

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Anonymous**  
**- poems -**

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## A Riddle

Legs I have got, yet seldom do I walk;  
I backbite many, yet I never talk:  
In secret places most I seek to hide me,  
For he who feeds me never can abide me.

Anonymous

# Advice To A Lover

The sea hath many thousand sands,  
The sun hath motes as many;  
The sky is full of stars, and Love  
As full of woes as any:  
Believe me, that do know the elf,  
And make no trial by thyself!

It is in truth a pretty toy  
For babes to play withal:  
But O, the honies of our youth  
Are oft our age's gall:  
Self-proof in time will make thee know  
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,  
Tells truth without belief;  
For headstrong Youth will run his race,  
Although his goal be grief: -  
Love's Martyr, when his heat is past,  
Proves Care's Confessor at the last.

Anonymous





&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Geynest under gore,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Herkne to my roun--  
An hendy hap, etc.

Anonymous

# Although things are not perfect

A lthough things are not perfect  
B ecause of trial or pain  
C ontinue in thanksgiving  
D o not begin to blame  
E ven when the times are hard  
F ierce winds are bound to blow

Anonymous

# Angelica The Doorkeeper

The falcon soars  
The town's gates are even higher

Angelica's their doorkeeper  
She's wound the sun round her head  
She's tied the moon round her waist

She's hung herself with stars.

Anonymous





# At Liberty I Sit And See

At liberty I sit and see  
Them, that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,  
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me:  
And now they ban that they were born.

I see them sit full soberly  
And think their earnest looks to hide;  
Now, in themselves, they cannot spy  
That they or this in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,  
Marking the steps, each word and look;  
And now they tread where I have gone,  
The painful path that I forsook.

Now I see well I saw no whit  
When they saw well, that now are blind;  
But happy hap hath made me quit,  
And just judgement hath them assign'd.

I see them wander all alone,  
And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,  
The self-same path that I have gone:  
Blessed be hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see,  
And say no word but erst among,  
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me:  
Lo, such is hap! Mark well my song!

Anonymous







# Barbara Allen's Cruelty

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made every youth cry Well-a-way!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To the town where she was dwellin',  
'O haste and come to my master dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;If your name be Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly rase she up,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And slowly she came nigh him,  
And when she drew the curtain by--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'Young man, I think you're dyin'.'

'O it 's I am sick and very very sick,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And it 's all for Barbara Allen.'  
'O the better for me ye'se never be,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' says she,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'When the red wine ye were fillin',  
That ye made the healths go round and round,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And slighted Barbara Allen?'

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And death was with him dealin':  
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And be kind to Barbara Allen!'

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She heard the dead-bell knellin';  
And every jow the dead-bell gave  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Cried 'Woe to Barbara Allen.'







Anonymous

# Blow, Northern Wind

ICHOT a burde in boure bryht,  
That fully semly is on syht,  
Mensful maiden of myht;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Feir ant fre to fonde;  
In al this wurhliche won  
A burde of blod ant of bon  
Never yete y nuste non  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lussomore in londe.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Send thou me my suetyng!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

With lokkes lefliche ant longe,  
With frount ant face feir to fonge,  
With murthes monie mote heo monge,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That brid so breme in boure.  
With lossom eye grete ant gode,  
With browen blysfol under hode,  
He that reste him on the Rode,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That leflych lyf honoure.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht,  
Ase a launterne a nyht,  
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;So feyr heo is ant fyn.  
A suetly swyre heo hath to holde,  
With armes shuldre ase mon wolde,  
Ant fingres feyre forte folde,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;God wolde hue were myn!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd, etc.

Heo is coral of godnesse,  
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,  
Heo is cristal of clannesse,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ant baner of bealte.  
Heo is lillie of largesse,  
Heo is parvenke of prouesse,  
Heo is solsecle of suetnesse,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ant lady of lealte.

For hire love y carke ant care,  
For hire love y droupne ant dare,  
For hire love my blisse is bare  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ant al ich waxe won,  
For hire love in slep y slake,  
For hire love al nyht ich wake,  
For hire love mournynge y make  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;More then eny mon.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Send thou me my suetyng!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

Anonymous





# Christmas is Coming

Christmas is coming,  
The geese are getting fat,  
Please put a penny  
In the old man's hat.  
If you haven't got a penny,  
A ha'penny will do,  
If you haven't got a ha'penny,  
Then God bless you.  
Christmas is coming,  
The geese are getting fat,  
Please put a penny  
In the old man's hat.  
If you haven't got a penny,  
A ha'penny will do,  
If you haven't got a ha'penny,  
Then God bless you.

Anonymous

# Christmas Presents

Every year Grandma gets a tin of talcum powder.  
She always says, 'Ah my favourite!'  
Even before she opens the wrapping  
Grandpa always says, 'Well, I know what's in here.  
Its two pairs of socks. Just what I wanted!'

This year, Aunti Vi had an umbrella in an umbrella-shaped parcel,  
I mean, it looked just like an umbrella.  
And, before Aunti Vi pulled the paper off,  
She said to Mum, 'It will match that new coat of mine.'

As for Mum and Dad, they just sat there and said,  
'We've given each other a joint present this year  
It's a digital clock radio for our bedroom.'  
Do you know, they didn't even bother to wrap it up and put it under the tree!

At the end, when everything had been given out,  
Mum said, 'We mustn't forget the gift-vouchers from Debbie and Jim.  
We sent them a cheque for the same amount.  
We always do.'  
I call that a bit unimaginative, don't you?

Maybe, when you come to think about it,  
Grown-ups need Father Christmas far more than children do.

Anonymous

# Clerk Saunders

Whan bells war rung, an mass was sung,  
A wat a' man to bed were gone,  
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,  
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

"Are ye sleeping, Margret," he says,  
"Or are ye waking, presentlie?  
Give me my faith and trouthe again,  
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and trouth ye's never get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twain,  
Till ye come with me in my bower,  
And kiss me both cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margret,  
It has the smell now of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy life-days will not be long.

"Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,  
I wat the wild fule boded day;  
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,  
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twin,  
Till ye tell me what comes of women  
Awat that dy's in strong traveling."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,  
A wat sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry middlarf,  
A wat the wilde foule boded day;  
The salms of Heaven will be sung,  
And ere now I'le be misst away."

Up she has tain a bright long wand,  
And she has straked her trouth thereon;  
She has given it him out at the shot-window,  
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,  
And I thank you hartilie;  
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for thee."

It's hose an shoon an gound alane  
She clame the wall and followed him,  
Untill she came to a green forest,  
On this she lost the sight of him.

"Is their any room at your head, Sanders?  
Is their any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your twa sides?  
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep."

"Their is na room at my head, Margret,  
Their is na room at my feet;  
There is room at my twa sides,  
For ladys for to sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
My bed it is full low, I say,  
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
The dew it falls na sooner down  
Then ay it is full weet."

Anonymous





# Courage

Courage is the strength to stand up  
When it's easier to fall down and lose hold.

It is the conviction to explore new horizons  
When it's easier to believe what we've been told.

Courage is the desire to maintain our integrity  
When it's easier to look the other way.

It is feeling happy and alive, and moving forward  
When it's easier to feel sorry for ourselves and stay.

Courage is the will to shape our world  
When it's easier to let someone else do it for us.

It is the recognition that none of us are perfect  
When it's easier to criticize others and fuss.

Courage is the power to step forward and lead  
When it's easier to follow the crowd; their pleas resound.

It is the spirit that places you on top of the mountain  
When it's easier to never leave the ground.

The foundation of courage is solid,  
The rock that doesn't roll.

Courage is the freedom  
Of our mind, body, and soul!

Anonymous

# Cradle Song

O MY deir hert, young Jesus sweet,  
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,  
And I sall rock thee in my hert  
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir  
With sangis sweet unto thy gloir;  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt Balulalow!

Anonymous



# Cuckoo Song

SUMER is icumen in,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And springth the wude nu--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ne swike thu naver nu;  
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Anonymous

# Death Of An Innocent

I went to a party, Mom,  
I remembered what you said.  
You told me not to drink, Mom,  
So I drank soda instead.

I really felt proud inside, Mom,  
The way you said I would.  
I didn't drink and drive, Mom,  
Even though the others said I should.

I know I did the right thing, Mom,  
I know you are always right.  
Now the party is finally ending, Mom,  
As everyone is driving out of sight.

As I got into my car, Mom,  
I knew I'd get home in one piece.  
Because of the way you raised me,  
So responsible and sweet.

I started to drive away, Mom,  
But as I pulled out into the road,  
The other car didn't see me, Mom,  
And hit me like a load.

As I lay there on the pavement, Mom,  
I hear the policeman say,  
'The other guy is drunk,' Mom,  
And now I'm the one who will pay.

I'm lying here dying, Mom...  
I wish you'd get here soon.  
How could this happen to me, Mom?  
My life just burst like a balloon.

There is blood all around me, Mom,  
And most of it is mine.  
I hear the medic say, Mom,  
I'll die in a short time.

I just wanted to tell you, Mom,  
I swear I didn't drink.  
It was the others, Mom.  
The others didn't think.

He was probably at the same party as I.  
The only difference is, he drank  
And I will die.

Why do people drink, Mom?  
It can ruin your whole life.  
I'm feeling sharp pains now.  
Pains just like a knife.

The guy who hit me is walking, Mom,  
And I don't think it's fair.  
I'm lying here dying  
And all he can do is stare.

Tell my brother not to cry, Mom.  
Tell Daddy to be brave.  
And when I go to heaven, Mom,  
Put 'Daddy's Girl' on my grave.

Someone should have told him, Mom,  
Not to drink and drive.  
If only they had told him, Mom,  
I would still be alive.

My breath is getting shorter, Mom.  
I'm becoming very scared.  
Please don't cry for me, Mom.  
When I needed you,  
you were always there.

I have one last question, Mom.  
Before I say good bye.  
I didn't drink and drive,  
So why am I the one to die?

Anonymous

# Devotion, Captain Tobias Hume's The First Part Of Airs, &C.

FAIN would I change that note  
To which fond Love hath charm'd me  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me:  
Yet when this thought doth come,  
'Love is the perfect sum  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of all delight,'  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I do adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And fall before thee.

Anonymous

## Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

To every thing there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:  
A time to be born, a time to die;  
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;  
A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
a time to break down, and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to get, and a time to lose;  
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate;  
A time of war, and a time of peace.

Anonymous













# Edom O'Gordon

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
'We maun draw to a hauld.

'And whatna hauld sall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,  
To see that fair ladye.'

The lady stood on her castle wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
There she was aware of a host of men  
Came riding towards the town.

'O see ye not, my merry men a',  
O see ye not what I see?  
Methinks I see a host of men;  
I marvel who they be.'

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,  
As he cam' riding hame;  
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,  
Wha reck'd nor sin nor shame.

She had na sooner buskit hersell,  
And putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o' Gordon an' his men  
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,  
Nae sooner said the grace,  
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men  
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
As fast as she could hie,  
To see if by her fair speeches  
She could wi' him agree.

'Come doun to me, ye lady gay,  
Come doun, come doun to me;  
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,  
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

'I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,  
I winna come down to thee;  
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,--  
And he is na far frae me.'

'Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,  
Gie owre your house to me;  
Or I sall burn yoursell therein,  
But an your babies three.'

'I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as thee;  
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,  
My lord sall mak' ye dree.

'Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,  
And charge ye weel my gun;  
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes, we been undone!'

She stood upon her castle wa',  
And let twa bullets flee:  
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,  
And only razed his knee.

'Set fire to the house!' quo' fause Gordon,  
Wud wi' dule and ire:  
'Faus ladye, ye sall rue that shot  
As ye burn in the fire!'

'Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!  
I paid ye weel your fee;  
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

'And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!

I paid ye weel your hire;  
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,  
To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,  
Ye paid me weel my fee:  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,--  
Maun either do or dee.'

O then bespake her little son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee:  
Says, 'O mither dear, gie owre this house,  
For the reek it smothers me.'

'I wad gie a' my goud, my bairn,  
Sae wad I a' my fee,  
For ae blast o' the western wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O then bespake the daughter dear,--  
She was baith jimp and sma':  
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,  
A tow me owre the wa'!

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,  
And tow'd her owre the wa';  
But on the point o' Gordon's spear  
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
And cherry were her cheeks,  
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
Whereon her red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;  
O gin her face was wan!  
He said, 'Ye are the first that e'er  
I wish'd alive again.'

He cam and lookit again at her;  
O gin her skin was white!  
'I might hae spared that bonnie face

To hae been some man's delight.'

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',  
For ill dooms I do guess;--  
I cannot look on that bonnie face  
As it lies on the grass.'

'Wha looks to freits, my master dear,  
Its freits will follow them;  
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted by a dame.'

But when the ladye saw the fire  
Come--flaming o'er her head,  
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,  
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,  
And said, 'Awa', awa'!  
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;  
I hault it time to ga'.'

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,  
As he came owre the lea;  
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,  
Sae far as he could see.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
As fast as ye can dri'e!  
For he that's hindmost o' the thrang  
Sall ne'er get good o' me.'

Then some they rade, and some they ran,  
Out-owre the grass and bent;  
But ere the foremost could win up,  
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
Sae fast as he might dri'e;  
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blude  
He's wroken his fair ladye.

Anonymous



# Edward, Edward

'WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward?  
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And why sae sad gang ye, O?'  
'O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I had nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward;  
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;My dear son, I tell thee, O.'  
'O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That erst was sae fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward;  
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Some other dule ye dree, O.'  
'O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward?  
Whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;My dear son, now tell me, O.'  
'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That were sae fair to see, O?'  
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When ye gang owre the sea, O?'  
'The world's room: let them beg through life,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
The world's room: let them beg through life;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;My dear son, now tell me, O?'

'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mither, mither;  
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

Anonymous

# Emare

Jhesu, that ys kyng in trone,  
As Thou shoope bothe sonne and mone,  
    And all that shalle dele and dyghte,  
Now lene us grace such dedus to done,  
In Thy blys that we may wone -  
    Men calle hyt heven lyghte;  
And Thy modur Mary, hevyn qwene,  
Bere our arunde so bytwene, 1  
    That semely ys of syght,  
To thy Sone that ys so fre,  
In heven wyth Hym that we may be,  
    That lord ys most of myght.

Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde,  
Her and ther in every a syde,  
    In mony a dyverse londe,  
Sholde, at her bygynnyng,  
Speke of that ryghtwes kyng  
    That made both see and sonde.  
Whoso wyll a stounde dwelle, 2  
Of mykyll myrht y may you telle,  
    And mornyng ther amonge;  
Of a lady fayr and fre,  
Her name was called Emaré,  
    As I here synge in songe.

Her fadyr was an emperour  
Of castell and of ryche towre;  
    Syr Artyus was hys nome.  
He hadde bothe hallys and bowrys,  
Frythes fayr, forestes wyth flowrys;  
    So gret a lord was none.  
Weddedde he had a lady  
That was both fayr and semely,  
    Whyte as whales bone:  
Dame Erayne hette that emperes;  
She was full of love and goodnesse;  
    So curtays lady was none.

Syr Artyus was the best manne  
In the worlde that lyvede thanne,  
Both hardy and therto wyght;  
He was curtays in all thyng,  
Bothe to olde and to yynge,  
And well kowth dele and dyght. 3  
He hadde but on chyld in hys lyve  
Begeten on hys weddedde wyfe,  
And that was fayr and bryght;  
For sothe, as y may telle the,  
They called that chyld Emaré,  
That semely was of syght.

When she was of her modur born,  
She was the fayrest creature borne  
That yn the lond was thoo.  
The emperes, that fayr ladye,  
Fro her lord gan she dye,  
Or hyt kowthe speke or goo.  
The chyld, that was fayr and gent,  
To a lady was hyt sente,  
That men kalled Abro.  
She thawghth hyt curtesye and thewe,  
Golde and sylke for to sewe,  
Amonge maydenes moo.

Abro tawghte thys mayden small,  
Nortur that men useden in sale,  
Whyle she was in her bowre.  
She was curtays in all thyng,  
Bothe to olde and to yynge,  
And whyte as lylve-flowre.  
Of her hondes she was slye;  
All her loved that her sye,  
Wyth menske and mychyl honour.  
At the mayden leve we,  
And at the lady fayr and fre,  
And speke we of the Emperour.

The Emperour of gentyll blode  
Was a curteys lorde and a gode,  
In all maner of thyng.

Aftur, when hys wyf was dede,  
And ledde hys lyf yn weddewede,  
    And myche loved playnge.  
Sone aftur, yn a whyle,  
The ryche Kynge of Cesyle  
    To the Emperour gan wende;  
A ryche present wyth hym he browght,  
A cloth that was wordylye wroght.  
    He wellcomed hym as the hende.

Syr Tergaunte, that nobyll knyght,  
He presented the Emperour ryght,  
    And sette hym on hys kne,  
Wyth that cloth rychyly dyght,  
Full of stonnes ther hyt was pyght,  
    As thykke as hyt myght be:  
Off topaze and rubyes  
And othur stonnes of myche prys,  
    That semely wer to se;  
Of crapowtes and nakette,  
As thykke ar they sette,  
    For sothe, as y say the.

The cloth was dysplayed sone;  
The Emperour lokede therupone  
    And myght hyt not se,  
For glysteryng of the ryche ston;  
Redy syght had he non,  
    And sayde, 'How may thys be?'  
The Emperour sayde on hygh,  
'Sertes, thys ys a fayry,  
    Or ellys a vanyté!'  
The Kyng of Cysyle answered than,  
'So ryche a jwell ys ther non  
    In all Crystyanté.'

The Emerayle dowghter of hethenes  
Made thys cloth wythouten lees,  
    And wrowghte hyt all wyth pryde;  
And purtreied hyt wyth gret honour,  
Wyth ryche golde and asowr  
    And stonnes on ylke a syde.

And, as the story telles in honde,  
The stones that yn thys cloth stonde,  
    Sowghte they wer full wyde.  
Seven wynter hyt was yn makynge,  
Or hyt was browght to endynge,  
    In herte ys not to hyde.

In that on korer made was  
Ydoyne and Amadas,  
    Wyth love that was so trewe;  
For they loveden hem wyth honour,  
Portrayed they wer wyth trewe-love-flour,  
    Of stones bryght of hewe:  
Wyth carbunkull and safere,  
Kassydonys and onyx so clere  
    Sette in golde newe,  
Deamondes and rubyes,  
And othur stones of mychyll pryse,  
    And menstrellys wyth her glewe.

In that othur corner was dyght  
Trystram and Isowde so bryght,  
    That semely wer to se;  
And for they loved hem ryght,  
As full of stones ar they dyght,  
    As thykke as they may be:  
Of topase and of rubyes,  
And othur stones of myche pryse,  
    That semely wer to se;  
Wyth crapawtes and nakette,  
Thykke of stones ar they sette,  
    For sothe, as y say the.

In the thyrdde korer, wyth gret honour,  
Was Florys and Dam Blawncheflour,  
    As love was hem betwene;  
For they loved wyth honour,  
Purtrayed they wer wyth trewe-love-flour,  
    Wyth stones bryght and shene:  
Ther wer knyghtus and senatowres,  
Emerawdes of gret vertues,  
    To wyte wythouten wene;

Deamoundes and koralle,  
Perydotes and crystall,  
And gode garnettes bytwene.

In the fowrthe korner was oon,  
Of Babylone the Sowdan sonne,  
The Amerayles dowghtyr hym by.  
For hys sake the cloth was wrowght;  
She loved hym in hert and thought,  
As testymoyeth thys storye.  
The fayr mayden her byforn  
Was portrayed an unykorn,  
Wyth hys horn so hye;  
Flowres and bryddes on ylke a syde,  
Wyth stones that wer sowght wyde,  
Stuffed wyth ymagerye.

When the cloth to ende was wrowght,  
To the Sowdan sone hyt was browght,  
That semely was of syghte.  
'My fadyr was a nobyll man;  
Of the Sowdan he hyt wan  
Wyth maystrye and wyth myghth.  
For gret love he gaf hyt me;  
I brynge hyt the in specyalté;  
Thys cloth ys rychely dyght.'  
He gaf hyt the emperour;  
He receyved hyt wyth gret honour,  
And thonkede hym fayr and ryght.

The Kyng of Cesyle dwelled ther  
As long as hys wyll wer,  
Wyth the Emperour for to play;  
And when he wolde wende,  
He toke hys leve at the hende,  
And wente forth on hys way.  
Now remeveth thys nobyll kyng.  
The Emperour aftur hys dowghtur hadde longyng,  
To speke wyth that may.  
Messengeres forth he sent  
Aftyr the mayde fayr and gent,  
That was bryght as someres day.

Messengeres dyghte hem in hye;  
Wyth myche myrthe and melodye,  
Forth gon they fare,  
Both by stretes and by stye,  
Aftur that fayr lady,  
Was godely unthur gare.  
Her norysse, that hyghte Abro,  
Wyth her she goth forth also,  
And wer sette in a chare.  
To the Emperour gan they go;  
He come ayeyn hem a myle or two;  
A fayr metyng was there.

The mayden, whyte as lylve flour,  
Lyghte ayeyn her fadyr the Emperour;  
Two knyghtes gan her lede.  
Her fadyr that was of gret renowne,  
That of golde wered the crowne,  
Lyghte of hys stede.  
When they wer bothe on her fete,  
He klypped her and kyssed her swete,  
And bothe on fote they yede.  
They wer glad and made good chere;  
To the palys they yede in fere,  
In romans as we rede.

Then the lordes that wer grete,  
They wesh and seten down to mete,  
And folk hem served swythe.  
The mayden that was of sembelant swete,  
Byfore her owene fadur sete,  
The fayrest wommon on lyfe;  
That all hys hert and all hys thowghth  
Her to love was yn browght:  
He byhelde her ofte sythe.  
So he was anamored hys thowghtur tyll,  
Wyth her he thowghth to worche hys wyll,  
And wedde her to hys wyfe.

And when the metewhyle was don,  
Into hys chambur he wente son



And called hys counseyle nere.  
He bad they shulde sone go and come,  
And gete leve of the Pope of Rome  
To wedde that mayden clere.  
Messengeres forth they wente.  
They durste not breke hys commandement,  
And erles wyth hem yn fere.  
They wente to the courte of Rome,  
And browghte the Popus bullus sone,  
To wedde hys dowghter dere.

Then was the Emperour gladde and blythe,  
And lette shape a robe swythe  
Of that cloth of golde;  
And when hyt was don her upon,  
She semed non erthely wommon,  
That marked was of molde.  
Then seyde the Emperour so fre,  
'Dowghtyr, y woll wedde the,  
Thow art so fresh to beholde.'  
Then sayde that wordy unthur wede,  
'Nay syr, God of heven hyt forbede,  
That ever do so we shulde!

'Yyf hyt so betydde that ye me wedde  
And we shulde play togedur in bedde,  
Bothe we were forlorne!  
The worde shulde sprynge fer and wyde;  
In all the worlde on every syde  
The worde shulde be borne.  
Ye ben a lorde of gret pryce,  
Lorde, lette nevur such sorow aryce:  
Take God you beforne!  
That my fadur shulde wedde me,  
God forbede that I hyt so se,  
That wered the crowne of thorne!'

The Emperour was ryght wrothe,  
And swore many a gret othe,  
That deed shulde she be.  
He lette make a nobull boot,  
And dede her theryn, God wote,

In the robe of nobull ble.  
She moste have wyth her no spendyng,  
Nothur mete ne drynke,  
But shate her ynto the se.  
Now the lady dwelled thore,  
Wythowte anker or ore,  
And that was gret pyté!

Ther come a wynd, y unthurstonde,  
And blewe the boot fro the londe,  
Of her they lost the syght.  
The Emperour hym bethowght  
That he hadde all mysrowght,  
And was a sory knyghte.  
And as he stode yn studyynge,  
He fell down in sowenyng,  
To the erthe was he dyght.  
Grete lordes stode therby,  
And toke yn the Emperour hastyly,  
And comforted hym fayr and ryght.

When he of sownyng kovered was,  
Sore he wepte and sayde, 'Alas,  
For my dowhter dere!  
Alas, that y was made man,  
Wrecched kaytyf that I hyt am!'  
The teres ronne by hys lere.  
'I wrowght ayeyn Goddes lay  
To her that was so trewe of fay.  
Alas, why ner she here!'  
The teres lashed out of hys yghen;  
The grete lordes that hyt syghen  
Wepte and made yll chere.

Ther was nothur olde ny yyng  
That kowthe stynte of wepyng,  
For that comely unthur kelle.  
Into shypys faste gan they thryng,  
Forto seke that mayden yyng,  
That was so fayr of flesh and fell.  
They her sowght ovurall yn the see  
And myghte not fynde that lady fre,

Ayeyn they come full snell.  
At the Emperour now leve we,  
And of the lady yn the see,  
I shall begynne to tell.

The lady fleted forth alone;  
To God of heven she made her mone,  
And to Hys modyr also.  
She was dryven wyth wynde and rayn,  
Wyth stronge stormes her agayn,  
Of the watur so blo.  
As y have herd menstrelles syng yn sawe,  
Hows ny lond myghth she non knowe,  
Aferd she was to go.  
She was so dryven fro wawe to wawe,  
She hyd her hede and lay full lowe,  
For watyr she was full woo.

Now thys lady dwelled thore  
A good seven nyghth and more,  
As hyt was Goddys wylle;  
Wyth carefull herte and sykyng sore,  
Such sorow was here yarked yore,  
And ever lay she styll.  
She was dryven ynto a lond,  
Thorow the grace of Goddes sond,  
That all thyng may fulfyllle.  
She was on the see so harde bestadde,  
For hungur and thurste almost madde.  
Woo worth wederus yll!

She was dryven into a lond  
That hyghth Galys, y unthurstond,  
That was a fayr countré.  
The kyngus steward dwelled ther bysyde,  
In a kastell of mykyll pryde;  
Syr Kadore hyght he.  
Every day wolde he go,  
And take wyth hym a sqwyer or two,  
And play hym by the see.  
On a tyme he toke the eyr  
Wyth two knyghtus gode and fayr;

The wedur was lythe of le.

A boot he fond by the brym,  
And a glysteryng thyng theryn,  
Therof they hadde ferly.  
They went forth on the sond  
To the boot, y unthurstond,  
And fond theryn that lady.  
She hadde so longe meteles be  
That hym thowht gret dele to se;  
She was yn poynt to dye.  
They askede her what was her name:  
She chaunged hyt ther anone,  
And sayde she hette Egaré.

Syr Kadore hadde gret pyté;  
He toke up the lady of the see,  
And hom gan her lede.  
She hadde so longe meteles be,  
She was wax lene as a tre,  
That worthy unthur wede.  
Into hys castell when she came,  
Into a chawmbyr they her namm,  
And fayr they gan her fede,  
Wyth all delycyus mete and drynke  
That they myghth hem on thynke,  
That was yn all that stede.

When that lady, fayr of face,  
Wyth mete and drynke kevered was,  
And had colour agayne,  
She tawghte hem to sewe and marke  
All maner of sylkyn werke;  
Of her they wer full fayne.  
She was curteys yn all thyng,  
Bothe to olde and to yynge,  
I say yow for certeyne.  
She kowghthe werke all maner thyng  
That fell to emperour or to kyng,  
Erle, barown or swayne.

Syr Kadore lette make a feste

That was fayr and honeste,  
Wyth hys lorde, the kyng.  
Ther was myche menstralsé,  
Trommpus, tabours and sawtré,  
Bothe harpe and fydyllyng.  
The lady that was gentyll and small  
In kurtull alone served yn hall,  
Byfore that nobull kyng.  
The cloth upon her shone so bryghth  
When she was theryn ydyghth,  
She semed non erthly thyng.

The kyng loked her upon,  
So fayr a lady he sygh nevir non:  
Hys herte she hadde yn wolde.  
He was so anamered of that syghth,  
Of the mete non he myghth,  
But faste gan her beholde.  
She was so fayr and gent,  
The kynges love on her was lent,  
In tale as hyt ys tolde.  
And when the metewhyle was don,  
Into the chambur he wente son,  
And called hys barouns bolde.

Fyrst he called Syr Kadore,  
And othur knyghtes that ther wore,  
Hastely come hym tyll.  
Dukes and erles, wyse of lore,  
Hastely come the kyng before  
And askede what was hys wyll.  
Then spakke the ryche yn ray,  
To Syr Kadore gan he say  
Wordes fayr and styll:  
'Syr, whenns ys that lovely may  
That yn the halle served thys day?  
Tell my yyf hyt be thy wyll.'

Then sayde syr Kadore, y unthurstonde,  
'Hyt ys an erles thowghtur of ferre londe,  
That semely ys to sene.  
I sente aftur her certeynlye

To teche my chylderen curtesye,  
In chambur wyth hem to bene.  
She ys the konnyngest wommon,  
I trowe, that be yn Crystendom,  
Of werke that y have sene.'  
Then sayde that ryche raye,  
'I wyll have that fayr may  
And wedde her to my quene.'

The nobull kyng, verament,  
Aftyr hys modyr he sent  
To wyte what she wolde say.  
They browght forth hastely  
That fayr mayde Egarye;  
She was bryghth as someres day.  
The cloth on her shon so bryght  
When she was theryn dyght,  
And herself a gentell may,  
The olde qwene sayde anon,  
'I sawe never wommon  
Halvendell so gay!'

The olde qwene spakke wordus unhende  
And sayde, 'Sone, thys ys a fende,  
In thys wordy wede!  
As thou lovest my blessynge,  
Make thou nevr thys weddyngge,  
Cryst hyt the forbede!'  
Then spakke the ryche ray,  
'Modyr, y wyll have thys may!'  
And forth gan her lede.  
The olde qwene, for certayne,  
Turnede wyth ire hom agayne,  
And wolde not be at that dede.

The kyng wedded that lady bryght;  
Grete purvyance ther was dyghth,  
In that semely sale.  
Grete lordes wer served aryght,  
Duke, erle, baron and knyghth,  
Both of grete and smale.  
Myche folke, forsothe, ther was,

And therto an huge prese,  
As hyt ys tolde yn tale.  
Ther was all maner thyng  
That fell to a kyngus weddyng,  
And mony a ryche menstralle.

When the mangery was done,  
Grete lordes departed sone,  
That semely were to se.  
The kyng belafte wyth the qwene;  
Moch love was hem betwene,  
And also game and gle.  
She was curteys and swete,  
Such a lady herde y nevir of yete;  
They loved both wyth herte fre.  
The lady that was both meke and mylde  
Conceyved and wente wyth chylde,  
As God wolde hyt sholde be.

The kyng of France yn that tyme  
Was besette wyth many a Sarezyne,  
And cumbered all in tene;  
And sente aftur the kyng of Galys,  
And othur lordys of myche prys,  
That semely were to sene.  
The kyng of Galys, in that tyde,  
Gedered men on every syde,  
In armour bryght and shene.  
Then sayde the kyng to Syr Kadore  
And othur lordes that ther wore,  
'Take good hede to my qwene.'

The kyng of Fraunce spared none,  
But sent for hem everychone,  
Both kyng, knyghth and clerke.  
The steward bylaft at home  
To kepe the qwene whyte as fome,  
He come not at that werke.  
She wente wyth chylde yn place,  
As longe as Goddus wyll was,  
That semely unthur serke;  
Thyll ther was of her body

A fayr chyld borne and a godele;  
Hadde a dowbyll kyngus marke. 4

They hyt crystened wyth grete honour  
And called hym Segramour:

Frely was that fode.

Then the steward, Syr Kadore,  
A nobull lettur made he thore,  
And wrowghte hyt all wyth gode.

He wrowghte hyt yn hyghynge  
And sente hyt to hys lorde the kyng,  
That gentyll was of blode.

The messenger forth gan wende,  
And wyth the kyngus modur gan lende,  
And ynto the castell he yode.

He was resseyved rychely,  
And she hym askede hastyly  
How the qwene hadde spedde.

'Madame, ther ys of her yborne  
A fayr man-chylde, y tell you beforne,  
And she lyth in her bedde.'

She gaf hym for that tydyng  
A robe and fowrty shylyng,  
And rychely hym cladde.

She made hym dronken of ale and wyne,  
And when she sawe that hyt was tyme,  
Tho chambur she wolde hym lede.

And when he was on slepe browght,  
The qwene that was of wykked thought,  
Tho chambur gan she wende.

Hys letter she toke hym fro,  
In a fyre she brente hyt tho;  
Of werkes she was unhende.

Another lettur she made wyth evyll,  
And sayde the qwene had born a devyll;  
Durste no mon come her hende.

Thre heddes hadde he there,  
A lyon, a dragon, and a beere:  
A fowll feltred fende.



On the morn when hyt was day,  
The messenger wente on hys way,  
    Bothe by stye and strete;  
In trwe story as y say,  
Tyll he come theras the kynge laye,  
    And speke wordus swete.  
He toke the kyng the lettur yn honde,  
And he hyt redde, y unthurstonde,  
    The teres downe gan he lete.  
And as he stode yn redyng,  
Downe he fell yn sowenyng,  
    For sorow hys herte gan blede.

Grete lordes that stode hym by  
Toke up the kyng hastely;  
    In herte he was full woo.  
Sore he grette and sayde, 'Alas,  
That y evur man born was!  
    That hyt evur shulde be so.  
Alas, that y was made a kynge,  
And sygh wedded the fayrest thyng  
    That on erthe myght go.  
That evur Jesu hymself wolde sende  
Such a fowle, lothly fende  
    To come bytwene us too.'

When he sawe hyt myght no bettur be,  
Anothur lettur then made he,  
    And seled hyt wyth hys sele.  
He commanded yn all thyng  
To kepe well that lady yyng  
    Tyll she hadde her hele;  
Bothe gode men and ylle  
To serve her at her wylle,  
    Bothe yn wo and wele.  
He toke thys lettur of hys honde,  
And rode thorow the same londe,  
    By the kyngus modur castell.

And then he dwelled ther all nyght;  
He was resseyved and rychely dyght  
    And wyst of no treson.

He made hym well at ese and fyne,  
Bothe of brede, ale and wyne,  
And that berafte hym hys reson.  
When he was on slepe browght,  
The false qwene hys lettur sowghte.  
Into the fyre she kaste hyt downe:  
Another lettur she lette make,  
That men sholde the lady take,  
And lede her owt of towne,

And putte her ynto the see,  
In that robe of ryche ble,  
The lytyll chylde her wyth;  
And lette her have no spendyng,  
For no mete ny for drynke,  
But lede her out of that kyth.  
'Upon payn of chylde and wyfe  
And also upon your owene lyfe, 5  
Lette her have no gryght!'  
The messenger knewe no gyle,  
But rode hom mony a myle,  
By forest and by fryght.

And when the messenger come home,  
The steward toke the lettur sone,  
And bygan to rede.  
Sore he syght and sayde, 'Alas,  
Sertes thys ys a fowle case,  
And a delfull dede!'  
And as he stode yn redyng,  
He fell downe yn swonygne;  
For sorow hys hert gan blede.  
Ther was nothur olde ny yyng,  
That myghte forbere of wepyng  
For that worthy unthur wede.

The lady herde gret dele yn halle;  
On the steward gan she calle,  
And sayde, 'What may thys be?'  
Yyf anythyng be amys,  
Tell me what that hyt ys,  
And lette not for me.'

Then sayde the steward, verament,  
'Lo, her a lettur my lord hath sente,  
And therfore woo ys me!'  
She toke the lettur and bygan to rede;  
Then fonde she wryten all the dede,  
How she moste ynto the see.

'Be styll, syr,' sayde the qwene,  
'Lette syche mornynge bene;  
For me have thou no kare.  
Loke thou be not shente,  
But do my lordes commaundement,  
God forbede thou spare.  
For he weddede so porely  
On me, a sympull lady,  
He ys ashamed sore.  
Grete well my lord fro me,  
So gentyll of blode yn Cristyanté,  
Gete he nevur more!'

Then was ther sorow and myche woo,  
When the lady to shype shulde go;  
They wepte and wronge her hondus.  
The lady that was meke and mylde,  
In her arme she bar her chylde,  
And toke leve of the londe.  
When she wente ynto the see  
In that robe of ryche ble,  
Men sowened on the sonde.  
Sore they wepte and sayde, 'Alas,  
Certys thys ys a wykked kase!  
Wo worth dedes wronge!'

The lady and the lytyll chylde  
Fleted forth on the watur wylde,  
Wyth full harde happes.  
Her surkote that was large and wyde,  
Therwyth her vysage she gan hyde,  
Wyth the hynthur lappes;  
She was aferde of the see,  
And layde her gruf uponn a tre,  
The chylde to her pappes.

The wawes that were grete and strong,  
On the bote faste they thonge,  
Wyth mony unsemely rappes.

And when the chyld gan to wepe,  
Wyth sory herte she songe hyt aslepe,  
And putte the pappe yn hys mowth,  
And sayde, 'Myghth y onus gete lond,  
Of the watur that ys so stronge,  
By northe or by sowthe,  
Wele owth y to warye the, see,  
I have myche shame yn the!'  
And evur she lay and growht;  
Then she made her prayer  
To Jhesu and Hys modur dere,  
In all that she kowthe.

Now thys lady dwelled thore  
A full sevene nyght and more,  
As hyt was Goddys wyll;  
Wyth karefull herte and sykyng sore,  
Such sorow was her yarked yore,  
And she lay full styll.  
She was dryven toward Rome,  
Thorow the grace of God yn trone,  
That all thyng may fulfyll.  
On the see she was so harde bestadde,  
For hungur and thurste allmost madde,  
Wo worth chawnses ylle!

A marchaunte dwelled yn that cyté,  
A ryche mon of golde and fee,  
Jurdan was hys name.  
Every day wolde he  
Go to playe hym by the see,  
The eyer forto tane.  
He wente forth yn that tyde,  
Walkyng by the see syde,  
All hymselfe alone.  
A bote he fonde by the brymme  
And a fayr lady therynne,  
That was ryght wo-bygone.

The cloth on her shon so bryght,  
He was aferde of that syght,  
For glysteryng of that wede;  
And yn hys herte he thowghth ryght  
That she was non erthyly wyght;  
He sawe nevur non such yn leede. 6  
He sayde, 'What hette ye, fayr ladye?'  
'Lord,' she sayde, 'y hette Egarye,  
That lye her, yn drede.'  
Up he toke that fayre ladye  
And the yonge chylde her by,  
And hom he gan hem lede.

When he come to hys byggyng,  
He welcomed fayr that lady yunge  
That was fayr and bryght;  
And badde hys wyf yn all thyng,  
Mete and drynke forto bryng  
To the lady ryght.  
'What that she wyll crave,  
And her mowth wyll hyt have,  
Loke hyt be redy dyght.  
She hath so longe meteles be,  
That me thynketh grette pyté;  
Conforte her yyf thou myght.'

Now the lady dwelles ther,  
Wyth alle metes that gode were,  
She hedde at her wylle.  
She was curteys yn all thyng,  
Bothe to olde and to yunge;  
Her loved bothe gode and ylle.  
The chylde bygan forto thryfe;  
He wax the fayrest chyld on lyfe,  
Whyte as flour on hylle.  
And she sewed sylke werk yn bour,  
And tawghte her sone nortowre,  
But evyr she mornede style.

When the chylde was seven yer olde,  
He was bothe wyse and bolde,

And wele made of flesh and bone;  
He was worthy unthur wede  
And ryght well kowthe pryke a stede;  
So curtays a chylde was none.  
All men lovede Segramowre,  
Bothe yn halle and yn bowre,  
Whersoever he gan gone.  
Leve we at the lady clere of vyce,  
And speke of the kyng of Galys,  
Fro the sege when he come home.

Now the sege broken ys,  
The kyng come home to Galys,  
Wyth mykyll myrthe and pryde;  
Dukes and erles of ryche asyce,  
Barones and knyghtes of mykyll pryse,  
Come rydyng be hys syde.  
Syr Kadore, hys steward thanne,  
Ayeyn hym rode wyth mony a man,  
As faste as he myght ryde.  
He tolde the kyng aventowres  
Of hys halles and hys bowres,  
And of hys londys wyde.

The kyng sayde, 'By Goddys name,  
Syr Kadore, thou art to blame  
For thy fyrst tellynge!  
Thow sholdest fyrst have tolde me  
Of my lady Egaré,  
I love most of all thyng!  
Then was the stewardes herte wo,  
And sayde, 'Lorde, why sayst thou so?  
Art not thou a trewe kyng?  
Lo her, the lettur ye sente me,  
Yowr owene self the sothe may se;  
I have don your byddyng.'

The kyng toke the lettur to rede,  
And when he sawe that ylke dede,  
He wax all pale and wanne.  
Sore he grette and sayde, 'Alas,  
That evur born y was,

Or evur was made manne!  
Syr Kadore, so mot y the,  
Thys lettur come nevir fro me;  
I telle the her anone!  
Bothe they wepte and yaf hem ylle.  
'Alas!' he sayde, 'Saf Goddys wylle!  
And both they sowened then.

Grete lordes stode by,  
And toke up the kyng hastyly;  
Of hem was grete pyté;  
And when they both kevered were,  
The kyng toke hym the letter ther  
Of the heddys thre.  
'A, lord,' he sayde, 'be Goddus grace,  
I sawe nevir thys lettur yn place!  
Alas, how may thys be?'  
Aftur the messenger ther they sente,  
The kyng askede what way he went:  
'Lord, be your modur fre.'

'Alas!' then sayde the kyng,  
'Whethur my modur wer so unhende  
To make thys treson?  
By my krowne she shall be brent,  
Wythowten any othur jugement;  
That thenketh me best reson!  
Grete lordes toke hem betwene  
That they wolde exyle the qwene  
And berefe her hyr renowne.  
Thus they exiled the false qwene  
And byrafte her hyr lyflothe clene:  
Castell, towre and towne.

When she was fled ovur the see fome,  
The nobull kyng dwelled at hom,  
Wyth full hevy chere;  
Wyth karefull hert and drury mone,  
Sykynges made he many on  
For Egarye the clere.  
And when he sawe chylderen play,  
He wepte and sayde, 'Wellawey,

For my sone so dere!  
Such lyf he lyved mony a day,  
That no mon hym stynte may,  
Fully seven yere.

Tyll a thowght yn hys herte come,  
How hys lady whyte as fome,  
Was drowned for hys sake.  
'Thorow the grace of God yn trone,  
I woll to the Pope of Rome,  
My penans for to take!  
He lette ordeyne shypus fele  
And fylled hem full of wordes wele,  
Hys men mery wyth to make.  
Dolys he lette dyghth and dele,  
For to wynnyn hym sowles hele;  
To the shyp he toke the gate.

Shypmen that wer so mykyll of pryce,  
Dyght her takull on ryche acyse,  
That was fayr and fre.  
They drowgh up sayl and leyd out ore;  
The wynde stode as her lust wore,  
The wethur was lythe on le.  
They sayled over the salt fome,  
Thorow the grace of God in trone,  
That most ys of powsté.  
To that cyté, when they come,  
At the burgeys hous hys yn he nome,  
Theras woned Emarye.

Emaré called her sone  
Hastely to here come  
Wythoute ony lettynge,  
And sayde, 'My dere sone so fre,  
Do a lytull aftur me,  
And thou shalt have my blessyng.  
Tomorowe thou shall serve yn halle,  
In a kurtyll of ryche palle,  
Byfore thys nobull kyng.  
Loke, sone, so curtays thou be,  
That no mon fynde chalange to the



In no manere thyng!

When the kyng ys served of spycerye,  
Knele thou downe hastyllye,  
And take hys hond yn thyn.  
And when thou hast so done,  
Take the kuppe of golde sone,  
And serve hym of the wyne.  
And what that he speketh to the,  
Cum anon and tell me,  
On Goddus blessyng and myne!  
The chylde wente ynto the hall,  
Among the lordes grete and small,  
That lufsumme wer unthur lyne.

Then the lordes that wer grete,  
Wysh and wente to her mete;  
Menstrelles browght yn the kowrs.  
The chylde hem served so curteysly,  
All hym loved that hym sy,  
And spake hym gret honowres.  
Then sayde all that loked hym upon,  
So curteys a chylde sawe they nevir non,  
In halle ny yn bowres.  
The kyng sayde to hym yn game,  
'Swete sone, what ys thy name?'  
'Lorde,' he seyde, 'y hyghth Segramowres.'

Then that nobull kyng  
Toke up a grete sykyng,  
For hys sone hyght so;  
Certys, wythowten lesyng,  
The teres out of hys yen gan wryng;  
In herte he was full woo.  
Neverthelese, he lette be,  
And loked on the chylde so fre,  
And mykell he lovede hym thoo.  
The kyng sayde to the burgeys anon,  
'Swete syr, ys thys thy sone?'  
The burgeys sayde, 'Yoo.'

Then the lordes that wer grete

Whesshen ayeyn after mete,  
And then come spycerye.  
The chylde that was of chere swete,  
On hys kne downe he sete,  
And served hym curteyslye.  
The kyng called the burgeys hym tyll,  
And sayde, 'Syr, yf hyt be thy wyll,  
Yyf me thys lytyll body!  
I shall hym make lorde of town and towr;  
Of hys halles and of bowre,  
I love hym specyally.'

When he had served the kyng at wylle,  
Fayr he wente hys modyr tyll  
And tellys her how hyt ys.  
'Soone, when he shall to chambur wende,  
Take hys hond at the grete ende,  
For he ys thy fadur, ywysse;  
And byd hym come speke wyth Emaré,  
That changed her name to Egaré,  
In the londe of Galys.'  
The chylde wente ayeyn to halle,  
Amonge the grete lordes alle,  
And served on ryche asyse.

When they wer well at ese afyne,  
Bothe of brede, ale and wyne,  
They rose up, more and myn.  
When the kyng shulde to chambur wende,  
He toke hys hond at the grete ende,  
And fayre he helpe hym yn;  
And sayde, 'Syr, yf your wyll be,  
Take me your honde and go wyth me,  
For y am of yowr kynne!  
Ye shall come speke wyth Emaré  
That chaunged her nome to Egaré,  
That berys the whyte chynne.'

The kyng yn herte was full woo  
When he herd mynge tho  
Of her that was hys qwene;  
And sayde, 'Sone, why sayst thou so?

Wherto umbraydest thou me of my wo?

That may never bene!

Nevurtheles wyth hym he wente;

Ayeyn hem come the lady gent,

In the robe bryght and shene.

He toke her yn hys armes two,

For joye they sowened, both to,

Such love was hem bytwene.

A joyfull metyng was ther thore,

Of that lady, goodly unthur gore,

Frely in armes to folde.

Lorde, gladde was Syr Kadore,

And othur lordes that ther wore,

Semely to beholde.

Of the lady that was put yn the see,

Thorow grace of God in Trinité,

That was kevered of cares colde.

Leve we at the lady whyte as flour,

And speke we of her fadur the emperour,

That fyrste thys tale of ytolde.

The Emperour her fadyr then

Was woxen an olde man,

And thought on hys synne:

Of hys thowghtyr Emaré

That was putte ynto the see,

That was so bryght of skynne.

He thought that he wolde go,

For hys penance to the Pope tho

And heven for to wyne.

Messengeres he sente forth sone,

And they come to the kowrt of Rome

To take her lordes inne.

Emaré prayde her lord, the kyng,

'Syr, abyde that lordys komyng

That ys so fayr and fre.

And, swete syr, yn all thyng,

Aqweynte you wyth that lordyng,

Hyt ys worshyp to the.'

The kyng of Galys seyde than,

'So grete a lord ys ther non,  
Yn all Crystyanté.'  
'Now, swete syr, whatever betyde,  
Ayayn that grete lord ye ryde,  
And all thy knyghtys wyth the.'

Emaré tawghte her sone yyng,  
Ayeyn the Emperour komyng,  
How that he sholde done:  
'Swete sone, yn all thyng  
Be redy wyth my lord the kyng,  
And be my swete sone!  
When the Emperour kysseth thy fadur so fre,  
Loke yyf he wyll kysse the,  
Above the to hym sone;  
And bydde hym come speke wyth Emaré,  
That was putte ynto the see,  
Hymself yaf the dome.'

Now kometh the Emperour of pryse;  
Ayeyn hym rode the kyng of Galys,  
Wyth full mykull pryde.  
The chyld was worthy unthur wede,  
A satte upon a nobyll stede,  
By hys fadyr syde;  
And when he mette the Emperour,  
He valed hys hode wyth gret honour  
And kyssed hym yn that tyde;  
And othur lordys of gret valowre,  
They also kessed Segramowre;  
In herte ys not to hyde.

The Emperours hert anamerd gretlye  
Of the chylde that rode hym by  
Wyth so lovely chere.  
Segramowre he stayde hys stede;  
Hys owene fadur toke good hede,  
And othur lordys that ther were.  
The chylde spake to the Emperour,  
And sayde, 'Lord, for thyn honour,  
My worde that thou wyll here:  
Ye shull come speke wyth Emaré

That changede her name to Egaré,  
That was thy thowghthur dere.'

The Emperour wax all pale,  
And sayde, 'Sone, why umbraidest me of bale,  
And thou may se no bote?'  
'Syr, and ye wyll go wyth me,  
I shall the brynge wyth that lady fre,  
That ys lovesom on to loke.'  
Nevurthelesse, wyth hym he wente;  
Ayeyn hym come that lady gent,  
Walkynge on her fote.  
And the Emperour alyghte tho,  
And toke her yn hys armes two,  
And clypte and kyssed her sote.

Ther was a joyfull metynge  
Of the Emperour and of the Kyng,  
And also of Emaré;  
And so ther was of Syr Segramour,  
That aftyr was emperour:  
A full gode man was he.  
A grette feste ther was holde,  
Of erles and barones bolde,  
As testymonyeth thys story.  
Thys ys on of Brytayne layes  
That was used by olde dayes,  
Men callys 'Playn d'Egarye.'  
Jhesus, that settes yn Thy trone,  
So graunte us wyth The to wone  
In thy perpetuall glorye! Amen.

Anonymous

# Epilogue To The Padlock

October 1787

Mr. Urban,           Sept.24.

The following Epilogue to 'The Padlock' was written by a very worthy Clergyman, soon after the first representation of that opera. The author of this little poem died in the Summer of 1786, and, having never been published, a copy of it is presented to your Magazine, by one who agrees in sentiment with the author, and who thinks it will be readily received by you, as being worthy of a place in your valuable repository.           J.D.

## EPILOGUE TO THE PADLOCK.

MUNGO speaks:

'TANK you, my massas! have you laugh your fill'—  
Then let me speak, nor take that freedom ill.  
E'en from my tongue some heartfelt truths may fall  
And outrag'd nature claims the care of all.  
My tale, in any place, would force a tear,  
But calls for stronger, deeper feelings here.  
For whilst I tread the free-born British land;  
Whilst now before me crouded Britons stand;  
Vain, vain that glorious privilege to me,  
I am a slave, where all things else are free.

Yet was I born, as you are, no man's slave,  
An heir to all that liberal Nature gave;  
My thoughts can reason, and my limbs can move,  
The same as yours; like yours my heart can love:  
Alike my body food and sleep sustains;  
Alike our wants, our pleasures, and our pains.  
One sun rolls o'er us, common skies around;  
One globe supports us, and one grave must bound.

Why then am I devoid of all to live,  
That manly comforts to a man can give?  
To live untaught Religion's sooting balm,  
Or life's choice arts; to live, unknown the calm  
Of soft domestic ease; those sweets of life,  
The duteous offspring, and th'obedient wife.  
To live, to property and rights unknown,  
Not ev'n the common benefits my own.

No arm to guard me from oppression's rod,  
My will subservient to a tyrant's nod.  
No gentle hand, when life is in decay,  
To smooth my pains and charm my cares away;  
But helpless left to quit the horrid stage;  
Harrass'd in youth and desolate in age.

But I was born in Afric's tawny strand,  
And you in fair Britannia's fairer land.  
Comes freedom then from colour? Blush with shame,  
And let strong Nature's crimson mark your blame.  
I speak to Britons—Britons, then, behold  
A man by Britons snar'd and seiz'd, and sold.  
And yet no British statute damns the deed,  
Nor do the more than murderous villains bleed.

O sons of freedom! equalise your laws,  
Be all consistent—plead the Negro's cause;  
That all the nations in your code may see  
The British Negro, like the Briton, free.  
But, should he supplicate your laws in vain,  
To break for ever this disgraceful chain,  
At least, let gentle usage so abate  
The galling terrors of its passing state,  
That he may share the great Creator's social plan;  
For though no Briton, Mungo is a man!

Anonymous

## Erle of Tolous

Jhesu Cryste, yn Trynyté,  
Oonly God and persons thre,  
    Graunt us wele to spede,  
And gyf us grace so to do  
That we may come thy blys unto,  
    On Rode as thou can blede!  
Leve lordys, y schall you telle  
Of a tale, some tyme befelle  
    Farre yn unknowthe lede:  
How a lady had grete myschefe,  
And how sche covyrd of hur grefe;  
    Y pray yow take hede!

Some tyme there was in Almayn  
An Emperroure of moche mayn;  
    Syr Dyoclysyan he hyght;  
He was a bolde man and a stowte;  
All Chrystendome of hym had dowte,  
    So stronge he was in fyght;  
He dyssheryted many a man,  
And falsely ther londys wan,  
    Wyth maystry and wyth myght,  
Tyll hyt befelle upon a day,  
A warre wakenyd, as y yow say,  
    Betwene hym and a knyght.

The Erle of Tollous, Syr Barnard,  
The Emperroure wyth hym was harde,  
    And gretly was hys foo.  
He had rafte owt of hys honde  
Three hundred poundys worth be yere of londe:  
    Therefore hys herte was woo.  
He was an hardy man and a stronge,  
And sawe the Emperour dyd hym wronge,  
    And other men also;  
He ordeyned hym for batayle  
Into the Emperours londe, saun fayle;  
And there he began to brenne and sloo.



Thys Emperour had a wyfe,  
The fayrest oon that evyr bare lyfe,  
Save Mary mekyll of myght,  
And therto gode in all thyng,  
Of almesdede and gode berynge,  
Be day and eke be nyght;  
Of hyr body sche was trewe  
As evyr was lady that men knewe,  
And therto moost bryght.  
To the Emperour sche can say:  
'My dere lorde, y you pray,  
Delyvyr the Erle hys ryght.'

'Dame,' he seyde, 'let that bee;  
That day schalt thou nevyr see,  
Yf y may ryde on ryght,  
That he schall have hys londe agayne;  
Fyrste schall y breke hys brayne,  
Os y am trewe knyght!  
He warryth faste in my londe;  
I schall be redy at hys honde  
Wythyn thys fourteen nyght!'  
He sente abowte everywhare,  
That all men schulde make them yare  
Agayne the Erle to fyght.

He let crye in every syde,  
Thorow hys londe ferre and wyde,  
Bothe in felde and towne,  
All that myght wepon bere,  
Sworde, alablast, schylde, or spere,  
They schoulde be redy bowne;  
The Erle on hys syde also  
Wyth forty thousand and moo  
Wyth spere and schylde browne.  
A day of batayle there was sett;  
In felde when they togedur mett,  
Was crakydde many a crowne.

The Emperour had bataylys sevyn;  
He spake to them wyth sterne stevyn  
And sayde, so mot he thryve,

'Be ye now redy for to fyght,  
Go ye and bete them downe ryght  
And leveth non on lyve;  
Loke that none raunsonyd bee  
Nothyr for golde ne for fee,  
But sle them wyth swerde and knyfe!  
For all hys boste he faylyd gyt;  
The Erle manly hym mett,  
Wyth strokys goode and ryfe.

They reryd batayle on every syde;  
Bodely togedyr can they ryde,  
Wyth schylde and many a spere;  
They leyde on faste as they were wode,  
Wyth swerdys and axes that were gode;  
Full hedeous hyt was to here.  
There were schyldys and schaftys schakydde,  
Hedys thorough helmys crakydde,  
And hawberkys all totore.  
The Erle hymselfe an axe drowe;  
An hundred men that day he slowe,  
So wyght he was yn were!

Many a stede there stekyd was;  
Many a bolde baron in that place  
Lay burlande yn hys own blode.  
So moche blode there was spylte,  
That the feld was ovyrhylte  
Os hyt were a flode.  
Many a wyfe may sytt and wepe,  
That was wonte softe to slepe,  
And now can they no gode.  
Many a body and many a hevyl,  
Many a doghty knyght there was levyl,  
That was wylde and wode.

The Erle of Tollous wan the felde;  
The Emperour stode and behelde:  
Wele faste can he flee  
To a castell there besyde.  
Fayne he was hys hedde to hyde,  
And wyth hym Erlis thre;

No moo forsothe scapyd away,  
But they were slayn and takyn that day:  
Hyt myght non othyr bee.  
The Erle tyll nyght folowed the chace,  
And sythen he thanked God of hys grace,  
That syttyth in Trynyté.

There were slayne in that batayle  
Syxty thousand, wythowte fayle,  
On the Emperours syde;  
Ther was takyn thre hundred and fyfty  
Of grete lordys, sekyrly,  
Wyth woundys grymly wyde;  
On the Erls syde ther were slayne  
But twenty, sothely to sayne,  
So boldely they can abyde!  
Soche grace God hym sende  
That false quarell cometh to evell ende  
For oght that may betyde.

Now the Emperour ys full woo:  
He hath loste men and londe also;  
Sore then syghed hee;  
He sware be Hym that dyed on Rode,  
Mete nor drynke schulde do hym no gode,  
Or he vengedde bee.  
The Emperes seyde, 'Gode lorde,  
Hyt ys better ye be acorde  
Be oght that y can see;  
Hyt ys grete parell, sothe to telle,  
To be agayne the ryght quarell;  
Be God, thus thynketh me!'

'Dame,' seyde the Emperoure,  
'Y have a grete dyshonoure;  
Therefore myn herte ys woo;  
My lordys be takyn, and some dede;  
Therefore carefull ys my rede:  
Sorowe nye wyll me sloo.'  
Then seyde Dame Beulybon:  
'Syr, y rede, be Seynt John,  
Of warre that ye hoo;

Ye have the wronge and he the ryght,  
And that ye may see in syght,  
Be thys and othyr moo.'

The Emperour was evyll payde:  
Hyt was sothe the lady sayde;  
Therefore hym lykyd ylle,  
He wente away and syghed sore;  
Oon worde spake he no more,  
But held hym wonder styлле.  
Leve we now the Emperour in thoght:  
Game ne gle lyked hym noght,  
So gretly can he grylle!  
And to the Erle turne we agayn,  
That thanked God wyth all hys mayn,  
That grace had sende hym tylle.

The Erle Barnard of Tollous  
Had fele men chyvalrous  
Takyn to hys preson;  
Moche gode of them he hadde;  
Y can not telle, so God me gladde,  
So grete was ther raunsome!  
Among them alle had he oon,  
Was grettest of them everychon,  
A lorde of many a towne,  
Syr Trylabas of Turkey  
The Emperour hym lovyd, sekurly,  
A man of grete renowne.

So hyt befell upon a day  
The Erle and he went to play  
Be a rever syde.  
The Erle seyde to Trylabas,  
'Telle me, syr, for Goddys grace,  
Of a thyng that spryngyth wyde,  
That youre Emperour hath a wyfe,  
The fayrest woman that ys on lyfe,  
Of hewe and eke of hyde.  
Y swere by boke and by belle,  
Yf sche be so feyre as men telle,  
Mekyll may be hys pryde.'

Then sayde that lord anon ryght,  
'Be the ordre y bere of knyght,  
The sothe y schall telle the:  
To seeke the worlde more and lesse,  
Bothe Crystendome and hethynnesse,  
Ther ys none so bryght of blee.  
Whyte as snowe ys hur coloure;  
Hur rudde ys radder then the rose-floure,  
Yn syght who may hur see;  
All men that evyr God wroght  
Myght not thynke nor caste in thoght  
A fayrer for to bee.'

Then seyde the Erle, 'Be Goddys grace,  
Thys worde in mornyng me mas.  
Thou seyest sche ys so bryght;  
Thy raansom here y the forgeve,  
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve  
Therto my trowthe y plyght,  
So that thou wylt brynge me  
Yn safegarde for to bee,  
Of hur to have a syght,  
An hundred pownde, wyth grete honoure,  
To bye the horses and ryche armoure,  
Os y am trewe knyght!'

Than answeyd Syr Trylabas,  
'Yn that covenant in thys place  
My trowthe y plyght thee;  
Y schall holde thy forward gode  
To brynge the, wyth mylde mode,  
In syght hur for to see;  
And therto wyll y kepe counsayle  
And nevyr more, wythowte fayle,  
Agayne yow to bee;  
Y schall be trewe, be Goddys ore,  
To lose myn own lyfe therfore;  
Hardely tryste to mee!'

The Erle answeyd wyth wordys hende:  
'Y tryste to the as to my frende,

Wythowte any stryfe;  
Anon that we were buskyd yare,  
On owre journey for to fare,  
For to see that wyfe;  
Y swere be God and Seynt Andrewe,  
Yf hyt be so y fynde the trewe,  
Ryches schall be to the ryfe.'  
They lettyd nothyr for wynde not wedur, 1  
But forthe they wente bothe togedur,  
Wythowte any stryfe.

These knyghtys nevyr stynte nor blanne,  
Tyll to the cyté that they wan,  
There the Emperes was ynne.  
The Erle hymselfe for more drede  
Cladde hym in armytes wede,  
Thogh he were of ryche kynne,  
For he wolde not knowen bee.  
He dwellyd there dayes three  
And rested hym in hys ynne.  
The knyght bethoght hym, on a day,  
The gode Erle to betray;  
Falsely he can begynne.

Anone he wente in a rese  
To chaumbur to the Emperes,  
And sett hym on hys knee;  
He seyde, 'Be Hym that harowed helle,  
He kepe yow fro all pabelle,  
Yf that Hys wylle bee!'  
'Madam,' he seyde, 'be Jhesus,  
Y have the Erle of Tollous;  
Oure moost enemye ys hee.'  
'Yn what maner,' the lady can say,  
'Ys he comyn, y the pray?  
Anone telle thou me.'

'Madam, y was in hys preson;  
He hath forgevyn me my raunsom,  
Be God full of myght -  
And all ys for the love of the!  
The sothe ys, he longyth yow to see,

Madam, onys in syght!  
And hundred pownde y have to mede,  
And armour for a nobull stede;  
Forsothe y have hym hyght  
That he schall see yow at hys fylle,  
Ryght at hys owne wylle;  
Therto my trowthe y plyght.

Lady, he ys to us a foo;  
Therefore y rede that we hym sloo;  
He hath done us gret grylle.'  
The lady seyde, 'So mut y goo,  
Thy soule ys loste yf thou do so;  
Thy trowthe thou schalt fulfyllen,  
Sythe he forgaf the thy raansom  
And lowsydd the owt of preson,  
Do away thy wyckyd wylle!

To-morne when they ryng the masbelle,  
Bryng hym into my chapelle,  
And thynke thou on no false sleithe;  
There schall he see me at hys wylle,  
Thy covenant to fulfyllen;  
Y rede the holde thy trowthe!  
Certys, yf thou hym begyle,  
Thy soule ys in grete paryle,  
Syn thou haste made hym othe;  
Certys, hyt were a traytory,  
For to wayte hym wyth velany;  
Me thynkyth hyt were rowthe!'

The knyght to the Erle wente;  
Yn herte he helde hym foule schente  
For hys wyckyd thocht.  
He seyde, 'Syr, so mote y the,  
Tomorne thou schalt my lady see;  
Therefore, dysmay the noght:  
When ye here the masbelle,  
Y schall hur bryng to the chapelle;  
Thedur sche schall be broght.  
Be the oryall syde stonde thou styll;  
Then schalt thou see hur at thy wylle,

That ys so worthyly wroght.'

The Erle sayde, 'Y holde the trewe,  
And that schall the nevyr rewe,  
As farre forthe as y may.'  
Yn hys herte he waxe gladde:  
'Fylle the wyne,' wyghtly he badde,  
'Thys goyth to my pay!'  
There he restyd that nyght;  
On the morne he can hym dyght  
Yn armytes array;  
When they ronge to the masse,  
To the chapell conne they passe,  
To see that lady gay.

They had stonden but a whyle,  
The mowntaunse of halfe a myle,  
Then came that lady free;  
Two erlys hur ladde;  
Wondur rychely sche was cladde,  
In golde and ryche perré.  
Whan the Erle sawe hur in syght,  
Hym thoght sche was as bryght  
Os blossome on the tree;  
Of all the syghtys that ever he sye,  
Raysyd nevyr none hys herte so hye,  
Sche was so bryght of blee!

Sche stode styлле in that place  
And schewed opynly hur face  
For love of that knyght.  
He beheld ynly hur face;  
He sware there be Goddys grace,  
He sawe nevyr none so bryght.  
Hur eyen were gray as any glas;  
Mowthe and nose schapen was  
At all maner ryght;  
Fro the forhedde to the too,  
Bettur schapen myght non goo,  
Nor none semelyer yn syght.

Twyes sche turnyd hur abowte



Betwene the Erlys that were stowte,  
For the Erle schulde hur see.  
When sche spake wyth mylde stevyn,  
Sche semyd an aungell of hevyn,  
So feyre sche was of blee!  
Hur syde longe, hur myddyll small;  
Schouldurs, armes therwythall,  
Fayrer myght non bee;  
Hur hondys whyte as whallys bonne,  
Wyth fyngurs longe and ryngys upon;  
Hur nayles bryght of blee.

When he had beholden hur welle,  
The lady wente to hur chapell,  
Masse for to here;  
The Erle stode on that odur syde;  
Hys eyen fro hur myght he not hyde,  
So lovely sche was of chere!  
He seyde, 'Lorde God, full of myght,  
Leve y were so worthy a knyght,  
That y myght be hur fere,  
And that sche no husbonde hadde,  
All the golde that evyr God made  
To me were not so dere!'

When the masse come to ende,  
The lady, that was feyre and hende,  
To the chaumbur can sche fare;  
The Erle syghed and was full woo  
Owt of hys syght when sche schulde goo;  
Hys mornyng was the mare.  
The Erle seyde, 'So God me save,  
Of hur almes y wolde crave,  
Yf hur wylle ware;  
Myght y oght gete of that free,  
Eche a day hur to see  
Hyt wolde covyr me of my care.' 2

The Erle knelyd down anon ryght  
And askyd gode, for God allmyght,  
That dyed on the tree.  
The Emperes callyd a knyght:

'Forty floranse that ben bryght,  
Anone brynge thou mee.'  
To that armyte sche hyt payde;  
Of hur fyngyr a rynge she layde  
Amonge that golde so free;  
He thankyd hur ofte, as y yow say.  
To the chaumbyr wente that lady gay,  
There hur was leveste to bee.

The Erle wente home to hys ynnys,  
And grete joye he begynnys  
When he founde the rynge;  
Yn hys herte he waxe blythe  
And kyssyd hyt fele sythe,  
And seyde, 'My dere derlynge,  
On thy fyngyr thys was!  
Wele ys me, y have thy grace  
Of the to have thys rynge!  
Yf evyr y gete grace of the Quene  
That any love betwene us bene,  
Thys may be our tokenyng.'

The Erle, also soone os hyt was day,  
Toke hys leve and wente hys way  
Home to hys cuntré;  
Syr Trylabas he thanked faste:  
'Of thys dede thou done me haste,  
Well qwyt schall hyt bee.'  
They kyssyd togedur as gode frende;  
Syr Trylabas home can wende,  
There evell mote he thee!  
A traytory he thoght to doo  
Yf he myght come thertoo;  
So schrewde in herte was hee!

Anon he callyd two knyghtys,  
Hardy men at all syghtys;  
Bothe were of hys kynne.  
'Syr,' he seyde, 'wythowt fayle,  
Yf ye wyl do be my counsayle,  
Grete worschyp schulde ye wynne;  
Knowe ye the Erle of Tollous?

Moche harme he hath done us;  
Hys boste y rede we blynne;  
Yf ye wyll do aftur my redde,  
Thys day he schall be dedde,  
So God save me fro synne!

That oon knyght Kaunters, that odur Kaym;  
Falsen men myght no man rayme,  
Certys, then were thoo;  
Syr Trylabas was the thrydde;  
Hyt was no mystur them to bydde  
Aftur the Erle to goo.  
At a brygge they hym mett;  
Wyth harde strokes they hym besett,  
As men that were hys foo;  
The Erle was a man of mayn:  
Faste he faght them agayne,  
And soone he slew two.

The thrydde fledde and blewe owt faste;  
The Erle ovyrtok hym at the laste:  
Hys hedd he clofe in three.  
The cuntrey gedryrd abowte hym faste,  
And aftur hym yorne they chaste:  
An hundred there men myght see.  
The Erle of them was agaste:  
At the laste fro them he paste;  
Fayne he was to flee;  
Fro them he wente into a waste;  
To reste hym there he toke hys caste:  
A wery man was hee.

All the nyght in that foreste  
The gentyll Erle toke hys reste:  
He had no nodur woon.  
When hyt dawed, he rose up soone  
And thankyd God that syttyth in trone,  
That he had scapyd hys foon;  
That day he travaylyd many a myle,  
And ofte he was in grete parylle,  
Be the way os he can gone,  
Tyll he come to a fayre castell,

There hym was levyst to dwelle,  
Was made of lyme and stone.

Of hys comyng hys men were gladde.

'Be ye mery, my men,' he badde,

'For nothyng ye spare;

The Emperour, wythowte lees,

Y trowe, wyll let us be in pees.

And warre on us no mare.'

Thus dwellyd the Erle in that place

Wyth game, myrthe, and grete solase,

Ryght os hym levyst ware.

Let we now the Erle alloon,

And speke we of Dame Beulyboon,

How sche was caste in care.

The Emperoure lovyd hys wyfe

Also so moche os hys own lyfe,

And more, yf he myght;

He chose two knyghtys that were hym dere,

Whedur that he were ferre or nere,

To kepe hur day and nyght.

That oon hys love on hur caste:

So dud the todur at the laste,

Sche was feyre and bryght!

Nothyr of othyr wyste ryght noght,

So derne love on them wroght,

To dethe they were nere dyght.

So hyt befell upon a day,

That oon can to that othyr say,

'Syr, also muste y thee,

Methynkyth thou fadyste all away,

Os man that ys clongyn in clay,

So pale waxeth thy blee!'

Then seyde that other, 'Y make avowe,

Ryght so, methynketh, fareste thou,

Whysoevyr hyt bee;

Tell me thy cawse, why hyt ys,

And y schall telle the myn, ywys:

My trouthe y plyght to thee.'

'Y graunte,' he seyde, 'wythowt fayle,  
But loke hyt be trewe counsayle!  
Therto hys trowthe he plyght.  
He seyde, 'My lady the Emperes,  
For love of hur y am in grete dystresse;  
To dethe hyt wyll me dyght.'  
Then seyde that othyr, 'Certenly,  
Wythowte drede, so fare y  
For that lady bryght;  
Syn owre love ys on hur sett,  
How myght owre bale beste be bett?  
Canste thou rede on ryght?'

Then seyde that othyr, 'Be Seynt John,  
Bettur counsayle can y noon,  
Methynkyth, then ys thys:  
Y rede that oon of us twoo  
Prevely to hyr goo  
And pray hur of hur blys;  
Y myselfe wyll go hyr tulle;  
Yn case y may gete hur wylle,  
Of myrthe schalt thou not mys;  
Thou schalt take us wyth the dede:  
Leste thou us wrye sche wyll drede,  
And graunte the thy wylle, ywys.'

Thus they were at oon assent;  
Thys false thefe forthe wente  
To wytt the ladyes wylle.  
Yn chaumbyr he founde hyr so free;  
He sett hym downe on hys knee,  
Hys purpose to fulfyllle.  
Than spake that lady free,  
'Syr, y see now well be the,  
Thou haste not all thy wylle;  
On thy sekeness now y see;  
Telle me now thy prevyté,  
Why thou mornyst so styлле.'

'Lady,' he seyde, 'that durste y noght  
For all the gode that evyr was wroght,  
Be grete God invysybylle,

But on a booke yf ye wyll swere  
That ye schull not me dyskere,  
Then were hyt possybyll.'  
Then seyde the lady, 'How may that bee?  
That thou darste not tryste to mee,  
Hyt ys full orybylle.  
Here my trowthe to the y plyght:  
Y schall heyle the day and nyght,  
Also trewe as boke or belle.'

'Lady, in yow ys all my tryste;  
Inwardely y wolde ye wyste  
What payne y suffur you fore;  
Y drowpe, y dare nyght and day;  
My wele, my wytt ys all away,  
But ye leve on my lore;  
Y have yow lovyd many a day,  
But to yow durste y nevyr say -  
My mornyng ys the more!  
But ye do aftur my rede,  
Certenly, y am but dede:  
Of my lyfe ys no store.'

Than answeryd that lovely lyfe:  
'Syr, wele thou wottyst y am a wyfe:  
My lorde ys Emperoure;  
He chase the for a trewe knyght,  
To kepe me bothe day and nyght  
Undur thy socowre.  
To do that dede yf y assente,  
Y were worthy to be brente  
And broght in grete doloure;  
Thou art a traytour in thy sawe,  
Worthy to be hanged and to-drawe  
Be Mary, that swete floure!'

'A, madam!' seyde the knyght,  
'For the love of God almyght,  
Hereon take no hede!  
Yn me ye may full wele tryste ay;  
Y dud nothyng but yow to affray,  
Also God me spede!

Thynke, madam, youre trowthe ys plyght  
To holde counsayle bothe day and nyght  
Fully, wythowte drede;  
Y aske mercy for Goddys ore!  
Hereof yf y carpe more,  
Let drawe me wyth a stede!

The lady seyde, 'Y the forgeve;  
Also longe os y leve,  
Counsayle schall hyt bee;  
Loke thou be a trewe man  
In all thyng that thou can,  
To my lorde so free.'  
'Yys, lady, ellys dyd y wronge,  
For y have servyd hym longe,  
And wele he hath qwytt mee.'  
Hereof spake he no mare,  
But to hys felowe can he fare,  
There evyll must they the!

Thus to hys felowe ys he gon,  
And he hym frayned anon,  
'Syr, how haste thou spedde?'  
'Ryght noght,' seyde that othyr:  
'Syth y was borne, lefe brothyr,  
Was y nevyr so adredde;  
Certys, hyt ys a boteles bale  
To hur to touche soche a tale  
At borde or at bedde.'  
Then sayde that odur, 'Thy wytt ys thynne:  
Y myselfe schall hur wynne:  
Y lay my hedde to wedde!'

Thus hyt passyd ovyr, os y yow say,  
Tyl aftur on the thrydde day  
Thys knyght hym bethoght:  
'Certys, spede os y may,  
My ladyes wylle, that ys so gay,  
Hyt schall be thorowly soght.'  
When he sawe hur in beste mode,  
Sore syghyng to hur he yode,  
Of lyfe os he ne roght.

'Lady,' he seyde, 'wythowte fayle,  
But ye helpe me wyth yowre counsayle,  
Yn bale am y broght.'

Sche answeyrd full curtesly,  
'My counsayle schall be redy.  
Telle me how hyt ys;  
When y wott worde and ende,  
Yf my counsayle may hyt mende,  
Hyt schall, so have y blysse!'  
'Lady,' he seyde, 'y undurstonde  
Ye muste holde up yowre honde  
To holde counsayle, ywys.'  
'Yys,' seyde the lady free,  
'Thereto my trouthe here to the,  
And ellys y dudde amys.'

'Madam,' he seyde, 'now y am in tryste;  
All my lyfe thogh ye wyste,  
Ye wolde me not dyskevere;  
For yow y am in so grete thoght,  
Yn moche bale y am broght,  
Wythowte othe y swere;  
And ye may full wele see,  
How pale y am of blee:  
Y dye nere for dere;  
Dere lady, graunt me youre love,  
For the love of God, that sytteth above,  
That stongen was wyth a spere.'

'Syr,' sche seyde, 'ys that youre wylle?  
Yf hyt were myne, then dyd y ylle;  
What woman holdyst thou me?  
Yn thy kepeyng y have ben:  
What haste thou herde be me or sene  
That touchyth to any velanye,  
That thou in herte art so bolde  
Os y were a hore or a scolde?  
Nay, that schall nevyr bee!  
Had y not hyght to holde counsayle,  
Thou schouldest be honged, wythowt fayle,  
Upon a galowe tree.'



The knyght was nevyr so sore aferde  
Syt he was borne into myddyllerde,  
Certys, os he was thoo.  
'Mercy,' he seyde, 'gode madam!  
Wele y wott y am to blame;  
Therefore myn herte ys woo!  
Lady, let me not be spylte;  
Y aske mercy of my gylte!  
On lyve ye let me goo.'  
The lady seyde, 'Y graunte wele;  
Hyt schall be counseyle, every dele,  
But do no more soo.'

Now the knyght forthe yede  
And seyde, 'Felow, y may not spede.  
What ys thy beste redde?  
Yf sche telle my lorde of thys,  
We be but dedde, so have y blys:  
Wyth hym be we not fedde.  
Womans tonge ys evell to tryste;  
Certys, and my lorde hyt wyste,  
Etyn were all owre bredde.  
Felow, so mote y ryde or goo,  
Or sche wayte us wyth that woo,  
Hursel fe schall be dedde!'

'How myght that be?' that othur sayde;  
'Yn herte y wolde be wele payde,  
Myght we do that dede.'  
'Yys, syr,' he seyde, 'so have y roo,  
Y schall brynge hur wele thertoo;  
Therof have thou no drede.  
Or hyt passe dayes three,  
In mekyll sorowe schall sche bee:  
Thus y schall qwyte hur hur mede.'  
Now are they bothe at oon assente  
In sorow to brynge that lady gente:  
The devell mote them spede!

Sone hyt drowe toward nyght;  
To soper they can them dyght,

The Emperes and they all;  
The two knyghtys grete yapys made,  
For to make the lady glade,  
That was bothe gentyll and small;  
When the sopertyme was done,  
To the chaumbyr they went soone,  
Knyghtys cladde in palle  
They daunsed and revelyd, os they noght dredde,  
To brynge the lady to hur bedde:  
There foule muste them falle!

That oon thefe callyd a knyght  
That was carver to that lady bryght;  
An Erleys sone was hee;  
He was a feyre chylde and a bolde;  
Twenty wyntur he was oolde:  
In londe was none so free.  
'Syr, wylt thou do os we the say?  
And we schall ordeygne us a play,  
That my lady may see.  
Thou schalt make hur to lagh soo,  
Thogh sche were gretly thy foo,  
Thy frende schulde sche bee.'

The chylde answeyrd anon ryght:  
'Be the ordur y bere of knyght,  
Therof wolde y be fayne,  
And hyt wolde my lady plese,  
Thogh hyt wolde me dysese,  
To renne yn wynde and rayne.'  
'Syr, make the nakyd save thy breke;  
And behynde the yondur curtayn thou crepe,  
And do os y schall sayne;  
Then schalt thou see a joly play!'  
'Y graunte,' thys yonge knyght can say,  
'Be God and Seynte Jermayne.'

Thys chylde thocht on no ylle:  
Of he caste hys clothys styll;  
And behynde the curtayn he went.  
They seyde to hym, 'What so befalle,  
Come not owt tyll we the calle.'

And he seyde, 'Syr, y assente.'  
They revelyd forthe a grete whyle;  
No man wyste of ther gyle  
Save they two, veramente.  
They voyded the chaumber sone anon;  
The chylde they lafte syttyng alone,  
And that lady gente.

Thys lady lay in bedde on slepe;  
Of treson toke sche no kepe,  
For therof wyste sche noght.  
Thys chylde had wonder evyr among  
Why these knyghtys were so longe:  
He was in many a thoght.  
'Lorde, mercy! How may thys bee?  
Y trowe they have forgeten me,  
That me hedur broght;  
Yf y them calle, sche wyll be adredd,  
My lady lyeth here in hur bedde,  
Be Hym that all hath wroght!'

Thus he sate styлле as any stone:  
He durste not store nor make no mone  
To make the lady afryght.  
Thes false men ay worthe them woo!,  
To ther chaumbur can they goo  
And armyd them full ryght;  
Lordys owte of bedde can they calle  
And badde arme them, grete and smalle:  
'Anone that ye were dyght,  
And helpe to take a false traytoure  
That wyth my lady in hur bowre  
Hath playde hym all thys nyght.'

Sone they were armyd everychone;  
And wyth these traytours can they gone,  
The lordys that there wore.  
To the Emperes chaumber they cam ryght  
Wyth torchys and wyth swerdys bryght  
Brennyng them before.  
Behynde the curtayne they wente;  
The yonge knyght, verrament,

Nakyd founde they thore.  
That oon thefe wyth a swerde of were  
Thorow the body he can hym bere,  
That worde spake he no more.

The lady woke and was afryght,  
Whan sche sawe the grete lyght  
Before hur beddys syde.  
Sche seyde, 'Benedycyté!  
Syr, what men be yee?'  
And wonder lowde sche cryedd.  
Hur enemyes mysansweryd thore  
'We are here, thou false hore:  
Thy dedys we have aspyedd!  
Thou haste betrayed my lorde;  
Thou schalt have wonduryng in thys worde:  
Thy loos schall sprynge wyde!'

The lady seyde, 'Be Seynte John,  
Hore was y nevyr none,  
Nor nevyr thoght to bee.'  
'Thou lvest,' they seyde, 'thy love ys lorne' -  
The corse they leyde hur before -  
'Lo, here ys thy lemman free!  
Thus we have for they hym hytt;  
Thy horedam schall be wele quytte:  
Fro us schalt thou not flee!'  
They bonde the lady wondyr faste  
And in a depe preson hur caste:  
Grete dele hyt was to see!

Leve we now thys lady in care,  
And to hur lorde wyll we fare,  
That ferre was hur froo.  
On a nyght, wythowt lette,  
In hys slepe a swevyn he mett,  
The story telleth us soo.  
Hym thoght ther come two wylde borys  
And hys wyfe all toterys  
And rofe hur body in twoo;  
Hymselfe was a wytty man,  
And be that dreame he hopyd than

Hys lady was in woo.

Yerly, when the day was clere,  
He bad hys men all in fere  
    To buske and make them yare.  
Somer horsys he let go before  
And charyettes stuffud wyth stoore  
    Wele twelve myle and mare.  
He hopud wele in hys herte  
That hys wyfe was not in querte;  
    Hys herte therfore was in care;  
He styntyd not tyll he was dyght,  
Wyth erlys, barons, and many a knyght;  
    Homeward can they fare.

Nyght ne day nevyr they blanne,  
Tyll to that cyté they came  
    There the lady was ynne.  
Wythowt the cyté lordys them kepyd;  
For wo in herte many oon wepyd:  
    There teerys myght they not blynne.  
They supposyd wele yf he hyt wyste  
That hys wyfe had soche a bryste,  
    Hys yoye wolde be full thynne;  
They ladden stedys to the stabyll,  
And the lorde into the halle,  
    To worschyp hym wyth wynne.

Anon to the chaumbur wendyth he:  
He longyd hys feyre lady to see,  
    That was so swete a wyght.  
He callyd them that schoulde hur kepe:  
'Where ys my wyfe? Ys sche on slepe?  
    How fareth that byrde bryght?'  
The two traytours answeryd anone,  
'Yf ye wyste how sche had done,  
    To dethe sche schulde be dyght.'

'A, devyll!' he seyde, 'how soo,  
To dethe that sche ys worthy to go?  
    Tell me, in what manere.'  
'Syr,' they seyde, 'be Goddys ore,

The yonge knyght Syr Antore,  
That was hur kervere,  
Be that lady he hath layne,  
And therefore we have hym slayne;  
We founde them in fere;  
Sche ys in preson, verrament;  
The lawe wyll that sche be brente,  
Be God, that boght us dere.'

'Allas!' seyde the Emperoure,  
'Hath sche done me thys dyshonoure?  
And y lovyd hur so wele!  
Y wende for all thys worldys gode  
That sche wolde not have turned hur mode:  
My joye begynnyth to kele.'  
He hente a knyfe wyth all hys mayn;  
Had not a knyght ben, he had hym slayn,  
And that traytour have broght owt of heele.  
For bale hys armes abroad he bredde  
And fell in swowne upon hys bedde;  
There myght men see grete dele.

On the morne be oon assente,  
On hur they sett a perlyament  
Be all the comyn rede.  
They myght not fynde in ther counsayle  
Be no lawe, wythowt fayle,  
To save hur fro the dede.  
Then bespake an olde knyght,  
'Y have wondur, be Goddys myght,  
That Syr Antore thus was bestedde,  
In chaumbyr thogh he naked were;  
They let hym gyf none answere,  
But slowe hym, be my hedde!

Ther was nevyr man, sekurly,  
That be hur founde any velany,  
Save they two, y dar wele say;  
Be some hatered hyt may be;  
Therefore doyth aftur me  
For my love, y yow pray.  
No mo wyll preve hyt but they twoo;

Therefore we may not save hur fro woo,  
For sothe, os y yow say,  
In hyr quarell but we myght fynde  
A man that were gode of kynde  
That durste fyght agayn them tway.'

All they assentyd to the sawe:  
They thocht he spake reson and lawe.  
Then answeyd the Kyng wyth crowne,  
'Fayre falle the for thyn avyse.'  
He callyd knyghtys of nobyll pryce  
And badde them be redy bowne  
For to crye thorow all the londe,  
Bothe be see and be sonde,  
Yf they fynde mowne  
A man that ys so moche of myght,  
That for that lady dar take the fyght,  
'He schall have hys warison.'

Messangerys, y undurstonde,  
Cryed thorow all the londe  
In many a ryche cyté,  
Yf any man durste prove hys myght  
In trewe quarell for to fyght,  
Wele avaunsed schulde he bee.  
The Erle of Tullous harde thys telle,  
What anger the lady befell;  
Thereof he thocht grete pyté.  
Yf he wyste that sche had ryght,  
He wolde aventure hys lyfe to fyght  
For that lady free.

For hur he morned nyght and day,  
And to hymselfe can he say  
He wolde aventure hys lyfe:  
'Yf y may wytt that sche be trewe,  
They that have hur accused schull rewe,  
But they stynte of ther stryfe.'  
The Erle seyde, 'Be Seynte John,  
Ynto Almayn wyll y goon,  
Where y have fomen ryfe;  
I prey to God full of myght

That y have trewe quarell to fyght,  
Owt of wo to wyne that wyfe.'

He rode on huntyng on a day,  
A marchand mett he be the way,  
And asked hym of whens he was.  
'Lorde,' he seyde, 'of Almayn.'  
Anon the Erle can hym frayne  
Of that ylke case:  
'Wherefore ys yowre Emperes  
Put in so grete dystresse?  
Telle me, for Goddys grace.  
Ys sche gylté, so mote thou the?'  
'Nay, be Hym that dyed on tree,  
That schope man aftur Hys face.'

Then seyde the Erle, wythowte lett,  
'When ys the day sett  
Brente that sche schulde bee?'  
The marchande seyde sekyrlyke,  
'Evyn thys day thre wyke,  
And therfore wo ys mee.'  
The Erle seyde, 'Y schall the telle:  
Gode horsys y have to selle,  
And stedys two or thre:  
Certys, myght y selle them yare,  
Thedur wyth the wolde y fare,  
That syght for to see.'

The marchand seyde wordys hende:  
'Into the londe yf ye wyll wende,  
Hyt wolde be for yowre prowre,  
There may ye selle them at your wylle.'  
Anon the Erle seyde hym tulle,  
'Syr, herkyn me nowre:  
Thys journey wylt thou wyth me dwelle  
Twenty pownde y schall the telle  
To mede, y make avowe!'  
The marchand grauntyd anon;  
The Erle seyde, 'Be Seynt John,  
Thy wylle y alowe.'



The Erle tolde hym in that tyde  
Where he schulde hym abyde,  
And homeward wente hee.  
He busked hym, that no man wyste,  
For mekyll on hym was hys tryste.  
He seyde, 'Syr, go wyth mee!'  
Wyth them they toke stedys sevyn -  
Ther were no fayre undyr hevyn  
That any man myght see.  
Into Almayn they can ryde:  
As a coresur of mekyll pryde  
He semyd for to bee.

The marchand was a trewe gyde;  
The Erle and he togedur can ryde,  
Tyll they came to that place.  
A myle besyde the castell  
There the Emperoure can dwelle,  
A ryche abbey ther was;  
Of the abbot leve they gatt  
To sojorne and make ther horsys fatt;  
That was a nobyll case!  
The abbot was the ladyes eme;  
For hur he was in grete wandreme,  
And moche mornyng he mase.

So hyt befell upon a day,  
To churche the Erle toke the way,  
A masse for to here.  
He was a feyre man and an hye;  
When the abbot hym sye,  
He seyde, 'Syr, come nere:  
Syr, when the masse ys done,  
Y pray yow, ete wyth me at noone,  
Yf yowre wylle were.'  
The Erle grauntyd all wyth game;  
Afore mete they wysche all same,  
And to mete they wente in fere.

Aftur mete, as y yow say,  
Into an orchard they toke the way,  
The abbot and the knyght.

The abbot seyde and syghed sare;  
'Certys, Syr, y leve in care  
For a lady bryght;  
Sche ys accusyd - my herte ys woo! -  
Therefore sche schall to dethe goo,  
All agayne the ryght;  
But sche have helpe, verrament,  
In fyre sche schall be brente  
Thys day sevenyght.'

The Erle seyde, 'So have y blysse,  
Of hyr, methynkyth, grete rewthe hyt ys,  
Trewē yf that sche bee!'  
The abbot seyde, 'Be Seynte Poule,  
For hur y dar ley my soule  
That nevyr gylté was sche;  
Soche werkys nevyr sche wroght  
Neythyr in dede nor in thoght,  
Save a ryngē so free  
To the Erle of Tullous sche gafe hyt wyth wyne,  
Yn ese of hym and for no synne:  
In schryfte thus tolde sche me.'

The Erle seyde, 'Syth hyt ys soo,  
Cryste wreke hur of hur woo,  
That boght hur wyth Hys bloode!  
Wolde ye sekyr me, wythowt fayle,  
For to holde trewe counsayle,  
Hyt myght be for yowre gode.'  
The abbot seyde be bokes fele  
And be hys professyon, that he wolde hele,  
And ellys he were wode.  
'Y am he that sche gaf the ryngē  
For to be oure tokenyngē.  
Now heyle hyt, for the Rode!

Y am comyn, lefe syr,  
To take the batyle for hyr,  
There to stonde wyth ryght;  
But fyrste myselfe y wole hur schryve,  
And yf y fynde hur clene of lyve,  
Then wyll my herte be lyght.

Let dyght me in monkys wede  
To that place that men schulde hyr lede,  
    To dethe to be dyght;  
When y have schrevyn hyr, wythowt fayle,  
For hur y wyll take batayle,  
    As y am trewe knyght!'

The abbot was nevyr so gladde;  
Nere for joye he waxe madde;  
    The Erle can he kysse;  
They made meré and slewe care.  
All that sevenyght he dwellyd thare  
    Yn myrthe wythowt mysse.  
That day that the lady schulde be brent,  
The Erle wyth the abbot wente  
    In monkys wede, ywys;  
To the Emperour he knelys blyve,  
That he myght that lady schryve:  
    Anon resceyved he ys.

He examyned hur, wyttyrly,  
As hyt seythe in the story;  
    Sche was wythowte gylte.  
Sche seyde, 'Be Hym that dyed on tree,  
Trespas was nevyr none in me  
    Wherefore y schulde be spylte;  
Save oonys, wythowte lesynge,  
To the Erle of Tollous y gafe a ryng:  
    Assoyle me yf thou wylte;  
But thus my destanye ys comyn to ende,  
That in thys fyre y muste be brende;  
    There Goddys wylle be fulfyllyt.'

The Erle assoyled hur wyth hys honde,  
And sythen pertely he can up stonde  
    And seyde, 'Lordyngys, pese!  
Ye that have accused thys lady gente,  
Ye be worthy to be brente.'  
    That oon knyght made a rees:  
'Thou carle monke, wyth all thy gynne,  
Thowe youre abbot be of hur kynne,  
    Hur sorowe schalt thou not cees;

Ryght so thou woldyst sayne  
Thowe all youre covent had be hyr layne;  
So are ye lythyr and lees!

The Erle answeryd, wyth wordys free,  
'Syr, that oon y trowe thou bee  
Thys lady accused has.  
Thowe we be men of relygyon,  
Thou schalt do us but reson  
For all the fare thou mas.  
Y prove on hur thou sayst not ryght.  
Lo, here my glove wyth the to fyght!  
Y undyrtake thys case;  
Os false men y schall yow kenne;  
Yn redde fyre for to brenne;  
Therto God gyf me grace!

All that stoden in that place  
Thankyd God of hys grace,  
Wythowte any fayle.  
The two knyghtys were full wrothe:  
He schulde be dedde, they swere grete othe;  
But hyt myght not avayle.  
The Erle wente there besyde  
And armyd hym wyth mekyll pryde,  
Hys enemyes to assayle.  
Manly when they togedur mett,  
They hewe thorow helme and basenet  
And martyrd many a mayle.

They redyn togedur, wythowt lakk,  
That hys oon spere on hym brakk;  
That othyr faylyd thoo;  
The Erle smote hym wyth hys spere;  
Thorow the body he can hym bere:  
To grounde can he goo.  
That sawe that odyr, and faste can flee;  
The Erle ovyrtok hym undur a tre  
And wroght hym mekyll woo;  
There thys traytour can hym yylde  
Os recreaunt yn the fylde;  
He myght not fle hym froo.

Before the Emperoure they wente  
And there he made hym, verrament,  
    To telle for the noonys.  
He seyde, 'We thoght hur to spylle,  
For sche wolde not do oure wylle,  
    That worthy ys in wonnys.'  
The Erle answeyd hym then,  
'Therefore, traytours, ye schall brenne  
    Yn thys fyre, bothe at onys!'  
The Erle anon them hente,  
And in the fyre he them brente,  
    Flesche, felle, and boonys.

When they were brent bothe twoo,  
The Erle prevely can goo  
    To that ryche abbaye.  
Wyth joye and processyon  
They fett the lady into the towne,  
    Wyth myrthe, os y telle may.  
The Emperoure was full gladde:  
'Fette me the monke!' anon he badde,  
    'Why wente he so awaye?  
A byschoperyke y wyll hym geve,  
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,  
    Be God that owyth thys day!'

The abbot knelyd on hys knee  
And seyde, 'Lorde, gone ys hee  
    To hys owne londe;  
He dwellyth wyth the pope of Rome;  
He wyll be glad of hys come,  
    Y do yow to undurstonde.'  
'Syr abbot,' quod the Emperoure,  
'To me hyt were a dyshonoure;  
    Soche wordes y rede thou wonde;  
Anone yn haste that y hym see,  
Or thou schalt nevyr have gode of me,  
    And therto here myn honde!'

'Lorde,' he seyde, 'sythe hyt ys soo  
Aftur hym that y muste goo,

Ye muste make me sewrté,  
Yn case he have byn youre foo,  
Ye schall not do hym no woo;  
And then, also mote y thee,  
Aftur hym y wyll wynde,  
So that ye wyll be hys frende,  
Yf youre wylle bee.'  
'Yys,' seyde the Emperoure full fayne,  
'All my kynne thogh he had slayne,  
He ys welcome to mee.'

Then spake the abbot wordys free:  
'Lorde, y tryste now on thee:  
Ye wyll do os ye sey;  
Hyt ys Syr Barnard of Tollous,  
A nobyll knyght and a chyvalrous,  
That hath done thys jurney.'  
'Now certys,' seyde the Emperoure,  
'To me hyt ys grete dyshonoure;  
Anon, Syr, y the pray  
Aftur hym that thou wende:  
We schall kysse and be gode frende,  
Be God, that owyth thys day!'

The abbot seyde, 'Y assente.'  
Aftur the Erle anon he wente,  
And seyde, 'Syr, go wyth mee:  
My lorde and ye, be Seynt John,  
Schull be made bothe at oon,  
Goode frendys for to bee.'  
Therof the Erle was full fayne;  
The Emperoure came hym agayne  
And sayde, 'My frende so free,  
My wrath here y the forgeve,  
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,  
Be Hym that dyed on tree!'

Togedur lovely can they kysse;  
Therof all men had grete blysse:  
The romaunse tellyth soo.  
He made hym steward of hys londe  
And sesyd agayne into hys honde

That he had rafte hym froo.  
The Emperoure levyd but yerys thre;  
Be alexion of the lordys free,  
The Erle toke they thoo.  
They made hym ther Emperoure,  
For he was styffe yn stoure  
To fyght agayne hys foo.

He weddyd that lady to hys wyfe;  
Wyth joye and myrthe they ladde ther lyfe  
Twenty yere and three.  
Betwene them had they chyldyr fifteen,  
Doghty knyghtys all bedene,  
And semely on to see.  
Yn Rome thys geste cronyculyd ywys;  
A lay of Bretayne callyd hyt ys,  
And evyr more schall bee.  
Jhesu Cryste to hevyn us brynge,  
There to have owre wonnyng!  
Amen, amen, for charytee!

Anonymous







Fair Annie served the lang tables  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' the white bread and the wine;  
But ay she drank the wan water  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To keep her colour fine.

And she gaed by the first table,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And smiled upon them a';  
But ere she reach'd the second table,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The tears began to fa'.

She took a napkin lang and white,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And hung it on a pin;  
It was to wipe away the tears,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And a' men bound for bed,  
The bridegroom and the bonny Bride  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In ae chamber were laid.

Fair Annie's ta'en a harp in her hand,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To harp thir twa asleep;  
But ay, as she harpit and she sang,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Fu' sairly did she weep.

'O gin my sons were seven rats,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Rinnin' on the castle wa',  
And I mysell a great grey cat,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I soon wad worry them a'!

'O gin my sons were seven hares,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Rinnin' owre yon lily lea,  
And I mysell a good greyhound,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Soon worried they a' should be!'

Then out and spak the bonny young Bride,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In bride-bed where she lay:  
'That 's like my sister Annie,' she says;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'Wha is it doth sing and play?

'I'll put on my gown,' said the new-come Bride,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'And my shoes upon my feet;



# Fair Helen

I wish I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Oh that I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair  
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
I laid her down wi' meikle care  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair  
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lyíng,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
Since my Love died for me.

Anonymous

# Frankie And Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,  
O, my Gawd, how they could love,  
They swore to be true to each other,  
As true as the stars above;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good woman,  
As everybody knows,  
Gave her man a hundred dollars,  
To get him a suit of clothes;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walking,  
Johnnie in his bran' new suit,  
"Oh, my Gawd," said Frankie,  
"But don't my Johnnie look cute?"  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to Memphis,  
Went on the morning train,  
Paid a hundred dollars,  
Got Johnnie a watch and chain;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie lived in a crib-house,  
Crib-house with only two doors,  
Gave her money to Johnnie,  
He spent it on those parlour whores;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,  
Went for a bucket of beer,  
She said, "Oh, Mr. Bar-tender,  
Has my loving Johnnie been here?  
He is my man, and he's done me wrong."

"I won't make you no trouble,  
I won't tell you no lie,  
But I saw Johnnie an hour ago

With a girl named Nellie Bly;  
He is your man, and he's doing you wrong."

Frankie went to the hock-shop,  
Bought her a big forty-four,  
Aimed that gun at the ceiling,  
Shot a big hole in the floor;  
"Now where's my man that's doing me wrong?"

Frankie went down to the hook-shop,  
Looked in at a window so high,  
There she saw her Johnnie,  
Loving up Nellie Bly,  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went up to the front door,  
She rang the front-door bell,  
Said, "Stand back, all you chippies,  
Or I'll blow you all to hell;  
I want my man, who's done me wrong."

Frankie went into the hook-shop,  
She didn't go there for fun,  
'Cause underneath her kimona  
She toted that forty-four gun;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie looked in at the keyhole,  
And there before her eye,  
She saw her Johnnie on the sofa,  
A loving up Nellie Bly;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie threw back her kimona,  
Took out the little forty-four,  
Roota-toot-toot, three times she shoot,  
Right through that hardwood door;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Johnnie grabbed off his Stetson,  
Said, "Oh, Gawd, Frankie, don't shoot!"  
But she pressed hard on the trigger,

And the gun went roota-toot-toot;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy,  
Oh, roll me over slow,  
Roll me over on my right side,  
'Cause my left side hurts me so."  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring out your rubber-tyred buggy,  
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack,  
I'll take my man to the graveyard,  
But I won't bring him back;  
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

They brought out the rubber-tyred hearses,  
They brought out the rubber-tyred hack,  
Thirteen men went to the graveyard,  
But only twelve came back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring 'round a hundred policemen,  
Bring 'em around to-day,  
And lock me in that jail-house,  
Then throw the key away;  
I shot my man, 'cause he done me wrong.

"I've saved up a little money,  
I'll save up a little more,  
I'll send it all to his widow,  
And say it's from the girl next door;  
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

Frankie went to the madame,  
She fell down on her knees,  
"Forgive me, Mrs. Halcome,  
Forgive me, if you please;  
I've killed my man, 'cause he done me wrong."

"Forgive you, Frankie darling?  
Forgive you I never can.  
Forgive you, Frankie darling,



For shooting your only man?  
For he was your man, though he done you wrong."

Frankie went to the coffin,  
Looked down at his face,  
Said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me,  
I'd like to take his place;  
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

A rubber-tyred buggy,  
A rubber-tyred hack,  
Took poor Frankie to the jail-house  
But it didn't bring her back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie sat in her prison,  
Had no electric fan,  
Told her little sister,  
Never marry no sporting man;  
"I had a man, but he done me wrong."

The Sheriff took Frankie to the gallows,  
Hung her until she died,  
They hung her for killing Johnnie,  
And the undertaker waited outside;  
She killed her man, 'cause he done her wrong.

Anonymous

# God And The Soldier

God and the soldier  
All men adore  
In time of trouble,  
And no more;  
For when war is over  
And all things righted,  
God is neglected -  
The old soldier slighted.

Anonymous

# Godfrey Gordon

Godfrey Gordon Gustuvus Gore  
The boy who'd never shut the door  
His Father would Plead and mother implore  
Godfrey Gordon Please Shut the door.

Anonymous

# Helen Of Kirconnell

I WISH I were where Helen lies,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,  
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On fair Kirconnell lea.



# Hey Nonny No!

HEY nonny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Is 't not fine to dance and sing

When the bells of death do ring?

Is 't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe,

And sing hey nonny no!

When the winds blow and the seas flow?

Hey nonny no!

Anonymous

# I Don'T Want To Die

I want to go home,  
I want to go home,  
I don't want to go in the trenches no more,  
Where whizz-bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar.  
Take me over the sea  
Where the Alleyman can't get at me.  
Oh my,  
I don't want to die,  
I want to go home.

Anonymous

# I Eat My Peas with Honey

I eat my peas with honey;  
I've done it all my life.  
It makes the peas taste funny,  
But it keeps them on the knife.

Anonymous



# I Have A Gentil Cock

I have a gentil cock  
croweth me day  
he doth me risen early  
my matins for to stay

I have a gentil cock  
comen he is of great  
his comb is of red coral  
his tail is of jet

I have a gentil cock  
comen he is of kind  
his comb is of red sorrel  
his tail is of inde

his legs be of azure  
so gentil and so small  
his spurs are of silver white  
into the wortewale

his eyes are of crystal  
locked all in amber  
and every night he pertcheth him  
in my lady`s chamber

Anonymous

# I Shall Be Married on Monday Morning

As I was walking one morning in spring,  
I heard a fair maiden most charmingly sing,  
All under her cow, as she sat a-milking,  
Saying, I shall be married, next Monday morning.

You fairest of all creatures, my eyes e'er beheld,  
Oh! Where do you live love, or where do you dwell,  
I dwell at the top of yon bonny brown hill,  
I shall be fifteen years old next Monday morning.

Fifteen years old love, is too young to marry,  
The other five years love, I'd have you to tarry,  
And perhaps in the meantime love you might be sorry,  
So put back your wedding, next Monday morning.

You talk like a man without reason or skill,  
Five years I've been waiting against my will,  
Now, I am resolved my mind to fulfil,  
I wish that tomorrow was Monday morning.

On Saturday night it is all my care,  
To powder my locks and curl my hair,  
And my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,  
To dance at my wedding next Monday morning.

My husband will buy me a guinea gold ring,  
And at night he'll give me a far better thing,  
With two precious jewels he'll be me adorning,  
When I am his bride, on Monday morning.

Anonymous



# If All The World Were Paper

"If all the world were paper  
And all the sea were ink,  
If all the trees were bread and cheese  
What would we do for drink?

If all the world were sand O,  
Oh then what should we lack O,  
if as they say there were no clay  
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,  
If none but had a crack-a,  
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes  
How should we do for sack-a?

If all the world were men  
And men lived all in trenches,  
And there were none but we alone,  
How should we do for wenches?

If friars had no bald pates  
Nor nuns had no dark cloisters,  
If all the seas were beans and peas  
How should we do for oysters?

If there had been no projects  
Nor none that did great wrongs,  
If fiddlers shall turn players all  
How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal  
And nothing their end bringing,  
If this should be, then how should we  
Here make an end of singing?

Anonymous

## I'll Stretch It a Little

The wintry blast was fierce and cold,  
And the lassie's coat was thin and old.  
Her little brother by her side  
Shivered and pitifully cried.  
'Come underneath my coat,' said she,  
'And see how snug and warm you'll be.'  
The brother answered, nothing loth,  
'But is it big enough for both?'  
'Yes,' said the girl, with cheery wit;  
'I'll stretch it out a little bit.'  
Ah, brothers, sisters, where the mind  
Is bent upon an action kind,  
What though the means are sparely spun,  
And hardly seem to serve for one?  
Stretch them with love, and straightway you  
Will find them amply wide for two!

Anonymous

# It Takes Courage

It takes strength to be firm, it takes courage to be gentle.  
It takes strength to conquer, it takes courage to surrender.  
It takes strength to be certain, it takes courage to have doubt.  
It takes strength to fit in, it takes courage to stand out.

It takes strength to feel a friend's pain, it takes courage to feel your own pain.  
It takes strength to endure abuse, it takes courage to stop it.  
It takes strength to stand alone, it takes courage to lean on another.  
It takes strength to love, it takes courage to be loved.

It takes strength to survive, it takes courage to live.

Anonymous

# It Takes Courage

To refrain from gossip  
When others delight in it,  
To stand up for the absent person  
Who is being abused.

It takes courage

To live honestly  
Within your means,  
And not dishonestly  
On the means of others.

It takes courage

To be a real man or a true woman,  
To hold fast to your ideals  
When it causes you

To be looked upon  
As strange and peculiar.

It takes courage

To be talked about,  
And remain silent;  
When a word would justify you  
In the eyes of others,

But which you dare not speak  
Because it would injure another.

It takes courage

To refuse to do something  
That is wrong  
Although everyone else  
May be doing it

With attitudes as carefree

As a summer song.

It takes courage

To live according  
To your own convictions,  
To deny yourself  
What you cannot afford.

To love your neighbor  
As yourself!

Anonymous



# Key To Friendship

The key to friendship  
Is not in the hand you hold  
But how you hold the hand.

It's not in the tears you dry  
But all the reasons why.

It's not how you make a person smile  
But whether or not it's worthwhile.

It's not in the conversation  
But in the way you listen.

It's not in the laughter  
But what comes before and everything after.

The key to friendship  
Is not in two people relating  
But in two hearts communicating.

Thank you for being that special friend  
Who understands the key to friendship  
And how to unlock everything within my heart.

Anonymous

# Lay le Freine

We redeth oft and findeth ywrite -  
And this clerkes wele it wite -  
Layes that ben in harping  
Ben yfounde of ferli thing.  
Sum bethe of wer and sum of wo,  
And sum of joie and mirthe also,  
And sum of trecherie and of gile,  
Of old aventours that fel while;  
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy,  
And mani ther beth of fairy.  
Of al thinges that men seth,  
Mest o love for sothe thai beth.  
In Breteyne bi hold time  
This layes were wrought, so seith this rime.  
When kinges might our yhere  
Of ani mervailles that ther were,  
Thai token an harp in gle and game,  
And maked a lay and gaf it name.  
Now of this aventours that weren yfalle,  
Y can tel sum ac nought alle.  
Ac herkneth lordinges, sothe to sain,  
Ichil you telle Lay le Frayn.  
    Bifel a cas in Breteyne  
Whereof was made Lay le Frain.  
In Ingliche for to tellen ywis  
Of an asche for sothe it is;  
On ensauple fair with alle  
That sum time was bifalle.  
In the west cuntré woned tuay knightes,  
And loved hem wele in al rightes;  
Riche men in her best liif,  
And aither of hem hadde wedded wiif.  
That o knight made his levedi milde  
That sche was wonder gret with childe.  
And when hir time was comen tho,  
She was deliverd out of wo.  
The knight thonked God almight,  
And cleped his messanger an hight.  
'Go,' he seyde, 'to mi neighebour swithe,

And say y gret him fele sithe,  
 And pray him that he com to me,  
 And say he schal mi gossibbe be.'  
 The messenger goth, and hath nought forgete,  
 And fint the knight at his mete.  
 And fair he gret in the halle  
 The lord, the levedi, the meyné alle.  
 And seththen on knes doun him sett,  
 And the Lord ful fair he gret:  
 'He bad that thou schust to him te,  
 And for love his gossibbe be.'  
 'Is his levedi deliverd with sounde?'  
 'Ya, sir, ythonked be God the stounde.'  
 'And whether a maidenchild other a knave?'  
 'Tuay sones, sir, God hem save.'  
 The knight therof was glad and blithe,  
 And thonked Godes sond swithe,  
 And graunted his erand in al thing,  
 And gaf him a palfray for his tiding.  
 Than was the levedi of the hous  
 A proude dame and an envieous,  
 Hokerfulliche missegging,  
 Squeymous and eke scorning.  
 To ich woman sche hadde envie;  
 Sche spac this wordes of felonie:  
 'Ich have wonder, thou messenger,  
 Who was thi lordes conseiler,  
 To teche him about to send  
 And telle schame in ich an ende,  
 That his wiif hath to childer ybore.  
 Wele may ich man wite therfore  
 That tuay men hir han hadde in bour;  
 That is hir bothe deshonour.' 1  
 The messenger was sore aschamed;  
 The knight himself was sore agramed,  
 And rebouked his levedy  
 To speke ani woman vilaynie.  
 And ich woman therof might here  
 Curssed hir alle yfere,  
 And bisought God in heven  
 For His holy name seven  
 That yif hye ever ani child schuld abide

A wers aventour hir schuld bitide.  
 Sone thereafter bifel a cas  
 That hirself with child was.  
 When God wild, sche was unbounde  
 And deliverd al with sounde.  
 To maidenchilder sche hadde ybore.  
 When hye it wist, wo hir was therefore.  
 'Allas,' sche seyde, 'that this hap come!  
 Ich have ygoven min owen dome.  
 Forboden bite ich woman  
 To speken ani other harm opon.  
 Falsliche another y gan deme;  
 The selve happe is on me sene.  
 Allas,' sche seyde, 'that y was born!  
 Withouten ende icham forlorn.  
 Or ich mot siggen sikerly  
 That tuay men han yly me by;  
 Or ich mot sigge in al mi liif  
 That y bileighe mi neghbours wiif;  
 Or ich mot - that God it schilde! -  
 Help to sle min owen child.  
 On of this thre thinges ich mot nede  
 Sigge other don in dede.  
 'Yif ich say ich hadde a bileman,  
 Than ich leighe meselve opon;  
 And eke thai wil that me se  
 Held me wer than comoun be.  
 And yif ich knawelege to ich man  
 That ich leighe the levedi opon,  
 Than ich worth of old and yong  
 Behold leighster and fals of tong.  
 Yete me is best take mi chaunce,  
 And sle mi childe, and do penaunce.'  
 Hir midwiif hye cleped hir to:  
 'Anon,' sche seyde, 'this child fordo.  
 And ever say thou wher thou go  
 That ich have o child and namo.'  
 The midwiif answerd thurchout al  
 That hye nil, no hye ne schal. 2  
 [The levedi hadde a maiden fre,  
 Who ther ynurtured hade ybe,  
 And fostered fair ful mony a yere;

Sche saw her kepe this sori chere,  
 And wepe, and syke, and crye, 'Alas!'  
 And thoghte to helpen her in this cas.  
 And thus sche spake, this maiden ying,  
 'So n'olde y wepen for no kind thing: 3  
 But this o child wol I of-bare  
 And in a covent leve it yare.  
 Ne schalt thou be aschamed at al;  
 And whoso findeth this childe smal,  
 By Mary, blissful quene above,  
 May help it for Godes love.'  
 The levedi graunted anon therto,  
 And wold wele that it were ydo.  
 Sche toke a riche baudekine  
 That hir lord brought from Costentine  
 And lapped the litel maiden therin,  
 And toke a ring of gold fin,  
 And on hir right arm it knitt,  
 With a lace of silke therin plit;  
 And whoso hir founde schuld have in mende  
 That it were comen of riche kende.  
 The maide toke the child hir mide  
 And stale oway in an eventide,  
 And passed over a wild heth.  
 Thurch feld and thurch wode hye geth  
 Al the winterlong night -  
 The weder was clere, the mone was light -  
 So that hye com bi a forest side;  
 Sche wax al weri and gan abide.  
 Sone after sche gan herk  
 Cokkes crowe and houndes berk.  
 Sche aros and thider wold.  
 Ner and nere sche gan bihold.  
 Walles and hous fele hye seighe,  
 A chirche with stepel fair and heighe.  
 Than nas ther noither strete no toun,  
 Bot an hous of religioun,  
 An order of nonnes wele ydight  
 To servy God bothe day and night.  
 The maiden abod no lengore,  
 Bot yede hir to the chirche dore,  
 And on knes sche sat adoun,

And seyde wepeand her orisoun:  
'O Lord,' she seyde, 'Jesu Crist,  
That sinful man bedes herst,  
Underfong this present,  
And help this seli innocent  
That it mot ycristned be,  
For Marie love, thi moder fre.'

Hye loked up and bi hir seighe  
An asche bi hir fair and heighe,  
Wele ybowed, of michel priis;  
The bodi was holow as mani on is.  
Therin sche leyde the child for cold,  
In the pel as it was bifold,  
And blisced it with al hir might.  
With that it gan to dawne light.  
The foules up and song on bough,  
And acremen yede to the plough.  
The maiden turned ogain anon,  
And toke the waye he hadde er gon.

The porter of the abbay aros,  
And dede his office in the clos,  
Rong the belles and taperes light,  
Leyde forth bokes and al redi dight.  
The chirche dore he undede,  
And seighe anon in the stede  
The pel liggen in the tre,  
And thought wele that it might be  
That theves hadde yrobbed sumwhare,  
And gon ther forth and lete it thare.  
Therto he yede and it unwound,  
And the maidenchild therin he fond.  
He tok it up betwen his hond,  
And thonked Jesu Cristes sond;  
And hom to his hous he it brought,  
And tok it his douhter and hir bisought  
That hye schuld kepe it as sche can,  
For sche was melche and couthe theran.  
Sche bad it souke and it nold,  
For it was neighe ded for cold.

Anon fer sche alight  
And warmed it wele aflight.  
Sche gaf it souke opon hir barm,

And sethen laid it to slepe warm.  
 And when the masse was ydon,  
 The porter to the abbesse com ful son  
 'Madame, what rede ye of this thing?  
 Today right in the morning,  
 Sone after the first stounde,  
 A litel maidenchild ich founde  
 In the holwe assche ther out,  
 And a pel him about.  
 A ring of gold also was there.  
 Hou it com thider y not nere.'  
 The abbesse was awonderd of this thing.  
 'Go,' hye seyde, 'on heighing,  
 And feche it hider, y pray the.  
 It is welcom to God and to me.  
 Ichil it help as y can  
 And sigge it is mi kinswoman.'  
 The porter anon it gan forth bring  
 With the pal and with the ring.  
 The abbesse lete clepe a prest anon,  
 And lete it cristin in funston.  
 And for it was in an asche yfounde,  
 Sche cleped it Frain in that stounde.  
 (The Freyns of the 'asche' is a freyn  
 After the language of Breteyn;  
 Forthe Le Frein men clepeth this lay  
 More than Asche in ich cuntray).  
 This Frein thrived fram yer to yer.  
 The abbesse nece men wend it were.  
 The abbesse hir gan teche and beld.  
 Bi that hye was of twelve winter eld,  
 In al Inglond ther nas non  
 A fairer maiden than hye was on.  
 And when hye couthe ought of manhed,  
 Hye bad the abbesse hir wis and rede  
 Whiche were her kin, on or other,  
 Fader or moder, soster or brother.  
 The abbesse hir in conseyl toke,  
 To tellen hir hye nought forsoke,  
 Hou hye was founden in al thing,  
 And tok hir the cloth and the ring,  
 And bad hir kepe it in that stede;

And ther whiles sche lived so sche dede.  
 Than was ther in that cuntré  
 A riche knight of lond and fe,  
 Proud and yong and jolive,  
 And had nought yete ywedded wive.  
 He was stout, of gret renoun,  
 And was ycleped Sir Guroun.  
 He herd praise that maiden fre,  
 And seyde he wald hir se.  
 He dight him in the way anon,  
 And joliflich thider he come;  
 And bad his man sigge verrament  
 He schuld toward a turnament.  
 The abbesse and the nonnes alle  
 Fair him gret in the gest halle,  
 And damisel Freyn, so hende of mouth,  
 Gret him faire as hye wele couthe;  
 And swithe wele he gan devise  
 Her semblaunt and her gentrise,  
 Her lovesum eighen, her rode so bright,  
 And comced to love hir anon right,  
 And thought hou he might take on  
 To have hir to his leman.  
 He thought, 'Yif ich com hir to  
 More than ichave ydo,  
 The abbesse wil souchy gile  
 And voide hir in a litel while.'  
 He compast another enchesoun:  
 To be brother of that religioun. 4  
 'Madame,' he seyde to the abbesse,  
 'Y lovi wele in al godenisse,  
 Ichil give on and other,  
 Londes and rentes, to bicom your brother,  
 That ye schul ever fare the bet  
 When y com to have recet.'  
 At few wordes thai ben at on.  
 He graythes him and forth is gon.  
 Oft he come bi day and night  
 To speke with that maiden bright.  
 So that with his fair bihest,  
 And with his gloseing atte lest,  
 Hye graunted him to don his wille



When he wil, loude and stille.  
'Leman,' he seyde, 'thou most lat be  
The abbesse, thi nece, and go with me.  
For icham riche, of swich pouwere,  
The finde bet than thou hast here.' 5  
The maiden grant, and to him trist,  
And stale oway that no man wist.  
With hir tok hye no thing  
Bot hir pel and hir ring.

When the abbesse gan asprie  
That hye was with the knight owy,  
Sche made morning in hir thought,  
And hir biment and gained nought.  
So long sche was in his castel  
That al his meyné loved hir wel.  
To riche and pouer sche gan hir dresse,  
That al hir loved, more and lesse.  
And thus sche lad with him hir liif  
Right as sche hadde ben his wedded wiif.

His knightes com and to him speke,  
And Holy Chirche comandeth eke,  
Sum lordes douhter for to take,  
And his leman al forsake;  
And seyde him were wel more feir  
In wedlok to geten him an air  
Than lede his liif with swiche on  
Of was kin he knewe non.  
And seyde, 'Here bisides is a knight  
That hath a douhter fair and bright  
That schal bere his hiritage;  
Taketh hir in mariage!'  
Loth him was that dede to do,  
Ac atte last he graunt therto.

The forward was ymaked aright,  
And were at on, and treuthe plight.  
Allas, that he no hadde ywite,  
Er the forward were ysmite  
That hye and his leman also  
Sostren were and twinnes to!  
Of o fader bigeten thai were,  
Of o moder born yfere.  
That hye so ware nist non,

For soth y say, bot God alon. 6

The newe bride was grayd with alle  
And brought hom to the lordes halle.  
Hir fader com with hir, also  
The levedi, hir moder, and other mo.  
The bischop of the lond withouten fail  
Com to do the spusseyl.

[That maiden bird in bour bright,  
Le Codre sche was yhight.

And ther the gwestes had gamen and gle,  
And sayd to Sir Guroun joyfully:

'Fairer maiden nas never seen,  
Better than Ash is Hazle y ween!'  
(For in Romaunce Le Frain 'ash' is,  
And Le Codre 'hazle,' y-wis.)

A gret fest than gan they hold  
With gle and pleasaunce manifold.  
And mo than al servauntes, the maid,  
Yhight Le Frain, as servant sped.  
Albe her herte wel nigh tobroke,  
No word of pride ne grame she spoke.  
The levedi marked her simple chere,  
And gan to love her, wonder dere.  
Scant could sche feel more pine or reuth  
War it hir owen childe in sooth.  
Than to the bour the damsel sped,  
Whar graithed was the spousaile bed;  
Sche demed it was ful foully dight,  
And yll besemed a may so bright;  
So to her coffer quick she cam,  
And her riche baudekyn out nam,  
Which from the abbesse sche had got;  
Fayrer mantel nas ther not;  
And deftly on the bed it layd;  
Her lord would thus be well apayd.  
Le Codre and her mother, thare,  
Ynsame unto the bour gan fare,  
But whan the levedi that mantyll seighe,  
Sche wel neighe swoned oway.  
The chamberleynt sche cleped tho,  
But he wist of it no mo.  
Then came that hendi maid Le Frain,

And the levedi gan to her sain,  
And asked whose mantyll it ware.  
Then answered that maiden fair:  
'It is mine without lesing;  
Y had it together with this ringe.  
Myne aunte tolde me a ferli cas  
Hou in this mantyll yfold I was,  
And hadde upon mine arm this ring,  
Whanne I was ysent to norysching.'

Then was the levedi astonied sore:  
'Fair child! My doughter, y the bore!'  
Sche swoned and was wel neighe ded,  
And lay sikeand on that bed.  
Her husband was fet tho,  
And sche told him al her wo,  
Hou of her neighbour sche had missayn,  
For sche was delyvered of childre twain;  
And hou to children herself sche bore;  
'And that o child I of sent thore,  
In a convent yfostered to be;  
And this is sche, our doughter free;  
And this is the mantyll, and this the ring  
You gaf me of yore as a love-tokening.'

The knight kissed his daughter hende  
Oftimes, and to the bisschop wende:  
And he undid the mariage strate,  
And weddid Sir Guroun alsgate  
To Le Frain, his leman, so fair and hend.  
With them Le Codre away did wend,  
And sone was spousyd with game and gle,  
To a gentle knight of that countré.  
Thus ends the lay of tho maidens bright,  
Le Frain and Le Codre yhight.]

Anonymous

# Lend a Hand

Lend a hand to one another  
In the daily toil of life;  
When we meet a weaker brother,  
Let us help him in the strife.  
There is none so rich but may,  
In his turn, be forced to borrow;  
And the poor man's lot today  
May become our own tomorrow.

Lend a hand to one another:  
When malicious tongues have thrown  
Dark suspicion on your brother,  
Be not prompt to cast a stone.  
There is none so good but may  
Run adrift in shame and sorrow -  
And the good man of today  
May become the bad tomorrow.

Lend a hand to one another:  
In the race for Honor's crown;  
Should it fall upon your brother,  
Let not envy tear it down.  
Lend a hand to all, we pray,  
In their sunshine or their sorrow;  
And the prize they've won today  
May become our own tomorrow.

Anonymous

# Little Lessons

(From *The Point of View, U.S.*, 1905)

"THE LOVE I bear you, dearest,  
Would make the sweetest tale,  
We'd sail upon a sea of bliss,  
And I would lift the sail.  
Our happiness would be sublime,  
Surpassing tongue or pen.  
You may as well learn things from me,  
As to learn from other men."

"Oh! you have touched me—deeply—"  
The young thing whispered low.  
He pleaded: "Come! oh! come with me."  
She could not answer: "No."  
She said: "I'll be your pupil."  
And softly added then:  
"I may as well learn things from you  
As to learn from other men."

They dined alone that evening,  
And the young man got his wish.  
They even broke the unwritten law  
Of: "Nevaire before zee feesh."  
At half-past-three, next morning,  
He staggered home again.  
She had taught him tricks he never knew,  
That she'd learned from other men.

Anonymous

# London Bells

Two sticks and an apple,  
Ring the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Bald Pate,  
Ring the bells Aldgate.

Maids in white aprons,  
Ring the bells at St. Catherine`s.

Oranges and Lemons,  
Ring the bells at St. Clement`s.

When will you pay me?  
Ring the bells at the Old Bailey.

When I am rich,  
Ring the bells at Fleetditch.

When will that be?  
Ring the bells of Stepney.

When I am old,  
Ring the great bell at Paul`s.

Anonymous

# Lord Randall

"Oh where ha'e ye been, Lord Randall, my son!  
And where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man!"  
"I ha'e been to the wild wood: mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?  
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"  
"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"  
"Eels fried in broo; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?  
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"  
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"What become a yer bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?  
What become a yer bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"  
"They swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!  
I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"  
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at m' heart, and I fain wad lie doon."

Anonymous

# Love Not Me For Comely Grace, John Wilbye's Second Set Of Madrigals

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for a constant heart:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For these may fail or turn to ill,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;So thou and I shall sever:  
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
And love me still but know not why--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;So hast thou the same reason still  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To doat upon me ever!

Anonymous



# Love Will Find Out The Way

OVER the mountains  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Love will find out the way.

When there is no place  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For the glow-worm to lie,  
When there is no space  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For receipt of a fly;  
When the midge dares not venture  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lest herself fast she lay,  
If Love come, he will enter  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And will find out the way.

You may esteem him  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A coward for his flight;  
But if she whom Love doth honour  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Be conceal'd from the day--  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;By having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Poor heart! to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle





# Madrigal, Davison's Poetical Rhapsody

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit,  
It doth so well become her;  
For every season she hath dressings fit,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;No beauty she doth miss  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When all her robes are on:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But Beauty's self she is  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When all her robes are gone.

Anonymous

## May In The Green-Wood

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And leves be large and long,  
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And leve the hilles hee,  
And shadow him in the leves grene  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Under the green-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Early in a May mornynge,  
The Sonne up faire can shyne,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the briddis mery can syng.

'This is a mery mornynge,' said Litulle Johne,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'Be Hym that dyed on tre;  
A more mery man than I am one  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lyves not in Christiante.

'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Litulle Johne can say,  
'And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In a mornynge of May.'

Anonymous

# Midnight Special

If you evah go to Houston,  
You better walk right;  
You better not gamble  
And you better not fight.  
T. Bentley will arrest you,  
He'll surely take you down;  
Judge Nelson'll sentence you,  
Then you're jailhouse bound.

O let the Midnight Special  
Shine a light on me,  
Let the Midnight Special  
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Every Monday mawnin',  
When the ding-dong rings,  
You go to the table,  
See the same damn things;  
And on the table,  
There's a knife an' pan,  
Say anything about it,  
Have trouble with a man.

O let the Midnight Special  
Shine a light on me,  
Let the Midnight Special  
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Yondah come Miss Rosy;  
Oh, how do you know?  
By th' umbrella on her shoulder  
An' the dress that she woah!  
Straw hat on her head,  
Piece of paper in her hand,  
Says, "Look here, Mr. Jailer,  
I wants my life-time man."

O let the Midnight Special  
Shine a light on me,

Let the Midnight Special  
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Anonymous

# Moo, Moo, Brown Cow

Moo, moo, brown cow  
Have you any milk?  
Yes miss, three jugs smooth as silk.  
One for you,  
And one for me,  
And one for the little cat  
Who sits in the tree.

Anonymous



# Mr Nobody

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house.  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr., Nobody

'Tis he who always tears our books,  
who leaves our doors ajar;  
he pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
and scatters pins afar,  
that squeaking door will always squeak,  
because of this you see:  
we leave the oiling to be done  
by Mr Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,  
So kettles cannot boil;  
His are the feet that bring in mud  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers always are mislaid,  
Who had them last but he?  
There's no one tosses them about  
But Mr. Nobody

The finger marked upon the door  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blind unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying round you. See  
Are not our boots they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

Anonymous

# My Friend Judge Not Me

My friend iudge not me,  
Thou seest I iudge not thee:  
Betwixt the stirrop and the ground,  
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.

Anonymous

# My Heart Is High Above

MY heart is high above, my body is full of bliss,  
For I am set in luv as well as I would wiss  
I luv my lady pure and she luv me again,  
I am her serviture, she is my soverane;  
She is my very heart, I am her howp and heill,  
She is my joy invart, I am her luvar leal;  
I am her bond and thrall, she is at my command;  
I am perpetual her man, both foot and hand;  
The thing that may her please my body sall fulfil;  
Quhatever her disease, it does my body ill.  
My bird, my bonny ane, my tender babe venust,  
My luv, my life alane, my liking and my lust!  
We interchange our hairtis in others armis soft,  
Spriteless we twa depairtis, usand our luv oft.  
We mourn when licht day dawis, we plain the nicht is short,  
We curse the cock that crawis, that hinderis our disport.  
I glowffin up aghast, quhen I her miss on nicht,  
And in my oxter fast I find the bowster richt;  
Then languor on me lies like Morpheus the mair,  
Quhilk causes me uprise and to my sweet repair.  
And then is all the sorrow forth of remembrance  
That ever I had a-forrow in luv observance.  
Thus never I do rest, so lusty a life I lead,  
Quhen that I list to test the well of womanheid.  
Luvaris in pain, I pray God send you sic remeid  
As I have nicht and day, you to defend from deid!  
Therefore be ever true unto your ladies free,  
And they will on you rue as mine has done on me.

Anonymous

# My Lady's Tears, John Dowland's Third And Last Book Of Songs Or Airs

I SAW my Lady weep,  
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so  
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Her face was full of woe;  
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts  
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sorrow was there made fair,  
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;  
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She made her sighs to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadness move  
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O fairer than aught else  
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!  
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Tears kill the heart, believe.  
O strive not to be excellent in woe,  
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anonymous

## My Love In Her Attire

My Loue in her Attyre doth shew her witt,  
It doth so well become her:  
For eu'ry season she hath dressings fitt,  
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
No Beautie shee doth misse,  
When all her Robes are on:  
But Beauties selfe shee is,  
When all her Robes are gone.

Anonymous

## Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble,  
Noble in the walks of time,  
Time that leads to an eternal,  
An eternal life sublime.  
Life sublime in moral beauty,  
Beauty that shall never be;  
Ever be to lure thee onward,  
Onward to the fountain free.  
Free to every earnest seeker,  
Seeker for the fount of youth;  
Youth exultant in its beauty,  
Beauty of the living truth.

Anonymous

# O Burr

O Burr, O Burr, what hast though done?  
Thou hast shoted dead great Hamilton.  
You hid behind a bunch of thistle,  
And shoted him dead with a great hoss pistol.

Caption on a wax tableau of Vice President Aaron Burr's fatal interview with General Alexander Hamilton.

Anonymous

# O Death, O Death, Rock Me Asleep

O Death, O Death, rock me asleep,  
Bring me to quiet rest;  
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost  
Out of my careful breast.  
Toll on, thou passing bell;  
Ring out my doleful knell;  
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,  
For I must die,  
There is no remedy.

My pains, my pains, who can express?  
Alas, they are so strong!  
My dolours will not suffer strength  
My life for to prolong.  
Toll on, thou passing bell;  
Ring out my doleful knell;  
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,  
For I must die,  
There is no remedy.

Alone, alone in prison strong  
I wail my destiny:  
Woe worth this cruel hap that I  
Must taste this misery!  
Toll on, thou passing bell;  
Ring out my doleful knell;  
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,  
For I must die,  
There is no remedy.

Farewell, farewell, my pleasures past!  
Welcome, my present pain!  
I feel my torment so increase  
That life cannot remain.  
Cease now, thou passing bell,  
Ring out my doleful knoll,  
For thou my death dost tell:  
Lord, pity thou my soul!  
Death doth draw nigh,



Sound dolefully:  
For now I die,  
I die, I die.

Anonymous

# Of A Rose, A Lovely Rose, Of A Rose Is Al Myn Song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, both elde and yinge,  
How this rose began to spryng;  
Swych a rose to myn lykynge  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In al this word ne knowe I non.

The Aungil came fro hevne tour,  
To grete Marye with gret honour,  
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,  
That is bothe bryht and schen:  
The rose is Mary hevne qwyn,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myht,  
That sprang on Cyrstemesse nyht,  
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryht  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,  
The fendys power down to felle:  
Therein myht non sowle dwelle;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Blyssid be the time the rose sprong!

The thredde braunche is good and swote,  
It sprang to hevne crop and rote,  
Therein to dwellyn and ben our bote;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,  
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,  
Che be our helpe and our socour  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

Anonymous

## Old English Riddle

My dress is silent when I tread the ground  
Or stay at home or stir upon the waters.  
Sometimes my trappings and the lofty air  
Raise me above the dwelling-place of men,  
And then the power of clouds carries me far  
Above the people; and my ornaments  
Loudly resound, send forth a melody  
And clearly sing, when I am not in touch  
With earth or water, but a flying spirit.

Anonymous

## On A Tired Housewife

HERE lies a poor woman who was always tired,  
She lived in a house where help wasn't hired:  
Her last words on earth were: 'Dear friends, I am going  
To where there's no cooking, or washing, or sewing,  
For everything there is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But having no voice I'll be quit of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,  
I am going to do nothing for ever and ever.'

Anonymous

## Phillada Flouts Me

O WHAT a plague is love!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;How shall I bear it?  
She will inconstant prove,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I greatly fear it.  
She so torments my mind  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That my strength faileth,  
And wavers with the wind  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As a ship saileth.  
Please her the best I may,  
She loves still to gainsay;  
Alack and well-a-day!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She did pass by me;  
She look'd another way  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And would not spy me:  
I woo'd her for to dine,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But could not get her;  
Will had her to the wine--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;He might entreat her.  
With Daniel she did dance,  
On me she look'd askance:  
O thrice unhappy chance!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Do not disdain me!  
I am my mother's joy:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sweet, entertain me!  
She'll give me, when she dies,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;All that is fitting:  
Her poultry and her bees,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And her goose sitting,  
A pair of mattrass beds,  
And a bag full of shreds;  
And yet, for all this guedes,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wrought with blue coventry,  
Which she keeps for a sign  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of my fidelity:  
But i' faith, if she flinch  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She shall not wear it;  
To Tib, my t'other wench,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I mean to bear it.  
And yet it grieves my heart  
So soon from her to part:  
Death strike me with his dart!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;All the year lasting,  
And drink the crystal stream  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Pleasant in tasting;  
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And bramble-berries,  
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Pears, plums, and cherries.  
Thy raiment shall be thin,  
Made of a weevil's skin--  
Yet all 's not worth a pin!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I made her posies;  
I heard her often say  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That she loved roses.  
Cowslips and gillyflowers  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the white lily  
I brought to deck the bowers  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For my sweet Philly.  
But she did all disdain,  
And threw them back again;  
Therefore 'tis flat and plain  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And in time take me;  
I can have those as fair



# Phyllida's Love-Call

Phyllida. CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Titan shineth clear.  
 Corydon. Who is it that calleth Corydon?  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Who is it that I hear?  
 Phyl. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Arise then, arise then,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Arise and keep thy flock with me!  
 Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I come then, I come then,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Eat them for my sake.  
 Cor. Here 's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sport for thee to make.  
 Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To knit thee, to knit thee,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A pair of stockings white as milk.  
 Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To make thee, to make thee,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To set in thy cap.  
 Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To put in thy lap.  
 Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For Sundays, for Sundays,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To wear about his legs so tall.  
 Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For Sundays, for Sundays,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To wear about her middle small.

Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Making melody--  
 Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Singing cheerily--  
 Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For sweetness, for sweetness,





# Pipe And Can

I

THE Indian weed withered quite;  
Green at morn, cut down at night;  
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Think thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,  
And that the fire doth it require:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes, that are left behind,  
May serve to put thee still in mind  
That unto dust return thou must:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

II

WHEN as the chill Charokko blows,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And Winter tells a heavy tale;  
When pyes and daws and rooks and crows  
Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Such as will make grimalkin prate;  
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,  
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And frames the march of Swedish drum,  
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,



# Preparations

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;  
See they be fitted all;  
Let there be room to eat  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.

'Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,  
The dazie o'er the head,  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place!'

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;  
And 'twere good reason too;  
For 'tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king,  
And after all our travail and our cost,  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven  
All 's set at six and seven;  
We wallow in our sin,  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

Anonymous

# Quia Amore Languo

IN a valley of this restless mind  
I sought in mountain and in mead,  
Trusting a true love for to find.  
Upon an hill then took I heed;  
A voice I heard (and near I yede)  
In great dolour complaining tho:  
See, dear soul, how my sides bleed  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,  
Under a tree a man sitting;  
From head to foot wounded was he;  
His heart's blood I saw bleeding:  
A seemingly man to be a king,  
A gracious face to look unto.  
I asked why he had paining;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;[He said,] Quia amore languo.

I am true love that false was never;  
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.  
Because we would in no wise dis sever  
I left my kingdom glorious.  
I purveyed her a palace full precious;  
She fled, I followed, I loved her so  
That I suffered this pain piteous  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languo.

My fair love and my spouse bright!  
I saved her from beating, and she hath me bet;  
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light;  
This bloody shirt she hath on me set;  
For longing of love yet would I not let;  
Sweetest strokes are these: lo!  
I have loved her ever as I her het  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languo.

I crowned her with bliss and she me with thorn;  
I led her to chamber and she me to die;  
I brought her to worship and she me to scorn;

I did her reverence and she me villany.  
 To love that loveth is no maistry;  
 Her hate made never my love her foe:  
 Ask me then no question why--  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languero.

Look unto mine handes, man!  
 These gloves were given me when I her sought;  
 They be not white, but red and wan;  
 Embroidered with blood my spouse them brought.  
 They will not off; I loose hem nought;  
 I woo her with hem wherever she go.  
 These hands for her so friendly fought  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languero.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still.  
 See, love hath shod me wonder strait:  
 Buckled my feet, as was her will,  
 With sharpe nails (well thou may'st wait!)  
 In my love was never desait;  
 All my membres I have opened her to;  
 My body I made her herte's bait  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languero.

In my side I have made her nest;  
 Look in, how weet a wound is here!  
 This is her chamber, here shall she rest,  
 That she and I may sleep in fere.  
 Here may she wash, if any filth were;  
 Here is seat for all her woe;  
 Come when she will, she shall have cheer  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languero.

I will abide till she be ready,  
 I will her sue if she say nay;  
 If she be retchless I will be greedy,  
 If she be dangerous I will her pray;  
 If she weep, then bide I ne may:  
 Mine arms ben spread to clip her me to.  
 Cry once, I come: now, soul, assay  
 &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Quia amore languero.







# Red River Valley

To the Red River Valley we are going,  
For to get us some trains and some trucks.  
But if I had my say so about it,  
I'd still be at home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.  
To the Red River Valley we're going,  
And I'm flying four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,  
And they said it was clear as could be.  
I lost my wingman 'round the field,  
And the rest augured in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going,  
S-2 said there's no flak on the way.  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target,  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the valley they say we are going,  
And many strange sights will we see.  
But the one there that held my attention,  
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the valley he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal that he earned.  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar Teak Flight will sing.  
But we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the MIGS and the SAMs we don't need.  
So fly high and down-sun in the valley,  
And guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now things turn to shit in the valley,  
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed.  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,  
And it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,  
In the States it had always been fun.  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
'Twas the last AAR for Teak One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun.  
For the first to roll in on the target,  
Was my leader, old Teak Number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead.  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
'Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,  
We will sit there and tickle the beads.  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign for today is Teak Lead.

Anonymous

# Riddle

A moth, I thogh, munching a word.  
How marvellously weird! a worm  
Digesting a mans sayings -  
A sneakthief nibbling in the shadows  
At the shape of a poet`s thunderous phrases -  
How unutterably strange!  
And the pilfering parasite none the wiser  
For the words he has swallowed.

Anonymous

# Santa's New Idea

Said Santa Claus  
One winter's night,  
'I really think it's only right  
That gifts should have a little say  
'Bout where they'll be on Christmas Day.'

So then and there  
He called the toys  
Intended for good girls and boys,  
And when they'd settled down to hear,  
He made his plan for them quite clear.

These were his words:  
'Soon now,' he said,  
'You'll all be speeding off with me  
To being the Christmas joy and cheer  
To little ones both far and near.

'Here's my idea,  
It seems but fair  
That you should each one have a share  
In choosing homes where you will stay  
On and after Christmas Day.

'Now the next weeks  
Before we go  
Over the miles of glistening snow  
Find out the tots that you like best  
And think much nicer than the rest.'

The toys called out  
'Hurrah! Hurrah!  
What fun to live always and play  
With folks we choose - they'll surely be  
Selected very carefully.'

So, children dear,  
When you do see  
Your toys in socks or on a tree,

You'll know in all the world 'twas you  
They wanted to be given to.

Anonymous

# She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
When she comes.

She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
When she comes.

She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,  
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,  
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,  
She'll be drivin' six white horses,  
She'll be drivin' six white horses,  
When she comes.

Oh we'll all go to meet her,  
When she comes.

Oh we'll all go to meet her,  
When she comes.

We will kill the old red rooster,  
We will kill the old red rooster,  
And we'll all have chicken and dumplin',  
When she comes.

Anonymous

# Sighs

All night I muse, all day I cry,  
Ay me!  
Yet still I wish, though still deny,  
Ay me!  
I sigh, I mourn, and say that still  
I only live my joys to kill,  
Ay me !

I feed the pain that on me feeds,  
Ay me!  
My wound I stop not, though it bleeds,  
Ay me!  
Heart, be content, it must be so,  
For springs were made to overflow,  
Ay me!

Then sigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,  
Ay me!  
Seek no redress, but languish still,  
Ay me!  
Their griefs more willing they endure  
That know when they are past recure,  
Ay me!

Anonymous

# Since First I Saw Your Face, Thomas Ford's Music Of Sundry Kinds

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;  
If now I be disdain'd I wish my heart had never known ye.  
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?  
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me;  
Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly might you leave  
me.  
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; is 't now a time to chide me?  
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

The Sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,  
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder:  
Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me,  
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me!

Anonymous



## Sir Degare

Lysteneth, lordinges, gente and fre,  
Ich wille you telle of Sire Degarre:  
Knightes that were sometyme in londe  
Ferli fele wolde fonde  
And sechen adventures bi night and dai,  
Hou thai mighte here strengthe asai;  
So dede a knyght, Sire Degarree:  
Ich wille you telle wat man was he.

In Litel Bretaygne was a kyng  
Of gret poer in all thing,  
Stif in armes under sscheld,  
And mochel idouted in the feld.  
Ther nas no man, verraiment,  
That mighte in werre ne in tornament,  
Ne in justes for no thing,  
Him out of his sadel bring,  
Ne out of his stirop bringe his fot,  
So strong he was of bon and blod.

This Kyng he hadde none hair  
But a maidenchild, fre and fair;  
Here gentiressse and here beauté  
Was moche renound in ich countré.  
This maiden he loved als his lif,  
Of hire was ded the Quene his wif:  
In travailing here lif she les.  
And tho the maiden of age wes  
Kynges sones to him speke,  
Emperours and Dukes eke,  
To haven his doughter in mariage,  
For love of here heritage;  
Ac the Kyng answered ever  
That no man sschal here halden ever  
But yif he mai in turneyng  
Him out of his sadel bring,  
And maken him lesen hise stiropes bayne.  
Many assayed and myght not gayne.  
That ryche Kynge every yere wolde  
A solempne feste make and holde  
On hys wyvys mynnyng day,

That was beryed in an abbay  
In a foreste there besyde.  
With grete meyné he wolde ryde,  
Hire dirige do, and masse bothe,  
Poure men fede, and naked clothe,  
Offring brenge, gret plenté,  
And fede the covent with gret daynté.  
Toward the abbai als he com ride,  
And mani knyghtes bi his side,  
His doughter also bi him rod.  
Amidde the forest hii abod.  
Here chaumberleyn she clepede hire to  
And other dammaiseles two  
And seide that hii moste alighte  
To don here nedes and hire righte; 1  
Thai alight adoun alle thre,  
Tweie damaiseles and ssche,  
And longe while ther abiden,  
Til al the folk was forht iriden.  
Thai wolden up and after wolde,  
And couthen nowt here way holde.  
The wode was rough and thikke, iwis,  
And thai token the wai amys.  
Thai moste souht and riden west 2  
Into the thikke of the forest.  
Into a launde hii ben icome,  
And habbeth wel undernome  
That thai were amis igon.  
Thai light adoun everichon  
And cleped and criede al ifere,  
Ac no man aright hem ihere.  
Thai nist what hem was best to don; 3  
The weder was hot bifor the non;  
Hii leien hem doun upon a grene,  
Under a chastein tre, ich wene,  
And fillen aslepe everichone  
Bote the damaisele alone.  
She wente aboute and gaderede floures,  
And herknede song of wilde foules.  
So fer in the launde she goht, iwis,  
That she ne wot nevere whare se is.  
To hire maidenés she wolde anon.

Ac hi ne wiste never wat wei to gon.  
Whenne hi wende best to hem terne,  
Aweiward than hi goth wel yerne.  
'Allas!' hi seide, 'that I was boren!  
Nou ich wot ich am forloren!  
Wilde bestes me willeth togrinde  
Or ani man me sschulle finde!'  
Than segh hi swich a sight:  
Toward hire comen a knight,  
Gentil, yong, and jolif man;  
A robe of scarlet he hadde upon;  
His visage was feir, his bodi ech weies;  
Of countenance right curteis;  
Wel farende legges, fot, and honde:  
Ther nas non in al the Kynges londe  
More apert man than was he.  
'Damaisele, welcome mote thou be!  
Be thou afered of none wihghte:  
Iich am comen here a fairi knyghte;  
Mi kynde is armes for to were,  
On horse to ride with scheld and spere;  
Forthi afered be thou nowt:  
I ne have nowt but mi swerd ibroust.  
Iich have iloved the mani a yer,  
And now we beth us selve her,  
Thou best mi lemman ar thou go,  
Wether the liketh wel or wo.'  
Tho nothing ne coude do she  
But wep and criede and wolde fle;  
And he anon gan hire at holde,  
And dide his wille, what he wolde.  
He binam hire here maidenhod,  
And seththen up toforen hire stod.  
'Lemman,' he seide, 'gent and fre,  
Mid schilde I wot that thou schalt be;  
Siker ich wot hit worht a knave; 4  
Forthi mi swerd thou sschalt have,  
And whenne that he is of elde  
That he mai himself biwelde,  
Tak him the swerd, and bidde him fonde  
To sechen his fader in eche londe.  
The swerd his god and avenaunt:

Lo, as I faugt with a geaunt,  
 I brak the point in his hed;  
 And siththen, when that he was ded,  
 I tok hit out and have hit er,  
 Redi in min aumener.  
 Yit paraventure time bith  
 That mi sone mete me with:  
 Be mi swerd I mai him kenne.  
 Have god dai! I mot gon henne.'  
 Thi knight passede as he cam.  
 Al wepende the swerd she nam,  
 And com hom sore sikend,  
 And fond here maidenen al slepend.  
 The swerd she hidde als she mighte,  
 And awaked hem in highte,  
 And doht hem to horse anon,  
 And gonne to ride everichon.  
 Thanne seghen hi ate last  
 Tweie squiers come prikend fast.  
 Fram the Kyng thai weren isent,  
 To white whider his doughter went.  
 Thai browt hire into the righte wai  
 And comen faire to the abbay,  
 And doth the servise in alle thingges,  
 Mani masse and riche offringes;  
 And whanne the servise was al idone  
 And ipassed over the none,  
 The Kyng to his castel gan ride;  
 His doughter rod bi his side.  
 And he yemeth his kyngdom overal  
 Stoutliche, as a god king sschal.  
 Ac whan ech man was glad an blithe,  
 His doughter siked an sorewed swithe;  
 Here wombe greted more and more;  
 Therwhile she mighte, se hidde here sore.  
 On a dai, as hi wepende set,  
 On of hire maidenen hit underyet.  
 'Madame,' she seide, 'par charité,  
 Whi wepe ye now, telleth hit me.'  
 'A! gentil maiden, kinde icoren,  
 Help me, other ich am forloren!  
 Ich have ever yete ben meke and milde:

Lo, now ich am with quike schilde!  
Yif ani man hit underyete,  
Men wolde sai bi sti and strete  
That mi fader the King hit wan  
And I ne was never aqueint with man!  
And yif he hit himselve wite,  
Swich sorewe schal to him smite  
That never blithe schal he be,  
For al his joie is in me,'  
And tolde here al togeder ther  
Hou hit was bigete and wher.

'Madame,' quad the maide, 'ne care thou nowt:  
Stille awai hit sschal be browt.  
No man schal wite in Godes riche  
Whar hit bicometh, but thou and iche.'

Her time come, she was unbounde,  
And delivred al mid sounde;  
A knaveschild ther was ibore:  
Glad was the moder tharfore.  
The maiden servede here at wille,  
Wond that child in clothes stille,  
And laid hit in a cradel anon,  
And was al prest tharwith to gon.  
Yhit is moder was him hold:  
Four pound she tok of gold,  
And ten of selver also;  
Under his fote she laid hit tho, -  
For swich thing hit mighte hove;  
And seththen she tok a paire glove  
That here lemman here sente of fairi londe,  
That nolde on no manne honde,  
Ne on child ne on womman yhe nolde,  
But on hire selve wel yhe wolde.  
Tho gloven she put under his hade,  
And siththen a letter she wrot and made,  
And knit hit with a selkene thred  
Aboute his nekke wel god sped  
That who hit founde sscholde iwite.  
Than was in the lettre thous iwrite:  
'Par charité, yif ani god man  
This helpes child finde can,  
Lat cristen hit with prestes honde, 5

And bringgen hit to live in londe,  
For hit is comen of gentil blod.  
Helpeth hit with his owen god,  
With tresor that under his fet lis;  
And ten yer eld whan that he his,  
Taketh him this ilke gloven two,  
And biddeth him, wharevere he go,  
That he ne lovie no womman in londe  
But this gloves willen on hire honde;  
For siker on honde nelle thai nere  
But on his moder that him bere.'

The maiden tok the child here mide,  
Stille awai in aven tide,  
Alle the winteres longe night.  
The weder was cler, the mone light;  
Than warhth she war anon  
Of an hermitage in a ston:  
An holi man had ther his woniyng.  
Thider she wente on heyng,  
An sette the cradel at his dore,  
And durste abide no lengore,  
And passede forth anon right.  
Hom she com in that other night,  
And fond the levedi al drupni,  
Sore wepinde, and was sori,  
And tolde hire al togeder ther  
Hou she had iben and wher.

The hermite aros erliche tho,  
And his knave was uppe also,  
An seide ifere here matines,  
And servede God and Hise seins.  
The litel child thai herde crie,  
And clepede after help on hie;  
The holi man his dore undede,  
And fond the cradel in the stede;  
He tok up the clothes anon  
And biheld the litel grom;  
He tok the letter and radde wel sone  
That tolde him that he scholde done.

The heremite held up bothe his honde  
An thonked God of al His sonde,  
And bar that child in to his chapel,

And for joie he rong his bel.  
He dede up the gloven and the tresour  
And cristned the child with gret honour:  
In the name of the Trinité,  
He hit nemnede Degarre,  
Degarre nowt elles ne is  
But thing that not never what hit is,  
Other thing that is neggh forlorn also; 6  
Forthi the schild he nemnede thous tho.

The heremite that was holi of lif  
Hadde a soster that was a wif;  
A riche marchaunt of that countré  
Hadde hire ispoused into that cité.  
To hire that schild he sente tho  
Bi his knave, and the silver also,  
And bad here take gode hede  
Hit to foster and to fede,  
And yif God Almighty wolde  
Ten yer his lif holde,  
Ayen to him hi scholde hit wise:  
He hit wolde tech of clergise.

The litel child Degarre  
Was ibrount into that cité.  
The wif and hire loverd ifere  
Kept his ase hit here owen were.  
Bi that hit was ten yer old,  
Hit was a fair child and a bold,  
Wel inorissched, god and hende;  
Was non betere in al that ende.  
He wende wel that the gode man  
Had ben his fader that him wan,  
And the wif his moder also,  
And the hermite his unkel bo;  
And whan the ten yer was ispent,  
To the hermitage he was sent,  
And he was glad him to se,  
He was so feir and so fre.  
He taughte him of clerkes lore  
Other ten wynter other more;  
And when he was of twenti yer,  
Staleworth he was, of swich pouer  
That ther ne wan man in that lond

That o breid him might astond.  
 Tho the hermite seth, withouten les,  
 Man for himself that he wes,  
 Staleworht to don ech werk,  
 And of his elde so god a clerk,  
 He tok him his florines and his gloves  
 That he had kept to hise bihovos.  
 Ac the ten pound of starlings  
 Were ispended in his fostrings.  
 He tok him the letter to rede,  
 And biheld al the dede.  
 'O leve hem, par charité,  
 Was this letter mad for me?'  
 'Ye, bi oure Lord, us helpe sschal!  
 Thus hit was,' and told him al.  
 He knelede adoun al so swithe,  
 And thonked the ermite of his live,  
 And swor he nolde stinte no stounde  
 Til he his kinrede hadde ifounde.  
 For in the lettre was thous iwrite,  
 That bi the gloven he sscholde iwite  
 Wich were his moder and who,  
 Yhif that sche livede tho,  
 For on hire honden hii wolde,  
 And on non other hii nolde.  
 Half the florines he gaf the hermite,  
 And halvendel he tok him mide,  
 And nam his leve an wolde go.  
 'Nai,' seide the hermite, 'schaltu no!  
 To seche thi ken mightou nowt dure  
 Withouten hors and god armure.'  
 'Nai,' quad he, 'bi Hevene Kyng,  
 Ich wil have first another thing!  
 He hew adoun, bothe gret and grim,  
 To beren in his hond with him,  
 A god sapling of an ok;  
 Whan he tharwith gaf a strok,  
 Ne wer he never so strong a man  
 Ne so gode armes hadde upon,  
 That he ne scholde falle to grounde;  
 Swich a bourdon to him he founde.  
 Tho thenne God he him bitawt,



And aither fram other wepyng rawt.  
 Child Degarre wente his wai  
 Thourgh the forest al that dai.  
 No man he ne herd, ne non he segh,  
 Til hit was non ipassed hegh;  
 Thanne he herde a noise kete  
 In o valai, an dintes grete.  
 Blive thider he gan to te:  
 What hit ware he wolde ise.  
 An Herl of the countré, stout and fers,  
 With a knight and four squiers,  
 Hadde ihonted a der other two,  
 And al here houndes weren ago.  
 Than was thar a dragon grim,  
 Ful of filth and of venim,  
 With wide throte and teth grete,  
 And wynges bitere with to bete.  
 As a lyoun he hadde fet,  
 And his tail was long and gret.  
 The smoke com of his nose awai  
 Ase fer out of a chimenai.  
 The knyght and squiers he had torent,  
 Man and hors to dethe chent.  
 The dragon the Erl assaile gan,  
 And he defended him as a man,  
 And stoutliche leid on with his swerd,  
 And stronge strokes on him gerd;  
 Ac alle his dentes ne greved him nowt:  
 His hide was hard so iren wrout.  
 Therl flei fram tre to tre -  
 Fein he wolde fram him be -  
 And the dragon him gan asail;  
 The doughti Erl in that batail  
 Ofsegh this child Degarre;  
 'Ha! help!' he seide, 'par charité!'  
 The dragoun seth the child com;  
 He laft the Erl and to him nom  
 Blowinde and yeniend also  
 Als he him wolde swolewe tho.  
 Ac Degarre was ful strong;  
 He tok his bat, gret and long,  
 And in the forehefd he him batereth

That al the forehefd he tospatereth.  
He fil adoun anon right,  
And frapte his tail with gret might  
Upon Degarres side,  
That up-so-doun he gan to glide;  
Ac he stert up ase a man  
And with his bat leide upan,  
And al tofrusst him ech a bon,  
That he lai ded, stille as a ston.

Therl knelede adoun bilive  
And thonked the child of his live,  
And maked him with him gon  
To his castel right anon,  
And wel at hese he him made,  
And proferd him al that he hade,  
Rentes, tresor, an eke lond,  
For to holden in his hond.  
Thanne answerede Degarre,  
'Lat come ferst bifor me  
Thi levedi and other wimmen bold,  
Maidenes and widues, yonge and olde,  
And other damoiseles swete.  
Yif mine gloven beth to hem mete  
For to done upon here honde,  
Thanne ich wil take thi londe;  
And yif thai ben nowt so,  
Iich wille take me leve and go.'

Alle wimman were forht ibrowt  
In wide cuntries and forth isowt:  
Ech the gloven assaie bigan,  
Ac non ne mighte don hem on.  
He tok his gloven and up hem dede,  
And nam his leve in that stede.  
The Erl was gentil man of blod,  
And gaf him a stede ful god  
And noble armure, riche and fin,  
When he wolde armen him therin,  
And a palefrai to riden an,  
And a knave to ben his man,  
And yaf him a swerd bright,  
And dubbed him ther to knyght,  
And swor bi God Almighty

That he was better worthi  
 To usen hors and armes also  
 Than with his bat aboute to go.  
 Sire Degarre was wel blithe,  
 And thanked the Erl mani a sithe,  
 And lep upon hiis palefrai,  
 And doht him forth in his wai;  
 Upon his stede righte his man,  
 And ledde his armes als he wel can;  
 Mani a jorneé thai ride and sette.  
 So on a dai gret folk thei mette,  
 Erles and barouns of renoun,  
 That come fram a cité toun.  
 He asked a seriaunt what tiding,  
 And whennes hii come and what is this thing?  
 'Sire,' he seide, 'verraiment,  
 We come framward a parlement.  
 The King a gret conseil made  
 For nedes that he to don hade.  
 Whan the parlement was plener,  
 He lette crie fer and ner,  
 Yif ani man were of armes so bold  
 That with the King justi wold,  
 He sscholde have in mariage  
 His dowter and his heritage,  
 That is kingdom god and fair,  
 For he had non other hair.  
 Ac no man ne dar graunte therto,  
 For mani hit assaieth and mai nowt do:  
 Mani erl and mani baroun,  
 Knightes and squiers of renoun;  
 Ac ech man, that him justeth with, tit  
 Hath of him a foul despit:  
 Some he breketh the nekke anon,  
 And of some the rig-bon;  
 Some thourgh the bodi he girt,  
 Ech is maimed other ihirt;  
 Ac no man mai don him no thing  
 Swich wonder chauce hath the King.  
 Sire Degarre thous thenche gan:  
 'Ich am a staleworht man,  
 And of min owen ich have a stede,

Swerd and spere and riche wede;  
 And yif ich felle the Kyng adoun,  
 Evere ich have wonnen renoun;  
 And thei that he me herte sore,  
 No man wot wer ich was bore.  
 Whether deth other lif me bitide,  
 Agen the King ich wille ride!  
 In the cité his in he taketh,  
 And resteth him and meri maketh.  
 On a dai with the King he mette,  
 And knelede adoun and him grette:  
 'Sire King,' he saide, 'of muchel might,  
 Mi loverd me sende hider anon right  
 For to warne you that he  
 Bi thi leve wolde juste with the,  
 And winne thi dowter, yif he mai;  
 As the cri was this ender dai,  
 Justes he had to the inome.'  
 'De par Deus!' quath the King, 'he is welcome.  
 Be he baroun, be he erl,  
 Be he burgeis, be he cherl,  
 No man wil I forsake.  
 He that winneth al sschal take.'  
 Amorewe the justes was iset;  
 The King him purveid wel the bet,  
 And Degarre ne knew no man,  
 Ac al his trust is God upon.  
 Erliche to church than wente he;  
 The masse he herde of the Trinité.  
 To the Fader he offreth hon florine,  
 And to the Sone another al so fine,  
 And to the Holi Gost the thridde;  
 The prest for him ful yerne gan bidde.  
 And tho the servise was idon,  
 To his in he wente wel son  
 And let him armi wel afin,  
 In god armes to justi in.  
 His gode stede he gan bistride;  
 His squier bar his sschaft biside;  
 In the feld the King he abide gan,  
 As he com ridend with mani a man,  
 Stoutliche out of the cité toun,

With mani a lord of gret renoun;  
Ac al that in the felde beth  
That the justes iseth  
Seide that hi never yit iseghe  
So pert a man with here egye  
As was this gentil Degarre,  
Ac no man wiste whennes was he.

Bothe thai gonne to justi than,  
Ac Degarre can nowt theron.  
The King hath the gretter schaft  
And kan inowgh of the craft.  
To breke his nekke he had iment:  
In the helm he set his dent,  
That the schaft al tosprong;  
Ac Degarre was so strong  
That in the sadel stille he set,  
And in the stiropes held his fet;  
For sothe I seie, withoute lesing,  
He ne couthe nammore of justing.  
'Allas!' quath the King, 'allas!  
Me ne fil nevere swich a cas,  
That man that ich mighte hitte  
After mi strok mighte sitte!  
He taketh a wel gretter tre  
And swor so he moste ithe,  
'Yif his nekke nel nowt atwo,  
His rigg schal, ar ich hennes go!  
He rod eft with gret raundoun  
And thought to beren him adoun,  
And girt Degarre anon  
Right agein the brest-bon  
The schaft was stef and wonder god,  
And Degarre stede astod,  
And al biforen he ros on heghth,  
And tho was he ifallen neghth;  
But as God Almighty wold,  
The schaft brak and might nowt hold,  
And Degarre his cours out ritte,  
And was agramed out of his witte.  
'Allas!' quath he, 'for vilaynie!  
The King me hath ismiten twie,  
And I ne touchede him nowt yete.

Nou I schal avise me bette!  
He turned his stede with herte grim,  
And rod to the King, and he to him,  
And togider thai gert ful right,  
And in the scheldes here strokes pight  
That the speres al toriveth  
And up right to here honde sliveth,  
That alle the lordings that ther ben  
That the justing mighte sen  
Seiden hi ne seghe never with egye  
Man that mighte so longe dreghye,  
In wraththe for nothing,  
Sitten a strok of here King;  
'Ac he his doughti for the nones,  
A strong man of bodi and bones.'

The King with egre mod gan speke:  
'Do bring me a schaft that wil nowt breke!  
A, be mi trewthe, he sschal adoun!  
Thai he be strengere than Sampson;  
And thei he be the bare qued,  
He sschal adoun, maugré his heved!'  
He tok a schaft was gret and long,  
The schild another al so strong;  
And to the King wel evene he rit;  
The King faileth, and he him smit;  
His schaft was strong and god withal,  
And wel scharped the coronal.  
He smot the Kyng in the lainer:  
He might flit nother fer ne ner.  
The King was strong and harde sat;  
The stede ros up biforn with that,  
And Sire Degarre so thriste him than  
That, maugré whoso grochche bigan,  
Out of the sadel he him cast,  
Tail over top, right ate last.  
Than was ther long houting and cri;  
The King was sor asschamed forthi;  
The lordinges comen with might and mein  
And broughte the King on horse agein,  
An seide with o criing, iwis,  
'Child Degarre hath wonne the pris!'  
Than was the damaisele sori,

For hi wist wel forwhi:  
 That hi scholde ispoused ben  
 To a knight that sche never had sen,  
 And lede here lif with swich a man  
 That sche ne wot who him wan,  
 No in what londe he was ibore;  
 Carful was the levedi therefore.  
 Than seide the King to Degarre,  
 'Min hende sone, com hider to me:  
 And thou were al so gentil a man  
 As thou semest with sight upan,  
 And ase wel couthest wisdomes do  
 As thou art staleworht man therto,  
 Me thouwte mi kingdoms wel biset:  
 Ac be thou werse, be thou bet,  
 Covenaut ich wille the holde.  
 Lo, her biforn mi barons bolde,  
 Mi douwter I take the bi the hond,  
 And seise the her in al mi lond.  
 King thou scalt ben after me:  
 God graunte the god man for to be!  
 Than was the child glad and blithe,  
 And thonked the Kyng mani a sithe.  
 Gret perveaunce than was ther iwrount:  
 To churche thai were togidere ibrount,  
 And spoused that levedi verraiment,  
 Under Holi Sacrement.  
 Lo, what chaunse and wonder strong  
 Bitideth mani a man with wrong,  
 That cometh into an uncouthe thede  
 And spouseth wif for ani mede  
 And knowes nothing of hire kin,  
 Ne sche of his, neither more ne min,  
 And beth iwedded togider to libbe  
 Par aventure, and beth neghth sibbe!  
 So dede Sire Degarre the bold  
 Spoused ther is moder  
 And that hende levedi also  
 Here owene sone was spoused to,  
 That sche upon here bodi bar.  
 Lo, what aventure fil hem thar!  
 But God, that alle thingge mai stere,

Wolde nowt that thai sinned ifere:  
To chirche thai wente with barouns bolde;  
A riche feste thai gonne to holde;  
And wan was wel ipassed non  
And the dai was al idon,  
To bedde thai sscholde wende, that fre,  
The dammaisele and Sire Degarre.  
He stod stille and bithouwte him than  
Hou the hermite, the holi man,  
Bad he scholde no womman take  
For faired ne for riches sake  
But she mighte this gloves two  
Lightliche on hire hondes do.  
'Allas, allas!' than saide he,  
'What meschaunce is comen to me?  
A wai! witles wrechche ich am!  
Iich hadde levere than this kingdam  
That is iseised into min hond  
That ich ware faire out of this lond!'  
He wrang his hondes and was sori,  
Ac no man wiste therefore wi.

The King parceyved and saide tho,  
'Sire Degarre, wi farest thou so?  
Is ther ani thing don ille,  
Spoken or seid agen thi wille?'  
'Ya, sire,' he saide, 'bi Hevene King!'  
'I chal never, for no spousing,  
Therwhiles I live, with wimman dele,  
Widue ne wif ne dammeisele,  
But she this gloves mai take and fonde  
And lightlich drawn upon hire honde.'  
His yonge bride that gan here,  
And al for thout chaunged hire chere  
And ate laste gan to turne here mod:  
Here visage wex ase red ase blod:  
She knew tho gloves that were hire.  
'Schewe hem hider, leve sire.'  
Sche tok the gloves in that stede  
And lightliche on hire hondes dede,  
And fil adoun, with revli crie,  
And seide, 'God, mercy, mercie!  
Thou art mi sone hast spoused me her,



And ich am, sone, thi moder der.  
 Ich hadde the loren, ich have the founde;  
 Blessed be Jhesu Crist that stounde!'

Sire Degarre tok his moder tho  
 And helde here in his armes two.  
 Keste and clepte here mani a sithe;  
 That hit was sche, he was ful blithe.  
 Than the Kyng gret wonder hadde  
 Why that noise that thai made,  
 And mervailed of hire crying,  
 And seide, 'Doughter, what is this thing?'  
 'Fader,' she seide, 'thou schalt ihere:  
 Thou wenest that ich a maiden were,  
 Ac certes, nay, sire, ich am non:  
 Twenti winter nou hit is gon  
 That mi maidenhed I les  
 In a forest as I wes,  
 And this is mi sone, God hit wot:  
 Bi this gloves wel ich wot.'  
 She told him al that sothe ther,  
 Hou the child was geten and wher;  
 And hou that he was boren also,  
 To the hermitage yhe sente him tho,  
 And seththen herd of him nothing;  
 'But thanked be Jhesu, Hevene King,  
 Iich have ifounde him alive!  
 Ich am his moder and ek his wive!'

'Leve moder,' seide Sire Degarre,  
 'Telle me the sothe, par charité:  
 Into what londe I mai terne  
 To seke mi fader, swithe and yerne?'  
 'Sone,' she saide, 'bi Hevene Kyng,  
 I can the of him telle nothing  
 But tho that he fram me raught,  
 His owen swerd he me bitaught,  
 And bad ich sholde take hit the forthan  
 Yif thou livedest and were a man.'  
 The swerd sche fet forht anon right,  
 And Degarre hit out plight.  
 Brod and long and hevi hit wes:  
 In that kyngdom no swich nes.  
 Than seide Degarre forthan,

'Whoso hit aught, he was a man!  
Nou ich have that ikepe,  
Night ne dai nel ich slepe  
Til that I mi fader see,  
Yif God wile that hit so be.'  
In the cité he reste al night.  
Amorewe, whan hit was dai-lit,  
He aros and herde his masse;  
He dighte him and forth gan passe.  
Of al that cité than moste non  
Neither with him riden ne gon  
But his knave, to take hede  
To his armour and his stede.  
Forth he rod in his wai  
Mani a pas and mani journai;  
So longe he passede into west  
That he com into theld forest  
Ther he was bigeten som while.  
Therinne he rideth mani a mile;  
Mani a dai he ride gan;  
No quik best he fond of man,  
Ac mani wilde bestes he seghth  
And foules singen on heghth.  
So longe hit drouwth to the night,  
The sonne was adoune right.  
Toward toun he wolde ride,  
But he nist never bi wiche side.  
    Thenne he segh a water cler,  
And amidde a river,  
A fair castel of lim and ston:  
Other wonying was ther non.  
To his knave he seide, 'Tide wat tide,  
O fote forther nel I ride,  
Ac here abide wille we,  
And aske herberewe par charité,  
Yif ani quik man be here on live.'  
To the water thai come als swithe;  
The bregge was adoune tho,  
And the gate open also,  
And into the castel he gan spede.  
First he stabled up his stede;  
He taiede up his palefrai.

Inough he fond of hote and hai;  
 He bad his grom on heying  
 Kepen wel al here thing.  
 He passed up into the halle,  
 Biheld aboute, and gan to calle;  
 Ac neither on lond ne on hegh  
 No quik man he ne segh.  
 Amidde the halle flore  
 A fir was bet, stark an store, 7  
 'Par fai,' he saide, 'ich am al sure  
 He that bette that fure  
 Wil comen hom yit tonight;  
 Abiden ich wille a litel wight.'  
 He sat adoun upon the dais,  
 And warmed him wel eche wais,  
 And he biheld and undernam  
 Hou in at the dore cam  
 Four dammaiseles, gent and fre;  
 Ech was itakked to the kne.  
 The two bowen an arewen bere,  
 The other two icharged were  
 With venesoun, riche and god.  
 And Sire Degarre upstod  
 And gret hem wel fair aflight,  
 Ac thai answerede no wight,  
 But yede into chaumbre anon  
 And barred the dore after son.  
 Sone therafter withalle  
 Ther com a dwerw into the halle.  
 Four fet of lengthe was in him;  
 His visage was stout and grim;  
 Bothe his berd and his fax  
 Was crisp an yhalew as wax;  
 Grete sscholdres and quarré;  
 Right stoutliche loked he;  
 Mochele were hise fet and honde  
 Ase the meste man of the londe;  
 He was iclothed wel aright,  
 His sschon icouped as a knight;  
 He hadde on a sorcot overt,  
 Iforred with blaundeuer apert.  
 Sire Degarre him biheld and lowggh,

And gret him fair inowggh,  
Ac he ne answerede nevere a word,  
But sette trestles and laid the bord,  
And torches in the halle he lighte,  
And redi to the soper dighte.  
Than ther com out of the bour  
A dammeisele of gret honour;  
In the lond non fairer nas;  
In a diapre clothed she was  
With hire come maidenenes tene,  
Some in scarlet, some in grene,  
Gent of bodi, of semblaunt swete,  
And Degarre hem gan grete;  
Ac hi ne answerede no wight,  
But yede to the soper anon right.  
'Certes,' quath Sire Degarre,  
'Ich have hem gret, and hi nowt me;  
But thai be domb, bi and bi  
Thai schul speke first ar I.'

The levedi that was of rode so bright,  
Amidde she sat anon right,  
And on aither half maidenenes five.  
The dwerw hem servede al so blive  
With riche metes and wel idight;  
The coppe he filleth with alle his might.

Sire Degarre couthe of curteisie:  
He set a chaier bifore the levedie,  
And therin himselve set,  
And tok a knif and carf his met;  
At the soper litel at he,  
But biheld the levedi fre,  
And segh ase feir a wimman  
Als he hevere loked an,  
That al his herte and his thout  
Hire to love was ibrowt.  
And tho thai hadde souped anowgh,  
The drew com, and the cloth he drough;  
The levedis wessche everichon  
And yede to chaumbre quik anon.  
Into the chaumbre he com ful sone.  
The levedi on here bed set,  
And a maide at here fet,

And harpede notes gode and fine;  
 Another broughte spices and wine.  
 Upon the bedde he set adoun  
 To here of the harpe soun.  
 For murthe of notes so sschille,  
 He fel adoun on slepe stille;  
 So he slep al that night.  
 The levedi wreith him warm apleight,  
 And a pilewe under his heved dede,  
 And yede to bedde in that stede.  
 Amorewe whan hit was dai-light,  
 Sche was uppe and redi dight.  
 Faire sche waked him tho:  
 'Aris!' she seide, 'graith the, an go!'  
 And saide thus in here game:  
 'Thou art worth to suffri schame,  
 That al night as a best sleptest,  
 And non of mine maidenenes ne keptest.'  
 'O gentil levedi,' seide Degarre,  
 'For Godes love, forgif hit me!  
 Certes the murie harpe hit made,  
 Elles misdo nowt I ne hade;  
 Ac tel me, levedi so hende,  
 Ar ich out of thi chaumber wende,  
 Who is louerd of this lond?  
 And who this castel hath in hond?  
 Wether thou be widue or wif,  
 Or maiden yit of clene lif?  
 And whi her be so fele wimman  
 Allone, withouten ani man?'  
 The dameisele sore sighte,  
 And bigan to wepen anon righte,  
 'Sire, wel fain ich telle the wolde,  
 Yif evere the better be me sscholde.  
 Mi fader was a riche baroun,  
 And hadde mani a tour and toun.  
 He ne hadde no child but me;  
 Ich was his air of his cuntré.  
 In mené ich hadde mani a knight  
 And squiers that were gode and light,  
 An staleworht men of mester,  
 To serve in court fer and ner;

Ac thanne is thar here biside  
 A sterne knight, iknawe ful wide.  
 Ich wene in Bretaine ther be non  
 So strong a man so he is on.  
 He had ilove me ful yore;  
 Ac in herte nevere more  
 Ne mighte ich lovie him agein;  
 But whenne he seghye ther was no gein,  
 He was aboute with maistri  
 For to ravisse me awai.  
 Mine knightes wolde defende me,  
 And ofte fowghten hi an he;  
 The beste he slough the firste dai,  
 And sethen an other, par ma fai,  
 And sethen the thridde and the ferthe, -  
 The beste that mighte gon on erthe!  
 Mine squiers that weren so stoute,  
 Bi foure, bi five, thai riden oute,  
 On hors armed wel anowgh:  
 His houen bodi he hem slough.  
 Mine men of mester he slough alle,  
 And other pages of mine halle.  
 Therefore ich am sore agast  
 Lest he wynne me ate last.'  
 With this word sche fil to grounde,  
 And lai aswone a wel gret stounde.  
 Hire maidenenes to hire come  
 And in hire armes up hire nome.  
 He beheld the levedi with gret pité.  
 'Loveli madame,' quath he,  
 'On of thine ich am here:  
 Ich wille the help, be mi pouere.'  
 'Yhe, sire,' she saide, 'than al mi lond  
 Ich wil the give into thin hond,  
 And at thi wille bodi mine,  
 Yif thou might wreke me of hine.'  
 Tho was he glad al for to fighte,  
 And wel gladere that he mighte  
 Have the levedi so bright  
 Yif he slough that other knight.  
 And als thai stod and spak ifere,  
 A maiden cried, with reuful chere,

'Her cometh oure enemi, faste us ate!  
 Drauwe the bregge and sschet the gate,  
 Or he wil slen ous everichone!'

Sire Degarre stirt up anon  
 And at a window him segh,  
 Wel i-armed on hors hegh;  
 A fairer bodi than he was on  
 In armes ne segh he never non.

Sire Degarre armed him blive  
 And on a stede gan out drive.  
 With a spere gret of gayn,  
 To the knight he rit agein.

The knighte spere al tosprong,  
 Ac Degarre was so strong  
 And so harde to him thrast,  
 But the knight sat so fast,  
 That the stede rigge tobrek  
 And fel to grounde, and he ek;  
 But anon stirt up the knight  
 And drough out his swerd bright.

'Alight,' he saide, 'adoun anon;  
 To fight thou sschalt afote gon.  
 For thou hast slawe mi stede,  
 Deth-dint schal be thi mede;  
 Ac thine stede sle I nille,  
 Ac on fote fighte ich wille.'

Than on fote thai toke the fight,  
 And hewe togidere with brondes bright.

The knight gaf Sire Degarre  
 Sterne strokes gret plenté,  
 And he him agen also,  
 That helm and scheld cleve atwo.

The knight was agreved sore  
 That his armour toburste thore:  
 A strok he gaf Sire Degarre,  
 That to grounde fallen is he;  
 But he stirt up anon right,  
 And swich a strok he gaf the knight  
 Upon his heved so harde iset  
 Thurh helm and heved and bacinet  
 That ate brest stod the dent;  
 Ded he fil doun, verraiment.

The levedi lai in o kernel,  
 And biheld the batail everi del.  
 She ne was never er so blithe:  
 Sche thankede God fele sithe.  
 Sire Degarre com into castel;  
 Agein him com the dammaisel,  
 And thonked him swithe of that dede.  
 Into chaumber sche gan him lede,  
 And unarmed him anon,  
 And set him hire bed upon,  
 And saide, 'Sire, par charité,  
 I the prai dwel with me,  
 And al mi lond ich wil the give,  
 And miselve, whil that I live.'  
 'Grant merci, dame,' saide Degarre,  
 'Of the gode thou bedest me:  
 Wende ich wille into other londe,  
 More of haventours for to fonde;  
 And be this twelve moneth be go,  
 Agein ich wil come the to.'  
 The levedi made moche mourning  
 For the knightes departing,  
 And gaf him a stede, god and sur,  
 Gold and silver an god armur,  
 And bitaught him Jhesu, Hevene King.  
 And sore thei wepen at here parting.  
 Forht wente Sire Degarre  
 Thurh mani a divers cuntré;  
 Ever mor he rod west.  
 So in a dale of o forest  
 He mette with a doughti knight  
 Upon a stede, god and light,  
 In armes that were riche and sur,  
 With the sscheld of asur  
 And thre bor-hevedes therin  
 Wel ipainted with gold fin.  
 Sire Degarre anon right  
 Hendeliche grette the knight,  
 And saide, 'Sire, God with the be;'  
 And thous agein answered he:  
 'Velaun, wat dost thou here,  
 In mi forest to chase mi dere?'



Degarre answerede with wordes meke:  
 'Sire, thine der nougt I ne seke:  
 Iich am an aunterous knight,  
 For to seche werre and fight.'  
 The knight saide, withouten fail,  
 'Yif thou comest to seke batail,  
 Here thou hast thi per ifounde:  
 Arme the swithe in this stounde!  
 Sire Degarre and his squier  
 Armed him in riche atir,  
 With an helm riche for the nones,  
 Was ful of precious stones  
 That the maide him gaf, saun fail,  
 For whom he did rather batail.  
 A sscheld he kest aboute his swere  
 That was of armes riche and dere,  
 With thre maidenes hevedes of silver bright,  
 With crounes of gold precious of sight.  
 A sschaft he tok that was nowt smal,  
 With a kene coronal.  
 His squier tok another spere;  
 Bi his louerd he gan hit bere.  
 Lo, swich aventure ther gan bitide -  
 The sone agein the fader gan ride,  
 And noither ne knew other no wight! 8  
 Nou biginneth the firste fight.  
 Sire Degarre tok his cours thare;  
 Agen his fader a sschaft he bare;  
 To bere him doun he hadde imint.  
 Right in the sscheld he set his dint;  
 The sschaft brak to peces al,  
 And in the sscheld lat the coronal.  
 Another cours thai gonne take;  
 The fader tok, for the sones sake,  
 A sschaft that was gret and long,  
 And he another also strong.  
 Togider thai riden with gret raundoun,  
 And aither bar other adoun.  
 With dintes that thai smiten there,  
 Here stede rigges toborsten were.  
 Afote thai gonne fight ifere  
 And laiden on with swerdes clere.

The fader amerveiled wes  
 Whi his swerd was pointles,  
 And seide to his sone aflight,  
 'Herkne to me a litel wight:  
 Wher were thou boren, in what lond?'  
 'In Litel Bretagne, ich understond:  
 Kingges doughter sone, witouten les,  
 Ac I not wo mi fader wes.'  
 'What is thi name?' than saide he.  
 'Certes, men clepeth me Degarre.'  
 'O Degarre, sone mine!  
 Certes ich am fader thine!  
 And bi thi swerd I knowe hit here:  
 The point is in min aumenere.'  
 He tok the point and set therto;  
 Degarre fel iswone tho,  
 And his fader, sikerli,  
 Also he gan swony;  
 And whan he of swone arisen were,  
 The sone cride merci there  
 His owen fader of his misdede,  
 And he him to his castel gan lede,  
 And bad him dwelle with him ai.  
 'Certes, sire,' he saide, 'nai;  
 Ac yif hit youre wille were,  
 To mi moder we wende ifere,  
 For she is in gret mourning.'  
 'Blethelich,' quath he, 'bi Hevene Kyng.'  
 Syr Degaré and hys father dere,  
 Into Ynglond they went in fere.  
 They were armyd and well dyghtt.  
 As sone as the lady saw that knyght,  
 Wonther wel sche knew the knyght;  
 Anon sche chaungyd hur colowr aryght,  
 And seyde, 'My dere sun, Degaré,  
 Now thou hast broughtt thy father wyth the!'  
 'Ye, madame, sekyr thow be!  
 Now well y wot that yt ys he.'  
 'I thank, by God,' seyde the kyng,  
 'Now y wot, wythowtt lesyng,  
 Who Syr Degaré his father was!  
 The lady swounyd in that plass.

Then afterward, now sykyrly,  
The knyghtt weddyd the lady.  
Sche and hur sun were partyd atwynn,  
For they were to nyghe off kyn.  
Now went forth Syr Degaré;  
Wyth the kyng and his meyné,  
His father and his mother dere.  
Unto that castel thei went infere  
Wher that wonnyd that lady bryght  
That he hadd wonne in gret fyght,  
And weddyd hur wyth gret solempnité  
Byfor all the lordis in that cuntré.  
Thus cam the knyght outt of his care;  
God yff us grace well to fare.  
Amen

Anonymous

# Sir Gowther

God, that art of myghtis most,  
Fader and Sone and Holy Gost,  
That bought man on Rode so dere,  
Shilde us from the fowle fende,  
That is about mannys sowle to shende  
All tymes of the yere!  
Sumtyme the fende hadde postee  
For to dele with ladies free  
In liknesse of here fere,  
So that he bigat Merlyng and mo,  
And wrought ladies so mikil wo  
That ferly it is to here.

A selcowgh thyng that is to here,  
That fend nyeght wemen nere  
And makyd hom with chyld;  
Tho kynde of men wher thei hit tane, 1  
For of hom selfe had thei nan,  
Be meydon Maré mylde,  
Therof seyus clerkus, y wotte how;  
That schall not be rehersyd now,  
As Cryst fro schame me schyld.  
Bot y schall tell yow of a warlocke greytt,  
What sorow at his modur hart he seyt  
With his warcus wylde.

Jesu Cryst, that barne blythe,  
Gyff hom joy, that lovus to lythe  
Of ferlys that befell.  
A law of Breyten long y soghht,  
And owt ther of a tale ybroghht,  
That lufly is to tell.  
Ther wonde a Duke in Estryke,  
He weddyt a ladé non hur lyke  
For comly undur kell;  
To tho lyly was likened that lady clere,  
Hur rod reyde as blosmes on brere,  
That ylke dere damsell.

When he had weddyd that meydyn schene  
And sche Duches withowt wene,  
    A mangere con thei make;  
Knyghtus of honowr tho furst dey  
Justyd gently hom to pley  
    Here shaftes gan thei shake.  
On the morow the lordes gente  
Made a riall tournament  
    For that lady sake;  
Tho Duke hym selfe wan stedys ten.  
And bare don full doghty men,  
    And mony a cron con crake.

When this turment was y-ses,  
Tho ryche Duke and tho Duches  
    Lad hor lyfe with wyn;  
Ten yer and sum dele mare  
He chylde non geyt ne sche non bare,  
    Ther joy began to tyne;  
To is ladé sone con he seyn,  
'Y tro thu be sum baryn,  
    Hit is gud that we twyn;  
Y do bot wast my tyme on the,  
Eireles mon owre londys bee';  
    For gretynng he con not blyn.

Tho ladé sykud and made yll chere  
That all feylyd hur whyte lere,  
    For scho consevyd noght;  
Scho preyd to God and Maré mylde  
Schuld gyffe hur grace to have a chylde,  
    On what maner scho ne roghth.  
In hur orchard apon a day  
Ho meyt a mon, tho sothe to say,  
    That hur of luffe besoghth,  
As lyke hur lorde as he myght be;  
He leyd hur down undur a tre,  
    With hur is wyll he wroghthth.

When he had is wylle all don  
A felturd fende he start up son,  
    And stode and hur beheld;

He seyde, 'Y have geyton a chylde on the  
That in is yothe full wylde schall bee,  
And weppons wyghtly weld.'  
Sche blessyd hur and fro hym ran,  
Into hur chambur fast ho wan,  
That was so bygly byld.  
Scho seyde to hur lord, that ladé myld,  
'Tonyght we mon geyt a chylde  
That schall owre londus weld.'

'A nangell com fro hevon bryght  
And told me so this same nyght,  
Y hope was Godus sond;  
Then wyll that stynt all owr stryfe.'  
Be tho lappe he laght his wyfe  
And seyde, 'Dame, we schall fonde.'  
At evon to beyde thei hom ches,  
Tho ryche Duke and tho Duches,  
And wold no lengur wonde;  
He pleyde hym with that ladé hende,  
And ei yode scho bownden with tho fende,  
To God wold losse hur bonde.

This chylde within hur was no nodur,  
Bot eyvon Marlyon halfe brodur,  
For won fynd gatte hom bothe;  
Thei sarvyd never of odyr thyng  
But for to tempe wemen yon.  
To deyle with hom was wothe.  
Ylke a day scho grette fast  
And was delyverid at tho last  
Of won that coth do skathe;  
Tho Duke hym gard to kyrke beyre,  
Crystond hym and cald hym Gwother,  
That sythyn wax breme and brathe.

Tho Duke comford that Duches heynde,  
And aftur melche wemen he sende,  
Tho best in that cuntré,  
That was full gud knyghttys wyffys.  
He sowkyd hom so thei lost ther lyvys,  
Sone had he sleyne three!

Tho chyld was yong and fast he wex -  
The Duke gard prycke aftur sex -  
    Hende harkons yee:  
Be twelfe monethys was gon  
Nine norsus had he slon  
    Of ladys feyr and fre.

Knyghtus of that cuntré geydyrd hom samun  
And seyde to tho Duke hit was no gamun  
    To lose hor wyffus soo;  
Thei badde hym orden for is son  
He geytys no more is olde won,  
    Norsus now no moo.  
His modur fell afowle unhappe,  
Upon a day bad hym tho pappe,  
    He snaffulld to hit soo  
He rofe tho hed fro tho brest -  
Scho fell backward and cald a prest,  
    To chambur fled hym froo.

Lechus helud that ladé yare,  
Wemen durst gyffe hym souke no mare,  
    That yong chyld Gowther,  
Bot fed hym up with rych fode  
And that full mych as hym behovyde,  
    Full safly mey y sweyre.  
Be that he was fifteen yere of eld  
He made a wepon that he schuld weld,  
    No nodur mon myght hit beyr;  
A fachon bothe of styllle and yron,  
Wytte yow wyll he wex full styron  
    And fell folke con he feyr.

In a twelmond more he wex  
Then odur chylde in seyvon or sex,  
    Hym semyd full well to ryde;  
He was so wekyd in all kyn wyse  
Tho Duke hym myght not chastyse,  
    Bot made hym knyght that tyde,  
With cold brade bronde;  
Ther was non in that londe  
    That dynt of hym durst byde.

For sorro tho Duke fell don ded;  
His modur was so wo of red  
Hur care scho myght not hyde.

Mor sorro for hym sche myght have non,  
Bot to a castyll of lyme and ston  
Frely then scho fled;  
Scho made hit strong and held hur thare,  
Hor men myght tell of sorro and care,  
Evyll thei wer bested,  
For wher he meyt hom be tho way,  
'Evyll heyle!' myght thei say  
That ever modur hom fed;  
For with his fachon he wold hom slo  
And gurde hor horssus backus in too -  
All seche parellys thei dred.

Now is he Duke of greyt renown,  
And men of holy kyrke dynggus down  
Wher he myght hom mete.  
Masse ne matens wold he non here  
Nor no prechyng of no frere,  
That dar I heyly hette;  
Erly and late, lowde and styll,  
He wold wyrke is fadur wyll  
Wher he stod or sete.  
Hontyng lufde he aldur best,  
Parke, wodd and wylde forest,  
Bothe be weyus and strete.

He went to honte apon a day,  
He see a nonry be tho way  
And thedur con he ryde;  
Tho pryorys and hur covent  
With preseccion ageyn hym went  
Full hastely that tyde;  
Thei wer full ferd of his body,  
For he and is men bothe leyn hom by -  
Tho sothe why schuld y hyde?  
And sythyn he spard hom in hor kyrke  
And brend hom up, thus con he werke;  
Then went his name full wyde.



All that ever on Cryst con lefe,  
Yong and old, he con hom greve  
In all that he myght doo:  
Meydyns maryage wolde he spyll  
And take wyffus ageyn hor wyll,  
And sley hor husbandus too,  
And make frerus to leype at kraggus  
And parsons for to heng on knaggus,  
And odur prestys sloo;  
To bren armettys was is dyssyre,  
A powre wedow to seyt on fyre,  
And werke hom mykyll woo.

A nolde erle of that cuntré  
Unto tho Duke then rydys hee  
And seyde, 'Syr, why dose thou soo?  
We howpe thou come never of Cryston stryn,  
Bot art sum fendys son, we weyn,  
That werkus hus this woo.  
Thou dose never gud, bot ey thou ylle -  
We hope thou be full syb thou deyll.'  
Syr Gowther wex then throo;  
Hee seyde, 'Syr, and thou ly on mee,  
Hongud and drawon schall thou bee  
And never qwycke heythyn goo.'

He gard to putte thou erle in hold  
And to his modur castyll he wold  
As fast as he myght ryde;  
He seyde, 'Dame, tell me in hie,  
Who was my fadur, withowt lye,  
Or this schall thoro the glyde';  
He sette his fachon to hur hart:  
'Have done, yf thou lufe thou quart!'  
Ho onswarde hym that tyde -  
'My lord,' scho seyde, 'that dyed last.'  
'Y hope,' he seyde, 'thou lyus full fast';  
Thou teyrus he lett don glyde.

'Son, sython y schall thou sothe say:  
In owre orcharde apon a day

A fende gat the thare,  
As lyke my lorde as he myght be,  
Undurneyth a cheston tre';  
Then weppyd thei bothe full sare.  
'Go schryfe the, modur, and do tho best,  
For y wyll to Rome or that y rest  
To lerne anodur lare.'  
This thocht come on hym sodenly:  
'Lorde, mercy!' con he cry  
To God that Maré bare,

To save hym fro is fadur tho fynde;  
He preyd to God and Maré hynde,  
That most is of posté,  
To bryng is sowle to tho blys  
That He boght to all His  
Apon tho Rode tre.  
Sythyn he went hym hom ageyn  
And seyde to tho erle, withowt leyn,  
Tho sothe tale tolde thu mee;  
Y wyll to Rome to tho apostyll,  
That he mey schryfe me and asoyll;  
Kepe thu my castyll free.'

This old erle laft he theyr  
For to be is stydfast heyre,  
Syr Gwother forthe con glyde;  
Toward Rome he radly ranne,  
Wold he nowdur hors ne man  
With hym to ren ne ryde;  
His fauchon con he with hym take,  
He laft hit not for weyle ne wrake,  
Hyt hong ei be his syde.  
Toward Rome cety con hee seche;  
Or he come to tho Powpe speche  
Full long he con abyde.

As sone has he the Pope con see,  
He knelys adown apon is kne  
And heylst hym full sone;  
He preyd hym with mylde devocyon  
Bothe of schryfte and absolyscion;

He granttyd hym is bone.  
'Whethon art thou and of what cuntré?'  
'Duke of Estryke, lorde,' quod hee,  
    'Be tru God in trone;  
Ther was y geyton with a feynde  
And borne of a Duches hende;  
    My fadur has frenchypus fone.'

'Y wyll gladly, be my fey!  
Art thou Crystond?' He seyde, 'Yey,  
    My name it is Gwother;  
Now y lowve God.' 'Thu art commun hedur,  
For ellus y most a traveld thedur  
    Apon the for to weyre,  
For thou hast Holy Kyrke destrued.'  
'Nay, holy fadur, be thou noght agrevyd,  
    Y schall the truly swere  
At thi byddyng beyn to be,  
And hald tho penans that thou leys to me,  
    And never Cryston deyre.'

'Lye down thi fachon then the fro;  
Thou schallt be screvon or y goo,  
    And asoyld or y blyn.'  
'Nay, holy fadur,' seyde Gwother,  
'This bous me nedus with mee beyr,  
    My frendys ar full thyn.'  
'Wherser thou travellys, be northe or soth,  
Thou eyt no meyt bot that thou revus of howndus mothe  
    Cum thy body within;  
Ne no worde speke for evyll ne gud,  
Or thou reyde tokyn have fro God,  
    That forgyfyn is thi syn.'

He knelyd down befor tho Pope stole,  
And solemly he con hym asoyle,  
    Tho sarten sothe to sey.  
Meyte in Rome gatte he non  
Bot of a dog mothe a bon,  
    And wyghttly went is wey;  
He went owt of that ceté  
Into anodur far cuntré,

Tho testamentys thus thei sey;  
He seyt hym down undur a hyll,  
A greyhownde broght hym meyt untyll  
Or evon yche a dey.

Thre neythtys ther he ley:  
Tho grwhownd ylke a dey  
A whyte lofe he hym broghht;  
On tho fort day come hym non,  
Up he start and forthe con gon,  
And lovyd God in his thoght.  
Besyde ther was a casstell,  
Therein an emperowr con dwell,  
And thedurwarde he soghht;  
He seyt hym down withowt the yate  
And durst not entur in ther atte,  
Thof he wer well wroght.

Tho weytus blu apon tho wall,  
Knyghttus geydert into tho hall,  
Tho lord buskyd to his saytte;  
Syr Gwother up and in con gwon,  
At tho dor ushear fond he non,  
Ne porter at tho yatte,  
Bot gwosse prystely thoro tho pres,  
Unto tho hye bord he chesse,  
Ther undur he made is seytt.  
Tho styward come with yarde in honde,  
To geyt hym thethyn fast con he fonde  
And throly hym con threyt

To beyt hym, bot he wende away.  
'What is that?' tho Emperour con sey.  
'My lord,' he seyde, 'a mon,  
And that tho feyryst that ever y sye;  
Cum loke on hym, it is no lye,'  
And thedur wyghtly he wan.  
Won word of hym he myght not geyt;  
Thei lette hym sytt and gafe hym meyt.  
'Full lytyll gud he can,  
And yett mey happon thoro sum chans  
That it wer gyffon hym in penans,'

Tho lord thus onsward than.

When tho Emperowr was seyt and sarvyd  
And knyghttus had is breyd karvyd,  
He sent tho dompmon parte;  
He lette hit stond and wold ryght non.  
Ther come a spanyell with a bon,  
In his mothe he hit bare,  
Syr Gwother hit fro hym droghhe,  
And gredely on hit he gnofe,  
He wold nowdur curlu ne tartte.  
Boddely sustynans wold he non  
Bot what so he fro tho howndus wan,  
If it wer gnaffyd or mard.

Tho Emperowre and tho Emperrys  
And knyghttys and ladys at tho des  
Seyt and hym beheld;  
Thei gaffe tho hondus meyt ynoghhe,  
Tho dompe Duke to hom he droghhe,  
That was is best beld.  
Among tho howndys thus was he fed,  
At evon to a lytyll chambur led  
And hyllyd undur teld;  
At none come into tho hall,  
Hob hor fole thei con hym call;  
To God he hym con yelde.

But now this ylke Emperowre  
Had a doghtur whyte as flowre,  
Was too soo dompe as hee;  
Scho wold have spokyn and myght noght.  
That meydon was worthely wroght,  
Bothe feyr, curteys and free.  
A messynger come apon a dey,  
Tyll her fadur con he sey,  
'My lord wele gretys the;  
Tho Sawdyn, that is of mykyll myght  
Wyll wer apon the dey and nyghtt  
And bren thi bowrus free,

And sley thi men bot thu hym sende

Thi doghttur that is so feyr and heynde,  
That he mey hur wedde.'  
Tho Emperowr seyde, 'Y have bot won,  
And that is dompe as any ston,  
Feyrur thar non be feyd;  
And y wyll not, be Cryst wonde,  
Gyffe hor to no hethon hownde,  
Then wer my bale bredde.  
Yet mey God thoro Is myght  
Ageyn to geyt hur spech ryght.'  
Tho messynger ageyn hym spedde

To tho Sadyn and told hym soo.  
Then wakynd ey more wo and wo,  
He toke is oste and come nere.  
Tho Emperowr, doghtty undur schyld,  
With anodur kepped hym in tho fyld,  
Eydur had batell sere.  
Syr Gwother went to a chambur smart,  
And preyd to God in his hart  
On Rode that boghtt Hym dere,  
Schuld sende hym armur, schyld and speyr,  
And hors to helpe is lord in weyr  
That wyll susstand hym thare.

He had no ner is preyr made,  
Bot hors and armur bothe he hade,  
Stode at his chambur dor;  
His armur, is sted was blacke color;  
He leypus on hors, that stythe in stowr,  
That stalworthe was and store;  
His scheld apon his schuldur hong,  
He toke his speyre was large and long  
And spard nodur myre ne more;  
Forthe at tho yatus on hors he went,  
Non hym knew bot that meydyn gent,  
And aftur hur fadur he fore.

Tho Emperour had a batell kene,  
Tho Sawden anodur, withowt wene,  
Assemuld, as was hor kast;  
Bot fro Syr Gwother comun were,

Mony a crone con he stere  
And hew apon full fast;  
He gard stedus for to stakur  
And knyghttus hartys for to flakur  
When blod and brenus con brast;  
And mony a heython hed of smott,  
And owt of hor sadyls, wylle y wott,  
Thei tombull at tho last.

He putte tho Sawden to tho flyghth  
And made tho chasse to it was nyghth,  
And sluye tho Sarsyns kene;  
Sython rode before tho Emperowr.  
Non hym knew bot that bryghtt in bowr,  
Tho dompe meydon schene.  
To chambur he went, dysharnest hym sone,  
His hors, is armur away wer done,  
He ne wyst wher hit myght bene.  
In hall he fond his lorde at meyt;  
He seytt hym down and made is seytt  
Too small raches betwene.

Tho meydon toke too gruhowndus fyn  
And waschyd hor mowthus cleyn with wyn  
And putte a lofe in tho ton;  
And in tho todur flesch full gud;  
He raft bothe owt with eyggur mode,  
That doghty of body and bon.  
He seytt, made hym wyll at es,  
Sythyn to chambur con he ches,  
In that worthely won.  
On tho morne cum a messengere  
Fro tho Sawdyn with store chere,  
To tho Emperowr sone he come;

He seyde: 'Syr, y bryng yow a lettur:  
My lord is comun, wyll take hym bettur,  
Yesturdey ye slo his men;  
Todey he is comun into tho feyld  
With knyghtys that beyrus speyr and schyld,  
Thowsandus mo then ten;  
On the he will avenied be.'

'Hors and armour,' than said he,  
    'Hastly had we thenne.'  
God sende Syr Gwother thro Is myghth  
A reyd hors and armur bryght,  
    He fowlyd thro frythe and fen.

When bothe batels wer areyd,  
Truly, as tho romandys seyde,  
    Syr Gwother rode betwene;  
Mony a sturdy gard he stombull,  
Toppe over teyle hor horssus to tombull,  
    For to wytte withowt wene;  
He hewde insondur helme and schelde,  
He feld tho baner in tho feld  
    That schon so bryght and schene;  
He leyde apone tho Sarsyns blake  
And gard hor basnettus in too crake;  
    He kyde that he was kene.

'A, Lord God!' seyde tho Emperowre,  
'What knyght is yondur so styffe in stowr  
    And all areyd in red,  
Bothe his armur and his sted,  
Mony a hethon he gars to bled  
    And dynggus hom to tho deyd,  
And hedur come to helpe me?  
Anodur in blacke yesturdey had we  
    That styrd hym wyll in this styde,  
Dyscomfytt the Sawden and mony a Sarsyn;  
So wyll yondur do, as y wene,  
    His dyntys ar heyve as leyde;

His fochon is full styffe of stele -  
Loke, he warus his dyntus full wele,  
    And wastus of hom never won.'  
Tho Emperowr pryckus into tho pres,  
Tho doghtty knyght with hym he ches,  
    And byrkons hom flesche and bon.  
Tho Sawdyn to a forest fled,  
And his ost with hym he led  
    That laft wer onslon.  
Syr Gwother turnyd is brydyll bryght



And rode befor is lorde full rygtht,  
To chambur then he hym cheys.

When his armur of wer don,  
His hors and hit away wer son,  
That he wyst not whare.  
When he come into tho hall,  
He fond tho Emperour and is men all  
To meyt was gwon full yare;  
Among tho howndus down he hym seytt,  
Tho meydon forthe tho greyhondus feytt,  
And leytt as noghtt ware;  
Fedde Hob tho fole, for sothe to sey  
Lyke as sche dyd tho forme dey;  
To chambur sython con fare.

Tho Emperour thonkud God of hevun,  
That schope tho nyght and tho deys seyvnun,  
That he had soo sped;  
Dyscomfyd tho Sawdyn thwys,  
And slen is men most of prys,  
Save thos that with hym fled.  
'Anturus knyghtus come us too,  
Aydur dey won of thoo,  
Y ne wyst wher thei wer bred;  
Tho ton in reyd, tho todur in blacke -  
Had eydur of hom byn to lacke  
Full evyll we had ben steyd.'

They pypud and trompud in tho hall,  
Knyghtus and ladys dancyd all  
Befor that mynstralsy;  
Syr Gwother in his chambur ley,  
He lyst nowdur dance ne pley,  
For he was full wery,  
Bryssud for strokus that he had laghtth  
When he in tho batell faghtth,  
Amonghe that carefull cry.  
He had no thoght bot of is syn,  
And how he myght is soule wyn  
To tho blys that God con hym by.

Thes lordys to bed con hom bown,  
And knyghttys and ladys of renown,  
Thus this romans told.

On the morne come a messynger  
And seyde to the Emperour, 'Now is wer,  
Thi care may be full cold;  
My lord is comun with his powyr,  
Bot yf thou gyff hym thi doghttur dere  
He wyll hampur the in hold,  
And byrkon the bothe blod and bon,  
And leyve on lyfe noght won  
Off all thi barons bold.'

'Y count hym noght,' quod the Emperour;  
'Y schall gare sembull as styff in stour,  
And meyt hym yf y may.'  
The doghtty men that to hym dyd long  
Anon wer armyd, old and yong,  
Be undur of the dey.  
Thei leyve on hors, toke schyld and speyr,  
Then the gud knyght Gwotheyr  
To God in hart con prey,  
Schulde sende hym hors and armur tyte;  
Sone he had bothe, mylke whyte,  
And rod aftur in gud arey.

Hys to commyngus the dompe meydon had sene,  
And to the thryd went with wene,  
No mon hit knew bot God,  
For he fard nodur with brag ne bost,  
Bot preystely pryckys aftur the ost,  
And foloud on hor trowd.  
The Emperour was in the voward,  
And Gowther rode befor is lord,  
Of knyghttys was he odde.  
The berons wer to the dethe dongon  
And baners bryght in sladus slongon,  
With strokus greyt and lowd.

The Sawdyn bare in sabull blacke,  
Three lyons rampand, without lacke,  
That all of silver schon;

Won was corvon with golys redde,  
Anodur with gold in that steyd,  
    Tho thryde with aser, y wene;  
And his helmyt full rychely frett,  
With charbuckolus stonus suryly sett  
    And dyamondus betwene;  
And his batell wele areyd,  
And his baner brodly dyspleyd;  
    Sone aftur tyde hom tene.

Tho gud knyght, Syr Gowtheyr,  
He styrd hym styfly in his geyr,  
    Ther levyd non doghttear, y wene;  
Ylke a dyntte that he smotte  
Throowt steyll helmus it boott,  
    He felld bothe hors and mon,  
And made hom tombull to tho gronde;  
Tho fote men on tho feld con stonde  
    And then ward radly ranne.  
Tho Sawdyn for tho Emperourus doghttur  
Gard Cryston and hethon to dye in slaghttur:  
    That tyme hym burd wele ban.

To whyle Syr Gwother freschely faghtte  
Mony a doghtté hors is deythe ther kaghtte,  
    That he myghtte over reche;  
All that he with his fawchon hytte  
Thei fell to tho ground and ross not yette,  
    Nor lokyd aftur no leyche.  
Bot he wold not for yre ne tene  
No worde speyke, withowt wene,  
    For dowtte of Godus wreke;  
If all he hongurt, noght he dyd eytte  
Bot what he myght fro tho howndus geyt;  
    He dyd as tho Pwope con hym teche.

Syr Gwother, that stythe in stowre,  
Rydys ey with tho Emperour  
    And weyrus hym fro wothe;  
Ther was no Sarsyn so mykull of strenthe,  
That durst come within is speyre lenthe,  
    So doghttey wer thei bothe.

With his fachon large and long  
Syche dyntus on them he dong  
Hor lyfus myghtte thei lothe;  
All that ever abode that becur  
Of hor deythus meghtt be secur,  
He styrd his hondus so rathe.

That dey he tent nocht bot is fyght;  
Tho Emperour faght with all his myght,  
Bot radly was he takon,  
And with tho Sawdyn away was led;  
Tho dompe Duke gard hym ley a wed,  
Stroke of his hed anon,  
Rescowyd is lord, broght hym ageyn,  
Lovyd be God in hart was ful feyn,  
That formod bothe blod and bon.  
Ther come a Sarsyn with a speyre,  
Thro tho scholdur smott Gotheyr.  
Then made the dompe meydon mon;

For sorro fell owt of hur toure,  
Tho doghtur of tho Emperour,  
To whyte withowt wene.  
A doghtty sqwyer in hur bare;  
Of all too deyus hoo styrd no mare  
Then ho deyd had ben.  
Tho lord come hom, to meyt was seytt,  
And tho doghtty knyght, withowt leytt,  
That had in the batell byn,  
To chambur he went, dyd of is geyre,  
This gud knyght Syr Gwothere,  
Then myssyd he that meydon schene.

Emong tho howndus is meyt he wan;  
Tho Emperour was a drury man  
For his doghttur gent;  
He gard erlys and barons go to Rome  
Aftur tho Pope, and he come sone  
To hur enterment,  
And cardynals to tho beryng  
To assoyle that swett thyng.  
Syche grace God hur sentt

That scho raxeld hur and rase,  
And spake wordus that wyse was  
To Syr Gwother, varent.

Ho seyde, 'My lord of heyvon gretys the well,  
And forgyffeus the thi syn yche a dell,  
And grantys the tho blys;  
And byddus the speyke on hardely,  
Eyte and drynke and make mery;  
Thu schallt be won of His.'  
Scho seyde to hur fadur, 'This is he  
That faght for yow deys thre  
In strong batell, ywys.'  
Tho Pope had schryvon Syr Gother -  
He lovyd God and Maré ther -  
And radly hym con kys,

And seyde, 'Now art thou Goddus chyld;  
The thar not dowt thou warlocke wyld,  
Ther waryd mot he bee.'  
Thro the Pope and the Emperour asent  
Ther he weyde that meydyn gent,  
That curtesse was and fre.  
And scho a lady gud and feyr,  
Of all hur fadur londus eyr;  
Beyttur thurte non bee.  
Tho Pope toke his leyfe to weynde,  
With thame he laft his blessing,  
Ageyn to Rome went hee.

When this mangeyre was broght to ende,  
Syr Gwother con to Estryke wende  
And gaff the old erle all;  
Made hym Duke of that cuntré,  
And lett hym wed his modur fre,  
That ladé gent and small;  
And ther he made an abbey  
And gaff therto rent for ey,  
'And here lye y schall';  
And putte therin monkus blake  
To rede and syng for Godys sake,  
And closyd hit with gud wall.

All yf tho Pope had hym schryvyn  
And God is synnus clene forgevon,  
Yett was his hart full sare  
That ever he schuld so yll wyrke  
To bren tho nunnus in hor kyrke,  
And made hor plasse so bare.  
For hom gard he make that abbey  
And a covent therin for ey  
That mekull cowde of lare,  
For them unto tho wordus end  
For hor soulus that he had brend  
And all that Cryston ware.

And then he went hym hom ageyn,  
And be that he come in Allmeyn  
His fadur tho Emperour was deyd,  
And he lord and emperowr,  
Of all Cryston knyghttus tho flowre,  
And with tho Sarsyns dredde.  
What mon so bydus hym for Godys loffe doo  
He was ey redy bown thertoo,  
And stod pore folke in styd,  
And ryche men in hor ryght,  
And halpe holy kyrke in all is myght;  
Thus toke he bettur reyd.

Furst he reynod mony a yere,  
An emperour of greyt power,  
And whysyle con he wake;  
And when he dyed, tho sothe to sey,  
Was beryd at tho same abbey  
That hymselfe gart make;  
And he is a varré corsent parfett,  
And with Cryston pepull wele beloved;  
God hase done for his sake  
Myrrakull, for he has hym hold;  
Ther he lyse in schryne of gold  
That suffurd for Goddus sake.

Who so sechys Hym with hart fre,  
Of hor bale bote mey bee,

For so God hase hym hyght;  
Thes wordus of hym thar no mon wast,  
For he is inspyryd with tho Holy Gost,  
That was tho cursod knyght;  
For he garus tho blynd to see  
And tho dompe to speyke, pardé,  
And makus tho crokyd ryght,  
And gyffus to tho mad hor wytte,  
And mony odur meracullus yette,  
Thoro tho grace of God allmyght.

Thus Syr Gwother coverys is care,  
That fyrst was ryche and sython bare,  
And effte was ryche ageyn,  
And geyton with a felteryd feynd;  
Grace he had to make that eynd  
That God was of hym feyn.  
This is wreton in parchemeyn,  
A story bothe gud and fyn  
Owt off a law of Breyteyn.  
Jesu Cryst, Goddys son,  
Gyff us myght with Hym to won,  
That Lord that is most of meyn. Amen

Anonymous

# Sir Patrick Spence

The king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
"O whar will I get guid sailor,  
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,  
Sat at the kings richt kne:  
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,  
And signd it wi his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me,  
To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne:"  
"O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,  
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild schoone;  
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.



O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
Wi thair fans into their hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deip,  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Anonymous

# Sister Without Peer

My one, the sister without peer,  
The handsomest of all!  
She looks like the rising morning star  
At the start of a happy year.

Shining bright, fair of skin,  
Lovely the look of her eyes,  
Sweet the speech of her lips,  
She has not a word too much.

Upright neck, shining breast,  
Hair true lapis lazuli;  
Arms surpassing gold,  
Fingers like lotus buds.

Heavy thighs, narrow waist,  
Her legs parade her beauty;  
With graceful step she treads the ground,  
Captures my heart by her movements.

She causes all men's necks  
To turn about to see her;  
Joy has he whom she embraces,  
He is like the first of men!

When she steps outside she seems  
Like that the Sun!

Anonymous

# Sister, Awake!, Thomas Bateson's First Set Of English Madrigals

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The day her light discloses,  
And the bright morning doth arise  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In at our window peeping:  
Lo, how he blusheth to espy  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And let us, without staying,  
All in our gowns of green so gay  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Into the Park a-maying!

Anonymous

# Soldiers Who Wish To Be A Hero

Soldiers who wish to be a hero  
Are practically zero.  
But those who wish to be civilians,  
Jesus, they run into millions.

Anonymous



Anonymous

# Tam Lin

O I forbid you, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave him a wad,  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to carterhaugh  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till upon then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand?  
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
Withoutten my command?

"Carterhaugh, it is my own,  
My daddy gave it me,  
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,

And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is to her father's ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then came the fair Janet,  
The flower among them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then came the fair Janet,  
As green as onie glass.

Out then spake an auld grey knight,  
Lay oer the castle wa,  
And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee,  
But we'll be blamed a'.

"Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight,  
Some ill death may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father none on thee."

Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild,  
"And ever alas, sweet Janet," he says,  
"I think thou gaest wi child."

"If that I gae wi child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame,  
There's neer a laird about your ha,  
Shall get the bairn's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin grey,  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.

"The steed that my true love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind,



Wi siller he is shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
Amang the groves sae green,  
And a' to kill the bonny babe  
That we gat us between?"

"O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin," she says,  
"For's sake that died on tree,  
If eer ye was in holy chapel,  
Or christendom did see?"

"Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.

"And ance it fell upon a day  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That frae my horse I fell,  
The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,  
In yon green hill do dwell.

"And pleasant is the fairy land,  
But, an eerie tale to tell,  
Ay at the end of seven years,  
We pay a tiend to hell,  
I am sae fair and fu o flesh,  
I'm feard it be mysel.

"But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday,  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

"Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sa mony unco knights,  
The like I never saw?"

"O first let pass the black, lady,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu ye his rider down.

"For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town,  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
And kaimed down shall my hair,  
And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder,  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,

I am your bairn's father.

"They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold,  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
And ye shall love your child.

"Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gand of airn,  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I'll do you nae harm.

"And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning gleeed,  
Then throw me into well water,  
O throw me in with speed.

"And then I'll be your ain true-love,  
I'll turn a naked knight,  
Then cover me wi your green mantle,  
And hide me out o sight."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

At the mirk and midnight hour  
She heard the bridles sing,  
She was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,  
And syne she let the brown,  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,  
And young Tam Lin did win,  
Syne covered him wi her green mantle,  
As blythe's a bird in spring

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out of a bush o broom,  
"Them that has gotten young Tam Lin  
Has gotten a stately-groom."

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
And an angry woman was she,  
"Shame betide her ill-far'd face,  
And an ill death may she die,  
For she's taen awa the bonniest knight  
In a' my companie.

"But had I kend, Tam Lin," said she,  
"What now this night I see,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
And put in twa een o tree."

Anonymous



# The Bells Of Hell

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me:  
And the little devils how they sing-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me.  
O death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,  
O Grave, thy victor-ee?  
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
For you but not for me.

Anonymous

# The Bonnie House O' Airlie

IT fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When green grew aits and barley,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;An hunder harness'd rarely,  
And he 's awa' by the back of Dunkell,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And O but she looks warely!  
And there she spied the great Argyll,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Come down and kiss me fairly.'  
'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie.'

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Says, 'Dame, where lies thy dowry?'  
'O it 's east and west yon wan water side,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And it 's down by the banks of the Airlie.'

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;They hae sought it maist severely,  
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And O but she grat sairly!  
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Til they plunder'd the castle of Airlie.

'Gif my gude lord war here this night,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As he is with King Charlie,  
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.







# The Braes O'Yarrow

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawning.

'What though ye be my sister's lord  
We'll cross our swords to-morrow.'  
'What though my wife your sister be,  
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow.'

'O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!  
O stay, my ain dear marrow!  
My cruel brither will you betray  
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady dear!  
And put aside your sorrow;  
For if I gae, I'll sune return  
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,  
As oft she'd done before, O;  
She belted him with his gude brand,  
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

When he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
As he gaed mony a morrow,  
Nine armed men lay in a den  
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

'O come ye here to hunt or hawk  
The bonny Forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand  
Upon the banks o' Yarrow?'

'I come not here to hunt or hawk  
As oft I've dune before, O,  
But I come here to wield my brand  
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

'If ye attack me nine to ane,  
That God may send ye sorrow!--  
Yet will I fight while stand I may,  
On the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

Two has he hurt, and three has slain,  
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;  
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,  
And pierced his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, you brither John,  
And tell your sister sorrow,--  
To come and lift her leafu' lord  
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

Her brither John gaed ower the hill,  
As oft he'd dune before, O;  
There he met his sister dear,  
Cam' rinnin' fast to Yarrow.

'I dreamt a dream last night,' she says,  
'I wish it binna sorrow;  
I dreamt I pu'd the heather green  
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.'

'I'll read your dream, sister,' he says,  
'I'll read it into sorrow;  
Ye're bidden go take up your love,  
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

She's torn the ribbons frae her head  
That were baith braid and narrow;  
She's kilted up her lang claiting,  
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,  
And gi'en him kisses thorough;  
She sought to bind his many wounds,  
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

'O haud your tongue,' her father says,

'And let be a' your sorrow;  
I'll wed you to a better lord  
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, father,' she says,  
'Far warse ye make my sorrow;  
A better lord could never be  
Than him that lies on Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his lips, she kaimed his hair,  
As aft she'd dune before, O;  
And there with grief her heart did break  
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

Anonymous

# The Bridge Builder

An old man going a lone highway,  
Came, at the evening cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fear for him;  
But he turned when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.  
'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,  
'You are wasting your strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
Yon never again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,  
Why build this bridge at evening tide?'  
The builder lifted his old gray head;  
'Good friend, in the path I have come,' he said,  
'There followed after me to-day  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm that has been as naught to me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!'

Anonymous



# The Creation Of The Moon

The man cut his throat and left his head there.  
The others went to get it.  
When they got there they put the head in a sack.  
Farther on the head fell out onto the ground.  
They put the head back in the sack.  
Farther on the head fell out again.  
Around the first sack they put a second one that  
was thicker.  
But the head fell out just the same.  
It should be explained that they were taking the head  
to show to the others.  
They did not put the head back in the sack.  
They left it in the middle of the road.  
They went away.

They crossed the river.  
But the head followed them.  
They climbed up a tree full of fruit  
to see whether it would go past.

The head stopped at the foot of the tree  
and asked them for some fruit.  
So the men shook the tree.  
The head went to get the fruit.  
Then it asked for some more.

So the men shook the tree  
so that the fruit fell into the water.  
The head said it couldn't get the fruit from there.  
So the men threw the fruit a long way  
to make the head go a long way to get it so they could go.  
While the head was getting the fruit  
the men got down from the tree and went on.

The head came back and looked at the tree  
and didn't see anybody  
so went on rolling down the road.

The men had stopped to wait

to see whether the head would follow them.  
They saw the head come rolling.

They ran.

They got to their hut they told the others that the head  
was rolling after them and to shut the door.

All the huts were closed tight.

When it got there the head commanded them to open the doors.

The owners would not open them because they were afraid.

So the head started to think what it would turn into.

If it turned into water they would drink it.

If it turned into earth they would walk on it.

If it turned into a house they would live in it.

If it turned into a steer they would kill it and eat it.

If it turned into a cow they would milk it.

If it turned into a bean they would cook it.

If it turned into the sun

When men were cold it would heat them.

If it turned into rain the grass would grow and the  
animals would crop it.

So it thought, and it said, &quot;I will turn into the moon.&quot;

It called, &quot;Open the doors, I want to get my things.&quot;

They would not open them.

The head cried. It called out, &quot;At least give me  
my two balls of twine.&quot;

They threw out the two balls of twine through a hole.

It took them and threw them into the sky.

It asked them to throw it a little stick too  
to roll the thread around so it could climb up.

Then it said, &quot;I can climb, I am going to the sky.&quot;

It started to climb.

The men opened the doors right away.

The head went on climbing.

The men shouted, &quot;You going to the sky, head?&quot;

It didn't answer.



As soon as it got to the Sun  
it turned into the Moon.  
Toward evening the Moon was white, it was beautiful.  
And the men were surprised  
to see that the head had turned into the Moon.

Anonymous

# The Cruel Mother

She sat down below a thorn,  
    Fine flowers in the valley;  
And there she has her sweet babe born,  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'Smile na sae sweet, my bonnie babe,'  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
'And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,'  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's taen out her little penknife,  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'O sweet babe, and thou were mine,'  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
'I was cleed thee in the silk so fine,'  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'O mother dear, when I was thine,  
    Fine flowers in the valley,  
Ye did na prove to me sae kind,'  
    And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Anonymous

# The Devil's Nine Questions

'Oh, you must answer my questions nine,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
Or you're not God's, you're one of mine,  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

'What is whiter than the milk?  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And what is softer than the silk?  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

'Snow is whiter than the milk,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And down is softer than the silk,  
And I am the weaver's bonny.'

'O what is higher than a tree?  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And what is deeper than the sea?  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

'Heaven's higher than a tree,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And Hell is deeper than the sea,  
And I am the weaver's bonny.'

'What is louder than a horn?  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And what is sharper than a thorn?  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

'Thunder's louder than a horn,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And death is sharper than a thorn,  
And I am the weaver's bonny.'

'What's more innocent than a lamb,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And what is meaner than womankind?  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

'A babe's more innocent than a lamb,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And the devil is meaner than womankind,  
And I am the weaver's bonny.'

'O you have answered my questions nine,  
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,  
And you are God's, you're none of mine.  
And you are the weaver's bonny.'

Anonymous

# The Dowie Houms Of Yarrow

LATE at een, drinkin' the wine,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And ere they paid the lawin',  
They set a combat them between,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To fight it in the dawin'.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady gay!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As she had done before, O;  
She belted on his noble brand,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;An' he 's awa to Yarrow.

O he 's gane up yon high, high hill--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I wat he gaed wi' sorrow--  
An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

'O are ye come to drink the wine,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As ye hae doon before, O?  
Or are ye come to wield the brand,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On the dowie banks o' Yarrow?'

'I am no come to drink the wine,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As I hae don before, O,  
But I am come to wield the brand,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;An' ran his body thorow.



# The Forsaken Bride

O waly waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,  
And waly waly yon burn-side  
Where I and my Love went to gae!  
I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny  
A little time while it is new;  
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld  
And fades awa' like morning dew.  
O wherefore should I busk my head?  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true Love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me,  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
Since my true Love has forsaken me.  
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie—  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgow town  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My Love was clad in the black velvét,  
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd

And pinn'd it with a siller pin.  
And oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysell were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous



# The Lass Of Lochroyan

'O WHA will shoe my bonny foot?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will bind my middle jimp  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

'O wha will kame my yellow hair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;With a haw bayberry kame?  
And wha will be my babe's father  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Till Gregory come hame?'

'They father, he will shoe thy foot,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thy brother will glove thy hand,  
Thy mither will bind thy middle jimp  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' a lang, lang linen band.

'Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' a haw bayberry kame;  
The Almighty will be thy babe's father  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Till Gregory come hame.'

'And wha will build a bonny ship,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set it on the sea?  
For I will go to seek my love,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;My ain love Gregory.'

Up then spak her father dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A wafu' man was he;  
'And I will build a bonny ship,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set her on the sea.

'And I will build a bonny ship,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set her on the sea,  
And ye sal gae and seek your love,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Your ain love Gregory.'

Then he 's gart build a bonny ship,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set it on the sea,  
Wi' four-and-twenty mariners,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To bear her company.

O he 's gart build a bonny ship,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To sail on the salt sea;  
The mast was o' the beaten gold,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The sails o' cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The deck o' mountain pine,  
The anchor o' the silver shene,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sail'd but twenty leagues,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But twenty leagues and three,  
When she met wi' a rank reiver,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And a' his companie.

'Now are ye Queen of Heaven hie,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Come to pardon a' our sin?  
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Was born at Bethlam?'

'I'm no the Queen of Heaven hie,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Come to pardon ye your sin,  
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Was born in Bethlam.

'But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That 's sailing on the sea  
To see if I can find my love,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;My ain love Gregory.'

'O see na ye yon bonny bower?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;It 's a' covered owre wi' tin;  
When thou hast sail'd it round about,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lord Gregory is within.'

And when she saw the stately tower,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Shining both clear and bright,  
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Built on a rock of height,

Says, 'Row the boat, my mariners,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Close by the salt sea strand.'

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And loud and loud cried she,  
'Now break, now break your fairy charms,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set my true-love free.'

She 's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And to the door she 's gane,  
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But answer got she nane.

'O open, open, Gregory!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O open! if ye be within;  
For here 's the lass of Lochroyan,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Come far fra kith and kin.

'O open the door, Lord Gregory!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O open and let me in!  
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The rain drops fra my chin.

'The shoe is frozen to my foot,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The glove unto my hand,  
The wet drops fra my yellow hair,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Na langer dow I stand.'

O up then spak his ill mither,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;--An ill death may she die!  
'Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She 's far out-owre the sea.

'Awa', awa', ye ill woman,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ye're no come here for gude;  
Ye're but some witch or wil' warlock,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Or mermaid o' the flood.'

'I am neither witch nor wil' warlock,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Nor mermaid o' the sea,  
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;O open the door to me!

'Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As I trow thou binna she,  
Now tell me of some love-tokens  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That pass'd 'tween thee and me.'

'O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As we sat at the wine,  
We changed the rings frae our fingers?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I can shew thee thine.

'O yours was gude, and gude enough,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But ay the best was mine,  
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But mine o' the diamond fine.

'Yours was o' the gude red gowd,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Mine o' the diamond fine;  
Mine was o' the purest troth,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But thine was false within.'

'If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As I kenna thou be,  
Tell me some mair o' the love-tokens  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Pass'd between thee and me.'

'And dinna ye mind, love Gregory!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As we sat on the hill,  
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Right sair against my will?

'Now open the door, love Gregory!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Open the door! I pray;  
For thy young son is in my arms,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And will be dead ere day.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;So loud I hear ye lie;  
For Annie of the Lochroyan  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Is far out-owre the sea.'

Fair Annie turn'd her round about:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'Weel, sine that it be sae,  
May ne'er woman that has borne a son  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Hae a heart sae fu' o' wae!

'Tak down, tak down that mast o' gowd,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Set up a mast of tree;  
It disna become a forsaken lady  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To sail sae royallie.'

When the cock has crawn, and the day did dawn,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the sun began to peep,  
Up than raise Lord Gregory,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And sair, sair did he weep.

'O I hae dream'd a dream, mither,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I wish it may bring good!  
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;At my bower window stood.

'O I hae dream'd a dream, mither,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The thought o't gars me greet!  
That fair Annie of Lochroyan  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Lay dead at my bed-feet.'

'Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That ye mak a' this mane,  
She stood last night at your bower-door,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But I hae sent her hame.'

'O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;An ill death may ye die!  
That wadna open the door yoursell  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Nor yet wad waken me.'

O he 's gane down to yon shore-side,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;As fast as he could dree,  
And there he saw fair Annie's bark  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A rowing owre the sea.

'O Annie, Annie,' loud he cried,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'O Annie, O Annie, bide!'



Anonymous

# The Lover In Winter Plaineth For The Spring

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow  
That small rain down can rain?  
Christ, that my love were in my arms  
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous





# The Miracle Of Friendship

There is a Miracle called Friendship  
that dwells within the heart  
and you don't know how it happens  
or when it even starts.

But the happiness it brings you  
always gives a special lift  
and you realize that  
Friendship  
is God's most precious gift.

Anonymous

# The Nameless Maiden

A MAID, I dare not tell her name;  
For fear I should disgrace her,  
Tempted a young man for to come  
One night for to embrace her.  
When at the door he made a stop, he made a stop,  
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,  
'The latch will up, the latch will up.'

This young man, hearing of her words,  
Pull'd up the latch and entered;  
But in the room unfortunately  
To her mother's bed he ventured.  
When the poor maid was sore afraid,  
And almost dead, and almost dead;  
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,  
'To the truckle bed, to the truckle bed.'

Unto the truckle bed he went,  
But as this youth was a-going,  
The unlucky cradle stood in his way,  
Which had almost spoil'd his wooing.  
When after this the maid he spy'd, the maid he spy'd,  
Here she lay still, and snoring cry'd,  
'To th'other side, to th'other side.'

Unto the other side he went,  
To show the love he meant her;  
Pull'd off his clothes courageously,  
And fell to the work he was sent for.  
And the poor maid made no reply, made no reply,  
But she lay still, and snoring cry'd,  
'A little too high, a little too high.'

This lusty lover half ashamed,  
Of her gentle admonition,  
He thought to charge her home again,  
As e'er a girl could wish him.  
'Why now my love, I'm right I know, I'm right I know.'  
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,

'A little too low, a little too low.'

But by mistake, at length this youth

His business so well 'tended,

He hit the mark so cunningly,

He defy'd all the world to mend it.

'Well now, my love, I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear.'

Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,

'Oh there! just there! O there! just there!'

Anonymous

# The Night After Christmas

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring—excepting a mouse.  
The stockings were flung in haste over the chair,  
For hopes of St. Nicholas were no longer there.  
The children were restlessly tossing in bed,  
For the pie and the candy were heavy as lead;  
While mamma in her kerchief, and I in my gown,  
Had just made up our minds that we would not lie down,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I went with a dash,  
Flung open the shutter, and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of noon-day to objects below.

When what to my long anxious eyes should appear  
But a horse and a sleigh, both old-fashioned and queer;  
With a little old driver, so solemn and slow,  
I knew at a glance it must be Dr Brough.  
I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
When upstairs came the Doctor, with scarcely a sound,  
He wore a thick overcoat, made long ago,  
And the beard on his chin was white with the snow.  
He spoke a few words, and went straight to his work;  
He felt all the pulses,—then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
With a nod of his head to the chimney he goes:—  
'A spoonful of oil, ma'am, if you have it handy;  
No nuts and no raisins, no pies and no candy.  
These tender young stomachs cannot well digest  
All the sweets that they get; toys and books are the best.  
But I know my advice will not find many friends,  
For the custom of Christmas the other way tends.  
The fathers and mothers, and Santa Claus, too,  
Are exceedingly blind. Well, a good-night to you!  
And I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight:

These feastings and candies make Doctors' bills right!

Anonymous















&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Were in your counsel than:  
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Alone, a banished man.

She. Right well know ye that women be  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But feeble for to fight;  
No womanhede it is, indeed,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To be bold as a knight:  
Yet in such fear if that ye were  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;With enemies day and night,  
I would withstand, with bow in hand,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To grieve them as I might,  
And you to save; as women have  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;From death men many one:  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede; for ever I drede  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That ye could not sustain  
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The snow, the frost, the rain,  
The cold, the heat; for dry or wete,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;We must lodge on the plain;  
And, us above, no other roof  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But a brake bush or twain:  
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And ye would gladly than  
That I had to the green-wood go,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynere  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;With you of joy and bliss,  
I must alsò part of your woe  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Endure, as reason is:  
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And shortly it is this--  
That where ye be, me seemeth, parde,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I could not fare amiss.  
Without more speech I you beseech  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That we were shortly gone;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I love but you alone.













# The Old Cloak

THIS winter's weather it waxeth cold,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And frost it freezeth on every hill,  
And Boreas blows his blast so bold  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That all our cattle are like to spill.  
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She said unto me quietlye,  
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thou kens my cloak is very thin:  
It is so bare and over worn,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A cricke thereon cannot renn.  
Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For once I'll new apparell'd be;  
To-morrow I'll to town and spend;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumbock is a very good cow:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;She has been always true to the pail;  
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And other things she will not fail.  
I would be loth to see her pine.  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Good husband, counsel take of me:  
It is not for us to go so fine--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;It hath been always true to the wear;  
But now it is not worth a groat:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I have had it four and forty year'.  
Sometime it was of cloth in grain:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see:  
It will neither hold out wind nor rain;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sine the one of us the other did ken;  
And we have had, betwixt us two,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of children either nine or ten:  
We have brought them up to women and men:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In the fear of God I trow they be.  
And why wilt thou thyself misken?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Now is now, and then was then:  
Seek now all the world throughout,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:  
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;So far above their own degree.  
Once in my life I'll take a view;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Therefore he called the tailor 'lown.'  
He was a king and wore the crown,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And thou'se but of a low degree:  
It 's pride that puts this country down:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Man, take thy old cloak about thee!

He. Bell my wife, she loves not strife,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Yet she will lead me, if she can;  
And to maintain an easy life  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.  
It 's not for a man with a woman to threap,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Unless he first give o'er the plea:  
As we began, so will we keep,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I'll take my old cloak about me.

Anonymous

# The Owl and the Fox

THERE WAS an old Fox  
That lived under the rocks  
At the foot of a huge old tree;  
And of all the foxes  
That ever did live  
There was none so bad as he.  
His step was soft,  
With his padded feet,  
But his claws were sharp beneath;  
And sharp were his eyes,  
And sharp were his ears,  
And sharp were his terrible teeth.

And the dreariest place  
You ever did see,  
Was this old Fox's den;  
It was strewn with the down  
Of the tender Chick,  
And the quills of the mother hen,  
Where he dragged them in  
This dismal den  
And piled their bones together,  
And killed them dead,  
And sucked their blood,  
And ate their flesh,  
And picked their bones,  
And warmed his bed with the feathers.

But while the old Fox  
Lived under the rocks,  
As wicked as he could be,  
An Owl built his nest  
In a very large hole  
That was up in the top of the tree.  
This Owl was named Hooty,  
And often at night,  
When loudly the night wind blew,  
He waked the old Fox  
In his hole in the rocks,

With his Whit-too-whit-too-who-o-o.  
Then the Owl would laugh  
At the top of the tree  
To hear him wake and growl,  
For he hated the Fox  
That lived down in the rocks;  
And the Fox he hated the Owl.

Now the Owl had a little son,  
Billy by name,  
And a beautiful Owlet was he;  
His eyes were as big  
As the lamps of a gig,  
And his Bill was a wonder to see.  
He never cried  
When his head was combed,  
Nor screamed when they wiped his nose,  
Or washed his face,  
And got soap in his eyes,  
And he never tore his clothes.

When Hooty was going  
He said to his son,  
"Now, Bill, I command and beseech you,  
Don't leave the nest,  
'Tis my earnest request,  
For the old Fox may catch you and eat you;  
He is watching below  
To catch you, I know,  
So don't try to fly till I teach you."

And poor little Billy  
Was so very silly,  
He climbed out on the bough;  
And the old Fox laughed  
With a "Ha, ha, ha!"  
And thought he had got him now.  
At last he heard a flapping of wings,  
And Hooty lit on a tree,  
And his screams were wild  
When he sought for his child,  
And Billy, nowhere was he;

So he cast him down in his empty nest,  
And covered his face with his wing,  
And big sobs came from his speckled breast,  
And he cried like anything;  
And he screamed so loud  
In his wrath and woe,  
That he shook the huge old tree:  
And the old Fox heard  
As he lay below,  
And not a sign of sorrow did show.  
But laughed a "he-he-he!"

The old Owl stopped crying,  
And wiped his eyes.  
And shook his fist at the Fox:  
And said, "You villain.  
You stole my child,  
And carried him under the rocks;  
You've eaten my Billy,  
My pretty first-born,  
Without an equal for beauty;  
But I'll tell Jack,  
With his hounds and his horn,  
As sure as my name is Hooty.  
And the bow-wow dogs,  
And the toot-toot horns,  
And the galloping horse and Jack,  
Shall race you, and chase you,  
Wherever they trace you,  
And thunder along your track.  
And I will think of my Billy, that's dead,  
As I flap along on the trail,  
To see the dogs bite off your cruel head,  
And Jack ride away with your tail."

So in the morning  
Out came Jack  
With his spurs on his heels  
And his whip to crack;  
And he saddled his horse,  
And called to his pack,  
And started off on the Fox's track.

Away he went  
With the clattering sound  
Of the swift-footed horse  
On the frosty ground,  
And the horns that rang  
With a merry sound,  
And the deepmouthed bay  
Of the rapid hound.  
With a toot-e-ty too, and a toot-e-ty too,  
They made such a noise as on they flew,  
That the old Fox didn't know what to do.  
For the Fox he listened  
And heard them come,  
And dropped the duck  
He was carrying home,  
And ran through the wood  
As fast as he could,  
And made for the den  
That he started from.

The Fox went skimming  
Along the ground,  
But nearer he heard  
The bay of the hound,  
And on he went  
Like the rustling wind—  
But the dogs came closer and closer behind,  
Till his legs were tired,  
And his feet were sore,  
And he found he couldn't  
Run any more.  
Then he crept in a hole  
That he chanced to see,  
Down at the foot of a hollow tree;  
But just as he thought  
He had ended the chase,  
And was safe from the dogs  
In his hiding place,  
He heard old Hooty as down he flew  
And lit on the tree with a whit-too-who-o-o-o.  
And the dogs came barking,  
Glad to see



That the Fox was hid  
In the hollow tree.  
For there the Fox was crouching beneath,  
Arching his back,  
And showing his teeth.

And his eyes were like sparks  
Shining back in the dark,  
His tongue hanging out  
And gasping for breath,  
And froth on his lips,  
But game to the death.  
And he fought and fought  
The dogs till he died;  
He bit Growler's foot  
And cut Tray's side;  
They tore him in pieces—  
No mercy he begs,  
But some of the dogs  
Limped home on three legs;  
And Jack came and cut  
Off his long gray tail,  
And carried it home to hang on a nail;  
For that was the Fox, so Jack would tell,  
That ran so far and fought so well;  
And the Owl looked down  
From the branch overhead,  
Where the lifeless, tailless Fox lay dead,  
And laughed aloud, as away he flew,  
A Whit-too-who—A whit-too-who-o-o-o.

Anonymous

# The Queen's Marie

MARIE HAMILTON 's to the kirk gane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' ribbons in her hair;  
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' ribbons on her breast;  
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Wi' gloves upon her hands;  
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A month, but barely one,  
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A month, but barely three,  
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To pu' the Abbey tree,  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set it on the sea--  
'Gae sink ye or swim ye, bonny babe,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ye'se get nae mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And word is to the ha',  
And word is to the noble room  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Amang the ladies a',







# The Rain

Rain on the green grass,  
And rain on the tree,  
And rain on the house top,  
But not on me!

Anonymous



Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Seeing death it struck Him nigh--  
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the fennel that grows so green!  
God give us grace in every place  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Our prayers they should be strong:  
Amen, good Lord; your charity  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Is the ending of my song.

Anonymous



# The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his mate,  
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'

'Downe in yonder greene field,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,  
So well they can their master keepe.

'His haukes they flie so eagerly,  
There's no fowle dare come him nie.'

Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,  
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

Anonymous

# The Time When I First Fell In Love

The time when first I fell in love,  
Which now I must lament;  
The year wherein I lost such time  
To compass my content.

The day wherein I saw too late  
The follies of a lover;  
The hour wherein I found such loss  
As care cannot recover.

And last, the minute of mishap,  
Which makes me thus to plain  
The doleful fruits of lover's suits,  
Which labour lose in vain:

Doth make me solemnly protest,  
As I with pain do prove,  
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,  
Nor minute, good to love.

Anonymous

# The Twa Corbies

AS I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane:  
The tane unto the tither did say,  
'Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'

'--In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady 's ta'en anither mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him maks mane,  
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Anonymous

# The Twelve Days Of Christmas

Anonymous English Christmas carol, likely based on an older French song  
(first published in the children's book *Mirth Without Mischief*, 1780)

On the first day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the third day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,

Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,

Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Eleven ladies dancing,  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Twelve fiddlers fiddling,  
Eleven ladies dancing,  
Ten pipers piping,  
Nine drummers drumming,  
Eight maids a-milking,  
Seven swans a-swimming,  
Six geese a-laying,  
Five gold rings,  
Four calling birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves, and  
A partridge in a pear tree.

Anonymous

# The Unquiet Grave

"The wind doth blow today, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true-love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true-love  
As any young man may;  
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
The dead began to speak:  
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?"

"'T is I, my love, sits on your grave,  
And will not let you sleep;  
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,  
And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
But my breath smells earthy strong;  
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.

"'T is down in yonder garden green,  
Love, where we used to walk,  
The finest flower that e're was seen  
Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
So will our hearts decay;  
So make yourself content, my love,  
Till God calls you away."

Anonymous









# There Is A Lady Sweet And Kind, Thomas Ford's Music Of Sundry Kinds

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,  
Was never face so pleased my mind;  
I did but see her passing by,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,  
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,  
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,  
Her country so my love doth change:  
But change she earth, or change she sky,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anonymous

# There Once Was A Man From Nantucket

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Who kept all of his cash in a bucket.  
But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man  
And as for the bucket, Nan took it.

Anonymous

# This World's Joy

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,  
Nou this leves waxeth bare;  
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;When hit cometh in my thoht  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,  
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;  
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Al goth bote Godes wille:  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene,  
Nou hit faleweth albydene:  
Jesu, help that hit be sene  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Ant shild us from helle!  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

Anonymous

## To A Nun

Please God, forsake your water and dry bread,  
And fling the bitter cress you eat aside.  
Put by your rosary. In Mary's name leave chanting creeds  
To mildewing monks in Rome.  
Spring's at work in gardens bright with sun,  
Springtime's not made for living like a nun.  
Your faith, my fairest lady, your religion,  
Shows but a single face of love's medallion.  
Slip on this ring and this green gown, these laces -  
The wood is furnished with resting places.  
Hide in the birch tree's shade; upon your knees  
Murmur the mass of cuckoos, litanies  
Of spring's green foliage. There's no sacrilege  
If we find heaven here against the hedge.  
Remember Ovid's book and Ovid's truth -  
There's such a thing as having too much faith.  
Let us discover the shapes, the earthly signs,  
Of our true selves, our souls, among the vines.  
For surely God and all his saints above,  
High in their other heaven, pardon love.

Anonymous



# Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een;  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

"Mony a one for him makes mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Anonymous



# Twelfth Song of Thunder

The voice that beautifies the land!  
The voice above,  
The voice of thunder  
Within the dark cloud  
Again and again it sounds,  
The voice that beautifies the land.

The voice that beautifies the land!  
The voice below,  
The voice of the grasshopper  
Among the plants  
Again and again it sounds,  
The voice that beautifies the land.

Anonymous

# Two Little Shadows

I saw a young mother  
With eyes full of laughter  
And two little shadows  
Came following after.

Wherever she moved,  
They were always right there  
Holding onto her skirts,  
Hanging onto her chair.  
Before her, behind her -  
An adhesive pair.

'Don't you ever get weary  
As, day after day,  
your two little tagalongs  
Get in your way? '

She smiled as she shook  
Her pretty young head,  
And I'll always remember  
The words that she said.

'It's good to have shadows  
That run when you run,  
That laugh when you're happy  
And hum when you hum -  
For you only have shadows

When your life's filled with sun.'

Anonymous



# Vitipuration Falls

Have you ever heard the torrent of abuse  
As it curses it's way to Vitipuration Falls  
Through rapids vitriolic and cataracts obtuse  
To it's final foul mutterings in The Bay of Catcalls

Anonymous

## Waly, Waly

O WALY, waly, up the bank,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And waly, waly, doun the brae,  
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Where I and my Love went to gae!  
I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;I thocht it was a trustie tree;  
But first it bow'd and syne it brak--  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;A little time while it is new!  
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And fades awa' like morning dew.  
O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true Love has me forsook,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Since my true Love has forsaken me.  
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;We were a comely sicht to see;  
My Love was clad in the black velvet,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
And O! if my young babe were born,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And set upon the nurse's knee;  
And I mysel were dead and gane,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous

# Westron Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow?

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow  
That small rain down can rain?  
Christ, that my love were in my arms,  
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous





## Will He No Come Back Again?

Royal Charlie's now awa,  
Safely owre the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should he ne'er come back again.  
Will you no come back again?  
Will you no come back again?  
Better lo'ed you'll never be,  
And will you no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles  
Brak the band o' nature's law;  
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,  
Sought to wear his life awa.  
Will he no come back again?  
Will he no come back again?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,  
And bed beneath the birken tree;  
The bush that hid him on the plain,  
There's none on earth can claim but he.  
Will he no come back again?  
Will he no come back again?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again?

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,  
Unto the e'ening sinking down,  
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,  
To me they hae nae ither soun',  
Than, Will he no come back again?  
Will he no come back again?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again?

Mony a gallant sodger fought,  
Mony a gallant chief did fa';  
Death itself were dearly bought,

A' for Scotland's king and law.  
Will he no come back again?  
Will he no come back again?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again?

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,  
Lilting wildly up the glen;  
And aye the o'erword o' the sang  
Is "Will he no come back again?"  
Will he no come back again?  
Will he no come back again?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again?

Anonymous

# Winter Solstice

When you startle awake in the dark morning  
heart pounding breathing fast  
sitting bolt upright staring into  
dark whirlpool black hole  
feeling its suction

Get out of bed  
knock at the door of your nearest friend  
ask to lie down ask to be held

Listen while whispered words  
turn the hole into deep night sky  
stars close together  
winter moon rising over white fields  
nearby wren rustling dry leaves  
distant owl echoing  
two people walking up the road laughing

Let your soul laugh  
let your heart sigh out  
that long held breath so hollow in your stomach  
so swollen in your throat

Already light is returning pairs of wings  
lift softly off your eyelids one by one  
each feathered edge clearer between you  
and the pearl veil of day

You have nothing to do but live

Anonymous