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The History Of English Poetry

From The Close of the Eleventh To The Commencement of the Eighteenth
Century

Warton, Thomas

London, 1781

Section XXV. Sir Thomas More's English poetry. Tournament of Tottenham.
Its age and scope. Laurence Minot. Alliteration. Digression illustrating
comparatively the language of the fifteenth century, ...

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-51323](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-51323)

S E C T. XXV.

I KNOW not if fir Thomas More may properly be considered as an English poet. He has, however, left a few obsolete poems, which although without any striking merit, yet, as productions of the restorer of literature in England, seem to claim some notice here. One of these is, A MERY JEST *how a SERGEANT would learne to play the FREERE.* *Written by Maister Thomas More in hys youth*^a. The story is too dull and too long to be told here. But I will cite two or three of the prefatory stanzas.

He that hath laste^b the Hofier's craft,
 And fallth to makyng shone^c;
 The smyth that shall to paynting fall,
 His thrift is well nigh done.
 A black draper with whyte paper,
 To goe to writing scole,
 An old butler becum a cutler,
 I wene shal prove a fole.
 And an old trot, that can, god wot,
 Nothyng but kyffe the cup,
 With her phisicke will kepe one ficke,
 Till she hath foused hym up.
 A man of law that never sawe
 The wayes to bye and sell,
 Wenying to ryse by marchandyse,
 I praye god spede hym well!

^a WORKES, Lond. 1557. in folio. Sign. C. i.

^b Left.
^c Shoes.

A marchaunt eke, that wyll goo feke
 By all the meanes he may,
 To fall in sute tyll he dispute
 His money cleane away ;
 Pletyng the lawe for every strawe,
 Shall prove a thrifty man,
 With bate^d and strife, but by my life,
 I cannot tell you whan.
 Whan an hatter will smatter
 In philofophy ;
 Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
 In theology.

In these lines, which are intended to illustrate by familiar examples, the absurdity of a serjeant at law assuming the business of a friar, perhaps the reader perceives but little of that festivity, which is supposed to have marked the character and the conversation of sir Thomas More. The last two stanzas deserve to be transcribed, as they prove, that this tale was designed to be sung to music by a minstrel, for the entertainment of company.

Now Maisters all, here now I shall
 End then as I began ;
 In any wyse, I would avyse,
 And counsaile every man,
 His own crafte use, all new refuse,
 And lyghtly let them gone :
 Play not the FREERE, Now make good cheere.

This piece is mentioned, among other popular story-books in 1575, by Laneham, in his ENTERTAINMENT AT KILLINGWORTH CASTLE in the reign of queen Elisabeth^e.

In CERTAIN METERS, written also in his youth, as a prologue for his BOKE OF FORTUNE, and forming a poem of con-

^d Debate.

^e Fol. 44. feq.

siderable length, are these stanzas, which are an attempt at personification and imagery. FORTUNE is represented sitting on a lofty throne, smiling on all mankind who are gathered around her, eagerly expecting a distribution of her favours.

Then, as a bayte, she bryngeth forth her ware,
 Silver and gold, rich perle and precious stone;
 On whiche the mased people gaze and stare,
 And gaze therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
 FORTUNE at them laugheth: and in her trone
 Amyd her treasure and waveryng rycheffe
 Prowdly she hoveth as lady and empresse.

Fast by her syde doth wery Labour stand,
 Pale Fere also, and Sorow all bewept;
 Disdayn, and Hatred, on that other hand,
 Eke restles Watch from slepe with travayles kept:
 Before her standeth Daunger and Envy,
 Flattery, Dysceyt, Mischiefe, and Tiranny[†].

Another of sir Thomas More's juvenile poems is, A RUFULL LAMENTATION on the death of queen Elisabeth, wife of Henry the seventh, and mother of Henry the eighth, who died in childbed, in 1503. It is evidently formed on the tragical soliloquies, which compose Lydgate's paraphrase of Boccace's book DE CASIBUS VIRORUM ILLUSTRUM, and which gave birth to the MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES, the origin of our historic dramas. These stanzas are part of the queen's complaint at the approach of death.

Where are our castels now, where are our towers?
 Goodly Rychemonde[‡], sone art thou gone from me!
 At Westmyenster that costly worke of yours

[†] Ibid. Sign. C. iiii.

[‡] The palace of Richmond.

Myne

Myne owne dere lorde, now shall I never se^a!
 Almighty God vouchsafe to graunt that ye
 For you and your children well may edify,
 My palace byldyd is, and lo now here I ly.——

Farewell my daughter, lady Margaretⁱ!
 God wotte, full oft it greved hath my mynde
 That ye should go where we should seldom mete,
 Now I am gone and have left you behynde.
 O mortall folke, that we be very blynde!
 That we left feere, full oft it is most nye:
 From you depart I must, and lo now here I lye.

Farewell, madame, my lordes worthy mother^k!
 Comforte your son, and be ye of good chere.
 Take all a worth, for it will be no nother,
 Farewell my daughter Katharine, late the fere
 To prince Arthur myne owne chyld so dere^l.
 It boteth not for me to wepe and cry,
 Pray for my fowle, for lo now here I lye.

Adew lord Henry, my loving sonne adew^m,
 Our lord encrease your honour and estate,
 Adew my daughter Mary, bright of hewⁿ,
 God make you vertuous, wyse, and fortunate.
 Adew swete hart, my little daughter Kate^o,
 Thou shalt, swete babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly^p.

^a King Henry the seventh's chapel, begun in the year 1502. The year before the queen died.

ⁱ Married in 1503, to James the fourth, king of Scotland.

^k Margaret countess of Richmond.

^l Catharine of Spain, wife of her son prince Arthur, now dead.

^m Afterwards king Henry the eighth.

ⁿ Afterwards queen of France. Remarried to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

^o The queen died within a few days after she was delivered of this infant, the princess Catharine, who did not long survive her mother's death.

^p WORKES, ut supr.

In the fourth stanza, she reproaches the astrologers for their falsity in having predicted, that this should be the happiest and most fortunate year of her whole life. This, while it is a natural reflection in the speaker, is a proof of More's contempt of a futile and frivolous science, then so much in esteem. I have been prolix in my citation from this forgotten poem: but I am of opinion, that some of the stanzas have strokes of nature and pathos, and deserved to be rescued from total oblivion.

More, when a young man, contrived in an apartment of his father's house a *goodly hangyng of fyne painted clotbe*, exhibiting nine pageants, or allegoric representations, of the stages of man's life, together with the figures of Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. Under each picture he wrote a stanza. The first is under *CHILDHOODE*, expressed by a boy whipping a top.

I am called *CHILDHOD*, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte¹, a cokstele², or a ball;
A toppe can I set, and dryve in its kynde:
But would to God, these hatefull bookes all
Were in a fyre ybrent to powder small!
Then myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play,
Which lyfe God fende me to myne endyng day.

Next was pictured *MANHOD*, a comely young man mounted on a fleet horse, with a hawk on his fist, and followed by two greyhounds, with this stanza affixed.

MANHOD I am, therefore I me delyght
To hunt and hawke, to nourishe up and fede
The grayhounde to the course, the hawke to th' flyght,
And to bestryde a good and lusty stede:
These thynges become a very man in dede.
Yet thinketh this boy his pevishe game sweter,
But what, no force, his reason is no better.

¹ A quoit.

² A stick for throwing at a cock. *STELE* is handle, *Sax.*

The

The personification of FAME, like RUMOUR in the Chorus to Shakespeare's HENRY THE FIFTH, is surrounded with tongues^a.

Tapestry, with metrical legends illustrating the subject, was common in this age: and the public pageants in the streets were often exhibited with explanatory verses. I am of opinion, that the COMOEDIOLÆ, or little interludes, which More is said to have written and acted in his father's house, were only these nine pageants^b.

Another juvenile exercise of More in the English stanza, is annexed to his prose translation of the LYFE of John Picus Mirandula, and entitled, TWELVE RULES OF JOHN PICUS MIRANDULA, *partely exciting partely directing a man in SPIRITUAL BATAILE*^c. The old collector of his ENGLISH WORKES has also preserved two *shorte ballettes*^d, or stanzas, which he wrote for his *pastyme*, while a prisoner in the tower^e.

It is not my design, by these specimens, to add to the fame of sir Thomas More; who is revered by posterity, as the scholar who taught that erudition which civilised his country, and as the philosopher who met the horrors of the block with that fortitude which was equally free from ostentation and enthusiasm: as the man, whose genius overthrew the fabric of false learning, and whose amiable tranquillity of temper triumphed over the malice and injustice of tyranny.

To some part of the reign of Henry the eighth I assign the TOURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM, or *The wooeing, winning, and wedding of TIBBE the Reeves Daughter there*. I presume it will not be supposed to be later than that reign: and the substance of its phraseology, which I divest of its obvious innovations, is not altogether obsolete enough for a higher period. I am aware, that in a manuscript of the British Museum it is referred to the time of Henry the sixth. But that manuscript

^a Ibid. Sign. C. iii.

^b See *supr.* Vol. ii. p. 387.

^c These pieces were written in the reign of Henry the seventh. But as More flourished in the succeeding reign, I have placed them accordingly.

^d Ibid. b. iii.

^e *Ue supr.* fol. 1432.

affords

affords no positive indication of that date⁷. It was published from an ancient manuscript in the year 1631, and reduced to a more modern style, by William Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible. He says it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, supposed to have been rector of the same parish, and author of an unknown tract, called *PASSIO DOMINI JESU*. But Bedwell, without the least comprehension of the scope and spirit of the piece, imagines it to be a serious narrative of a real event; and, with as little sagacity, believes it to have been written before the year 1330. Allowing that it might originate from a real event, and that there might be some private and local abuse at the bottom, it is impossible that the poet could be serious. Undoubtedly the chief merit of this poem, although not destitute of humour, consists in the design rather than the execution. As Chaucer, in the *RIME OF SIR THOPAS*⁸, travestied the romances of chivalry, the *TOURNA-*

⁷ MSS. HARL. 5396.

⁸ I take this opportunity of observing, that the stanza of one of Laurence Minot's poems on the wars of Edward the third, is the same as Chaucer's *SIR THOPAS*. Minot was Chaucer's cotemporary. MSS. Cott. GALB. E. ix.

Edward oure cumly king
In Braband has his woning,
With mani a cumly knight,
And in that land, trewly to tell,
Ordains he still for to dwell,
To time he think to fight.

Now God that es of mightes maste,
Grant him grace of the Haly Gaste,
His heritage to win;
And Mari moder of mercy fre,
Save oure king, and his menze,
Fro sorow, and schame, and syn.

Thus in Braband has he bene,
Whare he bifore was seldom sene,
For to prove thaire japes;
Now no langer wil he spare,
Bot unto Fraunce fast will he fare,
To confort him with grapes.

^a Heir.

^b Shake.

Furth he ferd into France,
God save him fro mischance,
And all his cumpany;
The nobill duc of Braband
With him went into that land,
Redy to lif or dy.

Than the riche floure de lice
Wan thare ful litill prife,
Fast he fled for ferde;
The right aire^a of that cuntree
Es cumen with all his knightes fre
To schac^b him by the berd.

Sir Philip the Valayse,
Wit his men in tho dayes,
To batale had he thought;
He had his men tham purvay
Withowten longer delay,
Bot he ne held it nocht.

He broght folk ful grete wone,
Ay sevyn ogains one,
That ful wele wapind were^c;
Bot sone when he herd ascry,
That king Edward was nere thereby,
Than durst he nocht cum nere.

^c Weaponed, Armed.

MENT OF TOTTENHAM is a burlesque on the parade and fopperies of chivalry itself. In this light, it may be considered as a curiosity; and does honour to the good sense and discernment of the writer, who seeing through the folly of these fashionable exercises, was sensible at the same time, that they were too popular to be attacked by the more solid weapons of reason and argument. Even on a supposition that here is an allusion to real facts and characters, and that it was intended to expose some popular story of the amours of the daughter of the Reve of Tottenham, we must acknowledge that the satire is conveyed in an ingenious mode. He has introduced a parcel of clowns and rustics, the inhabitants of Tottenham, Islington, Highgate, and Hackney, places then not quite so polished as at present, who imitate all

In that morning fell a myst;
And when oure Inglis men it wist,
It changed all thaire chere:
Oure king unto God made his bone,
And God sent him gude confort sone,
The weder wex ful clere.

Oure king and his men held the felde,
Stalworthy with spere and schelde,
And thought to win his right;
With lordes and with knightes kene,
And other doghty men bydene,
That war ful frek to fight.

When sir Philip of France herd tell,
That king Edward in feld walld dwell,
Than gayned him no gle;
He traisted of no better bote,
Bot both on hors and on fote,
He hasted him to fle.

It semid he was ferd for strokes,
When he did fell his grete okes
About his pavilyoune.
Abated was than all his pride,
For langer thare durst he nocht bide,
His boist was broght all doune.

The king of Beme had cares colde,
That was fur, hardy, and bolde,
A stede to ansfride:
The king als of Naverne

War faire feld in the serene,
Thaire heviddes for to hide.

And leves wele, it is no lye,
And felde hat Flemangrye
That king Edward was in;
With princes that war stiff and bolde,
And dukes that war doghty tolde,
In batayle to begin.

The princes that war rich on raw,
Gert nakers strikes and trumpses blaw^a,
And made mirth at thaire might;
Both arblast and many a bow
War redy railed upon a row,
And full frek for to fight.

Gladly thair gaf mete and drink,
So that thair fuld the better swink,
The wight men that thar ware:
Sir Philip of Fraunce fled for dout,
And hied him hame with all his rout,
Coward God gif him care.

For thare than had the Iely flowre
Lorn all halely his honowre,
That so gat fled for ferd;
Bot oure king Edward come ful still,
When that he trowed no harm till,
And keped him in the berde.

^a In glittering ranks, made the drums, &c.

the solemnities of the barriers. The whole is a mock-parody on the challenge, the various events of the encounter, the exhibition of the prize, the devices and escocheons, the display of arms, the triumphant procession of the conqueror, the oath before the combat, and the splendid feast which followed; with every other ceremony and circumstance which constituted the regular tournament. The reader will form an idea of the work from a short extract^a.

He that bear'th him best in the tournament,
 Shal be graunted the gree^b by the common assent,
 For to winne my daughter with doughtinesse of deat^c,
 And Copple my broode hen that was brought out of Kerit,
 And my dunned cow :
 For no spence^d will I spare,
 For no cattell will I care.
 He shall have my gray mare, and my spotted fow.

There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede^e ;
 Then they toke their leave, and hamward they hede^f ;
 And all the weke after they gayed her wede^g,
 Till it come to the day that they should do their dede^h :
 They armed them in mattes ;
 They sett on their nowlsⁱ
 Good blacke bowls^k,
 To keep their powls^l from battering of battes^m.

They sewed hem in sheepskinnes for they should not brestⁿ,
 And every ilk^o of them had a blacke hatte instead of a crest ;

^a V. 42.
^b Prize.
^c Strength of blows.
^d Expence.
^e Bid. Offer.
^f Hied.
^g Made their cloaths gay.
^h Fight for the lady.

ⁱ Heads.
^k Instead of helmets.
^l Poles.
^m Cudgels.
ⁿ They sewed themselves up in sheep skins, by way of armour, to avoid being hurt.
^o Each.

A baskett or panyer before on their brest,
And a flayle in her hande, for to fight prest^p,
Forth the con thei fare^q.

There was kid^r mickle force.
Who should best fend^s his corse,
He that had no good horse, borrowed him a mare, &c^t.

It appears to me, that the author, to give dignity to his narrative, and to heighten the ridicule by stiffening the familiarity of his incidents and characters, has affected an antiquity of style. This I could prove from the cast of its fundamental diction and idiom, with which many of the old words do not agree. Perhaps another of the author's affectations is the alliterative manner. For although other specimens of alliteration, in smaller pieces, are now to be found, yet it was a singularity. To those which I have mentioned, of this reign, I take this opportunity of adding an alliterative poem, which may be called the FALCON AND THE PIE, who support a DIALOGUE DESENSYVE FOR WOMEN AGAYNST MALICYOUS DETRACTOURS, printed in 1542^u. The author's name Robert Vaghane,

^p Ready.

^q On they went.

^r Kithed, i. e. shewn.

^s Defend.

^t I have before observed, that it was a disgrace to chivalry to ride a mare.

The poems of this manuscript do not seem to be all precisely of the same hand, and might probably once have been separate papers, here stitched together. At the end of one of them, viz. fol. 46. *The lyfom ladys the Blynde*, mention is inserted of an accmpt settled ann. 34. Hen. vi. And this is in the hand and ink of that poem, and of some others. The TOURNAMENT OF TOTTERHAM, which might once have been detached from the present collection, comes at some distance afterwards, and cannot perhaps for a certainty be pronounced to be of the same writing. I take this opportunity of correcting a wrong reference to SIR PENI just cited, at p. 93. It belongs to GALB. E. 9. MSS. Cott.

^u Coloph. "Thus endeth the faucon and pie anno dni 1542. Imprinted by me Rob. Wyer for Richarde Bankes."

I have an antient manuscript alliterative poem, in which a despairing lover bids farewell to his mistress. At the end is written, "Explicit Amör p. Ducem Ebörr nuper fact." I will here cite a few of the stanzas of this unknown prince.

Farewell Ladè of grete pris,
Farewell wyfe, both faire and free,
Farewell freefull flourdelys,
Farewell beiril, bright of ble!—
Farewell mirthe that I do misse,
Farewell Prowesse in purpell pall!
Farewell creature comely to kisse,
Farewell Faucon, fare you befall!
Farewell amorous and anyable,
Farewell worthy, witty, and wys,
Farewell pris prisable,
Farewell ryal rose in the rys.—

Farewell

or Vaughan, is prefixed to some sonnets which form a sort of epilogue to the performance.

For the purpose of ascertaining or illustrating the age of pieces which have been lately or will be soon produced, I here stop to

Farewell dereworth of dignite,
Farewell grace of governaunce,
However y fare, farewell ye,
Farewell primerose my plefaunce!

For the use of those who collect specimens of alliteration, I will add an instance in the reign of Edward the third from the *BANOCBURN* of Laurence Minot, all whose pieces, in some degree, are tinged with it. MSS. Cott. GALB. E. ix. ut supr.

Skottes out of Berwick and of Abirdene,
At the Bannockburn war ze to kene;
Thare slogh ze many sackles^a, als it was fene.

And now has king Edward wroken it I wene;

It es wroken I wene wele wurth the while,
War zit with the Skottes for thair er ful of gile.

Whare er ze Skottes of faint Johnes toune?
The bofte of zowre baner es betin all doune;
When ze besting will^b bede, fir Edward es boune,

For to kindel zow care and crak zowre crowne:

He has crakke zowre crowne wele worth the while,

Schame bityde the Skottes for thair er ful of gile.

Skottes of Striflin war steren^c and stout,
Of God ne of gude men had thair no dout;
Now have thair the pelers priked about,
Bot at the last fir Edward risild thaire rout;
He has risild thaire rout wele worth the while,

Bot ener er thair under bot gaudes and gile.

^a Naked.

^b Allow it.

^c Stern.

^d Clothing.

^e Go.

^f As the moon began to rise.

Rughfute riueling now kindels thi care,
Bere bag with thi bofte thi biging^g is bare;
Fals wretche and forsworn, whider wiltou fare?

Buik the unto Brig and abide thare.
Thare wretche saltou won and wery the while,

Thi dwelling in Donde es done for thi gile.

The Skottes gaf^h in burghes and betes the fretes,

All thise Inglis men harmes he hetes;
Fast makes he his mone to men that he metes,

Bot sone frendes he finds that his bale betes;
Sune betes his baie wele wurth the while,
He uses all threting with gaudes and gile.

Bot many man thretes and spekes full ill,
That sumtyme war better to be stane still;
The Skot in his wordes has wind for to spill,
For at the last Edward fall haue al his will:
He had his will at Berwick wele wurth the while,

Skottes broght him the kayes, bot get for thaire gile.

A *VISION* on vellum, perhaps of the same age, is alliterative. MSS. Cott. Nero, A. x. These are specimens.

Ryzt as the maynful mone con rys^f,
Er theven the day glem dryve aldou^g,
So sodenly, on a wonder wyse,
I was war of a profesfoun^h:
This noble cite of ryche enpresse
Was sodanly full, withouten somounⁱ,
Of such vergynes in the same gyfe
That was my blisful an under crown,
A corone wernalle^k of the same fafoun,
Depaynt in perles and wedes qwhyte^l.

^g The even drove down the day-light.

^h Procession.

ⁱ Summons. Notice.

^k All wore a crown.

^l White robes.

Again,

recall the reader's attention to the poetry and language of the last century, by exhibiting some extracts from the manuscript romance of YWAIN and GAWAIN, which has some great outlines of Gothic painting, and appears to have been written in the reign of king Henry the sixth^m. I premise, that but few circumstances happened, which contributed to the improvement of our language, within that and the present period.

The following is the adventure of the enchanted forest attempted by sir Colgrevice, which he relates to the knights of the round table at Cardiff in Walesⁿ.

Again,

On golden gates that glent^m as glas.

Again,

But mylde as mayden sene at mas.

The poem begins,

Perle plesant to princes raye,
So clanly clos in golde so clerⁿ.

In the same manuscript is an alliterative poem without rhyme, exactly in the versification of PIERCE PLOWMAN, of equal or higher antiquity, viz.

Olde Abraham in erde^o over he syttes,
Even byfor his housse doore under an oke
grene,
Bryzt blikked the bem^p of the brod
heven

In the hyze here^q therof Abraham bides.

The hand-writing of these two last-mentioned pieces cannot be later than Edward the third. [See *supr.* Vol. i. p. 312.]

^m MSS. Cotton. GALB. E. ix.

^x ——— King Arthur,
He made a feste, the sothe to say,
Opon the Witsoneday,
At Kerdyf, that es in Wales,
And ester mete thar in the hales^r,
Ful gret and gay was the assemble

ⁿ Glanced. Shone.

^m *Cleanly.* A pearl beautifully *inclosed* or *sett* in gold.

^o Earth.

Of lordes and ladies of that cuntre,
And als of knightes, war and wyfe,
And damefeles of mykel pryfe,
Ilkan with other made grete gamen,
And grete folas, als that war famen,
Fast thar carped, and curtayfli,
Of dedes of arms and of veneri,
And of gude knyghtes, &c.

It is a piece of considerable length, and contains a variety of GESTS. Sir YWAIN is sir EWAIN, or OWEN, in MORTE ARTHUR. None of these adventures belong to that romance. But see B. iv. c. 17. 27. etc. The story of the lion and the dragon in this romance, is told of a Christian champion in the Holy War, by Berchorius, REDUCTOR. p. 661. See *supr.* Diss. p. lxxxvii. And GEST ROMANOR. ch. civ. The lion being delivered from the dragon by sir YWAIN, ever afterwards accompanies and defends him in the greatest dangers. Hence Spenser's Una attended by a lion. F. Qv. i. iii. 7. See sir Percival's lion in MORTE ARTHUR, B. xiv. c. 6. The dark ages had many stories and traditions of the lion's gratitude and generosity to man. Hence in Shakespeare, Troilus says, TR. CRESS. Act V. Sc. iii.

Brother you have a vice of mercy in you
Which better fits a lion than a man.

^p Bright shone the beam.

^q High heat.

^r Halls.

A fayre

A fayre forest sone I fand^y,
 Me thought mi hap^z thare fel'ful hard¹
 For thar was mani a wide bayard^a;
 Lions, beres, both bul and bare,
 That rewfully gan rope^b and rare^c.
 Away I drogh^d me, and with that,
 I sawe sone whar a man sat
 On a lawnd, the fowlest wight,
 That ever zit^e man saw in syght:
 He was a lathly^f creatur,
 For fowl he was out of mesur;
 A wonder mace^g in hand he hade,
 And sone mi way to him I made;
 His hevvd^h, me thoght, was als grete
 Als of a rowncy or a neteⁱ.
 Unto his belt hang^k his hare^l;
 And eft that byheld I mare^m,
 To his forhede byheld I than
 Was bradderⁿ than twa large span;
 He had eres^o als^p an olyfant,
 And was wel more^q than a geant,
 His face was ful brade and flat,
 His nase^r was cutted as a cat,
 His browes war like litel buskes^s,
 And his tethe like bare tuskes;
 A ful grete bulge^t open his bak,
 Thar was noght made with outen lac^u;

^y Found.
^z Chance. Fortune.
^a Wild bayard, i. e. horse.
^b Ramp.
^c Roar.
^d Drew.
^e Yet.
^f Loathly.
^g Club.
^h Head.

ⁱ Horse, or ox.
^k Hung.
^l Hair.
^m More.
ⁿ Broader.
^o Ears.
^p As.
^q Bigger.
^r Nose.
^s Busses.
^t Bunch.

His

His chin was fast until ^w his brest,
 On his mace he gan him rest.
 Also it was a wonder wede ^x
 That the cherle ^y yn zede ^z,
 Nowther ^a of wol ^b ne of line ^c,
 Was the wede that he went yn.
 When he me sagh, he stode up right,
 I frayned ^d him if he wolde fight,
 For tharto was I in gude will,
 Bot als ^e a beste than stode he still:
 I hopid ^f that he no wittes kowth ^g,
 Ne refon for to speke with mowth.
 To him I spak ful hardily,
 And said, What ertow ^h, belamy ⁱ?
 He said ogain, I am a man.
 I said, Swilk ^k saw I never nane ^l.
 What ertow ^m alfone ⁿ, said he ^o?
 I said, Swilk als ^p you her may fe.
 I said, What dose ^q you here allane ^r?
 He said, I kepe this ^s bestes ilkane ^t.
 I said, That es mervaile, think me,
 For I herd never of man bot the,
 In wildernes, ne in forestes,
 That kepeing had of wilde bestes,
 Bot ^u thai war bunden fast in halde ^v.
 He sayd, Of thirfes ^w none so balde,

^u Lack.
^w To.
^x Wonderous drefs.
^y Churl.
^z Went in.
^a Neither.
^b Wool.
^c Linen.
^d Asked.
^e As.
^f Supposed. Apprehended.
^g Had no understanding.
^h Art thou.

ⁱ My Friend.
^k Such.
^l None.
^m Art thou.
ⁿ Also.
^o As.
^p Do.
^q Alone.
^r These.
^s Every one.
^t Except.
^u Hold.
^v These.

Nowther

Nowther by day ne by night,
 Anes^x to pas out of mi fight.
 I fayd, How so, tel me thi still.
 Per fay, he said, gladly I will.
 He said, In al this fair forest
 Es thar non so wilde best,
 That renne^y dar^z, bot stil stand^a
 Whan I am to him cumand^b;
 And ay when that I will him fang^c
 With my fingers that er^d strang,
 I ger^e him cri on swilk manere,
 That al the bestes when thai him here,
 About me than cum thai all,
 And to mi fete fast thai fall
 On thair maner, merci to cry.
 Bot onderstond now redyli,
 Olyve^f es^e thar lifand^h no maⁱ,
 Bot I, that durst among them ga^k,
 That he ne sold sone be altorent^l;
 Bot thai ar at my comandment,
 To me thai cum whan I tham call,
 And I am maister of tham all.
 Than he asked onone right,
 What man I was? I said, a knyght,
 That foght avents in that lande,
 My body to afai^m and fandⁿ;
 And I the pray of thi kounfayle
 You teche me to sum mervayle^o.

- ^x Once.
- ^y Runs.
- ^z There.
- ^a Stands still.
- ^b Coming.
- ^c Take.
- ^d Are strong.
- ^e Cause.
- ^f Alive.

- ^g Is.
- ^h Living.
- ⁱ Man.
- ^k Go.
- ^l All rent to pieces.
- ^m Exercise.
- ⁿ Fend, defend.
- ^o Tell me of some wonder. So Alexander, in the deserts of India, meets two

He said, I can no wonders tell,
 Bot her besyde es a Well;
 Wend yeder^a, and do als I say,
 You passes noght al quite oway,
 Folow forth this ilk strete^b,
 And sone sum mervayles fal you mete:
 The well es under the fairest Tre
 That ever was in this cuntre;
 By that Well hinges^c a Bacyn^d
 That es of golde gude and fyne,
 With a cheyne, trewly to tell,
 That will reche in to the Well.
 Thare as a Chapel nere thar by,
 That nobil es and ful lufely^e:
 By the well standes a Stane^f,
 Take the bacyn sone onane^g,
 And cast on water with thi hand,
 And sone you sal se new tithand^h:
 A storme sal rise and a tempest,
 Al about, by est and west,
 You sal hereⁱ mani thonor^j blast
 Al about the^k the blawand^l fast,
 And thar sal cum fike^m flete and rayne
 That unneseⁿ sal you stand ogayne:
 Of lightnes^o sal you se a lowe,
 Unnetes you sal thi selvan^p knowe;

old cheerlis, or churls, from whom he desires to learn,

Any mervilles by this wayes,
 That y myzte do in story,
 That men han in memorie.

They tell him, that a little farther he will see the Trees of the Sun and Moon, &c.
 GESTE OF ALEXANDER, MS. p. 231.

^a Go thither.

^b Way. Road.

^c Hangs.

^d A helmet, or bason.

^e Lovely.

^f Stone.

^g Perhaps, In hand.

^h Tidings. Wonders.

ⁱ Hear.

^j Thunder.

^k Thee.

^l Blowing.

^m Such.

ⁿ Scarcely.

^o Lightening.

^p Self.

And

And if you pas with owten grevance,
 Than has thou the fairest chance
 That ever zit had any knyght,
 That theder come to kyth^g his myght.
 Than toke I leve, and went my way,
 And rade unto the midday;
 By than I com whare I fold be,
 I saw the Chapel and the Tre:
 Thare I fand the fayrest thorne
 That ever groued sen God^h was born:
 So thik it was with leves grene
 Might no rayn cum tharby tweneⁱ;
 And that grenes^k lastes ay,
 For no winter dere^l yt may.
 I fand the Bacyn, als he talde,
 And the Well with water kalde^m.
 An emerawdⁿ was the Stane^o,
 Richer saw I never nane,
 On fowr rubyes on heght standand^p,
 Thair light lasted over al the land.
 And whan I saw that semely fyght,
 It made me bath joyful and lyght.
 I toke the Bacyn sone onane
 And helt water opon the Stane:
 The weder^q wex than wonder blak,
 And the thoner^r fast gan crak;
 Thar cum slike^s stormes of hayl and rayn,
 Unnethes^t I might stand thare ogayn:
 The store^u windes blew ful lowd,
 So kene cam never are^w of clowd.

^g Know. Prove.
^h Christ.
ⁱ There between.
^k Verdure.
^l Hurt.
^m Cold.
ⁿ Emerald.

^o Stone.
^p Standing high.
^q Weather.
^r Thunder.
^s Such.
^t Hardly.
^u Strong.

^w Air.

P 2

I was

I was drevyn with snawe and flete,
 Unnethes I might stand on my fete.
 In my face the levening^x smate^y,
 I wend have brent^z, so was it hate^a:
 That weder made me so will of rede,
 I hopid^b sone to have my dede^c;
 And fertes^d, if it lang had last,
 I hope I had never thethin^e past.
 Bot thorgh his might that tholed^f wownd^g
 The storme sedef within a stownde^h:
 Then wex the weder fayr ogayne,
 And tharof was I wonder fayne;
 For best comforth of al thing
 Es solace after mislykeing.
 Then saw I sone a mery syght,
 Of al the fowles that er in flyght,
 Lighted so thik opon that tre,
 That bogh ne lese none might I se;
 So merily than gon thai sing,
 That al the wode bigan to ring;
 Ful mery was the melody
 Of thaire sang and of thaire cry;
 Thar herd never man none swilk,
 Bot^h if ani had herd that ilk.
 And when that mery din was done,
 Another din than herd I sone,
 Als it war of hors men,
 Mo than owtherⁱ nyen^h or ten.
 Sone than saw I cum a knyght,
 In riche armure was he dight;

^x Lightning.^y Smote.^z I thought I should be burnt.^a It was so hot.^b Feared. See Johnf. Steev. SHAKESPEARE, Vol. v. p. 273. edit. 1779.^c Death.^d Surely.^e Thence.^f Suffered.^g Ceased on a sudden.^h Unless.ⁱ Either.

And

And sone whan I gan on him loke,
 Mi shelde and sper to me I toke.
 That knight to me hied ful fast,
 And kene wordes out gan he cast :
 He bad that I sold tell him lite ^l
 Why I did him swilk despite,
 With weders ^m wakend him of rest,
 And done him wrang in his Forest ;
 Thar fore, he sayd, You sal aby ⁿ :
 And with that come he egerly,
 And said, I had ogayn resowne ^o
 Done him grete destrucciowne,
 And might it nevermore amend ;
 Tharfor he bad, I sold me fend :
 And sone I smate him on the shelde,
 Mi schaft brac out in the felde ;
 And then he bar me son bi strenkith
 Out of my fadel my speres lenkith :
 I wat that he was largely
 By the shuldres mare ^p than I ;
 And by the ded ^q that I sal thole ^r,
 Mi stede by his was bot a sole.
 For mate ^s I lay down on the grownde,
 So was I stonayd ^t in that stownde :
 A worde to me wald he nocht fay,
 Bot toke my stede, and went his way.
 Ffull farily ^u than thare I sat,
 For wa ^w I wist nocht what was what :
 With mi stede he went in hy,
 The same way that he come by ;

* Nine.

l Soon.

m The storm.

n Abide. Stay.

o Against reason or law.

p Greater.

q Death.

r Suffer.

s Sleep.

t Astonished. Stunned.

u Sorrowly.

w Woe.

And

And I durst folow him no ferr
 For dout me folde bite werr,
 And also zit by Goddes dome^{*},
 I ne wist whar he bycome.
 Than I thocht how I had hight^y,
 Unto myne oft the hende knyght,
 And also till his lady bryght,
 To come ogayn if that I myght.
 Mine armurs left I thare ylkane,
 For els myght I nocht have gane^z;
 Unto myne in^a I come by day:
 The hende knyght and the fayre may,
 Of mi come war thai ful glade,
 And nobil semblant thai me made;
 In al thinges thai have tham born
 Als thai did the night biforn.
 Sone thai wist whar I had bene,
 And said, that thai had never sene
 Knyght that ever theder come
 Take the way ogayn home.—

I add Sir Ywain's achievement of the same Adventure, with its consequences.

Whan Ywayn was withowten town,
 Of his palfray lighted he down,
 And dight him right wele in his wede,
 And lepe up on his gude stede.
 Furth he rade on right,
 Until it neghed nere^b the nyght:
 He passed many a high mountayne
 In wildernes, and many a playne,

* God's sentence, the crucifixion.

^y Hette. Promised.

^z Gone.

^a Lodging.

^b Drew near.

Til

Til he come to that leyir^c sty^d
 That him byhoved pafs by :
 Than was he feker for to fe
 The Wel, and the fayre Tre ;
 The Chapel saw he at the laft,
 And theder^e hyed he ful faft.
 More curtayfli and more honowr
 Fand^f he with tham in that towr^g,
 And mare comforth by mony falde^h,
 Than Colgrevice had him of talde.
 That night was he herberedⁱ thar,
 So wel was he never are^k.
 At morn he went forth by the ftrete,
 And with the chere^l fone gan he mete
 That fold tel to him the way ;
 He fayned^m him, the fothe to fay,
 Twenty fithⁿ, or ever he blan^o,
 Swilke mervayle had he of that man,
 For had wonder^p, that nature
 Myght mak fo foul a creature.
 Than to the Wel he rade gude pafe,
 And down he lighted in that plafe ;
 And fone the bacyn has he tane,
 And keft^q water opon the Stane ;

^c Wicked, bad.

^d That is, the forest. But I do not precisely know the meaning of sty. It is thus used in the *LAY OF EMARE*. MSS. Cott. CALIG. A. 2. fol. 59.

Messengers forth he sent
 Aftyr the mayde fayre and gent
 That was bryzt as someres day :
 Messengers dzyte hem in hye,
 With myche myrthe and melodye
 Forthe gon they fare
 Both by *stretes* and by *stye*
 Aftyr that fayr lady.

And again in the same romance.

^e That way.

^f Found.

^g i. e. The castle.

^h Manifold.

ⁱ Lodged.

^k Ever.

^l Churl, i. e. the Wild-man.

^m Viewed.

ⁿ Times.

^o Ceased.

^p He wondered.

^q Cast.

And

And sone thar wax, withowten fayle,
 Wind and thonor, rayn and hayle :
 Whan it was fefed, than saw he
 The fowles light opon the tre,
 Thai fang ful fayr opon that thorn
 Right als thai had done byforn.
 And sone he saw cumand^r a knight,
 As fast so the fowl in flyght,
 With rude sembland^f, and sterne chere,
 And hastily he neghed nere ;
 To speke of luf^s na time was thare,
 For aither hated uther ful fare^t.
 Togeder smertly gan thai drive,
 Thair sheldes son bigan to ryve,
 Thair shaftes cheverd^u to thair hand
 Bot thai war both ful wele fyttand^w.
 Out thai drogh^x thair swerdes kene,
 And delt strakes tham bytwene ;
 Al to pieces thai hewed thair sheldes,
 The culpons^y flegh^z out in the feldes.
 On helmes strake thay so with yre,
 At ilka strake out braff the fyr ;
 Ayther of tham gude buffettes bede^a,
 And nowther wald styr of the stede.
 Ful kenely thai kyd^b thair myght,
 And feyned tham noght for to fyght :
 Thair hauberkes that men myght ken
 The blode out of thair bodyes ren.
 Ayther on other laid so fast,
 The batayl might noght lang last :

^r Coming.
^f Countenance.
^s Friendly.
^t Sore.
^u Shivered.

^w Seated.
^x Drew.
^y Pieces.
^z Flew.
^a Abided.

^b Shewed.

Hauberks

Hauberks er^c broken, and helmes reven,
 Styf strakes war thar gyfen;
 Thai focht on hors stiffly always,
 The batel was wele more to prays;
 Bot at the last fyr Ywayne
 On his felow kyd his mayne,
 So egerly he smate him than,
 He clefe the helme and the herne pan^d:
 The knyght wist he was nere ded,
 To fly than was his best rede^e;
 And fast he fled with al hys mayne,
 And fast folowe fyr Ywayne,
 Bot he ne might him overtake,
 Tharfore grete murning gan he make:
 He folowd him ful stowtlyk^f,
 And wold have tane him ded or quik;
 He folowed him to the cetè^g,
 Naman lyfand^h met he.
 Whan thai come to the kastel zate,
 In he folowed fast tharate:
 At aither entre was, I wys,
 Straytly wroght a port culis,
 Shod wele with yren and stele,
 And also grundenⁱ wonder wele:
 Under that then was a swyke^k
 That made fyr Ywayn to mylike,
 His hors fote toched thare on;
 Than fel the port culis onone^l,

^c Are.^d So in Minot's Poems. MSS. Cott. GALB. E. ix. ut supr.

And sum lay knocked out their hernes.

^e Counsel.^f Stoutly.^g City.^h No man living.ⁱ Ground. Sharpened.^k Switch. Twig.^l Traps of this kind are not uncommon in romance. Thus *fit* Lancelot, walking round the chambers of a strange castle, treads on a board which throws him into a cave twelve fathoms deep. MORT. ARTH. B. xix. ch. vii.

Bytwyx him and his arfown,
 Thorgh fadel and stede it smate al down,
 His spores^m of his heles it schareⁿ :
 Than had Ywayne murnyng^o mare^p,
 Bot so he wend have passed quite^q,
 That fel the tother^r biforn aliftyte.
 A faire grace that fel him swa^s,
 Al if it did his hors in twa^t,
 And his spors of aither hele,
 That himself passed so wele.

While sir Ywayne remains in this perilous confinement, a lady looks out of a wicket which opened in the wall of the gateway, and releases him. She gives him her ring,

I fal leve the har mi Ring^u,
 Bot zelde it me at myne askyng :
 Whan thou ert broght of al thi payn
 Zelde^w it than to me ogayne :
 Als the bark hilles^x the tre,
 Right so fal my Ring do the ;
 When you in hand has the stane^y,
 Der^z fal thai do the nane,
 For the stane es of swilk might,
 Of the fal men have na fyght^a.
 Wit ze^b wel that sir Ywayne
 Of thir wordes was ful fayne^c ;
 In at the dore sho hem led,
 And did him fit opon hir bed,

- ^m Spurs.
- ⁿ Cut.
- ^o Mourning.
- ^p More.
- ^q But even so he thought to have passed forward, through.
- ^r The other portcullis,
- ^s So.
- ^t Twain.

- ^u This ring is used in another adventure.
- ^w Yeld.
- ^x Covers.
- ^y Stone.
- ^z Harm.
- ^a No man will see you.
- ^b Know ye.
- ^c Glad.

A quylte

A quylte ful nobil lay tharon,
Richer saw he never none, &c.

Here he is secreted. In the mean time, the Lord of the castle dies of his wounds, and is magnificently buried. But before the interment, the people of the castle search for sir Ywayne.

Half his stede thar fand thai ^d
That within the zates ^e lay;
Bot the knight thar fand thai nocht:
Than was thar mekil sorow unfoght,
Dore ne window was thar nane,
Whar he myght oway gane.
Thai said he sold thare be last ^f,
Or els he cowth of weche craft ^g,
Or he cowth of nygromancy,
Or he had wenges to fly.
Hastily than went thai all
And foght him in the maydens hall,
In chambers high es nocht at hide,
And in solers ^h on ilka side.
Sir Ywayne saw ful wele al that,
And still upon the bed he sat:
Thar was nane that anes mynt
Unto the bed at smyte ⁱ a dynt ^k:
Al about thai smate so fast,
That mani of thair wapins braft;
Mekyl sorow thai made ilkane,
For thai ne myght wreke thair lord bane.
Thai went oway with dreri chere,
And sone thar efter come the Bere ^l;

^d They found.

^e Gates.

^f He still was there.

^g Understood witchcraft.

^h High chambers.

ⁱ i. e. On account of the ring.

^k Never once *minged*, or thought, to strike at the bed, nor seeing him there.

^l Bier.

A lady folowd white fo mylk,
 In al that lond was none swilk :
 Sho wrang her fingers, outbrafte the blode,
 For mekyl wa^m sho was nere wodeⁿ ;
 Hir fayr har scho alto drogh^o ;
 And ful oft fel sho down in fwogh^p ;
 Sho wepe with a ful dleri voice.
 The hali water, and the croyce,
 Was born bifore the proceffion ;
 Thar folowd mani a moder fon.
 Bifor the cors rade a knyght
 On his stede that was ful wight^q ;
 In his armurs wele arayd,
 With spere and target gudely grayd.
 Than fir Ywayne herd the cry
 Of the dole of that fayr lady, &c.

Sir Ywayne defires the damfel's permiffion to look at the lady of the deceased knight through a window. He falls in love with her. She paffes her time in praying for his foul.

Unto his faul was sho ful hulde^r :
 Opon a fawter al of gulde^s,
 To fay the fal-mas^t fast sho bigan.

The damfel^u, whose name is Lunet, promifes fir Ywaine an interview with the Lady. She ufes many arguments to the Lady, and with much art, to shew the neceffity of her marrying again, for the defence of her caſtle.

^m Great grief.
ⁿ Mad.
^o Drew. So in the LAY OF THE ERLE OF THOLOUSE, MSS. Muf. Aſamol. 45.

The erle hymfelfe an axe drogh,
 A hundred men that day he flough.

^p Swoon.
^q Swift.
^r Bound. Obligated.
^s Pfaltery, a harp, of gold.
^t Soul maſs. The maſs of requiem.
^u There is a damfel of this name in MORTE ARTHUR, B. vii. ch. xvi.

The

The mayden redies hir ful rath ^v,
 Bilive she gert fyr Ywayne bath ^x,
 And clad hym feym in gude scarlet,
 Fororde ^y wel, and with gold fret ^z;
 A girdel ful riche for the nones,
 Of perry and of precious stones.
 Sho talde him al how he fold do
 Whan that he come the lady to.

^v Early. Soon.

^x Made him bathe immediately.

^y Furred. Furred.

^z In another part of this romance, a knight is dressed by a lady.

A damisel come unto me,
 Lufsumer lived ^a never in land;
 Hendly scho ^b toke me by the hand,
 And sone that gentyl creature
 Al unlaced myne armure;
 Into a chamber scho me led,
 And with a mantel scho me cled,
 It was of purpur fayr and fine,
 And the pane ^c of riche ermine:
 Al the folk war went us fra ^d,
 And thare was none than bot we twa ^e;
 Scho served me hendely to hend,
 Her maners might no man amend,
 Of tong scho was trew and renable ^f,
 And of her semblant ^g soft and stabile;
 Ful fain I wald ^h, if that I might,
 Have woned ⁱ with that swete wight.

In MORTE ARTHUR, sir Launcelot going into a nunnery is unarmed in the abbess's chamber. B. xiii. ch. i. In MORTE ARTHUR, sir Galahad is disarmed, and clothed "in a cote of red fendall and a mantell furred with fyne ERMYNES, &c." B. xiii. ch. i. In the British LAY OF ROMANCE, of LAUNVAL (MSS. Cott. VESPAS. B. 14. 1.) we have,

Un cher mantel de BLANCHE ERMINE,
 Couvert de purpre Alexandrine.

There is a statute, made in 1337, prohibi-

^a Loveller lived.

^b Courteously she.

^c Border.

^d From.

biting any under 100l. per annum, to wear fur. I suppose the richest fur was Ermine; which, before the manufactures of gold and silver, was the greatest article of finery in dress. But it continued in use long afterwards, as appears by ancient portraits. In the Statutes of Cardinal Wolsey's College at Oxford, given in the year 1525, the students are enjoined, "Ne magis pretiosis aut sumptuosis utantur PELLIBUS." De VESTITU, &c. fol. 49. MSS. Cott. Tir. F. iii. This injunction is a proof that rich furs were at that time a luxury of the secular life. In an old poem written in the reign of Henry the sixth, about 1436, entitled the ENGLISH POLICIE, exhorting all England to keep the sea, a curious and valuable record of the state of our traffick and mercantile navigation at that period, it appears that our trade with Ireland, for furs only, was then very considerable. Speaking of Ireland, the writer says,

—Martens goode been her marchandie,
 Hertes hides, and other of venerie,
 Skinnes of otter, squirrell, and Irish hare;
 Of sheepe, lambe, and foxe, is her chaf-fare.

See Hacklvyt's VOIAGES, Vol. i. p. 199. edit. 1598.

At the sacking of a town in Normandy, Froissart says, "There was founde so moche rycheffe, that the boyes and vyl-laynes of the hooftte sette nothyng by goode FURRED gownes." Berners's Transl. tom. i. fol. lx. a.

^e Two.

^f Reasonable.

^g Look.

^h Would.

ⁱ Lodged.

He

He is conducted to her chamber.

Bot zit fir Ywayne had grete drede,
Whan he unto chamber zede ;
The chamber, flore, and als the bed,
With klothes of gold was al over spread^a.

^a In the manners of romance, it was not any indelicacy for a lady to pay amorous courtship to a knight. Thus in Davie's *GESTE OF ALEXANDER*, written in 1312, queen Candace openly endeavours to win Alexander to her love. MS. penes me, p. 271. [Cod. Hospit. Linc. 150.] She shews Alexander, not only her palace, but her bed-chamber.

Quoth the quene,
Go we now myn esteris to feone^a ;
Oure mete schol, thar bytweone^b,
Ygraihed^c and redy beone^d.
Sche^e ladde him to an halle of nobleys,
'Then he dude of his harneys^f :
Of Troye was ther men^g the storye^h
How Gregoysⁱ had the victorie :
Theo bemes ther weore^k of bras.
Theo wyndowes weoren of riche glas^l :
Theo pinnes^m weore of ivorye.
The king went with the ladye,
Himself alone, from bour to bour,
And syzeⁿ much riche trefour,
Gold and seolver, and precioufe stones,
Baudekyns^o made for the nones^p,

^a To see my apartments.
^b Our dinner shall, meanwhile.
^c Prepared.
^d Be.
^e She.
^f Put off his armour.
^g For *ther men*, read *therein*, as MS. LAUD, I. 74. Bibl. Bodl.
^h The story of Troy was in the tapestry, or painted on the walls of the hall.
ⁱ Greeks.
^k The rafters were.
^l Painted glass.
^m Of the windows.
ⁿ Saw.
^o Rich clothes.
^p That is for the occasion. So the painting or tapestry, before mentioned, representing the Greeks victorious, was in compliment to Alexander.

Mantellis, robes, and pavelounes^q,
Of golde and seolver riche foyfounes^r ;
And heo^s him asked, par amour,
Zef he syze ever fuche a trefour.
And he said, in his contry
Trefour he wiste^t of grete noblay.
Heo^u thohte more that heo faide.
To anothis stude sheo he gan him lede^v,
That hir owne chambre was,
In al this world richer none nas.
Theo atyr^w was therein so riche
In al thys world nys him non lyche^x.
Heo ladde him to a stage,
And him schewed one ymage,
And faide, Alexander leif thou me^y,
This ymage is made after the^z ;
Y dude hit in ymagoure^z,
And caste hit after thy vigoure^b ;
This othis zeir, tho thou nolde^c
To me come for love ne for golde,
Het is the glyche^d, leove brother^e,
So any faucon^f is anothis.
O Alifaunder, of grete renoun,
'Thou taken art in my prifoun !
Al thy freynthe helpethe the nowzt,
For womman the haveth bycowzt^g,

^q Pavilions.
^r Stores.
^s She.
^t Knew.
^u She.
^v Ledde. Lodging.
^w The furniture.
^x None like it.
^y Believe.
^z Them.
^a Imagery.
^b Figure.
^c Wouldest not.
^d Like.
^e Dear Brother, or Friend.
^f As one falcon. In MSS. LAUD, I. 174. ut sup, it is peny, for falcon.
^g Caught.

For

After this interview, she is reconciled to him, as he only in self-defence had slain her husband, and she promises him marriage.

Than hastily sho went to Hall,
 Thar abode her barons all,
 For to hald thair parlement^b,
 And mari^c her by thair asent.

They agree to the marriage.

Than the lady went ogayne
 Unto chamber to Ywayne;
 Sir, sho said, so God me save,
 Other lord will I nane have:
 If I the left^d I did nocht right,
 A king son, and a noble knyght.
 Now has the maiden done hir thought^e,
 Syr Ywayne out of anger broght.
 The Lady led him unto Hall,
 Ogains^f him rose the barons all,
 And at thair said ful sekerly,
 This Knight sal wed the Lady:
 And ilkane said thamsel^g bitwene,
 So fayr a man had thair nocht sene,
 For his bewte in hal and bowr:
 Him semes to be an emperowr.

For womman the heveth in hire las^h.
 O, quoth Alifaunder, alas,
 That I were yarmedⁱ wel,
 And hed my sweord of browne stel,
 Many an heid wolde y cleove,
 Ar y wolde yn prifon bileve^k.
 Alyfaunder, heo saide, thou saist foth,
 Beo noither adrad no wroth^l;

For here, undir this covertour,
 Y wil have the to myn amour, &c.

^b Assembly. Consultation.

^c Marry.

^d Was I not to marry you.

^e Intention.

^f Against. Before.

^g Among themselves.

^h Her lace.

ⁱ Here, y is the Saxon i. See Hearne's *Gl.*, Ro. 2.
Glouc., p. 738.

^k Be left. Stay. Even.

^l Neither affrighted nor angry.

We

We walde that thai war trowth plight,
 And weded sone this ilk nyght.
 The lady set hir on the dese^b,
 And cumand al to hald thair peseⁱ;
 And bad hir steward sumwhat say,
 Or^k men went fra cowrt away.
 The steward said, Sirs, understandes,
 Wor^l is waxen^m in this landes;
 The king Arthur is redy dight
 To be here by this fowre tenyght:
 He and his menzeⁿ ha thocht
 To win this land if thai moght:
 Thai wate^o ful wele, that he is ded
 That was lorde here in this stede^p:
 None es so wight wapins^q to welde,
 Ne that so boldly mai us belde,
 And wemen may maintene no stowr^r,
 Thai most nedes have a governour:
 Tharfor mi lady most nede
 Be weded hastily for drede^s,
 And to na lord wil sho take tent^t,
 Bot if it be by zowr assent.
 Than the lordes al on raw^w
 Held them wele payd of this saw^w.

^b Deis. The high-table. In the *GESTE OF ALEXANDER* we have the phrase of *bolding the deis*, MS. ut supr. p. 45.

There was gynnyng a new feste,
 And of gleomen many a geste,
 King Philip was in mal ese,
 Alifaandre HELD THE DESE.

ⁱ Peace.

^k Ere.

^l War.

^m Growing.

ⁿ Knights.

^o Know.

^p Mansion. Castle.

^q Active to wield weapons.

^r Fight.

^s Fear.

^t Attention.

^w On a row.

^w Opinion. Word. It is of extensive signification, *EMARE*, MS. ut supr.

I have herd minstrelles syng in saw.

Al assented hyr untill *
 To tak a lord at hyr own wyll.
 Than said the lady onone right,
 How hald ze zow payd of this knight?
 He profers hym on al wyfe
 To myne honor and my servyse,
 And fertes, firs, the soth to say,
 I saw him never, er this day;
 Bot talde unto me has it bene
 He es the kyng son Uriene:
 He es cumen of high parage †,
 And wonder doghty of vassalage ‡,
 War and wise, and ful curtayse,
 He zernes § me to wife alwayse;
 And nere the lese, I wate, he might
 Have wele better, and so war right.
 With a voice halely ¶ thai sayd,
 Madame, ful wele we hald us payd:
 Bot hastes fast al that ze may,
 That ze war wedded this ilk day:
 And grete prayer gan thai make
 On alwise, that sho suld hym take.
 Sone unto the kirk thai went,
 And war wedded in thair present;
 Thar wedded Ywain in plevyne °
 The riche lady ALUNDYNE,
 The dukes doghter of Landuit,
 Els had hyr lande bene destruyt.

* Unto. So Rob. Brunne, of Stonc-
henge, edit. Hearne, p. cxc.

In Afrik were thai compass and wrought,
Geantz TILLE Ireland from thithen tham
brought.

That is, "Giants brought them from Africa
"into Ireland."

† Kindred. So in the GESTE OF ALEX-
ANDER, MS. p. 258.

They wer men of gret parage,
And haden fowrty wynter in age.

‡ Courage.

§ Eagerly wishes.

¶ Wholly.

° Fr. Plevine. See Du Fresne. PLEVINA.

Thus thai made the maryage
 Amang al the riche barnage^d :
 Thai made ful mekyl mirth that day,
 Ful grete festes on gude aray ;
 Grete mirthes made thai in that stede,
 And al forgetyn es now the dede^e
 Of him that was thair lord fre ;
 Thai say that this es worth swilk thre.
 And that thai lused him mekil more
 Than him that lord was thare byfore.
 The bridal^f fat, for soth to tell,
 Till king Arthur come to the well

^d Baronage.

^e Death.

^f Bridal is Saxon for the nuptial feast.
 So in Davie's GESTE OF ALEXANDER, MS.
 fol. 41. penes me.

He wist nouzt of this BRIDALE,
 Ne no man tolde him the tale.

In GAMELYN, or the COKE'S Tale, v.
 1267.

At every BRIDALE he would sing and hop.
 Spenser, FAERIE QU. B. V. C. ii. st. 3.

—Where and when the BRIDALE cheare
 Should be solemnised. —

And, vi. x. 13.

— Theseus her unto his BRIDALE bore.

See also Spenser's PROTHALAMION.

The word has been applied adjectively, for
 CONNUBIAL. Perhaps Milton remembered
 or retained its original use in the fol-
 lowing passage of SAMSON AGONISTES,
 ver. 1196.

And in your city held my nuptial feast :
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of BRIDAL friends and
 guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies.

“ Under pretence of friends and guests
 “ invited to the BRIDAL.” But in PARA-
 DISE LOST, he speaks of the evening star

hastening to light the BRIDAL LAMP,
 which in another part of the same poem
 he calls the NUPTIAL TORCH. viii. 520.
 xi. 590. I presume this Saxon BRIDALE
 is Bride-Ale, the FEAST in honour of
 the bride or marriage. ALE, simply put,
 is the feast or the merry-making, as in
 PIERCE PLOWMAN, fol. xxxii. b. edit.
 1550. 410.

And then fatten some and songe at the
 ALE [nale.]

Again, fol. xxvi. b.

I am occupied everie daye, holye daye
 and other,
 With idle tales at the ALE, and other-
 while in churches.

So Chaucer of his FREERE, Urr. p. 87.
 v. 85.

And they were only glad to fill his purse,
 And maden him grete festis at the NALE.

Nale is ALE. “ They feasted him, or en-
 “ tertained him, with particular respect,
 “ at the parish-feast, &c.” Again, PLOW-
 MAN'S TALE, p. 125. v. 2110.

At the Wrestling, and at the Wake,
 And the chief chaunters at the NALE.

See more instances *supr.* vol. i. 60. That
 ALE is *festival*, appears from its sense in
 composition; as, among others, in the words
 Leet-ale, Lamb-ale, Whitson-ale, Clerk-
 ale,

With al his knyghtes ever ilkane,
 Byhind leved thar nocht ane ^a.——
 The king keft water on the stane,
 The storme rafe ful sone onane
 With wikked ^b weders, kene and calde,
 Als it was byfore hand talde.

ale, and Church-ale. LRET-ALE, in some parts of England, signifies the Dinner at a court-leet of a manor for the jury and customary tenants. LAMB-ALE is still used at the village of Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, for an annual feast or celebrity at lamb-shearing. WHITSON-ALE, is the common name in the midland counties, for the rural sports and feasting at Whitson-tide. CLERK-ALE occurs in Aubrey's manuscript History of WILTSHIRE. "In the Easter holidays was the CLARKES-ALE, for his private benefit and the solace of the neighbourhood." MSS. Muf. Ashm. Oxon. CHURCH-ALE, was a feast established for the repair of the church, or in honour of the church-saint, &c. In Dodsworth's Manuscripts, there is an old indenture, made before the Reformation, which not only shews the design of the Church-ale, but explains this particular use and application of the word Ale. The parishioners of Elveston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly, "to brew four ALES, and every ALE of one quarter of malt, betwixt this and the feast of saint John Baptist next coming. And that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ALES. And every husband and his wife shall pay two pence, every cottager one penny, and all the inhabitants of Elveston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ALES, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elveston. And the inhabitants of Elveston shall brew eight ALES betwixt this and the feast of saint John Baptist, at the which ALES the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay as before rehearsed. And if he be away at one ALE, to pay at the toder ALE for both, &c." MSS. Bibl. Bodl. vol.

148. f. 97. See also our CHURCH-CANONS, given in 1603. CAN. 88. The application of what is here collected to the word BRIDALE, is obvious. But Mr. Astle has a curious record, about 1575, which proves the BRIDE-ALE synonymous with the WEDDYN-ALE. During the course of queen Elisabeth's entertainments at Kenilworth-castle, in 1575, a BRYDE-ALE was celebrated with a great variety of shews and sports. Lancham's LETTER, dated the same year. fol. xxvi. seq. What was the nature of the merriment of the CHURCH-ALE, we learn from the WITCHES-SONG in Jonson's MASQUE OF QUEENS at Whitehall in 1609, where one of the Witches boasts to have killed and stole the fat of an infant, begotten by a piper at a CHURCH-ALE. S. 6.

Among bishop Tanner's manuscript additions to Cowell's Law-Glossary in the Bodleian library, is the following Note, from his own Collections. [Lit. V.] "A. D. 1468. Prior Cant. et Commissarii visitationem fecerunt (diocesi Cant. vacante per mortem archiepiscopi) et ibi publicatum erat, quod Potationes factæ in ecclesiis, vulgariter dictæ YEVEALYS, vel BREDEALYS ^b, non essent ulterius in usu sub pena excommunicationis majoris."

Had the learned author of the Dissertation on BARLEY WINE been as well acquainted with the British as the Grecian literature, this long note would perhaps have been unnecessary. ^c One.

^b Wicked is here, *accursed*. In which sense it is used by Shakespeare's Caliban, TEMP. Act i. Sc. ii.

As WICKED dew as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather, &c.

^a Give-ales, or gift-ales.

^b Bride-ales.

The king and his men ilkane
 Wend tharwith to have bene flane,
 So blew it storeⁱ with slete and rayne :
 And hastily gan fyr Ywayne^k,
 Dight him graythly^l in his gere,
 With nobil shelde, and strong spere :
 When he was dight in seker wede,
 Than he umstrade^m a nobil stede :
 Him thocht that he was als lyght
 Als a fowl es to the flyght.
 Unto the Well fast wendes he,
 And sone when thai myght him fe,
 Syr Kay, for he wald nocht fayle,
 Smerly askes the batayle.
 And al sone than said the kyng,
 Sir Kay, I grante thine askyng.

Sir Ywayne is victorious, who discovers himself to king Arthur after the battle.

And sone fir Ywayne gan him tell
 Of al his fare how it byfell,
 With the knight how that he sped,
 And how he had the Lady wed ;
 And how the Mayden him helped well :
 Thus talde he to hym ilka dele.
 Syr kyng, he sayd, I zow byfcke,
 And al zowr menze milde and meke,
 That ze wald grante to me that grace,
 Atⁿ wend with me to my purchase,
 And fe my Kastle and my Towre,
 Than myght ze do me grete honowre.

ⁱ Strong.

^k To defend the fountain, the office of the lord of this castle.

^l Readily.

^m Bestrode.

ⁿ To.

The kyng granted him ful right
 To dwel with him a fouretenyght.
 Sir Ywayne thanked him oft sithⁿ,
 The knyghtes war al glad and blyth,
 With fir Ywayne for to wend :
 And sone a squier has he fend
 Unto the kastel, the way he nome,
 And warned the Lady of thair come,
 And that his Lord come with the kyng.
 And when the Lady herd this thing,
 It es no lifand man with mowth
 That half hir cumforth tel kowth.
 Hastily that Lady hende
 Cumand al her men to wende,
 And dight tham in thair best aray,
 To kepe the king that ilk day :
 Thai keped^{*} him in riche wede
 Rydeand on many a nobil stede ;
 Thai hailfed[†] him ful curtayfly,
 And also al his cumpany :
 Thai said he was worthy to dowt[‡],
 That so fele folk led obowt[§] :
 Thar was grete joy, I zow bihete[¶],
 With clothes spered[¶] in ilka strete,
 And damyfels danceand ful wele,
 With trumpes, pipes, and with fristele :
 The Castel and the Cetee rang
 With mynstralfi and nobil fang.
 Thai ordand tham ilkane in fere
 To kepe the king on faire manere.
 The Lady went withowten towne,
 And with her many balde barowne,

* Oft-times.

¶ Waited on. See Tyrwh. GL. Ch.

† Saluted.

‡ To fear.

§ So large a train of knights.

¶ Promise you.

¶ Tapestry spread on the walls.

Cled

Cled in purple and ermyne,
 With girdels al of golde ful fyne.
 The Lady made ful meri chere,
 Sho was al dight with drewries * dere ;
 About hir was ful mekyl thrang,
 The puple cried and sayd omang,
 Welcum ertou, kyng Arthoure,
 Of al this werld thou beres the floure !
 Lord kyng of all kynges,
 And bliffed be he that the brynges !
 When the Lady the Kyng saw,
 Unto him fast gan sho draw,
 To hald his sterap whils he lyght ;
 Bot sone when he of hir had fyght,
 With mekyl mirth thai samen ^ met,
 With hende wordes sho him gret ;
 A thousand fithes welkum sho fays,
 And so es fyr Gawayne the curtayfe.
 The king said, Lady white so flour,
 God gif ye joy and mekyl honowr,
 For thou ert fayr with body gent :
 With that he hir in armes hent,
 And ful fayre he gan her falde ^,
 Thar was many to bihalde :
 Et es no man with tong may tell
 The mirth that was tham omell ;
 Of maidens was thar so gude wane ^,
 That ilka knight myght take ane.

The king stais here eight days, entertained with various sports.

And ilk day thai had solace fere
 Of huntyng, and als of revere ^ :

* Gallantries. Jewels. Davie fays, that in one of Alexander's battles, many a lady lost her drewry. GESTE ALEXANDER,

MS. p. 86. Athens is called the *Drewey* of the world. *ibid.*

^ Together. * Fold. * Assembly.
^ Hawking. River.

For

For thar was a ful fayre cuntre,
 With wodes and parkes grete plente ;
 And castels wroght with lyme and stane,
 That Ywayne with his wife had tane *.

* There are three old poems on the exploits of Gawain, one of the heroes of this romance. There is a fourth in the Scotch dialect, by Clerke of Tranent, an old Scotch poet. See LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF THE MAKKARIS, st. xvii.

Clerke of Tranent eke has [death] tane
 That made the *Aventers* of GAWANE.

ANC. SCOTT. P. 1576.

The two heroes of this romance, YWAIN and GAWAIN, are mentioned jointly in a very old French version of the British or Armorican LAY OF LAUNVAL, of which there is a beautiful vellum manuscript. MSS. Cott. VESPAS. B. xiv. 1. [supr. modo citat.]

Ensemble od eus GAWAYNS,
 E fis cofins li beus YWAYNS.

This LAY, or SONG, like the romance in the text, is opened with a feast celebrated at Whitsontide by king Arthur at Kardoyl, a French corruption from Carliol, by which is meant Cairleon in Wales, sometimes in romances confounded with Cardiff. [See Geoffr. Monm. ix 12.]

“ Jci commence le Lay de LAUNVAL.”

Laventure de un Lay,
 Cum de avint uns cunteray,
 Fait fu dun gentil vassal,
 En Bretaigne lapelent LAUNVAL :
 A Kardoyl suiornoit li reys
 Arthur, li prouz, e li curteys,
 Pur les Escot, e pur les Pis,
 Ki destrueient les pays ;
 En la terre de Logres^a le trououent,
 Mult souent le damagouent :
 A la Pentecuste en cistè,
 I aveit li reys sojournè,
 A les i dona riches duus,

^a Logres, or Loegria, from Locrine, was the middle part of Britain.

^b Counts. So in ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, we have *CONTAS* for *countes*. On which word his

E al cuntes^b, e al baruns,
 A uns de la Table Runde, &c.

That is, “ HERE BEGINS THE LAY OF LAUNVAL.—The Adventure of a certain LAY, which has been related of old, made of a gentle vassal, whom in Bretaigne they called LAUNVAL. The brave and courteous king Arthur sojourned at Kardoyl, for making war against the Scots and Picts, who destroyed the country. He found them in the land of Logres, where they committed frequent outrages. The king was there at the feast of Pentecost, where he gave rich gifts to the counts and barons, and the knights of the round table, &c.”

The writing of this manuscript of LAUNVAL seems about 1300. The composition is undoubtedly much earlier. There is another, MSS. HARL. 978. §. 112. This I have cited in the FIRST DISSERTATION. From this French LAUNVAL is translated, but with great additions, the English LAUNFALL, of which I have given several extracts in the DISSERTATION prefixed to this Volume, p. lxxv. &c. [See also supr. Vol. ii. EMEND. ADD. ad Pag. 103.]

I presume this romance of YWAIN and GAWAYNE is translated from a French one of the same title, and in the reign of Henry the sixth; but not by Thomas Chestre, who translated, or rather paraphrased, LAUNVAL, or SIR LAUNFALL, and who seems to have been master of a more copious and poetic style. It is not however unlikely, that Chestre translated from a more modern French copy of LAUNVAL, heightened and improved from the old simple Armorican tale, of which I have here produced a short extract. [See supr. Vol. ii. p. 102.] The same perhaps may

editor Hearne observes, that king James the first used to call a *Countess* a *cuntys*. And he quotes one of James's letters, “ Come and bring the three Cuntys [for *countesses*] with you.” *GLOES*, p. 635.

be said of the English metrical romance EMARE, who marries the king of Galys, or Wales, originally an Armorican tale, before quoted. MSS. Cott. CALIG. A. 2. fol. 69. [See supr. Diss. p. lxxviii.] The last stanza confirms what has been advanced in the FIRST DISSERTATION, concerning the connection between Cornwall and Bretagne, or Armorica. fol. ult.

A grette feste thar was holde
Of erles and barons bolde,
As testymonieth thys story :
Thys is on of BRYTAYNE LAYES,
That was used in olde dayes,
Men callys playn the GARYE.

I believe the last line means, "Made for
"an entertainment,"—"Which men call
"playing the GARYE." The reader may

perhaps recollect, that the old Cornish Miracle interlude was called the *Guay Mirakil*, that is, the *Miracle Play*. [See supr. Vol. i. p. 237.] In Cornish, *Plan an guare* is the level place, the plain of sport and pastime, the theatre of games, &c. *Guare* is a Cornish verb, to sport, to play. In affinity with which, is probably *Garish*, gay, splendid. Milton, IL PENS. v. 141. Day's *garish* eye. Shakespeare, ROM. JUL. iii. 4. The *garish* sun. KING RICHARD THE THIRD. A *garish* flag. Compare Lye, Sax. Dict. V. *scappian*. To drefs fine. Who was the translator of EMARE, it is not known. I presume it was translated in the reign of Henry the sixth, and very probably by Thomas Chestre, the translator of LAUNVAL.

S E C T.