew on him, it is merit his pane to meis:
 Sic pode makrellis for *Lucifer* bene leche.

Eschame

Eschame zoung virgins, and fair damycellis,
 Furth of wedlok for to distyne zour kellis ;
 Traist not all talis that wantoun wowaris tellis,
 Zou to deffoure purpofyng, and not ellis :
 Abhore sic price or prayer wourfchip sellis ;
 Quhare schame is loist, quyte schent is womanbede ;
 Quhat of beute quhare honeste lysis dede ?

Rew on zour self, ladyis and madynnys zing,
 Grant na sic reuth for euer may caus zou rew :
 Ze fresche gallandis, in hate desire byrnyng,
 Refrene zour curage, sic peramouris to persew ;
 Ground zour amouris on cherite all new,
 Found zou on reffoun ; quhat nedis mare to preche ?
 God grant zou grace in luf as I zon teich.

Fy on diffait and fals dissimulance,
 Contrar to kynd, with fenzeit chere smyling,
 Vnder the cloik of luffis obseruance,
 The venom of the serpent reddy to styng :
 Bot all sic erymis in luffis caus I resing,
 To the confessioun of morall *Johne Gower*,
 For I mon follow the text of our mater.

Thy double wound, *Dido*, to specifye,
 I meyne thyne amouris, and thy funerale fate,
 Quha may endite, but teris, with ene dry ?
Augustyne confessis himself wepit, God wate,
 Reding thy lamentabill end misfortunat.

By the will I report this vers agane,
Temporall joy endis with wo and pane.

Allace thy dolorus cais, and hard mischance?
From blys to wo, fra sorrow to fury rage,
Fra nobilnes, welth, prudence and temperance,
In brutell appetit fell, and wild dotage:
Dantar of *Affrik*, Quene founder of *Cartage*,
Vmquhile in riches and schynyng glore ringing,
Throw fuliche lust wrocht thyne awin vndoing.

Lo, with quhat thocht, quhat bitternes and pane,
Luf vnfilly breidis in euery wicht.
Quhou schort quhile dois his fals plesance remane?
His restles blis how sone takis the slicht?
His kyndnes alteris in wraith within ane nycht;
Quhat is bot torment all hys langsum fare?
Begun with fere, and endit in dispare.

Quhat suffy, cure, and strange ymagyning?
Quhat wayis vnlefull his purpos to atteyne
Has this fals lust at his first begynnyng?
How subtell willis, and mony quiet mene?
Quhat slicht diffait quentlie to flat and fene?
Syne in ane thraw can not him selfyn hyde,
Nor at his first estate no quhile abide.

Thou swelth deuourare of tyme vnrecouerabill,
O lust infernale, furnes inextinguibill,

Thy

Thy self consuming worthis infaciabill,
 Quent feyndis net, to God and man odibil :
 Of thy tragetis quhat tounge may tell the tribyll?
 With the to wrestil, thou waxis euermare wicht ;
 Eschewe thyne hant, and mynnis fall thy mycht,

Se how blynd luffis inordinate desire
 Degradis honour, and reffoun dois exile,
Dido of Cartage floure, and lampe of *Tyre*,
 Quhais hie renoune na strenth nor gift mycht fyle,
 In hir fanyt lust so mait within schort quhile,
 That honestye bayth and gude fame war adew,
 Syne for disdene allace hir selfin flew.

O quhat aualit thy brute and glorious name,
 Thy nobyll tressour and werkis infinity?
 Thy cyeteis beilding, and thy riall hame,
 Thy realmes conquest, weelfare and delyte?
 To stynt all thinge sayf thyne awne appetite,
 So was in luf thy frawart destiny.
 Allace the quhile thou knewe the strange *Enee*!

And sen I fuld thy tragedy endite,
 Here nedis none vthir inuocacyon :
 Be the command I lusty ladyis quhite,
 Bewar with strangearys of vncouth natyoun
 Wirk na sic wounderys to thare dampnatyoun.
 Bot till atteyne wylde amouris at the thay lere :
 Thy lusty pane begouth on thys manere.

100

THE
P R O L O G U E
OF THE
SEUYNTH BOOKE.

W I N T E R.

AS bricht *Phebus* schene souerane heuinnis E
The opposit held of his chymes hie,
Clere schynand bemes, and goldin sumeris hew
In lattoun cullour altering all of new,
Kything no signé of heit be his vissage,
So nere approchit he his wynter stage,
Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
In cludy skyes vnder *Capricorne* :
All thought he be the lampe and hert of heuín,
Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin,
Throw the declynng of his large round spere.
The frosty region ryngis of the zere,
The tyme and seffoun bitter, cauld and pale,
Thay schort daxis, that clerkis clepe *Brumale* :
Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art
Ouerquhelmyt had *Neptunus* in his cart,

And

And all to schaik the leuys of the treis,
 The rageand stormes ouerwelterand wally seis.
 Ryueris can rede on spate with wattir broun,
 And burnis harlis all thare bankis doun,
 And landbirst rumbland rudely with sic bere,
 Sa loud neur rummyft wyld lyoun nor bere :
 FIndis monftouris, sic as merefwynis and quhalis
 For the tempest law in the depe deualis :
Mars occident retrograde in his spere,
 Prouocand stryffe, regnit as lord that zere.
 Rany *Orioun* with his stormy face
 Bywauit oft the schipman by hys race :
 Frawart *Saturne* chil of complexioun,
 Throw quhais aspect darth and infectioun
 Bene caufit oft and mortall pestilence,
 Went progressiue the greis of his ascence :
 And lusty *Hebe*, *Junois* dochter gay,
 Stude spulzete of hir office and array :
 The sole yfowpite in to wattir wak,
 The firmament ourecast with cludis blak :
 The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,
 Mountane toppis flekit with snaw ouer heildis :
 On raggit rolkis of hard harfk quhyn stane,
 With frofyn frontis cald clynty clewis schane :
 Bewty was loist, and barrand schew the landis,
 With frostis hare ouerfret the feildis standis.
 (* Sere birtir bubbis and the schoutis snell
 Semyt on the swarde in similitude of hell,

Reducing

Reducing to oure mynde in euery stede
 Goufky schaddois of eild and grisly dede :*)
 Thik drumly skuggis dirkinnit so the heuin,
 Dym skyis oft furth warpit fereful leuin,
 Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun flaw,
 Scharp foppis of fleit, and of the snyppand snaw :
 The dolly dikis war al donk and wate,
 The law valis flodderit ail wyth spate,
 The plane stretis and euery hie way
 Full of fluschis, dubbis, myre and clay,
 Laggerit leyis wallowit fernis schew,
 Broun muris kythit thare wiffinyt mossy hew,
 Bank, bray and bodlum blanschit wox and bare ;
 For gourl weddir growit beiftis hare,
 The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk,
 Bedowin in donkis depe was euery fike :
 Ouer craggis and the frontis of rockys fere
 Hang grete yfe schokkillis lang as ony spere :
 The grund stude barrane, widderit, dofk and gray,
 Herbis, flouris and gerffis wallowit away :
 Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout
 Stude stripit of thare wede in euery hout :
 Sa bustoullie *Boreas* his bugill blew,
 The dere full derne doun in the dailis drew :
 Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnys thrang,
 In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare fang,
 Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde
 Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempestuus tyde :

The

The watter lynnys rowtis, and euery lynn
 Quhillit and brayit of the fouchand wynd:
 Pure lauboraris and byffy husband men
 Went weet and wery draglit in the fen
 The cilly schepe and thare litill hird gromes
 Lurkis vnder lye of bankis, woddie and bromes:
 And vtheris dantit greter beistial,
 Within thare stabill fedit in the stall,
 Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
 Fed tuskit basis, and fat fwyne in fly,
 Sustenit war be mannis gouernance
 On hervist and on someris purtuance:
 Widequhare with fors fo *Bolus* schoutis schill,
 In this congelit sesoun scharp and chill,
 The callour are penetratiue and pure
 Dasing the blude in euery creature,
 Made seik warme stonis and bene fyris hote,
 In doubill garmont cled and welecote,
 With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,
 Aganis the sterne wynter for to striue.
 Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,
 At euin be tyme down in ane bed me strekit,
 Warpit my hede, kest on claithis thrynfald
 For to expell the perrellus perfsand cald:
 I crofit me, fyne bownit for to slepe:
 Quhare lemand throw the glas I did tak kepe
Latonia the lang irksom nycht
 Hir subtell blickis sched and watry lycht,

Full

Full hie vp quhirrit in his regioun,
 Till *Phebus* richt in oppoficioun,
 Into the *Crab* hir propir manfioun draw,
 Haldand the hicht althocht the son went law :
 The hornyt byrd quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,
 Within hir cauerne hard I schout and zoule,
 Laithely of forme, with crukit camfcho beik,
 Vgsum to here was hir wyld elrifche fkreik.
 The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
 Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde.
 On flummer I flade full fone, and flepyt found,
 Quhill the horifont vpwart can rebound :
Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere,
 Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere :
 Approching nere the greking of the day,
 Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,
 Sa fast declynnys *Cynthia* the mone,
 And kayis keklys on the rafe aboue :
Palamedes birdis crowpand in the fky,
 Fleand on randoun, fchapin lyk ane Y,
 And as an trumpit rang thare vocis foun,
 Quhais cryis bene pronosticacioun
 Of wyndy blafis and ventofiteis.
 Fast by my chalmer on hie wifnit treis
 The fary gled quhifallis with many ane pew,
 Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew ;
 Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
 Syne bliffit me, and is my wedis dicht ;

Auo

Ane schot wyndo unschet ane litel on char,
 Persauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,
 The fulze stiche, hafard, rouch and hare;
 Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt schew the brayis,
 With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndil strayis,
 The dew droppis congelit on stibbil and rynd,
 And scharp hailstany mortfundyit of kynd,
 Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by:
 The schote I clofit, and drew inwart in hy,
 Cheuerand for cald, the sessoun was sa snell,
 Schupe with hait flambis to steme the fresing fell.
 And as I bounit me to the fire me by,
 Baith vp and doun the house I did espy;
 And seand *Virgill* on ane letteron stand,
 To wryte anone I hynt my pen in hand,
 For till perform the Poet graif and sad,
 Quhen sa fer furth or than begun I had:
 And wox anoyit sum dele in my hart,
 Thare restit vncompletit sa grete ane part.
 And to my self I sayd; in gude effect
 Thou mon draw furth, the zoik lyis on thy nek.
 Within my mynd compassing thocht I so,
 Na thing is done quhil ocht remanis ado:
 For besynes quhilk occurrit on case,
 Ouer voluit I this volume lay ane space:
 And thocht I wery was, me list not tyre,
 Full laith to leif our werk sa in the myre,

Or

Or zit to stynt for bittir storme or rane :
 Here I assayit to zoik oure pleuch agane :
 And as I culd, with ane fald diligence
 This nixt buke followand of profound science
 Thus has begun in the chill wynter cald,
 Quhen frostis dois ouer flete baith firth and fald.

THE Proloug smellis new cum furth of hell,
 And as our Buke begouth his werefare tell,
 So wele according deulie bene annext,
 Thou drery preambil, with ane bludy text.
 Of fabill bene thyne letteres illumynate,
 According to thy proces and thy state.

K

The



THE
P R O L O G U E
OF THE
E Y G H T B O O K E.

A S A T Y R E
ON THE MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

OF dreuilling and dremys quhat doith to endite?
For as I lenit in an ley in Lent this last nycht,
I flaid on ane fwevynyng, flomerand ane lite,
And sone ane felkouth fege I saw to my fycht,
Swownand as he fwelt wald, and sowpfit in site;
Was neuer wrocht in this warld mare woful ane wicht.
Ramand; Refoun and rycht ar rent be fals ryte,
Frendschip flemyt is in *France*, and faith has the flicht,
Leyis, lurdanry and lust ar oure laid sterne:

Pece is put out of play,
Welth and welesfare away,
Luf and lawte bayth tway
Lurkis ful derne.

Langour lent is in land, al lichtnes is loist,
Sturtin study has the stere dystroyand our sport,
Musing merris our myrth, half mangit almoist;
So thochtis thretis in thra our breiftis ouerthort,

Baleful befynes bayth blis and blythnes gan boift :
 Thare is na fege for na schame that schrynkis at schorte,
 May he cum to hys cast be clokyng but coift,
 He rekkys nowthir the richt, nor rekles report :
 All is wele done, God wate, weild he his wyll.

That berne is best can not blyn

Wrangwis gudis to wyn ;

Quhy suld he spare for ony syn

Hys lust to fulfil ?

All ledis langis in land to lauch quhat thame leif is,
 Luffaris langis only to lok in thare lace
 Thare ladyis lufely, and louk but lett or releuis,
 Quha sportis thame on the spray sparis for na space :
 The galzeard grume gruntschis, at gamys he greuis,
 The fillok hir deformyt fax wald haue ane fare face,
 To mak hir maikles of hir man at myster mycheiuis :
 The gude wyffe gruffling before God gretis eftir grace,
 The lard langis eftir land to leif to his are ;

The preist for ane perfonage,

The seruand eftir his wage,

The thrall to be of thirlage

Langis ful fare.

The myllare mythis the multure wyth ane mettskant,
 For drouth had drunken vp his dam in the dry zere,
 The cageare callis furth his capyl wyth crakkis wele
 cant,

Calland the colzeare ane knaif and culroun full quere :

Sum

Sum schepehird flais the lardis schepe, and fais he is
ane fant,

Sum grenis quhil the gers grow for his gray mere,
Sum sparis nowthir sprituall, spouftit wyffe, nor ant,
Sum fellis folkis sustenance, as God fendis the fere,
Sum glasteris, and thay gang at al for gate woll :

Sum spendis on the auld vse,

Sum makis ane tume ruse,

Sum grenis eftir ane guse,

To fars his wame full.

The wrache walis and wryngis for this warldis wrak
The mukerar murnys in his mynd the meil gaif na
The pirate preiffis to peil the peddir his pak, (pryce,
The hafartouris haldis thame haryit hant thay not
the dyse ;

The burges bringis in his buith the broun and the
Byand befely bayne, buge, beuer and byce ; (blak,
Sum ledis langis on the land, for luf or for lak,

To fembyl with thare chaftis, and sett apoun fyse ;

The fchipman fchrenkis the fchour, and fettis to the

The hyne cryis for the corne, schore ;

The broustare the bere fchorne,

The feift the fidler to morne

Couatis ful zore.

The railzeare rekkinis na wourdis, bot ratfis furth
ranys,

Ful rude and ryot refouns bayth roundalis and ryme,

Sweyngeouris and skuryvagis swankys and swanys,
 Geuis na cure to cun craft, nor comptis for na cryme,
 Wyth beirdis as beggaris, thocht byg be thare banys,
 Na laubour list thay luke tyl, thare luffis are bierd
 lyme :

Get ane bismare ane barne, than al hyr blys gane is,
 She wyl not wyrk thocht sche want, bot waiftis hir
 tyme

In thigging, as it thryft war, and vthir vane thewis,
 And sleps quhen sche suld spyn,
 Wyth na wyl the warld to wyn,
 This cuntre is ful of *Caynes* kyn,
 And fyc schyre schrewis.

Quhat wykkitnes, quhat wanthryft now in warld
 walkis ?

Bale has banist blythnes, boist grete brag blawis,
 Prattis are repute policy and perrellus paukis,
 Dycznite is laide doun, derth to the dur drawis ;
 Of trattillis and of tragedyis the text of al talk is ;
 Lordis are left landles be vnlele lawis,
 Burges bryngis hame the bothe to breid in the balkis ;
 Knychtis ar cowhubyis, and commouns plukkis
 crawis ;

Clerkis for vncunnandnes mysknawis ilk wycht ;
 Wyffis wald haif al thare wyl,
 Yneuch is not half fyl,
 Is nowthir reffoun nor skyl
 In erd baldin rycht,

Sum

Sum latit lattoun but lay lepis in lawde lyte,
 Sum pynis furth ane pan boddum to prent fals plakkis;
 Sum goukis quhil the glas pyg grow al of gold zyt,
 Throw curie of quentassence, thocht clay muggis
 crakkis;

Sum wernoure for this warldis wrak wendis by hys wyt;
 Sum treitcheoure crynis the cunze, and kepis corne
 stakkis;

Sum prig penny, sum pyke thank with preuy promit,
 Sum jarris with ane ged staff to jag throw blak jakkis.
 Quhat fenzete fare, quhat flattry, and quhat fals talis?

Quhat mysery is now in land?

How many crakkit cunnand?

For nowthir aithis, nor band,

Nor felis aualis.

Preiftis, fuld be patteraris, and for the pepyl pray,
 To be Papis of patrymone and prelatis pretendis;
 Ten teyndis ar ane trumpe, bot gyf he tak may
 Ane kinrik of parisch kyrkis cuplit with commendis.
 Quha ar wirkaris of this were, quha walknaris of wa,
 Bot incompetabyl clergy, that Christindome offendis?
 Quha reiffis, quha ar ryotus, quha rekles bot thay?
 Quha quellis the pure commouns bot kyrkmen, wele
 kend is?

Thare is na state of thare style that standis content;

Knycht, clerk nor commoun,

Burges, nor barroun,

All wald haue vp that is down,

Welterit the went.

And

And as this leid at the last liggand me feis,
 With ane luke vnlustum he lent me sic wourdis :
 Quhat berne be thou in bed with hede full of beis ?
 Graithst lyke sum knappare, and as thy grace gurdis
 Lurkand lyke ane longeoure ? Quod I, Loune, thou
 leis.

Ha, wald thou fecht, quod the freik we haue bot few
 swordis ;

Thare is sic haift in thy hede, I hope thou waldneis,
 That brangillis thus with thi boist quhen bernis with
 the bourdis.

Quod I, churle, ga chat the, and chide with ane vthir.

Moif the not, said he than,
 Gyf thou be ane gentyl man,
 Or ony curtasfy can,

Myne awin leif bruthir :

I speik to the into sport ; spel me thys thyng,
 Quhat lykis ledis in land ? Quhat maift langis thou ?
 Quod I, Smaik, lat me slepe ; fym skynnar the hing :
 I wene, thou biddis na bettir bot I brek thy brow :
 To me is myrk myrrour ilk mannis menyng ;
 Sum wald be court man, sum clerk, and sum ane
 cache kow,
 Sum knycht, sum capitane, sum Caifer, sum King,
 Sum wald haue welth at thare wil, and sum thar
 waine fow,

Sum

Sum langis for the leuir ill to lik of ane quart,
 Sum for thare bontay ar boune,
 Sum to fe the new mone ;
 I lang to haif our buke done,
 I tel the my part.

Thy buke is bot bribry, said the berne than,
 Bot I sal lere the ane lessoun to leis al thy pane :
 With that he raucht me ane roll : to rede I begane,
 The royetest ane ragment with mony ratt rime,
 Of all the mowis in this mold, sen God merkit man,
 The mouing of the mapamound, and how the mone
 schane,

The Pleuch, and the poles, the planetis began,
 The Son, the seuin sternes, and the *Charle* wane,
 The Elwand, the elementis, and *Arthuris* huffe,
 The Horne, and the Hand staffe,
Prater Ibone and Port jaffe,
 Quhy the corne has the caffe,
 And kow weris clufe.

Thir romanis ar bot ridlis, quod I to that ray,
 Lede, lere me ane vthir lessoun, this I ne like.
 I persais, syr Persoun, thy purposis persay,
 Quodhe, and drew me doun derne in delf by ane dyke ;
 Had me hard by the hand, quhare ane hurd lay,
 Than priuely the pennys begouth vp to pike :
 Bot quhen I walknyt, al that welth was wikit away,
 I fand not in all that feild, in faith, ane be bike :

For

For as I grunſchit at that grume, and glifnyt about,
 I gryppit graithlie the gil,
 And every modywart hil;
 Bot I mycht pike thare my fyl,
 Or penny come out.

Than wox I tene, that I tuke to fic ane truffuris tent,
 For ſwevinnys and for ſwevyngcouris that ſlumberis
 not wele,

Mony maruellus mater neuer merkit nor ment
 Wil ſegeis ſe in thare ſlepe, and ſentence but ſele:
 War al ſic ſawis ſuthfaſt, with ſchame war I ſchent,
 This was bot faynt fantaſy, in faith, that I feil;
 Neuer wourd in verite, bot al in waift went,
 Throw riotnes and rauing, that made myne ene reil,
 Thus lyfnyt I as loſingere ſic lewdnes to luke:
 Bot, quhen I ſaw nane vthir bute,
 I ſprent ſpedily on fute,
 And vnder ane tre rute
 Begouth this aucht buke.

The

THE
P R O L O G U E
OF THE
TWELT BOOKE.

SPRING.

MAY.

DIONE^A, nycht hird, and wache of day,
The sternes chafit of the heuin away,
Dame *Cynthia* doun rolling in the seye,
And *Venus* loist the bewte of hir eye,
Fleand eschamet within *Cyllenius* caue,
Mars vmbdrew for all his grundin glaue,
Nor frawart *Saturne* from his mortall spere
Durst langare in the firmament appere,
Bot stal abak zound in his regioun far,
Behynd the circulate warld of *Jupiter*;
Nyctimene affrayit of the licht
Went vnder couert, for gone was the nycht;
As fresche *Aurora*, to mychty *Tithone* spous,
Ischit of hir safferon bed and euyr hous,
In crammesy clede and granit violate,
With sanguyne cape, the seluage purpurate,

Unschet

Unschet the wyndoys of hir large hall,
 Spred all with rosis, and full of balme riall,
 And eik the heuinly portis cristallyne
 Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumyne ;
 The twynkling stremouris of the orient
 Sched purpoure sprayngis with gold and asure ment,
 Persand the sabil barmkin nocturnall,
 Bet down the skyes cloudy mantil wall ;
Eous the stede, with ruby hammys rede,
 Abuse the seyis listis furth his hede,
 Of culloure fore, and sum dele broune as bery,
 For to alichtin and glade our emyspery,
 The flambe out brastin at the neifs thirlis,
 So fast *Phaeton* with the quhip him quhirlis,
 To roll *Apollo* his faderis goldin chare,
 That schroudith all the heuynnys and the are ;
 Quhil schortlie with the blefand torche of day,
 Abulzeit in his lemand fresche array,
 Furth of his palice riall ischit *Phebus*,
 With goldin croun and vissage glorius
 Crisp haris, bricht as chrissolite or thopas,
 For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face,
 The fyrie sparkis draffing from his ene,
 To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene,
 Defoundand from his sege etheriall
 Glade influent aspectis celicall,
 Before his regal hie magnificence
 Myfty vapoure vpspringand swete as sence,

In smoky foppis of donk dewis wak,
 With hailsum stouis ouerheildand the flak,
 The auriate phanis of his trone fouerane
 With glitterand glance ouerspred the octiane,
 The large fludis lemand all of licht,
 Bot with ane blenk of his supernale sicht ;
 For to behald it was ane glore to se
 The stabillyt wyndys, and the calmyt se,
 The soft selsoun, the firmament serene,
 The loune illuminate are, and firth amene,
 The siluer scalit fyschis on the grete,
 Ouer thowrt clere stremes sprinkilland for the hete,
 With fynnyis schinand broun as synopare,
 And chesal talis, stourand here and thare ;
 The new cullour alichting all the landis
 Forgane the stanryis schene and beriall strandis :
 Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemes
 The bene bonkis kest ful of variant glemes :
 And lusty *Flora* did hir blomes sprede
 Under the fete of *Phebus* sulzeart stede :
 The fwardit foyll enbrode with selkouth hewis,
 Wod and forest obumbrate with the bewis,
 Quhais blysful branchis porturate on the ground
 With schaddois schene schew rochis rubicund,
 Towris, turettis, kirnalis, and pynnakillis hie
 Of kirkis, castellis, and ilk faire ciete,
 Stude payntit, euery fane, phioll and stage
 Apoun the plane ground, by thare awin vmbrage :

L

Of

Of *Eolus* north blastis hauand na drede,
 The fulze spred hir brade bosum on brede,
Zephyrus confortabill inspiratioun
 For tyll reffaue law in hir barne adoun :
 The cornis croppis, and the bere new breder
 Wyth gladefum garmont reuesting the erd ;
 So thyk the plantis sprang in euery pete,
 The feildis ferlyis of thare fructuous flete :
 Byffy dame *Ceres*, and proude *Priapus*
 Reiofing of the planis plentuous,
 Plennyft so plesand, and maist proprily
 By nature nuriffit wounder tendirly,
 On the fertyl skyrt lappis of the ground
 Streckand on brede vnder the cyrkil round :
 The varyant vesture of the venust vale
 Schrowdis the scherand fur, and euery fale
 Ouerfrett wyth fulzeis, and fyguris ful dyuers,
 The pray bysprent wyth spryngand sproutis dyspers,
 For callour humours on the dewy nycht,
 Rendryng sum place the gyrs pylis thare licht,
 Als fer as catal the lang somerys day
 Had in thare pasture etc and gnyp away :
 And blysful blossomys in the blomyt zard
 Submyttis thare hedys in the zoung sonnyys safgard :
 Iue leuis rank ouerspred the barmkyn wall,
 The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all,
 Furth of fresche burgeouns the wyne grapis zing
 Endlang the trazileys dyd on twistis hing,

The

The loukit buttoons on the gemyt treis
 Ouerfpredand leuis of naturis tapestryis,
 Soft gresy verdoure eftir balmy fchouris,
 On curland ftalkis fmyland to thare flowris :
 Behaldand thame fa mony diuers hew
 Sum peirs, fum pale, fum burnet, ond fum blew,
 Sum gres, fum gowlis, fum purple, fum fanguane,
 Blanchit or broun, fauch zallow mony ane,
 Sum heuinly colourit in celeftial gre,
 Sum wattry hewit as the haw wally fe,
 And fum departe in freklis rede and quhyte,
 Sum bricht as gold with aureate leuis lyte.
 The dasy did on brede hir crownel fmale,
 And euery flour vnlappit in the dale,
 In battil gers burgeouns, the banwart wyld,
 The claur, catcluke, and the cammomylde ;
 The flourdelyce furth fprede his heuynly hew,
 Floure damas, and columbe blak and blew,
 Sere downis smal on dentilioun fprang,
 The zoung grene blomit ftrabery leuis amang,
 Gimp jereflouris thareon leuis vnfchet,
 Fresche prymrois, and the purpour violet,
 The rois knoppis, tetand furth thare hede,
 Gan chyp, and kyth thare vernale lippis red,
 Cryfp skarlet leuis fum fcheddand baith attanis,
 Keft fragrant fmel amyd fra goldin granis,
 Heuinlie lyllyis, with lokkerand toppis quhyte,
 Opynnit and fchew thare creiftis redemyte,

The balmy vapour from thare fylkyn croppis
 Distilland halefum sugurat hony droppis,
 And syluer schakeris gan fra leuys hing,
 With crystal sprayngis on the verdure zing :
 The plane pouderit with semelie seitis found,
 Bedyit ful of dewy peirlys round ;
 Sq: that ilk burgeoun, syon, herbe, or floure,
 Wox all enbalmyt of the fresche liquour,
 And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete,
 Quharcof the beis wrocht thare hony swete,
 Be mychty *Phebus* operatiouns,
 In fappy subtell exhalatiouns :
 Forgane the cummyyn of this prynce potent,
 Redolent odour vp from the rutis sprent,
 Halefum of smel, as ony spicery,
 Triakil, droggis, or electuary,
 Seropys, sewane, succure, and synamome,
 Pretius inuntment, faufe, or fragrant pome,
 Aromatike gummes, or ony fyne potioun,
 Must, myr, aloyes, or confection.
 Ane paradise it semyt to draw nere
 Thir galzeard gardingis, and eik grene herbere :
 Mayst amyabil waxis the emerant medis,
 Swannis fouchis throw out the resband redis,
 Ouerall the lochis and the fludis gray,
 Serband by kynd ane place quhare thay fuld lay :
Phebus rede foule his curale creift can stere,
 Oft strekand furth his hekkil crawand clere.

Amyd

Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent,
 Pikland hys mete in alayis quhare he went,
 His wyffis toppa and partelot hym by,
 As bird al tyme that hantis bygamy ;
 The payntit powne payfand with plumys gym,
 Keft vp his tale ane proud plesand quhile rym,
 Ifchrowdit in his fedderane bricht and schene,
 Schapand the prent of *Argois* hundreth ene ;
 Amang the bronys of the olyue twiftis,
 Sere smale foulis, wirkand crafty nestis,
 Endlang the hedgeis thik, and on rank akis
 Ilk bird reiosand with thare mirthful makis :
 In corneris and clere fenesteris of glaz
 Full befely *Arachne* weuand was,
 To knyt hyr nettis and hyr wobbis fle,
 Tharewith to caught the lital mige or fle :
 So dusty powder upstouris in euery strete,
 Quhil corby gaspit for the feruent hete :
 Under the bewis bene in lufely valis,
 Within fermance and parkis clois of palis,
 The buftuous bukkis rakis furth on raw,
 Heirdis of hertis throw the thyck wod schaw,
 Bayth the brokittis, and with brade burnift tyndis
 The sprutillit calfys foukand the rede hyndis,
 The zoung fownys followand the dun days,
 Kiddis skipband throw ronnyes eftir rais,
 In lesuris and on leyis litill lammes
 Full tait and trig socht bletand to thare dammes,

Tydy ky lowis welis, by thaym rynnīs,
 And snod and flekit worth thir beiftis skinnis :
 On falt stremes wolk *Dorida* and *Tbetis*
 By rynnand strandis, *Nymphes* and *Naiades*,
 Sic as we clepe wenschis and damyffellis,
 In gersy grauis wanderand by spring wellis,
 Of blomed branschis and flouris quhyte and rede
 Plettand thare lusty chaplettis for thare hede :
 Sum sang ring sangis, dancis, ledis, and roundis,
 With vocis schil, quhil all the dale resfoundis ;
 Quharefo thay walk into thare karoling,
 For amourus layis dois all the rochis ring :
Ane sang, The schip salis ouer the salt fame,
Wil bring thir merchandis and my lemane hame ;
 Sum vthir singis, *I wil be blyith and licht,*
My bert is lent apoun sa gudly wicht.
 And thoctful luffaris rownyis to and fro,
 To leis thare pane, and plene thare joly wo,
 Eftir thare gife, now singand, now in forow,
 With hertis pensue, the lang someris morow :
 Sum ballettis list endite of his lady,
 Sum leuis in hope, and sum alluterly
 Disparit is, and sa quyte oute of grace,
 Hys purgatory he fyndis in euery place.
 To pleis hys lufe sum thoct to flatter and fene,
 Sum to hant bawdry and vnleifsum mene,
 Sum rownys till his fallow thaym betwene,
 Hys mery stouth and pastyme lait zistrene :
Smyland

Smyland fais ane, I couth in priuate
 Schaw the ane burd. Ha, quhat be that, quod he?
 Quhat thing? that moift be secrete, said the vthir,
 Gude lord mysbelene ze zour verry brothyr?
 Na neuir ane dele, bot herkys quhat I wald,
 Thou man be preuy, lo my hand vphald,
 Than fal thou wend at euin: quod he, quhiddir?
 In sic ane place here west, we baith togiddir,
 Quhare siche so freschlye sang this hindir nicht:
 Dp cheis the ane, and I fall quench the licht.
 I fall be thare, quod he, I hope, and leuch;
 Za, now I knaw the mater wele yneuch.
 Thus oft diuulgate is thys schameful play,
 Na thing accordyng to our halefum *May*,
 Bot rathir contagiis and infectyue,
 And repugnant that sessoun nutritiue;
 Quhen new curage kitillis all gentil hertis,
 Seand throw kynd ilk thing spryngis and reuertis
 Dame naturis menstrualis, on that vthyr parte,
 Thare blisful bay intonyng euery arte,
 To bete thare amouris of thare nychtis bale,
 The merle, the mausy, and the nychtingale,
 Wyth mirry notis myrthfully furth brist,
 Enforfing thaym quha nicht do clink it best:
 The kowfchot croud is and pykkis on the ryse,
 The stirling changis diuers steuynnys nyse,
 The sparrow chirmis in the wallis clyft,
 Goldspink and lintquhite fordynnand the lyft,

The

The gukkow galis, and so quhitteris the quale,
 Quhil ryveris reirdit, schawis, and euery dale,
 And tendir twiftis trymblit on the treis,
 For birdis sang, and bemyng of the beis,
 In werblis dulce of heuinlie armonyis,
 The larkis loude releifchand in the skyis,
 Louis thare lege with tonys curious ;
 Bayth to dame Natur, and the fresche *Venus*,
 Rendring hie laudis in thare obseruance,
 Quhais fuggourit throttis made glade hartis dance,
 And al smal foulis fingis on the spray.

Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene,
 Welcum quhikkynnar of flurist flouris schene,
 Welcum support of euery rute and vane,
 Welcum confort of al kind frute and grane,
 Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,
 Welcum maister and reulare of the zere,
 Welcum weelfare of husbandis at the plewis,
 Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
 Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
 Welcum the lyffe of euery thing that spredis,
 Welcum storare of al kynd bestial,
 Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al,
 Welcum celestially myrroure and espye,
 Atteiching all that hantis sluggardry.

And with this wourd, in chawmer quhare I lay,
 The nynt morow of fresche temperit *May*,

On

On fute I sprent into my bare fark,
 Wilful for to complete my langsum wark,
 Twiching the lattir buke of Dan *Virgil*,
 Quhilk me had taryit al to lang ane quhyle,
 And to behald the cummyng of this King,
 That was so welcum to al warldly thyng,
 With sic triumpe and pompus curage glaid,
 Than of his souerane chymmes, as is said,
 Newlie arising in his estate ryall:
 That by his hew, but orliger or dyal,
 I knew it was past four houris of day,
 And thocht I wald na langare ly in *May*,
 Les *Phebus* fuld me losingere attaynt:
 For *Progne* had or than foug hir complaynt,
 And eik hir dredful sifter *Philomene*
 Hir layis endit, and in woddis grene
 Hid hir selvin, eschamit of hir chance,
 And *Esacus* completit his pennance,
 In ryueris, fludis, and on euery laik:
 And *Perifera* biddis luffaris awake,
 Do serf my lady *Venus* here with me,
 Lerne thus to make zour obseruance, quod sche,
 In to my hartis ladyis fwete presence
 Behaldis how I being, and dois reuerence:
 Hir neck scho wrinklis, traifing mony fold
 With plumis glitterand, asure apoun gold,
 Rendring ane cullour betwix grene and blew,
 In purpore glance of heuinlie variant hew,

I mene our awin natiue bird, gentil dow,
 Singand on hir kynde, *I come bidder to woo*;
 So prikking hir grene curage for to crowde
 In amorus voce and wowar foundis lowde;
 That for the dynnyng of hir wantoun cry,
 I irkit of my bed, and mycht not ly,
 Bot gan me blis, syne in my wedis drestis:
 And for it was are merow or tyme of messis,
 I hint ane scripture, and my pen furth tuke;
 Syne thus began of *Virgil* the twelt buke.

THE lufy crafty preambil perl of *May*
 I the intitillit crownit quhil domysday;
 And al with gold, in signe of state riall,
 Moist bene illumynit thy letteris capitall.



THE
P R O L O G U E
OF THE
THRETTENE BOOKE.

SUMMER,

JUNE.

TOWART the euyn, amyd the someris hete,
Quhen in the Crab *Apollo* held hys sete,
During the joyus moneth tyme of *June*,
As gone nere was the day, and supper done;
I walkit furth about the feildis tyte,
Quhilkis tho replenist stude ful of delyte,
With herbis, cornes, cattel and frute treis,
Plente of store, birdis and besy beis,
In amerand medis fleand est and west,
Estir laubour to tak the nyctis rest.
And as I lukit on the list me by,
All birnand rede gan waxin the cuin sky;
The son enfyrit hale, as to my sight,
Quhirllit about his ball with bemes bricht,
Declynand

Declynand fast towart the north in dede,
 And fyrie *Pblegon* his dym nychtis stede
 Doukit fa depe his hede in fludis gray,
 That *Phebus* rollis doun vnder hel away :
 And *Hesperus* in the west with bemes bricht
 Vpspringis, as fore rydare of the nycht.
 Amyd the hawchis, and euery lusty vale,
 The recent dew begynniss doun to skale,
 To meis the birning quhare the sone had schyne,
 Quhilk tho was to the nethir warld declyne :
 At every pylis poynt and cornes croppis
 The teicheris stude, as lemand beriall droppis,
 And on the halefum herbis, clene but wedis,
 Like cristall knoppis or small siluer bedis :
 The licht begouth to quenschyng out and fall,
 The day to dirken, declyne and deuall :
 The gummis risis, doun fallis the donk rym,
 Bayth here and thare skuggis and schaddois dym :
 Vp gois the bak with hir pelit leddren flicht,
 The larkis discendis from the skyis hicht,
 Singand hir complene sang eftir hir gise,
 To take hir rest, at matyne houre to ryse :
 Out ouer the swyre swymmys the foppis of myst,
 The nicht furth spred hir cloik wyth sabyl lyst ;
 That al the bewty of the fructuous feild
 Was wyth the erthis vmbrage clene ouerheild :
 Bayth man and beist, firth, flude, and woddis wylde
 Iauoluit in the schaddois war insyld :

Styll

Styll war the foulis fleis in the are,
 All store and cattall fesit in thare lare;
 All creature quhare so thame lykis best
 Bownis to tak the halefum nychtis rest,
 Eftir the dayis laubour and the hete:
 Clois warren all and at thare soft quiet,
 But sterage or remouyng, he or sche,
 Outhir beist, bird, fysche, foule by land or se.
 And schortly euery thyng that doith repare
 In firth or feild, flude, forest, erth or are,
 Or in the scroggis, or the buskis ronk,
 Lakis, mareffis, or thare poulis donk:
 Aftablit lyggis styl to sleip and restis
 Be the small birdis fyttand on thare nestis,
 The lytil mydgis, and the vrufum fleis,
 Lauborius emottis, and the biffy beis;
 Als wele the wyld as the tame bestiall,
 And euery vthir thingis grete and small:
 Out tak the mery nyctyngale *Philomene*,
 That on the thorne sat syngand fro the splene.

Quhais myrthfull nottis langing for to here,
 Vntyll ane garth vnder ane grene laurere
 I walk anone, and in ane sege doun sat,
 Now musyng apoun this, and now on that:
 I se the poll, and eik the *Ursis* brycht,
 And hornyt *Lucine* castand bot dym lycht,
 Becaus the somer skyes schane so clere;
 Goldin *Venus* the maistres of the zere,

M

And

And gentill *Joue* wyth hir participate,
 Thare bewteous bemes sched in blyth estate.
 That schortlie thare, as I was lenit doun,
 For nycht silence, and thir birdis soun,
 On slepe I flaid : quhare sone I saw appere
 Ane agit man, and said ; *Quhat* dois thou here
 Vnder my tre, and wyllist me na gude ?
 Me thoct I lurkit vp vnder my hude,
 To spy thys auld, that was als sterne of speiche,
 As he had bene ane medicynare or leiche :
 And wele persfuit that hys wede was strange,
 Thareto so auld, that it had not bene change,
 Be my confate, fully that fourty zere ;
 For it was threde bare into placis fere :
 Syde was hys habyt, round, and clofit mete,
 That strekit to the ground doun ouer his fete ;
 And on hys hede of laurere tre ane croun,
 Lyke to sum poet of the auld fassoun.

Me thoct I said to hym wyth reuerence ;
 Fader, gif I haue done zou ony offence,
 I sal amend, gif it lysis in my mycht :
 Bot soithfastlie, gif I haue persfite sicht,
 Vnto my dome, I saw zou neur are :
 Fane wald I witt, quhen, or quhat wise, or quhare
 Aganis zou trespasssit ocht haue I.

Wele, quod the tothir, wald thou mercy cry,
 And mak amendis, I fall remit this falt ;
 Bot vthir wayis that fate fall be full falt.

Knawie

Knawis thou not *Mapheus Vegius* the poete,
 That vnto *Virgillis* lusty bukis swete
 The threttene buke ekit *Eneadane* :
 I am the famyn, and of the nathyng fane,
 That has the tothir tuelf in to thy tounge
 Translait of new, thay may be red and sounge
 Ouere *Albioun* ile into zour vulgare lede :
 Bot to my buke zit list ze tak na hede.
 Maister, I said, I here wele quhat ze say ;
 And in thys case of perdoun zou I pray :
 Not that I haue zou ony thing offendit,
 Bot rather that I haue my tyme mispendit,
 So lang on *Virgillis* volume for to stare,
 And laid on fyde full mony graue mater :
 That wald I now wryte in that treti more,
 Quhat suld folk deme, bot all my tyme forlore ?
 Als, findry haldis, fader, traiftis me,
 Zour buke ekyt but ony neccessite,
 As to the text accordyng neuir ane dele,
 Mare than langis to the cart the thrid quhele :
 Thus sen ze bene ane *Cbristin* man, at large
 Lay na sic thing, I pray zou, to my charge :
 It may suffyce *Virgill* is at ane end.
 I wate the story of *Jerome* is to zou kend,
 Quhow he was doung and best into his slepe,
 For he to *Gentilis* bukis gaif sic kepe.
 Ful scharp repreif to sum is write, ze wyft,
 In this sentence of the haly *Psalmyst* ;

Thay ar corruptit, and made abhominabyl,
In thare studying thingis vnproffitabyl :
 Thus fare me dredis I fall thole ane hete,
 For the graue study I haue sa lang forlete.

Za, son, quod he, wald thow eschape me sa :
 In fayth we fall not thus part or we ga :
 How think we he affonzeis him to astart,
 As all for conscience and deuote hart,
 Fenzeand hym *Jerome* for to counterfete ;
 Quhare as he liggis bedouin, lo, in swete.
 I lat the wyt I am na *Heitbin* wycht ;
 And gif thou has afore tyme gane vnrycht,
 Followand sa lang *Virgyll* ane *Gentyle* clerk,
 Quhy schrenkis thou with my schorte *Cristlin* werk ?
 For thocht it be bot poetry we say,
 My buke and *Virgillis* morale bene baith tway :
 Len me ane fourtene nicht, how euir it be ;
 Or be the faderis saule me gat, quod he,
 Thou fall dere by that euir thou *Virgil* knew :
 And with that wourd doun of the fete me drew ;
 Syne to me with his club he maid ane braid,
 And twenty rowtis apoun my rigging laid :
 Quhil *Deo meo* mercy did I cry :
 And be my richt hand strekit vp in hy
 Hecht to translate his buke in honour of God,
 And his Apostlis twelf, in nowmer od.

He glade thareof me be the hand vp tuke,
 Syne went away, and I for fere awouke ;

And

And blent about to the north eist wele fer,
 Saw gentyl *Jubar* schynand, the day ster,
 And *Chiron* clepit the signe of *Sagittary*,
 That waikis the someris nycht, to bed can cary :
 Zounder doun dwynis the euin sky away,
 And vpspringis the bricht dawning of the day :
 In till ane vthir place, not fer in sounder,
 That to behald was plesance, and half wounder,
 Furth quencheing gan the sternes ane be ane,
 That now is left bot *Lucifer* allane.
 And forthirmore, to blasin this new day,
 Quhay nicht discryue the birdis blisful bay ?
 Belyue on wyng the biffy lark vpsprang,
 To salute the bricht morow with hir sang :
 Sone ouer the feildis schynes the licht clere,
 Welcum to pilgryme baith and lauborere :
 Tyte on his hynes gaif the greif ane cry ;
 Awalk, on fute, go tyl our husbandry :
 And the hird callis furth apoun his page,
 To driue the catall to thare pasturage :
 The hynes wiffe clepis vp *Katherine* and *Gyl* ;
 Za, dame, faid thay, God wate, with ane gude will.
 The dewye grene powderit with dasyis gay
 Schew on the sward ane ctullour dapil gray :
 The mysty vapouris spryngand vp ful swete,
 Maist confortabil to glaid al mannis sprete :
 Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,
 As menstrualis playis, *The ioly day now dawis.*

Than thocht I thus : I will my cunnand keip,
 I will not be ane daw, I wyl not sleip,
 I will complete my promys schortly thus,
 Maid to the poete maister *Mapheus* ;
 And mak vp werk hereof, and clois our buke,
 That I may fyne bot on graue materis luke :
 For thocht his stile be not to *Virgil* like,
 Full wele I wate my text fal mony like,
 Syne eftir ane my tounge is and my pen,
 Quhilk may suffice as for our vulgar men.
 Quhay euer in *Latine* has the brute and glore,
 I speik na wers than I haue done before :
 Lat clerkis ken the poete different,
 And men vnletterit to my werk tak tent ;
 Quhilk as twiching this threttene buke in fere,
 Begynnis thus, as furthwyth followis here.



A

G L O S S A R Y

OF

OBSOLETE SCOTISH WORDS AND PHRASES,

IN

THE PALICE OF HONOUR.

P R O L O G U E.

§. line.

- 2 1 **O**UIR-FRET, overspread, covered.
- 8 *Ouir the Alars zet*, overspread the alleys.
- - *Verdour*, verdant.
- 3 1 *Thair feis*, their feats.
- 4 *On twiffis*, on branches.
- - *On greis*, on degrees, steps, one above another.
- 5 *Kyndlie gleis*, amorous songs in parts.
- 9 *Laurers*, laurels, bay trees.
- 4 3 *Eous*, the morning star, Lucifer.
- 6 *Tytan*, the sun.
- 8 *Rice*, small branches of trees.
- 9 *Gudlyheid*, Goodness, benevolence.
- 5 5 *X*—*Schappit*, shaped, framed, fashioned, *Y* often precedes a word in the old Saxon, and Scottish language, which is derived from it.

7 *Amene,*

§. 1.

- 7 *Amene*, pleafant.
- 8 *Gnappit*, Chirpit.
- 6 8 *Beriall Stremis*, clear streams fhining like beril,
a precious ftone.
- 9 *Bankis*, banks, borders.
- 7 3 *Embroued Ure*, embroidered ore, metall.
- 5 *Spreit*, Spirit.
- 6 *I not*, I knew not, or wift not.
- 8 *Garth*, garden.
- 8 1 *Soles*, folece or folace.
- 3 *Adown refpiratione*, reviver of every thing below.
- 9 4 *Knoppit Syonis*, round fwelling buds.
- 5 *Burgione*, ready to burft forth.
- 9 *Brownis*, branches.
- 10 7 *Weill auchtis the*, well becomes thee.
- 11 2 *Foruay*, ftray, wander.
- 7 *In fanton fteruis*, in this fwoon is ready to ex-
pire.
- 12 4 *Ery or eirie*, frightened, terrified.
- - *Sary*, forrowful.
- 5 *Bowmand me hame*, inclining me homeward.
- 8 *Virgultis*, branches of trees.
- 13 8 *Smorit, fmurit*, fmothered, overwhelmed.
- 14 1 *I not how lang*, I know not how long.
- 4 *Sawoun or Saweven*, in my fwoon, or dream.
- - *Ferly cace*, a ftrange adventure, incident.
- 7 *Gryffy*, terrible, monftrous.

PART

PART I.

- §. 1.
- 1 3 *SHAW thy Badnyffie*, show thy weakness in poetry.
 - 4 *Endite reprufe of Rethoryis*, thy reproveable attempt or effay in rhetorical writing.
 - 5 *Beggit termis*, thrice beggarly verses.
 - 6 *Thy rymis barlotrie*, thy wanton, profane ungodly verses.
 - 2 7 *Raif rochis*, riven, rent rocks.
 - 9 *Swappis brint*, blasted, unripe plants, herbs.
 - 3 1 *Laitblie flude*, deadly lethal water.
 - 2 *Fifch zelland as eluis*, fish shrieking as Elves or spirits.
 - 3 *Fordeifit*, deafned or stunned me.
 - 5 *Muskane treis*, rotten trees.
 - 9 *A ganand Den*, a fit solitude for murderers.
 - 4 1 *My felwin*, myself.
 - 6 *Uneith*, uneasie—the description of this horrid desert in this and the two preceding stanzas is very poetical.
 - 5 2 *Arraifit*, arrested.
 - 6 8 *Now gam, now gram*, now for game mirth and play—now serious, morose.
 - 7 3 *Freuch*, frush, easie to be broke.
 - 4 *No wicht*, no manhood, strenght.
 - 5 *Ze, yea, yes*.
 - 6 *Diullie bant*, this dull melancholly sojourn.

§. 1.

— 8 *Ver*, the Spring.

8 3 *Plague Septentrional*, the north Zone.

9 3 *Degeß*, grave, composed.

— 4 *Haiknays*, horses.

— 5 *Not forwayit*, not going out of the way, or astray.

10 4 *Sawair*, *fwire*, the neck, bosom.

12 6 *Frane*, ask.

— 9 *Feill*, many.

19 3 *Cbarrit*, stopped.

— 8 *Elrich grume*, hideous, uncouth, bewitched.

20 2 *Feill syfe*, many, several.

— 9 *Ugsome*, terrible, frightful.

21 3 *Megirnefs*, despite, wrath, vexation.

— 8 *Wrokin*, avenged.

22 3 *Watit* or *awated*, lay in wait for.

— 4 *Madynnis zing*, young maidens.

— 8 *Blent*, looked.

— 9 *At him batit*, baited, bit him.

26 9 *Carpit*, spoken, spunded.

27 2 *Poris feir*, or *fere*, many pores.

28 1 *Deris*, troubles.

— 9 *But* or *bot*, without.

29 5 *My tene*, my sorrow, anger, vexation.

— 9 *Fordinnand*, making a noise, resounding.

30 3 *Dullit*, made dull, stupified, sunk.

— 8 *Intonit*, sounding.

32 1 *Pastanse*, pastime.

§ 4 *Limmaris*,

§. 1.

33 4 *Limmaris*, limmers, beam or draught tree of a carriage.

33 6 *Lyamis*, strings, or thongs.

— 8 *Evir baims*, ivory yokes or collars.

34 6 *Tyldit abone*, covered, clad or cloathed above.

— 8 *Fas frenzies*, hair fringes.

35 9 *Ierarchies* or *Heirarchies*, chiefs of Angelic order.

37 9 *Bakkis ee*, the bat's eye.

40 2 *Diffauabill*, deceitful.

— 5 For Sendill read *Scudill*, seldom.

41. 42 These two Stanzas are a recital of the various measures of musical modulation, and of the different instruments then in use.

44 2 *Tban dois*, of Greek, a Swine. In the old edition it runs, *Tban a Greek or a Swine*, which seems to be an error in the press, and by a very small alteration the reading here adopted is produced.

The good Bishop's word might have been taken for his ignorance in music, without the solemnity of his oath.

— 9 *Glasferiane*, according to the old English Ballad, was a King's Son, and played excellently on the harp.—See Percy's Relicks of Ancient English Poetry, vol. 3.

45 5 *Lustie springaldis*, handsome striplings.

46 5 *Dames*, silk damask.

— 6 *Crameffie satyne*, red, purple satin.

47 4 *Pattrell*

§. 1.

- 47 4 *Pattrell or peyterell*, the breast harness of a horse.
- 49 1 *Areyte and Palemon*, See *Knights Tale* in *Dryden*, and *Chaucer*—the rest mentioned in § 49 to 52 are lovers whose amours are well known.
- 51 3 *Warit Biblis*, accursed *Biblis*—See her story *Ovid Met. B. 9th*.
- 51 9 *Narcissus*, (*in old edit.*) this must be an error of the printer, in place of *Hyacinthus*, who was slain by a stone or quoit thrown by *Apollo*.
- 54 7 *Syte*, sorrow.
- 9 *Deuyde in twain*, and furth diffound all tyte, i. e. cut asunder and throw away your chain.
- 55 9 *Byfning*, forrowing.
- 56 3 *Freuch*, frush, bruckle or brittle.
- 9 *Waryit mot thay be*, cursed may they be.
- 57 4 *Renziet*, bridled, checked or reined in their horses.
- 5 *Poid, pode*, insect, low creature.
- 58 6 *Deplome the ruik*, pull the feathers from the rook or raven.
- 8.9. *Skrymorie, fery or fairy, Chyppynutie*, vulgar names of mischievous spirits.
- 59 1 *Tene tenefull*, angry, mischievous.
- 60 9 *For till betrais awaitit*, for to traduce or asperse me, has lyen in wait since early morn.
- 61 1 *Fortune fey*, unfortunate.
- 64 7 *Quhat wenis thou*, thinkest thou.

§. 1.

- 67 1 *Alfawyth*, speedily.
 — 2 *Let the Caitive kuitb*, let the Caitive know
 — 3 *Deme, deeking*, judge condemn.
 — 5 *Did myith*, did flush, rise up.
 — 6 *Mal-eis*, trouble uneasiness; Mal-aife.
 — 8 *Wryith*, torment torture.
 68 3 *Faip*, jest, sport, pastime.
 — 5 *Byfning beift*, ravenous beast.
 69 5 *Zimmit*, kept, had in charge.
 70 1 *I umbethocht*, I thought upon, recollected.
 — 9 *Loir*, learning, lesson.
 71 2 *Gryis*, affright, terrify.
 — 5 *Na ken wyis*, na known ways.

P A R T II.

- 1 9 *Forzet*, forgot.
 2 9 *Uneith may be*, will scarcely be.
 3 2 *Faffoun*, fashion.
 — 4 *Of wifse degeft*, composed, sedate.
 — 7 *Seir, fere*, feveral, many.
 — 8 *In latin tongue and greic*, in Latine and Greek
 languages.
 4 4 *Fiaillis lang*, long fiddles, *viol's di Gamba*.
 — 5 *Wrest*, key for tuning stringed instruments.
 5 9 *Luftie*, amorous.
 6 3 *Castis quent*, fine touches of poetry.
 7 9 *This Byfning*, this horrible beast.

N

8 9 *Cauland*

§. 1.

- 8 9 *Causand gros leid, of maist gudness gleit*, causing rude language to become polished.
- 9 9 *Thefpiis*, the inventor of Dramatic Interludes.
- 10 4 *Det*, duty.
- 8 *Feird*, the fourth.
- 9 *Gent*, gentle, gentile, neat, well drest.
- 11 6 *Dytis*, dictates, rehearses.
- 20 2 *Subtell fmy*, a cunning scandalous fellow.
- 22 9 *Hest, bebest*, commands.
- 23 1 *Ghoist*, spirit.
- 25 3 *Gram*, the breast, bosom.
- 28 1 *Unwemmit*, spotless, blameless.
- 5 *Womenting*, lamenting.
- 32 4 *Dampnit*, condemned.
- 8 *It langis me*, It becomes me, belongs to me.
- 33 2 *Forzeild you*, repay you.
- 7 *I well thow wend and vesse*, I will lead you and shew you.
- 8 *Betaught*, recommended.
- 34 1 *Besene*, accoutred.
- 5 *Bedene*, furthwith.
- 9 *Neuer a wreist*, never a note or key.
- 35 1 *Holtis*, hills.
- 36 4 *By Pyse the riche Cietie*, the rich City Pisa.
- 6 *Ouir Lair*, over the River Loir.
- 38 9 *The flude Thanas*, the river Tanais or Don.
- 42 7 *Beryall stremis rinnand ouir stanerie gries*, clear streams running over glittering sands.

— 8 *The*

§. 1.

- 8 *The schaw*, the woods.
 43 6 *Fair hauingis*, good behaviour.
 — 9 *Storciſt*, astonished.
 44 6 *An Palzeeron pitcht*, a Tent or Pavilion pitched.
 45 3 *Was not thra*, was not cross, ill humoured.
 — 7 *Sitting on deiffis*, on benches.
 47 2 *Digeſt*, composed, fedate.
 48 9 *Skarth*, Scart, a sea fowl.

The persons mentioned in the 47th, 48th and 49th § as recited by Ovid, and their stories are taken from his Metamorphoses.

- 51 5 *Like ane mowar*, a mover, a clock.
 53 4 *Ouir waters wan*, went or wend.
 — 9 *Their beidis law deuail*, bowed low their heads.
 55 1 *On raaw*, in order.
 56 9 *My purpois to eſchief*, to atchieve, attain.

P A R T III.

- 1 3 *TEICHE me zour caſtis eloquent*, your curious nice touches of eloquence, poetry is here meant.
 — 7 *Bowſom*, chearful, well pleased, kind.
 2 9 *Out tane*, without, except.
 3 9 *Griſlie ſicht*, a frightful terrible sight.
 4 2 *Seawch*, a ditch, gully, gulf.
 9 1 *Gudelic carwell*, goodlie ſhip or barge.
 — 3 *Richt ſouer*, right ſure.

N 2

— 6 *Bubbis*

- §. 1.
 — 6 *Bubbis thick*, thick stormy blasts.
 10 4 *Mait*, wearied.
 13 4 *Fouth*, plenty.
 15 8 *To noy*, to annoy.
 16 3 *Ay rypit*, ripe, ripened.
 — 8 *Kyrneillis*, towers battlements.
 17 1 *Pinakillis*, *Fyellis*, &c. terms of architecture.
 20 3 *Gouand*, govan, gazing with wonder.
 — 8 *Garth*, garden.
 22 9 *Blent*, locked.
 34 4 *Lidder*, soft, sluggish.
 — 5 *Licht of laitis*, of light wanton carriage.
 48 & 49 *I saw Raf Coilzear*, &c. the persons mentioned in these Stanzas, are the subjects of popular ballads and the heroes of traditionary stories in our author's time.

Rauf Colyeard, and **John the Reif**, are mentioned in a poem of Dunbar's, address'd to king James V. in Banantyne's M. S. The Editor of Ancient Scottish Poems, Edinburgh, 1770, says, John the Reif is Johnny Armstrong, the famous borderer who was hanged by king James V. But John the Reif mentioned in this Poem of G. Douglas' must have been of more ancient date than James Vth's time.

Cow keawpis focw, a popular ballad in Banantyn's M. S. also mentioned by Dunbar in the above publication, 1770, p. 42 and note 253.

Greit

S. 1.

*Greit Gow Macmorn—and Fyn Macoul and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland,*

It is with pleasure we find here, two of Of-
fians celebrated heros, viz. Gow or Gaul the
son of Morni and Fyn Macoul or Fyngal.—
The last verse alludes to their heroic, or god-
like exploits in Ireland.

49 1 *The nigromancie of Benytas Bongo and Frair
Bacone*—Men of profound learning, who in
the dark ages were reputed necromancers.

50 9 *I not mair*, I know no more.

51 6 *Not to neuin*, needs not be named or mentioned.

— 7 *Steuin*, voice.

52 2 *Bowfome*, pleafant, obedient.

55 6 *Garritour*, the watchman of the tower.

56 2 *Laawtie*, loyalty.

— 3 *Outfchett*, fhut out.

57 2 *Hecht*, is called.

59 2 *Meid*, reward.

65 9 *Farie*, fear.

66 3 *Waill*, to pick out or chufe.

— 7 *Rammall*, fhruhs.

67 6 *Symont*, cement.

— 8 *Quemit*, exactly fitted.

68 2 *Fynes*, the ends, boundings.

69 2 *Gent*, handsome, genteel.

— 4 *Boir*, bore, a hole or opening.

70 5 *Lowpit*, wreathed.

§. 1.

- 73 2 *Wyvis hart*, a woman's heart.
73 5 *Apirsmart*, rough, crabbed, ill natured.
— 6 *Braid*, attack.
76 6 *Mane*, valour.
78 6 *Deme*, deem, thought.
86 9 *Appoist*, poised, fixt, settled.
88 2 *Fouffte*, fossie, ditch.
89 6 *Harnis*, brains, harns.



T H E

G O L D I N T E R G E.

I.

RICHT as the stern of day began to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed was *Vesper* and *Lucyne*,
I raise, and by a roseir did me rest;
Upsprang the goldin candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit beims christalyne,
Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest,
Or *Phebus* was in purple kaip revest;
Up sprang the lark, the hevenis minstrel syne,
In *May* intill a morrow mirthfullest.

II.

Full angelyk thir birdis sang thair hours,
Within thair courtings grene within thair bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with blumys sweit,
Enamalit was the feild with all collours,
The perlit dropis schuke in silver schours,
Quhyle all in balm did brench and levis fleit,
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir cristal teirs I saw hing on the flours,
Quhilk he for lufe drank all up with his heit.

III.

For mirth of *May*, with skippis and with hopps,
The birds sang upon the tendir cropps,

With curious nottis as *Venus* chapell clarks ;
The rosses reid, now spreiding aff their knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly dropps,
With rayis reid, lemying as ruby sparks,
The skyis rang with schouting of the larks,
The purple hevin owre skailt in silver flopps,
Owre gilt the treis branchis leivs and barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the ryfs an river ran, quhois streims
So lustely upon the lykand leims,

That all the laik as lamp did leim of licht,
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland gleims,
The bewis baithit were in secound beims,
Throw the reflex of *Phebus* visage bricht,
On every fyde the ege raise on hicht :
The bank was grene, the sun was full of beims,
The streimers cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

V.

The cristal air the saphier firmament,
The ruby skyes of the reid orient,
Keft berial gleims on emerant bewis grene,
The rosy garth depaynt and redolent,
With purpore, asure, gold and gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be dame *Flora* the quene,
Sae nobilie that joy was for to sene,
The roche against the river resplendant,
As low illuminate the levis schene.

VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls fast harmony,
 Quhat throw the rivers found that ran me by,
 On *Floras* weid I llepit quhair I lay,
 Quhair fune into my dreimand fantisy,
 I saw approche agane the orient sky,
 Ane schip on sail as blofome on the spray,
 With mast of gold, bricht as the stern of day,
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,
 With swiftest motion throu a crystal bay.

VII.

And hard on burd unto the blumit meids,
 Amangs the grene rispies and the reids,
 Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair lands
 Ane hundreth ladeis lustie intill weids,
 Als fresh as flours that in the *May* upspreads,
 In kirtills grene, withouten kell or bands,
 Thair shynand hair hang glitterand on the strand
 In trefis cleir wypit with goldin threids,
 With pawps quhyte, and middills small as wands.

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
 How all the flours with all the lillies quhyt,
 Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit,
 Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
 For all thy ornat style the maist perfyte,
 Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais oratiouns sweit
 In rethorick did intill terms fleit,
 Zour aureat tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
 For to compyle that paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I *Nature*, and als dame *Venus* quene,
Aurora fresh, and lady *Flora* schene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,
Diane the goddes of cheft and wods grene,
My lady *Clio*, that help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis se grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair faynt fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir mighty quenis, with crownis might be sene,
With beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

Thair saw I *May* of mirthfull moniths quene,
Betwixt *Apryl* and *June* her sisters schene,
Within the garden walkand up and down,
Quhom of the fowls resaif gladness bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir zeirs grene ;
Thair saw I nature give till hir a gown,
Rich to behald, and noble of renown,
Of ilka hew that undir hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude proportioun.

XI.

Full lustiely thir ladyis all in feir,
Enteret into this park of maist pleseir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with leivs rank,
The mirry birds blisful of cheir ;
Nature salust methocht in thair maneir,
And every blume on brench and on the bank,
Openit and spred thair balmy leivs donk,
Full law inclynand to thair quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurising they thank.

XII.

THE GOLDIN TERGE.

XII.

Syne to dame *Flora*, on the samyne ways,
 They saluft and they thank a thousand fyis,
 And to sweit *Venus* neist, luvis bony quene,
 They fang ballatis of lue, as was the gyis,
 With amorous nottis maist lusty to devyis,
 As that they had lue in thair heartis grene,
 Thair hony throfts they openit frae the splene,
 With warbills sweit they perst the hevinly skyis,
 Quhyle loud resount the firmament serene.

XIII.

Ane uther court thair saw I subsequent,
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ay bent,
 And dreidfull arrows grundin sberp and squhair,
 Thair saw I *Mars* the god armipotent,
 Awful and stern, braid, strong and corpulent.
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturn* auld and hair,
 His luke was lyke for to perturb the air.
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wyse and eloquent
 Of rethorick that fand the flouris fae fair.

XIV.

Thair was the god of gardens *Priapus*,
 Thair was the god of wildernes *Phanus*,
 And *Janus* god of entries delectable.
 Thair was the god of oceans *Neptunus* :
 Thair was the god of winds bauld *Eolus*,
 With variand blasts lyke to an lord unstable,
 Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the table ;
 Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
 In cloke of grene, his court was clade in fable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
 An harp and lute full mirreyly they playt,
 And ballats fang with mighty nottes cleir;
 Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyit,
 Endlang the trotting river so they mayit;
 Thair observance richt hevinly was to heir;
 Then crap I throw the brenches and drew neir,
 Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
 All throw a luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And schortlie for to speik, by luves fair *Quene*
 I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene
 Go me areist; and they nae tyme delayit;
 Then ladies fair lute fall thair mantils grene,
 With bowis big, in traffit hairs schene,
 Richt suddenly they had a field arrayit;
 And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
 The party was sae plesand to be sene,
 A wondir lusty bikar me affayit.

XVII.

And first of all with bow in hand ay bent,
 Came bewty's *Dame* richt as scho wald me schent,
 Syne followit all her damosells in feir,
 With mony divers awfull instrument,
 Into the preis fair *Having* with hir went,
 Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance* and lusty *Cheir*,
 Then *Resoun* came with *SCIELD* of *GOLD* so cleir,
 In plait of mail as *Mars* armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble chevalier.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with hir virgins zing,
 Grene *Innocence* and *schamefull Abasing*,
 And quaking *Dreid*, with humbly *Obedience*,
 The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
 Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;
 Full sune they dreid to do a violence:
 Sweit *Womanheid* I saw come in presence,
 A warld of artelzie scho did in bring,
 And servit ladyis full of reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlinefs*,
Continuance, *Patience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfastnefs*,
Discretion, *Gentilnefs*, *Confidderans*,
Leful Company, and *honest Businefs*,
Benign Luke, *myld Cbeir*, and *Sobirnefs*,
 All thir bure genzies to do me grivans;
 But *Refoun* bure the TERGE with sic constans,
 Thair scharp affay nicht do me no deirence,
 For all their preis and awful ordinans.

XX.

Unto the preis purfewit *hie Degrie*,
 Hir followit ay *Estait* and *Dignitee*,
Comparifon, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantonefs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility*;
 Wit ze they did thair banner hie display.
 A clud of flanes lyke hail-schot lowfit they,
 And schot till wastit was thair artelzie,
 Syne went abak rebutit of the prey.

XXI.

Quhen *Venus* had perfavit this rebute,
 Scho bad *Dissembance* gae mak a perfute
 With all her power to pres the GOLDIN TERGE,
 And scho that was of doubleness the rute,
 Askit hir choifs of archers in refute :
Venus the best bad hir to wale at lerge ;
 Scho tuke *Presence* plicht anker of the berge ;
 And *fair Calling* that weil a flane can schute,
 And *Cberiffing* for to compleit hir charge.

XXII.

Dame *Hameliness* scho tuke in company,
 That hardy was and heynd in archery,
 And brocht in *Bewtie* to the feild again,
 With all the choife of *Venus* chevelly,
 They came and bikkart unabaisitly :
 The showris of arrows rappit on lyke rain,
 Perrelus *Presence*, that mony a fyre has slain,
 The battill brocht on bordour hard me by,
 The affalt was all the fairer suth to fane.

XXIII.

Thick was the schot of grundin arrows kene,
 But *Reffoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD fae schene,
 Weirly deffendit quhoseir affayit ;
 The awfull schower he man'y did sustene,
 Till *Presence* kest a powdir in his ene,
 And then as drukken man he all forwayit,
 Quhen he wes blind, the fule with him they playit,
 And bannist him amang the bewis grene ;
 That sicht sae fair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

Then was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
 And zoldin as ane woefull prifoneir
 To lady *Beawtie*, in a moment's space,
 Methocht scho feimit lustryer of cheir,
 Aftir that *Reffoun* had tynt his ene cleir,
 Than of befoir, and lovarly of face ;
 Quhy was thou blindit, *Reffoun* ? quhy ? allace !
 And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,
 And mercy feim quhair that I fand na grace.

XXV.

Diffimulance was biffy me to affyle,
 And *fair Calling* did aft upon me smyle,
 And *Cberiffing* me fed with words fair,
Acquentance new embrast me a quhyle,
 And favourt me, till men nicht gae a myle,
 Syne tuke hir lief, I faw hir nevir mair ;
 Then faw I *Denger* towart me repair,
 I cowth efchew hir prefence be nae wyle,
 On fyde scho lukit with a fremit fare.

XXVI.

And at the laft deperting couth hir drefs,
 And me delyverit unto *Havynefs*,
 For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke ;
 Be this the lord of winds with fell wodnefs,
 God *Eolus* his bougill blew, I gefs,
 That with the blast the aiks in foreft fchuke,
 And fuddenlie in the fpace of a luke,
 All was hyne went, ther was but wildernefs,
 Ther was nae mair but bird and bank and bruke.

XXVII.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an ee to schip they went,
 And swift up sail unto the tap they stent,
 And with swift course out owre the flude they frak ;
 They fyrit thair guns with powdir violent,
 Till that the reik raise to the firmament,
 The rochis all refoundit with the rak,
 For reird it semit that the rain-brow brak ;
 With spreit affrayit upon my feit I sprent
 Amangs the clewis, sae cairfull was the crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this swowning,
 The joyfull minstralls mirryly did sing,
 For mirth of *Phebus* tendir beims schene ;
 Sweit wer the vapouris, fast the morrowing,
 Hailsum the vail, depaynt with flowirs zing,
 The air atemperit, sobir and amene ;
 In quhite and reid was all the eard besene,
 Throw natures nobill fresch enamaling,
 In mirthfull *May*, of every moneth quene.

XXIX.

O reverend *Chawser*, rose of rethouris all,
 As in our toung the flowir imperiall,
 That evir raise in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
 Thou beirs of makars the triumphs ryall,
 The fresche enamallit termes celestiall ;
 This matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
 Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the licht ?
 Surmounting every toung terrestriall,
 As far as *Mayis* fair morning dois midnight.

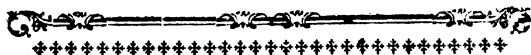
XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
 Zour fuggurat touns and lipps aureat
 Bene till our eirs caufe of grit delyte ;
 Zour mouths angelick, maist mellifluat,
 Our rude language hes cleir ilumynat,
 And has owre-gilt our speich, that imperfyte
 Stude, or zour goldin pens did schupe to wryt,
 This yle befoir was bair and difolate
 Of rethorick, or lufy fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle quair be evir obedient,
 Humbyl, subject, and femple of intent,
 Befoir the face of every cunning wicht,
 I knaw quhat thou of rethorick has spent,
 Of hir maist lyftie rofes redolent
 Is nane into thy garland fet on hicht ;
 O schame thairfor, and draw the out of ficht :
 Rude is thy weid, bare, deftitute and rent,
 Weil aucht thøu be affeirit of the licht.

Quod DUNBAR.



The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A

P O E M,

IN HONOUR OF

MARGARET, daughter to *HENRY* the VII.
of *England*, queen to JAMES the IV. king
of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *Merche* wes with variand windis past,
And *Appryll* had with hir silver shouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty *May*, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Among the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt :

B

II.

II.

In bed at morrow, fleiping as I lay,
 Methocht *Aurora*, with her cristall enc,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halfit me, with visage paile and grene;
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the spleen,
 Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,
 Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresche *May* befoir my bed upstude,
 In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of manfuetude,
 In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
 Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt;
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blifsfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryfe at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I fing ;
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their sorrow ;
 Thy air it is nocht holsfum nor benyng ;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring :
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,
 And said, uprise, and do thy observance,
 Thou did promyt, in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the *ROSE* of most plesance.
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

VII.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,
 And enterit in a lusty garding gent ;
 And than methocht, full hestely-befene,
 In serk and mantill after her I went
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down sleit.

VIII.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Tharow goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blifsfull face,
 Doing all fable fro the heavenis chace.

IX.

And as the blifsfull sonne of cherarchy
 The fowlis fung throw comfort of the licht ;
 The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
 O luvaris so away thow dully nicht,
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht ;
 Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* schene,
 Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To fers *Neptune* and *Eolus* the bauld,
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
 And that no schouris nor blastis cawld
 Effray suld flouris nor fowles on the fauld :
 Scho bad eik *Juno* goddes of the sky,
 That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir her heines suld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew most and leist,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As they had wont in *May* fro yeir to yeir,
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone scho fend the swiyft ro
 To bring in beistis of all condition;
 The restles *swallow* commandit scho also
 To fetch all foull of small and greit renown,
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun;
 Full craftely conjurit scho the *Yarrow*,
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane ee,
 Baith *beist*, and *bird*, and *flour*, befoir the *Quene*,
 And first the *Lione* gretast of degre,
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir *Dame Nature* come, and did inclyne,
 With visage bauld, and courage *leonyne*.

XIV.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,
 Perfing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With floure-de-Lycis firculit lustely.

XV.

This *Lady* listit up his cluvis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kne,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Of raydous stonis most ryall for to se;
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I the,
 And the cheif protector in wodds and schawis,
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir pufience:
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis:
 The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

XVII.

XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and foun of joy,
 All kynd of beistis into thair degre,
 At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,
 And till his feit fell with humilite ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewte ;
 And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is *Proteir Prostratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the *Egle* King of Fowlis,
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bad him be als just to *auppis* and *owlis*,
 As unto *pakokkis*, *papingais*, or *crenis*,
 And mak a law for *wicht fowlis* and for *wrennis*,
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
 Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discryving all thair fassiouns and effeirs,
 Upon the awfull *THRISILL* scho beheld,
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ;
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,
 And said, In feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discret,
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce:
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly *flour-de-lyce* ;
 Nor lat no wyld weid, full of churlishness
 Compar her till the lilleis nobilness.

XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche ROSE, of cullor reid and quhyt :
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Confiddering that no flour is so perfyt,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blifssfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour and dignite.

XXII.

Thane to the ROSE scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly, illustrare of lynage,
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 But ȝny spot or macull doing spring :
 Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

XXIII.

XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht,
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
 Quhyll all the land i. lumynit of the lycht ;
 Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,
 Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richest ROSE,
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,
 To the be glory and honour at all houris.

XXIV.

Thare all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quoiois mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir ;
 The mavys sang, Haill ROSE most riche and richt,
 That dois upflureifs under *Phebus* speir !
 Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quoiois pretius vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill ROSE of most delyt,
 Haill of all fluris quene and soverane.
 The lark scho sang, Haill ROSE both reid and quhyt,
 Most pleasand flour, of mighty coullors twane.
 The nightingail song, Haill Naturis suffragene,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnefs,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnefs.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The common voce upraise of burdis small,
 Upon this wys, O bliffit be the hour
 That thou wes chofin to be our principall ;
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicite ;
Chryst the conferf frome all adverfite.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis song with sic a schout,
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnit me about
 To se this court ; bot all wer went away :
 Then up I leinyt, halfinges in affrey,
 Callt to my Muse, and for my subject chois
 To sing the Ryel THRISSILL and the ROSE.

Wm. DUNBAR.

The

THE
F E N Y E T F R I E R

O F
T U N G L A N D.

I.

AS young Aurora with chryftall haile,
In orient ſchew her viſage paile,
A ſwenyng ſwyth did me affaile
Of ſonis of Sathanis ſeid ;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay ſorloppin in Lombardy,
Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Fra baptafing for to eſchew,
Thair a religious man he flew,
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diſſimulance,
And all his curſit governaunce,
For feir he fled, and come in France,
With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair ;
 Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair ;
 For he left nowthir fick nor fair
 Unslane, or he hyne yeid.
 Vane-organis he full clenely carvit ;
 Quhen of his straik fae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gottin quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude speid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narrest way,
 He come, his cunning till assay,
 To sum man thair it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.
 In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
 He murdreift mony in medecyne ;
 The jow was of a grit engyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
 He wald haif for a nycht to byd
 A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,
 So meikle he was of myance.
 His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,
 Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir
 Was in his gardevyance.

VI.

VI.

He cowth gif cure for laxative,
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyve ;
 Quha evir affay wald man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.
 His practikis never war put to preif,
 But suddane deid or grit mischief,
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To die without a widdy.

VII.

Unto no mefs preffit this prelat,
 For found of sacring bell nor skellat,
 As blackfmyth brinkit was his pallatt
 For battring at the study.
 Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
 He had dispenfit with Matynis cannoun,
 On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun
 For smuking of the smydy.

VIII.

Methocht feir fassonis he assailyeit
 To mak the quintessance and failyeit ;
 And quhen he saw *that* nocht availyeit,
 A fedrem on he tuke :
 And schupe in Turkey for to flie ;
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
 That evir did on him luke.

IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the Menatair marvelous,
 And sum *Martis* smyth *Vulcanus*,
 And sum *Saturnus* kuke.
 And evir the cufchettis at him tuggit,
 The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
 The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,
 The hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

Then Myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay fet upon him with a yowle,
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffets quhill he bled ;
 The spar halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt.

XI.

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint ;
 The bissart biffly but rebuik,
 Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,
 His (lugs) he nicht not langer bruke,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

XII.

XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,

In battell him abowt.

Thay nybillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raife to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy,

His lyfe was into dowl.

XIII.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did fryke,

And raucht him mony a rout:

For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,

Beneath him with a spowt.

XIV.

He scheure his feddereme that was schene,
 And slippit out of it full clene,
 And in a myre, up to the ene,

Amang the glar did glyd.

The fowlis all at the fedrem dang
 As at a monster thame amang,
 Quhyl all the pennis of it owtsprang

Intill the air full wyde.

Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,
 That scho to me stude so contraroufly;
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft
 For werines, on me an slummer soft
 Come, with ane dreeming, and a fantesfy.

II.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,
 Stude me beforne, and said on this mancir.
 Thow suffir me to work gif thow do weill,
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and steir.
 Fall mony ane man I turne into the hicht,
 And maks als mony full law to doun licht.
 Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treist weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

III.

Thy trublit gairt fall neir moir be degeft,
 Nor thow into no benefice beis posselt,
 Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle up in the air amangis the crennis,
 And als ane falcone fair fro east to west.

IV.

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monstheris fall togidder thrift,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrift,
 Quhill all the air infeck of their pusoun.

III.

For mirth of *May*, with skippis and with hopps,
The birds sang upon the tendir cropps,

With curious nottis as *Venus* chapell clarks ;
The rosses reid, now spreiding aff their knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly dropps,

With rayis reid, lemying as ruby sparks,
The skyis rang with schouting of the larks,
The purpure hevin owre skailt in silver flopps,
Owre gilt the treis branchis leivs and barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the ryfs an river ran, quhois streims
So lustely upon the lykand leims,

That all the laik as lamp did leim of licht,
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland gleims,
The bewis baithit were in secound beims,
Throw the reflex of *Phebus* visage bricht,
On every syde the ege raise on hicht :

The bank was grene, the sun was full of beims,
The streimers cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

V.

The cristal air the saphier firmament,
The ruby skyes of the reid orient,
Kest berial gleims on emerant bewis grene,

The rosy garth depaynt and redolent,
With purpore, asure, gold and gowlis gent,

Arrayit was be dame *Flora* the quene,
Sae nobilie that joy was for to sene,
The roche against the river resplendant,
As low illuminate the levis schene.

THE GOLDIN TERGE.

VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls fast harmony,
Quhat throw the rivers found that ran me by,
On *Floras* weid I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhair fune into my dreimand fantify,
I saw approche agane the orient sky,
Ane schip on fail as blofome on the spray,
With mast of gold, bricht as the stern of day,
Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,
With swiftest motion throu a crystal bay.

VII.

And hard on burd unto the blumit meids,
Amangs the grene rispies and the reids,
Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair lands
Ane hundreth ladeis lustie intill weids,
Als fresh as flours that in the *May* upspreids,
In kirtillis grene, withouten kell or bands,
Thair shynand hair hang glitterand on the strand
In tresis cleir wypit with goldin threids,
With pawps quhyte, and middills small as wands.

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quaha culd weil indyte,
How all the flours with all the lillies quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit,
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat style the maist perfyte,
Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais oratiouns sweit
In rethorick did intill terms fleit,
Zour aureat tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I *Nature*, and als dame *Venus* quene,
Aurora fresh, and lady *Flora* schene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,
Diane the goddeß of cheß and wods grene,
My lady *Clio*, that help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis se grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair faynt fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir mighty quenis, with crownis might be sene,
With beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

Thair saw I *May* of mirthfull moniths quene,
Betwixt *Apryl* and *June* her sisters schene,
Within the garden walkand up and down,
Quhom of the fowls resaif gladness bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir zeirs grene ;
Thair saw I nature give till hir a gown,
Rich to behald, and noble of renown,
Of ilka hew that undir hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude proportioun.

XI.

Full lustiely thir ladyis all in feir,
Enteret into this park of maist pleseir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with leivs rank,
The mirry birds blisful of cheir ;
Nature salust methocht in thair maneir,
And every blume on brench and on the bank,
Openit and spred thair balmy leivs donk,
Full law inclynand to thair quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurising they thank.

XII.

XII.

Syne to dame *Flora*, on the samyne ways,
 They saluft and they thank a thousand fyis,
 And to sweit *Venus* neist, luvis bony quene,
 They sang ballatis of luve, as was the gyis,
 With amorous nottis maist lusty to devyis,
 As that they had luve in thair heartis grene,
 Thair hony throatts they openit frae the splene,
 With warbills sweit they perst the hevinly skyis,
 Quhyle loud resount the firmament serene.

XIII.

Ane uther court thair saw I subsequnt,
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ay bent,
 And dreidfull arrows grundin sberp and squhair,
 Thair saw I *Mars* the god armipotent,
 Awful and stern, braid, strong and corpulent.
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturn* auld and hair,
 His luke was lyke for to perturb the air.
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wyse and eloquent
 Of rethorick that fand the flouris sae fair.

XIV.

Thair was the god of gardens *Priapus*,
 Thair was the god of wildernes *Phanus*,
 And *Janus* god of entries delectable.
 Thair was the god of oceans *Neptunus* :
 Thair was the god of winds bauld *Eolus*,
 With variand blasts lyke to an lord unstable,
 Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the table ;
 Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
 In cloke of grene, his court was clade in fable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
 An harp and lute full mirreyly they playt,
 And ballats sang with mighty nottes cleir;
 Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyit,
 Endlang the trotting river so they mayit;
 Thair observance richt hevinly was to heir;
 Then crap I throw the brenches and drew neir,
 Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
 All throw a luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And schortlie for to speik, by luves fair *Quene*
 I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene
 Go me arcist; and they nae tyme delayit;
 Then ladies fair lute fall thair mantils grene,
 With bowis big, in traffit hairs schene,
 Richt suddenly they had a field arrayit;
 And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
 The party was sae plesand to be sene,
 A wondir lusty bikar me assayit.

XVII.

And first of all with bow in hand ay bent,
 Came bewty's *Dame* richt as scho wald me schent,
 Syne followit all her damofells in feir,
 With mony divers awfull instrument,
 Into the preifs fair *Having* with hir went,
 Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance* and lusty *Cheir*,
 Then *Resoun* came with SCIELD of GOLD so cleir,
 In plait of mail as *Mars* armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble chevalier.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with hir virgins zing,
 Grene *Innocence* and *schamefull Abasing*,
 And quaking *Dreid*, with humbyl *Obedience*,
 The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
 Courage in them was nocht begun to spring ;
 Full sure they dreid to do a violence :
 Sweit *Womanheid* I saw come in presence,
 A warld of artelzie scho did in bring,
 And servit ladyis full of reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlinefs*,
Continuance, *Patience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfastness*,
Discretion, *Gentilness*, *Confidderans*,
Leful Company, and *honest Bufiness*,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir*, and *Sobirness*,
 All thir bure genzies to do me grivans ;
 But *Resoun* bure the TERGE with sic constans,
 Thair scharp assay micht do me no deirence,
 For all their preis and awful ordinans.

XX.

Unto the preis pursfewit *hie Degrie*,
 Hir followit ay *Estait* and *Dignitee*,
Comparifon, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantoness*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility* ;
 Wit ze they did thair banner hie display.
 A clud of flanes lyke hail-schot lowfit they,
 And schot till wastit was thair artelzie,
 Syne went abak rebutit of the prey.

XXI.

Quhen *Venus* had persavit this rebute,
Scho bad *Dissembance* gae mak a persute

With all her power to pres the GOLDIN TERGE,
And scho that was of doubleness the rute,
Askit hir choifs of archers in refute :

Venus the best bad hir to wale at lerge ;
Scho tuke *Presence* plicht anker of the berge ;
And fair *Calling* that weil a flane can schute,
And *Cberissing* for to compleit hir charge.

XXII.

Dame *Hameliness* scho tuke in company,
That hardy was and heynd in archery,
And brocht in *Bewtie* to the feild again,
With all the choife of *Venus* chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaisitly :

The showris of arrows rappit on lyke rain,
Perrelus *Presence*, that mony a fyre has slain,
The battill brocht on bordour hard me by,
The assalt was all the fairer suth to sane.

XXIII.

Thick was the schot of grundin arrows kene,
But *Reffoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD. sae schene,
Weirly deffendit quhoseir assayit ;

The awfull schower he man'y did sustene,
Till *Presence* kest a powdir in his ene,
And then as drukken man he all forwayit,
Quhen he wes blind, the sulc with him they playit,
And bannist him amang the bewis grene ;
That sicht sae fair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

Then was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
 And zoldin as ane woefull prisoneir
 To lady *Beawtie*, in a moment's space,
 Methocht scho seimit lustyer of cheir,
 Aftir that *Reffoun* had tynt his ene cleir,
 Than of befoir, and lovarly of face ;
 Quhy was thou blindit, *Reffoun* ? quhy ? allace !
 And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,
 And mercy seim quhair that I fand na grace.

XXV.

Dissemblance was bissy me to affyle,
 And *fair Calling* did aft upon me smyle,
 And *Cberiffing* me fed with words fair,
Acquentance new embrasit me a quhyle,
 And favourt me, till men nicht gae a myle,
 Syne tuke hir lief, I saw hir nevir mair ;
 Then saw I *Denger* towart me repair,
 I cowth eschew hir presence be nae wyle,
 On syde scho lukit with a fremit fare.

XXVI.

And at the last deperting couth hir drefs,
 And me delyverit unto *Harvyness*,
 For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke,
 Be this the lord of winds with fell wodness,
 God *Eolus* his bougill blew, I gefs,
 That with the blast the aiks in forest schuke,
 And suddenlie in the space of a luke,
 All was hyne went, ther was but wilderiness,
 Ther was nae mair but bird and bank and bruke.

XXVII.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an ee to schip they went,
 And swift up sail unto the tap they stent,
 And with swift course out owre the flude they frak ;
 They fyrit thair guns with powdir violent,
 Till that the reik raise to the firmament,
 The rochis all resoundit with the rak,
 For reird it semit that the rain-brow brak ;
 With spreit affrayit upon my feit I sprent
 Amangs the clewis, sae cairfull was the crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this swowning,
 The joyfull minstralls mirryly did sing,
 For mirth of *Phebus* tendir beims schene ;
 Sweit wer the vapouris, fast the morrowing,
 Hailsum the vail, depaynt with flowirs zing,
 The air atemperit, sobir and amene ;
 In quhite and reid was all the eard befene,
 Throw natures nobill fresch enamaling,
 In mirthfull *May*, of every moneth quene.

XXIX.

O reverend *Chauser*, rose of rethouris all,
 As in our toung the flowir imperiall,
 That evir raise in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
 Thou beirs of makars the triumphs ryall,
 The fresche enamallit termes celestially ;
 This matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
 Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the licht ?
 Surmounting every toung terrestriall,
 As far as *Mayis* fair morning dois midnight.

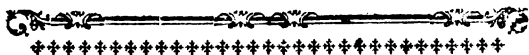
XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
 Zour fuggurat touns and lipps aureat
 Bene till our eirs cause of grit delyte ;
 Zour mouths angelick, maist mellifluat,
 Our rude language hes cleir ilumynat,
 And has owre-gilt our speich, that imperfyte
 Stude, or zour goldin pens did schupe to wryt,
 This yle befoir was bair and disolate
 Of rethorick, or lusty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle quair be evir obedient,
 Humbyl, subject, and semple of intent,
 Befoir the face of every cunning wicht,
 I knaw quhat thou of rethorick has spent,
 Of hir maist lystie roses redolent
 Is nane into thy garland set on hicht ;
 O schame thairfor, and draw the out of ficht :
 Rude is thy weid, bare, destitute and rent,
 Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

Quod DUNBAR.



*The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.*

A

P O E M,

IN HONOUR OF

MARGARET, daughter to *HENRY* the VII.
of *England*, queen to JAMES the IV. king
of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *Merche* wes with variand windis past,
And *Appryll* had with hir silver shouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty *May*, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Among the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt :

B

11.

II.

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
 Methocht *Aurora*, with her cristall enc,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halfit me, with visage paile and grene;
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the spleen,
 Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,
 Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresche *May* befoir my bed upstude,
 In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
 In bright attair of flouris forgit new,
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
 Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt;
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blifsfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

V.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryfe at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I fing ;
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their forrow ;
 Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng ;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring :
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,
 And said, uprise, and do thy observance,
 Thou did promyt, in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the *ROSE* of most plesance.
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit our with orient ~~skyis~~ brycht,
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

VII.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,
 And enterit in a lusty garding gent ;
 And than methocht, full heftely-befene,
 In serk and mantill after her I went
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blifsfull face,
 Doing all fable fro the hevenis chace.

IX.

And as the blifsfull sonne of cherarchy
 The fowlis fung throw comfort of the licht;
 The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
 O luvaris so away thow dully nicht,
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
 Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* schene,
 Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To fers *Neptune* and *Eolus* the bauld,
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
 And that no schouris nor blastis cawld
 Effray fuld flouris nor fowles on the fauld:
 Scho bad eik *Juno* goddes of the sky,
 That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

XI.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir her heines suld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew moſt and leiſt,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As they had wont in *May* fro yeir to yeir,
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone ſcho ſend the ſwifty *ro*
 To bring in beiftis of all condition ;
 The reſtleſs *ſwallow* commandit ſcho alſo
 To fetch all foull of ſmall and greit renown,
 And to gar flouris compeir of all faſſoun ;
 Full craftely conjurit ſcho the *Yarrow*,
 Quhilk did forth ſwirk as ſwift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All preſent wer in twynking of ane ee,
 Baith *beift*, and *bird*, and *flour*, befoir the *Queen*,
 And firſt the *Lyone* gretast of degre,
 Was callit thair, and he, moſt fair to ſene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir *Dame Nature* come, and did inclyne,
 With viſage bauld, and courage *leonyne*.

XIV.

This awfull beift full terrible wes of cheir,
 Perfing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lufty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With floure-de-Lycis firculit lustely.

XV.

This *Lady* listit up his cluvis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kne,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Of raydous stonis most ryall for to se;
 Saying, The King of Beiftis mak I the,
 And the cheif protector in wodds and schawis,
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,
 And lat no small beift suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beiftis that bene of moir pufience:
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis:
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

XVII.

XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and foun of joy,
 All kynd of beistis into thair degre,
 At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,
 And till his feit fell with humilite ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewte ;
 And he did thame reffais with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is *Proteir Prostratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the *Egle* King of Fowlis,
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bad him be als just to *auppis* and *owlis*,
 As unto *pakokkis*, *papingais*, or *crenis*,
 And mak a law for *wicht fowlis* and for *wrennis*,
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
 Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discryving all thair fassious and effeirs,
 Upon the awfull *THRISSILL* scho beheld,
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ;
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,
 And said, In feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit,
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce:
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly *flour-de-lyce* ;
 Nor lat no wyld weid, full of churlishnes
 Compar her till the lilleis nobilnes.

XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche ROSE, of cullor reid and quhyt :
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Confiddering that no flour is so perfyt,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blifsfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour and dignite.

XXII.

Thane to the ROSE scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly, illustrare of lynage,
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 But ony spot or macull doing spring :
 Cum bloume of joy with jennis to be cround,
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

XXIII.

XXIII.

A costy crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht,
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
 Quhyll all the land i. lumynit of the lycht ;
 Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,
 Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richest Rose,
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,
 To the be glory and honour at all houris.

XXIV.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quo his mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir ;
 The mavys sang, Haill Rose most riche and richt,
 That dois upflureifs under *Phebus* speir !
 Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quo his pretius vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill Rose of most delyt,
 Haill of all fluris quene and soverane.
 The lark scho sang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt,
 Most pleasand flour, of mighty coullors twane.
 The nichtingail song, Haill Naturis suffragene,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnes,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnes.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The common voce upraise of burdis small,
 Upon this wys, O bliffit be the hour
 That thou wes chofin to be our principall;
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicite;
Cbryft the conferf frome all adverfite.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis fong with sic a schout,
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnit me about
 To fe this court; bot all wer went away:
 Then up I leinyt, halfsinges in affrey,
 Callt to my Muse, and for my subject chois
 To fing the Ryel THRISSILL and the ROSE.

Wm. DUNBAR.

The

THE
F E N Y E T F R I E R
O F
T U N G L A N D.

I.

A S young Aurora with chryftall haile,
In orient fchew her vifage paile,
A fwenyng fwyth did me affaile
Of fonis of Sathanis feid ;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Fra baptasing for to efchew,
Thair a religious man he flew,
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diffimulance,
And all his curfit governauce,
For feir he fled, and come in France,
With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair ;
 Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair ;
 For he left nowthir sick nor fair
 Unflane, or he hyne yeid.
 Vane-organis he full clenely carvit ;
 Quhen of his straik fae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gottin quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude speid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narrest way,
 He come, his cunning till assay,
 To sum man thair it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.
 In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
 He murdreift mony in medecyne ;
 The jow was of a grit engyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
 He wald haif for a nycht to byd
 A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,
 So meikle he was of myance.
 His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,
 Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir
 Was in his gardevyance.

VI.

He cowth gif cure for laxative,
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyve;
 Quha evir affay wald man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.
 His practikis never war put to preif,
 But suddane deid or grit mischief,
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To die without a widdy.

VII.

Unto no mē's preffit this prelat,
 For found of facring bell nor skellat,
 As blacksmyth brinkit was his pallatt
 For battring at the study.
 Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
 He had dispenfit with Matynis cannoun,
 On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun
 For smuking of the smydy.

VIII.

Methocht feir fassonis he affailyeit
 To mak the quintessance and failyeit;
 And quhen he saw *that* nocht availyeit,
 A fedrem on he tuke:
 And schupe in Turkey for to flie;
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
 That evir did on him luke.

IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the Menatair marvelus,
 And sum *Martis* smyth *Vulcanus*,
 And sum *Saturnus* kuke.
 And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,
 The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
 The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,
 The hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

Then Myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay set upon him with a yowle,
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffets quhill he bled ;
 The spar halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt.

XI.

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint ;
 The bissart bissly but rebuik,
 Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,
 His (lugs) he nicht not langer bruke,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

XII.

XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
 In battell him abowt.

Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raise to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, 'Fy,
 His lyfe was into dowl.

XIII.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did stryke,
 And raucht him mony a rout:
 For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
 Beneath him with a spowt.

XIV.

He scheure his feddereme that was schene,
 And slippit out of it full clene,
 And in a myre, up to the ene,
 Amang the glar did glyd.
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang
 As at a monster thame amang,
 Quhyl all the pennis of it owtsprang
 Intill the air full wyde.

XV.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair ;
 The crawis him socht with cryis of cair
 In every schaw besyde.
 Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
 Thay had him revin with thair cluikis.
 Thre daxis in dub among the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
 That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
 With skryking, skryming, and with scowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.
 I walknit with noyis and schowte,
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
 Senfyne I curst that cankirit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.



D R E A M.

I.

LUCINA schynyng in silence of the nicht,
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
 To bed I went ; bot thair I tuke no rest,
 With havy thocht I wes so foir opprest,
 That fair I langit eftir daxis licht ;

Of

Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,
 That scho to me stude so contraroufly;
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft
 For werines, on me an slummer soft
 Come, with ane dreming, and a fantesfy.

II.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir.
 Thow suffir me to work gif thow do weill,
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and steir.
 Fall mony ane man I turne into the hicht,
 And maks als mony full law to doun licht.
 Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treist weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

III.

Thy trublit gaisf fall neir moir be degeft,
 Nor thow into no benefice beis posselt,
 Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle up in the air amangis the crennis,
 And als ane falcone fair fro cist to west.

IV.

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monsteris fall togidder thrift,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of their pusoun.

V.

Undir Saturnus fyre regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,
 And Merlyne at the mone fall hym be bydand,
 And Jonet the widow on ane beffome rydand,
 Of wichis with an windir garefoun ;
 And fyne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryst's impyre.
 Be than it fall be neir this world's end.
 With that this lady fone fra me did wend.

VI.

Quhen I awoke my dreame it wes so nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce ;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy
 Fle wald an abbot up into the sky,
 And all his fetherine maid wes at devyce.

VII.

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone,
 Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis are done.
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the list,
 Or quhill an abbot flew aboif the mone.

How



How DUNBAR wes desyred to be ane FRIER.

I.

THIS nycht befor the dawing cleir
 Methocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
 With ane religious abbeite in his hand,
 And said, In this go cleith the my servand,
 Refuse the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

II.

With him and with his abbeite bayth I skarrit,
 Like to ane man that with a gaist wes marrit :
 Methocht on bed he layid it me abone ;
 Bot on the flure delyverly and sone
 I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

III.

Quoth he, quby skarris thow with this holy weid?
 Cloith the tharin, for weir it thow most neid ;
 Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
 Sall now be freir, and in this abbeite preiche :
 Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

IV.

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
 And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will.
 To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd ;
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd :
 Sweet confessor, thow tak it nocht in ill.

V.

V.

In haly legendis have I hard allevin,
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin;
 Of full few freiris that has bene sanctis I reid;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my saule gaid unto hevin.

VI.

My brethir oft hes maid the supplicatiouns,
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relatiounis,
 To tak the abyte; bot thow did postpone;
 But ony proces cum on; thairfoir anone
 All circumstance put by and excusationis.

VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir;
 For into every lusty toun and place,
 Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Calice,
 I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.

VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
 In it I past at Dover our the ferry,
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

X.

X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
 Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir ;
 He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk ;
 With him methocht all the house end he towk,
 And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.

*The* D A U N C E.

I.

OF Februar the fiftene nycht,
 Richt lang befor the dayis lycht,
 I lay intill a trance ;
 And then I saw baith hevin and hell ;
 Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
 Mahoun gart cry ane dance,
 Of shrewis that wer nevir schrevin,
 Against the feist of Fasternis evin,
 To mak thair obfervance ;
 He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,
 And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
 The last came out of France.

II.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis :
 With that the fowll fevin deidly finis
 Begowth to leip atanis.
 And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
 With hair wyld bak, bonet on syd,
 Lyk to mak vaistie wanis ;

And

And round about him as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill,
 His kethat for the nanis.

Mony proud trumpour with him trippit,
 Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit,
 They girnd with hyddous granis.

III.

Heilie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
 Come in with mony findrie gyis,
 Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
 Quhill preiftis cum with bair schevin nekks,
 Than all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks;
Black-belly and Bacusy-Brown.

IV.

Than *Yre* come in with sturt and stryfe;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir;
 Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
 Eftir him passit into pairis,
 All bodin in feir of weir.
 In Jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
 Thair leggis wer chenyiet to the heill,
 Frawart wes thair affeir;
 Sum upoun uder with brands best,
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
 With knyvis that scherp coud scheir.

V.

Next in the dance followit *Invy*,
 Fild full of feid and fellony,
 Hid malice and despyte.

For pryvie haterit that tratour trymlit,
 Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
 With fenyeit wordis quhyte.
 And flattereris into menis facis,
 And back-byttaris of fundry racis,
 To ley that had delyte,
 With rownaris of fals lesingis ;
 Allace ! that courtis of noble kingis,
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

VI.

Next him in dans come *Cuwyte*,
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir coud be content ;
 Catyvis, wrechis, and Ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,
 All with that *Warlo* went :
 Out of thair throttis they shot on udder
 Hett moltin gold, methocht, a fudder
 As fyre-flaucht maist fervent ;
 Ay as thay tumit thame of schot,
 Feynds fild thame well up to the thrott,
 With gold of all kynd prent.

VII.

Syne *Sweirnes*, at the secound bidding,
 Com lyk a fow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunyie.
 Mony sweir bumbard belly huddroun,
 Mony flute daw, and slepy duddroun,
 Him fervit ay with sounyie.

He

He drew thame furth intill a chenye,
 And Belliall, with a brydill renye,
 Evir lascht thame on the lunye.
 In dance thay war so flaw of feit,
 They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
 And maid them quicker of counye.

VIII.

Than *Lichery*, that lathly corfs,
 Berand lyk a bagit horfs,
 And *Idilness* did him leid ;
 Thair wes with him an ugly sort,
 And mony stinkand fowll tramort,
 That had in syn bene deid :
 Quhen thay were enterit in the daunce,
 Thay wer full strenge of countenance,
 Lyk turkas burnand reid ;

* * * * *
 * * * * *

It mycht be na remeid.

IX.

Than the fowll monstir *Gluttony*,
 Of wame unfafiab and gredy,
 To dance syn did him drefs ;
 Him followet mony foull drunckhart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart,
 In surffet and excess.
 Full mony a waiftles wally-drag,
 With waimis unweildable, did furth wag,
 In creifche that did increfs.

Drynk

Drynk, ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,
 The feynds gave them hait leid to laip,
 Thair lovery wes na lefs.

X.

Na menstralls playit to thame but dowl,
 For gle-men thair wer haldin out,
 Be day, and eik by nycht;
 Except a menstrall that slew a man;
 Sa till his heretage he wan,
 And entirt be breif of richt.

XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane;
 Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadyane,
 Far northwart in a nuke;
 Be he the Correnoth had done schout,
 Ersche men so gadderit him about,
 In hell grit rume thay tuke:
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Ersche begowt to clatter,
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
 The devill sa devit wes with thair yell,
 That in the depeft pot of hell
 He smorit thame with smuke.



The SWEIRERS and the DEVILL.

I.

THIS nycht in sleip I was agast,
 Methocht the devill wes tempand fast
 The people with aithis of crewaltie,
 Sayand, as throw the merkat he past,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

II.

Methocht as he went throw the way,
 Ane preist sweirit braid, be God verey,
 Quhilk at the alter reffavit he ;
 Thow art my clerk, the devill can say,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

III.

Than swoir a courtyour mekle of pryde
 Be Chrystis woundis bludy and wyde,
 And be his harmes wes rent on tre.
 Than spak the devill, hard him besyde,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,
 Renuncit his part of hevin and hell ;
 The devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
 Thou fall be merchand for my sell,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

V.

V.

Ane goldsmith said, The golds sa fyne
 That all the warkmanschip I tyne ;
 The feind reffaif me gif I lie ;
 Think on, quoth the devill, that thow art mine,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VI.

Ane tailyor said, In all this toun,
 Be thair ane better weil maid gown,
 I gif me to the feynd all fre ;
 Gramercy, tailyor, said Mahoun,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VII.

Ane fouttar said, In gud effek,
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,
 Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be ;
 Fy, quoth the feynd, thou sawris of blek,
 Go clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

Ane baxstar sayd, I forsaik God,
 And all his werkis, evin and od,
 Gif fairar stuf neidis to be ;
 The devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IX.

The fleshour swoir be the sacrament,
 And be Chryst's blud maist innocent,
 Nevir fatter flesch saw man with ee ;
 The devill said, hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

X.

X.

The maltman sayis, I God forsaik,
 And that the devill of hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XI.

Ane browstar swore the malt wes ill,
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will not sex gallonis fill;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XII.

The smith swoir be rude and raip,
 Intill a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennies thre,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIII.

Ane menstrall said, The feind me ryfe,
 * * * * *
 The devill said, hardly mot it be,
 Exerce that craft in all thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIV.

Ane dyfour said, with words of stryfe,
 The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
 But he kest up fair syffis thre;
 The devill said, Endit is thy life,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XV.

Ane theif said, Ill that evir I chaip,
 Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,
 But I in hell for geir wald be ;
 The devill said, Welcum in a raip,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XVI.

The fische-wyffis flet, and swoir with grainis,
 And to the feind fauld flesche and banis ;
 Thay gaif thame with ane schout on hie ;
 The devill said, Welcum all at ainis,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me.

XVII.

Methocht the devills als black as pik,
 Soliffand wer, as beis thik,
 Ay tempand folk with wayis flie ;
 Rounand to *Robene* and to *Dik*,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.



The TESTAMENT of Mr ANDRO KENNEDY.

I.

I Master Andro Kennedy,
A (matre) quando sum vocatus,
 Begotten with sum incuby,
 Or with sum freir *infatuatus* ;
 In faith I can nocht tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
 Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

II.

Cum nihil fit certius morte,
 We man all de quhen we haif done ;
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
 Throw nicht I mycht nocht sleip a wink ;
Licet aeger in corpore,
 Yet wald my mouth be watt with drink.

III.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
 I leif my faul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
 Into my lordis wyne-cellar ;
Semper ibi ad remanendum
 Till domefday cum without diffiver,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
 With sweit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.

IV.

Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
 He wuld oft ban me in his breth,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.
Quia in cellar cum cervisa,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,
Nudus solus in camisia,
 Than in my lordis bed of stait.

V.

Ane barrel being ay at my bosom,
 Of warldly gude I bad na mair ;
Et corpus meum ebriosum,
 I leif unto the town of Air ;
 In ane draff midding for evir and ay,
Ut ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be castin *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my hairt that nevir wes ficker,
Sed semper variabile,
 That evir mair wald flow and flicker,
Conforti meo Jacobo Wylie :
 Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,
Verum Deum renui ;
 Bot and I hecht to tume a bicker,
Hoc pactum semper tenui.

VII:

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
Quod est Latinum propter cape,
 To the heid of my kin ; but waite I nocht,
Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
Sed nulli alii hoc sciverunt,
 We wer als sib as seif and riddill,
In una silva quæ creverunt.

VIII.

VIII.

Quia mea solatia

They wer bot lefingis all and ane,

Cum omni fraude et fallacia,

I leive the maister of Sanct Anthane,

William Gray, *sine gratia,*

My ain deir cufine, as I wene,

Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,

But quhen the Holene tree growis grene.

IX.

My fenyeing, and my fals winning,

Relinquo falsis fratribus ;

For that is Gods awin bidding,

Disparfit, dedit pauperibus.

For mens faulis they say and sing,

Mentientes pro muneribus ;

Now God give thaim ane evill ending,

Pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the fule, my foly fre

Lego post corpus sepultum ;

In faith I am mair fule than he,

Licet ostendo bonum vultum.

Of corne and cattell, gold and fie,

Ipse habet valde multum,

And yit he bleiris my lordis ee,

Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

To Maister Johney Clerk syne,
Do et lego intime
 Gods braid malefone, and myne;
Nam ipse est causa mortis meæ.
 Wer I a doig and he a fwyne,
Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord sal haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Adie, Kittie, and all the laif.
 In faith I will na langer raif,
Pro sepultura ordino
 On the new gyse, sa God me faif,
Non sicut more solito.

XIII.

In die meæ sepulturæ,
 I will have nane but our awin gang,
Et duos rusticos de rure
 Berand ane barrell on a stang,
 Drinkand and playand cap-out; even
Sicut egomet solebam,
 Singand and greitand with the stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

XIV.

I will no preiftis for me fing,
Dies ille, dies ira ;
 Nor yet na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri ;
 But a bag-pyp to play a spring,
Et unum ale-wisp ante me ;
 Insteid of torchis, for to bring
Quatuor lagenas cervisie,
 Within tha graif to sett, fit thing,
In modum crucis juxta me,
 To fle the feyndis, than hardly sing
De terra plafnasti me.



TYDINGS fra the SESSIOUN.

I.

ANE murelandis man of uplandis mak,
 At hame thus to his nychbour spak,
 Quhat tidings, goffep? peax or weir?
 The tother rounit in his eir,
 I tell yow this under confessioun,
 But laitley lichtit of my meir,
 I come of Edinburgh fra the sessioun.

II.

II.

Quhat tydingis hard ye thair, I pray yow ?
 The tother answerit, I fall say yow ;
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother,
 Is na man thair that trestis an uther :
 Ane common doer of transgressioun,
 Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher :
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

III.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleis
 That wald for envy byt aff his neis.
 His fa him by the oxtar leidis ;
 Sum patteris with his mowth on beids,
 That hes his mynd all on oppressioun ;
 Sum beckis full law, and schawis bair heidis,
 Wald luke full heich war not the fessioun.

IV.

Sum bidand the law, layis land in wed ;
 Sum superexpendit gois to his bed ;
 Sum speidis, for he in court hes meins ;
 Sum of partialitie complenis,
 How feid and favour flemis discretioun ;
 Sum speikis full fair, and falsly fenis :
 Sic thingis hard I at the fessioun.

V.

V.

Sum cafts fummondis, and fum exceptis ;
 Sum stand befyd and skaild law keppis ;
 Sum is concludit, fum wins, fum tynes ;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ;
 Sum is put out of his poffeffioun ;
 Sum herreit, and on credens dynis :
 Sic tydings hard I at the feffioun.

VI.

Sum fweiris, and forfaikis God ;
 Sum in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;
 Sum in his tung his kyndnefs turfis ;
 Sum cuttis throattis, and fum pykis purfis ;
 Sum gois to gallows with proceffioun ;
 Sum fains the fait, and fum thame cürfis :
 Syc tydingis hard I at the feffioun.

VII.

Religious men of divers placis
 Cum thair to wow, and fe fair faces ;
 Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris
 Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
 And ar unmindfull of thair profeffioun ;
 The yunger at the eldair leiris :
 Sic tydings hard I at the feffioun.

VIII.

VIII.

Thair cumis yung monkis of he complexioun,
 Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun;
 And in the courte thair hait flesche dantis,
 Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis;
 Thay ar so hummill of interceffioun,
 All mercifull wemen thair errand grantis:
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.



A GENERAL SATYRE.

I.

DEVORIT with dreim, devising in my slumber,
 How that this realme, with nobillis out of number
 Gydit, provydit sa many years hes bene;
 And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cumber,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

II.

Sic pryde with prellattis, so few till preiche and pray,
 Sic hant of harlottis with thame, bayth nicht and day,
 That fowld haif ay thair God afore thair ene,
 So nice array, so strange to thair abbay,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

III.

So many preistis cled up in secular weid,
 With blasfing breistis casting thair claithis on breid,
 It is no need to tell of quhome I mene,
 To quhome the Psalme and Testament to reid,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

E

IV.

IV.

So mony maisteris, so mony guckit clerkis,
 So mony westaris, to God and all his warkis,
 So fyry sparkis, of dispyt fro the splene,
 Sic losin farkis, so mony glengour markis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

V.

So mony lords, so mony naturall fules,
 That bettir accordis to play thame at the trulis,
 Nor seis the dulis that commons dois sustene,
 New tane fra sculis; so mony anis and mulis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VI.

Sa meikle tressone, sa mony partial sawis,
 Sa littill ressone, to help the common cawis,
 That all the lawis ar not set by ane bene;
 Sic fenyet flawis, sa mony wastit wawis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VII.

Sa mony theivis and murderis weil kend,
 Sa grit releivis of lords thame to defend,
 Becaus they spend the pelf thame betwene,
 Sa few till wend this mischeif, till amend,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VIII.

This to correct, they schow with mony crakkis,
 But littill effect of speir or battar ax,
 Quhen curage lakkis the corfs that fould mak kene;
 Sa mony jakkis, and brattis on beggaris bakkis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

IX.

IX.

Sic vant of wouftours with hairtis in finful ftatures,
 Sic brallaris and bofteris, degenerait fra their natures,
 And sic regratouris, the pure men to prevene;
 Sa mony traytouris, fa mony rubeatouris,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

X.

Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid of late;
 Sa finall refugeis the pure man to debait;
 Sa mony estate, for commoun weil fa quhent,
 Owre all the gait, fa mony thevis fa tait,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XI.

Sa mony ane fentence retreitit, for to win;
 Geir and acquaintance, or kyndnes of thair kin;
 Thay think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
 Sa mony a gin, to haift thame to the pin,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XII.

Sic knavis and crakkaris, to play at carts and dyce,
 Sic halland-scheckaris, quhilk at *Cowkelbyis* gryce,
 Are haldin of pryce, when lymaris do convene,
 Sic store of vyce, fa mony wittis unwyfe,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XIII.

Sa mony merchandis, fa mony are menfworne,
 Sic pure tenandis, sic cursing evin and morn,
 Quhilk flayis the corn, and fruct that growis grene;
 Sic skaith and fcorne, fa mony paitlattis worne,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

II.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caus or nane,
 Cryis ay, gif me into a drene;
 And he that dronis ay as ane bee
 Sould haif an heirar dull as stane;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

III.

Sum askis mair than he deservis,
 Sum askis far les than he servis,
 Sum schames to ask as braids of me,
 And all without reward he stervis;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

IV.

To ask but service hurts gud fame,
 To ask for service is not blame;
 To serve and leif in beggartie,
 To man and maistir is baith schame;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

V.

He that dois all his best servyis,
 May spill it all with crakkis and cryis;
 Be foul inoportunitie;
 Few wordis may serve the wyis;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

VI.

Nocht neidfull is men suld be dum,
 Nathing is gotin but wordis sum,
 Nocht sped but diligence we se;
 For nathing it allane will cum;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

VII.

Asking wald haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, lasar, and space;
 But haift or preis of grit menye,
 But hairt abasit, but toung reckles;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

VIII.

Sum might haif (ye) with littill cure,
 That hes aft (nay) with grit labour,
 All for that tyme not byde can he;
 He tynis baith errand and honour;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

IX.

Suppois the servand be lang unquity,
 The Lord fumtyme rewarid will it,
 Gif he dois not, quhat remedy?
 To fecht with fortoun is no wit;
 In asking fould Discretioun be.



DISCRETIOUN of Giving.

I.

To speik of gift or almous deidis,
 Sum gevis for merit and for meidis;
 Sum, wardly honour to up hie,
 Gevis to thame that nothing neidis;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

II.

II.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane,
 Sum gevis with grudgeing and with pane,
 Sum gevis in prattik for supple,
 Sum gevis for twyis als gud agane ;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

III.

Sum gevis for thank, fum cheritie,
 Sum gevis money, and fum gevis meit,
 Sum gevis wordis fair and fle,
 Giftis fra fum ma na man treit ;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

IV.

Sum is for gift fa lang requyred,
 Quhill that the crevir be so tyred,
 That or the gift deliverit be,
 The thank is frustrat and expyred ;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

V.

Sum gevis so littill full wretchedly,
 That his giftis are not fet by,
 And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,
 That all the warld cryis on him, fy !
 In geving fould discretioun be.

VI.

Sum in his geving is so large,
 That all oure-laidin is his berge,
 Throw vyce and prodigalite,
 Thairof his honour dois dischaarge ;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

VII.

VII.

Sum to the riche gevis geir,
 That micht his giftis weill forbeir;
 And thocht the peur for salt fould de,
 His cry nocht enteris in his eir;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

VIII.

Sum gevis to strangeris with face new,
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew;
 And auld fervantis list not se,
 War thay nevir of sa grit vertew;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

IX.

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie,
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
 Sum gevis to men of honestie,
 And haldis all jangealaris at disdenyie;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

X.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
 To sweir all that his maister sayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis be;
 Ar mony sic now in thir dayis;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

XI.

Sum gevis gud men for thair gud kewis,
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to schrewis,
 Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
 But in thair office gude fundin few is;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
 And on the peure oppreffioun makkis,
 And never remembris that he mon die,
 Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax ;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

V.

Sum takis be fie and be land,
 And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,
 Quhill he be tyit up to ane tre ;
 And fyn thay gar him understand,
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

VI.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir ;
 Had he of man als littill feir
 As he hes dreid that God him see ;
 To tak than fuld he nevir forbeir ;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

VII.

Sum wald tak all this world's breid,
 And yet not fatisfeit of thair neid,
 Throw hairt unfatiable and gredie ;
 Sum wald tak littill, and can not speid ;
 In taking fould Discretion be.

VIII.

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun.
 Ar fet full famous at the fessioun,
 And peur takaris are hangit hie,
 Schamit for evir, and thair successioun ;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,
 And fet nocht by this warld a chirry ;
 Now quhyll thair is gude wyne to fell,
 He that dois on dry breid wirry,
 I gif him to the devill of hell.

No TRESSOUR *without* GLAIDNES.

I.

BE mirry, man, and tak nocht far in mynd,
 The wawering of this wrechit warld of forrow,
 To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
 And with thy nyctbouris glaidly len and borrow ;
 His chance to nyct it may be thyne to morrow.
 Be blyth in hait for ony aventure ;
 For oft with wyfure it hes bene said a forrow,
 Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

II.

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the sends,
 For warld's wrak but weifair nocht awailis ;
 Na gude is thyne, saif only bot thow spendis,
 Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis.
 Seik to solace quhen sadnes the assaillis,
 In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure ;
 Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy saylis,
 Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

III.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait,
 With famous folkis hald thy cumpany ;
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
 For wardly honour leftis bot a cry ;
 For truble in erd tak no mallancoly,
 Be riche in patience, gif thow in gudis be pure,
 Quha levis mirry he levis nichtely ;
 Without glaidnes awailis no treffour.

IV.

Thow feis thir wrechis sett with sorrow and cair,
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space ;
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes ;
 Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure :
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirrines,
 Without glaidnes awailis no treffour.

V.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
 Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
 Bot meit, drink, clais, and of the laif a sicht,
 Yit to the juge thow fall gif compt of all ;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small :
 Be just and joyius, and do to none enjure,
 And trewth fall mak the strang as ony wall ;
 Without glaidnes awailis no treffour.



ADVICE to *spend anes awin* G U D E S.

I.

MAN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
 And deid is evir drawand neir,
 Thy tyme unficker and the place,
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thy self it ufis,
 Gif it be not, the it refusis ;
 Ane uthir of the profite hes ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

III.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
 And heftely to morne fra it wend,
 And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

IV.

Quhile thou hes space, se thou dispone,
 That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
 No wicht ane uder flay or chace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
 Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VI.

VI.

Syne cums ane uder glaid of his forrow,
 That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairs,
 And efter him thair cumis yung airis,
 That his auld thrift fettis on an ace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir spends,
 And nocht all that on the depends,
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

IX.

Trest nocht ane uther will do the to,
 It that thyself wald nevir do ;
 For gif thou dois, strenge is thy cace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
 And tak example be nane udder,
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.



BEST to be BLYTH.

I.

FULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,
 How this fals world is ay on flocht,
 Quhair nothing ferme is nor degeft ;
 And when I haif my mynd all socht,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

II.

This world evir dois flicht and wary,
 Fortoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary ;
 Na tyme but turne can tak rest,
 For quhois false change suld none be sary ;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

III.

Wald man confiddir in mynd rycht weil,
 Or fortoun on him turn her quheill,
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,
 His fall less panefull he suld feill ;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

IV.

Quha with this world dois warsell and stryfe,
 And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
 Thocht he in lordschip be possesset,
 He levis bot ane wrechit life ;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

I cannot leif in no degre,
 But sum will my maneris dispyis ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

II.

Gife I be galland, lufy and blyth,
 Than will thay fay on me full fwyth,
 That out of mynd yon man is hie,
 Or sum hes done him confort kyth ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

III.

Gife I be forrowfull and fad,
 Than will thay fay that I am mad,
 I do bot drowp as I wold die ;
 Thus will thay fay baith man and lad ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

IV.

Gife I be lufy in array,
 Than lue I paramours thay fay,
 Or in my hairt is prouwd and hie,
 Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

V.

Gife I be nocht weill als befeme,
 Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
 That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
 Lo be his claithis it may be fene ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

VI.

Gife I be fene in court ovir lang,
 Than will thay murmur thaim amang,

My

My friendis ar not worth a fle,
 That I sa lang but reward gang ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me

VII.

In court reward than purches I,
 Than haif thay malyce and invy,
 And secreitly thay on me lie,
 And dois me hinder prevely ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

VIII.

I wald my gyding war dewyfit ;
 Gif I spend littill I am dispyfit,
 Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,
 A prodigall man I am so pryfit ;
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

IX.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
 And I may no mans tung hald still ;
 To do the best my mynd fall be,
 Latt every man fay quhat he will ;
 The, gracious God, mot governe me.

*Of DEMING.*

I.

MUSING allone this hinder nicht,
 Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
 Within ane garth undir a tre,
 I hard ane voce, that said on hicht,
 Ma na man now undemit be :

II.

II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
 Yit fall I not eschew deming ;
 Sum callis me guid, sum sayis I lie,
 Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
 So fall I not undemit me.

III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,
 Than every pelour and purs-pyk
 Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me ;
 Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
 Yit can he not lat deming be.

IV.

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
 With gentillmen makand repair,
 Than will thay say, baith icho and he,
 (I am dishonorit) lait and air ;
 Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I an courtman, or an knycht,
 Honestly cled that cumis me richt,
 Ane prydfull man than call thay me :
 Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,
 That cannot lat sic deming be.

VI.

Be I bot littill of stature,
 Thay call me catyve createure ;
 And be I grit of quantetie,
 Thay call me monstrowis of nature ;
 Thus can thay not lat deming be.

In your service with pane and greif,
 Gud consciens cryis, reward thairfoir;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

II.

Your clerkis ar fervit all about,
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,
 Quhair my plumyis begynis to brek out ;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

III.

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd ;
 But evir the mittane is hard in mynd,
 Of quhome the gled dois prettikis preif,
 The gentill goishalk gois unkynd ;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

IV.

The pyet with hir pretty cot,
 Fenyis to sing the nyctingalis not ;
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
 For harshness of hir carlich throt ;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

V.

Ay fareft faderis hes farrest fowlis ;
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
 In silver caigis thay fit at cheif ;
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis ;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

VI.

O gentill egill, how may this be,
 That of all fowlis dois heest fle ;

Your

Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
And chereis eftir thair degre ?

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VII.

Quhen fervit is all udir man,
Gentill and femple of every clan,
Kyne of *Rauf Colyard*, and *Jobne* the reif,
Nathing I get, na conquest than ;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VII.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
And haif few vertewis for to rus ;
Yet am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as uderis dois ;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

IX.

Or I fuld leif in fic mifchance,
Gif it to God war no grevance,
To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
For thay on warld wantis no plesans ;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

X.

In fum parte on my felf I plenye,
Quhen udir folkis dois flattir and fenye ;
Allace ! I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairnheid biddis my brydill renye ;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XI.

I grant my service is bot licht ;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,

I ask you, Schir, no man to greif;
 Sum medecyne gife that ye nicht;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

XII.

May nane remeid my melady
 Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly;
 For with-a benefice ye may preif,
 And gif I mend nocht heftely;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

XIII.

I wes in yowth on nureis kne,
 Dandely, Bifchop, dandely;
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
 Ane femple vicar I can nocht be;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

XIV.

Jok that wes wont to keip the firakis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
 With ane fals tant into his fleif,
 Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischief.

XV.

Twa curis or thre hes upolandis Michell,
 With dispensatiouns bund in a knitchell;
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
 He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif.

XVI.

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
 Nor yit with benefice am I blandit;

I fay

Than paufing of penuritie
 Revis that fra my remembrance ;
 My panefull purs fo priclis me.

IV.

Quhen men that hes purfes in tone,
 Paffes to drynk or to disjone,
 Than mon I keip ane gravetic,
 And fay that I will fast quhill none ;
 My panefull purs fo priclis me.

V.

My purs is maid of fic ane skin,
 Thair will na corfes byd it within ;
 Strait as fra the feynd thay fle,
 Quha evir tyne, quha evir win ;
 My panefull purs fo priclis me.

VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
 Culd mak on it ane conjuratioun,
 To gar filver ay in it be,
 The devill fuld haif no dominatioun
 With pyne to gar it prickill me.

VII.

I haif in payrit in mony a place,
 For help and confort in this cace,
 And all men fays, my Lord, that ye
 Can best remeid for this malice,
 That with sic panis prickills me.

None

And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,
 And bumbards bruks the benefyis ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie
 Ar passit out of he degre ;
 On fredome is laid forfaltour ;
 In princis is thair no pety ;
 For in this warld ma none assure.

VII.

Is none so armit into plait,
 That can fra truble him debait ;
 May no man lang in welth indure,
 For wo that evir lyis at the wait ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,
 And Falsfett with the lord dois roun ;
 And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,
 And exulit is of the toun ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirds proceidis,
 In every hairt disceptioun breidis ;
 Fra every all gois luke demure,
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhail bone,
 And hairtis are maid of hard flynt stone ;

And

And ene of amiable blyth assure,
 And hands of adamant laith to dispone ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answer deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befor the juge future ;
 Sen all ar deid, or than de fall,
 Quha suld into this warld assure ?

XII.

Nothing bot deth this schortly cravis,
 Quhair fortoun evir us so diffavis,
 With freyndly smylinge of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind hym wavis ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

XIV.

O quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture !
 Quilk unrestorit helpis no confessioun ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

XIII.

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis fevin,
 Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,
 Paice of licht, or pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis are hard with horreble stevin ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

XV.

*Ubi ardentēs animæ,
 Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!*

III.

The stait of man dois change and vary,
 Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary,
 Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

IV.

No stait in erd heir standis sicker ;
 As with the wind wavis the wicker,
 So waivis this warlds vanitie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

V.

Unto the deth gois all estaitis,
 Princis, prelattis, and potestaitis,
 Bayth riche and puire of all degre ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

VI.

He taikis the knychtis into the feild,
 Enarmit undir helme and scheild,
 Victor he is at all mellie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That strang unvynfable tirrand
 Taks on the muderis breist fowkand
 The bab, full of benignitie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

He taikis the campioun in the stour,
 The captane clofit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewtie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

IX.

IX.

He spairis no lord for his pufiens,
 Nor clerk for his intelligens;
 His awfull straik may no man fle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

X.

Art magicianis and astrologis,
 Rethoris, logitianis, theologis,
 Thame helpis no conclusionis fle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XI.

In madecyne the most practitianis,
 Leichis, furigianis, and phesitianis,
 Thame self fra deth ma not supple;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I see the Makkaris amangis the laif
 Playis heir thair padyanis, syne gois to graif;
 Spairit is nocht thair facultie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

He hes done peteouffie devoir,
 The Noble Chawfer of Makars flowir,
 The monk of Berry, and Gowyr, all thre;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIV.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
 Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
 He hes tane out of this cuntrie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XV.

XV.

That scorioun fell hes done infek
 Maister Johne Clerk, and James Afflek,
 Fra ballat makking and tragedy ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;
 Allace ! that he nocht with us levit
 Sir Mungo Dockhart of the Lie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
 That made the aventers of Sir Gawane,
 Sir Gilbert Gray endit hes he ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
 Slane with his schot of mortall hail,
 Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun mycht nocht fle ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIX.

He hes reft Merfar his indyte,
 That did in luv so lyfly write,
 So schort, so quick, of sentens hie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,
 And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne ;
 Twa bettir fallowis did no man fie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXI.

XXI.

In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,
 With gude Mr Robert Henryfoun,
 Sir Johne the Rofs imbraist hes he ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXII.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,
 The gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
 Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIII.

And Mr Walter Kennedy,
 In poyntt of deth lvis verely,)
 Grit rewth it wer that so fuld be ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brethren tane,
 He will nocht let me leif alane,
 On fors I mon his nixt pray be ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXV.

Sen for the deth remeid is non,
 Best is that we for deth dispone,
 Aftir our deth that leif may we ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Of



Of LUVE ERDLY and DIVINE.

I.

NOW culit is Dame Venus brand;
 Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
 And I begyn to understand,
 In feynit luv quhat foly bene;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 Ane trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
 Trew luvis fyre nevir burnis bauld;
 Sa as the ta lufe vaxis auld,
 The tothir dois increas moir kene;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And true luv ryfis fro the splene.

III.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
 Quhat plesans is in lufe perfyte,
 That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,
 Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
 Or onywayis his hairt consent,
 To turne to trew luv his intent,

And

And still the quarrell to susteine ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

V.

I haif experience by my fell ;
 In luvis court anis did I dwell,
 Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
 I culd of truble tell fyftene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
 Now haif I confort for to speid,
 Quhair I had maugre to my meid,
 I trest rewaird and thanks betwene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeis,
 Now find I in to lufe grit eis ;
 Quhair I had denger and diseis,
 My breist all confort dois contene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,
 And wald no luv wer bot I ;
 Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,

Als weill as I luvit I wene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

IX.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame
 My lufe describe, nor tell hir name ;
 Now think I wirschep wer and fame,
 To all the warld that it war sene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
 So did her denger me derene ;
 And now I fett nocht by a bene,
 Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

XI.

I haif a luvè farar of face,
 Quhome in no denger may haif place,
 Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
 And mercy ay quhen I me mene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,
 Nor wairis a luvè thocht in vane ;
 I fal be als weill luvit agane,

H

Their

Thair may no jangler me prevene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIII.

So riche, so rewthfull, and discret,
 Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so fueit,
 And for the kynd of man so meit,
 Nevir moir fal be, nor yit hes bene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIV.

Is none fa trew a luve as he,
 That for trew lufe of us did de ;
 He suld be luffit agane, think me,
 That wald fa fane our luve obtene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,
 That can in yowth confiddir this,
 This fals diffavand warlds blis,
 So gydis man in flouris grene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

Of



Of the NATIVITIE of CHRYS TE.

I.

RORATE caeli desuper,
 Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
 For now is rissin the brycht day-ster,
 Fro the Rose Mary, flour of flouris :
 The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,
 Surmunting Phebus in the est,
 Is cum (out) of his hevinly touris ;
Et nobis puer natus est.

II.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
 Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir,
 And all ye hevinly operationis,
 Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
 Fyre, erd, air, and wattir cleir,
 To him gife loving, most and lest,
 That come into so meik maneir,
Et nobis puer natus est.

III.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
 And thank your Makar hairtfully ;
 For he, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
 To yow is cumin full humily,

H 2

Your

Your faulis with his blud to by,
 And lous yow of the feindis arrest,
 And only of his awin mercy ;
Pro nobis puer natus est.

IV.

All clergy do to him inclyne,
 And bow unto that barne benyng,
 And do your observance devyne,
 To him that is of kingis King ;
 Enfence his altar reid, and sing
 In haly kirk, with mynd degeft,
 Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis puer natus est.

V.

Celestiall fowlis in the are,
 Sing with your nottis upoun hicht ;
 In firthis and in forrestis fair
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
 For passit is your dully nycht ;
 Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
 The son is riffin with glaidsum lycht.
Et nobis puer natus est.

VI.

Now spring up flouris fra the rute,
 Revert yow upwart naturaly,
 In honour of the bliffit frute,
 That rais up fro the Rose Mary ;

Lay

II.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer ;
 The crewall serpent with the mortall stang,
 The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
 Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us so lang,
 Thinking to grip us in his clowis strang,
 The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer so,
 He maid him for to felye of that fang ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

III.

He for our sake that sufferit to be flane,
 And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,
 Is lyk a lyone riffin up agane,
 And as (a) gyane raxit him on hicht ;
 Springin is Aurora radius and bricht,
 On loft is gone the glorius Appollo,
 The blisfull day departit fro the nycht ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

IV.

The grit victour agane is riffin on hicht,
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit ;
 The sone that vox all pail now schynis bricht,
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit ;
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,
 The Christins ar deliverit of thair wo,
 The Jewis and thair errour ar confoundit ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

V.

IV.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
 Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

V.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene ;
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VI.

Evirmair unto this warlds joy,
 As nerrest air succeeds noy ;
 Thairfoir quhen joy ma nocht remane,
 His verry air succeedis pane ;

VII.

Heir helth returnis in feiknes,
 And mirth returnis in havines,
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VIII.

Fredome returnis in wrechitnes,
 And trewth returnis in dowbilnes,
 With fenyeit wirds to mak men fane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

IX.

Vertew returnis into vyce,
 And honour into avaryce,
 With cuvatyce is consciens flane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

X.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that leftis evir,
 For uder joy is all bot vane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

*The TWA LUVES ERDLY and DEVYNE.*

I.

IN May as that Aurora did upspring,
 With cristall ene chafing the cluddis sable,
 I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing
 A sang of lufe, with voce rycht comfortable,
 Agane the orient bemis amiable,
 Upone a blisfull brenche of lawryr grene :
 This wes hir sentens fueit and delectable,
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

II.

Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
 Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,
 Agane the hevinly aifur skyis licht ;
 Quhair did, upone the tothir syd, perfew
 A Nychtingale, with suggurit notis new,
 Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone :
 This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew,
 All luve is lost bot upone God allone.

III.

III.

With notis glaid, and gloriuſ armony,
 This joyfull Merle ſo ſaluſt ſcho the day,
 Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
 Saying, Awalk ye luvaris o this May;
 Lo freſch Flora heſ flureſt every ſpray,
 As natur heſ hir taucht, the noble Quene,
 The feild bene clothit in a new array,
 A luſty lyfe in luvis ſervice bene.

IV.

Nevir fueetar noys weſ hard with levand man
 Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
 Hir ſound went with the rever as it ran
 Outthrew the freſche and flureiſt luſty vail:
 O Merle, quoth ſcho, O fule, ſtynt of thy taill,
 For in thy ſong gud ſentens is thair none,
 For both is tynt, the tyme and the travaill,
 Of every luv bot upone God allone.

V.

Seis, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingale:
 Sall folk thair yowth ſpend in to holines?
 Of yung ſanctis growis auld feyndis but (faill):
 Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnes,
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois expreſ,
 That crukit aige makis on with yowth ſerene,
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyvers:
 A luſty lyfe in luvſ ſervice bene.

VI.

VI.

The Nychtingall said, Fule, remember the,
 That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
 The luv of God most deir to man suld be :
 That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
 And deit himself fro deid him to succour :
 O quhither wes kythit thair trew lufe or none ?
 He is most trew and steidfast paramour ;
 All luv is lost bot upone him allone.

VII.

The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewte
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having,
 Bot gif he wald that thay suld luvit be ?
 To luv eik natur gaif thame inclyning ;
 And he of natur that wirker wes and king,
 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be fene,
 In to his creature of his awin making :
 A lusty lyfe in luv service bene.

VIII.

The Nychtingall said, Nocht to that behufe
 Put God sic bewty in a ladies face,
 That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
 Bot he the wirker, that put in hir sic grace ;
 Of bewty, bontie, riches, tyme, or space,
 And every gudnes that bene to cum or gone,
 The thank redounds to him in every place ;
 All luv is lost bot upone God allone.

IX.

IX.

O Nychtingall, it wer a story nyce
 That lufe fuld nocht depend on cherite :
 And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
 Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me ;
 For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be :
 God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the splene,
 And quho than ladeis fuetar nychtbours be ?
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

X.

The Nychtingall said, Bird, quhy dois thow raif ?
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,
 Him to forget that hir sic vertew gaif,
 And for his hevin raffaif hir cullour quhyt :
 Hir goldin treffit hairis redomyt,
 Lyk to Apollois bemis thocht thay schone,
 Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfyt ;
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

XI.

The Merle said, Lufe is caus of honour ay,
 Lufe makis cowardis manheid to purchas,
 Lufe makis knychtis hardy at affey,
 Lufe makis wrechis full of lergenes,
 Lufe makis fueir folks full of biffines,
 Lufe makis fluggirds fresche and weill befene,
 Lufe changis vyce in vertewis nobilnes ;
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

XII.

XII.

The Nychtingall said, trew is the contrary ;
 The frustir luvè it blindis men so far,
 In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary ;
 In fals vane glòry thay so drunken ar,
 Thair wit is went, of wo they ar nocht war,
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
 Fame, gudds, and strenth : quhairfoir weill say I dar,
 All luvè is lost bot upone God allone.

XIII.

Than said the Merle, Myne errour I confes ;
 This frustir luvè all is bot vanite ;
 Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardines,
 To argone so agane the varite :
 Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he
 With luvè nocht in the feindis net be tone,
 Bot luvè the luvè that did for his luvè de ;
 All luvè is lost bot upone God allone.

XIV.

Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir :
 The Merle sang, Man luvè God that hes the wrocht,
 The Nychtingall sang, Man luvè the Lord most deir,
 That the and all this warld maid of nocht ;
 The Merle said, Luvè him that thy luvè hes socht,
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone ;
 The Nychtingall sang, And with his deid the bocht :
 All luvè is lost bot upone him allone.

Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
 At will of God, that all thing feiris ;
 Think, man, exceptioun there is none,
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

III.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,
 Fairest and plesandest of port,
 Yet may thow be, within ane yere,
 Ane ugfum, uglye tramort ;
 And sen thow knowis thy tyme is schort,
 And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
 Think, man, amang all uthir sport,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

IV.

Thy lustye bewte, and thy youth,
 Sall feid as dois the somer flouris,
 Syne fall the swallow with his mouth
 The dragone death, (that all devouris.)
 No castell fall the keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall feik the with thy feiris ;
 Thairfore remember at all houris,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

V.

Thocht all this warld thow did possid,
 Nocht eftir death thow fall possis,
 Nor with the tak, but thy gud deid,
 Quhen thow dois fro this warid the dres :

So speid the, man, and the confes,
With humill hart and sobir teiris,
And fadlye in thy hart impres,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

VI.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so fure,
Thow fall in deathis port arryve,
Quhare nocht for tempest may indure,
Bot fersle all to speiris (dryve ;)
Thy Ransomer, with woundis fyve,
Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,
To hald thy faule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

F I N I S.

311

