

A N C I E N T
S C O T I S H P O E M S,
NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

BUT NOW PUBLISHED FROM THE MS. COLLECTIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,
OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT,
LORD PRIVY SEAL OF SCOTLAND,
AND A SENATOR OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE.
COMPRISING PIECES WRITTEN FROM ABOUT
1420 TILL 1586.

WITH LARGE NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

PREFIXED ARE

AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF SCOTISH POETRY.

A LIST OF ALL THE SCOTISH POETS, WITH BRIEF
REMARKS.

AND AN APPENDIX IS ADDED, CONTAINING, AMONG
OTHER ARTICLES, AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONTENTS
OF THE MAITLAND AND BANNATYNE MSS.

V O L U M E II.

L O N D O N,
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P O E M E S

B E

U N K N A W I N M A K A R S.

N 2

POEMES BE UNKNAWIN MAKARS.

A S A T I R E.

TO yow, my lordis of renoun,
 The haill pepill of Rugling toun;
 Burges, merchants, and indwellaris;
 Craftsmen, officers, and meit-fellaris;
 Ryche men, puiranes, and gud yemen;
 Wydows, maidins, and hyre-women;
 Honest matrons, and guid wyfis;
 Young men, and younkers that sindil sryfis;
 Magistratis, and men of degrie;
 Servands, and sic as luifis on fie:
 Schortlie of the toun the haill menzie,
 Maist humblie to yow now dois plenzie,
 That our traffique dois clene decay;
 Our schift and gaine is quyrt away.
 We haif na change within our burgh;
 The greine girs grows our streithis through.
 Our baxisteris of breid hes no faill;
 The brosteris hes na change for aill.

The flechers' skamblis ar gane dry;
 The heiland men bringis in na ky.
 The merchands hes na change of wair;
 The hostellaris gettis na repair;
 The craftismen ar not regardit;
 The prentes boyis ar not rewardit;
 The stableris gettis na stabil fies;
 The hyre-women gettis na balbeis;
 The hors-boyis ar hurt of thair waige.
 There is no proffeit for a paige.

Schortlie, thair is na change within,
 The court of strangeris is sa thin.
 And all this forow, and mischeif,
 Is nouthar cum of huir nor theif;
 Nor be the force of enimeis;
 Nor be privat conspiraceis.
 Bot becaus men hes lattin down
 The fair, and market of our toun.
 I mean the mercat of our hors;
 Quhilk nather cumis to port, nor cors,
 Nor to the croft our toun besyde;
 Quhar mony ane was wont to ryde.
 At gait Sanct Lukis nobill fair
 Quhair mony nobills did repair;
 And for the wery wynter tyd
 For ryddin hors did thame provyde,

For thame and all thair company ;
 That it was plesour thame to se.
 Bot now the nobillis takis na fors ;
 And cairis not for ryddin hors.
 On hors thai will nō mony spend,
 Bot spairs it till ane uthair end.
 Sua nevir is fene intill our toun
 Lord, laird, burges, or baroun.
 And quhair that mony gay gelding
 Befoir did in our mercat ling,
 Now skantlie in it may be fene
 Tuelf gait glydis, deir of a preine.

This cummis not, as we confidder,
 That men to travel now ar flidder ;
 For mony now so bissie ar,
 Quhider ye travell neir or far.
 Go befoir, or byde behind,
 Ye fall thame aye in your gat find ;
 Thoch nothing to thame thair perteine,
 Yit thai will ay be bissie fene.

Nor yit tak thai this cair and paine,
 On fute travellan on the plaine,
 Bot rydes rycht sofflie on a MEIR,
 Weil montit in thair ryding geir.
 The richt reffoun thane till espy,
 Quhy rydin hors men will not by,

Is that thai get ane MEIR unbocht ;
 And sua thai think thai ryd for nocht.
 And thinks it war ane fulishe act
 On ryding hors to spend the pact ;
 Haifand ane yaid at thair command,
 To ryd on baith in burgh, and land.
 This wikit MEIR fa weill thame staikis,
 And ambillis with them in the glaikis,
 That quha to hir dois anes him hant,
 Thairefter he can not her want.
 For scho so gloriouflic dois ryd,
 That thame puffis up with pryde :
 Be thai anes montit on hir bak,
 Thai think in thame there is na lak.

Thair meit doublet dois thame rejoyse ;
 Thay spred abroad thair ruffet hois ;
 Thay tak delyt in nedil wark,
 Thay gloir in thair weill ruffit fark.
 Thair lital bonet, or bred hat,
 Sumtyme heiche, and sumtyme plat,
 Waites not how on thair heid to stand ;
 Thair glufis perfumit, in thair hand,
 Helpis meikil thair countenance :
Et tout est a la mode de France.
 Thair dry scarpennis, baythe tryme and meit ;
 Thair mullis glitteran on thair feit ;

Thair

Their gartans, knottet with a roys,
 Putis all the lassis in thair chois.
 They snyte, thoch thair na mister be,
 That ye may thair trim napkyne see;
 And, gif ye richtly it considder,
 The goldin knappis shall hing thegidder.
 Quhaneas thay talk of ony thing,
 All tendis to thair awn loving;
 Wald ye esteme thame be thair crakis,
 Thay wald be Cesaris in thair actis:
 For lordlie liberalitie,
 Thay gone bot kingis for to be.
 Thair ryches, as thairselfs dois count,
 King Crefus' threfour may surmount.
 Onto thair talis quha list attend,
 Thay knaw all to the warlds end:
 Gif ye will trew all that thay tell,
 In everie thing thai do excell.
 Tha ar the fassiouns, as I heir,
 Of men that rydis on the MEIR.

The wemen als, that on HIR rydis,
 Thay man be buskit up lyk brydis.
 Thair heidis heifit with sickin faillis;
 With clarty silk about thair taillis:
 Thair gounis schant to schaw thair skin,
 Suppois it be richt oft full din.

To mak thame sma the waift is bound ;
A buift to mak thair bellie round :
Thair buttokis bofterit up behind ;
A fartigal to gathair wind.
Thair hois made of fum wantoun hew ;
And quhene thai gang, as thai nocht knew,
Thay lift thair gown abone thair schank :
Syne lyk ane brydlit cat thai brank.
Sum taunting wordes thai haif per queir,
That service thame in all mateir.

Finis.

SANG

SANG AGANIS THE LADYES.

OF ladyes bewtie to declair
 I do rejois to tell;
 Quhan thai ar ydūng, men think tham fair,
 And lustie lyk to fell.
 Thay do appeir for to excell,
 Sa wouderous moy thai mak it.
 Sueit, fueit is thair bewis,
 Ay whil thai be contractit.

Quhan thai havē thair virginie;
 Thay seim to be ane sanct;
 Seim as thay knew divinitie.
 Na propertie thai want.
 Quha swers thame trēw, and seims constant,
 And trests in all thay say,
 Sune, sune he is begylit,
 And lichtlied for ay.

Sen Adam, our progenitour
 First creat be the Lord,
 Beleiv'd his wickit paramour,
 Quha consal'd him discord;
 Persuading him for to accord
 Unto the deil's report;
 Dull, dull dreis the man
 That trests into that fort.

Bot thair is mony Adams now,
 And evir in this land;
 Sic bestlie men subjeetit wow,
 Ay redie at command;
 Quhateir thair wyfes dois thame demand,
 Thay wirk it many wayis;
 Ar fraydant at the man,
 Quhil thay bring him our flayis,

Our lords ar so degenerat,
 Syn ladeis tuke sic ster,
 Thay spend thair rents upon thair weids;
 And baneist hes gud cheir.
 Thair goldsmyth wark it gois so deir,
 To conterfit grit princis;
 Lords, your ladye-wyfes; but weir,
 Put yow to grit expencis,

Thair belts, thair broches, and thair rings,
 Mak biggings bair at hame;
 Thair hudes, thair chymours, thair garnysings;
 For to agment thair fame.
 Scho fall thairfoir be calt Madame;
 Botand the laird maid Knycht.
 Grit, grit is thair grace,
 Howbeit thair rents be slicht.

The lairds that drank guid wyn, and ale,
 Ar now faine to drink smattis ;
 Thay top the beir, and cheips the meil,
 The ladie sawis the aittis.
 The jakmen and the laird debaitis ;
 Dishonorit is thair name.
 Fy, fy on thame all,
 For thai regard no schame.

Scho fays, an the laird had men,
 That he will wodfet land ;
 Quhilk waiftit is by hir wemen.
 Mahoun refave that band !
 For thay will waift mair under hand,
 Nor us weil staik may.
 Ladyes and lairds, gar hound your dogs,
 And hoy the queins away.

Sen hunger now gois up and down,
 And na gud for the jakmen ;
 The lairds and ladyes ryde of the toun,
 For feir of hungerie bakmen.
 The ladyes at the yet dois slack thame,
 Regarding no remeid.
 Short, short be thair lyvis ;
 And duleful be thair deid.

S A N G

SANG UPON A MAIST MELANCOLIE
 AVENTURE,

A NE fair fweit may of mony one
 Scho went on feild to gather flouris ;
 By come ane gymp man, thay calt him Johne,
 He luifit that prowde in paramouris.
 He fayis, ‘ This hart of myn is youris ;
 ‘ And ever hes bein, sen first I spy’d yow.
 ‘ I gang with yow within tua houris.’
 ‘ In fayth, quoth scho, I may nocht byde yow.’

‘ Gif ye so chapit it were ane scorne,
 ‘ My hart gifs me with [thé] to gang.’
 Sche fayis, “ Cum : meit me heir to morne ;
 ‘ Perhaps ye may sum freyndschip fang.
 ‘ Do way,” quoth scho, “ ye dwell too lang.
 ‘ Adew, my gude schir, God mot gyde yow.
 ‘ Now, be Sanct Bernarde, and ye [fyng fang,]
 ‘ I fay yow fuyth I will nocht byde yow.”

[The

[The morne] he came; he saw hir thair,
Still at hir tryft behind the toun;
Fair fueit wourds he spak to that fair;
And grapit hir out throw the goune,
And in hir eir begouth to rounne,
' Deir, be Sanct Richard, I mon ryde yow.'
' Ye ar fa lang in lowfing doun,
' The devil a bodie now may byde yow."

He sayis, ' My fair, quhair have ye ee?
' This werk richt wyflie man be wrocht.'
Quoth scho, " To find us it may nocht be,
' Thoch we war with ane sleuth-hound focht.
' Allace this byding is deir bocht!
' For schame," quoth scho, " for schame go hyde yow,
' I feil your lang thyng standis nocht:
' Now devil burne me and ever I byde yow!"

ANE WELCUM TO EILD.

A S A N G.

QUHEN Phebus in the ranie cloude
 Ourfyllit had the bemis bricht;
 And all wes lowne, befor wes loude,
 Caufit be fylence of the nicht;
 I saw sittand ane werie wicht,
 Murning, and making dreirie mone;
 Quhilk full sobirlie fat, and ficht,
 'Welcum eild, for youth is gone!'

The gaynis of my yeiris gent,
 The flouris of my fresche youtheid,
 I wait nocht how away is went;
 And wallowit as the winter weid.
 My curage waxis deif, and deid:
 My rubie cheiks, wes reid as rone,
 Ar leyn, and lauchtane as the leid,
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone!

As shadow in the sonn's beme;
 Or primrois in the winter schoure;
 So all my days is bot ane dreame:
 And haif the sleiping of ane hour!
 For my plesance of paramour,
 This proverb now I mon propone,
Exempil is said als suet als four.
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone!

Ane nap is nurisand eftir none;
 Ane fyre is fosterand for my feit;
 With dowbill fokkis for my shone,
 And mittans for my handis meit.
 At Luifis lair I list nocht leit:
 I lyke best quhen I lig alone.
 Now all is four, befoir wes suet:
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone!

My curland hair, my cristel ene,
 Ar beld, and bleird, as all may se.
 My bak, that sumtyme brent hes bene,
 Now cruikis lyk afe camok tre.
 Be me your sampill ye may se;
 For so said wourthy Salomon,
Elding is end of ertblie glie.
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone!

O

O fresche

O fresche youtheid of yeiris grene!
O tendyr plant of hie curage!
As thow art now, so have I bene;
Als plesand and of sic parage.
Youtheid have [thow] mind on age,
And deid that clofis all in stone;
Sen heir leftis none heretage.
Welcum eild, for youth is gone!

THE DANGER OF WRITING.

FAINE wald I, with all diligence,
 Ane sang mak, plesand of senterice,
 To everie mannis appetyte;
 Bot thairin failyes my science.
 Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

For, thoch fevin yeir I war avyfit,
 And with my wittis all devyfit,
 Ane singlarare thing to put in dyte;
 It fuld with sum men be despyfit.
 Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

And thoch I fay in generale,
 Sum fall it tak in speciale;
 And of sum folk I fuld have wyte,
 Quham I did never offend nor fall.
 Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

Wryte I of liberalitie,
 Of gentrice, or nobilitie,
 Than will thay say I flatter quyte;
 Sa few ar of that facultie.
 Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

And, gif I wryte of wretchitnes,
Than is it war than ever it wes;
For thay will say that I bakbyte;
So thik that furname dois incre.
Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

Wryte I nocht eftir all mens' mynd,
Suppois that pairt be evil inclynd,
The making is nocht wourthe ane myte.
Is nane so hable, heir to Ynde,
That eftir all mens' will can wryte.

Grit danger is in the endyting;
Gif lytil rewarde be in wryting
Better war leif my paper quhyte,
And [tak] me to uther delyting.
Thus wait I nocht quhairof to wryte.

THE LAMENT OF A PURE
COURT-MAN.

GOD, as thow weill can,
Help the flie court-man ;
His banes may I fair ban
First learnt me to ryde.

Thre brether wer we,
All borne of ane cuntré ;
The hardest fortoun fell me.
Grit God be my gyde !

The eldest brother was na fule,
Quhen he was young yeid to the scule ;
And now he sittis on ane stule,
Ane prelot of pryde.

My secund brother bure the pak,
Ane lytil quhyle upon his bak ;
Now he hes gold and world's wrak,
Lyand him besyde.

Now mon I to the court fayr,
Baith thriftless and threid-bair ;
Quhairvir I found, or I fayr
In barrat to byde.

All men makis me debait,
 For heirischip of horsmeit ;
 Fra I-be semblit on my feit,
 The outhorne is cryde.

Thay rais me all with ane rout,
 And chafis me the toun about ;
 And cryis all with ane schout,
 ' O traytor full tryde !'

Quhen I have ridden all day,
 He wer wyfe that can fay,
 Gif the court-man weil lay ;
 Na, na be Sanct Bryde.

At nicht is some gaine,—
 This is our auld a rayne ;—
 I am maist wilsum of wane,
 Within this warld wyde.

Now man I the court fle,
 For falt of meit, and na fe ;
 With na mair gude na ye fe,
 Upon this gald glyde.

Syn, but devotioun, furth fair,
 And fenye me ane Pardonar,
 With bag, and burdone full bayr,
 To beg, and nocht byde.

Now

Now in my mind me remordis,
As the court-man recordis,
All my lippining upon lordis
Is layd me befyde.

Man, thow fe for thyself;
And purches thé fum pelf.
Leyd not thy lyfe lyke ane elfe,
That our feild can flyde.

GOD GIF I WER WEDO NOW!

A S A N G.

U N D E R ane brokin bank ane by,
 I hard ane heynd cheild mak his mane.
 He ficht, and said richt drerélie,
 Evil is the wyf that I have tane!
 Forthy to yow I mak my mane,
 Ye tak gud tent quhair that ye wow,
 It is scant ane twelf-month gane—
 God gif I wer wedo now!

War I ane wedo, forouttin weir,
 Full weill I culd luik me aboute:
 In all this land, bayth far and neir,
 Of wyfing I suld have no doute.
 Upon my hip I have ane clout,
 Quhilk is nocht plesand for my prow.
 Quhen scho is in, I am thairout.
 God gif I wer wedo now!

Quhen

Quhen scho is in, I am thairout,
 Scho list nocht at my layr to leyr:
 In all this land, forouttin dout,
 Of sturtfumnes scho hes no peir.
 Scho garris me say with fempill cheir
 That I have nother corne nor kow,
 I mak my mane, as ye may heir,
 God gif I wer wedo now!

Scho luikis doun oft, lyk ane fow,
 And will nocht speik quhen I cum in:
 I spak ane wourde, nocht for my prow,
 To ding her weill it war na fyn.
 Syne on hir fut [up] couth scho wyn;
 And to the rude scho maid ane vow,
 'For I fall hit thy spindill schyn.'
 God gif I wer wedo now!

With that scho raucht me sic ane rout
 Quhill to the erde scho gart me leyn;
 Suppois my lyf wes oft in dout,
 Hir malice I culd nocht refrain.
 Scho gars me murne, I bid nocht feyn,
 And with fair fraiks scho gars me fow.
 Thus am I cummerit with ane quene.
 God gif I wer wedow now!

ADVYCE

ADVYCE TO BE BLYTH IN BAIL.

IN bail be blyth, for that is best.
 In barret gif thow be bowne to byde,
 Lat comfort clenlie in thé rest;
 Lat never thy cair in court be cryd.
 Thy harmis het luik that thow hyde;
 Have houp in him that ay fall left;
 Fra forow sone be set on fyde.
 In bail be blyth, for that is best.

Gif thow will not in bail be blyth,
 Sone of this blis thow may be bair:
 Albeit thow sich ane thousand fyth,
 It will nocht sauf thé of thy sair;
 Nor yet remeid thé of thy cair.
 Lat comfort cleinlie in thé rest:
 Thow leyr this lessoun at my lair,
 In bail be blyth, for that is best.

Deir on deis and thow be dicht,
 And syne fits drowpand lyke ane daa,
 Fayn will thay [all] be of that ficht;
 And thai that onlie is thy fa,
 They will nocht gruge to lat ye ga:
 Thair is no gle with sic ane gest.
 Ofts s fayis the sempill sua,
 In bail be blyth, for that is best.

Lat never thy inne meis with thy mis,
Nor mak thé mirth on na maneir;
How ever thay fay with thé it is,
Of thy mischeif lat thame nocht heir.
Thai will be blyth, as bird on breir,
In payn to see thé punist and prest:
Thairfoir in countenance ay be cleir.
In bail be blyth, for that is best.

For ay blyth I reid [that] we be,
That ever in blis we may be kend;
For this I fay, be ma than me,
That murning may nothing amend.
Fra the feynd God us defend,
For bayth fute and hand wes fast.
Of this mater I mak ane end.
In bail be blyth, for that is best.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

HE that hes nō will to wirk;
And luifs not God, nor haly kirk;
And hes no lands, [furth] for to spend;
Nor yit hes freynds, his needs to mend;
And hes na rent, quhairon to leif;
And will not beg, thoch men wald geif;
And with that is trym, fat, and fair—
How fall he byde the justice-ayr?

THE MURNING MAIDIN.

STILL under the levis grene,
 This hinder day, I went alone:
 I hard ane may fair murne, and meyne;
 To the KING OF LOVE scho maid hir mone.
 Scho fychit fely foir;
 Said LORD, I luif thi lore.
 'Mair wo dreit never woman one.
 'O langfum lyfe, and thow war gone,
 'Than fuld I murne no moir!'

As rid gold-wyir fchynit hir hair;
 And all in grene the may scho glaid.
 Ane bent bow in hir hand scho bair;
 Undir hir belt war arrowis braid.
 I followit on that fre,
 That femelie wes to fe.
 Withe still murning hir mone scho maid.
 That bird under a bank scho baid,
 And lenit to ane tre.

Wanweird, scho said, 'Quhat have I wrocht,
 'That on me kytht hes all this cair?
 'Trew lufe so deir I have thé bocht!—
 'Certis so fall I do na mair.
 'Sen that I go begyld
 'With ane that faythe has fyld.—
 'That gars me oftsyis sich full fair;
 'And walk amang the holtis hair,
 'Within the woddis wyld.

' This

- ‘ This grit difese for luif I dre —
 ‘ Thair is no toung can tell the wo!—
 ‘ I lufe the luif, that lufes not me ;
 ‘ I may not mend—but murning mo,
 ‘ Quhill God fend sum remeid,
 ‘ Throw deftany, or deid.
 ‘ I am his freind—and he my fo.
 ‘ My fueit, alace ! quhy dois he fo ?
 ‘ I wrocht him never na feid !
- ‘ Withoutin feyn I wes his freynd,
 ‘ In word, and wark. Grit God it wait !
 ‘ Quhair he wes placit, thair list I leynd,
 ‘ Doand him service ayr and late.
 ‘ He kepand eftir fyne
 ‘ Till his honour and myne.
 ‘ Bot now he gais ane uther gait ;
 ‘ And hes no e to my eftait ;
 ‘ Quhilk dois me all this pyne.
- ‘ It dois me pyne that I may prufe,
 ‘ That makis me thus murning mo.—
 ‘ My luif he lufes ane uther lufe—
 ‘ Alas, sweithart ! Quhy does he fo ?
 ‘ Quhy fould he me forsaik—
 ‘ Have mercie on his maik !—
 ‘ Thairfoir my hart will birft in two.
 ‘ And thus, walking with da and ro,
 ‘ My leif now heir I taik.’

Than

Than wepit scho, lustie in weyd;
 And on hir wayis can scho went.
 In hy eftir that heynd I yeyd,
 And in my armis culd hir hent.
 And said, "Fayr lady at this tyde,
 " With leif ye man abyde.
 " And tell me quho yow hidder fent?
 " Or quhy ye beir your bow so bent
 " To fla our deir of pryde?

" In waithman weid fen I yow find
 " In this wod walkand your alone,
 " Your mylk-quhyte handis we fall bind
 " Quhill that the blude birst fra the bone.
 " Chairgeand yow to preifoun,
 " To the king's deip dungeoun.
 " Thai may ken be your fedderit flane
 " Ye have bene mony beiftis bane,
 " Upon thir bentis broun."

That fre answerd with fayr afeir,
 And said, "Schir, mercie for your mycht!
 " Thus man I bow and arrowis beir,
 " Becaus I am ane baneist wycht.
 " So will I be full lang.
 " For God's luif lat me gang;
 " And heir to yow my treuth I plycht,
 " That I fall, nowder day nor nycht,
 " No wyld beift wait with wrang.

" Thoch

* Thoch I walk in this forest fre,
 * With bow, and eik with fedderit flane,
 * It is weill mair than dayis thre,
 * And meit or drink yit saw I nane:
 * Thoch I had never sic neid
 * My selfe to wyn my breid,
 * Your deir may walk, schir, thair alane:
 * Yet wes I nevir na beiftis bane.
 * I may not fe thame bleid.

* Sen that I never did yow ill,
 * It wer no skill ye did me skayth.
 * Your deir may walk quhairevir thair will:
 * I wyn my meit with na sic waithe.
 * I do bot litil wrang,
 * Bot gif I flouris fang.
 * Gif that ye trow not in my aythe,
 * Tak heir my bow and arrowis baythe,
 * And lat my awin selfe gang.

* I fay your bow and arrowis bricht!—
 * I bid not have thame, be Sanct Bryd.
 * Bot ye man rest with me all nycht,
 * All nakit sleipand be my fyd."
 * I will not do that fyn!"
 * Leif yow this world to wyn!—
 * Ye ar so haill, of hew and hyd,
 * Luif hes me fangit in this tyd.
 * I may not fra yow twyn."

Than lukit scho to me, and leuch;—
 And said, ‘ Sic luf I rid yow layne.
 ‘ Albeid ye mak it never fa teuch,
 ‘ To me your labour is in vane.
 ‘ Wer I out of your fycht,
 ‘ The space of halfe a nycht,
 ‘ Suppois ye saw me never agane—
 ‘ Luif hes yow streinyeit with litle paine
 ‘ Thairto my treuth I plycht.’

I said, ‘ My fueit, forsuythe I fall
 ‘ For ever luif yow, and no mo.
 ‘ Thoch uthers luif, and leif, with all:
 ‘ Maist certanlie I do not fo.
 ‘ I do yow trew luif hecht,
 ‘ Be all thi bewis bricht!
 ‘ Ye ar so fair be not my fo!
 ‘ Ye fall have fyn and ye me flo
 ‘ Thus throw ane suddan fycht.’

‘ That I yow fla, that God forscheild!
 ‘ Quhat have I done, or said, yow till?
 ‘ I wes not wont wapyns to weild—
 ‘ Bot am ane woman—gif ye will.
 ‘ That fuirlie feiris yow,
 ‘ And ye not me, I trow.
 ‘ Thairfor, gude schir, tak in none ill:
 ‘ Sall never berne gar breif the bill
 ‘ At bidding me to bow.

P

‘ Into

' Into this wode ay walk I fall,
 ' Ledand my lyf as woful wycht;—
 ' Heir I forsaik bayth bour and hall,
 ' And all thir bygings that are brycht!
 ' My bed is maid full cauld,
 ' With beistis bryme and bauld.—
 ' That gars me fay, bayth day and nycht,
 ' Alace that ever the toung fould hecht
 ' That hart thocht not to hauld!'

Thir words out throw my hart so went
 That neir I wepit for hir wo.
 But thairto wald I not consent;
 And said that it fould not be so.
 Into my armis fwythe
 Embrafit I that blythe.
 Sayand, " Sweit hart, of harmis ho!
 " Found fall I never this forest fro,
 " Quhill ye me comfort kyth.

Than knelit I befoir that cleir;
 And meiklie could hir mercie craif.
 That semelie than, with sobir cheir.
 Me of hir gudlines forgaif.
 It wes no neid, I wys,
 To bid us uther kys.
 Thair mycht no hairts mair joy refaif,
 Nor ather culd of uther haif.
 Thus brocht wer we to blys.

ON THE FOLYE OF GREFE.

THIS I propone in my carping,
 All myne alone, this I propone ;
 Makand my mone to hevyn's king ;
 This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be weird, as ever God will,
 Quhill I be beyrd, welcum be weird ;
 Into this eird ay to fulfill ;
 Welcum be weird, as ever God will.

I fall wey bayth in ane ballance,
 Wynning and skayth, I fall wey bayth ;
 For God will grayth his purviance ;
 I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

Eis, or diseis, as God will fend,
 Alyke fall pleis, eis or diseis ;
 Ay till obeyse quhill lyfe mak end ;
 Eis or diseis, as God will fend.

Quhat mendis it a man to murne ?
 In fyte to sit, quhat mendis it ?
 For er men wit this world will turne.
 Quhat mendis it a man to murne ?

O N F A L S F R E Y N D S C H I P .

TH E thochts of men dois daylie change,
 As fantasie breids in thair brestis.
 For quhy? Thair nature is so strange,
 That few can find quhair friendship restis.
 For double dealing beirs suche sway,
 All honest meining dois quyte decay.

The stedfaste faythe, that freyns profes,
 Is fled frome thame and seindle usit.
 Quha dois ane faytheful freynd posses,
 Be quhame he never wes abusit?
 Quhair ane is fund ane freynd indeid,
 A scõir thair be that fails at neid.

For barran treis will blofumes beir,
 Als weil as thois that fructe do yeild;
 Quhais barke and branchis schynes als cleir
 As ony flour in all the field.
 Als semple luiks the subtil man,
 As he that of na falsat can.

A freynd

A freynd in wourds, quhair deids be deid,
 Is lyk ane spring that watir wantis:
 And he that with fair words is feid,
 Dois hope for frute of witherit plantis.
 Bot quha can judge be vew of e
 Quhair [deids] be deid quhair treuth fuld be?

The surest way that I can find
 Is first to prufe, and syn to trust:
 So fall affection not be blind;
 For treuthe will sone try out the just:
 And tryal knaws quha meins diffait,
 And byds bewar with thair debait.

Without gude prufe be not ovr bald,
 Gif yow my counsall list to taik;
 In payntit words thair is na hald;
 Thai be bot leaves that wind dois schaik.
 Bot quhair that words and deids agré,
 Trust weill that freynd and credit me.

S A N G O N A B S E N C E.

SEN that [the] eyne, that workis my weilfair,
 Dois no moir on me glance,
 A thousand fichis, with fuelting fobbis fair,
 Dois throw my bowels lance.
 I die yairning;
 I leif pyning;
 Woe dois encres;
 I wex witles.
 O findering! O woful doleance!

The day quhenas the fair pairtit me fra,
 Plefour me left also.
 Quhen that from hir I finderit wes away;
 Mischance me hint but ho.
 I waxit wan,
 The same hour than.
 Sprow senfyne,
 Dois still me pyne,
 O that *gudnicht* hes causit mekil wo!

Evin as men may the turtill trew persais,
 Once having lost hir feir,
 On the dry brainche, ay faithful to the graif,
 Bewayling perseveir.
 So my desyre,
 Kindlit in fyre,
 Dois soir lament
 My luif absent.
 O God, gif amour be ane paine to beir !

Never in somer the hait canicular day
 So hote with beamis brint,
 As dois that fyre, quhilk, me devoring ay,
 Hes faul and bodie tint.
 And never a dairt
 So perced my hairt,
 As dois the bowt
 Quhilk luif me schot.
 O god Cupid, gif bitter be thy dint !

As he that swimmis the moir he ettil fast,
 And to the schoire intend,
 The moir his febil furie, throw windis blast,
 Is bakwart maid to wend.
 So wars be day
 My greif growis ay.
 The moir I am hurte,
 The moir I sturte.
 O cruel Love, bot deid thow hes none end !

The faithful messinger, quhilk is the nicht;
 To luifars langorous,
 Augments my woe; and als the dayis licht
 Maks me more dolorous.

The day I dwyne,
 The nicht I pyne;
 Evin eikis my forow
 Wors then the Mbrow.
 O God, in love gif I be malhourous!

And gif that neid to slumbir me constraine;
 Faint throuch melancolie,
 Unrest dois [quikly] walkin me agane
 To muse my miserie.

Quhatevir chance
 Dois me outrance,
 Saif fals thinking
 In sueit dreiming.
 O dreame maist sueit, gif it war not a lie!

In cairful bed full oft, in myne intent,
 To tuitche I do appear
 Now fyde, nor breist, now sueit mow redolent;
 Of that sueit bodye deir.

I stretche my hand,
 In vain ernand.
 My luif is far,
 And not found nar.
 O scorne of luifars Cupid blind art heir!

Syne quhen the Morning, (with hir mantil grein)

Opinis the dayis face,

With Phebus' licht the cairful thochtis dein

Renewis thair woful raice:

My fyrie raige

Dois then aggrage:

My foir torment

Dois moir augment.

O gif abfence be paine in luifis caice!

So mony starris ar nocht in nichtis fein;

Nor in drawing colouris:

Nor fcipping froggis, amid the medow grein;

As I thocht of dolouris.

Noy upon noy

Marks to deftrov

My woful lyfe,

Fechting in ftryfe:

O gif unhap be found in paramouris!

The Day, befoir the fuddane Nichtis chaice,

Dois not fo fuiftlie go;

Nor hare, befoir the ernand grewhound's face,

With fpeid is careit fo;

As I, with paine

For luif of ane,

Without remeid

Rin to the deid.

O God, gif deid be end of mekil woe!

O goddis hiche ! gif in the hevin be found
 Sun band of amitie,
 I yow befeik be movit with my wound ;
 And have sum just pitte.
 My proper lyfe
 I hate as stryfe.
 I me forsaik
 For other's saik.
 O gif luif causis strange inamitie !

Ha now, my Muse ! my foucy, and my cair !
 Leif of thy lamenting.
 Ceis to complaine of mischap ony mair.
 End now. I ceis to sing.
 He that can plaine
 Dois thoill leif paine.
 Seir ar the haitis
 But playnt that smartis.
 Silence to dolour is ane nourisching.

ANĒ EXCLAMATION MAID IN ENGLAND UPONE
 THE DELYVERANCE OF THE ERLE OF NOR-
 THUMBERLAND FURTH OF LOCHLEVIN,
 QUHO IMMEDIATELIE THAIREFTER
 WES EXECUTE IN YORKE. 1572.

QUHO list to mark the Scottisch wyse,
 Or know the customes of thair kyndis,
 Sall weill persave thair craftie wyse,
 And fals dissaitful doubl myndis.
 For quhairas thay gud will profes,
 The treuthe appeirs thay mein no les.

Gif travel be occasion try
 Of foraine lands the inclination;
 Be pruif richt weil I doe espy
 The Scottisch tred, and naughtie fassioun,
 To be so bad, that from the rest
 Thair lyfes and grydines ar detest.

Thair fassioun I abhor indeid,
 Thair conversatioun is defylit;
 Faire speiche prevails themeselfes to speid;
 Quho to thame trust ar clein begylit,
 For thay richt simplie will declair,
 Of whom the just aucht to bewar,

The

The fairer speche, the falsir bairtis :
The suirest bands, the sonest brokin ;
The greater lo:ls, the falsir pairtis ;
 Gif this worde may again be spokin.
 For lords and lairds ar nother just ;
 Nor yit the commouns to be trust.

In falsit thay excell in kynd ;
 In wordes thay maist of all exceid.
 In treasoun none lyik do I find ;
 In treuth thay never obierve thair creid.
 For say and promeis quhat thay can,
 Thair wordes and deides will never pan.

Gif Judas pairt wes trassounabil,
 Or Pylate's judgments countit bad,
 Quhy fould I think thame ressonabil?
 For honest trust thay never had.
 Experience be thamselfes appeiris
 Of their greit treffoun in few yeiris.

And now, of lait, the gretest wrang
 That ever nobilman possit —
 Ane baneist lord wes thame amang,
 Quho fled for feir to be opprest.
 Northumberland hecht this lord to name ;
 Sumtyme of honour, and greit fame.

Quho for releif, in time of wo,
Did helples wander in thair land,
As baneift wichts wer wont to go,
Till efter grace thay better fand.—
Murray, Mortoun, and Ruthven's caice,
For slauchter in thair princis' plaice.

With thousands mo of lords and louns
Of that ungracious natioun bred,
Quho fand relief in all our touns,
As custome, and gud fassioun led,
Thoch under colour thay pretendit;
Yit baneift wichts wer ay defendit.

Gif trespas be so greit ane sin,¹
As disobediencie dois deserve;
Gif no refudge ane man may win,
The penitent for helpe may sterve.
In Scotland had not bene sic tuill,
Gif this had bein the common rew!

Fy on thee, Scotland, and thy feid!
Abone all realmes wo the befall!
Thy lords hes done so schameful deid
That tratours ay men will yow call.
Yow ar so greedie on Englisch gold,
That all your credit now is fold.

And

And gif that yow had bene in mynd
The auncient leig, as trewis requyrit,
Nocht heirtofoir ye fall one find
That to the deith hes bene delyverit:
Muche moir ane nobil baneist lord.
Quhy fuld ye fell him to the cord?

This cryme of yours is manifest
Abone all subtil trefouns greit.
The gold is gat for fuche ane gaist,
Will never buy your children meit,
It will decay; and yit your fame
Continue fall with cruel blame.

Gif France had bene of your accord,
Or Flaunders gevin themselfes to gaine,
Thair is remaining yit one lord
That had pofest this woful paine.
Bot yit these lands fall honour have,
Quhan ye with schame fall go to grave,

And, thoch I wryte aganes your act,
Yit am I glaid ye gave the man.
God may be gud, and yit your fact
Your childer's childrein may it ban.
God is gracious quhen we repent;
Aud our Quene merciful in judgment.

THE ANSWER TO THE ENGLISH

BALLAD.

YOW that do wryte aganes the Scottis,
 Thair actioun for to deprave;
 Thame taxing with so schameful blottis,
 Sould have alledgit resouns grave.
 I yow advys call in your scroll;
 Yow wait not quho will it controll.

Thoch sum have playit Judas' pairt
 In felling gud Northumberland,
 Quhy sould they thoill for thair desert
 That fane wald have that fact withstand?
 Or yit the countrey beir the blame?
 Lat thame that sold him have the schame.

Mar, and the devilische Douglassis,
 And namelie Mortoun, and Lochlevin;
 Macgill, and Orkney, Scottish assis;
 And Cleische, quhom to the gold wes gevin;
 Dumfermling that the py prepaird;
 And lowse Lindsay quho was his gaird.

These

These onlie wer the Juddaffis ;
 These onlie gave thairto avyse :
 And onlie these tua Douglaffis
 Participatit of his pryce.
 So lat his bluid be on thair heidis,
 On thair posteritie and feidis !

Your quene had pruif that Mortoun's race
 To covatice wes hail inclynde,
 And so to profecute this caice,
 Address hir onlie to that kynd.
 And not to all, bot Mortoun rather,
 Be money that corrupt his father.

Quho tuik king Hareis money fo,
 Our cardinal to keip in hauld ;
 And fyne for money luit him go,
 And for fyve hundreth crouns him fauld.
 Of kynd so Mortoun hes it then
 To chop, and change ; and to sell men.

You fould not preis difestimatioun
 To such as thairin no lak had ;
 Thoch thair be also of our natioun,
 As of all others, gud and bad.
 Yit blame not all, for one or two
 That mein no treuth to freind nor fo.

Sèn France producit anè Ganyelon,
 And England monye tratours bred;
 Quhat fairliè than thoch we have on?
 Yit is it not ane Scottische tred.
 For Scotland ay, of auld and new,
 To baneist wichts wes ever trew.

Henrie the Sext wes heir-exylde,
 For quhom we nicht have had greit ganè,
 As for his Quene, and onlie chyld;
 Yit wer thay nather fauld, nor flaine.
 Your storeis schaw, wer thay perusst,
 Greit stoir: bot nane that wes ill usit.

This Lordis wyfe focht to Lord Home,
 As Leonard Dakeris, and mony mo,
 Quhome all the gold in Christindome
 Wald not have movit to sell thame so.
 Ye kraw quhat hairme he lies susteind
 For that he trewliè thame manteind.

The Erle of Suffex can recoird,
 Quhen he desyrit thame of his hand,
 The generous answer of that lord
 That he maid to his schairpe demand,
 Said he wald rather give his heid
 Or he fould do so vyil a deid.

For deid wald left bot for ane sefoun,
 And pas sone with celeritie ;
 The vyile and filthie blot of tresoun
 Wald schame his hail posteritie.
 Wer it to doe he wald refave thame,
 And he, nor ane, fould never have thame.

So tresoun is no Scottische gyse ;
 To term it so ye have no ground,
 Sen heir afflictit wichts alwyse
 Hes ever ayd and favour found.
 Althoch sum tratours be among us,
 In blaiming all forsuith ye wrang us.

Ye fould not all the land detract ;
 Nor impute falsset to our kynd ;
 Sen monye with that filthie fact
 Ar soir offendit in thair mynd,
 And to avenge it wald be glaid.
 Will ye concur, ye fall have ayd.

Your quene abhors thame in hir hairt,
 Mislyking for thair filthie natures ;
 And wald be glad to sie thame smart,
 Lyking the tresoun, not the tratours.
 Scho knaws thay did it not for love ;
 It wes hir gold that did thame move.

Wald ye doe for your countrie-man,
As for our honour's caus we wald,
We fall avenge it on that clan
Your freind that to the scambils fauld.
Go pruiſ: and deids fall teſtifie
Your kyndnes, and our honeſtie.

ANE SCHORT INVECCYDE MAID AGANIS
 THE DELYVERANCE OF THE ERLE
 OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

QUHA T faithful hairt does not for sorow burst
 To heir thair realme blasfont and blasphemit;
 And of all other countreis comptit curst;
 Discreditit, disdanit, difestimit?
 And men thairof as doubil tratours demit,
 And taxit with so mony schameful blot;
 So poyntit out, and from all faithful flemit,
 Saying, ' Avoid the fals disfaifful Scot?'

' Avoid' thay bid, ' tha fals and filthie tratours;
 So genralie we ar of straingers stylit;
 And repute of sa fals mischievous natures
 As na man may beleif us, unbegylit.
 God wait how we ar railt on, and revylit,
 And blamit for tressounis moniefauld;
 And quhat inveccyde ballates ar compylit;
 Sen the gud Erle Northumberland wes fauld.

Alas!

Alas ! quhy fould not wit, and worthines,
 Honestie, honour, and humilitie,
 Assuagit sumquhat have sic gredines ?
 That paragon of trew nobilitie,
 And perfyte patroun of civilitie,
 So courtés, stout, trew, liberal, and kynd,
 Sould have bene quyt with moir fidelitie ;
 And have with mercye movit [much] your mynd.

That loving lord, fa voyde of all dispyte,
 Of vertews having sic pluralitie ;
 In honest pastyme takand his delyte ;
 With monye rair and princelie qualitie ;
 So nobil port, and liberalitie ;
 Sic hardines, and hairt heroical ;
 Deservit rather immortalitie,
 Then to have had ane end so tragical.

Alace that ever Scotland fould have bred
 Sic to [its] awin dishonour, schame, and greif ;
 That, quhen ane nobilman wes thairto fled,
 At neid to seik some succour and releif,
 Sould have bene coulpit twyse ! First be ane theif ;
 Then be Lochlevin, quho did thre yeir him keip ;
 Quho gat greit gaine to save him from mischeif,
 Syne fould him to the skambils lyik ane scheip.

Our antecēssours, and fathers honorabil,
 Could not be movit be favour, force, nor feir,
 To doe ane deid so vyle and detestabil, —
 And mekil les for gredinēs of geir :
 As be our storeis plainlie dois appeir.
 Bot oft incurrit monye doubtful daingers,
 And oft-times baid thē hafard of the weir,
 For the resēt, and succouring of straingers.

Greit lords and erles, nay dyvers duiks and kings,
 For quhome this realme hes sufferit mekil paine ;
 Exylit from thair countries, and thair rings,
 In Scotland faiffie lang tyme did remaine,
 As Richard, and Henrie the Sext maks plaine.
 And mony ma exempils may be gevin ;
 Of quhom thay micht have gottin gretar gaine ;—
 Quhose luk was gud thay came not in Lochlevin.

Fy on thee, Mar ! that ever thow consentit
 Ane nobilman sa falselie to dissave !
 Thow may weil leif, quhill thow at large repent it,
 That thow trowit Macgill, that drunken knaif ;
 Or Dumfermling, that thé sic counsale gave ;
 Or had to do with Mortouns fellowschip. —
 Lowse Lindfay yit did better with the laif,
 That taik thair geir, and luit thamefelfis slip.

Fals mischeant Mortoun; febil and unkind;
 Thy wretchit hairt could never schame eschew!
 How could so small ane sowme have mov't thy mind
 By this vyile act auld tressouns to renew?
 Thow never wes upright, traistie, nor trew,
 To freind, to fo; nor to na other man.
 On sic vyile treasoun vengeance man ensew,
 On thee, and all thy fals degenerat clan.

Lochlevin, that wes ay faithles to thy brother,
 To quhome thow wes so bound be benefeit!
 How could thow keip thy credit to another,
 That schamefullie, aganes his will and wit,
 The air of Buchan, quhom he did commit
 To thy keping, put on thy brothers bed;
 And, sen his deith, him to dishonour yit
 Hes rasit ane schameful summouns to heir red?

Thow left him falslie in adverfitie,
 And all his freindschip utterlie refusit.
 And work buir witnes of thy loyaltie
 Quhen that the queene wes in the Louch inclusit.
 Baith hir and him thow tratoroussie abusit,
 And gave gude tryel of thy lytil treuth.
 Quhen scho escapt, how could thow be excusit
 Bot thair was slicht, or els ane wilful sleuth?

Yit, tratour! this unhoneft bludie blok
 Surpaffis far thy trefouns all of auld.
 Quhair evir thow gangs thow art ane gafing ftoke,
 For all the peopil cry, ' Cum and behauld
 ' The tratour that the gud Lord Perſey fauld ;'
 Wiſſing his bluid to be upon thy heid. —
 From age to age thy trefoun will be tauld,
 And be ane ſchame for ever to thy feid.

Judas, that fauld our falviour to be flaine,
 Ane vyler draucht nor thow did neyer draw ;
 Nor Ganyelon, aganes Charles the Maine ;
 Nor Andro Bell, that wicket vyle outlaw :
 Nor yit the tratour Eekie of Hairlaw,
 That ſays he ſould him to redeme his pledge.
 Your deid is war, as all the world dois know ; —
 Ye can nothing bot coyatice alledge.

Yit ſen the act wes ſo inordinat,
 And it behuſit be chief tratours to be,
 I wait ye wer thairto preordinat,
 Not be ane chance, bot fatal deſtanie,
 That nane it could have execut bot ye.
 For, quha your nature cleirlye underſtandis,
 Will think ane act of ſo greit villanie
 Behov't of force to fall into your handis.

As metest merchand for ane maister steik,
Baith fals of kynd, and in the craft expert;
And thairby gars your kitchins daylie reik.
Na other man could have found in thair hairt
To sell the saikles, as ane slauchter mairt.
Had Christ himself bene in the Persey's rowme,
I wait ye wald have playit Judas' pairt—
Gif Cayphas had offert yow the fowme.

Yit, for your mischeant and mischevous deid,
This country aucht not for to beir the blame;
Bot onlie that fals and degenerat feid
Of Douglassis fals, wretchit, and infame:
And cheifie Mortoun, and Lochleyin be name,
That of his bluide refavit the pygrall pryce.
So with the silver fall ye have the schame,
And sic your freinds as gave thairto advyse.

O cruel, fals, dislaitful, bludie beistis!
To faythful men how dar ye hauld up face?
How could sic tressoun breid into your breistis?
Quhy leit ye not pitie rather have place?
Sen ye yourselvs wes in the samen caice;—
And wait not quhen theirto ye fall returne.
His bluide fall be on yow, and all your race!
And ye, and yours, fall for that murther murne!

Had

Had ye him gevin, but price, gratuitlie,
 Be benefit yow thinkand thairto bound ;
 Or to declair your luif and amitie ;
 So that no profeit fould to yow redound ;
 Your crueltie had not bene so evil found :
 Bot ye refavit the pryce, and it procurit.
 Evil gottin gaine is ane ungracious ground
 Quhairon to found ane Welth and Weill affurit.

The Jews wald not put in the common purs
 The pryce of Christ, quhilk Judas kaist againe :
 The pryce of bluid brings ay with it ane curs,
 Quhilk on thy race for ever fall remaine.
 Sum day, he fuir, (thoch thow sic dome disdane,)
 Deir of his bluid the bargane will be bocht.
 Vengeance will wirk, and will nocht wirk in vaine,
 Bot thee, thy fons, and name, fall bring to nocht.

Out of thy hand his bluid fall be requyrit :
 Thow fall not chaip mischeif, doe quhat thow can.
 Nor thay, that in that blok with thé conspyrit ;
 Cheiflie the butchers of thy bludie clan.
 Quha vant be bluid thay all thair worschip wan.—
 And yit be bluid mair proudlie dois pretend.—
 Be bluide thay leift ; be bluide thay first began ;
 And so for bluide fall have ane bluidie end.

FREDOME IN PRISOVN.

UP hairt! thou art the pairt
 Of man most soverane
 Let fervile members smarte;
 And bound alane remane,
 For, gif thow do not staine
 Thy treuth and honestie,
 How can thow be in paine?
 No: fuirlie thow art frie.

The boundage of the hairt
 With schame is for to serve;
 And from his honest pairt,
 And vertew, for to fuerve;
 Gif thow do not deserve
 That blot of infamie;
 Thoch captive flesche do sterve,
 Yet fuirlie thow art frie.

Thoch Fortoun, Fraud, or Force,
 Detein thé in suspence;
 Gif thow have no remorse
 In mynd, nor conscience;
 And hes done none offence;
 Thoch in captivitie
 Thow suffer violence,
 Yet fuirlie thow art frie.

Bot gif thow nicht be taxit ;
 Or falsset with thé found ;
 The corps nicht be relaxit,
 Bot schame sould thé confound ;
 And gif thé such a wound
 Sould lest perpetuallie ;
 And mak thé slave so bound
 That thow couldst ne'er be frie.

Bot, sen it is not so,
 Rejoyis, and tak thi rest.
 Thoch Fortoun be thy fo,
 Hir frouning fall not lest :
 Bot cummis for the best
 Thy treuth to testifie.
 So, thoch thow be opprest,
 Yet fuirlie thow art frie.

Then, hairt ! heild not ane hair ;
 Nor in thy prisoun ply.
 Thy vertew now declair,
 And Fortoun's feid defy.
 For Tyme thy treuth fall try ;
 And gif thé victorie
 Of Fortoun and Invy :
 And thow for ever be frie.

THE BANKIS OF HELICON.

A S A N G.

DÉCLAIR, ye bankis of Helicon,
Parnassus' hills, and daills, ilkone,
And fontaine Caballein,
Gif ony of your Muses all,
Or nymphis, may be peregall
Unto my ladye schein?
Or if the ladyis that did lave
Thair bodyis by your brim,
So feimlie war, or [yit] sa suave,
So bewtiful, or trim?
Contempill, exempill
Tak be hir proper port,
Gif onye so bonye
Amang you did resort.

No,

No, no. Forsuith wes never none
 That, with this perfect paragon,
 In beawtie micht compair.
 The Muses wald have gevin the grie
 To her, as to the *A per se*,
 And peirles perle preclair.
 Thinking with admiratioun
 Hir persone so perfyte.
 Nature, in hir creatioun,
 To forme hir tuik delyte.
 Confes then, expres then,
 Your nymphes, and all thair race,
 For bewtie, of dewtie
 Sould yeild, and give hir place.

Apelles, quha did sa decoir
 Dame Venus' face and breist befoir,
 With colours exquisite ;
 That nane micht be compair'd thairtill ;
 Nor yit na painter had the skill
 The bodye to compleit :
 War he this lyvelie goddes' grace,
 And bewtie, to behauld,
 He wald confes his craft and face
 Surpast a thousand fauld.
 Nor abill, in tabill
 With colours competent,
 So quiklie, or liklie,
 A forme, to represent.

Or had my ladye bene alyve
Quhen the thrie goddeffis did stryve,
And Paris wes made judge ;
Fals Helene, Menelaus' maik,
Had ne'er caus'd king Priamus' wraik ;
In Troy nor had refudge.
For ather scho the pryis had wone,
As weill of womanheid ;
Or els with Paris, Priam's fone,
Had gone in Helen's steid.
Estemed, and demed,
Of colour twyis so cleir ;
Far fuetar, and metar
To have bein Paris' feir.

As Phebus' trefs hir hair and breeis ;
With angel hew, and cristall eeis ;
And toung most eloquent.
Hir teithe as perlé in curall fet ;
Hir lips, and cheikis, pumice fret ;
As rose maist redolent.
With yvoire nek, and pomells round,
And comelie intervall.
Hir lillie lyire so soft and sound ;
And proper memberis all,
Bayth brichter, and tichter,
Then marbre poleist clein ;
Ferfyter, and quhyter,
Than Venus, luifis quein.

Hir

Hir angell voice in melodie
 Dois pafs the hevinlie harmonie;
 And Siren's song most fueit.
 For to behauld hir countenance,
 Hir gudeliè grace, and gòvernance;
 It is a joy compleit.
 Sa wittie, verteous, and wyis;
 And prudent bôt compair.
 Without all wickednes and vyce:
 Maist douce and debonair.
 In vesture, and gesture,
 Maist seimlie, and modest.
 With wourdis, and bourdis,
 To solace the opprest.

Na thing thair is in hir at all
 That is not supernaturall,
 Maist proper and perfyte.
 So fresche, so fragrant, and so fair,
 As Deës, and dame Bewties air,
 And dochter of Delyte.
 With qualetes, and forme, diviè,
 Be nature so decoird,
 As goddes of all feminine
 Of men to be adoird.
 Sa blissed that wiffed
 Scho is in all mens' thocht;
 As rarest, and fairest,
 That ever Nature wrocht.

Hir luiks, as Titan radiant,
 Wald pers ane hairt of adamant,
 And it to love alleur.
 Hir birning beawtie dois embrayis
 My breift, and all my mind amayis :
 And bodye haill combuire.
 I have no schift bot to refing
 All power in hir handis ;
 And willinglie my hairt to bring,
 To bind it in hir bandis.
 To langwis in angwis,
 Soir woundit, and opprest :
 Forleitit, or treitit,
 As scho fall think it best.

I houpe fa peirles pulchritud
 Will not be voyde of manfuetud ;
 Nor cruellie be bent.
 Sa, ladye, for thy courtesie,
 Have pitie on my miserie ;
 And lat me not be schent !
 Quhat prayis have ye to be sweir,
 Or crewellie to kill,
 Your woful woundit prifoneir,
 All youldin in your will ?
 All preifing, but ceifing,
 Maist humlie for to ferve.
 Then pruf me, and luif me
 As deidis fall deserve.

R

And,

And, gif ye find diffait in me,
Or ony quent confait in me
Your bontie till abuse,
My dowbill deling be difdaine
Acquyt, and pay me hame againe ;
And flatlie me refuife.
Bot fen I mein finceritie,
And trew luif from my hairt ;
To quyt me with auferitie
Forfuith war not your pairt.
Or trap me, or wrap me
Maift wrangfullie in wo ;
Forfaiking, and wraiking
Your fervand, as your fo.

Alace ! let not trew amitie
Be quyt with fo greit creweltie ;
Nor fervice be difdaine !
Bot rather, hairt, be reuthfull,
And ye fall find me treuthfull,
Constant, fecreit, and plaine.
In sorrow lat me not confome,
Nor langer dolour drie,
Bot fuddanlie pronounce the dome,
Gif I fall leif, or die.
That having my craving,
Mirthfull I may remaine ;
Or speid fone the deid fone,
And put me out of paine.

P I O U S

P I O U S L Y N E S.

THIS warldie joy is onlie fantasie,
Quhairof no ertylie wucht can be content.
Quho maist hes wit, lest fould in it effy ;
Quho traists it maist, [ay] maist fall him repent.
Quhat valis all this riches, and this rent,
Sen no man knaws quha fall his trefour haif?
Presume not gevin quhat God hes to thé lent,
Within schort tyme the quhilk he thinks to craif.

EQUIVOCALE VERSES
ON WEMEN.

ALL wemen ar guid, nobil, and excellent.
 Quha can say that X thair evir do offend
 Daylie X thair serve thair God with gud intent
 Sendil X displeis thair husbands to lyf's end
 Always X but thame to pleis thair do intend
 Nevir X man [may] find in thame brukilnes.
 Sic qualiteis thair [still] use; mair, and les.

Reid this vers according to the meater, and it is guid of wemen; bot, reid it to the wit, evin the contrair.

ELEGIE.

WITH fching sad, and surging sorrow foir,
 My cairfull corps richt peteouslie opprest,
 And wrapt in wo, desyring nothing moir
 Then dolent deith the same sould have in haist;
 By cours of nature luiking for sum rest,
 Quhen fair Venus, the bewtie of the night,
 Had set hir face direct into the west,
 I prostrat law; and thus closit my sight.

Into my swuning, slumring as I lay,
 Most feirfull formes did foir assault my thocht.
 The roring of the raging seyis gray,
 Quhilk Boreas' blast from bank to bray had brocht.
 The thundering doun of cannouns, warlie wrocht,
 (As did appeir) maid hevin and ertke to schaik.
 For to exponde my dreame all meins I socht,
 Quhen I awouk with mony a cruell crak.

Sumtyme the scriptures in my hand I volve,
 Gif happelie I culd find suche a caice.
 Sumtyme vaine wryteres red I to resolve
 Me of my folische fantasie. Alas!
 Sumtyme I call the michtie God for grace,
 That I micht have the spreit for to persave
 Quhat misterie apperit in that place;
 Or gif my wittis waik did me dissave.

Volving this way into my maning mynd,
 Perhaps I hard ane' captive, full of cair;
 To weping prone, to murning soir inclyn'd;
 From blythnes baneist; drawin to dispair;
 (Creusa kynd to hir was na compair;
 Nor Phaëtusa; nor murning Phaeton,
 Quhose tyrit visage sumtyme wes preclair;)
 My feirful dreame did perfytlie expone.

Hir trimbling teires did represent the jawis
 Of Neptune's raige, quhilk rasit bene be raine.
 Hir sicing braith, the budding blast that blawis
 Quhen Boreas list to prove his powar plaine,
 Hir voice sa rank, with reuthful reir againe,
 Most lyik the thundring thuds of canoun din,
 Affrayit me. Yit wald I not refraine;
 Bot kept me close my cabinat within.

This peteous wicht, werid and woe-begone,
 Ware all hir hair that forow was to sie.
 And, as the drope of water weres the ston,
 So dentit wer hir cheikis cruellie
 By trimbling teires, distilling ithinglie
 Out from hir eis, lyk flowing stremes of raine.
 For to behauld hir dolour outwardlie,
 Wes to my hairt ane inwart heavie paine.

Hir bodye small wes widdert and berent,
 As is the staik quhilk fomer's dreuth opprest.
 Hir visage pale declart hir to be schent;
 In sighs and sobs reposit wes hir rest.
 Hir febill handes togidder oft scho prest.
 With reuthful reir, that echoit in the sky,
 In doufull duill, this cairful cative waste
 Yeild furth hir plaint, with mony ane cruell cry.

Thus hering hir bewailing all hir woe,
 In studie still ane lytill quhyle I stude.
 Bot quhen I saw hir deidlie duill wes so;
 And scho of joy and confort wes denude.
 To speik to hir a lytil thocht me gude,
 Gif [that] my word might solace to hir mak;
 Or gif I might hir cairsum pairt seclude.
 With douful voice this way to hir I spak.

“ [Bewrie] tha woes, quhat wicht that ever ye be;
 “ And stint, in tyme, to spill thyself but plaint.
 “ Tell quhat thow art? from quence? For suir I fie
 “ Thow may not duire with sorrow thus attent.”
 And with that worde hir face, with teires besprent,
 Scho listit up; and, prostrat quhair scho lay,
 With heavie hairt, with monye a piteous plaint,
 And wofull stound, scho thus begane to say.

‘ Alace! I wretche, quhome thus thow heires bewaill,
 ‘ Am bot a mortal murning my mischance;
 ‘ Quhome duill, and dolour, daylie dois affail;
 ‘ Intoxicat with *Sorrow*’s poyfonit lance.
 ‘ All tyme and hours I mak obedience
 ‘ Unto that wofull *Maistres of Mischeif*.
 ‘ Is no remeid, safe onlie patience;
 ‘ And houp, the health and haift of my releif.

‘ And I am cum, my drerie deftanie,
 ‘ And lukles lot, for to bemone with thofe,
 ‘ Quhome *Fortoun*, in this nest of miserie,
 ‘ To be the *Mirroure of Mishap* hath chofe.
 ‘ Upon the onlie God we aucht repose,
 ‘ For all things fede that we do think most fuir,
 ‘ The bad abydes; the best ay foneft gois;
 ‘ That men may fie no erthlie thing can duir.

‘ Then quhat ar we to trust into our strenth?
 ‘ Our wifdome, wit, or staittis variabill?
 ‘ Quhilk *Tyme* will chainge; and als devoir at lenth,
 ‘ Thoch by *Fortoun* it wes not changeabill!
 ‘ This world is bot ane vaill most miserabill,
 ‘ To dolent *Daith* subdewt, with bitter schouris,
 ‘ Quhilk maks me weip ane freind (with murning babill)
 ‘ Amang the *Mufes* nurifcht with thair flouris.

‘ Quhose

- ' Quhose vertews rair Pallas may foir lament,
 ' Allthoch I pafs thame ovr with secreit thocht;
 ' The wit, the wisdoms als, that, involent,
 ' Scho may deploir gif that avalet hocht,
 ' *Justice*, thy sword befor thy face is brocht,
 ' Quhilk he did clein ay keip with kyndlie cair.
 ' And, *Faith*, thow wants ane piller fuirly wrocht
 ' To beir thy throne triumphand everie quhair.
- ' And thoch thir heavenlie wichts have cause to weip
 ' The lose of him that wes to thame so deir;
 ' Thair woundis [fair], quhilk ar bayth wyd and deip,
 ' In me alone most plainlie may appeir.
 ' For I have lost his vertewes all sincer;
 ' Ane piller als, ane freind I want also;
 ' Quho wes ane reddye scheild, and feirfull speir.
 ' The sword I want for to resist my fo.
- ' Quhat! fall I murne my nauchtie frivol stait?
 ' Or fall I spurne with *Fortoun's* quhirling quheill?
 ' Sum I suppose ar borne unfortunate—
 ' Or els gud labours could not prosper ill.
 ' Sum men hes wrocht baith werlie, and with skill;
 ' And yit thair labour all hes bene in vaine.
 And uthers hes the world waild at will,
 ' Quho has not taine fuche travell, nor fuche paine.

' Of the first nummer compt me not the last ;
 ' To all mishap I mein predestinat.
 ' For I in cruel bands of cair am chaist ;
 ' In prison strang with *Sorrow* carterat.
 ' Quhair stīl I duill, of plesour deprevat.
 ' Ane mirroure maid, quhairin all men may find,
 ' *Quha stīves with Nature is in the estait*
 ' *Of him that stīves agane the streme and wind.*

' Thus to my lot is chanced the mishap,
 ' Quhilk nevermore did I serve in my lyve.
 ' For I was fūrlie trappit in the trap,
 ' Befoir I culd the bad, or gud, discryve.
 ' So may I not myself from woe prescryve.
 ' Sen I wes borne, evin from my mother's wombe,
 ' In flitting dolour, day and nicht, to stīve :
 ' Quhairin I knaw *Fortoun* hes maid my tomb.'

Hir woful voice no sōner had out-bred
 Tha wofull words, quhairwith scho forowed so,
 Bot scho, alas! soir sich'd, and never stay'd,
 Syne fell down flat upon the ground for wo.
 Quhoſe soir regret did so my strenth ovr-go,
 That I nocht wist quhair that I did remaine ;
 Brocht fra my wittis, all [sense flew] me fro,
 Quhilk as I micht I gadderit sone againe.

Then, ficing fad, I to that woful wicht:
 " Sen to thy lot by nature doeth pertaine
 " The feid of sorrow, fonkin day and nicht
 " Into thy baleful breift, ay to remaine ;
 " I, as ane man with furing forow flaine,
 " Into difpair moft duilfullie to die,
 " Doe feik to confort thé. Allace ! in paine
 " Quharto I find no help nor remedie."

With painfull paine thir wordis skair's brift out,
 Quhen I wes forc'd to turne my face away
 From hering of the woful werye fchout,
 That fcho all tyme and houris did bewray.
 But, as I paff, thus ficing could I fay :
 " All men fall die that ever draweth breath :
 " Then fet thy thocht on God thy onlie ftay.
 " Thy beft clething fall be the fcheild of Deith.

" Sen deith is onlie the rewaird of fin ;
 " And fin convoyit all erthlie wicht to grave ;
 " To grave we go, from grave we doe begin.
 " Quhen we begin in forrow, REST we crave.
 " IT that we crave we moft of Death refave ;
 " Refaving deith we find a perfyte reft.
 " And perfyte reft ane thing is beft to have :
 " Ane bliffit thing then deith moft be confest.

" Imbraſing

" Imbrasing deith we ar the Lord's elect,
 " Gif we elect ane lyf aftir his will.
 " His will is trew, and [ay] will thame elect,
 " That doith erect the hairt with treuth him till,
 " Him till obey, and all his laws fulfill.
 " He fall fulfill thair hairtis' haild desyre :
 " Lat thy desyre," then said I, " captive still,
 " Evir obey that high princis impyre.

" Quhose his empyre, and restful richt renowne,
 " Mot plesour bring unto all painful wicht.
 " All painful wicht mot think on THY ransoun;
 " Quhilk ransoun brocht from darknes all our licht.
 " O let that licht destroy the drerie nicht,
 " Quhilk nicht suche sorrowes suddanlie me fend !
 " And gif us grace to sie that plesand sicht,
 " Quhilk sicht fall bring our cairful cairs to end.

IN PRAISE OF LETHINGTOUN.

VIRGIL his village Mantua
 Did prayse above the rest ;
 And Lucane thocht that Corduba
 Amang all wes the best.
 Catullus Verone did commend,
 As his native countrie ;
 And Ovid to that samyn end
 Did Sulmone magnifie.

Sua everie poet hes sum place
 To prayse, and to commend,
 For sum excellent gift, and grace,
 That God hes to it fend.
 Quhilk makis thair immortal fame
 Out-throw the warld be knawin ;
 Thair heich renoun, honour, and name,
 Throw all countreis be blawin.

Quha dois misken the praysis greit
 Of noble Gretia ?
 Quha dois not knaw what poetes wryte
 Of auld Sicilia ?
 Of Parnassus the doubil toppis
 Ar nane bot hes harde tell.
 Quha dois not knaw the silver droppis
 Of Hypocrene the well ?

Of Permessis the water cleir
 Ar nane that can misknaw :
 Nor of the birdis' bruit and beir
 Is maid in Tempe schaw.
 And yit thir places cannot be
 Sa plesand and preclair,
 That, in our tyme, nor yit countrie,
 Nane may be thair compair.

Bot prudent poets with thair pens
 Hes fo thair name extol'd,
 That everie wicht thair vertew kens,
 And praysis monyefauld.
 Then quhy fould we the praysis greit
 With dark filence put down,
 Quhilk micht be magnifeit be writ
 Of monye tour, and toun ?

Quhilk micht, perchance, all thir exceid
 In all magnificence,
 Gif thay war celebrat indeid
 With als greit eloquence.
 As for myself, without I wald
 Ingrat be and unkynd,
 I caa na mair my filence hauld,
 Bot man put furth my mynd.

To speik of thé, O Lethingtoun!
 Quhilk standis fair on Tyne;
 Quhais worthie prayfis and renoun
 Transcendis my ingyne.
 Thow merits Homer, or Virgill,
 Thy worschip till advance,
 And put thy name, digne and nobill,
 In dew remembrance.

Thy tour, and fortres lairge and lang,
 Thy nychbours dois excell.
 And for thy wallis, thik and strang,
 Thow justlie beirs the bell.
 Thy groundis deip, and toppis hie
 Uprising in the air;
 Thy voltis plesand ar to sie,
 Thay ar so greit and fair.

Thy work to luik on is delyite,
 So clein, so found, so evin.
 Thy alryne is a mervall greit,
 Upreiching to the hevin.
 O quhat plesour is to be thair,
 As Phæbus dois upryse,
 To sie the wod and feildis fair,
 Quhilk round about thé lysis!

O quhat

O quhat plesour may thair be sene,
 As the dayis lamp dois lout,
 To sie the medows, fair and grene,
 Quhilk lysis thé about!

O quhat plesour is to be thair,
 Quhenas the sone is doun,
 To heir the bumming of the air,
 And plesand even's soun!

O quhat plesour is thair, and joy,
 Quhen day hes lost his licht,
 To sie the tyme sa calme and coy,
 And filence of the nicht!

A lang tyme fould I thair remaine
 Or that I wercit grew;
 And sone fall I desyre againe—
 Quhen I bid thé adieu.

Greit was the work to houke the ground,
 And thy foundatioun cast;
 Bot greater it was thé to found,
 And end thé at the last.
 I merveill that he did not feir,
 Quha rasit thé on hicht,
 That na foundatioun fould thé beir,
 Bot thow fould sink for wecht.

Or els the air fould not have tholit
So heich for to be perfit ;
Nor yit the erde for to be holit,
And fo deip down be ferfit.
Then michtie wes that man indeid,
That first thé tuik in hand ;
And in his worke did fo proceid
That he thé maid upstand.

Bot thé to plenisch, and fulfill,
And mak thy worke compleit,
Quhoso it richt confidder will,
Wes worke of no les spreit.
Thy beddis soft, and tapeis fair,
Thy treitting, and gud cheir ;
Gif I the treuth wald now declair,
I wait thow hes no peir.

The deid itself will schaw it ay ;
It misters not my pen.
And, thay that travel be the way,
Thay may full weill it ken.
Bot sic, and other profeits mo,
I pas, and leif behind ;
And only I rehers the joy
That I did in thé find.

Thy arbour, and thy orchard grene,
I cannot pas it by.

A thing maist femelie to be fene
Under thy wall dois ly;
Maist plesand place to mak repair,
Thairin to fit or gang.

Thy knottis; and thy alleis fair,
Quhilk ar bayth braid and lang.

Thy buttis, biggit neir thame by,
Sa fuire, but sone or wind;
Maist plesand place of archerie
That e'er I yit could find.
Thow hes a thousand plesoures ma,
That my tounge cannot tell.
O happie war he that micht ay
Bot troubill in thé duell!

And happie art thow, sic a place
That few thy mak ar fene;
Bot yit mair happie far that RACE
To quhome thow dois pertene.
Quha dois not knaw the MAITLAND bluid,
The best in all this land;
In quhilk sumtyme the honour fluid
And worship of Scotland?

Of *auld* Sir Richard * of that name
 We have hard fing and say ;
 Of his triumphant nobill fame,
 And of his auld baird gray.
 And of his nobill fonnis *thrie*,
 Quhilk that tyme had no maik ;
 Quhilk maid Scotland renounit be,
 And all England to quaik.

Quhais luifing prayfis, maid trewlie
 Efter that simpil tyme,
 Ar founge in monye far countrie,
 Albeit in rural ryme.
 And, gif I dar the treuth declair,
 And nane me fleitschour call,
 I can to him find a COMPAIR,
 And till his BARNIS all.

* The early progenitor of our Sir Richard. He lived about the year 1250.

THE VISION OF CHAISTETIE,
TO MISS MARIE MAITLAND.

INTILL ane morning, mirthfullest of May,
Or Phebus' bemes did gleit aganes the west,
I rais, and saw the feildis fair and gay.
Synne to ane river-syde anone me drest;
Quhairas the merle, and maveis mirriest,
And lark, thair nots maist curiouflic did sing.
The birdis blythe, with angel-voice possessit,
Maid all the hevins about me for to ring.

Depaintit wer the feilds, with all kynd hewis,
By dame Nature, that lustie ladye schene.
The sylver drops of dew hang on the bewis,
Lyke orient perle in gold quhilk fet hathe bene.
The holsome air, the firmament serene,
And blisful blenks of Phœbus' beamis bricht,
Bad me go sleip in Florais mantill grene;
Quhome to resist I noways could nor micht.

Heirfoir I vewit the fields, baith daill and schaw,
Quhair I ane place maist plesand nicht espy.
And io, perhap, ane grene medow I saw,
(Quhair all wes blythe that sprang up), neirhandby.
Furthward I went; and thidder came in hy,
Amang the smelling floures me to repose.
Quhair Morpheus his mantill suddanlie
Did on me spred; syne did me eis close.

Into my dreame, behauld! quhairas I lay,
 First did appeir within ane lytil space
 Twa lustie Hairts; the lyk, before that day,
 I never saw, into no land nor place;
 With hornis greit, and plesand well-maid face.
 Syne, thame betwixt, ane Lyon, woundit fair,
 Thay buire; crying, with voces rank and hace,
 'Keip rell in haist, and leif thir feildis fair!'

Thay me demandit gif I wald assent
 With thame to go, thair lasors for to sie?
 With aireit termes, and style most eloquent,
 Thay maid me sone to thair assent agrie.
 So up I rays, and furth the way went we.
 Thay me convoyt into ane gardene grein;
 Quhair everie plant and wod nicht callit be,
 That spred upon the branchis nicht be fein.

MARIE I thocht in this wode did appeir,
 MAIT LAND and gold scho gave abundantlie.
 Syne in hir hand ane flourisit trie did beir;
 Quhairin wes writtin with letters properlie,
 'THIS IS IN SIGN OF TREW VIRGINITIE,
 'Quhilk I have socht, and luifit best of all.
 'Heirfoir I fall with cair most diligentlie
 'Sustein the fame, that it resave no fall.

This plesant plant, pereles but paragone,
 Stuid on ane ruit of femelie *sickernes* ;
 The bark thairof wes *fair proportioun* ;
 The bodye haill wes *luifsum lawlines* ;
 The hairt, but dreid, wes maid of *saythfulness* ;
 The blomis quhyte and reid wes *bewtie bricht* ;
 The braunche, and leifes, wer all of *propernes*
 Weill wrocht for till alluire all erdlie wicht.

And in quhose trope ane plesand sicht thair was
 Of ladyis fair as Phœbus in mid-day ;
 For thair wes Venus, Juno, and Pallas ;
 Minerva, Cleo, and Terpicore ;
 Proserpina, and Diana the may ;
 Dame Beawtie bricht, and als dame Chastetie,
 For to impyire abone the rest for ay ;
 And Lawlines lay law under the trie.

Thir ladys bricht, on [banke] quhairas thay sat,
 Begouth ane sang to gladdin all the spray ;
 Out of my dreame quhilk did me excitat.
 Then did I luik about me, quhair I lay ;
 Quhen I persavit that they wer all away,
 And all wes fantasie that I had sene.
 With wofull hairt then did I feik the bray
 Above the water-brok quhair I had bene.

L U V E.

L U V E - S A N G O N H O U P.

MY ladyis pulchritud
Hes me so plong'd in paine,
That mar'd in mynd and muid,
Mirthles I man remaine.
Unles that fluid
Of graces gud,
Be manfuetud,
My rest restoir againe.

Blind Boy! thow dois so beir
My fortoun in ballance,
I flie from houp to feir;
From feir till esperance.
Now thair, now heir;
Now peace, now weir;
Chainging my cheir,
As chainges ay my chance.

As in the wind I wie,
Ay wavering with the wechtis,
Feir wald force Fayth to flie;
And Faith with Fortoun fechtis.
And this, ye se,
Is my degrie;
Now low, now hie,
As houp gud hap me hechtis.

Yit houp hings be ane hair,
Houping aganes all houp ;
Albeit from cair to cair,
Thow catche my hairt in coup ;
Yit, mair and mair,
I lyk thy lair.
And, for no fair,
Nor forrow, can I foup.

And hap I apprehend
Be houp, I wait not how,
And pertlie I pretend,
And preis aganes the prow.
And ay intend
That way to wend ;
And, in the end,
For to attein I trow.

THE FAYTHFUL LUIFAR. A SANG.

GIF faithfulness ye find,
 And that your mynd content,
 Ane band heirby I bind
 Of firme fayth, and fervent.
 And, to be permanent,
 For ocht that may befall,
 My hairt heir I present,
 In pledge perpetuall.

Quhilk simplie I refing,
 As hostage in your hand;
 And willinglie it bring,
 To bind it in sic band;
 As plesis yow, command
 To lest, till I may leif.
 Quhilk is the gadge and pand
 Maist fuir that I can geif.

Resave it then, and treit it
 As treuth fall try my pairt.
 Gif I be fals, forleit it,
 And let me suffer smairt.
 Daill efter my desert;
 Then dreid I no disdaine.
 Bot houp to have ane hairt
 In recompence againe.

Gif

6 . . . A N C I E N T

Gif Loyaltie may Love
Ane recompence procure ;
Or honest mening move
Your favour to induire ;
Gif lawtie yow alluire ;
Or constance mak yow kynd ;
Firme faith fall me affuire,
And treuth content your mynd.

TO

TO MISS MARIE MAITLAND.

IF Sapho sage, for Saphic sang so fueit,
 Did pleid for prais, and place amang the nync;
 If trustie talk with tales so trew do meit,
 Amid the gods dois duell that dame devyne.

And now of lait that lustie ladie rair,
 Olimpia—O lampe of Latine land!
 So doeth thy workes unto this day declair:
 For lyfie art, quho list thy vers to scand.

A thrid, O maistres Marie! make I pray:
 And put in ure thy worthie vertews all.
 For famous is your fleing fame; I say,
 Hyd not so haut a hairt in slugish thrall.

This buik then bear, and beat your branes thairin;
 A plesant poet perfyte fall ye be.
 And, lytill labour lost, the lawrell win;
 Adorn'd with cumlie croun of pœsie.

CONSTANCE THE CURE OF ABSENCE.

A S A N G.

AS absence is the greatest fo
 That Cupid's clients do suspect;
 (Lang out of sight engenders fo
 To presence the contrair effect;)
 And as oblivion dois deject
 The building of remembrance;
 So lak of memorie dois neglect
 The deids deserving recompance.

Of absence langour dois proceed;
 And langour breids melancolie.
 Melancolie procuirs the deid
 Be findrie kynds of maladie.
 Thus may I gather easalie
 That Absence is ane homicide,
 To martyre men maist crewellie,
 Except thair be found out remeid.

Now thoch the Causer of thir thre,
 (Langour, melancolie, and deid),
 This present tyme dois threathin me
 To pour thir [hail] plags on my heid,
 Laking that grace my caus to pleid,
 At Bewteis bar to seik refuge;
 Yit in your justice I confeid,
 Absence my richt fall not prejuge.

Thoch

Thoch other lovers doe alledge,
 For to defend thair libertie,
 Sum other causes to repledge
 Thamefelves from absence ' tyrannie;
 Yit into that securitie,
 With thame, I put no confidence ;
 Suppose in love my constancie
 Deservis als great recompence.

To find ane trew Penelope,
 Quhair other sum hes wrocht in vaine!—
 Yit I belief to find yow fae,
 And constanter for to remaine :
 In easing thus your lover's paine,
 As scho wes to be registrat.
 And sua, thoch absence me disdaine,
 I fall induire the last combat.

Tho absence be The maladie
 Tormenting me
 With daylie greif;
 Your constancie May remedie.
 Gif not, I die
 Without releif.

The

The Reids in the Loch say;

TH O C H raging stormes move us to schaik ;
And wind mak waters us owrflow :
We yield thairto, but doe not brek,
And in the calm unbent we grow.

So, baneist men, (thoch princes raige,)
And prisioners, be not disparit.
Abyde the [blast] quhill that it suaige:
For tyme sic causis hes reparit.

ON STEDFASTNES.

TO KING JAMES VI.

SUMTYME the warld so stedfast wes and stable,
 That manis word wes obligatioun;
 And now it is so fals, and diffavable,
 That words, and deidis in conclusioun,
 Ar nothing lyke: bot turnit upsyde doun
 Is all this warld for neid and wilfulnes,
 That all is lost for lak of stedfastnes.

Treuthe is put doun; reason is haldin fabil;
 Vertew hes now na dominatioun.
 Piety exylit: and na man meritabil:
 Throw covatyce blind is discretioun.
 The warld is maid a permutation
 Fra rycht to wrang, fra reasoun to wilfulnes,
 That all is lost for lak of stedfastnes.

Quhat maks this warld to be so variabil,
 Bot lust that folk hes of indiscretioun?
 Amang us now a man is haldin unabil,
 Except he can, be sum collusion,
 Do his neichbour wrang or oppressioun.
 Quhat makis this bot woful wretchitnes,
 That all is lost for lak of stedfastnes?

Falsat,

Falsat, that [ay] fould be abhominabil,
 Now is regnand but reformatioun.
 Quhaevir is large is haldin now unhabil:
 Vyce is the ground of sustentation.
 All wit is turn'd to cavillatioun;
 Lawtie expellit, and all gentilnes,
 That all is lost for lak of stedfastnes.

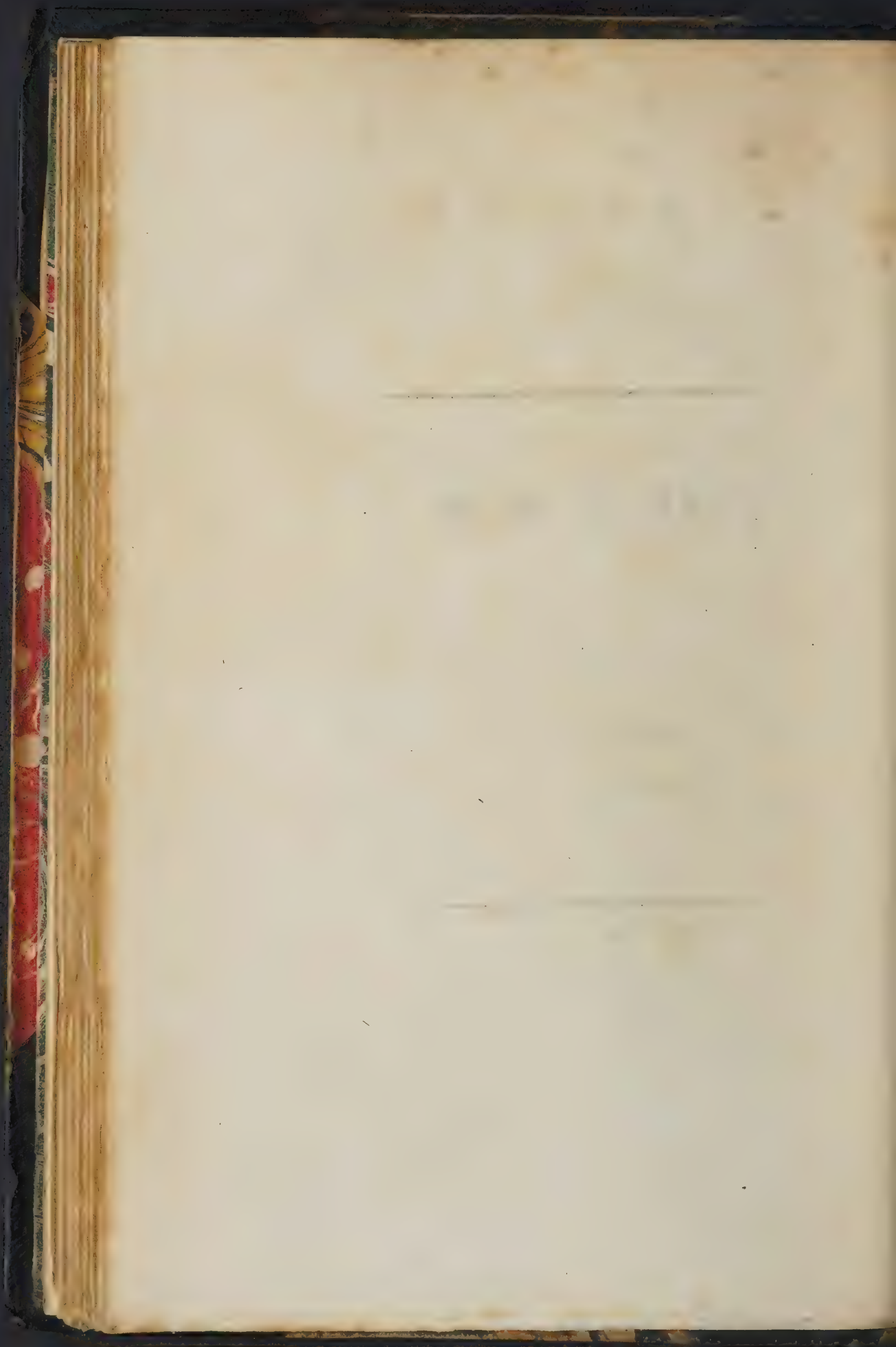
O Prince! defyir for to be honorabil.
 Cheireis thy folk; and hait extortioun.
 Suffir nathing that can be reprovabil.
 To thine estait dome in thi regioun.
 Schaw furthe the swerde of castigatioun.
 Dreid God. Do law. Luif treuth and rychteousnes.
 And leid thi folk agane to stedfastnes.

P O E M E S

B E

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND
OF LETHINGTOUN, KNICHT.

T



POEMES BE SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

COUNSALE TO HIS SON [WILLIAM]
BEAND IN THE COURT.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEIR 1555.

MY sone, in court gif thow pleifis remane,
This my counsal into thy mind imprent.
In thy speiking luik that thow be nocht vane;
Behald and heir; and to the king tak tent.
Be no lear, or ellis thow art schent;
Found thé on treuth, gif thow wald weil betyd.
To governe all and reull be nocht our bent.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Be nocht ane scornar, nor fenyat flatterar;
Nor yet ane rounder of inventit talis;
Of it thow heirs be nocht ane clatterar.
Fall nocht in plie for thyng that lytil valis:
Have nocht to do with uther mennis falis.
Fra wickit men thow draw thee far on fyde.
Thow art ane fule gif thow with fulis dalis.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Bewar quham to thy counsal thow reveil,
 Sum may feim trew, and yit difsemblars be.
 Be of thy promeis and condition leil.
 Waist nocht thy guid in prædicalitie ;
 Nor put thyne honour into jeopardie :
 With folk difamit nouthar gang nor ryde.
 With wilful men to argue is folie.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Be na dyfar, nor playar at the cairtis,
 Bot gif it be for pastyme, and small thing.
 Be nocht blawin with windis of all airtis,
 Constancè in gude of wifdome is ane sing.
 Be wyse, and tentie, in thy governing ;
 And try thame weil in quhame thow wilt confide :
 Sum fair wourdis will gif, wald se ye hing.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Attour all thing ay to thy prince be trew
 In thocht, and deid ; in wourde, in werk, and sicht :
 Fra tressonabil company eschew ;
 Thy prince profit, and honour at thy nicht.
 Set ay forward the puir, day and nicht,
 And lat na thing the commoun weil elyde ;
 And at all tyme mainteine justice and richt.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Thoch

Thoch thou in court be with the hiest placit,
In honour, office, or in dignitie,
Think that sumtyme thou may be fra it chassit;
As sum hes bein befoir, and yet may be.
Neidful it is thairfoir to gang warlie,
That raklessie thou snapper nocht, nor flyd.
Ken ay thyself best in prosperitie.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Prefs nocht to be exaltit above uther,
For, gif thou do, thou fall be fair invyit;
Grit peral is to tak on hand the ruther,
Quhil first that thy experience be tryit.
Think, at the last thy doing will be spyit,
Thoch thou with slicht wald cover it and hyd;
And all thy craft fall at the croce be cryit.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Bewar in giffing of ane hie confale,
In maters grit, and doutfum, speciallic;
Quhilk, be the wirking of the warld, may fail,
Thoch it seem never sa apparentlic.
Behald the warldis instabilitie,
That never still into ane stait dois byd;
Bot changeand ay, as dois the mone and see.
He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Gif with the peple thow wald luifit be,
 Be gentil, lawlie, and meik in thyn estait.
 For an thow be uncourtés, proude, and hie,
 Than all the world fal thé detest and hait.
 Flie feinyng, flattering, falsheid, and dissait.
 Invent nathing that may the realme divyð;
 Or fall occaßioun trouble, and debait.
 He reulis weil that weil in court can gyd.

Grund all thy doing upon suthfastnes;
 And hald thé ay gud cumpany amang.
 Gadder na geir with wast and wretchitnes;
 Preis nocht to conqueis ony thing with wrang:
 Evil-gottin gudis lestys never lang.
 Thoch all war thyne, within this world sa wyd,
 Thow fall fra it, or it fra thee fall gang.
 He reulis weil that weil in coult can gyd.

Above all thing, I thee exhort and pray;
 To pleis thy God set all thy bissie cuire,
 And fyn thy prince serve, luif weil, and obey:
 And, as thow may, be helpand ay the puire.
 Sen erdlie thingis will nocht ay endure,
 Thairfoir in hevin ane place for thé provyd;
 Quhair thair is joy, rest, gloir, and all plesour;
 Onto the quhilk eternal God us gyd.

Quod Richard Maitland of Leithingtoun knicht.

ON THE NEW YEIR.

(PERHAPS 1557.)

O HIE eternal God of micht!
 Of thy grit grace, grant us thy licht,
 With hairt and mynd sinceir,
 To leif efter thy lawis richt,
 Now into this new yeir.

God keip our Quein; and grace hir send
 This realme to gyde, and to defend;
 In justice perseveir:
 And of her wawis mak an end,
 Now into this new yeir.

God send grace to our Quene Regent,
 Be law to mak sic punishment,
 To gar lymmars foirbeir
 For till oppres the innocent,
 Now into this new yeir.

Lord, schent all sawars of feditioun;
 Remove all rancour and fuspicioun,
 Quhilk may this cuntrie deir.
 Put all perturbars to punitioun.
 Now into this new yeir.

God fend pastors of veritie,
 Be quham we may instructit be
 Our God to serve and feir.
 And to fet furth his wourd trewlie,
 Now into this new yeir.

And tak awa the ignorantis
 Of [tha] kirkmen that vyceis hauntis
 And leidis us arrear;
 That bayth gud lyf and cunning wantis;
 Now into this new yeir.

God gif our lordis temporal
 Grace to gif ane-trew consale,
 This realme to gyd and steir;
 To be obedient and loyal,
 Now into this new yeir.

And tak away all grit oppressours,
 Comoun mantenars of transgressours,
 Movears of stryf and weir,
 For theves and revars intercessours,
 Now into this new yeir.

Lords of the Sait, mak expeditioun,
 Gar everilk man mak restitution
 Of wrangus land and geir;
 And we fall eik your contributioun,
 Now into this new yeir.

Men of law, I pray yow mend.
 Tak na ill quarels be the end
 For profite may appeir ;
 Invent na things to gar us spend
 Our geir in this new yeir.

God grant our ladeis chafitie,
 Wifdome, meiknes, and gravitie :
 And have na will to weir
 Thir clathing full of vanitie,
 Now into this new yeir.

Bot for to weir habilyement
 According to thair stait and rent.
 And all thingis foirbeir,
 That may thair barnis gar repent
 Heirafter mony yeir.

God fend our burgefs' wit and skill
 For to fet furth the commounweil ;
 With lawtie fell thair geir ;
 And to use met and mefure leil,
 Now into this new yeir.

And all vane waistours tak away ;
 Regrattours that tak double pay :
 And wyne-fellars our deir ;
 Dyvours that drinkis all the day ;
 Now into this new yeir.

Grace

Grace be to the gud burges' wyfis,
 That be leiffum lawbour thryvis ;
 And dois vertew leir,
 Thriftie, and of honest lyfis,
 Now into this new yeir.

For sum of thame wald be weil fed,
 And lyk the quenis ladeis cled,
 Thoch all thair barnes fuld bleir.
 I trow that sic fall mak ane red
 Of all thair paks this yeir.

God fend the comouns weil to wirk ;
 The grund to lawbour, and nocht irk,
 To win gude quheit and beir ;
 And to bring furth bayth staig and firik,
 Now into this new yeir.

And tak awa thir ydle lounis,
 Cryand wakkars, with cloutit gounis ;
 And fornars that ar sweir ;
 And put thame in the galiounis,
 Now into this new yeir

I pray all staitis and degree
 To pray to God continwalie
 His grace to grant us heir :
 And fend us peax and unitie
 Now into this new yeir.

Quod Sir Richard Maitland.

OF THE QUENIS MARYAGE TO THE
DOLPHIN OF FRANCE. 1558.

THE grit blythnes, and joy inestimabil,
For to set furth the Scottis ar nocht abil;
Nor for to mak condigne solemnitie,
For the gude news, and tythings comfortabil,
Of the contract of maryage honorabil,
Betwix the Quene's maist nobil majestie,
And the gritist young prince in christentie,
And alsua to us the maist profitabil,
Of France the Dolphin, first son of King Henrie.

All lustie wowars, and hardie chevaleris,
Go drefs your hors, your harnes, and your geiris,
To rin at lists, to just, and to turnay;
That it may run onto your ladeis eiris
Quha in the field maist valiantlie him beris.
And ye, fair ladeis! put on your best array.
Requeist young men to ryd in your lev'ray,
That, for your saik, thai may breik twentie speiris
For luf of you, young lustie ladeis gay.

All

All burrowstownis, everilk man yow prayis
 To maik bainfyris, fairfeis, and clerk-playis
 And, throw your rewis, carrels dans, and sing:
 And at your croce gar wyn rin findrie wayis:
 As wes the custome in our eldars' dayis,
 Quhen that thai maid triumphe for ony thing.
 And all your stais with tapestrie gar hing.
 Castels, schut gunnis, schippis, and galayis;
 Blaw up your trumpats, and on your drums ding.

Preistis, and clerkis, and men of [that professioun,]
 With devote mynd gang to processioun,
 And in your queiris sing with melodie.
 To the grit God mak intercessioun
 To send our Princess gud successioun
 With her young Spous, to our utilitie;
 That estir hir may governe this cuntrie;
 And us defend from all oppressioun;
 And it conferve in law and libertie.

Ye lordis all, and barouns of renowne,
 And all the staitis of this natioun,
 Mak grit triumphe; mak banket, and gud chere;
 And everilk man put on his nuptial gowne.
 Lat it be sein into the burrowstowne
 That in your coffers hes lyn this mony yeir.
 Sen that your Quene hes chosin hir ane feir,
 Ane potent Prince for to mantein your crown,
 And enterteinye yow in peax and weir.

Lat all the world, be your proceeding, see
 That thair is fayth, and treuthe in your cuntrie;
 Luif, lawtie, law, and a gud conscience;
 Concord, concurrand in peax and unitie;
 Obedience to the authoritie;
 Foirsicht, provisioun, and experience;
 Honour, manheid, justice, and prudence;
 Quhilk, gif ye have, ye fall estemit be,
 And be ilk man haulden in reverence.

O michtie Prince, and Spous to our Maistres!
 Resave this realme in luif and hartlines:
 Set furth our laws, mantein our libertie.
 Do equal justice bayth to mair and les:
 Reward vertew; and punisch wickitnes:
 Mak us to leif in gude tranquillitie.
 Defend our commouns: treit our nobilitie.
 And be thy mein our commounweil increas,
 That we tak plessour to mak politye.

Scottis and French, now leif in unitie,
 As ye war brether borne in ane cuntrie,
 Without all maner of suspicioun.
 Ilkane to uther keip trew fraternitie,
 Defendand uther bayth be land and see.
 And gif that ony man of evil conditioun,
 Betwix yow twa would mak seditioun,
 Scottis, or French, quhat man that ever he be,
 With all rigour put him to the punitioun.

O nobil Princes, and Moder to our Quein!
With all thy hairt to God lift up thy ein,
And gif him thanks for grace he hes thé send;
That he hes maid thé instrument, and mein,
With maryage to coupill in ane chein
Thir tua realmis, ather to defend.
Think weil warit the tyme thow hes done spend;
And the travale that thow hes done fustein;
Sen it is brocht now to sa gude ane end.

Quod R. M. of Ledingtown knyht.

OF THE WYNNING OF CALICE. 1558.

REJOIS, Henrie, most Christine King of Fraunce!
 Rejois, all peopill of that regioun!
 That with manheid, and be ane happy chance,
 Be thy Levetennent trew, of greit renown,
 The Duik of Gweis, recoverit Calice towne.
 The quhilk hes bene, twa hundreth yeirs begane,
 Into the hands of Inglis natioun;
 Quha never thocht be force it micht be tane.

But we may se that mennis jugement
 Is all bot vaine, when God plesis to schaw
 His michtie power: quha is omnipotent;
 For, quhen he plesis, he gars princes know
 That it is he alane quha rewlis aw:
 And mannis helpe is all bot vanitie.
 Think that it wes his hand that brak the waw:
 Thairfoir gif gloir to him eternalie.

Sa hie ane purpois for to tak in hand
 Quha gaif that prince sa grit audacitie?
 To se ge that town, that sa stranglie did stand?
 And quha gaif him sic substance and supplie?
 And quha gaif him at end the victorie?
 Quha bot grit God, the gydar of all things?
 That, quhen he plesis, can princis magnifie:
 And for thair syn translat realmes and kingis.

That

That nobil king wes gritlie till avance,
 Quho, efter that his captanes of renoun
 Had tynt ane field, be hafard and mischance,
 Yet tynt na curage for that misfortoun:
 Bot, lyk ane michtie valyeant campoun,
 Be his Levetennent, and nobil men of weir,
 Tuik upon hand to feige the strongest toua
 Into the deidest tym of all the yeir.

Thairfoir ye all that ar of Scottis blude,
 Be blyth, rejois for the recovering
 Of that strang toun: and of the fortoun gude
 Of your maist tendir freynd that nobil king;
 Quhilk ay wes kynd in help and supporting
 Of yow, be men, and mony copious:
 And in his hand hes instantlie the thing
 To yow, Scottis, that is maist pretious.

Sen ye love God in thingis outwardlie,
 In fyris, and proceffioun generale;
 Sua, in your hairtis, love him inwardlie.
 Amend your lyves; repent your synnis all:
 Do equal reffoun, bayth to grit and small.
 And everie man do his vocatioun;
 Than God fall grant yow, quhen ye on him call,
 Of your fayis the dominatioun.

Sen God in the begynning of this yeir,
Unto that king fa gude fortoun hes fend;
We pray to HIM sic grace to grant us heir,
That we get Berwick our merchis for to mend.
Quhilk, gif we get, our bordours may defend
Agains Ingland, with HIS help and supplie.
And then I wald the weiris had an end;
And we to leif in peax, and unitie.

Quod R. M. of Ledington knycht.

U

OF

OF THE ASSEMBLIE OF THE CON-
GREGATIOUN; A POEME MAID
AT NEWYEIRISMESS IN THE YEIR
OF GOD 1559.

ETERNAL God, O tak away thy scourge
[Now] from us Scottis for thy grit mercie!
Send us thy help this land to clenge and purge
Of discord, and [of all] inamitie,
Betwix the legis and autoritie,
That we may leif in peax, withoutin deir;
In lawtie, law; in luif and libertie;
With merrines, now into this new yeir.

Almichtie God, fend us support and grace!
Of mannis help for we ar all desparit,
To mak concord that had sic tyme and space;
And nane, as yet, hes eir] thair lawbor wairit:
As na man war that for this countrie carit.
Bot, and this stryf and trouble perseveir,
He fall be seage that fall escape unfarit,
And nocht thole paine, now into this new yeir.

Think

Think ye nocht schame, [ye] that ar Scottis borne,
 Lordis, and barons of authoritie,
 That throw your fleuth, this realme sould be forlorne;
 Your grund destroyit; and your policie?
 Sum wraik fall cum upon yow hastelie:
 That ye fall say, 'Alace! we war our sweir,
 'Quhil we had tym that maid na unitie!
 Amend it yet, now into this new yeir.

Trow ye to ly lurk; and to do na mair;
 To see quhilk syd fall have the victorie?
 The quhilk at last fall not help yow ane hair.
 Rysis up! Concur all! And thame rectifie,
 Quhilk with refoun will never rewlit be.
 Ye [must] with force, withoutin fraud or feir,
 Mak weir on thame, as comoun inimie;
 And thame correct, now into this new yeir.

God grant his grace to the inferiouris
 Of this pur realme, thair quiete to confidder:
 And till obey till their superiouris,
 That lords and leiges [may na mair mak slidder]
 In peax and luif for to remaine togidder.
 Syn we war quyt of all the men of weir;
 That all trew folk, from Berwyk to Baquhidder,
 May leif in rest uncest in this new yeir.

The Quenis grace, gif that scho hes offendit
 In hir office, lat it reformat be.
 And ye, all leiges, lat your falt be mendit ;
 And with trew hairt serve the authoritie,
 And ye, kirkmen, do ye your hail dewtic.
 And all estaitis, fyn and vyce forbeir.
 The quhilk to do I prey the trinitie
 To send you grace, now into this new yeir.

God ! mak us now quyit of all herefie ;
 And put us anis into the richt way.
 In thy law may we sa instructit be,
 That we be nocht begylit every day.
 Ane sayis *this* : ane uther sayis *nay* :
 That we wait not quham to we suld adheir.
 Christ send to us ane rewle to keip for ay,
 Without discord now into this new yeir !

God fend justice this land to rewle and gyde ;
 And put away thift, reif, and all oppressioun :
 That all trew folk may sùrelie gang, and byde ;
 Without discord had parliament, and fessioun.
 To gar trew folk bruik thair possessioun.
 And gif us grace, gud Lord ! quhil we ar heir,
 To ryis from fyn, repentand our transgressioun ;
 And leif in joy now into this new yeir.

q. R. M. of Ledingtoun knycht.

ON THE NEW YEIR

[March 25, 1560.]

*In this new yeir I sie bot weir;**Na caus to sing.**In this new yeir I sie bot weir;**Na caus thair is to sing.*

I CANNOT sing for the vexatioun
Of Frenchmen, and the Congregatioun,
That hes maid troubil in the natioun,
And monye bair bigging.

In this new yeir, &c.

I have na will to sing or dans,
For feir of England and of France.
God fend thame forow and mischance,
In caus of thair cuming.

In this new yeir, &c.

We ar fa reulit, riche and puir,
That we wait not quhair to be suire,
The bordour as the Borrow muir,
Quhair sum perchance will hing.

In this new yeir, &c.

U 3

And

And yit I think it best that we
Pluck up our hairt, and mirrie be.
For thoch we wald ly down and die,
It will us helpe na thing.

In this new yeir, &c.

Lat us pray God to stauche this weir;
That we may leif withoutn feir,
In mirrines, quhil we ar heir :
And hevin at our ending.

In this new yeir, &c.

OF THE QUENIS ARRYVALE
IN SCOTLAND. 1561.

EXCELLENT Princes! potent, and preclair,
Prudent, peerles in bontie and bewtje!
Maist nobil quene of bluid under the air!
With all my hairt, and micht, I wylcum thee
Hame to thy native peple, and cuntrie.
Besakand God to gif thé grace to have
Of thy leigeis the hairtis faythfullie,
And thame in luif, and favour to refave.

Now sen thou art arryvit in this land,
Our native Princes, and illuster Quene!
I traist to God this regioun shall stand
An auld fre land, as it lang tyme hes bene.
Quhairin, richt sone, thair shall be hard and sene
Grit joy, justice, gud peax, and policie:
All cair, and cummer, baneist quyte and clene;
And ilk man leif in gud tranquillitie.

I am nocht meit, nor abil, to furthset
 How thow fall use discretlie all thing heir :
 Nor of ane Princes the dewtie and the det,
 Quhilk I beleif thy hienes hes *per queir*.
 Bot, gif neid be, thair is anew can leir
 Thy majestie, of thy awn natioun ;
 And gif thee counfal how to rewle and steir,
 With wysdome, all belangand to thy woune.

Yet I exhort thee to be circumspect
 Of thy counsale in the electioun.
 Cheis faythful men of prudens and effect,
 Quha will for wrang mak dew correctioun ;
 And do justice, without exception.
 Men of gude lyf, knowlege, and conscience, }
 That will nocht failye for affectioun ;
 Bot of gude fame, and lang experience.

Quhilk, gif thow do, I hope that thow fall ring
 Lang in this land in grit felicitie.
 Will thow pleis God, he will thee send all thing
 Is nedeful to mantene thy royaltie.
 Quha gif thé grace to gyd sa prudentlie,
 That all thy doing be to his plesour ;
 And of Scotland to the commoditie,
 Quhilk, under God, thow hes now in thy cure.

And

And gif thy hienes plesis for to marie,
 That thow haif help I pray the trinitie
 To cheis, and tak, ane husband without tarie
 To thy honour, and our utilitie.
 Quha will, and may, mantein our libertie;
 Replete of wisdome and of godlines;
 Nobill, and full of constance and lawtie;
 With guid succeffoun, to our quyetnes;

Madame, I wes trew servand to thy mother;
 And in hir favour stud ay, thankfullie,
 Of my estait alls weil as ony other:
 Prayand thy grace I may refavit be
 In siklyk favour with thy majestie;
 Inclynand ay to me thy gracious eiris:
 And, amang other servands, think on me.—
 This last request I lernit at the freiris.

And thoch that I to serve be nocht sa abil,
 As I wes wont, becaus I may not see;
 Yet in my hairt I fall be ferme and stabil
 To thy hienes, with all fidelitie.
 Ay prayand God for thy prosperitie;
 And that I heir thy peple, with hie voce,
 And joyful hairtis, cry continwallie
Viva Marie tre nobil royne d'Escos.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledington knycht.

SATIRE

S A T I R E O N T H E A G E.

QUHAIR is the blythnes that hes bein,
 Bayth in burgh, and landwart, fein
 Amang lordis, and ladeis schein ;
 Dansing, singing ; game, and play ?
 Bot weil I wait nocht quhat thay mein :
 All merrines is worne away.

For nou I heir na wourde of Yule,
 In kirk, on cassay, nor in skuil.
 Lordis lat thair kitchings cule ;
 And drawis thame to the Abbáy :
 And scant hes ane to keip their mule.
 All houshalding is worne away.

I saw no gyfars all this yeir,
 Bot—kirkmen cled lyk men of weir ;
 That never cummis in the queir :
 Lyk ruffians' is thair array :
 To preitche and teitche, that will not leir.
 The kirk gudis thai waste away.

Kirkmen, affoir, war gude of lyf ;
 Preitshit, teitshit, and staunchit stryf.
 Thai feirit nother sward nor knyf
 For luif of God, the suith to say.
 All honorit thame, bayth man and wyf ;
 Devotioun wes nocht away.

Our faders wys war, and discret ;
Thai had bayth honour, men, and meit.
With luif thai did thair tennents treit ;
And had aneuch in pres to lay.
Thai wantit nother malt, nor quheit ;
And merrines was nocht away.

And we hald nother Yule, nor Pace :
Bot feik our meit from place to place.
And we have nother luk nor grace ;
We gar our landis dowbil pay :
Our tennents cry ‘ Alace ! Alace !
‘ That reuth and petie is away !’

Now we have mair, it is weil kend,
Nor our forbearis had to spend ;
Bot far les at the yeiris end :
And never hes ane merie day.
God will na ryches to us send,
Sa long as honour is away.

We waist far mair now, lyk vane fulis,
We, and our page, to turse our mulis,
Nor thai did than, that held grit Yulis ;
Of meit and drink said never nay.
Thai had lang formes quhair we have stulis ;
And merrines wes nocht away.

Of our wanthrift sum wytis playis ;
 And sum thair wantoun vane arrayis ;
 Sum the wyt on thair wyfis layis,
 That in the court wald gang sa gay ;
 And care nocht quha the merchand payis,
 Quhil pairt of land be put away.

The kirkmen keipis na professioun ;
 The temporale men commits oppressioun,
 Puttand the puir from thair possessioun ;
 Na kynd of feir of God have thair.
 Thair cummar bayth the court, and fessioun :
 And chafis charitie away.

Quhen ane of thame sustenis wrang,
 We cry for justice heid and hang ;
 Bot, quhen our neichbours we our-gang,
 We lawbour justice to delay.
 Affectioun blindis us sa lang,
 All equitie is put away.

To mak actis we have sum feil ;
 God wait gif that we keip thame weil !
 We cum to bar with jak of steil,
 As we wald boist the juge and 'fray,
 Of sic justice I have na skeil ;
 Quhair rewle, and order, is away.

Our laws ar lichtleit for abufioun;
Sumtyme is clokit with colufioun.
Quhik caufis of blude grit effufioun,
For na man fparis now to flay.
Quhat bringis cuntries to confufioun,
Bot quhair that iuftice is away?

Quha is to wyte, quha can fchaw us?
Quha, bot our nobils, that fuld knaw us,
And till honorabil deidis draw us?
Lat never comoun weil decay;
Or els fum mischief will befaw us,
And nobilnes we put away.

Put our awn laws to executioun;
Upon trespaffes mak punitioun:
To crewel folk feik na remiffioun.
For peax and iuftice lat us pray;
In dreid fum ftrange new institutioun
Cum, and our cufstome put away.

Amend your lyvis, ane, and all;
Els bewar of ane fuddane fall.
And pray to God, that maid us all,
To fend us joy that leftis ay;
And lat us nocht to fin be thrall;
Bot put all vyce, and wrang, away.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun knycht.

ON THE MISERIES OF THE TYME. 1570.

O GRACIOUS God! almichtie, and eterne,
 For Jesus sake, thi sone, we ask at thé
 Us to defend. Consarve us, and gubérne.
 And tak fra us, Lord, for thi grit mercie,
 Thir plaigis that apperis presentlie;
 Pest, povertie, and most unkindlie weir;
 Hungir, and darthe, that now is lyk to be,
 Throw deid of beists, and skant of corne this yeir.

Bot, Lord, this cumis, of thi just jugement,
 For punecifment of our iniquitie;
 That never of our synnis will repent;
 Bot perfaveris in impietie.
 We ar so sowpit in sensualitie,
 Bayth spiritual, and temporal estate,
 The pepil ar misgydit haillelic.
 Nochte regneth now, bot Troubil and Debait.

Sumtyme the preistis thocht that thai did weil,
 Quhone that thai maid thair beirds, and shuif thair croun;
 Ufit round caps; and gounis to thair heil:
 And mes, and mateyns, said of thair fassoun.
 Thoch that all vyces rang in thair persoun,
 Lecherie, gluttunrie, vain-gloire, avarice;
 With swerd and fyre, for rew of relegioun,
 Of chrislin peple oft maid sacrifice.

For quhilk God hes thame puneist richt scharplie.
 Bot had thai left thair auld abufioun,
 And turnit thame fra vyce to God trewlie ;
 And syne forthocht thair wrang intrufioun
 Into the kirk be fals elufioun ;
 The word of God syn preitchit faythfullie ;
 Thai had nocht cum to sic confufioun,
 Nor tholit had as yit sic miserie.

Now is Protestains ryfin us amang.
 Sayand thai wil mak reformatioun ;
 Bot yet as now ma vyces never rang,
 [In ony former tyme, nor ony natioun]
 As pryde, invy, and fals diffimulation ;
 Thift, reif, slauchtir, oppreffion of the puir ;
 Of polecy a plaine [ill] alteratioun :
 Of wrangous geir now na man takis cuir.

Thai think it weil (and thai the *Paip* do call
 The *Antechryft* ; and *mes*, *idolatrie* :
 And syne eit flesche upon the frydays all ;)
 That thai serve God rycht than accordinglie :
 Thoch in all thing thai leif maist wickitlie.
 Bot God commandis us his law to keip ;
 Fyrst honour him ; and syne have cheretie
 With our neichbours ; and for our synnis weip.

Think

Think weil that God, that puneist the papeists,
 Is yet on lyve, and yow to puneis abil,
 (As he did thame ;) that in your fyns infists
 As Godis word war halden bot ane fabil.
 Bot gif your hairt on God be ferme and stabil,
 (Thoch that his worde into your mouthe ye have)
 Except your lyf thairto be conformabil
 In word, and wark ; ye bot yourselfe diffave.

I mene nocht here of faythful christianis ;
 Nor ministers of Godis word trewlie ;
 Quha at the famen stedfastlie remanis,
 In word, and wark, without hypocrisy.
 Bot I do mene of thame allendarlie
 That callit ar *the fleschlie gopellaris* ;
 Quha in thair words apperis rycht godlie,
 Bot yit thair warks the plain contrair declaris.

Bot, thoch of papists, and protestans, sum
 Hes bayth gane wrang, and Godis law transgrest ;
 Keip us, gud Lord, that never mair we cum
 To sic errour ; bot grace to do the best.
 That with all men thi trew fayth be confest ;
 That christane folk may leif in unctie ;
 (Vertu set up, and all vycis supprest,)
 That all the warld, gud Lord, may honour thie.

Quod Richard Maitland of Ledingtoun knycht, 1570.

The

THE BLIND BARON'S COMFORT.

BLIND man be blyth, althoch that thow be wrangit :
 Thoch Blythe be heireit, tak no melancolie.
 Thow fall be blyth, quhan that thay fall be hangit,
 That Blythe hes spulyeit sa maliciouse.
 Be blyth, and glaid ; that nane persave in the
 That thy blythnes consists into rychés ;
 Bot that thow art blyth that eternalie
 Sall ring with God in eternal blythnes.
 Thoch thai have spulyeit Blythe of gud and geir,
 Yet have thai thieves left lyand still the land ;
 Quhilk to transport was nocht in thair poweir,
 Nor yit will be, thoch na man thame ganstand.
 Thairfoir be blyth : the tym may be at hand,
 Quhen that Blythe fall be yit, with Godis grace,
 As weil plenneist, as ever thai it fand :
 Quhil sum fall rew the rinning of that race.
 Ay to be blyth [thow] utwardlie appeir ;
 That be na man it may persavit be,
 That thow pansis for tynsal of thy geir.
 [Lest] thy unfrendis, that ar proud and hie,
 Be blyth and glaid of thy adverfitie.
 Thairfoir be stout, and gar thame understand
 For lois of geir thow takest na suffrie :
 For yit be glad thow hes aneuch of land.

Be blyth, and glad, than ay in thy intent ;
 For lifum blythnes is ane happie thing.
 Be thow nocht blyth, quhat vaileth land or rent ?
 And thow be blyth is caus of lang leiving.
 Be thow nocht blyth, thoch that thow war an king,
 Thy lyf is nocht bot cair without blythnés.
 Thairfoir be blyth: and pray to God us bring
 Till his blythnes ; and joy that is endlés.

*Quod Schir Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun knycht. Quhan
 his landis of the Barronie of Blythe, in Lawderdaill, was
 heriet be Rollent Foster Inglisman, kapitane of Wark ; with
 his cumpanye to the number of Thre Hunder men. Quha
 spuleit fra the said Schir Richard, and fra his eldest sone ;
 thair serwandis, and tennentis ; furthe of the said baronie
 Ferre thousand scheip, youngar, and eldar : Twa Hundrithe
 nowt : Threttie hors, and meiris : and insicht furthe of his
 hors of Blythe wourth ane hundrithe pound : and the haill
 tennentis' insicht of the haill baronie that was fursabil.
 This spule was committed the xvi. day of Maij, the year of
 M.D.LXX. yeiris ; (and the said Sir Richard was Thre-
 score and xiiii. yeiris of age, and growin blind ;) in tyme of
 peice ; quhan name of that cuntrie lippint for sic thing.*

M O R A L V E R S E S.

L UKE that nathing to syn ye tyce ;
 Bot grund ye ay upon justice.
 Ay folow vertew, and fle vyce.
 Of toung be trew.
 Ay hait all kynd of covatyce.
 Waste nocht thy gudis at the dyce.
 Fle fra all fulis that are nyce,
 And thame eschew.

Hald ye in honest companie.
 Thy persoun gyd ay honestlie :
 And haunt na kynd of harlatric :
 Fra syn abstene,
 Deil with all folkis faythfullie :
 And use thé never for to lie.
 Conqueis na guidis wrangouffie
 Be na fals mene.

To every persoun do reffoun.
 Keip ay fra melling with tressoun.
 And tak in thank and guid fessoun
 Quhat God wil fend.
 Put na man, be oppressioun,
 Furth of his richt possessioun.
 To God mak intercessioun
 For ane gude end.

P I O U S R Y M E S.

SYNNARS repent, that ye have spent
Your tyme in wickitnes;
Bot now be bent, with trew intent,
To leif in godlines.

Your lyvis mend; and not offend
Your gracious God na mair.
Think on the end; how ye man wend
Away, nakit and bair.

Thairfoir ask grace, while ye have space,
At God, for your grit misf.
Sin fra yow chace: preis to that place
Quhair ay is joy and blifs.

Luif God ay best: all fin detest;
And fals hypocriefie.
Luif peace and rest; and nane molest;
Bot leif in chirritie.

Quod Richard Maitland.

TO BE PUT IN ONY PUBLIC HOUS.

KEIP YOW FRA PRÓDIGALITIE,
 OPPRESSIOUN, WRANG, AND CREWELTIE;
 AND FRA ALL VYCE, AND VANITIE:
 AND GRUND YOW UPON TREUTH.
 HANT GUDE AND HONEST CUMPANIE;
 USE WYSE COUNSALE, AND GRAVITIE;
 DO ALL YOUR MATERS DISCREITLIE;
 AND OF THE PUIR HAVE REUTH.

Quod R. M. of Lethingtoun knyght.

THE WARLD WORTH NA THOCHT.

YE, that sumtym hes bene weil stakit,
 Thoch of your geir sum be inlakit,
 And yourself into troubil brocht ;
 Of this fals warld tak never thocht.

To sum thair is bot litle left ;
 Bot, with grit wrang, ar planelie rest
 With devil's lym, that never docht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht.

Of houehold grayth sum richt skant war
 With uther's geir now planeist ar,
 Better nor ever thair faders bocht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht.

To reif their neichbour few now rakis,
 For feir of God ; bot daylie takis
 Fra thame that never aucht thame ocht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht.

Sum to thair freynd war fa faythles,
 That, under colour of kyndnes,
 Thame to destroy did all thair mocht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht,

Sum,

Sum, that richt weil planeist hes bene,
 Thair landis now are wastit clene
 With comoun theifs, that leifis nocht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht.

Destroyit is the policie,
 For the maist pairt, of this cuntrie;
 To wraik the rest feir wayis ar focht.
 Of this fals warld yit tak na thocht.

I hoip the tyme fall cum schortlie
 Sall gar all wickit cumpanie
 Repent the wrang that thai have wrocht:
 For punisshing thai fall tak thocht.

Quod Richard Maitland.

PUBLIC MISERIE THE FRUTE OF VYCE.

HOW fould our commoun weil indure?
 God to offend we tak na cuir.

For nane preis thair lyf to mend,
 For na trouble that God will fend;
 As plaigis cam be aventure.

Quhan darthe cumis, or pestilence,
 We say it is be accidence.
 And, gif weir cuiuis ony way,
 The muivars hes the wyt we say;
 And cumis not for our offence.

And, gif we muve the weir oursel,
 We say we have anc gude quarél.
 And never will perfave, nor kna,
 That God for syn will lat us fa
 Into mischeif, and oft parél.

The grit men say that the distres
 Cums for the peple's wickitnes;
 The peple say, for the transgressioun
 Of the grit men, and thair oppressioun:
 Bot nane will thair awin syn confes.

Quod Richar'a Maitland.

GUDE

GUDE COUNSALS.

LUIF vertew ever and all vycis fle
 Wickitnēs hait alway gudenes imbrace
 Remuve rancour and ay keip chirritie
 Proudnes deteist invy fra ye far chace
 Gredēnes never lat in thé tak place
 Be honorable and weil credence keip
 Befeynes [to give ever] tyme and space
 Trewlie serve God and als for synnis weip.

Quod Richard Maitland.

*This aucht lynes ye may begin at ony nuke ye will: and
 reid bakward or foreward, and ye fall fynd the lyk sen-
 tence and meter.*

ON THE FOLYE OF ANE AULD MAN'S
MARYAND ANE YOUNG WOMAN.

A MANG folyis ane grit folye I find:
Quhan that ane man, past fyftie yeir of age,
Can in his vane confait [eir] grow fa blind
As for to join himself in maryage
With ane young las, quhais blude is in ane rage;
Thinkand that he may serve hir appetyte;
Quhilk gif he fail, than will scho him dispyte.

Still ageit men fould jois in moral talis;
And nocht in tailis. For folye is to mary,
Fra tyme that bayth thair strenth and nature falis;
And tak ane wyf to bring thameself in tarye.
For fresche Maii, and cauld January,
Agreeis nocht upon ane sang in tune:
The tribbil wants that fould be sang abune.

Men fould tak voyage at the larkis sang,
And nocht at evin, quhen passit is the day.
Efter mid-age the luifar lyes full lang,
Quhen that his hair is turnit lyart gray.
Ane auld gray beird on ane quhyte mouth to lay
Into ane bed, it is ane peteous sycht!
The ane crys *Help!* the uther hes no mycht.

Till have bene merchand, bigane mony yeir,
In Handwarp burges, and the toun of Bervie;
Syne in the deip for to tyne all his geir;
With vane consal to pure himselfe, and herrie!
Grit peral is for to pas our the ferrie,
Into ane lekand bott, nocht nalit fast;
To beir the sail nocht havand ane steif mast.

To tak ane maling, that grit lawbour requyris;
Syne wantis grayth for to manure the land;
(Quhen seid wantis than men of teling tyris;)
Than cumis ane; findis it waist lyand:
Yokis his pleuch; telis at his awin hand.
Bettir had bene the first had never kend it,
Nor thoil that schame. And sa my tale is endit.

Quod Richard Maitland of Lethingtoun.

ON THE MALYCE OF POETIS.

SUM of the poyets, and makars, that ar now,
 Of grit despyte, and malice, ar fa fow,
 That all lesingis, that can be inventit,
 Thai put in writ, and garris thame be prentit;
 To gar the peple ill opinioun taik
 Of thame, quhom of that thai thair ballats maik.
 With sclanderous words thai do all thing thai can
 For to defame mony gude honest man,
 In setting furthe thair buikis, and thair rymes,
 Accusand sum of improbabil crymes.
 And, thoch that sum thair lybells does allow,
 Yit few [ar] that will thair awin warks avow.
 And thoch that thai bakbytars and blasphemars,
 Now at this tyme, has mony thair mantenars,
 The day will cum that thai forthink fall it
 That thai have put sic lesings into writ.
 To steill ane manis fame is gritter sin
 Nor ony geir that is this warld within.
 Thairfoir repent, ye ralars, and restoir
 To thame thair fame quhom ye sklandrit befoir:
 To that effect apply your wordes, and deidis,
 Ill brute to tak furthe of the peple's heidis.
 Cry *toung!* *I leid*, throw all this natioun:
 Mak buikis and rymes of recantatioun.

Sic alteratioun may cum in this land
 May gar ane tak ane uther be the hand,
 And say, *Think on—Ye maid of me ane ballat,*
For your rewarde now I fall brek your pallat.

Men sould bewar quhat thing thai said or did,
 For it may cum to lycht lang hes bene hid,
 Thairfoire na man mak ballats, nor indyte,
 Of ill, detractioun, sklander, nor dispyte.

Put not in writ that God, or man, may greif
 All vertew love; and all vyces repreif.
 Or mak sum myrrie toy, to gude purpóse,
 That may the herar, and redar bayth, reiose:
 Or sum frutful and gude Moralité:
 Or plesand things, may stand with chirrité.
 Dispytful poyets sould not tholit be
 In commounweils, or godlie cumpanie:
 That forte ar [redie] ay to saw seditioun;
 And put gude men into suspitioun.

Quod Sir Richard Mailland of Lethington.

S O L A C E I N A G E *.

TH O C H that this warld be verie strange;
 And theves hes done my rowmis range,
 And teynd my fald :
 Yit wald I leif, and byde ane change ;
 Thoch I be ald.

Now me to spulyie sum not spairis ;
 To tak my geir no captane cairis ;
 Thai ar fa bald.
 Yit tyme may cum, may mend my fairis ;
 Thoch I be ald.

Sum now, be force of men of weir,
 My hous, my landis, and my geir,
 Fra me thai hald.
 Yit, as I may, fall mak gud cheir ;
 Thoch I be ald.

So weill is kend my innocence,
 That I will not, for nane offence,
 Flyte lyk ane skald :
 Bot thank God, and tak patience ;
 For I am ald.

* Written about his Eightieth year.

For eild, and my infirmitie,
 Warne clayths' ar bettir far, for me
 To keip fra cald;
 Nor in dame Venus' chamber be;
 Now being ald.

Of Venus' play past is the heit;
 For I may not the mistirs beir
 Of Meg, nor Mald.
 For ane young las I am not meit;
 I am fa ald.

The fairast wenche in all this toun,
 Thoch I hir had in hir best gown,
 Rycht braivlie brald;
 With hir I nicht not play the loun;
 I am fa ald.

My wyf sumtyme wald talis trow,
 And mony leifings weill allow,
 War of me tald:
 Scho will not eyndill on me now;
 And I fa ald.

My hors, my harnés, and my speir;
 And all uther, my hoisting geir,
 Now may be fald.
 I am not abill for the weir;
 I am fa ald.

Quhan young men cumis fra the grene,
 (Playand at the fute-ball had bene)
 With brokin spald;
 I thank my God, I want my ene;
 And am fa ald.

Thoch I be sweir to ryd or gang;
 Thair is fumthing, I've wantit lang,
 Fane have I wald—
 Thame punyfit that did me wrang;
 Thoch I be ald.

Quod R. Maitland of Lethingtoun.

AGANIS

AGANIS OPPRESSIOUN OF
THE COMMOUNS.

IT is grit petie for to se
How the comouns of this cuntré,
For thift, and reif, and plane oppressioun,
Can nathing keip in thair possessioun,
Quhair of that thai may mak ane lyfe:
Yit nane will puneis that transgressioun;
Till nocht be left to man nor wyfe.

Sum with deir ferme ar hirreit hail,
That wount to pay bot penny maill.
Sum be thair lordis ar opprest;
Put fra the land that thai possess.
Sair service hes sum hirreit sone.
For carrage als sum hes no rest;
Thoch thair awin wark sould ly undone.

Sum comouns, that hes bene weill stakit
Under kirkmen, ar now all wrakit;
Sen that the teynd, and the kirk landis,
Came in grit temporale mennis handis.
Thai gar the tennents pay sic fowmes,
As thai will ask; or, quha ganestandis,
Thai will be put sone fra thair rownes.

Y

The

The teynd, quhilk tennents had befoir
 Of thair awin malings, corne, and stoir,
 Thair laird hes tane it our thair heid ;
 And gars thame to his yaird it leid.
 Bot thair awin stok thai dar not steir ;
 Thoch all thair bairnis fould want breid,
 Quhill thai have led that teynd ilk yeir.

Sic extortioun and taxatioun
 Wes never sene into this natioun,
 Tane of the comouns of this land,
 Of quhilk sum is left waist liand,
 Becaus few may sic chairgis beir.
 Mony hes quhips now in thair hand,
 That wont to have bayth jak and speir.

Quhairthrow the haill comunité
 Is brocht now to sic povertie.
 For thai, that had gude hors and geir,
 Hes skantlie now ane crukit meir :
 And for thair fadils thai have foddis.
 Thai have na weipens worthe for weir ;
 Bot man defend with stanes and cloddis.

Thairfore, my lordis, I yow pray
 For the puir comouns find sum way.
 Your land to thame for sic pryce geif,
 As on thair maling thai may leif
 Sufficientlie to thair estait.
 Syne thame defend, that nane thame greif ;
 That thai may serve yow ayre and lait.

Riche comouns ar richt profitable,
 Quhan thai, to serve thair lord, ar able
 Thair native cuntrie to defend
 Fra thame that hurt it wald pretend.
 For we will be our few a numer,
 Gif commouns to the weir not wend.
 Nobils may not beir all the cummer.

Help the comouns bayth Lord and Laird!
 And God thairfore fall yow rewaird.
 And, gif ye will not thame supplie,
 God will yow plaig thairfore justlie.
 And your successioun, eftir yow,
 Gif thai fall have na mair petie
 On the commouns, nor ye have now.

Quod Richard Maitland of Letbington.

NA KYNDNES AT COURT
WITHOUT SILLER.

SUMTYME to court I did repair,
Thairin sum errands for to dres;
Thinkand I had sum freindis thair
To help fordwart my beseynes,
Bot, not the les,
I fand nathing bot doubilnes.
Auld kyndnes helpis not ane hair.

To ane grit court-man I did speir;
That I trowit my friend had bene,
Becaus we war of kyn fa neir;
To him my mater I did mene.
Bot, with disdene,
He fled as I had done him tene;
And wald not byd my teill to heir.

I wend that he, in word and deid,
For me, his kynsman, sould have wrocht.
Bot to my speiche he tuke na heid:
Neirnes of blude he sett at nocht.
Than weill I thoct,
Quhan I for fibnes to him socht,
It wes the wrang way that I yeid.

My hand I put into my sleif,
 And furthe of it ane purs I drew;
 And said I brocht it him to geif,
 Bayth gold and silver I him schew.
 Than he did rew
 That he unkindlie me misknew;—
 And hint the purs fest in his neif.

Fra tyme he gat the purs in hand,
 He kyndlie *Cousin* callit me.
 And baid me gar him understand
 My beseynes all haillalie.
 And swair that he
 My trew and faythfull freind suld be
 In courte as I plés him comand.

For quhilk better it is, I trow,
 Into the courte to get supplé,
 To have ane purs of fyne gold fow;
 Nor to the hiaft of degré
 Of kyn to be.
 Sa alters our nobilitie.
 Grit kynrent helpis lytil now.

Thairfoir, my freinds, gif ye will mak
 All courte men youris as ye wald,
 Gude gold and silver with yow tak;
 Than to tak help ye may be bald.
 For it is tauld,
Kyndnes of courte is cost and sald.
 Neirnes of kyn na thing thai rak.

Quod R. Maitland of L.

Y 3 SATIRE

SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

SUM wyfis of the burroustoun
 Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
 In warld thay wait not quhat to weir :
 On claythis thay wair monye a croun ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair bodyes bravelie thay attyir,
 Of carnal lust to eik the fyir.
 I fairlie quhy thai have no feir
 To gar men deime quhat thay desyre ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair gouns [fou] coistlie trimlie traillis ;
 Barrit with velvous, sleif, nek, taillis.
 And thair foirkirt of filkis feir ;
 Of fynest camroche thair fuk saillis ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

And of fyne filk thair furrir cloikis,
 With hingeand sleivis, lyk geill poikis.
 Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
 To weir all thing that sinne provoikis ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair

Thair wylie coits man weill be hewit,
 Broudris richt braid, with pasments sewit,
 I trow, quha wald the matter speir,
 That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,
 That evir thair wyfes wair sic geir.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin,
 Burrit abone with taffeis drawin :
 With gartens of ane new maneir ;
 To gar thair courtlines be knawin ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
 To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down ;
 And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
 To schaw thair hois of blak or broun ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beidis !—
 With velvet hats heicht on thair heidis,
 Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,
 Broudit about with goldin threidis ;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis !—
 In kirk thair ar not content of fuillis,
 The sermon quhen thay sit to heir ;
 Bot caryis cuschings lyik vaine fuillis :
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

I mein of nane thair honour dreidis.—
 Quhy fould thay not have honest weidis,
 To thair estait doand effeir?
 I mein of thame thair stait exceidis;
 And all for newfangilnes of geir.

For sumtyme wyfes sa grave hes bein,
 Lyik giglets cled wald not be fein.—
 Of burges' wyfes thoch I speik heir,
 Think weil of all wemen I mein
 On vaneteis that waistis geir.

Thay say wyfes ar so delicat
 In feiding, feisting, and bankat,
 Sum not content ar with sic cheir
 As weill may suffice thair estait,
 For newfangilnes of cheir, and geir,

And sum will spend mair, I heir say,
 In spyice and droggis, on ane day,
 Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir.
 Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,
 Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir.

Thairfoir, young wyfis speciallie,
 Of all sic faultis hald yow frie:
 And moderatly to leif now leir
 In meit, and clayth accordinglie;
 And not sa vainlie waist your geir.

Use not to skift athort the gait ;
 Nor na mum chairtis, air nor lait.
 Be na dainfer, for this daingeir
 Of Yow be tane an ill confait
 That ye ar habill to waist geir.

Hant ay in honest cumpanie ;
 And all fuspicious places flie.
 Lat never harlot cum yow neir ;
 That wald yow leid to leicherie,
 In houp to get thairfoir fum geir.

My counfell I geve generallie
 To all wemen, quhat ever thay be ;
 This lessoun for to quin per queir ;
 Syne keip it weill continuallie,
 Better nor onye warldlie geir.

Leif, burges men, or all be loist,
 On your wyfis to mak sic cost,
 Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.—
 Scho that may not want wyne and roist,
 Is abill for to waist fum geir.

Betwene thame, and nobils of blude,
 Na difference bot ane velvous huid !
 Thair camroche curcheis ar als deir ;
 Thair uther claythis ar als guid ;
 And thai als costlie in uther geir.

Bot,

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid
 To thair honour, and find remeid ;
 Thai fuld thole na sic wyfes to weir,
 Lyk lordis wyfis, lady's weid,
 As dames of honour in ther geir.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,
 (Myself am not of faultis frie,)
 Bot that ye sould not perfeveir
 Into sic folische vanitie,
 For na newfangilnes of geir.

Of burges wyfes thoch I speik plaine,
 Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain,
 As be thair clething may appeir ;
 Werand gayer, nor thame may gain ;
 On our vaine claythis waistand geir.

Quod Richard Mailland of Lethingtoun.

AGANIS THE THIEVIS OF
LIDDISDAIL.

OF Liddisdail the commoun theifis
Sa pertlie steillis now and reifis,
That nane may keip
Hors, nolt, nor schein : Nor yit dar sleip,
For thair mischeifis.

Thay plainly throw the countrie rydis,
I trow the mekil devil thame gydis.
Quhair thay onfett,
Ay in thair gait Thair is na yet,
Nor dure, thame bydis.

Thay leif richt nocht, quhairever thay ga;
Thair can na thing be hid thame fra.
For, gif men wald
Thair housis hald, Than waxe thay bald
To burn and fla.

Thay thiefs have neirhand herreit hail
Ettrick forest, and Lawderdail:
Now ar they gane
In Lothiane; And spairis nane
That thay will waill.

Thai

Thai landis ar with fouth fa focht
 To extreme povertie ar brocht.
 Thai wicked schrowis
 Has laid the plowis ; That nane, or few, is
 That ar left ocht.

Dot commoun taking of blak maill,
 Thay that had fefche, and breid, and aill,
 Now ar fa wraikit,
 Maid puir and naikit ; Fane to be flaikit
 With water-caill.

Thai theifs that steills, and turfis hame,
 Ilk ane of thame hes ane *to-name* ;
Will of the Lawis ;
Hab of the Scharwis : To mak bair wawis
 Thay think na fchame.

They spuiye puir men of thair pakis,
 Thay leif thame nocht on bed, nor bakis,
 Bayth hen, and cok,
 With reil, and rok, *The Landis Jok*
 All with him takis.

Thay leif not fpendil, fpone, nor fpeit ;
 Fad, bofter, blanket, fark, nor fcheit.
Johne of the Parke
 Eyps kilt, and ark. For all fic wark
 He is richt meit.

He is weil kend, *Johne of the Side*,
 A gretar theif did never ryide.
 He never tyris
 For to brek byris. Our maïr, and myris,
 Our gude ane gyide.

Thair is ane, callit *Clement's Hob*,
 Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis the wob.
 And all the laif
 Quhatever thay haif. The devil refave
 Thairfoir his gob.

To sic grit stouth quhã eir wald trow it
 Bot gif sum greit man it allowit?
 Rycht fair I rew
 Thoch it be trew; Thair is fa few
 That dar avow it.

Of sum grit men thay have sic gait
 That redy ar thame to debait;
 And will up weir
 Thair stolin geir: That nane dar steir
 Thame, air nor lait.

Quhat caufis theifis us our-gang,
 Bot want of Justice us amang?
 Nane takis cair,
 Thoch all forfair: Na man will spair
 Now to do wrang.

Of stouth thoch now thay cum gud speid,
That nother of men nor God hes dreid,
Yit, or I die,
Sum fall thame fie, Hing on a trie,
Quhill thay be deid.

Quod Sir R. M. of Letbingtoun knicht.

COMPLAINT AGANIS THE LANG
LAW-SUTES.

TO KING JAMES VI.

SAIR is the recent murmour, and regreit,
Amang the leigis risin of the lait,
Throw all the countrie, bayth of rich and puir;
Plenand upon the Lordis of the Sait,
That thair lang proces may no man induire.

The Barouns say that they have far mair spendit
Upon the law, or thair mater wes endit,
Nor it wes wourth. Thairfoir richt fair thay rew
To found ane plie that ever thay pretendit:
Bot left it to thair airis to perfew.

The puir folk say that thay, for falt of spending,
Man leif the law, it is sa lang in ending:
Lang proces thame to povertie hes brocht.
For of thair skayth be law can get na mending,
That thay ar faine to grie for thing of nocht.

Sum geves the wyte that thair is on the Sessioun
Sum not sa cunning, nor of sa gud discretioun,
As thair befoir into that rowme hes bein;
Quhilk, doing justice, keipit thair professioun;
Of quhom thair wes na caus for to complein.

Now,

Now, ye that ar nocht of this Sait content,
 Pas to the Prince; to him your caus lament,
 And him exhort, and pray affectiouſlie,
 That in that Sait he wald na man preſent,
 In tyme to cum, bot thay that ar worthie.

Gud cunning men, that ar wyis and diſcreit;
 Practitious gud; and for that ſenat meit.
 Men of gud conſcience, honeſtie, and fame;
 That can with wit and treuth all maters treit:
 And hes be prudence purchaſt ane gud name.

And ſyne gar call the College of Juſtice,
 All thair dependers, and uthers that ar wyis,
 And try the caus of law the langſumnes;
 And gar thame ſone ſum gud ordour devyis
 To furder juſtice, and ſchorten the lang procés.

Bot gif this mater, unmendit be ourſein,
 The leigis can nà greter ſcayth fuſtein;
 For na man fall be fuir of land or geir.
 The trew and pour fall be oppreſſit clein;
 And this Colléde fall not lang perſever.

And gif this Sait of Senetors gang doun,
 The ſpunk of juſtice in this regioun,
 I wait not how this realmé fall rewlit be.
 Better it [had] gud reformatioun,
 Nor let it peritche ſo imprudentlie.

For

For gif this Sait of Justice fall not stand,
 Thn everie wicke d man, at his awin hand,
 Sall him revenge as he fall think it best.
 Ilk bangeister, and limmer, of this land
 With frie brydil fall [quham thai pleis molest.]

Our Soverane Lord, to this mateir have ee ;
 For it perteinis to thy majestie
 This Colledge to uphauld, or lat it down.
 Bot, will thow it uphauld, as it fould be,
 It will thé help for to mantein thy croun.

Causis ilk day so faist dois multiplie,
 That with this Sait cannot ourtaken be ;
 Bot wald thy hienes thairof eik the nummer,
 Of Senatours ; men cunning and godlie
 Wald monie mater end that makis cummer.

Schir, at thy gift is monye Abeceis,
 Personagis, Provestreis, and Prebendareis,
 Now sen down is the auld religioun.
 To eik sum lordis gif sum benefeis ;
 And sum to help the auld fundatioun.

Becaus the lordis hes our litil feis,
 Bot of uncertaine casualiteis,
 Of quhilk thay never get payment complei.
 And now sic derthe is refin, all men sayis
 What coist Ane pound befoir, now costis Thrie.

Z

Schir,

Schir, thou may gar, (unhurt thy propertie,)
The Sait of Justice weill advancit be.
Quhilk being done, thair daylie fall increas
Into this land gud peice, and policie:
And thow be brocht to honour, and richés.

O loving Lord! support this cruell Sait;
And give thame grace to gang the narest gait
Justice to do with expeditioun:
And bring all thing againe to gud estait,
Following the first gud institutioun.

S. R. M.

ON THE WORLD'S INGRATITUDE.

THIS world so fals is, and unftabil;
Of gredines unfateabil;
In all eftaits fic doubilnes:
To find trew freindis few ar abil,
For keipit is na auld kyndnes.

Thoch ye do pleifour to greit men,
Thairfoir thay will yow scantlie ken;
Gif ye have ocht with thame to dres,
Ye ar not abil to get ben,
For keipit is na auld kyndnes.

Thoch ye have fervit, monye ane yeir,
Ane lord, on your awin coft and geir;
And ye be fallin in diftres,
Yow to releive he will be fueir,
And count nathing your auld kyndnes.

Thoch ye have ladyis fervit lang,
And prev'd your pith hes thame amang;
And ye of Venus' game decres,
Out of the court then man ye gang,
Not regarding your auld kyndnes.

Sum to thair nychbours hes bene kynd,
 That now thairof hes never mynd,
 Bot notit ar with newfangilnes.
 Of ingraitnes it hes ane frynd
 That cannot keip na auld kyndnes.

Sum to communitis hes done
 That ingraitlie foryet it sone ;
 Sua full thay ar of fikilnes ;
 Changing as oft as dois the mone ;
 And cuiris not for auld kyndnes.

Sum did for thame, in court and fessioun,
 That now fallie, without discretioun,
 In tyme of troubil and bus'nes,
 Mell'd with thair land, geir, and possessioun,
 That schew to thame sa greit kyndnes.

Thair is that sum man did refett,
 With meit, and claythis, hes him bet ;
 That efter in court can get entress,
 And wald not ken him, quhen thay met,
 Of quhome he gat sa greit kyndnes.

Thoch ye with courteurs hes bein
 Acquetit lang be onye mein :
 And ye thame charge with busines,
 Ar abill to misknaw yow clein
 And will foryet auld kyndnes.

Sen in this world, in na degrie,
Is kyndnes, nor fidelitie,
Lat us pray God, of his gudnes,
To bring us to the hevins so hie,
Quhairin thair is perfyte kyndnes.

S. R. M.

T O K I N G J A M E S V I.

OUR Soverane Lord, into thy tendir aige
 Leir to serve God; him luif above all thing.
 Cheis thi Counsell of guid just men, and faige;
 That ar expert, maist habill, and conding,
 To gif ane faythful counsell till ane king
 How he fould rewl his realme, in peace and rest:
 To luif Vertue; and all vycis doun thring;
 Thame to releif that hes bene lang opprest.

Syne be thi Counsell gar it be provydit
 How thow fall leif to thi royell estait:
 And how thi nobil persoun fall be gydit,
 In tyme to cum, and quha fall on thé wait,
 To be thi garde, and serve thé air and lait:
 And quhat barons fall in thi court remaine,
 Thair tyme about it to devise all gait,
 Of thi affairis for to tak sum paine.

Thy propertie, and casualities,
 And thay be put to thi utilitie,
 Will hald thi hous and pay thi servands' fies,
 And find all thing that needful is to thee;
 Gif thow will use na prodigalitie,
 Nor vainlie waist the rentis of thi croun.
 Now in thi youthe experieñce haif we—
 Thy leifing haill neir brocht to confusioun.

Was

Was never king nor prince in this countrie
 Till leif upon that had so greit ane rent,
 To thi proffeit gif it weill gydit be,
 And not in vaine confumit, and mispent.
 Thairfoir be resoun thow sould be content
 Till leif on it that to thi croun pertenis ;
 That on the liege taxatioun nor stent
 Be never raisit be unlawful menis.

Schir, at thi barons thir *thrie* things requyre,
 Quhilk be resoun can not denyit be.

First: to breik justice nane fall thee desyre.

The *secound* is that thow may use frilie

Thy awin leifing, sa it ma be trewlie

Put to sic proffeit as it guidlie may.

Thirdlie: that thair thé helpe and fortifie

Justice to do at all tyme, nyte and day.

Schir, gif na eiris to vaine flatteraris,
 Quha at the lénthe wil bot thé plaine dissave.
 Gif na credens to commune clatteraris ;
 Nor in thi court na bakbytars refave.
 That will of thame, at quhom thair malice have,
 To thi hienes mony lowd lesing make,
 And gar thi grace ane [wrang] haitrent confave
 Agane trew men, fra thé till hald thame bak.

Mycht sclaunderit men of thé get audiens,
 Or war put [neir] quhan evil tails war tauld,
 Thay sould fa weill defend thair innocens,
 Thair honestie fa justifie thai wald,
 [As fuld] thame schame till lie that war so bald;
 And gar thi grace fa ken the veritie,
 That thow sould than for honest men thame hald:
 And tratlane touns have [na mair] leif to lie.

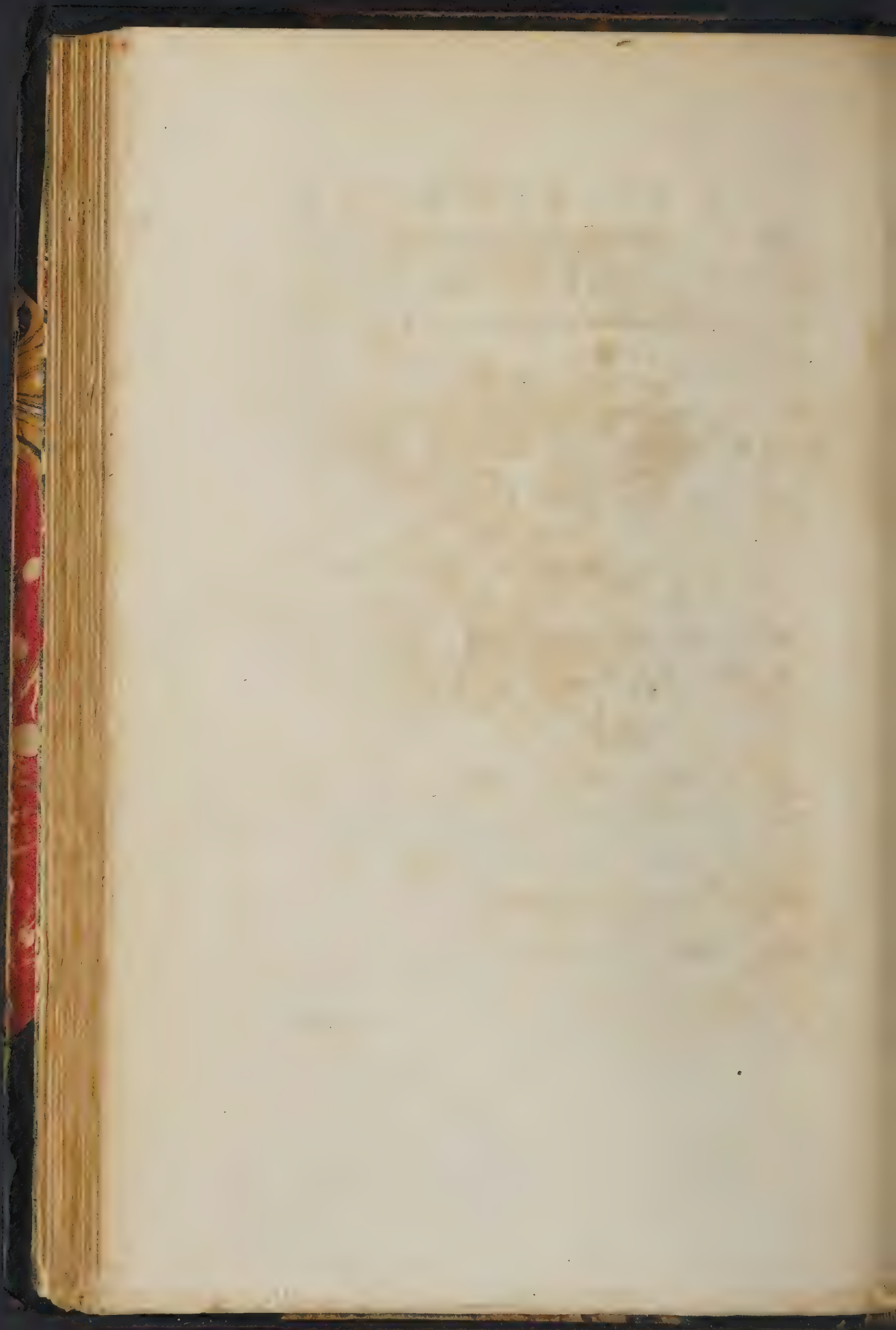
O royel Roy! thi realme ay rewl be rycht;
 And be wyfe counsel gyd thi majestie.
 About thi persoun haif, bayth day and nycht,
 Godlie, guid men, of fame and honestie.
 And do nathing in thi minoritie,
 Be the persuasoun of ill teils not trew,
 That, quhan thow cumis to majoritie,
 Experience will gif thee caus to rew.

Young nobil king, and thi Counsel, I pray
 This commune-weil keip in tranquillitie:
 Sa fet it furth, it may increse ilk day.
 To thi lieges do justice equallie,
 Without respect to persoun, or partie:
 That in this land be na tuilye, nor sturt.
 And in sum caice thi grace may schawe mercie;
 And speciallic quhair na partie is hurt.

I pray

I pray to God, the gyder of all thing,
Our Soverane saif fra dolour and decay,
And gif him grace to be the noblest king
That in this regioun rang this mony day!
That he may tak our lang dolour away,
In his non-aige that we haif done sustene.
Falsed and wrang be now baneist for ay,
That gud Justice amang us may be sene.

Quod R. Maitland.



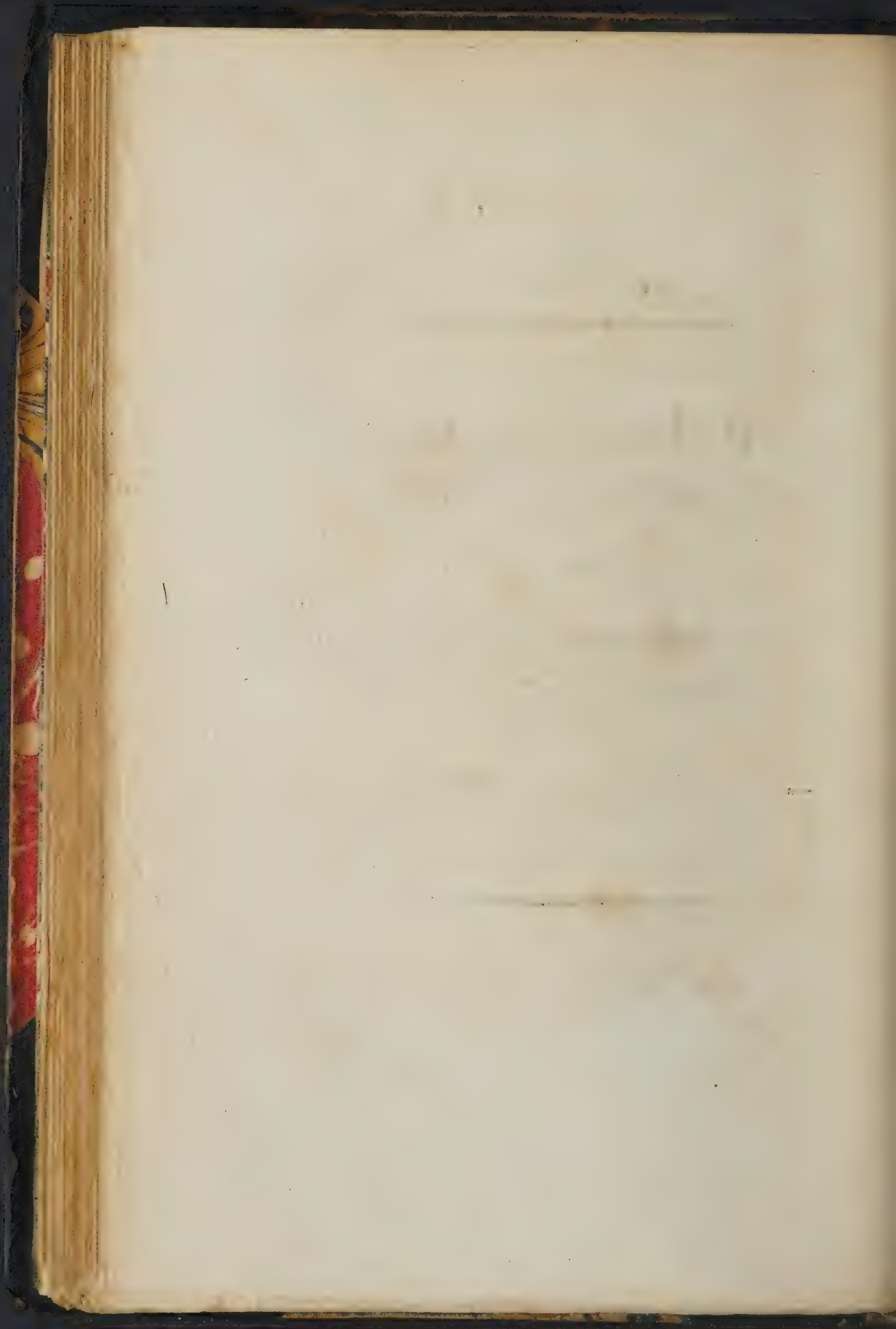
P O E M E S

IN PRA YSE OF

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

AND OF

LORD THIRLSTANE HIS SON.



POEMS IN PRAYSE OF SIR
RICHARD MAITLAND, AND
OF LORD THIRLSTANE HIS SON.

ANE SONET TO THE AUTHOUR SIR
RICHARD MAITLAND, IN COMMEN-
DATION OF HIS BUIK.

YOUR prediceffours' prayse, and prowes hie;
Thair hardie hairts, hawtie, heroicall,
Of dew desert deservis never to die;
Bot to be pen'd, and plac'd as principall,
And metest, mirroure of manheid martiall:
Unto thair lyne and linage to give licht.
Of quhom ye come: quhose ofspring yow to call
Ye merit weill, resembling thame so richt.
Thoch thay wer manfull men of mekil nicht,
Thair doughtie deids in yow hes not decayit.
Ye, wittie, wyse, and valyeant, warriour wicht!
Hes with the pen the poet's pairt weill playit:
Quhairby your Lordschip hes enlairged thair fame;
And to yourself maid an immortall name.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH OF SIR RICHARD MAITLAND
OF LETHINGTOUN KNYCHT, QUHO
DIED OF THE AGE OF FOURSCHOIR
AND TEN YEIRIS IN THE YEIR OF
GOD 1585. DIE MENSIS 20 MARTII*.

THE flyding tyme so flilie slips away,
It reaves from us remembrance of our state;
And, quhill we do the cair of tyme delay,
We tyne the tyde, and so lament to lait.
Then, to eschew such dangerous debait,
Prepone for patrene manlie MAITLAND knycht.
Leirne be HIS lyf to leive in sembil raite,
With luif to God, Religion, Law, and Rycht.
For as HE was of vertu lucent lycht;
Of ancient bluid, of nobil spreit and name;
Belov'd of God, and everie gracious wyght;
So died HE auld, deserving worthie fame.
A rair exempil fet for us to fie
Quhat we have bene, now ar, and aucht to be.

Quod Thomas Hudfone.

* That is 20 March 1586; the beginning of the year being then
25 March.

ANE UTHER EPITAPH OF THE SAID
SCHIR RICHARD.

THY surname MAITLAND schaws thy ancient race:
 Thy marcial acts the croniclis displey.
 And speak thow, Justice! quhil he had thy place,
 Gif justlie he thy ballance did not suey?
 He was ay prest God's treuth to plant alwey,
 Quho gave him lang yeirs, and a faythful wyfe.
 His childerns' childrin florisch day by day.
 In welth he liv'd: with honour left this lyfe.
 Then thow quho knaws his birth, his lyf, his end,
 May say his faul to lasting lyfe is fend.
 Thus may we fie none may from daith refraine;
 Bot leives to die, and dies to leive againe.
 We that him want may wail his daith, alace,
 War not his worthie imps supplies his place.

Quod Robert Hudfone.

ANOTHER EPITAPH ON THE SAME
 RIGHT HONORABLE SIR RICHARD
 MAITLAND KNIGHT LORD OF LEI-
 DINGTOUN.

THIS hallowd grave within her bounds dois close
 An worthy KNIGHT, baith valiant, grave, and wyfe;
 And in the same his breathles banes repose,
 Quhase lyffe spreit did warldlye things despyce.
 Within this place the MAIST UNSPOTTED lyes,
 And BLAMELES, JUDGE that justice did maintene,
 Yit from his tombe (though HE be deid) doth ryse
 The glorious praise to VERTEOUS dois pertene.
 For in his breist, quhilk wisdom did contene,
 Lay STEIDFAST TREUTH, and UNCORRUPTED FAYTH.
 His honest hands from brybis did abstene;
 HIS FAULTLES FEIT DID MARCHE IN HONOURS PAITH.

A L U I D

A LUID OF THE SAID SIR RICHARD;
AND HIS LADY, QUHO DIED ON HIS
BURIAL DAY.

LOE heir tuo wights inburied be, of nobil birth
and blude,
Quho, by thair death, hes nature's course by nature's
lyne conclude.
In mariage band they lived long; (thrie scoir of yeirs,
and foure.)
In honour, maist contentedlye, thair lyfe they did
dryve oure.
Bot now hes DEATH thair aged dayes defaced by his
dairt:
And hes thair brethles weryet corps, convoyed to this
part:
Bot yit quhat DEATH hes preast to doe, thair love so to
devyde
LOVE hes againe, surmounting DEATH; the force of
DEATH defy'd.

IN COMMENDATION* OF THE RIGHT
HONORABLE SYR JOHNE MAITLAND
OF THIRLSTAIN KNIGHT SECRE-
TAIR TO THE KING HIS MAJESTIE.

THE FIRST VISION.

BEFORE my face, this night, to me appeir'd
My silent Muse in sorow all confound;
And, [all] dismay'd, this question at me speir'd;
' Quhy do we not his glorious praise resound?
' Quhose goodnes we beyond our hope hes found:
' Quhose favour hes surmounted our desert:
' And, as he dois in pouër maist abound,
' So to our ayd the same he dois convert'.
" O Muse", quod I, " even with a willing hairt
" I fall fulfill this chairge with bent desyre;
" So that to me your furye ye impart,
" And thir my verses with lern'd skill inspyre.
" For, sen I fould the maist renoum'd commend;
" Ye lykwyse ought your ayde and help extend.

* Written March 1586. See next Vision, l. 9.

THE SECOND VISION.

THUS as I spak I saw the Muses nyne,
With harps in hand, about me sone repair ;
Sa that thair hymns, and voces, maist devyne,
By simparchie refounded in the air.
' Sing! Let us sing ; and by our songs declair
' His worthie stock, bayth valiant, stout, and wyse,
' From quhilk hes sprung, (of Muses all the cair,
' Yea of the Gods, from quhom all grace dois ryse,)
' His FATHER deir, quha neir his burial lyes ;
' Ane Homer auld of everlasting fame.
' A judge maist just : a lord quha hes the pryse
' For conscience pure, and ane unspotted name.
' Of princes lov'd, in honour lang he livis,
Quhose memorie his learned sones revivis.

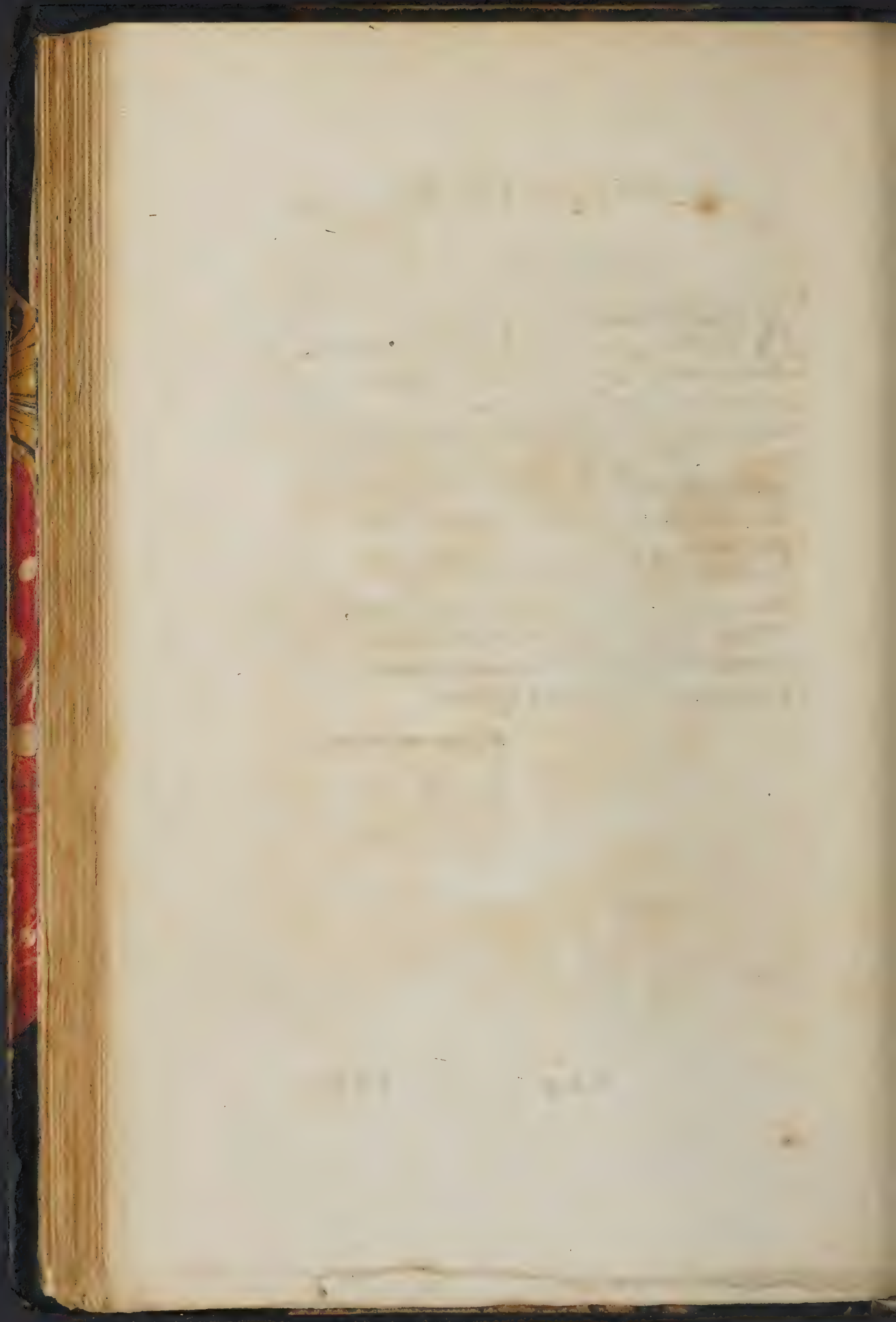
THE THRID VISION.

AND heir they stay'd till they had drawn thair breath;
 Than they begun with schiller toons of joy.
 Auterpe sang, ' His fame surviveth death.'
 And Clio said, ' No force shall him destroy.'
 Thalia spak, ' Lat us our fangs employ
 ' To blaise his praise, and eternise his gloire.'
 Polhymna sayde, ' I will and shall convey
 ' His contell-wit, quhilk he hes in great store,
 ' Through all the world. And will him sa decor
 ' That, as he now surpassis with his Prence
 ' In grace and love all others, so before
 ' He shall thame pass in CREDIT BUT OFFENCE.
 ' Lang shall he live in joy, in blifs, and helth:
 ' And on his bak shall leane this comounwelth.

THE FOURT VISIOUN.

AS they did end, than Ovide from exyle
 Of Pontus cam, quhair he till death remain'd,
 Induring cauld, and hounger, all that quhyle,
 Confeum'd with woe Augustus him disdain'd.
 'Alace,' said he, 'in vayne have I complain'd
 ' For to asuage Augustus' yre, and wrath.
 ' And thought that thou in presoun wes detain'd,
 ' Yea happy thou, quho favour'd is [ere] death.
 ' Thy Monarch, and thy great Augustus, hath
 ' Extend his grace, at thy good lord's requeist.
 ' Quhose honour thou, till waisted be thy breath,
 ' Sall keip in mynde within thy thankful breist,
 ' Thou fall his glore with his defairts proclame,
 ' And celebrat within the kirk of Fame.

Musis sine tempore tempus.



F R A G M E N T S.

OF A SATIRE ON SIR THOMAS MORAY
BY DUNBAR.

FOR lythis of ane gentil knycht,
Sir Thomas Moray, wyfe and wycht,
And full of * *

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Ane fairar knycht nor he was lang,
Our ground may nothair byde nor gang,
Na bere buklar, nor bland :
Or comin in this court but dreid.
He did full mony valyeant deid
In Roifs, and Mouray land.

Full mony Catherens hes he chaift :
And cruished mony Helland gaift,
Amang thay dully glenis.
Of the Glen Quheffaire twenty scoir
He dreve as oxin him befoir :
This deid tho na man kenis.

At feasts and brydals up-aland
 He wan the gre, and the garland;
 Danfit nen so an deifs.
 He hes at wrestling bete an hunder;
 They brang his body nevir at under:
 He knows gif this be leis.

Was neir wyld *Robene under Bewch,*
 Not yet *Roger of Cleknisfleuch,*
 So bauld a barne as he:
Gy of Gysburne, na Allan Belt,
Na Simon's fons of Qubyrisell,
 At schot war neir so flie.

This vantrous knycht, quhaircir he went;
 At justing, and at turnament;
 Evermor he wan the grie.
 Was neir of halfe so gryt renowne
Schir Bevis, knycht of Southe Hamptoune:
 I schrew him gif I lie.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

He sealkt him fowlar than a fuil;
 He said he was ane lichelus bul,
 That croynd even day and nycht.

He

He wald hef maid him Curris knef,
 I pray God better his honour faif,
 Na to be lychleit sua!
 Yet this far furth I dar him prais,
 He fyld neir fadel in his dais;
 And Curry befyld twa.

Quhairfoir evir, at Pefche and Yul,
 I cry him Hold off ever a ful
 That in this regeoun dwells.
 And, privalie, that war gryt rycht:
 For of ane hie renowned knyght
 He wants no thing bot bells.

Quod Dunbar.

II. OF A BALLAD, OR A SHORT TALE.

* * *

Quhan other wyfs war glaid
 To mak thair husbands blythe,
 Scho fat, and nothing said;
 And comfort nane culd kyth.
 Than, to be breif, He tuik sic grief,
 That deiplie he did sweir,
 That he forthocht That he had brocht
 Ane dum wyf hame for geir.

And so, upone ane day,
 He went alone to pance;
 So he met in his way
 Ane greit gran man be chance.
 Quhilk fast at him did fraine
 Quhy he sa fadlie went?
 Quhat angueish, greif, or paine,
 Perturbit his intent,
 He bad him schaw. And lat him knaw
 Of all his greif the ground
 He fould remeid, Haif he na dreid,
 Gif remeid might be found

Than he declairis cleir
 The mater all and sum;
 How he had tane for geir
 Ane woman deif and dum.
 For her ryches and rents
 He wed hir to his wyfe;
 Bot now he fair repents,
 And irks fair of his life.
 His eirdlie joy is turnt to noy;
 He wist himself war deid.
 Quoth he agane, 'Tak na disdane
 ' And I fall find remeid.

‘ If thou will counsal keip,
‘ And trow weil quhat I fay,
‘ [Quhen that ye ga to fleip,]
‘ Undir hir toung thou lay
‘ A quaiken aspein leif,
‘ The quhilk best cuirs the wound :
‘ And scho shall haif releif
‘ [Richt fune of hir sad stound.]
‘ Quhat kynd of taill, Foroutten fail,
‘ That thou of hir requyreis,
‘ Scho fall speik out, Haif thou na dout,
‘ And mair than thou desyreis.’

Than was he glaid of this,
And thocht himself weil chevin.
And hame he cam with blis ;
Thocht lang quhilk it was evin.
Quhil scho was fallin on fleip
Ay warlie watchit he ;
And than he tuik guid keip,
And laid in leifis thrie ;
Thinkand his cuir To wirk maist fuir.
He lay walkand quhil day ;
Quhil scho awuik Gude tent he tuik,
To heir quhat scho fuld say.

Na rest than could he tak ;
Bot tumbils here and thair.
The first word that scho spak,
Scho said, ' Ill mote ye fair !
' That wald nocht lat me rest,
' And I sa feik this nicht !'
For joy he hir imbraist,
His hairt was hie on hicht.
Than furth scho schew All that scho knew,
Quhan that scho could nocht speik.
Fra scho began, Scho spair't fra than,
And lyit na lyk ane feik.

* * *

E N D.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

KING HART, Canto I.

SOME general observations have already been made upon this poem in the preface; these notes shall therefore proceed to the consideration of particular passages.

In the manuscript there is no title, which is indeed the case with all the other pieces, save one or two, which shall be mentioned in the course of these slight remarks. The Argument is written by the Editor; who has also divided the poem into Two Cantos, as its length seemed to demand, and as the subject naturally suggested: the first Canto, containing the youthful and happy part of King Hart's life: and the last, his acquaintance with age, and care; with sickness, and death. The allegory of this poem must be evident, in most points, to every one who is capable of reading and understanding the language; and, therefore, few or no lights need be cast upon it. In the original copy the allegory seems to have been always pointed out in the margin; but in our manuscript, taken, it may be supposed, from the original, only three instances occur toward the beginning; after which it appears to have been dropt, as unnecessary. The first of these explanations stands opposite to line 1, stanza I. *Cor in corpore hominis; The hart in man's body*: The second at st. IV. *Juventus, et quot nomina habet; Youth, and what names he hath*: and the last at st. VI. *Desideria cordis in juventute; The desirs of the heart in youth*.

St. 11. *licam*] This word is not explained in any glossary I have seen; save Verstegan's very short one; it means *body*.

And with aue claith I coverit his *licame*

Harry's Wallace, b. VII.

Lichym, or lichama, a body, a corps. Verstegan, ch. 7.

St. IV.

St. IV.] Among these personifications, the reader will find some of a singular hue; such as *New Gate*, or *New Way*, for *Novelty*; *Waste-Good*; *Want-wit*; *Night-walk*; *Dim-sight*. But in the course of the poem he will find others still more odd; such as *Innocence* and *Benevolence* personified as *horses*, upon which *Youtheide* and *Delyte* ride, Canto I. st. xxi. and personifications with name and surname, so to speak, as *Dreid of Disdane*; and *Wirschip of Weir*, or *Honour of War*; resembling the old surnames, *John of Dunbar*, &c. afterwards shortened into *John Dunbar*, &c. Such personifications are common in all the old mysteries, masques, &c. from which they originated. The mysteries present us with *Abominable living*, *God's merciful promises*, *Minced Pye*, &c. and the masques and shows have like instances. In a most beautiful manuscript in the Pepysian Library, intituled, *Le Sacre Couronnement, Tryumphe, et Entree, de la tres chrestienne Royne et Duchesse, ma Souveraine, Dame, et Maitresse, MADAME CLAUDE, fille du tres crestien Roy Louis XII. de ce nom, et de Madame Anne de Bretagne, deux fois royne sacree et couronnee en France, duchesse heritiere de Bretagne, de Millan, &c.* (queen of Francis I. and crowned, I believe, 9th May, 1515.) there are rich illuminations of the masques, &c. among the persons of which, we find *Bon Conseil*, &c. &c. And of king Henry the eighth's tournament, 13 Feb. 1510, published from an ancient roll in the Heralds office, by the Society of Antiquaries, this is the *exordium*. *The noble queen, ladé Renome, considering the good and gracious fortune, that it hath pleased God to send hyr deyre and best beloved cosyns, the king and quene of England, and of Fraunce, that is to say, the byrth of a yong prynce, hath sent iiii knights, borne in hyr realme of Ceure Noble, that is to say, Ceure Noble, Vaillant Desyre, Benvolyr, and Joieux Penfer, to fornych and comply the certain articuls as foloweth, &c.*

These cotemporary instances are given, that the reader may see the inaccuracy of personification when bishop Douglas wrote, and judge him by proper rules; for if we do not always make ourselves cotemporaries of a poet, we can never read nor estimate him aright. It may be further observed, that as modern personification originated from the Mytteries and Masques, so the ancient seems to have

sprung from the Religious Processions; and, in Rome especially, from the Triumphs, at which conquered Provinces, and the like, were represented with the most beautiful imagery of symbol.

St. VI. *fang*] This word, which implies to *seize*, is common to the Scottish tongue with the old English.

Thane Lybeanus ran away,
 Ther as Maugys' scheld lay,
 And up he gan hyt fong.

Romance of Lybius Desconus.

Fangyn or *latchyn*. Apprehendo. *Promptuarium Parvulorum*. Bib. Harl. 221. This very curious English and Latin Lexicon, which will be quoted more than once in the course of these notes, is a large MS. on vellum in the finest preservation, and was compiled about 1440. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's very valuable Glossary to Chaucer. *Fangs* still mean *long teeth*, or *claws*, that *seize* any thing; but Shakspeare was, I believe, the last who used the verb.

St. VII.] Having mentioned the Passions, the poet proceeds to the Five Senses; which he describes more particularly in this order, SEEING, *Ane for the day*, &c. HEARING, *Ane for the nicht*, &c. TASTING, St. VIII. *Syne wes*, &c. SMELLING, *Ane utber*, &c. FEELING, *The syst*, &c. Of these descriptions, the fourth, or that of Smelling, is very ill chosen; as to smell meat is the meanest of all its offices, and by this it is too much confounded with Tasting. It is also obscure: *sent* is evidently *scent*; but *savellis* or *savellis*, I can find in no glossary, and tho' the meaning may be guessed, I know not what to make of the word. The passage implies, I imagine, *all savours for to scent*.

Ib. l. 7. ganand] This word, from *gagn*, *Isl. utilitas*, means properly *useful*, *that by which one gains*; and improperly *suitable*, *becoming*. The first sense occurs here; the second is also used by our author in his excellent translation of Virgil, and by Blind Harry;

Intill ane weid of gadly *ganand* grene.

Wallace, b. I.

St. IX.] The allegory seems to be that, tho' the king was lost in youthful passions, still honour had taken possession of his head or reason. *Peral all with syn* cannot mean
 endanger

endanger with syn: peral must imply *adorn, all with syn, soch witbal.* Perhaps it should be *fyne; adorn it all with finery;* which meaning is most of a piece with next line.

St. X. *ane water woud*] What this *wild water* implies, does not seem evident; and it is almost the only perplexed allegory in the poem. In the name of Edipus what is it? Is it the gall, or the spleen? I have looked over the whole of Fletcher's too neglected *Purple Island;* to discover it; and I am pretty sure it is the spleen, that old enemy of men of genius; which makes them often wretched in themselves, and appear mad to the world. Hear the first stanza of Fletcher's description of the spleen; for it consists of three:

The next ill stream the wholesome fount offending,
All dreary, black, and frightful; hence convey'd
By divers drains unto the *Splenion* tending,
The *Splenion* o're against the *Hepar* laid,
Built long and square. Some say that Laughter here
Keeps residence: but Laughter fits not there
Where Darkness ever dwels, and melancholy Fear,

Canto III.

Fletcher's next two stanzas, with great strength of poetry, describe the danger from the spleen; much as in our text. *Woud* is an epithet applied to water and waves by Henrisoun, in a passage which, not being published, shall, for its *naiweté,* be given here: *wallis* are *waves.*

Quhen this was said the wolfe his wayis went.
The foxe on faté he sair unto the flude;
To sang him fische haillelie was his intent.
Bot, quhen he saw the *wattir* and *wallis woude;*
Astonist all still into ane stair he flude,
And said, 'Better that I had bidden at hame,
'Nor bene a fischer in the devillis name.'

Fabils MS. Harl. 3865. Foxes confessiok.

St. XI.] The Grammar of Gawin Douglas is far worse in this poem than in his Virgil; which may, perhaps, be regarded as a proof that this was written in his younger years. The two last lines of this stanza are perplexed; but intelligible; they mean; it is believed; that the king either did not at all regard the deep mentioned in the last stanza; or did not regard it but as a defence around his castle.

St. XII.] This stanza seems beyond redemption; being quite unintelligible as to grammar and arrangement. The meaning must be, that, *As the rose and other flowers, which have*

have no skill to discern winter, yet bloom in summer only, unconscious that winter will return to chill them with snow and frost; so King Hart enjoyed his youth, unconscious that old age was in futurity. The simile is given at full length, but the inference or assimilation is left to the reader to supply.

St. XIII. *ane brig.*] This bridge I cannot pass, and am afraid it will prove a *pons asinorum* to commentators. How could the bridge make the people go wrong?

St. XIV. *kirnellis.*] The *kirnels* of a castle, or fortified city, are frequent in old romances; and are neither more or less than the *battlements*.

Clement stode yn a kernell,
And segh the fyght.

Romance of Odoovyan Imperator.

The Romance of Lybius Desconus, after mentioning a castle *ikarneld all about*, adds,

In ech *karnell* a head of a knight.

A French poem on a knight and a lady, written by an Englishman under Edward II. has

Pus mounte le mur tot acelee,
Si le attende a un *kernel*.

MS. Harl. 2253.

The reader will see from this that the word is more common in the singular, than in the plural: and it means properly the low or open segment of a battlement, not the elevated interstice. The French have still *creneaux* for battlements; and we *cranny* perhaps from the French. Barbour has also this word:

A crook they maide, at their devyce,
Of yrn that wes stark and squaire;
That fra it in a *kernel* were
Fastint, it shuld hing thairby.

Bruce, p. 161.

To ilk *kernel* that there were

Archers to shuit assignit ar. p. 278.

Ib. grundin dairtis.] Blind Hary has *groundin sword*, a bad expression for *sharp*, as being ground to an edge. Lindsay, in his *Historie of Squire Meldrum*, has *grounden dertes*.

St. XVII. *The grene ground, &c.*] This is a very poetical and elegant circumstance; but these notes will seldom be employed to point out beauties, which are left to the reader's own discernment; and he will find innumerable in the poems here given, if he has any discernment at all.

B b

St. XVIII.

St. XVIII. *King so kene.*] In old romances *kene* implies bold.

Kene men of the courte comen to that cry,
(And the had kast of the kelle, and hyr kyrchefe)
In at a prevy posterne they presyd in hy.

Tale of Sufan.

St. XXI. *under the cloude.*] This seems a mere expletive, *metri gratia*, and occurs in like manner in an old song written in the reign of Edward I. or II.

Wornes woweth *under cloude.*

Harl. MS. 2253.

In like manner in almost all the old romances 'he was worthy *under weid*;' 'hende *under weid*,' &c. that is, he was a worthy man, &c. *under bis cloths*, are silly and barbarous additions to form a rime.

St. XXII. *on blonks bouffit.*] I know not what *blonks* means; *bouffit* is *bowed*, a word common in the old metrical romances for *remained*;

And *bowed* and abode.

Lybius Desconus.

A whyle they *bowed* and behelde.

La Morte Arthur.

Tythings to speir he *bust* thame among.

Life of Wallace, b. IV.

Howyn on hors, and abydyn: Sirocino. *Prompt. Parv.*

St. XXIII. *gromes.*] This word, sometimes spelt *gomes*, signifies simply *men*. Bridegroom implies *marriage-man*. See the *Tale of Sufan*, Cot. Lib. Cal. A. II. and in *Octovyan*, ib. the fowdan is called a *sterne gome*.

St. XXVIII. *soinye.*] The *soinye* or *enseinye* was the word of war; and was sometimes only the family name, at other times another word, or sentence. Thus the *enseinye* of Percy was *Percy!* or *Esperance!* That of Douglas, *Douglas!* In the very curious and particular account give us by Froissart of the Scottish expedition into England, in the beginning of Edward the third's reign, when William Earl of Douglas breaks into the English camp at midnight, he exclaims, 'Douglas!—*Vous y mourrez tous larrons Anglois.* Et en tua lui et sa compaignie, avant quilz cessassent, plus de trois cens: et ferit des esperons asprement, jusque devant la tente du Roy, criant et huant *Douglas! Douglas!* et coupa deux ou trois des cordes de la tente du Roy. Puis sen parlit, et perdit aucuns de ses gens a la retraite, mais ce ne

6 fut

fut mie grandement; et puis retourna arriere vers ses autres compaignons en la montaigne.' Tome I. f. x. edition de Paris 1530, 4 vol. fol.

It is here that Froisart mentions that instance of the Scottish hardihood in war, their using caldrons made of untanned leather to boil their meat, which was eaten half raw. This may rather be called an instance of poverty by some who love to reproach the Scots for poverty, which is in fact no reproach at all, if it is not produced by folly or knavery. Our London authors of Grub-street, who have not a shirt to their backs, warm and amuse themselves with railing against the poverty of Scotland; never once reflecting that there cannot be a higher praise than for a kingdom without wealth to have maintained a constant rivalship with England, at that period the most powerful kingdom in Europe. The poorer Scotland was, the more applause must be given to her valour and conduct. Say she had nothing at all, and you proclaim her the first of kingdoms.

Allow me to add a risible blunder of Froisart, who, in the next sentence or two, tells us that, upon entering the deserted camp of the Scots, the English found some prisoners whose legs were broken; 'si les deslierent,' says he, 'et les laisserent aller,' they unbound them, and *let them go*. It may be thought they would not go far: This ground seems indeed to be fatal to the common sense of Historians. Hear Hume: 'Edward, on entering the place of the Scottish encampment, found only six Englishmen; whom the enemy, after breaking their legs, had tied to trees, in order to prevent their carrying any intelligence to their countrymen.' Hist. vol. II. p. 375, ed. 1782, with his last corrections. What are we to think? Why that the prisoners were bound to trees, but that the breaking of their legs was a mere *hostile hyperbole*, a figure of speech, of which a thousand instances might be given from the history of last war. Froisart is never tired of speaking of the unparalleled generosity of the English and Scottish wars: see his admirable account of the battle of Otterburn. Was the most barbarous action that could be committed, a proof of generosity? Were William Earl of Douglas, and Thomas Randel * Earl Murray, men to commit such an action?

* Thomas Ranulphi, *chartæ veteres*. So Barbarii for Barbour. Randel was the real name, as Barbour shews.

But I have almost lost the subject of my note. Barbour uses *enseinye* very frequently: and mentions *Douglas!* in particular, p. 79. Dunbar tells Kennedy in his *Flying*, that he will cry his *senyie*.

St. XXX. *King Hart he hes in bandis tane.*] So the MS. but it ought certainly to be *sebe*, that is *Apporte*. Pope laughs at editors who retain palpable nonsense, and say *sic MS.* He is surely right; and the present MS. error was only left from oversight.

St. XXXIII. *the watche borne he blew.*] Horns were formerly used instead of trumpets, and the hero of matrical romances frequently blows his horn. Roland, the champion of Charlemagne, blew his horn so loud, says Turpin, cap. 23. that Charles heard it at eight miles distance, tho there was a mountain between them; *sonum tamen Carolus trans montem ultra octo miliaria exaudi-verit.* The Scots were particularly famous for their horns. Froisart in describing the battle of Otterburn between Percy and Douglas, which he says exceeded for mutual valour any battle that ever was fought in the world, gives a curious description of the effect of Scottish horns. He tells, that *all the Scottishmen* had their horns which they blew in different notes to the great terror of their foes, and encouragement of their selves. The minstrels (*menestriers*) of their chiefs first founded, and were followed by all the others. This horrible noise was frequent in their camp all night; and seemed, says he, as if all the devils in hell had been let loose to display their skill in music.

Is it from this that the *enseinye*, or word of war, is sometimes called a *slughorn* by Scottish writers? Mr. Buchanan tells us that *Loch sloy* 'is the Macfarlan's *slughorn*, or *crie de guerre.*' Enquiry into Scottish surnames. *Glasg.* 1723, 4to.

St. XXXVI. *Lust.*] Nothing so hurts an ancient writer as when a word quite honest in his day takes an unseemly meaning with posterity. *Lust*, and *Lusty*, were formerly only *Desire*, and *Desireable*. The *ladle full of love* in this stanza is a figure of speech, for which we will in vain explore Aristotle, Hermogenes, or Quintilian, nay Athonius himself. We say *personification*: is not this a *ladelification*? But critics will perhaps call it by the general name of *thingi-*
fication,

fiction, for we find it again Canto II. st. lxi. *a vessel full of fancy.*

St. XXXVII. *dungeoun.*] The word is used in two senses. In st. xxxiii. it means what we now call a dungeon: but here, and most generally in ancient writers, it means the *keep*, or chief tower, of a castle, where the lord resided. They who wish for information on the ancient castles, may look into Mr. Grose's Antiquities of England, or Mr. King's very full account in the Archæologia. The reader must however beware of falling into the common antiquarian error of imagining all ancient buildings, &c. of one age to be on one plan. We have modern houses in Great Britain upon the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Danish, nay Morefque, and Turkish models. So were our ancient castles. An antiquary is ever apt to imagine that ancient taste and intellects were as narrow as his own.

Ib. *That wald be in all folk that war without.*] Does this imply the idea of some modern that marriage is a net; all the fishes that are out want to be in, and all that are in want to be out? The following personifications are very well managed, and such as might have been expected from the author of the admirable Prologues to the books of Virgil.

St. XXXIX. *garitour.*] I cannot find this word in old books, or in glossaries: but the meaning is evident from the context, namely that it implies the *ward*, or person who was appointed to watch in some upper tower of the castle to descry the distant country. Skinner explains the original meaning of *garret* to be '*watch tower, specula.*' Hence it may be inferred why a garret is yet sacred to watching and speculation.

Ib. *judge sone.*] The grammar of this line is lost, but the sense plain: *shoud judge soon* that he listened *To angel song, &c.* The grammar of the four last lines of next stanza is very dark indeed; but the meaning seems to be, that, owing to Danger and Grief, King Hart's clothes were rotten with his tears; but Youtheid (in next stanza) makes him a coat, &c. See also Canto II. st. xviii. The plain sense of the allegory is, that tho the king's drefs was bad from his lying in prison, yet his complexion was blooming with the hues of youth, tho Heaviness or Sorrow something disfigured even these.

St. XLVII. *frost.*] This word is used in a singular metaphorical sense by different Scottish poets. It seems to imply such pain proceeding from fear, as extreme frost gives the body. The old romances in like manner speak of fear *striking the heart cold, &c.* In a poem in the Maitland MS. folio, not printed, is this line p. 223.

With contrit hairt schairp frost thy miss to mend,
In the fine ballad of Child Maurice,
Therein ye shall find frost.

Ib. *Harro! Take and slay!*] A common exclamation in battle. In Sir David Lindsay's most curious and entertaining Historie of Squire Meldrum,
There was nocht els but tak and slaye.

MS. Glasg. 1635, p. 22.

They were not els but tak and slay. Ib. p. 37.

St. LI. *skill.*] Nothing is so apt to perplex a reader of old poetry, as when a word common in modern times had anciently quite an opposite meaning; or had two meanings formerly, of which one is now lost. The later is the case here. From the Islandic grammar of Jonas we learn that *skil* is *reditio, a return*; which is the very sense here, and in Canto II. st. vii. Does this meaning expound the following lines?

Into his sadil gan skyl. *Lybius Desconus.*
An to the knyght sche gan to skylle. *O'Forryan.*

St. LIII. *deis.*] This Mr. Tyrwhitt has well shewn to be the place at the head of a hall, where the floor was raised higher than the rest, and which was the honourable part. A canopy was frequently spread over it; but it is not the *canopy*, but the *elevated floor*, which is meant by *deis*. *Stude* 1, 2. This hyperbolic compliment seems agreeable to the manners of chivalry. *Hait burde*, I suppose is, *warm feast*.

K I N G H A R T, CANTO II.

STANZA II. *quhen at.*] *At* is Islandic for *that*. And see the remarks on *Peblis to the play* in the Select Scottish Ballads, vol. II. *Dungeoun* is here *keep, tower*.

St. VI. VII.] This farewell to youth has great pathos. In

In St. VII. to *deir* is to *hurt*. 'But hagbutts did the greatest *deere*.' *Lindsay's Meldrum*

St. XII.] The second line of this stanza is unintelligible. The word put *loir* is faded in the MS, and is therefore given in brackets as uncertain, tho it seemed to be as here.

Ib. *heiris*.] This word is used by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for *Masters*. It is from the fl. *here*, *berra*; *dûx*, and is still used by the Dutch, *Heer*, *Mynbeer*.

St. XIII. *lurdans*.] Is said to imply lord Danes, but this may be doubted. Perhaps it is from the same root as *lurk*, *lurch*, and other ugly words of similar sound. It is used as an adjective sometimes: *Ane lurdane spreit* occurs in the 4to Maitland MS.

The prophane swearing of Conscience himself is very ludicrous, especially in a poem written by a divine. But the lesser morals are full of fluctuation: Plato swears like a trooper.

The last line of this stanza is defective in grammar, but means *that deserved well to be hanged, drawn, and beheaded*. *Hanged and to drawe* is a similar solecism in old romances. 'Sware he should be hanged and to drawe.' *Launfal*.

St. XIV. *muming*.] This word is not very plain in MS; and may perhaps be *murning*, or some other. The meaning is, that Conscience had Sadness with him (who had a cloak on to shew mourning, or for better *muming*, or acting his part).

The *rig-bone* is the *back-bone*. The word is also used in the old English romances. A knight commonly kills a dragon by cutting him thro the *rig-bone*

St. XVI. *berne*.] *Hirne* is *corner*. *Horne*, fl. *angulus*, *Hickes*. *Halke* or *hyrne*; *Angulus*, *latibulum*. *Prompt. Parv*. In a song on the evils of the times, written under Edward I. or II. MS. Harl. 2253.

Bethe honred from hale to *burne*. f. 64.

St. XXI.] The allegory here shocks the imagination of the reader.

St. XXII.] This conversation between Conscience and the King, in which the latter shews more conscience, I believe, than Conscience himself, is highly *naif*, and entertaining.

St. XXX. *luge.*] In the Celtic *lug, log*, is a *place*, whence the Latin *locus*, and the Scottish *ludge*. See Calander's two ancient Scottish poems, &c. p. 83. Here it implies by eminence the *great place*, or *firmament*. Fuge I cannot discover. Perhaps *under the luge* may be only a wrong arrangement; and mean how should he *under the lodge* (that is, in the house) know what weather is without.

St. XXXII. *femit.*] That is, *banished*. It is also used in the old English, La Morte Arthur having it in same sense.

Yemit is *kept* and also occurs in La Morte Arthur, 'the *reme* for to save and *yemo*,' that is to save and keep the realm. Skene also gives us this meaning in his work *De Verb. signif.* 'Yemsel of a castle; *the keeping of a castle.*'

That all hit hurled on hepe that the helme *yemed*.

Sege of Jerusalem. *Cot. Lib.*

Semis is a typographical error for *femit*.

A line being lost in transcription, is attempted to be supplied.

St. XXXIII. *wanis*] That is *walls*.

The purveyance that is within thir *wanis*.

Life of Wallace, b. X.

St. XXXVIII. *the cleir*] This means *the beautiful* (namely) *lady*: a fine figure, very frequent in old English and Scottish poets, by putting an adjective as an absolute substantive. We still say *the fair*: but the old poets *the sad*, *the good*, *the free*, *the bende*, &c. or even *that comely*, &c. as in this passage of a poem on Susannah and the Elders, Cotton Lib. Cal. A. II. The MS. is of Henry the Sixth's time, but the poems much older.

And they *that comelych* acused with wordes full kene.

St. XLI. *turs*] is *bundle up*. We still say *truss of straw*, &c.

Thir jovellis he gart *turs* in England.

Wallace, b. II.

The edition of Blind Harry's Life of Wallace, always referred to, is that of Edinburgh, 1570, 4to.

St. XLIII. *cun*] signifies *know*; afterwards softened into *ken*; and sometimes improperly spelt *can*.

St. XLVI. *He*] That is *Heaviness* who had fled to the dungeon or great tower, in character; but speaks thus to the King on his entering that place.

St. L. *sture voice*] That is, *loud and full voice*. *Storr Magnus*. *Ist*.

St. LII.] In this stanza there are two alterations of the MS. which was so corrupt as to be absolute nonsense. The MS. has *Plesance jaid Dame Plesance*; and, in the last line save one, *Wirschip* for *Wysdome*.

St. LIV. *A trudge bak*] The word *trudge* may be *trudye*, but it is unknown to me in either shape. *Scoup* and *skist* are in the same predicament.

St. LV. *sow and gyne*] These two words give the whole ancient machinery for attacking fortified places. They shattered the walls with *sows* or battering rams; while they protected their men with *gyne*s, or engines, and also threw stones from them, as appears from the curious account of the taking of Carlaveroc Castle, in Galloway, by Edward I. in 1300, written in old French, and preserved in the Museum. The engines were equivalent to the Roman *catapultæ*; the sows were *arietes*.

An old romance, relating the seige of Paris by the Sarazins, says

And thay without gymes bent
And greit stones to hem sent.

O'Zouyan.

See also Barbour and other Scottish poets.

The fifth and sixth lines imply, I suppose, that they within, or the defendants, shot *ganyeis* or arrows, and gunshot *without*, or on the assailants; while the later returned the compliment by throwing stones from their engines on those *within*. The state of fire-artillery was at first very rude, the cannons consisting of bars of iron hooped together; and by the bursting of one such was James II. of Scotland killed. The reader will find exact representations of such guns in different illuminations of the magnificent MS. of Froissart in the Museum. Stones were also the common cannon-balls, as appears from Sir David Lindsay, and others.

St. LVI.] The last line of this stanza being omitted by the old transcriber, is supplied by the editor.

St. LVII. *barmekin*.] In old English sometimes *barnekin*; and explained by the Authors of a late History of Cumberland and Westmoreland, 2 vols. 4to, 'the outtermost fortification of a castle being that where the *barnes*, stables, &c. were.' Skene says *Fortalicium* 'is ane house or tower
2 'quhilk

'quhilk has ane battlement, ane *barmekin*, or ane fowle
'about it.' He doubtless means that has ALL these: but *or*
and *and* are often strangely confounded in old writers. The
reader must beware of supposing *barnkin* synonymous with
barbacan; the later being a detached watch tower.

Heidwerk, *Hoist*, and *Perlasfy*; of these three agreeable
companions *Heidwerk* is *Headach*; *Heidwerke sekeneffe*, *Ce-*
phalia; *Heedwark sufferer*, or *be that sufferyth heedwarke*,
Cephalicus. *Prompt. Parv. Hoist* is *Cough*. *Perlasfy* I find
no where, but suspect him to be the *Palsy*.

Murmours in last line seems a corruption for *nowmers*.

S. LX.] This Testament disgraces the poem, and it would
have been as proper perhaps to omit it. It is full of absur-
dity and trash, while the poem is of another stamp:—but
it is genuine. It is curious to observe, that when poetry gets
into a certain tract, it continues in it for a long time. At
the beginning of this century every bundle of verses was
Advice to a Painter, *Advice to an Artist*, &c. Jehan de
Meune having written his Testament and Codicille at the
end of that mass of perfect stupidity *Le Roman de la Rose*,
Testaments were written by Poets without the help of a
Notary, down to the Sixteenth century. There is a Testa-
ment of Crescide ascribed to Chaucer, but really written, as
Mr. Tyrwhitt shews, by Robert Henrifoun, whom see in
the list of Scottish poets. Lindsay wrote the Papingo's Tes-
tament, which is much in the style of this: and Squire Mel-
drum's Testament, at the end of his *Historie*, which is the
best of the Testaments, and seems truth mingled with fiction,
ordering his heart to be carried to the temple of Mars, &c.
For these two centuries poets have been modest enough to
make no testaments.

St. LX.] Here we find *unstedfastness* a stead, and *fickle-*
ness a fadle! but it would sicken the reader to dwell on
all the stuff of this sad Testament. The Editor is as sensi-
ble of it, as the reader can be; but thought it improper to
suppress it, as his business was not to patch and mend, but
to show the poetry of that time as it really was.

Mr. Walpole has observed in his Catalogue of Royal and
Noble Authors, that 'it is strange that writing a man's life
'should generally make the biographer become enamoured of
'his

his subject; whereas one should think that, the nicer disquisition one makes into the life of any man, the less reason we should find to love or admire him.' This very just remark may be applied to editors, and commentators, as well as to biographers. The present Editor would fain hope he has escaped the censure, by giving praise and blame with equal freedom: tho' if he had much of the last to bestow on this Collection, it must be his own fault; having so vast a number of pieces to chuse from, and a perfect liberty of rejection.

St. LXII. *Reve Supper.*] The author seems to have had a singular aversion to this gentleman, who had formerly been called names by Horace. He, indeed, deserves total neglect and contempt, as the enemy both of Health and of the Muses. The legacy is a shocking one, but has a parallel in the Complaint of the Papingo.

St. LXIII. *the ball.*] The foot-ball, and shooting arrows at butts, seem to have been the chief, if not only, games of diversion used in the open air formerly by the Scottish gentry. The latter is a fine manly exercise, still kept up in Scotland by people of rank; but the foot-ball is left to the mob, as it should. In the folio Maitland MS. is this quatrain against it:

Briffit brawms, and brokin banis;
Sryf, discorde, and waistie wanis;
Cruikit in eld, syn halt withall;
Thir ar the bewteis of the fute-bale.

The *golf*, an excellent game, has supplanted the foot-ball. The etymology of this word has never yet been given: is it not from *golf* Isl. *pavimentum*, because it is played in the level fields? Perhaps the game was originally played in paved areas.

St. LXIV. l. 5. *bemaning*] This word, whatever it is, is contracted in the MS. being *bemg* with the tail of the *m* turned up: with this description it is left to the reader.

St. LXV. l. 5, 6.] This argument is similar to his, who said that *Money is liberty*. Of l. 8, the homely phrase occurs in romances, 'Sche seyde my lyfe is not worth a leke.' *Ostovyan*.

St. LXVI. *servant Voky*] *Vokar* in the Islandic is *watchfulness* I believe. In Scotland they say a man is *woggy* when he is *proud*. The meaning of *Voky* I cannot adjutt. *Woker*

is *ocre* or usury: see Verstegan. May not this be the sense here, especially as *Covatices* is mentioned just before?

St. LXVII. *want the head*]. This is a proper conclusion to this Testament, which, to use a vulgarism, has neither head nor tail.

THE TWA MARIIT WEMEN, AND THE WEDO.

THIS is one of the most curious and singular remains of ancient Scottish poetry. It presents Dunbar in quite a new light, and as the rival of Chaucer in his chief walk.

The verse approaches near to the Greek and Latin heroic measure; and is the earliest, if not only example of blank verse in the Scottish language. But Dunbar has no claim to the invention. The verse originally belonged to the Gothic and Saxon poets, as may be learned from Dr. Percy's Remarks on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions; *Reliques* Vol. II. The original rule of it was, that three words in every line should begin with one letter; and these initial letters were styled *literæ canora*, as Olaus Wormius tells us: the whole vowels were esteemed equal in power, and provided that three words at proper distances began with a vowel, the rule was observed. But the vowels are seldom, if ever, admitted to this honour by the English writers, or by Dunbar.

Not to repeat what has already been said upon this measure by Dr. Percy, and by Mr. Warton, in the first volume of his History of English Poetry, I shall only observe, that it appears to me that the old English Romances in this verse were prior to Pierce Plowman. Indeed, it is reasonable to infer that Langland, the author of the latter, imitated these popular pieces to recommend the conveyance of his dry satire; not that the writers of romance followed so dull and unpopular a poem. The oldest specimen in English I take to be the *Roman d'Alexandre*; and suppose even *The Sege of Jerusalem*,

Jerusalem, and the *Chevalier d'Assigne*, or Knight of the Swan, to be prior to *Flowman's Visions*. That the reader may judge how this measure stood in English for Dunbar's imitation, one or two passages are given from the *Sege of Jerusalem* (Cot. Lib. Calig. A. II.) which from their perfect absurdity will excite laughter, and so relieve their own dulness, as the fat of a viper is said to cure his wound. It opens thus :

In Tyberius' tyme, the trewe emperour,
Syr Sæsar himself cefed in Rome,
Whyll Pylate was provoste under that prynce rych,
And Jewes Justyce also of Juden's londe.

Hear the author's derivation of the name *Vespasianus* :

His fader Vespasiane ferly bytyde ;
A byke of waspes bredde in his nose,
Hyved up in hys hedde he had him of thocht,
And Vaspasiane is called, because of his waspes.

He then proceeds to tell us that Titus had a fore on his cheek ; and confounds chronology so far as to make Christ live under Titus. Nay, if my memory serves me, the author tells us that Titus destroyed Jerusalem, because the Jews had put Christ to death, and so prevented him from receiving a miraculous cure from our Saviour, after he had tried all Physicians in vain.

From the above specimens of *The Sege of Jerusalem*, it will appear to the reader that, before Dunbar's time, the nice regulation of the *litera canora* began to be lost, for, in the last specimen, the third line alone affords four words beginning with the same letter ; the others fall short of the original number of *three*. It does not appear to me that the vowels were ever admitted to the honour of *canora* in old English poetry, as indeed it will be difficult to find any line of such length that has not three initial vowels, along with the three initial consonants, so that utter confusion must have arisen from the reader's not knowing whether the vowels or consonants were to have the power of *canora*. Hence we may look upon all the lines in this sort of poetry, which are deficient in initial consonants, to be introduced as foils by the poet to recommend the harmony of the rest ; and perhaps Dunbar's beginning this poem by two lines out of rule

was

was looked upon, by his contemporaries, in much the same light as we regard Milton's commencement of his *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, which were certainly made harsh by him that the smoothness of the rest might be the more delicious. Every one knows that the mechanism of poetry was more attended to, and carried to far greater perfection by the Goths, Icelanders, and Saxons, and by our ancient writers, than by the moderns. Dunbar, in all his writings, shews a complete knowledge of this province of his art; and we must therefore judge that to commence three words in each line at least, and frequently more, with the same consonant; and to recommend these *canorous* lines by a very few inharmonious ones at the poet's discretion, was the rule of this kind of poetry. The number of syllables was never attended to by the Gothic or the Saxon poets, save in stanza; and it is probable, tho' no critic has yet observed it, that they regarded an irregular number of syllables as pleasant; an idea to this day retained in France, as every one knows who has read the *Tales*, or the *Fables*, of Fontaine, and any of the latest French poetry, where one line has two syllables, and the next perhaps fourteen. This was also the practice of our oldest English poets; and if they who fight for the regularity of Chaucer's couplet-measure had but read the *Geste of King Horn*, perhaps the earliest poem in this way that can be called English, they would have dropt the idea at once. It all runs in couplet-measure, and has such lines as these,

Shipes systene.

Foll fixe yere.

and such as these,

Feyrore childe ne mihte be borne.

That on wes hoten Athulf chyld.

with every intermediate number of syllables, so that seldom, if ever, can two lines be found together of equal syllables; which seems to have been carefully avoided by the minstrel, to escape hurting the ear of his hearers by the dull monotony of couplet. The ear is indeed the most arbitrary of all machines; and, for my own part, I must say the musical bells of Fontaine give me infinitely more pleasure than the church-bell of Pope, which goes always *ding-dong*. But,

to close this subject, stanza was regular in Chaucer's days, and from the beginning: couplet was irregular from the beginning, and is to this hour; for even now we admit Alexandrine lines; and would allow every length of line were not our ears mathematical not musical; for nothing can shock the ear so much as the monotony of couplets; while stanza, which was anciently regular, admits of infinite variety of pause in proportion to its length.

This note is already long, which, it is hoped, the singularity of the subject will excuse, and yet must not be closed without a general remark or two on this very curious poem. For elegance of description, and knowledge of life, it is certainly equal to any tale of Chaucer, without exception. It has also that feature of Chaucer's comic tales, his obscenity, as we call it. But that is a harsh word; and the Romans never applied *obscenitas* to like matters, but *impudicitia*, or *immodesty*; the first term was applied to *naughtiness*, which must ever nauseate; the later to a too free revelation of amorous affairs. The first admits of no apology, because its sole effect is utter disgust; the later has the palliation of ever delighting every mind that is not callous to nature's best and finest sensibilities, or not lost in blacker passions and perversions of this impulse. Philosophers have, as Fielding observes, admitted this species of writing into their closets; and examples of the most virtuous authors of every period and country might be given who have amused themselves with describing in writing the effect of this most important and elegant of the propensities of nature. Some of the first names of antiquity were among the authors, or known admirers, of Milesian tales, in which this kind of writing was carried to its utmost luxurianey. And in modern times, the example of the Queen of Navarre, well known to have been as pious and wise a princess as ever lived, and who, in her Tales, rivals the ancient Milesian authors, is sufficient to shew that this species of writing has no shade of immorality. Perhaps a whimsical visionary might even say that it is the most important and valuable of all kinds of writing, as, not to mention its heightening our pleasures, the only end it can serve is that of increasing society, which is regarded by legislators as the first of objects; for it may safely be said, that where it has led one to debauchery, it has induced twenty to marriage.

riage. Freedom of this sort we look upon as a mark of an unpolished age;—most undoubtedly a false idea. The immodesty of the politest Greek and Roman authors proves that Athens and the court of Augustus had no such notions; and France, confessedly the most polite country in Europe, confirms the observation; for it is well known, that even the ladies of France indulge themselves, upon all occasions, with every liberty of speech. These opinions may meet with censure, but their sole censurers will be those who prefer hypocrisy to sincerity. Far be it from me to loosen the most minute tie of morality. Addison, the best instructor of the small morals who ever lived, yet thought nothing; in papers designed for the breakfast-table and the ladies, as he says himself, to tell us, that a monosyllable was his delight, and to give us the fable of the Indian temple. Pope, in his master-piece, the Rape of the Lock, has exquisite strokes of delicate immodesty; nay, Milton, in his holy poem, has amorous descriptions of great warmth.

Dunbar here displays the immodesty of Chaucer, but by no means his nastiness. Compare this tale with the *Miller's Tale*, or with the *Reeve's Tale*, and the superiority will be evident. Dunbar has one or two short *Poesies de Societe*, which are nasty; but were his writings collected, they ought to be left out; not excepting a stanza or two in his *Dance in the Queen's Chamber*, to be found in this volume. Tho perhaps, had he printed his own works, no such rejection could have been expected, considering that, two centuries afterwards, Swift insulted his readers with many specimens of perfection itself in filth and nastiness; nay, even Pope has his *Alley*.

The title of this tale in the MS. is, *Heir beginis the tretis of the Arwa mariil women and the weio, compylit be Maister William Dunbar*. Here *tretis* seems from *trit*; *entertainments*.

P. 44, l. 1. *Midsummer even*.] This seems to have been a favourite period with our early poets; of which an immortal proof remains in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

L. 3, *garth*.] This word is Celtic; *ghwarth*, a fort, or castle, literally an *inclosure*, because the most ancient fortifications were mere inclosures, with ramparts of earth or
stone.

stone. Hence it came to be applied to a garden, as here; the word *garden* being from it.

That glorious garb of every flours did fleir.

Lindsay's Dreme, ed. Paris, 1558.

L. 4, *hawthorne treeis.*] Compare the description of a garden in that curious poem of James I. *The King's Quair*, published by Mr. Tytler, p. 74, 75.

———— and hawthorn hegis knet.

L. 9, *dirkin eftir myrthis.*] Perhaps the *dirkin* should be *hirkin*, that is, the phrase will mean to *listen for entertainment*; but I rather think the meaning is to *dirkin*, to *hide myself in obscurity, after a merry day*. In the Tale of *Suffan and the Elders*, Cot. Lib. Cal. A. II.

Now do these domesmen dracken into derne.

P. 45, l. 1, *dew donkit.*] *Donkit* is *moistened*, and we still say *dank*. 'Donkedde wyth dewe.' *Sege of Jerusalem*.— 'Deawes donketb the dounes.' Song on Spring, time of Edward I. or II. Harl. MS. 2253. f. v. 71. 'The dew now donks the roses redolent.' *Lindsay's Monarchy*, close.

Dynarit, in this line, is put at guess; the word in the MS. is *dynit*, I believe, but the end of the *y* is turned up backwards, which in *marchand*, and such words, stands for *ar*.— Perhaps the meaning of *dynarit* is *fed*. Is there no etymology of *dinner* beyond the French *diner*? Froissart speaks of *son denree pour son denier*: can this be the derivation?

P. 45, l. 2, *bolyn.*] The holly, one of these trees, as the lilac, &c. whose beauty is lost from their commonness, but which would bear any price if brought from America, or the East Indies, and forced in a hot-house, was, and is now, very frequent in Scotland, where it grows to great size in the woods.

Wallace ane place has sene
Of greit *boling* that grew baith heich and grein.

Life of Wallace, b. XII.

Under ane *bolin* he rep fed. *Lindsay's Monarchy, b. I.*

P. 45, l. 9] The description of the ladies and their dress is very rich. Here is a similar from a romance:

A veluwet mantill gay,
Pelured with grys and gay,

C c

S' e

She cast abowte her swyre.
 A serche upon her molde,
 Of stons and of golde
 The best in that empyre.

Lybius Desconus

The reader will see that the chief articles in both descriptions are the *mantle* about the neck and shoulders, and the *curche*, *serche*, or *kerchese*, round the head. See also Chaucer's description of his mistress in the *Court of Love*, and James the First's, in his *Quair*. A fine description of the dress of a lady of rank also occurs in Lindsay's *Historie of Squire Meldrum*, and that poem being extremely rare, it shall be given here :

Her kirtle was of scarlet reid :
 Of gold ane garlande on her head,
 Decoired with ennamelyne:
 Belt, and broches, of silver fyne:
 Of yellow taffetie was her farke,
 Begaryed all with broderite warke,
 Right craftelie with gold and silke.

MS. Glasg. 1635. p. 5.

But Dunbar's description of the persons of these ladies is wonderfully luxuriant. The grass shining with the golden radiance of their yellow hair is highly poetical. Golden hair was the favourite both of classic and romantic times, as every one knows. Bale, in his *Acts of English Notaries*, tells us a curious anecdote about the golden locks of Queen Guenera, the beautiful but gallant wife of King Arthur. He says, that in Avalon, *Anno 1191*, 'There found they the fleshe
 ' bothe of him [Arthur] and of hys wyfe Guenhera turned
 ' all into duste, wythin theyr coffines of stronge oke; the
 ' bones only remaynyng. A monke of the same abbeye,
 ' standyng by and beholding the fine broydinges of the wo-
 ' mannis heare, so yelowe as golde there stil to remayne. As
 ' a man ravysed, or more than halfe from his wittes, he
 ' leaped into the grave, xv fote depe, to have caught them
 ' sodenlye. But he fayled of his purpose. For so sone as
 ' they were touched, they fell all to powder.'

Here is a description something similar to this of Dunbar's; it occurs in the *Tale of Sufan and the Elders*, *Cot. Lib.*

Hyr here was yelow as the wyre
 Of gold fynd wyth the fyre:

Hyr

Hyr sholdres chaply and schyre,
That borely were bare.

Krisp is *cambric*. The *couvrechef* was also sometimes in-
woven with gold.

Her ketcheves were well schyre,
Arayd with ryche gold wyre.

Romance of Launfal.

P. 45, l. 21, *Arrayit ryallie, &c.*] This passage is obscure. *Wardour* I can find no where else, but doubt not that it means *ward*, or *division*; what we call *plot* of a garden. But does the passage apply to the ladies, or is it a continuation of the simile of the lilies and rose? *Arrayit* must in either sense imply *surrounded*; for the rose could as little be *clad* with plots of flowers as the ladies. But it is far the best reading to apply these four lines to the ladies, for Dunbar never deals in similes à longue queue, and the meaning will be, that they were *surrounded with many a rich plot of flowers of every hue and delicious smell*. *Arrayit* may even be called an elegant metaphor, for *array* also signifies *order of battie*, and flower-plots might, with just poetry, be compared to an army in *array*, or proper divisions.

P. 46, l. 1, *wlouks*.] I can find this word no where. In the tale of Susannah and the Elders (*Cot. Lib. Calig. A. II.*) is this line with a similar verb:

That thou hast wedyd to wyfe and *wloukest* in wedys.

The word occurs again in this Tale, p. 50, l. 5, and it may be suspected from the above line that it is immodest. It may be observed here, once for all, that the alliterative measure of this kind of poetry forced the authors to use every word, however ancient or odd, which began with the proper letter. Hence great obscurities are to be found in them. Longland's dark expression is ascribed to his love of old language: he was forced to it by alliteration. But this circumstance recommends Longland, and will recommend Dunbar's Tale, to etymologists.

P. 46, l. 2, *latis*.] It is surprizing to see an author, so versed in Northern literature as Mr. Calander, forget the origin of this word, which also occurs in *Christ's Kirk*. It is evidently Islandic; *late*, *gestus*, behaviour: *Hickes Isl. Vocab.* Mr. Calander knows Northern languages to the bottom, and the Editor confesses a very shallow acquaintance

with them: he cannot therefore help reflecting how easy it is in all sciences for a beginner now and then to correct a master. The word *lete* occurs in a singular sense in the romance of *Odooyan*.

As glad as greyhound, and *lete* of lefe, Florent was than.

P. 46, l. 14, *ane lusty*] That is an *amiable* lady, as we say *a fair*, or *the fair*.

P. 46, l. 16, *barrat*] means *contention*, and is here an adjective, *contentious*.

The Inglismen, all then in *barrat* bown,
Bad fyre all Scottis. Wallace, b. I.
In *barrat* mak them bow. Ib. b. II.
In *barrat* won. Ib. b. XII.
Or quha fall beir of all our *barrat* the blame.

Lindfay's Dreme, ed. 1558.

Barratan Cimb. *fugna*: *Ðer nis baret* nother *strif*. Satire against monks and nuns ap. Hiekes I. 231. '*Barrataria* is quhan a judge judgis wrangouslie for buddis,' i. e. bribes. Skene de Verb. Sig.

P. 46, l. 25, *ná bernis*] That is, *than* men: *Barne*, or *berne*, at first was an appellation of honour, as implying a man of capacity; whence *Baro* and *Baron*: next it meant simply *a man*, as here: and now in Scottish, and North-English, *a child*. Such is the progression of words. Holophernes is, in a poem in this volume, styled *a busteous berne*, that is a *boisterous man*. 'Est enim *bar* antiqua vox Germanica capacem sive habilem denotans. Inde composita *Adelbar* nobilitatis capax.' *Gryphiander de Weichbildis Saxonis*, Arg. 1666, 4to, p. 116. *Adel* or *Athel* implied *noble* with the Saxons, whence *Atheling*, or, *the noble* by eminence, a title given to a prince: Edgar Atheling is known.

P. 47, l. 10, *preichings*] It has been urged as the sole argument against the antiquity of that fine ballad *The flowers of the forest*, that *preichings* were unknown till the Reformation. See Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, and the *Second Merchant's Tale* ascribed to him. See the noted sermons printed about 1490 of Oliver Mailaid a preacher of *hemming* memory ridiculed by Rabelais. See Beda's vast volumes of *Homilies*. See all old MSS. or any sixpenny
history

history of printing. Preaching was the office of the secular clergy, and was never once discontinued.

P. 47, l. 18.] In that most singular Northern Romance, *Historia Hrolfs Krakii*, published from Islandic MSS. by Torfæus, Havniæ, 1715, 12mo. we find a strange punishment taken on a lady who thus declared a preference of young men to old. 'Hialtius dissimulato periculo' [*inimicorum qui eos circumdiderant*] 'ad pellicis, sua enim singulis
'Athletis pellex erat, thalamum processit: quam, a complexu discedens, sciscitabatur utrum duos singulos duos
'et viginti annos natos, an unum octogenarium mallet?
'Duos juvenes uni filicernio præferentem admorso naso
'mutilavit; provisorum confessus ne formæ decus rixis,
'jurgio, et cædibus, in posterum ansam præberet.' p. 166.

P. 48, l. 2. *Flour burgeoun.*] *Burgyn* or *burryn* as trees; *Germino. Prompt. Parv.* Tho the meaning of *burgeoun* be thus clear, namely to *bud*, yet that of the line is not very apparent. Perhaps it is, *For tho he displayed but the flour of youth, yet I should gather fruit of him.*

P. 48, l. 3, &c.] The old Scottish language was extremely rich in opprobrious epithets, as we may learn from the *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*; and we have a tolerable sample here; not to mention *Dunbar's Complaint*, which see in this volume.

P. 48, l. 9, *bress of ane brym bair*] That is the *bristles of a fierce boar.*

Har tales were well *breme.* *Launfal.*
They are bolde, and *breme as bare.* *La Morte Arthur.*
Breme as any wilde *bere.* *Ib.*
As *bryme* as he had beine ane *beir.*

Lindsay's Meldrum MS. p. 18.
Thenn come ane forte as *bryme as beirs.* *Ib. 43.*

P. 48, l. 15, *Maboune*] This proper name of Mahomet was given to the devil in middle ages: and it here means the later gentleman. This absurdity led to greater. Constantine I. because he was a Pagan, is said to have been a Mahometan; and to have believed in Mahoun before his conversion; by the poet of *The Stacions* (or religious places) of Rome. Cot. Lib. Cal. A. II. This poem seems from Beda *De locis sanctis.*

Several words in the latter part of this page are put by the editor among *The words not understood*, end of the Glossary.

P. 49.] Many words in this page are obscure, or lost; and some I do not wish to explain. The greatest care has been taken to give the MS. *literatim*, so that an etymologist may depend that every word is faithfully given, as far as every attention could ensure. In the last line of this page the word *jewel* is used in a sense not general at present, but formerly the most usual, namely, a *trinket ornamented with jewels*. In this sense it was common in the last century; of which an instance may be given from a rhapsodical History of Mary Queen of Scotland preserved in MS. in the Pepysian Library, No. 2289. The author mentions, as living at Paris, M. Cherrells, who had often visited the Queen in her English captivity; and who shewed as rarities a *jewel* which she gave him; and her table-book, covered with crimson velvet, and garnished with clasps, cornishes, and plates of gold.

As I am glad now then and to relieve the reader, and myself, from the dryness of these explanatory notes, it is hoped he will excuse a very brief account of this work, as it is almost unknown. It is entitled *The true Historie of the most illustrious and most glorious Mary Stuart Queene of Fraunce and Scotland*: and has a second title, which of itself shews the author's sense, *The Combat of all the Passions represented to the life in the History of the Queene Mary Stewart*. It is a folio MS. written by some Roman Catholic, in the time of Charles I. for it calls her, 'his Majesty's grandmother;' and is a panegyric on the Queen in a strange absurd style. Take an example near the beginning. 'Mary Stuart, (only daughter of James the First, (*sic*) King of Scotland, and of the sage Mary of Loraine, grandehilde of the most vertious Antoniette of Bourbon,) is in my opinion a Queene which hath equalled the extremity of her disasters to the hight of her glory; and it seemes her life was nought else but a theater spread all over with mourning, and covered with blood, where the revolution of human accidents adleth strange tragedies.' The author is so ignorant as to call Lord Darnley 'Earl of Lenox:' and mentions

tions James the *First* again as father of Murray: the last and like errors may indeed be of a transcriber. He represents the Queen always as beautiful to a miracle. He calls Rizzio *Rivius*, and says Murray promised to make Buchanan *Patriarch of Scotland*, in case he were King. He says it was *a child* who assisted Mary's escape from Lochlevin; which seems true, for Lesly bishop of Ross, in a letter which shall be afterwards quoted, calls her deliverer *a boy*, so that they are deceived who imagine that love was the means of her freedom. The author seems to think that the sole reason of all Mary's misfortunes was that she was born under Sagittarius, while Elizabeth was born under Virgo. He has one forcible remark, toward the end, upon Lord Kent's 'appointing the cloth and boards purpled with the blood of this martyr to be burned; *as if there had been an element in the world able to take away a stayne everlasting.*' It is, on the whole, a silly declamation, made up of the common places of her history, without one *anecdote*. To return to our notes.

P. 50, l. 25. *He was a young man but not in youth's flourish* means that he was young, but not in the first flower of youth: say, he was thirty years of age.

P. 51, l. 7.] The four words in brackets are supplied by the Editor. It happens unluckily that this Tale is the worst part of the MS. being much stained, with sea water as would seem, and the bottom corners in two places or three cut off: and it should have been observed before, at the last line of p. 49, that three lines after that *Ane ring, &c* are quite perished, save two or three words; but, no injury thence arising to the sense, no attempt is made to supply them.

P. 53, l. 12. *a burde want.*] *Burd in bower* is a cant phrase for a lady in the metrical romances. It commonly means *bird*; but here, and sometimes elsewhere, it would seem to imply *bride*.

In l. 14 *allowit* is *allofit* or *praised*: in which sense *lofit* and *loved* are quite frequent in the old English and Scottish poets from the Islandic *lof*, laus.

P. 53. l. 17. *thai swan-quhyt of bewis*] Another familiar term for ladies in old romances;

Ferthy dede is that *whits as swanne.*

La Morte Arthur.

C c 4

There

There is a deal of art in the opening of the Widow's story. It is highly in character. One is led to expect a sermon, but *desinit in piscem*.

P. 53. l. 26. *schene in my shroude*.] The last word is for the sake of alliteration, and is taken for *covering* in general; if, indeed, it does not mean *shrewdness*, as I suspect.

P. 54. l. 10. *one in doubill forme*] The meaning requires *doubil in one forme*, and it may well be supposed an error of transcription.

l. 20. *hailit him lyk ane hund* is equivalent to the Latin *cane pejus et angue*. Had the Roman ladies any lap-dogs? If they had, how could Horace be so ungallant? Perhaps he hated them as his rivals. In the next line *gart the carle fon* is made him foolish: *fonerit* in old English is *did make foolish*. In line 23, *bukkie in my cheik* means, I suppose, that she thrust her tongue in her cheek at him, behind his back. *Blier his ene* is used in same sense in romances 'Hak sche 'gan hyr fadyr's yghe blere.' Octovyan.

P. 55. l. 2. *diseis*] is simply *disturbance*, *uneasiness*, in its primitive meaning as negative of ease.

Lines 6, 7, 8, are mutilated in the beginning, the corner being cut off; and in the next page the ends of three lines are in the same predicament, being the reverse of that leaf in the MS. It is hoped the supplements are not wide of the truth. In l. 8, *glaidit me to goif* is *rejoiced me even to frenzy*. *Gofsb peple*, Ch. Troil. b, III. 585. means *frantic people*. *Goffe*. Fr. *Goffo*, It. *foolish*.

P. 55. l. 10. *Bot leit the sueit, &c.*] Does this mean *let the suite* (the course of things), *bring the sun to his season*; or *from winter to spring*? In the next line *chuf* is *churl*. In an old song, among Mr. Pepys' five volumes, folio, of Ballads, is,

Soone came I to a Cornishe *chuffe*.

Choffe or *chuffe*; *charle* or *chutt*; rusticus. *Prompt. Parv.*

P. 55. l. 13. *chymmis*] are houses. The word is in Douglas's Virgil, and is from *Chom*, an Armoric word, *habitare*. Hence it would seem is *chum*, a college word for co-habitant, chamber companion. In the next line *gane chait*, is *got chaste*, *impotent*.

P. 55. l. 23. *pedder*] is *pedlar*.

Thair fall na *pedder* for purs nor for glufis.

Hentifoun's *Fabils*. Wolfe, *nekkering*, &c.
nck-bering

zek-hering appears from this fable to be some monstrous species of that fish.

The last line implies that she was *perfectly* an old woman, as a lady might yet word it; but it appears from the whole of the tale, that she does not mean literally, but that she was forty years old or so. Perhaps she speaks ironically. A very old woman would hardly be so much courted, or in the methods mentioned toward the close. Her reference to the curate implies irony. The curate, she would say, was so impertinent, as to tell me I was getting old to induce me to reform. Her praises of him enforce the suspicion of irony in the whole passage.

P. 57. l. 1. *ruffil of my renoun.*] That is *loss, ruin*. *Riufa Isl.* destruere; whence *ruffian*. See Lye's Junius. May not *rife* be from this?

P. 57. l. 7. *borow-landis.*] A *land* is still Scottish for a house. As biggings are also mentioned, perhaps *borow-landis* may be burgage fields, or estate.

P. 57. l. 10.] On *frost* a note will be found among those on King Hart.

P. 57. l. 24. *capil*] is a poor horse.

With that ane cadgeor with capil and with ereilis,

Henrifoun's Fabils.

P. 59. l. 3. *aver.*] That is also *poor horse*: but at first it implied beast: and in Scotland now a horse is termed *a beast* by eminence. '*Averia* is *animal*. *Melius animal* in old French, le meilleur avoir.' Skene de Verb. Sign. Hence *Avenar*, old English for Hostler. See Lye's Junius.

P. 59. l. 25. *dollyne*] is from the same root as *delved*, buried in earth. *Gravyn* or *dolayn*; Fossius. *Prompt. Parv.*

P. 61. l. 17. *dogonis*]. Does this mean lap-dogs, or followers? Lye has an odd remark on *dog*, '*hinc verbum elegantissimum, to dog one.*'

Line 25 is not in MS, but one line is necessary to the sense, and must have been omitted in transcription. The meaning of line 24 is *Hooted be she who, tho an hundred years old, &c.*

P. 62. l. 2. *sege*] is *man*. '*Segger*, *Isl.* Ex humili statu in magnos evasi milites; et per syn. *viri.*' Jonæ Gram. *Isl.*

I have seen *segges*, quoth he, in the city of London.

Pierce Plowman.

In

In this page of Dunbar's Tale is a curious description of a *route* of the Fifteenth century.

P. 63. l. 3. *fer but*] is *far without*, in the *antichamber*, as it is improperly called. *Co-chamber* were better.

P. 63. l. 8. *lyre*] is common in old English romances for *skin*, but originally means flesh.

Her leyre light shoone. *Launfal*.

That is, her skin shone bright.

In perusing these old Romances, which I have done with great pleasure, I must regret with the respectable Editor of the Reliques, that a collection of pieces so entertaining, and characteristic of their times, is not given to the public.

The closes of four lines in this page are also torn from the MS. and supplied by the Editor as well as he could. The least supplement or alteration is in brackets.

THE FREIRS OF BERWIK.

THIS admirable tale the editor supposes to have been written by Dunbar; tho the reader will at once see a great difference between the language of this and the last. But this is owing solely to the necessity of alliteration, and the consequent use of old and uncommon words in the last Tale, while the measure of this has no such constraint. That the language of the Freirs of Berwik is not too modern for Dunbar will be apparent to any one who has read his *Goldin Terge*, or any of his other poems. But this tale cannot at any rate be above thirteen years later than Dunbar, who must have died about 1525. In 1482, Berwick was wrested from Scotland, and was ever after in the possession of the English. Now this poem speaks of all the monasteries, as actually standing and flourishing while it was written; and it is well known, that in 1535 Henry VIII. suppressed the lesser monasteries, and in 1539 the greater. It follows that this Tale must, in all events, have been written before 1539. So that they, who from the language would refuse it to Dunbar, must suppose that in the course
of

of thirteen years there was a change in the Scottish tongue; which is too great an absurdity to be seriously advanced, much less to deserve refutation, tho' this were easy from the evidence of this very volume.

The fact is, that the spelling of this piece has been modernized a little to that of Sir Richard Maitland's time by the transcriber, but the language is doubtless as ancient as that of *The Thistle and the Rose* by Dunbar, which was written, as is well known, in 1503, upon the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, to James IV. of Scotland.

The title and progress of this Tale call for a brief hint of the monasteries in Berwick. Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, Vol. I. tells us from Spottiswoode, that, beside two nunneries (one of Benedictines and one of Cisterians), there were three monasteries, namely of Mathurines, of Dominicans, and of Franciscans. But this poem mentions four; Jacobines, Carmelites, Augustines, and Minors. How are we to reconcile these accounts? The Franciscans and Minors are well known to be the same. The Jacobines were also a division of the Dominicans; and the Mathurines of the Augustines. Thus both accounts agree, save that Spottiswoode knew not of, or has omitted, the Carmelites. But this is of no moment: it being sufficient for understanding this tale to be certain, as we are, that the two friars are of the Jacobine order, or White friars; and the superior detected by them he of the Minors, afterward called Franciscans, or Gray friars.

Hemingford mentions the Minor friars of Berwick in the year 1297, telling us that, after the defeat given by Wallace at Sterling, 'Comes noster, oblitus senectutis suæ, profectus est apud Berewyck cum festinatione tanta, quod dextrarius in quo federat, in stabulo Fratrum Minorum positus, nusequam pabulum gustavit.' *Profectus est apud Berewyck* is a strange phrase for *fled to Berwick*: the flight was about 90 miles.

The Minors were particularly hated by the other clergy. A curious enumeration of their faults occurs in a remarkable Latin pamphlet in the editor's possession, printed in Gothic letter about 1490, containing I. The speech of Richard Archbishop of Armagh, against the Minors or Privilegiati,

made in the Consistory before the Pope and Cardinals at Avignon, 8 Nov. 1357. 2. A letter from the Pope to Louis king of France against the pragmatic sanction, 1460. The tract seems not to have followed any other book, but to be complete, beginning *fig. A.* The Archbishop is very severe against the gallantry of the Minors; and says, *jam cum pulcherrimis dominabus philosophentur in cameris.*

Tho Berwick was in possession of the English, yet being situated on the north side of the Tweed, and having been frequently held by Scotland, most of its inhabitants appear to have been Scots, and the garrison alone could be properly called English. The monasteries in particular were mostly, if not all, founded by the Earls of March, and other Scottishmen. Hence the Monks must have been chiefly Scottish; and of course held their principal intercourse with their own nation.

From the introduction of this Tale, it is evidently written by one perfectly acquainted with the scene of action; and his descriptions have every claim to truth. It is even highly probable that the incidents are founded on reality, tho, indeed, the exquisite nature of the piece would give truth to fiction.

P. 66. l. 1. *the castell.*] Mr. Pennant says, ‘on the cession of Berwick, as one of the securities for the payment of the ransom of William king of Scotland, the castle, now a ruin, was built by Henry II.’ Mr. Pennant then tells us, that Berwick is contracted from its old dimensions, and that the castle is at some distance from the present ramparts of the city. It always was so, as is plain from Froisart, speaking of Berwick (which he calls Warwick, and thus confounds it with quite another town): he says, ‘Le chastel est moult bel et fort, au dehors de la cité.’ *Chroniques*, Tome I. It was in the hall of this castle that Edward I. determined the competition for the crown of Scotland. Mr. Hume, whose *History* might be justly styled *Apologia Regia*, or an apology for all the fools and madmen who have held these pretty baubles called sceptres, is nevertheless forced from the glare of truth to reverse the trite character given by Monkish historians of Edward I. and to put him in the just light of a weak, capricious, and most bloody tyrant. His grand schemes, and waste of blood and treasure thro

teen years of intrigue, or war, only held Scotland under for four months. His destruction of the Welsh bards, and Scottish chronicles, proceeded from a frantic tyranny, without example in the annals of human madness.

P. 66. l. 13.] The *grit croce-kirk* is the Church of the Great Cross; in Latin perhaps *Ecclesia de Magna Cruce*. The *masondieu* is another name for an *hospital*; and there were many hospitals both in England and Scotland, which are known to have borne this name, signifying *the house of God*.

P. 66. l. 21. *uponland*] A common phrase for *up in the country*, equivalent to the old Scottish *landart*, in opposition to *burrowstoun*, or in the *burgh-towns*. The origin of the word was, that the towns being anciently seated on the sea-shore, or on the banks of rivers, to go to the country, one was obliged to go *landart*, or *uponland*. Jack Upland is a common character in old English and Scottish poetry for a *rustic*.

Full joyfullie *Johane Uponlande* applesit.

Lindsay Papingo, 1558.

The phrase is also Icelandic: 'Avus ejus paternus fuit Hringus partis Uplandarum in Norvegia regulus.' Hist. Hrolfi Krakii, p. 77. See also the Edda Myth. LXIV.

P. 66. l. 25. *tales and balie mennis lyvis*.] These were frequently joined in manuscripts, as well as in narration, as many instances remain to prove: and Chaucer has reared a deathless monument of this kind. Whether the tales, or the legends, of the times were most extravagant would puzzle the most acute casuist to decide.

P. 66. l. 27. *Till on ane tyme*.] It is not clear whether the friars had been some days with their brethren in the country, perhaps at Melrose or Dryburgh, or whether they went and returned the same day. The words *intill ane fayr morowning*, and the speedy mention of their return, seem to favour the later notion; the formal phrase *yeir by yeiris*, or *every year*, tho it may be merely for the rime, appears to support the former. But this is of no moment to the tale.

The wonderful maintenance of character thro the whole of this story, begins now to open on the reader, and must recommend itself to his particular notice and applause.

P. 67. l. 13. *ostleir*.] That is simply *householder*: *maner* in next line may imply either his *mode* of living; or that he had a fair *manor* or farm. Chaucer, speaking of a carpenter's house, calls it a *hostelrie*, Miller's Tale near the beginning. Blind Harry also uses this word generally for a *house*. *Hotel* is still French, and almost English. *Host* a name of dignity: but *Hostler*, by a perversion of language quite common, implies now a servant who takes care of horses at an inn. Words fluctuate like wind of which they are formed.

P. 67. l. 16.] It is a pity the description of the lady's person is so very brief: *She was as fair as can be*, is but a poor notice. There is no passage in Chaucer so exquisite as his full description of the Carpenter's Wife in *The Miller's Tale*.

P. 67. l. 19. *halfit*] That is *hailed*, *greeted*. At first it meant *embraced*: *Dallyng or Haljyng*; *Amplexus*. *Prompt: Parv.*

In the next line, and very often in this poem, *in hie* means *in haste*: in which sense it is also used in old English. See *Lyfe of Ypomedon* Harl. MS. 2252. *Hied* is a poetic phrase for *hastened* to this day.

In line 27. *leil travale* means *lawful business*.

P. 68. l. 4] *Pleid* is properly *quarrel*, *dispute*; but here it means *care*.

The subsequent speech of Allan, and the whole conversation pieces in this capital production, are life itself. The reader sees and hears every thing as if present.

P. 69. l. 5. *The gudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay*.] Could Sterne himself have painted a minute, but most superlative strokes of nature better? How much is in this look! Doubt that she is suspected, anger, and contempt, are a few of the *speeches* of this *silent* look.

P. 69. l. 7. *be him that bes me cost*.] That is, *by him who has bought me*; by my redeemer.

The next line leads to a view of the whole house, clearly delineated in this and the rest of the poem, and which shall have a short explanation.

The house, as usual, with all farm-houses in Scotland, till within a late period, consisted only of one floor. Froisart gives an odd idea of the Scottish houses of his time, making some Scots say, 'If the English destroy our houses, *Nous ne*
' *mettrons*

mettrons a les reffaire que trois jours; mais que nous ayons quatre ou cinq escaches et de la ramee pour les couvrir. Tome II. f. 130. edit. 1530. *Ramee* implies boughs of trees, it is believed, but what is *escache*? However, houses had been much improved from this period, or 1380, till about 1500, the date of this tale. For from it we learn that the farmers were both able to give their wives rich clothes, and to live in comfortable houses. Farmer Lauder's house had a kitchen, in which Mrs. Lauder receives the two friars, which was the *but*, or outer division of the house; and a hall, to which she goes with John the Superior, which was the *ben*, or inner part of the house. Off this hall was a bedroom, to which she goes to dress, p. 70. where beware of interpreting *in bie*, *on high*, it meaning *in haste*. At the further end of the hall was a loft, p. 69. apparently over the stable or the barne, and where the men servants probably slept. The kitchen had a back-door leading down a small *trap*, or wooden stair, into the yard; at one side of which trap was a large mire, p. 84. This mire was at the kitchen end of the house, for it appears, p. 73. that Mr. Lauder went to the back of the house to call at the bedroom window, so that the bed room, which was off the hall, probably looked into a *kail-yard* or kitchen-garden, as is now commonly the case. It appears from the Life of Wallace, that the common fastening of doors was by *stapil and hasp*, a simple mode, yet frequent in Scottish country-houses; but perhaps they used more caution so near the borders as the scene of this tale; for we know that even plough-shares used to be carefully housed at night for fear of the *moss-troopers*. However, the door of every cot in Scotland is carefully locked at night when the family goes to bed; and Mrs. Lauder, it is plain, has locked the door upon another occasion.

It is hoped the reader will pardon those trifling notices which tend to place this admirable story in a clear point of view.

P. 70. l. 9, 10. *I will him leven still Bydand his tyme and turne agane I will.*] This transition is frequent in this tale; and is certainly better than suddenly passing from one part of the story to another quite distinct, without any such warning to the reader.

Line

Line 11. *beit the fire* is a phrase used by Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, ver. 2255, 2294, for to *rouse* or *stir up*. The fire-place was, till within a late period, and is even now, in some farm-houses of Scotland, placed in the middle of the kitchen, where all can sit around. This custom was used even in the halls of princes, in early times, as we learn from the *History of Hrolfus Krakius*, where that king, in danger of suffocation from an excessive fire, throws his shield upon it, and leaps *over*; as he scorned to fly even from fire, 'exclamansque ait *Haud equidem ignem fugit qui transit*.' p. 146.

P. 70. l. 15. *To flame*] That is *to singe*.

P. 70. l. 17.] The description here given of the dress of a farmer's wife, by a cotemporary, gives us a good idea of the condition of that rank of people at the time, tho perhaps the author meant only to show the liberality of her lover.

The reader, who wishes to compare the dress of an English woman, of equal station, with this, may inspect Chaucer's admirable description of that of the carpenter's wife in *The Millere's Tale*; a poem which deserves to be called the master piece of Chaucer. It is the chief of his comic tales; and his serious ones are borrowed, and much inferior to these the native sports of his fancy, or at any rate the best effusions of his imitation, and evidently written *con amore*.

P. 70. l. 20. *ane proud purse*.] It was usual even for the men to wear their purses at a girdle. 'For in auld times, like as it is yit used in divers places, ilk man carried his silver and his gold in his belt; either in ane purse hanging at the end thereof, or sewed or inclosed within the samen.' Skene de Verb. sign. voce *Dyour*.

P. 70. l. 23, 24. *And of ane burde of silk, richt costlie grein, Hir tutsche was with silver weil besene.*]

How are we to interpret *burde* or *tutsche*? The first I find no where. The learned glossarist to Chaucer interprets *tissue*, a ribbon, as indeed it evidently means, *Troil. & Cres.* b. ii. l. 639. The glossarist to Gawin Douglas, of equal learning, explains *tische*, *tyfche*, and *tyfchey*, a *girdle*, from *tissu*, Fr. a wide sort of ribbon, a guth or fillet. The quiver hung by a *tische of gold*. *Vingil*, p. 138. 10. *Ane riche tische or belt hynt be lyne*, p. 288 52. *Of gold thairon was belt ane riche*

riché tischey, p. 28. 25. From these passages it is evident that *tusche*, or *tische*, &c. is a broad ribbon or belt: but the lady's belt is mentioned before, l. 19. Yet that is called her *kyrtil*, or gown, *belt*, and it is plain to me, that the *tusche* was a *fasb* of a *burde*, or yard *breadth*, of embroidered filk, and which is mentioned last, as it would necessarily be last put on. The economy of the lady's dress is thus very clear. She first put on her *kirtil*, or gown: then her *curchey* over her head: next her *kirtil-belt*, or narrow girdle to fasten her gown, and at which hung her purse and keys: then her *rings*: and lastly a gorgeous *fasb* round her waist, which, hanging down in tassels by her side, hid the purse and keys.

P. 71. l. 3. *bossis*] I suppose are *bottles*, but sometimes the word seems to imply *small casks*. Here are all the testimonies which I can find.

Furmeft in boure were *bofes* ybrought,
Levedis to honoure ichot he were wroht:
Uch gigelot wol loure, bote he hem hadde foght;
Such threwe fol foure ant duere hit hath aboght.

Religious song (reign of Ed. II.) *MS. Harl. 2253.*

Nou ne laketh him no lyn *bofes* in to beren.

Same: next stanza.

' When he heard thir novels, he desired of the captain
' licence for to send for two *bosses* of wines, who gave him
' leave gladly, and provided the *bosses* himself. And then the
' Duke sent his familiar servant to the French ship, and
' prayed him to send two *bosses* full of malvesy, which he
' obeyed thankfully. And in one of the *bosses* he put a
' rolle of wax, wherein was closed a secret writing, which
' shewed the duke such tidings as he was not content with:
' But in the other *bofs* there were certain fathoms of cords,
' to support him in his need at that time. The *bosses* were of
' the quantity of two gallons the piece, &c.' *Lindsay of Pits-*
cotie, in his very curious *History of Scotland from 1436 to*
1565. Glasg. 1749. 12mo, 2d edit. p. 153. Even the *bosses*
of this passage I take to be large bottles, not small casks.

P. 71. l. 4. *Gaskane wyne*] Most of the wine imported into Britain formerly was of Gascony, also called Bourdeaux, from the port where it was shipped. I believe we learn from Montaigne's travels, that this was the case down to his time, for, if my memory serves me, he complains of some

D

decay

decay of this trade, which was very beneficial to his estate, and indeed to his own spirits, for that lively old Gascon's Essays have the genuine flavour of his wine. The Company of Vintners in London were originally called 'Merchants Vintners of Gascoyne.' Fordun mentions wine of Gascoigne, as common in Scotland in 1303.

Dunbar, in his humorous *Dirige to James IV.* (Ramfay says V.) in the Maitland and Bannatyne MSS. and published from the last in *The Evergreen*, mentions Rhenish and Clarets of Angiers and Orleans, as then Scottish luxuries of drinking. Sir David Lindsay thus speaks of an annual banquet, which Squire Meldrum always held in memory of his lost mistress;

And everie yeere, for his ladyes sake,
Ane royall banquet would hee make.
And that hee made, on the sunday
Preceeding to Asche-wednesday,
With fische, foulle, venifoune, and wyne;
With tarte, and flame, and sentage fyne.
Of branne, and geill, there was no scante;
And impocras hee did noucht want.

Historie of Meldrum, MS. p. 51.

And before, p. 29.

He fand his chalmer weill arrayed,
With dornicke worke on buirde displayed.
Of venifoune he had his waill;
Goode acquavitie, wynne, and aill.
With noble comfetes, bran, and geill:
And so the squier fuire richt weill.

Is *dornicke worke* a *diapered* table-cloth?

Instead of the brisk grape of Gascony, the whole of this empire is now poisoned with muddy Portuguese wine only fit for hogs. What would James Howel have said to it? who, in one of his admirable letters, dated 1634, tells us, that 'Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.' In the same letter he tells us, that Bourdeaux in Gascoigne was then the greatest mart for wines in all France; then adds, 'The Scot, because he hath always been an useful confederate to France against England, hath, among other privileges, right of preemption, or first choice of wines in Bourdeaux: he is also permitted to carry his ordinance to the very walls of the town; whereas the English are forced to

'leave

‘leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river
‘Garonne.’

P. 71. l. 6. breid of mane.] In p. 73 and 78, it is called *main breid*, and means palpably the very finest, or whitest, wheaten bread. The *main* bread is like the *main* point, that is the *chief* bread, or the *best*. *Magn*, Isl. vis, potentia: and hence the Promptuarium Parvulorum well translates *Payne mayne* Panis vigoris. This derivation might seem to imply that it was strengthened, or enriched with some ingredients. Lindsay of Pitscotie, in describing the splendid entertainment given by the Earl of Athole to James V. mentions ‘wheat-bread, *main-bread*, ‘and ginge-bread.’ *Main-bread* is here evidently different from wheat-bread; and seems to have been made of the finest flour with milk and eggs, whence its name of *panis vigoris*, and it’s extreme whiteness, mentioned by Chaucer in Sire Thopas.

White was his face as *pain de maine*.

Upon which line Mr. Tyrwhitt quotes this Tale in the Maitland MS. and tells us Skinner derives the term from *panis matutinus*. When will the nonsense of Skinner and Junius cease to be quoted by men of sense? These authors are always for Greek or Latin etymologies. The English and Scottish languages are of Northern, not of Greek or Latin origin. When an etymologist shall arise possess’d of perfect knowledge of the Celtic, Gothic, Teutonic, Franco-Teutonic, and Islandic tongues; and of GOOD SENSE; then we may expect just origins of our words, but never till then. Far fewer of our etymologies are even from the old French than what is believed; and the old French itself is derived from the above languages, mixed with barbarous Latin, so that there is no occasion to drink of the troubled flood, while its clear spring is at hand. Dr. Johnson, the poor copier of Junius and Skinner, did not even know, it may be inferred, what he ought to have studied before he wrote a dictionary; much less how to write a dictionary itself. Next century will pronounce his work, what it really is, a disgrace to the language. His examples, tho already allowed his sole merit, are as ill chosen as his etymologies; and very many are misquoted, or are given to wrong authors, so that, such as they are, they can scarcely be depended on. An

academy alone can write a dictionary. It would require at least six men of deep learning to adjust etymologies; and twenty proper judges to settle what words actually belong to our language. Any schoolmaster might have done what Johnson did. His dictionary is merely a glossary to his own barbarous works. Indeed, that a man of very small learning (see his works), but confessedly quite ignorant of the Northern tongues, should pretend to write an English dictionary at all: that a man, confessedly without taste, should attempt to define the nicer powers of words, a chief province of taste: that a man, confessedly the very worst writer in the language save Sir Thomas Brown, and whose whole works are true *pages of inanity* wrapt in barbarism, should set up for a judge of our language: are all ideas to excite laughter. But peace to his manes! He was a pious man, and is gone: *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*

B. 71. l. 14. *thirstis*] *squeezes*. 'Then in his arms he did
' her thirst.' *Lindsay's Meldrum*.

P. 71. l. 22. *botkin*] means *small knife*. Shakspeare uses it for *dagger* in a well-known passage of Hamlet. Barbour, in same sense, tells us that Julius Cæsar was
Slane with *bodkins* unto the deid.

P. 72. l. 1. *So prelatyk, &c.*] An admirable stroke. The next line is not of easy interpretation. It is evidently a proverbial expression, yet is no where else to be found. Literally it is *She whispers then an epistle into his eir*, and seems to mean, that she whispered compliments to him equivalent to those of a formal epistle, or love-letter. If the last word means *air*, it will be a pleonasm of same meaning.

P. 73. l. 21.] Going about to a window in the back of the house to call, is an incident which occurs more than once in Henry's account of Wallace's adventures.

P. 74. l. 3. *ane husband of this place.*] That is a farmer.
Thair wes ane husband quhilk had ane pleuch to steir.

Henrifoun's Fabils. Fox that begylit the wolf.
Husbandman is of this origin. Barbour uses *husband* in same sense as our Tale. In the Islandic *Husbonde* is *pater familias, berus*; a master of a family: and this may be the meaning here. *Husbands for Farmers* occur in Lord Hales's Collection, p. 168.

P. 73. l. 12. *tax ye all my byre.*] A proverbial phrase, it is believed, meaning, *at any rate; tho I should pay all my income for it.*

In l. 16. *pleid* is *dispute*. It is originally a Gothic word, and made it's way into old French, for Froisart uses *plait* for quarrel.

P. 74. l. 21.] A *fooft fute* is, I believe, a *stewed foot*, namely, of a sheep. It would appear, from the mention of a sheep's-head, which is usually boiled with the feet in Scotland, that Farmer Lauder's supper consisted of the cold remains of dinner, which had been a sheep's head and feet with broth. The sheep's head is brought out, but we may suppose it to have been a little picked before: and but one foot, which is humourously mentioned first, as being of more importance to the feast than the remains of the head.

P. 75. l. 7. *bwnist*] or *bunist*, I know not what to make of.

P. 75. l. 20.] Symon's whole manner is a strong portrait of that free hospitality for which Scotland may yet be noted.

P. 76. l. 2. *bune*] means *delay*, but I know not its origin.

And they did fa withoutin *bune*. Barbour.

P. 76. l. 21. *ane crown of gold.*] Crowns of gold were French coins, value ten shillings of our present money, and were so called, because they had originally a crown on one side. In Harl. MS. 2252, Henry VIII. answering with great spirit the defiance of James IV. of Scotland, tells his herald, that the reason why that prince made war on him was, *because he was anointed with crowns of the sun*. These were other French gold coins with the sun on reverse.

P. 76. l. 26. *Paris*] was greatly frequented by Scottish nobility and scholars formerly, owing to the amity between the countries. Scottish churchmen, in particular, had generally been some time in the Sorbonne.

P. 77. l. 9. *prætik*] is a term commonly applied to magical *practices*. See King James's Demonologic. It need hardly be mentioned how generally magic and witchcraft were believed, both in England and Scotland, till within a late period. In the Editor's possession is a MS. Discourse on Witchcraft, by Mr. John Bell, Minister at Gladsmuir, written 1705, in which are stories of witchcraft and magic, and *helps against them*, &c.

P. 78. l. 9. *stait*] is drawn from the passive to the active meaning: to *give stait* is here to show respect, to bow low. In l. 12. *wrocht* is made.

P. 78. last couplet.] This is a slight alteration of two lines in the MS. which mention *plowaris*. Now as they are neither spoken of on the first, nor last, production of the bill of fare, to recite them here would only injure the tale, and embarass the reader.

P. 79. l. 21. *by the mone*.] There is great propriety in this oath, for the moon was the usual witness of magic and witchcraft. The descriptions of Horace and Milton to this purpose need no repetition. There is wonderful *naiiveté* in this speech of the honest farmer.

P. 80. l. 3. *Ontill us all, &c.*] This line is evidently a fragment of a grace before meat. Mr. Lauder either repeats the rest mentally, or was in such a hurry and wonder, that he bursts out with half a pious sentence. He means, 'May God bless these victuals, which he has sent, *Ontill us all thro his wyse governance.*' In every view the highest praise of nature is due to the passage.

P. 80. l. 6. *playit cop out*.] This phrase is used by Dunbar in one of his short poems here published. It means *drank out the cup*.

The whole of the scene is now highly dramatic, and nothing can exceed the unexpected change of situation in the parties. A most excellent farce might be founded on this tale.

P. 82. l. 13.] The enmity of the different monastic orders to each other is known to be extreme. But I wish some reason had been given for striking a spirit, which seems to me the only objectionable part of this tale. Perhaps, however, it may be said with great reason, that both the Farmer and the Friar must now have been drunk; and their speaking and acting irrationally are of course highly in nature.

P. 83. l. 12. *Hurlbasie*] An immodest name for a spirit or demon. In the Ancient Scottish Poems, Edin. 1770, are given us two similar, but much more indecent.

P. 83. l. 21. *cowl attour thy face*.] Tho the friar wished to punish the Superior, yet he does not push the chastisement to cruelty. Showing his face would have been a total loss of his character, and that extreme punishment is therefore spared.

spared. Not to add, that the farmer might perhaps have known him, and soon have distinguished his acquaintance from a spirit.

P. 84. l. 7. *mustarde stone*] Must mean *mortar stone*: a large stone mortar used to bruise barley in, with a huge wooden beetle, in order to fit it for the pot, before barley mills were invented. Such hollow stones still appear in the yards of old farm-houses, tho never used now. See Mr. Calander's Two ancient Scottish Poems, p. 183.

In l. 9. *trap* is a small wooden stair. In former parts of the poem, it means a small door at the head of such a stair, a trap-door.

P. 84. l. 14. *at he woude*.] This is not clear, or rather it is nonsense: *that he would* forms neither grammar nor meaning. It were better to put half a line of sense in place of this rotten part, thus,

Out of the myre *he ran as he war woude*.

POEMES BE DUNBAR.

HAVING got thro these three long pieces, which necessarily required considerable illustration, it is hoped that the rest will not need such a perpetual commentary. Yet every reader must own the utility of giving even the small poems such explanations as they want, and as the Editor can supply: but this shall be done as briefly as possible.

To a ladye, p. 89.] This is a pretty poem, tho it turns on a pun, the herb *rew*, and *rue* or *pity*. The herb *rew* was, however, also an emblem of pity, and perhaps no pun is meant.

In the last stanza, the cruelty of March seems chosen as superior to that of any other month in the year. This is certainly the case to this day, for the severity of January and February is a jest to that of March; which is commonly the sternest of months, either by bitter storms, or by the most unrelenting and continued frost. In old times, as we learn

from Hickeſ, this month was aptly termed rehd-monath, from *re* & *ſeuerus*, the *ſevere month*, by eminence. It is ſometimes mild, but ſo likewiſe are January and February; and an exception confirms a rule.

Upon James Doig. p. 90.] This and the four following pieces are found together in the MS. and in rather a particular hand, which circumſtance, added to intrinsic marks, leads me to think them written about one time. Now the Queen here mentioned cannot be Margaret of Denmark, the excellent and virtuous wife of James III. for ſhe was dead, as hiſtory ſhews, before 1487; and it does not appear that Dunbar wrote any poetry before 1490, far leſs that he could be diſtinguiſhed by the honourable name of the Maker or Poet, p. 95. before that time. Beſides, it ſeems he was a friar in his early life, and could not dance at court. James Doig, we alſo know, was a ſervant of Margaret Queen of James IV. and tho his father, of ſame name, might have been *wardraipper* to the queen of James III. yet all theſe circumſtances put together ſeem to evince that the gallant ſiſter of Henry VIII. is the Queen here meant. Mr. Doig therefore was, it ſeems, wardrobe-keeper to Margaret Queen of James IV. Mention is made of Doig in an autograph letter from the celebrated Earl of Surrey to Cardinal Wolſey, in Cotton Lib. Cal. B. VI. ‘Pleſiſh your Grace to be advertiſed, that this preſent houre is come to me, James Dog ‘the Quene of Scott’s ſervante.’ The letter is dated 24 Oct. 1523.

In the 2d line of this poem, *joblet* is a typographical error for *doublet*, which is in the MS. it was occaſioned by a blot in the copy, and eſcaped the Editor’s correction. The Queen ſeems to have ordered Dunbar a doublet, or ſuit of cloths from the royal wardrobe, but Mr. Doig, having ſcrupled, was *hitched into a rime*, and thus ſtands as a ſkeleton in the Surgeons Hall of Fame.

It might have been noted, that the firſt line contains a moſt delicate and exquisite compliment expreſt in one word. Queen Margaret ſeems, from her quick marriage to a private nobleman, to have had other qualities of Venus beſide her beauty. She was the ſiſter of Henry VIII. There is a fine whole length portrait of her in Hampton-court palace. She was a round-faced beauty.

Markis

Markis seems to mean *seal*. The seal of Margaret appears at many letters of hers in the Cotton Library. It is a lady sitting, and either a lamb or a dog by her.

'*Red* is *affraid*. 'Madame quod hee be ye not *red*.' Lindsay's Meldrum, p. 41. In the last stanza *gangaris* seems a cant phrase for *feet*; his *walkers*.

Upon the same, p. 92.] This is a sharp satire in the piercing mode of pity: and was written, as the Colophon tells us, when Doig *had pleisit him*. If so, whether was it most dangerous to displease, or to please Dunbar? The penult line means, *That grief may never force him to the dram bottle*. Doig was probably addicted to this most contemptible of vices, into which if a man falls, he is lost beyond all loss.

On a dance, &c. p. 94.] This is a strange poem, evidently not meant for broad day, but a mere *poesie de Societé*, a *social piece*, to coin a phrase.

Stockerit lyk ane firummal aver, &c. seems to mean, He hobbled like a weak horse that leaps, shackled above the knee. *Hop*, likewise meant to *dance*, as is evident from the noted speech of Sir William Wallace to his army at Falkirk, rightly amended and interpreted by Lord Hailes in his valuable Annals, 'I haif brocht ye to the ring. Hop gif ye may.' That is, 'I have brought you to the ring. Dance if ye can.' *Stranaver* is the most northerly part of Scotland: an account of it may be found in Mr. Pennant's Tour, Vol. I.

The next stanza, and a subsequent line, give us odd ideas of the court of Queen Margaret; but certainly they are mere falsties of buffoonery to make the persons ridiculous.

Dunbar's appearance in a dance at court shews that he was *somebody*. *His hoping like a wanton pillar* seems equivalent to Doll Common's jest.

'*Falstaf*. The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.'

'*Doll*. Ay, and thou followedst him like a church.'

Pantoun is *slipper*, or *pump*, or rather *embroidered shoe*.

With *Pantones* on her feet and *hair*. Lind. Meldrum.

But cast your *pantons* off. Specimen of Sangs, &c. 1765.

Miss Musgrave seems to have been an English lady in Queen Margaret's court; the name not being Scottish.

Dunbar hints that his love for her was the talk of the court, and his praises do not confute it. We need not wonder at Dunbar's dancing in his old age, when we know that Queen Elizabeth danced when near seventy. See Mr. Walpole's Catalogue, article Effex. The Queen's Dog seems to have been the unlucky *Doig*.

On ane blak-moir lady, p. 97.] *Last schippis*. Scotland had certainly a considerable commerce formerly, else how could so much foreign money be in the kingdom, as the old Acts of Parliament shew by repeated regulations of it's value? The balance must have been much in favour of Scotland, as may be judged from that very circumstance; and from the analogy of the Portuguesc gold, which was so common in this country, at a time when the balance of that trade in our favours was near a million yearly. Yet Scotland anciently imported even saddles and bridles from Flanders, as appears from Froisart: and Hakluyt tells us, that so late as the time of James VI. they had wheel-barrows and cart-wheels from thence. A great article of their export was salmon cured: James IV. in one of his letters to Henry VIII. (Cot. Lib.) complains of a ship loaded with 'salmon and uther gudis of 'oure liegis of Aberdene' being taken by Henry's cruisers. * Aberdene fish' supposed to be code, ling, &c. is also mentioned in old English household-books. Scotland's ancient and native wealth, lies in her fishery, but which unaccountably enriches the enemies of Great Britain. It's restoration is now agitated; and may it be with more success than formerly! for it has been often agitated. In the Second Volume of State Papers, *MS. Pepys*, is a long treatise on the Fishery, giving a complete history of it, dated 1674, p. 651 to 675; and at p. 675, begins another Memoir upon the same. It was then in agitation, and it's importance as well known as at present!

Tute-morwit is evidently *thick-lipped*. *Tut*, rostrum. *Ihre* Gloss. Suio-Goth. *Tutty*, a *nossegay*; *Lye* derives from *tuft*: *tute* is evidently of the same family, *tuft-mouthed*. *Gangarel anto grasþ* I cannot explain: *gangling* qui inter eundum vacillat, *Ihre*, is nothing to the point.

To the Queen, p. 99.] This piece is a singular one to be address'd to a queen. Some words in it I shall not, and others I confess, I cannot explain.

This

This age was free both in speech and manners: and a ludicrous instance of the latter occurs in one of the letters of Henry VIII. to Ann Boleyn; of which copies, taken from the originals in the Vatican, are in the Pepysian, and other libraries. The king tells her, that a woman she had recommended for an abbess, had borne two children to two different priests; and was at that time kept by a servant of Lord Brook. Ann had already objected to two proposed by the king for the office, on like accounts; so that the poor king seems very much puzzled where to get a *gudly woman* for the post.

[To the King, p. 101.] Many of Dunbar's pieces contain strong requests for a benefice, which seems to have been the utmost of his wishes. He certainly deserved one better than those who had them. 'My Lord Dacre has delyverit to Sir James [Inglis] iii lettres, which war direct to fals Panter the sacratary, wharin yee may see that Murray has gottyn the gift of all the best benefices of Scotland, yf the quene folow the kyng's consel; and I haf written Murray shal be prefit a traitour, and yee shall have what benefices that yee desyre in Scotland.' A letter of Adam Williamson (to Earl Douglas?) 20 Jan. 1515. Cott. Lib. Cal. B. VI. In a Postscript, he begs him to come and save his friends: and mentions, in the body of the letter, that he shall be as welcome as to Douglas-castle. Lindsay says,

War I ane man worthy to weir one crown,
Aye quhen thare vakit ony beneficeis,
I sulde gar call one congregatioun
Of principall of all the preliceis,
Most cunning clerkis of universiteis,
Most famous fathers of religioun;
With thair advyse mak dispositioun.

Papingo, edit. Paris, 1558.

But Kennedy says to Dunbar in the Flyting,

A benefyce quha wald gif sic a beist?

[Aganis the solistaris, p. 102.] A curious picture of the court of James IV. *Advocats in chaumir* are *pretty wives*. See two satires by Dunbar, against female advocates in court, in the Maitland MSS, and published in the Evergreen from the Bannatyne.

Quha nathing, &c. p. 104.] *Feist of benefyce* seems to mean vacation of a benefice. *Caritas pro Dei amore*. The practice of mingling Latin and English or Scottish was then very frequent. See Lord Hailes's Collection, Edin. 1770. A song Latin and French, is in a MS. of Edward the Second's time. Harl. 2253.

Dum ludis floribus velud lacinia

Le dieu d'amour moi tient en tel *angustia*, &c.

and it concludes with a mixture of French and English. Dr. Arbuthnot, in his satire against Sutherland, was one of the last who tried a mixture of Latin and English. It is likely that Sutherland was a better man than himself; for, in the same volume of his Miscellanies, we find his pitiful mockery of that great and good man Bishop Burnet, being a supposed diary of the six last days of his life, in which all the calamities, which nature has entailed on the innocent, sickness, death, and an unworthy child, are brought together in diabolic derision. There is a *je-ne-scai-quoi* of sheer frenzy and brutality in the writings of that *man*, his master Swift, and Bolingbroke, which shew that a wrong head as well as a heart of infernal depravity must go to the composition of an high tory. How unlike the calm elegance, the wisdom, and benevolence of Locke, of Steele, of Addison! Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, are no longer read, nor printed; nor will Swift, in twenty years, save his *Gulliver*, in St. Paul's Church-yard, with a gilt cover, for children, and his *Hey my kitten, my kitten*, at Dyot-street, St. Giles's. His works are one disgrace to common sense and human nature. His style now inferior to that of every news-paper.

Lair is vane, &c. p. 106.] This is a most admirable moral poem, a walk which Chaucer never tried, and in which Dunbar is superlative. His short moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force, only inferior to those of Horace. The *Oxinsurde*, mentioned in the Colophon, must be the university of *Oxford*, as the subject of the poem declares: tho there be an Oxenford in Scotland, which in last century gave a title of Viscount.

By the bye, in the speech of Richard Archbishop of Armagh, before quoted, we have an *anecdote* with regard to this University. He says, that when he studied there, perhaps

perhaps about 1320, there were 30,000 students at Oxford, but in 1357 not 6000. *Sig. B. ii.*

Aganis Mure, *p. 107.*] Another personal satire, and, as would seem, with cause. Mure had altered some verses of Dunbar's, as appears, and interwoven scandal against some peers, nay treason against the king into them. *Rakyng* seems a singularly proper epithet, if this derivation be just; *rakel-Is.* *rakarl* proprie denotat *calumniatorem et sycophantem.* Jun. Hence, perhaps, our *rascal*, and *rakebell*; and Dunbar's *rakyng*. *Rounder heid*, that is to have his ears cut off: *drumfres* I can find no where, so am pretty confident it is the town of Dumfries, probably the birth-place of Mure.

Dunbar's Complaint, *p. 109.*] This complaint is written in a passion, which is a great enemy to clearness. An author may find occasion to give his writing a zest of supreme indignation, and no cause can be stronger than this of Dunbar, the seeing block-heads preferred to him by caprice, or ignorance, but he should always be cool, even when expressing the sternest anger and contempt, else his pages will be obscure, and all the fire be lost in the smoke. Many harsh names in this piece I cannot explain: *graschawe* is possibly from *graselig*, Goth. *horribilis*, whence also our *grisly*. *And he himself exampil of wyce*: Lindsay says, 'To governe faulis that nocht thameifelsis can gyde.' Papingo. The later Scottish Poets, such as Lindsay, &c. may often be traced in the imitation of the earlier. The arrangement of this piece of Dunbar is very obscure, if there be any arrangement at all. It is a pity that two lines are lost, and they will not be easily supplied, nor indeed ever as they stood, the sense being broken, so that to attempt a supplement were useless.

Lament, *p. 112.*] An affecting piece, tho upon a poor allegory. Is *bowlis bald*, a ruin; *an owls habitation*? *Squisbe the clevis* I know nothing of: *bevis* ought probably to be *Bevis*, the hero of romance. The reader must beware of taking *fribbe* in its present Scottish acceptation of *arm of the sea*, or *large mouth of a river*. It means a *field*: whence our *frib*, a *field of water*; a latinism.

He had bothe hallys and bourys,
Frytbes, fayr forests wyth flourys.

Romance of Emaré.

By forest, and by frytbe. *Ib.*

Ower *fritb* and fell richt fast fra me he flew.

Lindsay's Dreme, ed. Paris, 1558.

Like as the founne of birdis doeth expresse,
When thei sing loud in *fritbe*, or in forest.

Chaucer La Belle dame fans mercie.

Flours flourished in the *fritb*.

Reliques II. 275.

Thus I fared through a *frytbe* where the flowers were many.

Ibid.

Boks is perhaps from *buk*, Goth. *alvus*, venter, the belly. The last stanza of this piece is omitted, being perished from the MS. save two or three words.

The two cummers, p. 113.] This is a curious picture from the life, in the style of Flemish paintings. *Bot mawesse scho had nane utber*, means, *Except malmssey she begged (she would have) no other wine.*

On the world's, &c. p. 115.] A well-written poem, the beginning with morality, and ending with a petition for a benefice. *Nocht say I all be this cuntre*, &c. implies, I do not confine my observation to this country, but it extends to France, &c. nay to Italy and Spain. *Rebalds* are *scoundrels*. *Roy des Ribaux*, c'etoit autrefois une qualité d'un homme suivant la cour, dont la fonction etoit de faire sortir de la cour, ou de la suite du Roy, tous les fripons, malfaiteurs, et gens sans aveu. *Glossaire du Roman de la Rose*, Amst. 1735. A curious picture of the most polite court in the world! What an useful office! Why is it not kept up? Suppose Sir George Savile had been made *Roi des Ribaux* a sa Majesté Britannique!

The last stanza of p. 116. escapes my apprehension totally. The transition to the poet's own case is arch. *Ane bishopric may nocht him gane*: that is, may not avail, or be of any use to him. *The new fund Yle* must be America by eminence, discovered by Christopher Colon, August 1498. See his Life by his son Don Fernando. The name of this great continent was taken from Amerigo Vespucci, an obscure merchant, who had no more share in the discovery than Pontius Pilate, and who was not in the first expedition. Fame belongs to chance as much as other matters. The American poets call their country *Columbia*. By the bye, the Life of Colon, just quoted, is very large and curious; particularly with regard

to

to the ideas which led him to suppose that America existed. Fernando mentions his father's first adventures before this grand pursuit; and, among others, his voyage to Iceland, which he took to be Thule; tho Shetland be undoubtedly the ancient Thule; where he found great commerce carried on by the merchants of Bristol in England, p. 17. of the Italian translation from the Spanish, Milan, 1614, 12mo. 494 pp. It is curious, that the name of this great man should after all be vague. Dr. Robertson, very improperly, always calls him *Columbus*; we might as well speak of *Robertofonus*. The family name was *Colombo* originally; but Christopher leaving his country, changed it to *Colon*, and he always signs it so; as did his brother, and all his family. Hence it is undoubted, that his name, as signed by himself, was CHRISTOFORO COLON: and it follows, that the best poetic name of America were COLONA; for Colonia would confuse it with *colonia*, a colony.

'*Unicornis and crowns of wecht*' p. 118. are coins; the first Scotch, the later French. James III. was the first who coined unicorns, or gold coins stamped with an unicorn. See Essay on Medals, App. No. III.

Prayer, that the king war *John Thomson's man*, p. 120.]

This is a proverbial expression, meaning *a ben-pecked husband*. I have little doubt but the original proverb was *Jean Thomson's man*: *man* in Scotland signifies either *husband* or *servant*.

Colvile in his Scotch Hudibras;
 We read in greatest warriors lives
 They oft were ruled by their wives.
 The world's conqueror Alexander
 Obey'd a lady his commander:
 And Antonie, that drunkard keen,
 Was rul'd by his lascivious queen.
 King Arthur, for his wife's sake,
 Winked at Lancelot du Lake;
 Tho, to his opprobrie and scorn,
 He cherish'd one himself to horn.
 They say that now are many others
 Who, in that case, are Arthur's brothers.
 So the imperious Roxalan
 Made the great Turk *Jobne Thomson's man*.

The

The intent of the prayer therefore is, 'That the king were ruled by the queen.' Margaret queen of James IV. had, in all likelihood, promised Dunbar her assistance in procuring him a benefice; but he found that her influence with the king was not very strong, and wrote this poem in consequence. *In bartane* should be *In Bartane*; that is, in Britain, for so the old Scottish poets spell it.

That ye had vowit to the swan. The stanza, containing this line, is quoted from our MS. by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his excellent Glossary to Chaucer; who there adduces a singular instance of this vow from Matthew of Westminster. When Edward I. was setting out on his last expedition to Scotland, 1306, a festival was held, at which 'Allati sunt in pompatica gloria duo cygni, vel olores, ante regem, phalerati re'ibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis desiderabile spectaculum intuentibus. Quibus visis, Rex votum vowit Deo celi et cygnis se proficisci in Scotiam, &c.' St. Palaye, in his Mem. sur l'anc. chev. III. also mentions this custom. But the question is, whence could it originate? By what strange connexion of ideas was it introduced? Was it in resemblance of the ancient custom of touching a hog, or some other animal, at a solemn oath; and which animal was afterwards offered in sacrifice?

On content, p. 122.] A most excellent moral poem, written with great neatness of brevity.

On the changes of lyfe, p. 124.] This is a piece of elegant morality. It also shews that our changeable climate has been always the same; if that be not a pun. 'As fresche as pacok feddir' means, it is supposed, 'As beautiful in freshness as a peacock's feather.' This simile sounds odd to our ears, but this is owing to the great commonness of these birds; for to a philosopher, with whom a thing is not pretty because it is rare, the eye of a peacock's feather is certainly one of the most exquisite minute beauties of nature. In 1186, as Roger Hoveden tells us, Urban III. sent Henry II. of England a crown of peacocks feathers, richly set in gold, as a mark of supreme favour. This sounds as odd in our ears as Dunbar's comparison.

Meditatioun in wynnr, p. 125.] This is a most singular and affecting poem. Winter, that great enemy of the poet's mental flowers, is almost sole sovereign of the British skies.

It begins still in October, as Beda tells us it did in his time, whence that month was called *wyntir fylleth*; increases gradually in violence till the end of March; and always claims half, if not all, of April for a stern and slow departure. Even in England May is all our spring. June, July, August, are our summer months. September our whole autumn.

This poem presents a very interesting picture of Dunbar's melancholy under the pressure of Age. The addresses of the several personifications to him are fine; that of Age pathetic; and that of Death even sublime. Death's throwing up his gates wide, and telling the poet he must enter, are most grand and striking circumstances.

[Quen the Governour past into France, p. 128.] John Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, during the minority of James V. was driven into France by his own mismanagement, and the factions of Scotland, no less than three times. The first was in 1518; the second in 1522; and, finally, without return, in 1523. It seems to me, that the first, or that of 1518, is the occasion of this poem; as perhaps, had it been any of the last, the colophon might have said *for the second time*, or the like. But this is mere antiquarian ratiocination; and it is of no consequence which of them it was, save that this seems the very last of Dunbar's poems whose period appears. A letter from Abbeville in France to Cardinal Wolfey, signed by *Garwyn Bishop of Dunkeld*, and another ambassador from Scotland, and their secretary, dated 27 June 1518, shews that Albany had just then landed in Bretagne from Scotland. They had been sent to adjust peace; and write to desire a safe conduct. Cot. Lib. Cal. B. VI.

John Duke of Albany was a man of capacity, but too much a Frenchman to rule a bold and independant people. Many of his letters are in the above collection; and, tho written by his secretary in Scottish, are signed by him *Vostre cousin Jehan G.* and *vostre tres veritable cousin*, &c. His autograph letters are all in French. The French are shocking inmates; and the Sicilian vespers, and other massacres, have shewn, that the Italians refused no means to obtain the absence of such compatriots. Froissart retaliates on the Scots for the contempt they shewed their French allies in his time. He did not know that the empty vanity and consummate debauchery of French soldiers are quite insupportable.

For breif of justice, p. 129.] seems a corruption; else the phrase is inexplicable, tho the sense be clear.

POEMES BE VARIOUS AUTHOURS.

Advyce to a courtier, p. 133.] This is the only poem known of this author, who is mentioned with applause by Dunbar, and by Sir David Lindsay. He died about 1520. The allegory is that elegant one of Alcæus and Horace, assimilating a state to a ship. 'War lufe! war-le!' are evidently sea-terms. The allegory perishes strangely for two lines in the end of stanza first, but is resumed instantly. *Bolyn* seems equivalent to *tofs*: *bolja* fluctus. *Goth. Hake* is anchor, it is supposed. *Hak*, unco prehendere *Goth.* See *Ihre*. *Huke* is *abide*: *huka*, desiderare, conquiescere. *Ib.* *Sloggis* seems from *slug*, *calidus*, a cunning blast; in another stanza termed *slags*.

Wae worth maryage! p. 135.] A song of the most exquisite neatness and simplicity. When the author lived is uncertain; but perhaps some piece of his may come to light which will fix this. He is not mentioned by Dunbar nor by Lindsay; but some of his words, as *bundin*, and *chalmer glew*, are very old; so that at a medium we may put him in 1550.

The editor despaired of finding where Bowdoun is, except by going over all Timothy Pont's maps, published by the liberality of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, in Bleau's Atlas, which would have been a far greater labour than the point required; and a moment's inattention might have rendered it fruitless. However, chance luckily came to his assistance; for, reading Lord Hailes's Annals, he found, among the Memorable Occurrences, end of Volume I. this sentence; 'In 1295, the Abbot of Kelso levied from every house in the village of *Bolden* a hen valued at one halfpenny.' This was a hint; and, on looking into Pont's map of Teviotdale, was found *Bowdoun*, a village on a streamlet which runs into
the

the Tweed below Old Melrose. It stands on the south side of the Tweed about a mile west of Old Melrose; and on the opposite side of the streamlet is *The kirk of Boudoun*. There is little doubt but this is the place in the song, which shews that Tweedside was early poetic ground; in spite of the border-wars, which led the Editor to express a suspicion, in a former work, that no songs, whose scene lies in the south parts of Scotland, were written prior to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England. But theories must yield to facts; and poetry must be allowed superior to any external objects whatever; nay, like the nightingale, sings sweetest when the thorn is at her breast.

The first stanza of p. 136. is broken by passion; naturally, but rather obscurely. The meaning is, *were I now a maid as I was*, tho one should promise to *mak me lady of the Bass*, &c. *Thirlit is bound*: 'Tyrlisit in irne.' Wallace, b. XII.

Chalmer glew. 'Of chalmer-glew full weil, parlock, ye knaw.'
Henryson, Cok, and Fox.

'Yet of thir loveris chalmer glew.' Lindsay's Meldrum.

Kirtil at first implied both upper petticoat, and a close body, which was all of a piece with it; hence it meant *close gown*; *kyrtyl*, tunica, *Prompt. Parv.* But it laterly signified only *upper petticoat*, and the gown was not of a piece, but was worn over it. The hair hanging under the curche, would seem a mark of a fille de joye; for otherwise it was rolled close to the head by the women of Scotland. Dr. Dee, in one of his *Magical Mysteries*, MS. Brit. Mus. Cat. Ayscough 5007. speaks of one of his spirits appearing in the famous stone, with 'her hair rolled about like a Scottish woman.' Dee's stone is now at Strawberry-hill; and is a mirror of channel coal highly polished.

The praises of Wemen, p. 138.] Mr. Arbuthnot is no mean poet; but his love of this subject has made him rather prolix. 'Canarianis' is a corruption, I suppose: the story is perhaps in Plutarch's *Moral Pieces*, but I have not the book at hand. 'Aspasia' would have been a capital figure in Menage's *Lives of the Greek courtézans*; a curious design, but which he did not live to execute. Athenæus has ample materials.

This poem has great *nai-veté*; and does not want spirit, tho the stanza be rather difficult.

The Miseries of a pure scolar, p. 149.] This is a most interesting poem; and does great honour to the heart and head of it's author.

The proverb, p. 153. is from the French, *Qui se fait brebis le loup le mange.* 'Rascal rymours,' p. 155. the bards had now fallen into contempt both in England and Scotland: *corruptio optimi pessima.*

Allace that ever ane braggat, or ane barde,
Ane huremaster, or common hafature, &c.

Lindsay's Papingo.

Letters ar lichtliet. This is an old complaint; and might easily be remedied by a government who had half a grain of common-sense. Give men of letters, not pensions, but the offices which are given to worthless valets, pimps, and brazen nothings; and true fame would arise to the patrons, in place of the infamy and ingratitude they have ever been forced to undergo from their own mad appointments.

Aganis sklanderous toungis, p. 156.] This poem has great strength, and profound sense, and is every way worthy of its author, the Burleigh of Scotland. Its general idea is that excellent one of Tacitus, which is founded on the very rock of truth. *Injuria si irascaris agnita videntur: sprete exolescunt.* This divine maxim Lord Thirlstane expands, but does not weaken.

The metaphor from a burning glass 'And ay moir bricht,' &c. is very poetical: The beams of merit converged by envy are only rendered more intense. Junius, in his Letter to the King, has a similar thought, which has deservedly been much admired. The last line of the first stanza of p. 158. is not clear. It seems proverbial, and means, I suppose, 'They will ironically say, *They think it is you. (you are haughty naturally): or else you are a weak man, and are proud because some body has told you to be so.*

Admonitioun to Lord Mar, p. 160.] This is the best state poem which I ever read. It is full of the strongest sense, express in most spirited poetry for the time. It is suspected to be by the same author from its great similarity of style with the last, but still more from its being marked in the Folio MS. after the title *By I. M.* then is a *Y* with a stroke thro' its bottom limb, which I take for *Younger*, and of *L. of Lethingtoun*: the *L.* is not plain, and may be a *C*; but even

even then of *Coldingham* would not injure my hypothesis (see the colophon of the preceding poem); and an *L* or a *C* it certainly is.

The Regents, during the minority of James VI. were
 1. Murray 1567. *The Good Regent*, and a man of great ability.
 2. Lennox 1570.
 3. Mar 1571, an excellent man.
 4. Morton 1572, an avaricious tyrant: resigned 1578, and afterwards executed.

A most elegant writer says of Mar: 'He was perhaps the only person in the kingdom who could have enjoyed the office of Regent without envy, and have lost it without loss of reputation. Notwithstanding their mutual animosities, both factions acknowledged his views to be honourable, and his integrity to be incorrupted.' Robertson's Hist. of Scotland, B. VI.

The freedom of Scotland, mentioned p. 163, was from foreign masters: The internal constitution was also very free; as Dr. Stuart has shewn in his excellent account of the Scottish constitution. In fact, an *Aristocracy under a king* is equivalent to a Democracy, for the people must be courted both by King and Peers: The present constitution of England has more of Aristocracy than of any other form. If the members of the Aristocracy be indeed *αριστοί*, happy is the state! But it is surprizing how much the Scottish nobles have lost of their high spirit of independency, unshunnable by their native monarchs. When they shall resume spirit enough, and very little is required, to order the *minister's list* to be burnt by the common hangman; and to declare, that any of them, recommended by any minister, shall be incapable of being elected, we may style them the true heirs of their titles.

P. 164. l. 5. we learn that Lady Mai's avarice was dreaded. Historians are often at a loss for motives of human action; but have seldom enquired 'what kind of a woman was this man's wife?' Yet Cato said, that the Roman women were sovereigns of the sovereigns of the world.

l. 12. is the common proverb, *Magistratus indicat virum*. It's truth is more than doubtful.

Sang on Lady M. Montgomery, p. 165.] I learn from Crawford's Peerage, Edin. 1716, that 'Lady Margaret Montgomery,

‘gomery, eldest daughter of Hugh Earl of Eglinton, by
 ‘Agnes daughter of Sir John Drummond of Innerpeffery,
 ‘widow of Sir Hugh Campbell of Lowdon, was married to
 ‘Robert first Earl of Winton; and mother by him of George
 ‘second Earl of Winton, Alexander Earl of Eglinton, and
 ‘other children.’ Her father died 1585. Perhaps Douglas’s
 Peerage may give fuller information; but I have not that
 capital work at hand.

This piece, and the following, are by Captain Montgo-
 mery (of that family?) author of a silly poem called *The
 Cherry and Slae*.

A per se, p. 165, is a very common term of the old English
 and Scottish poets, for *singularly excellent, unique in merit*.
 Similar terms also belong to the Greek and Latin. See
 Lye’s Junius.

L. 16. *Margareit* means *pearl: margarita*.

A poem on the same, p. 168.] This is given as a cu-
 rious specimen of tinsel and nonsense. The stars glittering
 on her gown, p. 169. form a transcendent instance.

Elegie, p. 171.] This piece has great merit. Who was
 the French lady who wrote it? Was it ever published in
 French? *G. H.* I have not discovered, but he may come to
 light in time.

P. 173. The meaning of the similies, l. 23, &c. is that
 voluntary submission always induces pity; thus the lion will
 not injure the subject beast: Attila spared Rome upon sub-
 mission: even Pluto spared on submission.

POEMES BE UNKNAWIN MAKARS.

A Satire, p. 181.] This is a very curious poem.

The *meir*, p. 183. seems to mean *pride*, as we say a man
 is on ‘his high horse.’

P. 185. l. 24. See Lindsay on *fide* (i. e. *long*) tails, among
 his poems. Chaucer, in the *Persones Tale*, railing at ex-
 travagant dress, mentions ‘the coste of the enbroiding; the
 disguising, endenting, or barring; ounding; paling; wind-
 ing,

ing, or bending; and semblable wast of cloth in vanitee: but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir goune, so much pounsoning of chesel to maken holes; so much dagging of sheres; with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes trailing in the dong, and in the myre, on hors, and eke on foot; as wel of man as of woman,' &c.

P. 186. l. 9. *per queir*: that is *by book, with formal exactness*. *Quair* is *book*, whence our *quire* of paper. 'Go thou litil *quayer*,' Caxton. Proverbs of Chrestine, 1478. He also often uses *quaires* for *books* in his prose.

Go, litil quaire, unto my livis quene.

Chaucer, Complaint of Black Knight.

The blak bybill pronounce I fall *per queir*.

Lindsay.

The word *Quair*, in this acceptance, is rendered immortal by the *Kings Quair* of James I.

Sang; p. 196.] The sleuth-hound, p. 191, is an animal frequent in the old Scottish poems of Bruce and of Wallace. They were of a Gelder-breed, as Blind Harry hints, 'A sloth hound is of Gelder land.' b. 5. The *Promptuarium Parvulorum* explains *blode-hound*, by *Molossus*. See Mr. Pennant's Tour in Scotland, Vol. II. and Nicolson's Border Laws, p. 127. Lewis, in his History of Great Britain, Lond. 1729, fol. p. 56, says, 'In the south of Scotland, especially in the countries adjoining to England, there is another dog of a marvelous nature, called Suthounds, (that is *sooth-bounds, true bounds*) because, when their masters are robbed, if they tell them whether it be horse, sheep, or neat, that is stolen from them, immediately they pursue the scent of the thief, following him or them through all sorts of ground, and water, till they find him out and seize him: by the benefit whereof the goods are often recovered again. But now of late' (a mistake) 'they have given this beast the new name of sloth-hound, because the people, living in sloth and idleness, neither by themselves, or by good herdsmen, or by the strength of a house, do preserve their goods from incursions of thieves and robbers, then have they recourse to their dog for reparation of their *sloth*.'

Ane welcum to eild; p. 192.] This song has great merit.

P. 193. l. 4. is an happy metaphor. Pindar calls *max gnis; diap.* The meaning of the proverb, l. 7. seems to be, *Example is said to shew, that the sweeter any thing is at one time it is the sourer at another.*

P. 193. l. 11; 12. Lindsay, Prolog to Dreme.

Wyth dowbil schone, and mittanis on my handis.

l. 19. brent is supposed to imply *burnt* with lust.

The danger of wryting, p. 195.] This is probably by Dunbar. The succeeding poem is a singular one.

Advyce, &c. p. 202.] *Deir on deis and thow be dicht,* means, *Tho you be dearly (richly) drest, and sitting in the place of honour.* The Epigram, p. 204, is a most happy one; and answers every rule. The sting in particular is quite sly and unexpected.

The murning maidin, p. 205.] Mr. Tyrwhitt having so christened this poem in his Glossary to Chaucer, his title is retained. This piece, for the age it was written, is almost miraculous. The tender pathos is finely recommended by an excellent cadence. An age that produced this might produce almost any perfection in poetry.

l. 11. *may*: that is maid.

And kette that swet *may*.

Launfal.

Vyolette, that *may*.

Lybius Desconus.

The word also occurs in the Legend of St. Marina.

Mey Isl. Virgo. Jona Gram. Isl. The *Isle of Mey* in the Firth of Forth.

l. 14. *free*: a common term in romances, &c. and equal to our phrase of *genteel*: of *free* or easy carriage.

l. penult. 'holtis hair.'

Upon a rayny day hyt besel

On huntynge went Syr Launfal

To chafy in *holtis bore*.

Launfal.

But a chapelle he lette make

Bytwene tuo hye *holtys bore*.

La Morte Arthur.

Holte, lytyl wode, Lucus. Prompt. Parv. *Hollt*, Salebræ, Glabretum, *Jona Gram. Isl.* Hills, being long covered with woods, after the vales were cleared; this word signifies sometimes a wood, sometimes a hill, or a hillock grown with wood.

On the folye of grese, p. 211.]. *Carping* is talking, arguing.

Also when thou seest any man drynkyng
That taketh hede of thy *carpyng*.

Urbanitatis. Cott. Lib. Cal. A. II.

Thus we carpeth for the kyng and careth full colde.

Satire og. the king and taxes. (temp. Ed. I. or II.) Bibl. Harl. 2253.

Carpere, fabulator, garulator. *Carpyng*, loquacitas, garulatio. *Prompt. Parv.*

And turn the course of our carping

To Schir Robert the douchtie king.

Barbour.

On fals freyndschip, p. 212.] This, I believe, is by Lord Thirlstane, as it is quite in his manner; and in the folio MS. immediately follows his piece *Aganis sklanderous toungis*.

Sang on absence, p. 214.] This I strongly suspect to be the *cantilena* by James I. upon his queen, beginning, *Yas sen*, mentioned by Major in his History. The first line is evidently, and unfortunately, mutilated. As it would have been rash to put the *Yas*, or *Yes**, till my countrymen shall examine the poem I have inserted [*the*], and read *workis* as two syllables. But I am much deceived if we should not read,

Yas, sen that the eyne that works my weilfair.

All the other long lines have ten syllables at least, and one (p. 215. l. 10.) has twelve, owing to the *rotular* found of *canticular*.

On comparing this song with *The King's Quair* by James I. published by Mr. Tytler, a great similarity of language may be observed. If this be the *cantilena* of James; it was written upon parting for some time from his mistress, and afterward his queen, Jane Seymour, daughter to the Earl of Somerset, of the blood-royal of England. In August 1414, James was carried from the Tower a close prisoner to Windsor-castle, where he remained till 1424, when he was set at liberty. This song, if his, was there written upon the absence of his mistress; for it was there he first saw and fell in love with her. The *skipping frogs*, p. 217, may well refer to the marshy meadows of Eton: but

* Chaucer, in *The Miller's Tale*, uses *yes* frequently; and *ya* for *yea*. *Ys*, ita. *Prompt. Parv.* *Ya*, ita. *Ibid.* *Yas* is the broad *yes*. James often puts a for s in his *Quair*; as his own Scottish pronunciation and attendants led him to speak.

ko—amour—sturte—malbourous—outrance—dein— are all words of antiquity, coeval to James I. as indeed the whole style is; as the reader will see on comparing it with his *Quair*. The abruptness of the close *Ha, now, &c.* answers to the beginning *Yas, sen, &c.*

As, however, all these arguments may not be regarded as absolute proof, the piece is put late in the series, that not the slightest attempt might be made to mislead the reader, who is left to judge for himself.

An Exclamation, &c. p. 219.] If this poem was made in England, it has been altered to Scottish orthography. In line 1. *vyse* is probably a corruption of *gyse*.

The account given by an elegant historian of the transaction which gave birth to these three poems is as follows: 'The Earl of Northumberland, who had been kept prisoner in Lochleven ever since his flight into Scotland, in the year 1569, was given up to Lord Hunsdon governor of Berwick; and, being carried to York, suffered there the punishment of his rebellion. The king's party were so sensible of their dependence on Elizabeth's protection, that it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and Douglas of Lochleven, the former of whom during his exile in England had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman, in such a manner, to certain destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary action.' *Robertson*.

The Answer, p. 223.] This is a sensible piece, there being nothing so unjust as to blame a nation for the faults of individuals. National reproaches indeed soon vanish, being ridiculous in themselves. Bale, in his *Acts of English Votaries*, expresses utter despair, that the disgrace of *long tails* imputed to his country should ever cease, yet it vanished in his life-time. The royalists under Charles I. thought the deliverance of that monarch by the Scottish army to the English, the former stipulating at same time for payment of arrears, was an indelible reproach to Scotland. Yet Elizabeth, as we now know, in 1572, entered into a negotiation for delivering up Mary, on positive condition that she should be put to death by her Scottish subjects. Lord Mar,

then

then Regent, rejected the proposal with horror; and the matter was quashed. The Scottish army never imagined that Charles would be put to death; but, when another tyrant comes their way, it is only to be wished they may be able to make so good a bargain.

The story, p. 224. l. 13. seems *anecdotal*. The Cardinal was Beaton; and the event happened in 1543, when the Cardinal was committed prisoner to Dalkeith castle.

Ganyelon, or Ganelon, p. 225. l. 1. was the traitor who betrayed Charlemagne as romances tell. Henry VI. l. 7. lived a long time at the Gray-friars at Edinburgh: see the Historians. The next story is very confusedly told, and tho I think I have met with it elsewhere, yet I cannot now remember the book. *This lord* is the Earl of Northumberland.

Ane inveccyde, &c. p. 228]. This masterly poem has already been spoken of in the preface. P. 229. l. 21. the Earl was plundered by banditti upon entering Scotland: see Robertson. Richard II. was long reported to be alive in Scotland after his deposition: see the Historians in the year 1403, &c.

The story of the heir of Buchan, p. 231 is *anecdotal*, and I can find nothing of it. The escape of the queen from Lochleven was apparently connived at by Douglas; for his son, who went with her, was a mere boy. In the Second Volume of State Papers, in the Pepysian Library, is a letter from the Bishop of Ross to the Earl of Leicester, upon the sudden disappearance of this boy. It is dated XXI Decr. (no year). 'Ane boy callit Willie Douglas, quha was ane
'speciall instrument in delyvering the quene my maystris
'furth of Lochlawin, and was this founday in Kingstoun,
'ready to have departit to France and, since founday,
'at two hours before noon no worde can be heird of
'him,' &c.

Of Andro Bell and Eekie, p. 232. I know nothing: perhaps the former is Robin Hood's friend.

Fredome in prisoun p. 235]. This is a spirited and pretty poem.

The bankis of Helicon p. 237] is a celebrated old ballad; and certainly very well written for the time. Many expressions of praise toward the end border on idolatry, and resemble

resemble that of Charles I. to his queen 'upon no terms *thy name* was to be profaned.' *King's Cabinet opened, London 1645.* The curious memorial, No. 34 of this collection seems little known. Poor Charles seems to have been really hen-pecked; and the prayers at Tyburn, imposed on the queen by her priests, had an ominous air.

Pious lynes p. 243.] This and the one following are not laudable, but they are very short, and show the manner of the age. The next is dull and long: but it seems from p. 249. l. 5, &c. to have been written upon the death of Sir Richard Maitland, and it has also some poetical beauties.

The striking image, p. 246. l. 19, 20, occurs also in Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates.

And, as the stone that droppes of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

In prayse of Lethingtoun, p. 253]. This is a very curious poem, independantly of it's real graces, as descriptive of a *chateau* of that period.

The *bunning of the air*, p. 256. l. 7. is very poetical, expressing the mingled faint sounds that are heard in a fine summer evening, and chiefly that of the *flies of even*, as Mr. Macpherfon calls them in his *Offian*. *Coy*, l. 11. is a happy word: *Froisart* speaking of the month of May, uses the same term *l'air doux et coy*. Tome II. f. 135 'Neptune that day, and Eolus held them *coy*.' i. e. were calm; *Lindsay Prolog to Monarchie*.

Shooting at butts, and the football, were, as mentioned before, the genteel diversions of the time.

Hee won the pryse above them all
Bothe at the butts and the fute ball.

Lindsay's Meldrum:

The *compair* and *barnis all* allude to our Sir Richard; and his three sons, William, John, and Thomas. It is trifling to add, that the *leidington*, the most delicious and aromatic of all apples, takes its name from this house. This and the *cornac*, a delicious pear, are the glory of the Scottish orchards, and both unknown in England.

The *Vision of Chastitie* p. 260.] is a singular piece of great descriptive merit. Is the *lyon*, p. 261, William Maitland

land who killed himself? If so, the harts may be his brethren. The fiction has a curious Provençal appearance.

Marie Maitland is in ll. 17, 18, thrown into a curious anagram: *mait*, I suppose, is *meat*.

To Miss Maitland, p. 271.] *Olimpia* was an Italian poetess of the beginning of the Sixteenth century: her surname escapes my memory at present.

On steadfastness, p. 271.] This poem is address'd to the most unsteadfast monarch in the world. The joke of a preacher before him is well known: when the text was to be read, he only said, 'James the First and Sixth, *Waver not.*' The passage is in the Epistle of James, Chapter *First*, verse *Sixth*.

POEMES BE SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

Counsaie, &c. p. 275.] The burden of this poem is from one of Dunbar's, running,

He reulis weil that weil himself can gyde.

Anc. Sc. Poems. Edin. 1770. p. 96.

The passage, p. 277. l. 11, 12. is singularly applicable to these strange times: and Britain will repent for ever that she did not sacrifice to common sense on the occasion.

On the new year p. 279.] The word *lymmar*, l. 13. was formerly masculine; as was *sbrew*.

Fought with fele schrewys, *i. e.* villains.

Romance of Lybius Desconus.

Of late I saw thir limmers stand

Like mad men at mischief.

Spec. of Sangs. 1765.

Of the quenis maryage, p. 283.] The second stanza would shew turnaments to have been frequent in Scotland. That diversion is certainly more ancient than is generally supposed: we find it frequent among the Moors in the Eighth century. See that very rare and most interesting book, *Hist. de la Conqueste d'Espagne par les Mores.* Paris 1680. 2 vol. 12 mo. or the Spanish editions from 1605 down to the Sixth in 1676. This work is translated from the Arabic of *Abulcacim*, a captain in the expedition against Spain, in which

which that country was conquered, about the year 714. The first part is worthy of Cæsar: the second volume containing the story of the petty Moorish kings after their establishment, is nothing like so interesting. It is a pity the first volume is not translated into English by itself. The authors of the Universal History, not having seen this book, grossly misrepresent the whole grand event of which it treats. But to speak of the Universal History after the publication of Psalmanazar's life, is indeed ridiculous.

The *clerk playis*, p. 284, l. 1. were mysteries acted by the clergy. *Nuptial gown*, l. 12. refers to the practice of that age of men wearing short gowns or cloaks.

Satire; p. 298.] This is a very curious poem. The stroke upon the armed churchmen, l. 14. is very good.

On the miseries p. 302.] *Maid their beirds*, l. 18, is *swaped*, cut them to shape.

The blind barons comfort, p. 305]. This poem is so named by Dr. Percy. See a note of his on *Peblis*, Sel. Sc. Bal. Vol. II. Memory has however deceived him a little as to it's tendency.

The Barony of Blyth is in Lauderdale, a little above Lauder. See Pont's Atlas in Bleau. The ratification of it to Sir Richard, past 14 April 1567. See Mr. Tytler's Enquiry, p. 225. Our old poet seems to pun very comfortably upon the word *Blyth*.

Moral verses, p. 307.] This piece, and one or two following, are dull enough, but very short; and may at worst pass for specimens of such poetry as the editor has omitted. The lines, p. 309 shew a good heart at least by attention to the morals of the poor. It is impossible that the author of these pieces could be a bad man; for hypocrites never write religious poetry to keep by them.

On the folyc, &c. p. 314.] This is a very diverting piece: the author being near Eighty at the time.

On the malyce, &c.] The thought, l. 17. is the same with Shakspeare's; tho there was no possibility of Shakspeare seeing these poems.

Solace in age, p. 318.] This piece is very pleasing and curious. The next does the highest honour to the philanthropy of the author; and merits praises superior to any that genius can procure. The oppression of the commons was

not

not owing to the *constitution*; for even the English constitution has not guarded poor farmers from being squeezed by the landlords.

Satire on the town ladies, p. 326] This poem is curious to an high degree. The description of the dress, so very minutely drawn, has, in particular, great curiosity. The *bois of blak or broun* are shocking, now that our ladies display the white silk stocking embroidered with gold or silver. White is certainly the colour of temptation. Poor Ryland, the engraver, was in Christie's sale-room, looking at a picture of a hermit with a scull in his hand, and seemed lost in thought. An acquaintance, from whom I have this, going up to him: 'See what we come to' said Ryland 'when we cease to admire white petticoats.'

P. 329. l. 22. *velvours*. Velvet was formerly much used by women of rank. In the procession at the coronation of Francis I, and queen Claude, the widows were all dressed in black velvet. Thomas Randolph, in a curious letter to Dudley Lord Leicester, dated Edin. 15 Jan. 1563, mentions Lady Flemyng being *Queen of thee Beene* on Twelfth day; and adds, that the queen herself was dressed in *wallers wbyte and black*. *State Pap. Pepys*.

Against the thieves, &c. p. 331.] The *to-names*, or nick-names, p. 332 were the usual badges of these banditti. Mr. Pennant from a book on the Clans, 1603, gives several cant names of moss troopers, or thieves on the borders; such as *Tom Trotter of the Hill—The Land's Jok—Wanton Sym—Will of Powderloup—Arthur fire the braes—Willie of Gratna hill—The griefs and cuts of Harlaw, &c.*

Complaint, &c. p. 335.] This is an interesting poem, now that it is in agitation to diminish the number of the Judges of Scotland. Our poet, one of these judges, thought them too few, and prays to *encrease the number*. He was surely in the right. Scotland has ever since the Union had the fate of being governed by *secret* ministers, for a minister for Scotland is no office of the Calendar, but it was reserved for one of the honours of this reign, that she should be ruled with an iron-rod by a man without birth, talents, or even the slightest pretension to *open* influence.

The

The word *cruel* (last stanza) is certainly the reading of the MS. and must refer to the *cruelty* of delaying the pleas.

[To king James VI. p. 342.] The two first lines of p. 343 shew that Lord Leidington, who was surely well informed, knew the king's revenue to be ample. How are we to reconcile this with a letter in Mr. Pennant's possession, in which James begs the loan of about 50 pounds, on occasion of his marriage, that foreigners may not see the poverty of the country? Very easily. James was the basest and most infamous prince who ever disgraced a throne; and a man given to his vices dares refuse nothing to his catamites. Hence he was always poor; and even in England the revenues of three kingdoms could not gratify the avarice of his favorites. When king of Great Britain he was as poor as when only king of Scotland.

[A Luid, p. 353.] *Lendus* was a sort of ode among the Gauls:

—verficulos dant barbara carmina *lendos*.

Ven. Fort. lib. 7.

It seems to have been of the mournful kind.

The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre *lud* to syng.

Love-Song MS. Harl. 2253.

In the MS. is added *A Luid to the Paffer by*, which is omitted as of no value.

The fourt vision p. 357,] is rather obscure. The author appears to have been in prison, but released by James VI, at Secretary John Maitland's request. Perhaps the motto may discover the author.

FRAGMENTS.

These are curious, but no particular remarks need be offered on them.

May the editor beg permission to close these dry notes with a little jeu-d'esprit on a real occasion? It is a Scottish sonnet, address'd to a redbreast, who usually regaled him with his song, while employed in copying these poems.

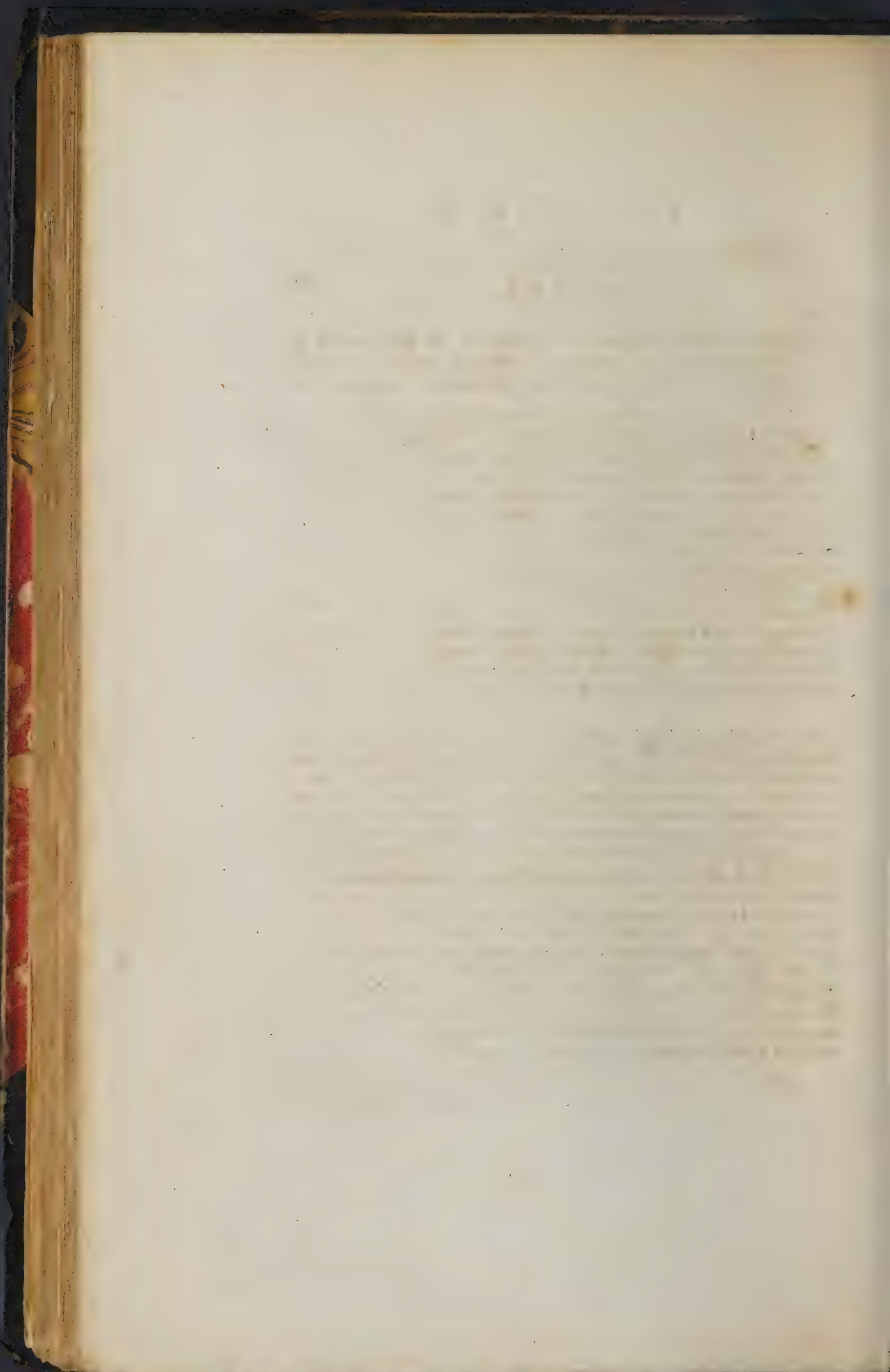
SONET.

S O N E T.

*To a rudoc, quha, sittand on a linden in the back courte of
Magdalen College, Cambridge, constauntly treited the editour
with his sang, quhyle employit in copying thir Poemes, Nov.
1784.*

SWEIT menstral, quha fra that bair linden neir,
Werblest thy notes November's blasts amang,
Cumst thou to murne the makars beried here,
And chaunt thair *requiem* with compassioun's pang?
For, as the lonely monathren * his sang
Ay laves to poure on Pity's egre eir,
Quhair the auld castel yields to yeiris fere,
Or the proud abbey spreids it's ruins lang;
Sa to give pious plaint to human wae,
Deir bird, thou friend of mankynd! ay is thyne.
And quhat mair murnful chance can mortals hae
Than thair mynds fruits, and haly fame, to tyne?
But ceis! Nae mair is Fortoun now thair fae:
And Fame may chance a gracious eir inclyne.

* This bird is found in England, and is vulgarly, but very foolishly, called The Solitary Sparrow. It is nearly of the bigness of a blackbird, of the same shape, and not much different in colour. The cock is most beautiful, being all over of a shining blue, or bluish purple, and very glossy. It usually sits alone on the tops of old buildings, and roofs of churches, singing very sweetly, especially in a morning. Two other kinds of this bird are found in the Archipelago, where they sing among the ruined temples, &c. the one of a dark ash colour, in great esteem at Constantinople, as a singing bird: the other red with a blue head; the back and wings variegated with blue and red; the breast, lower belly, and tail, gold; the bill and feet black. See Brookes's very sensible Natural History, Vol. II. These birds are classed with thrushes, but are smaller, and form a genus by themselves. As they are found in Greece, a Greek name is given them, from *μοναχος*. *unicus*, *ὄρνις* *cantus lugubres edo*. The editor cannot help expressing surprize, that so singular a bird is an utter stranger to our poets.



A P P E N D I X.

天正九年三月廿一日

A P P E N D I X.

ARTICLE I.

An account of the whole Contents of the two Maitland manuscripts.

SECTION I. *The Folio Manuscript.*

THIS manuscript has been much stained by sea-water, as would seem, especially toward the beginning; and some leaves are injured in the lower corners. Mr. Pepys has, with pious care, made his book-binder guard every leaf thro-out, by cutting out an oblong square in a leaf of white paper, of the just size of each written leaf, and inserting the later in the former with a little paste. This gives a fine broad margin and protection to all the manuscript. It consists of 366 pages; and is bound in calf, and titled: and on the boards bears Mr. Pepys's stamps on all his books; namely, on the first board, the two anchors of the admiralty crossed behind a shield, on which is written SAM. PEPYS CAR. ET JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A SECRETIS ADMIRALIAE; the shield is surmounted by his crest. On the last board are his arms, as usual, and his motto, which is wiser than all the other mottoes in the world, MENS CUJUSQUE IS EST QUISQUE. Within, on the back of the title, is his portrait, as usual in all his books, engraved by R. White, from Sir Godfrey Kneller, with his name and titles above, and motto below. At the end is a small print of the two anchors crossed, and interwoven with his initials S. P. and his motto above.

The pages of this manuscript, being either originally not numbered, or the numbers cut off in guarding it as above, some leaves are misplaced by the book-binder. But the Master and Librarian of Magdalen College promised that the right order should be restored, according to a little note

given them by the Editor. The close of the manuscript is perfect, being undoubtedly that leaf which has the epitaphs on Sir Richard Maitland; but the beginning wants a leaf or two, or perhaps more. At any rate there is little doubt left but that the following list is arranged according to the original position of the several pieces; the connexion of the leaves furnishing always (save in two places) an infallible rule.

For brevity, the following marks have been used. All pieces not thought worth publishing are in *Italic* letter: all published either from this, or the Bannatyne MS. are in Roman; and *R.* denotes them published by Allan Ramsay in the *Evergreen*, 1724; *H.* by Lord Hailes in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1770; *P.* in the present collection. Pieces marked * are in both manuscripts, this and the Bannatyne.

1. A fragment, see frag. II. *P.* This is rather in a different hand from the rest; and seems to have been originally written complete in two or three detached leaves, at the beginning, or end.

*2. Some stanzas of a published poem of Dunbar, the beginning wanting. This begins the MS. the first leaf or more being lost.

3. A poem of Dunbar, *frag. I. R.* The MS. is so spoilt from this to p. 19. that few pieces are entirely legible.

4. 'I seik about, &c. by Dunbar, *P.* p. 124.

*5. 'Fredome, honoure, &c. by the same. *H.* p. 168. The author's name not in Ban. MS. Here are various readings.

St. I. l. 1. *H.* Meid *M.* And. l. 3. reput as. *M.* all reput.

IV. 1. *M.* Honourable houshalds ar laid doune.

V. 1. burghis. *M.* tounes.

4. Is nou bot cair and covatyce.

VII. 1. Honest yemen, *M.* The younkars blyth.

VIII. 1. Lords in silk harls to the heil,

For quhilk the tenents haif sauld thair feil.

The Bannatyne (see *H.*) is nonsense.

6. 'Schir at this fest, &c. *Dunb. P.* p. 101.

7. 'Be divers wayis. *Dunb. P.* p. 102.

8. 'Of benefyce. *Dunb. P.* p. 104.

9. 'To speik of. *Dunb. P.* p. 106.

10. 'Schir

10. 'Schir I complanè. Dunb. p. 107.
- *11. 'In vyce maist witness. Dunb. R. II. 209.
 I. 1. maist vicious, M. maist witness.
 V. 1. feit. M. fort VI. 2. is M. has.
 VII. 1. fauld 2. as aft for fraud. M. ay quhen he wald.
- *12. 'Of feber eir. Dunb. H. p. 27.
 I. 12. As varlots dois in France. II. 5. wyld M. tollit.
 II. 9. kethat. M. heich cot.
 V. 8. of sundry racis. M. in secreit places.
- VIII. 2. Came berand, 3. And idlenes. M. sic lythenes:
 IX. 12. lovery. M. leveray (that is *reward*.)
 X. 2. glemen. M. glewemen.
- Trifling variations, or readings for the worse, are never stated.
13. 'Complane I wald. Dunb. P. p. 109.
14. 'Schir lat it neir. Dunb. P. p. 112.
15. 'My son in court. Sir R. M. p. 275.
16. 'O hic eternal. Sir R. M. p. 279.
17. Of the quenis. Sir R. M. p. 283.
18. Of the wyning of Calice, Sir R. M. p. 287.
19. Of the assemblie, Sir R. M. p. 290.
20. Of the quenis arryvale, Sir R. M. p. 295.
21. To be put in ony public house, Sir R. M. p. 309.
22. 'Quhair is the blythness, Sir R. M. p. 298.
23. 'O gracious God, Sir R. M. p. 302.
24. 'Blynd man be blyth. Sir R. M. p. 305.
25. 'Luke that nathing. P. p. 307.
26. 'Synnats repent. P. p. 308.
27. 'Ye that sumtyme, Sir R. M. p. 310.
28. 'How fould our common weil, Sir R. M. p. 312.
29. 'Luif vertew ever, Sir R. M. p. 313.
30. O wratchit warld. Arbuthnot. P. p. 149.
31. *A religious poem of six pages long, by the same; very dull. Beg. 'Religion now is rakinit ane fabil:' and is in same stanza, with The miseries of a pure scolar.*
32. 'Amang folyes. Sir R. M. p. 314.
33. 'Of ladeis bewtie. P. 187.
- *34. 'Dreimand methocht. Dunb. H. p. 31. The Ban-
 natyne is a better and fuller copy. The Maitland begins,

Dremand methocht that I did heir
 The comoun people ban and sweir,
 Blasphemand Godis majestie;
 The deval ay roundand in thair eir,
 Renunce your God and cum to me.

The merchande sweiris mony aith;
 That never man saw better elayth;
 Na fermer filk cam our the fe.
 To sweir, quoth Satan, be not layth,
 To sell my geir I will have ye.

The order of the stanzas is quite different, and the following are not in the Bannatyne, but this also wants some that are in the other.

Be godis bluid, quoth the taverneir,
 There is sic wyne in my selleir
 Hes never cum in this cuntrie.
 Tut, quoth the devil, thou sells our deira
 With thy fals met cum doune to me.

The rest of craftis grete aiths swair
 Thair wark and craft had na compair;
 Ilkane into thair qualitie.
 The devil spak thane withouten mair,
 Renunce your God and cum to me.

The following are the two last in Maitland.

The court-man did grit aithis sweir
 He wald serve Sathan for sevin yeir
 For fair claithes, and gold plaintie.
 The devil said 'Thaire's sum for geir
 Wald God renunce [to] dwell with me.'

To ban and sweir na staitis stude a;
 Man or woman, grit or sma,
 Ryche and puir, nor the clargie.
 The devil said than, 'Of comoun la
 All mensworne folk man cum to me.'

- St. VI. 1. 2. weil maid, M. shappin.
 VIII. 3. fairar stuff. M. better breid.
 5. With thy licht leves cum unto me.
- St. IX. The fieschour sweres be Godis woundis
 Cam never sic beif into thir boundis,
 [And] fairer mottoune cannot be.
 Fals! quoth the feind, and till him roundis,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.
- XIII. 2. Gif I do aucht bot drink and swyve.
 3. hardly mot it be. M. than I counsal thise.
- XVI. 3. Sa did the hukstars haillelie. *Much better.*
 The last stanza in Maitland is far superior to that in Ban-
 natyne, and the later ought to be entirely omitted.
35. ' Airly on ane wednesday. Dunb. P. p. 113.
- *36. The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy, as published
 by Ramsay, Vol. II. at least in the same order of pieces, and
 each consisting of same number of stanzas; as for various
 readings, it was not worth while to take them, the poems
 themselves not meriting preservation.
- *37. THE GOLDEN TARGE. I am glad to be able to
 give so many valuable variations of this celebrated poem
 from that published by Lord Hailes.
- St. I. 1. 1. began, M. begouthe. 3. a roseir, M. ane river.
 1. 7. kaip reveft, M. capie vest. 8. upsprang, M. uprais.
- St. II. 3. with quhaite, M. with quhyt. 5. perlit, M.
 perlie: as in. M. in.
- III. 3. nottis, M. note. 6. lemyng, M. luming.
 7. with schouting, M. for schouting.
- IV. 1. the thruch, M. throuche the.
- V. 2. reid orient, M. orient. 5. gowlis, M. gulis.
- VI. 6. as blossom, M. als quhyte as blossom.
 9. As falcon swift desyrous of hir prey.
- VII. 1. blemit, M. blumit. 5. the may, M. may.
 7. Strand, M. strandis. 8. wypit, M. woupit.
- VIII. 2. flour with the. M. fields with thair. 7. In.
 M. of.
- IX. 4. goddess of chest. M. goddess chaist of woudis.
- X. 6. till hir. M. hir.
- XI. 3. rank. M. ronk. 5. in. M. on. 6. bank. M.
 blonk.

XI. 7. dank. M. donk. 8. inclynand. M. inclynit;
full. M. fo.

9. thank. M. thonk.

XIV. 9. unsable. M. no fabil. For *his* court read *this*.

XV. 9. that. M. quhilk.

XVI. 1. of. M. be. 4. lute. M. leit.

XVII. 6. Sync. M. Fyne.

XVIII. 4. inarmit thame. M. harmit me. 6. foire. M. fone.

9. And servit. M. Servit with.

XIX. 3. Gentilnes. M. Gentrice, and. 6. genyeis. M.
gainyeis.

XXI. 6. to. M. go. 8. can. M. couth. The Maitland
MS always spells targe, barge, &c.

XXII. hardy was, and. M. lady was richt. 3. in. M. thame.
4. chevelty. M. chevalrie. 6. rippit on a. M. rippit on as.
3. bordour. M. burde.

XXIII. 1. grundin arrowis. M. grundin dartis. 3. weir-
lie. M. warlie. 7. drunkin. M. blynd. 9. fair. M. fary.

XXIV. 2. holdin. M. yoldin. 6. levarly. M. lustiar.

XXVI. 4. winds with fell widness. M. wyndis with
wodnes.

XXVII. 9. Amangis. M. Amang.

XXVIII. 1. swouning. M. sweving. 7. erd. M. feild.

XXIX. an M. and. 4. triumphs. M. triumphe. 5. ce-
lestial. M. celical.

XXX. 4. mouth. M. mouthis. 6. that. M. yit. 7. stude.
M. And

XXXI. 5. Of hir. M. Of all hir. 7. O schame thairfoir.
M. Eschame thairof. 8. destitute. M. destenit (that is dis-
tained).

38. Heir beginnis the tretis of THE TWA MARIIT
WEMEN AND THE WEDO, compylit be Maister William
Dunbar. P. p. 44.

39. Next is a long dull poem, in stanzas of seven lines, in-
titled, De regimine Principum bonum consilium. It is quite
different from *Occleves* De regimine Principum; and, indeed,
not one English poem is to be found in the Maitland manuscripts,
tho they are improperly mingled with Scottish in Bannatyne's.
Occleves begins

'Musynge upon the restles besynesse:' and is vastly longer
than this, but it is also in seven-line stanzas.

This begins p. 96. in MS.

Richt as all stringis ar cupillit in ane harpe.

and is in two parts; Part Second beginning p. 101.

Justice will have ane general president.

and ending p. 105. finit bonum regimen pro consilio principum.

40. Then follows a piece in couplets, beginning p. 105.

Ane thousand yeir thre hundred nyntie-ane.

and tells as how, Walter Trail, bishop of St. Andrew's, went into France; and as how, 500 Scotish spearmen, having joined the French army, the Duke of Orleans said the Scotish were brave. It ends p. 107. with finita responsio illustrissimi Ducis Orlianensis in honorem et defensionem Scotiae.

41. Another of the same stuff, and apparently by the same author, most ridiculously called The Life of King Robert, by Mackenyie. It begins p. 107.

Into the ring of the roy Robert.

and ends p. 113. 'finis the ring of the roy Robert, maid be 'deine David Steill.' It is in the same verse with the former, or rather a kind of prose with a wooden leg; and tells us that Henry IV. of England sent a letter to king Robert [III.] of Scotland, claiming homage: and the answer of Robert is given at great length, shewing that England was frequently conquered and paid homage, but Scotland never. See App. V.

42. 'As it befell, &c. P. p. 65. being the tale of THE FREIRS OF BERWIK.

**43. Chrystis Kirk on the grene. As there is not to this day a standard edition of this celebrated poem; nor can be, till the variations of this and the Bannatyne MS. are compared, no farther apology need be made for giving it *literatim* as it stands here.*

CHRYSSTIS KIRK ON THE GRENE.

WAS never in Scotland hard nor fene
 Sic danfing nor deray ;
 Nother in Falkland on the grene,
 Nor Peblis to the Play ;
 As was of wouars, as I wene,
 At Chryst's kirk on ane day.
 Thair come our Kittie weschin clene
 In hir new kirtil of gray.
 Full gay,
 At Chryst's Kirk on the grene.
 To dance the damifells thame dicht,
 And lassis licht of laittis.
 Thair gluves war of the raffell richt ;
 Thair schone war of the Seraitis.
 Thair kirtils war of the lincum licht,
 Weill prest with monye plaittis.
 Thay war so nyce, quhen men thame nicht,
 Thay squeild lyk ony gaittis,
 Full loud,
 At Chryst's kirk on the grene.
 She skornit Jok, and scrippit at him,
 And morgcound him with mokkis.
 He wald have luffit hir, sche wald nocht lat him,
 For all his yallow lokkis.
 He cherist her, scho bad ga chat him,
 Scho comptit him nocht tua clogkis.
 So schamfullie ane schort gown sat him,
 His lymmes was lyk tua rokkis
 She said.
 At Chryst's. (*sic*)
 Of all thir madins, myld as meid,
 Was nane sa gymp as Gillie,
 As ony rose hir rude was reid,
 Hir lyre was lyk the lillie.
 Bot yallow, yallow, was hir heid :
 And sche, of luif so fillie,
 Thoch all hir kin suld have bein deid,
 Sche wald have bot sweit Willie
 Allane,
 At Chryst's kirk of the grene.

Stevin come steppand in with stendis,
 No renk mycht him arrest.
 Platfat he bobbit up with bendis,
 For Mald he maid requeist.
 He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
 Bot ryfand he was preft,
 Quhill he hostit at bayth the endis
 In honour of the feist,
 That day,
 At Chryft's on the grein. (*fic*)

Thome Lutar was thair menstrale meit;
 O lord gif he culd lance!
 He playit so schill, and sang so fueit,
 Quhill Towfie tuik ane trance.
 All auld lychtfurts he did forleyt,
 And countersutit France;
 He him avyfit as man discreteit,
 And up the moreis dance
 Scho tuik,
 At Chryft's,

Than Robene Roy begouth to revell,
 And Dowie to him druggit.
 Lat be, quoth sche; and callit him *gavell*;
 And be the raill him tuggit.
 He turnit, and cleikit to the cavell:
 Bot lord than gif thai luggit!
 Thai partit thair plai thane with ane nevell;
 Men wait gif hair wes ruggit
 Betwene thame,
 At Chryft's kirk,

Ane bend ane bow, sic sturt couth steir him,
 Grit skayth war to have scared him:
 He chesit ane flane as did affeir him
 The tother said *dirdum-dardum*.
 Throw bayth the cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
 Or throw the chafts have charde him:
 Bot be ane myle it came nocht neir him.
 I can nocht say quhat mard him
 Thair,
 At Chryft's kirk,

With

With that ane freynd of his cryit fy,
 And up an arrow drew,
 He forget it so fertlye
 The bow in flenders flew.
 Sa was the will of God trow I;
 For, had the tre bene trew,
 Men said, that kend his archerie,
 That he had slane ane
 That day,
 At Chryst's kirk.

Ane haistie henfour, callit Harie,
 Quhilk wes ane archer heynd,
 Tit up ane takill, but ony tary,
 That turment so him teynd.
 I wait nocht quhiddir his hand culd varie,
 Or gif the man was his freynd,
 Bot he chapeit, throw the michts of Marie,
 As man that na evil meynd
 That tyme,
 At Chryst's kirk.

Than Lowrie as ane lyoun lap,
 And sone ane slane culd fedder,
 He hecht to pers him at the pap,
 Thairon to wed ane wedder.
 He hit him on the wambe ane wap,
 And it bust lyk ane bladder.
 Bot, lo! as fortoun was and hap,
 His doublat was of ledder,
 And sauft him,
 At Chryst's kirk of, &c.

The buff so bousteouslie abasit him,
 To the erd he duschit down.
 The tother for dreid he preissit him
 And fled out of the toun.
 The wyffs come furth, and up thay paifit him,
 And fand lyf in the loun;
 And with thre routis thay raifit him,
 And 'coverit him of swoune
 Agane,
 At Chryst's kirk.

Ane yaip young man, that stude him neist,
 Loufit of ane schot with ire:
 He etlit the berne evin in the breist;—
 The bout flew our the byre.
 Ane cryit that he had flaine ane preist
 Ane myle beyond ane myre.
 Than bow and bag fra him he caist,
 And fled als fers as fyre
 Of flint;
 At Chryst's kirk,

With forks and slaes thay leit grit flappis;
 And slang togither with friggis.
 With bougars of barns thai birst blew cappis:
 Quhill thay of berns maid briggis.
 The rerde raise rudelic with the rappis
 Quhen rungs was laid on riggis.
 The wyffs come furth with cryis and clappis,
 'Lo quhair my lyking liggis!
 Quoth sche,
 At Chryst's kirk.

They girnit, and leit gird with granis;
 Ilk gossop uther grevit.
 Sum straikit stings; sum gadderit stanis:
 Sum fled and weil eschewit.
 The menstrale wan within ane wanis;
 That day full weil he previt.
 For he come hame with unbrist banis,
 Quhair fechtars war mischevit
 For ever,
 At Chryst's kirk.

Heich Huchoun, with ane hissil ryfs,
 To red can throw thame rummel.
 He mudlit thame doun lyk ony myse:
 He wes na baty bummill.
 Thoch he wes wicht he wes nocht wys
 With sic jacouris to geummill:
 For fra his thomne thay dung ane sklys,
 Quhil he cryit *barlaw summill*
Jouris.
 At Chryst's kirk.

Quhen

Quhen that he saw his blude so reid,
 To fle nicht no man lat him,
 He wend it had beene for ald feid;
 The far farar it sat him.
 He gart his feit defend his heid;
 He thocht thay cryit have at him.
 Quhill he was past out of all pleid,
 He suld be swyft that gat him
 Throw speid,
 At Chryft's kirk.

The town souter in brief was bowdin;
 His wyf hang in his waist.
 His body was in blude all browdin;
 He granit lyk ony gaisit.
 Hir glitterand hairs that war full goldin
 So hard in luif him laist,
 That, for hir saik, he wes unyoldin
 Sevin myle quhen he wes chaitt
 And mair,
 At Chryft's kirk.

The millar was of manlie mak,
 To meit him was na mowis.
 Thair durst na ten cum him to tak;
 So nobbit he thair nowis.
 The buschement hail about him brak,
 And bickert him with bowis:
 Syn tratourlie, behind his bak,
 Ane howit him on the howis
 Behind:
 At Chryft's kirk.

Tua, that was herdsman of the herde,
 Ran upone uther lyk rammis.
 Thair forsy freitis, richt uneffeir'd,
 Bet on with barow trammis.
 Bot quhair thair gows war bayth ungire
 Thai gat upon the gammis;
 Quhill bludie barkit was thair berd,
 As thay had worreit lambis,
 Most lyk,
 At Chryft's kirk.

The wyffs cast up ane hiddwous yell
 Quhen all the youngkeiris yokkit,
 Als fers as ony fyr flauchts fell
 Freiks to the feild thai flokit.
 Thay cavel with clubs culd uther quell,
 Quhill blude at breifts out-bokkit.
 So rudelie rang the commoun bell,
 Quhill all the steipil rokkit
 For rerde,
 At Chryst's kirk on &c.

Quhen thai had beirit lyk batit bullis ;
 And brane wode brynt in balis ;
 Thai wox als mait as ony mulis ;
 Thai maggit war with malis.
 For fatnes thay forfochtin fulis
 Fell down lyk flauchter falis.
 Fresche men com hame and halit the dulis,
 And daing thame down in dalis
 Bedene,
 At Chryst's kirk.

Quhen all wes done, Dic with an ax
 Come furth to fell ane futher.
 Quoth he ' Quhair ar yon hangit smaiks
 ' Richt now that hurt my brother ?'
 His wyf bad him gang hame, gude glaiks ;
 And sua did Meg his mother.
 He turnit and gaif thame bayth thair paiks,
 For he durst sryk na uther,
 Men said,
 At Chryst's kirk on the grene. *Finis.*

The reader will excuse a very few remarks. This poem is full of Northern words ; and I assent to Mr. Tytler's opinion, that Christ's Kirk was that near Dunideer, Aberdeenshire. There were three poems of this kind, all by James I. *this* ; *Falkland on the grene* ; *Peblis to the Play*. The first and last are preserved ; and one refers to the rural manners of the North of Scotland ; and is composed in the Scandinavian alliteration, and with many Norse words. The other, or *Peblis*, to those of the South of Scotland ; and is full of the southern Scottish, or north English, words of

old metrical romances. *Falkland* is unfortunately lost; but we may well suppose it described the sports of Fifeshire, or the middle of Scotland, in words adapted to that part.

This copy consists of twenty three stanzas only: wanting two, being XXII and XXIV of the common editions, both of which are palpable interpolations, and ought to be omitted in every future edition. The last in particular is quite foreign to the piece in every respect, and must have been written by one quite ignorant of what he was reading; for the poem describes a squabble not a wedding: yet was Ramsay so shallow as to follow out the false idea of this poor stanza, by a blunder more egregious than any of Don Quixote. The other variations are left to the judgement of future editors, as I have no room here to discuss which are preferable to the printed copies, or which not so.

The stanza of this ballad, and *Pebblis*, with the small abrupt endings, was common in the time of Edward II. both in French and English, as may be seen in a MS. of that reign, Harl. Lib. 2253. A French song there has the eight-line stanzas, with small irregular closes, such as *A dreyt—De nulle—Encore d'une—Accort—&c.* St. 2. *Lincum licht* is a common Glasgow phrase for *very light*: no particular cloth was ever made at Lincoln. *Sche* st. 3. of our copy refers to *Kittie*, st. 1. James I. was evidently well read in the metrical romances from which the very expression of a couplet in st. 4. is derived.

As rose on rys her rude was red. *Launfal.*

As the rose her rode was red. *Lybius Desconus.*

Fire from flynt st. 13. is another common simile of romances, occurring in *Sir Humbras*

And sprang forth as sparke of flynte.

and in others. To *nigh* st. 2. (*nicht*), is another word of romances.

And yet thou wouldest nyghe me nye.

La Morte Arthur.

Brane-wood, st. 22. seems to be a kind of match-wood of the decayed roots of certain trees, which kindles easily, and burns rapidly. *In balis*:

The *baill* fyre brynt richt brymly upon loft.

Wallace VII.
This

This last passage has been totally misunderstood; branc-wod being interpreted brain-mad, tho' all grammar and connexion forbid it. *Javel* st. 7. *javel*, joppus, gerro. *Prompt. Parv.* *Kevel for hors*, mordale. *ib.* *Futher* st. 23. is neither more nor less than a quantity, and is quite indefinite. See Chaucer, Sir D. Lindsay, &c. *Lends* st. 6. is also used by Chaucer. *Nigbeth* frequently by the same poet: see st. 21. *Bicker* for skirmish (st. 19.) is used in a letter from the Earl of Surry to Henry VIII. Cot. Lib. Cal. B. VI. 'The Scotts bekered with us.'

*44. To Christ's Kirk, in p. 135. succeeds Kennedy's Testament, H. 35.

St. I. 1. Andro. M. Walter. 2. *a matre*. M. *Curro quando sum vocatus*. 5. redelic. M. *trewlye*. 7. in. M. be my.

After St. V. *faciem meam*, are these four lines:

Thair wald I be bereit, me think,
Or beir my bodie *ad tabernam*;
Quheir I may feil the favour of drink,
Syn sing for me *requiem eternam*.
I leif my hart, &c.

Conforti meo Jacobo. At end *Finis*. *qd Kennedy*. but this is a mere stroke of irony. No man could write such a satire on himself.

*45. A collection of proverbs in two pages, beginning

Mony man makis ryme, and lukis to na resoun.

They are each comprized in one line, running as the above without rime; and might be useful in a Collection of Scottish Proverbs, tho; indeed, they are rather maxims than proverbs.

*46. A religious satire, beginning p. 141.

Devyné po'ware of michtis maist.

It is a very long, filthy, and despicable piece, and ends p. 148.

This tragedie is calit but dreid

Rowlis Conscience, quha will it reid: qd Roule.

He might have put a point of interrogation at the close.

47. A very dry and insipid poem, containing pious advices how to behave at Court, beginning p. 148.

My sone gif thow to the court will ga.

and ending p. 152. 'finis, how the father teichit the sone.'

48. A very absurd piece, in which the author relates a dream he pretends to have had, in which all nature was turned topsy-turvy: he was bound with chains of sand, saw mires of flint, fires of snow, whales feeding in meadows, &c. &c. It begins p. 152.

Quo douts bot dremis is greit fantaste.

and ends p. 155.

That gentill aill is all the caris of dremis.

49. Peblis to the Play, published in Select Scottish Ballads, Vol. II.

St. IV. 1. 5. is *draes* not *dudds*, and a stroke over the *a* makes it either *dramis* or *dranes*.

V. 4. Young folk. MS. *youn folis*. 5. *bagpype*. MS. *bygpyk*. VII. 8. *fyd*. MS. *sayd*.

XXII. 4. *seckill*, MS. *heckill*. The *b* and *f* are nearly similar in the MS. see the facsimile *A*. but the *b* has always the tail turned up as here. XXVI. 3. *Schukin* of *schaftes*. In l. 1. *schaftes* is certainly a false reading taken from the clofe of this line by some weary transcriber. Lines 1. and 3. never rime towards the end of the poem. Read 'settand *reid*.'

* 50. The Tournament between the Soutar and Tailour R. I. 247. It begins here with the first and last stanza of the Daunce H. p. 27. but no variations shall be given as the flames alone can cleanse the filth of this poem. But such were the standing jokes of the time. Sir Thomas More has his epigrams *De ventris crepitu*, &c.

* 51. The tua laves erdly and divine. H. 89. MS. p. 165.

M. wants St. III. and IV.

XI. 1. is *caufe* of. M. *caufis*. XII. 2. The M. Sic. 4. *vain glory*. M. *langar*. XIII. 6. With *luif*. M. For *luif*. Other variations are worse: and on the whole the Bannatyne copy is in this instance superior.

* 52. Of deming. H. 62. MS. 168.

St. II. 3. I. M. *thai*. 4. *cravis* of. M. *prayis*.

III. 3. *warit*. M. *fet*. IV. 4. That I am *japit*.

V. 2. that *cumis* me. M. as *cumis* richt.

Wants VI.—after VIII. has this,

War nocht the mater wald grow mair
To wirk vengeance on ane demair,
But dout I wald cause mony de;
And mony catif end in cair,
Or sum tyme lat thair deming be.

The same piece occurs again p. 313 of MS.

*53. 'The use of court. R. I. 209.

I. 2. The ladies are solistars aw. 3. filly. M. sary.

4. That gifs no gifts nor yit rewairds 5 Bot fend, &c.

7. The use of court so weil I knaw.

II. i. full braw quhyte. M. so quantlie. MS. wants
III. and IV.

54. 'Ane fair sueit may. P. p. 190.

*55. *A poem of impossibilities, beginning p. 171.*

Tbyngis in kynd desyris thingis lyk.

*then stating sundry things which cannot accord together,
such as*

To have ane gall, and clippit ane gentil dow

To be my freynd, and gif me fals consale, &c.

it ends p. 173. with it's burden of each octave stanza.

It may weil ryme, but it accordis nocht.

It is a very poor performance, and deserves great compassion.

56. *A long prayer, Latin and English verse, 173—176.*

*57. The Resfouning between Aige and Youth. H. 131.
MS. 176.

I. 2. freschely. M. so fresche. 4. Thir woddis. M.
All woddis. 6. all of mirth. M. allone. 7. richt sueitly.
M. futtelie.

II. 5. richt wan. M. and wan. III. 5. gairdone. M.
guerdon. 6. of wirth a. M. wirth haif a.

IV. 4. als fors, and als fre. M. bayth frak, forsy, and
fre.

V. and VI. are after VII. and VIII. and properly, as is
plain from the words, 'Ane uthir verse.

V. [VII.] 1. moir. M. mair. 3. but seiknes, or but
foir. M. fra seiknes, and fra foir. 4. in dew. M. doubil in.

7. Delete *no* a palpable error, not in M.

VI. [VIII.] 2. obey. M. abyd. VII. [V.] 2. law. M.
layr.

8. With birdis blyth in boure my bail to beit.

VIII. [VI.] 1. 'This ancient man gaif answer angrelie,
The other is nonsene.

4. Sall the depryve for paramour.

6. wendin. M. mynis. (diminish). 7. Thou fall assay.
M. Than fall thow fay.

Last. 1. 1, 2. This gaylyart grutchit and began to greif,
And on full sone he went his wayis but weine.

5. That talkin futhlie fra that I had sein.

6. In treuth methocht they treyist in thair toun.

It is 'ferly sone,' not 'fellone sone,' thro-out in the old
man's burden.

58. 'This waverand warldis, &c. *Dunb.* p. 115.

59. 'Quhen Phebus in the ranic clude. p. 192.

60. *A piece in octave stanzas adress to the king, not worth
transcription, beginning p. 183.*

Excelland michtie prince and king,

and ending p. 185.

61. 'Thow that in hevin, &c. *Dunb.* p. 128.

*62. *General Satyre, H. 42. MS. 187.*

III. 4. Sa few to reid the dargey, and the beid.

V. 3. Seis. M. stanche. VI. VII. VIII. IX. here transf-
posed. VII. 1. murderis. M. mycharis. 3. pelf. M. spreyth.
IX. 1. vant of. M. vantar: sinful. M. findrie. XII. 3.
haldin of price. M. Wan meikil price.—do. M. did. XIII.
1. are. M. aythis. XIV. [XVI]. 1. chenye. 3. hir goldin
chene. M. thair semblance schene.

4. At Satan's seinye sic ane unfell menyne.

XV. 2. Sic faceit lyk fyles with harts that lytil avalis,

4. fillokis with fuk falis.

XVI. [XIV]. 1. sa mony ketcche pilleris. M. sic caithars
and gillaris. At end 'Finis qd Schir James Inglis, not Dun-
bar as Bannatyne has it.

*63. *Lament for the makars. H. 74. MS. 189.*

VII. 1. unvynfable. M. unmerciful. X. 1. magicianis.
M. magiciance—astrologs: theologs. XI. 3. thameself,
M. thair helpe. XVI. 1. Holland and Barbour. M. Hol-
land, Barbour. XVII. 1. Clerk. M. The clerk. 3. Gray.
M. Hey. XVIII. 2. schot. M. schour. XIX. 2. lyfly,
M.

M. lustie. XX. 1. Roule. 2. Rowle. XXI. 1. tanc
Brown. M. done rowne. M. wants XXII.

*64. On Consciens. R. I. 159. It is here given to
Gawin Douglas, not to Stuart.

*65. The contemplation of mortality. H. 94. MS.
193.

I. 6. Syn glydis. M. Thyn gais. II. 5. Hes past thair
tyme. III. 4. uglye. M. horribil. 6. thy lyfe. M. the
dair.

IV. 6. Seike. M. feche.

V. 6. Tak this to spur the quhen thow sweiris.

VI. 4. Bot freschlie all to spumis dryff. 5 Ransomer.
M. Ransoun.

66. 'Schir for your grace. P. p. 120.

67. *A moral poem which is very dull, tho by Dunbar. It
begins p. 195.*

O wretche bewar this world will-wend thé fro.

and ends p. 196. with its burden.

Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas. qd Dunbar.

68. *An angry address to the king by Dunbar, mentioning the
many officers, flatterers, &c. about court; and reproaching the
king, that he had no place. It begins p. 196.*

Schir ye have mony servituris.

and ends p. 198.

To suage the sualme of my dyspyt.

*Consisting almost solely of abusive names, and being nearly the
same with Dunbar's Complaint, it was not transcribed.*

*69. *A long piece in octave stanzas, by Dunbar, being a
general confession of his sins. It begins p. 199.*

To thé, O merciful saluatur, myn Jesus.

and ends p. 203. with it's burden.

That cryis thé mercie and laser to repent.

*No reader will regret it's omission, as he must even be a
patient monk who could listen to so general a confession. It has
this colophon, 'Heir endis ane confession generale compylit be
Maister William Dunbar.'*

70. *A long poem on Christ's Passion, as stupid as need be. Yet it is by Dunbar. It begins p. 203.*

Amang thir freiris within ane cloister.

and ends p. 207.

Befoir the croce of sucit Jesu. qd Dunbar.

*71. The Prais of Aige. H. 189. MS. 208.

I. 3. of sicht. M. be sicht. 5. Omnipotent. M. O thryn fold. 7. opprest. M. our past. II. 2. foly lustis. M. fulis lust. 4. Delete *As*. 5. God. M. deid. III. 1. semis. M. semit. 2. haly. M. swetest. 3. restles. M. rekles. 4. honest. M. haly. 5. frawart. M. flowand. 6. bayth to God and lawis. M. leyth to luf gud lawis. 7. lamp and. M. lantherne.

IV. 56. The schip of faythe is stermyt with wynd and rane,
Of heresy dryvand in the sey hir blavis.

V. 3. Writ, walx, and selis, ar nowayis sett by.

At the end qd Maister Waltir Kennedy.

72. *A religious satire, entitled to every praise of dulness. It begins p. 209.*

O cruel tyger and serpent venomous.

and ends p. 210.

*And causis pure men be spulyeit of thair pakkis.
Finis per theologum.*

73. ' Faine wald I. P. p. 195.

74. *An exhortation to be merry at Christmas, by no means worth transcribing. It begins p. 211.*

In honour of this Christmes.

Now everie man suld him address.

and ends p. 212.

Wait nane how lang he lewis beir.

*75. Ane his awn enemy. H. 53. MS. 212.

I. 4. And lewis daylie in distreis.

II. 4. And weddis fyne a wickit wyfe.

III. 1 genyie. M. gainyie. 2. mank or menyie. M. mak or mannye.

76. ' God as thow weill can. P. p. 197.

77. A quatrain against foot-ball inserted in the notes.

78. *Six pious lines of no worth.*

79. 'In Bowdoun. P. p. 135.

80. 'Under ane brokin bank, P. p. 200.

*81. To James V. H. 146. MS. 218. The MS. has twelve stanzas. After st. III. is

For nobil cuming of nobil kyn,
And he fra nobilnes declyn,
In that cace may comparit be
To brafs fundin in goldin myn;
Heirfoir think on thy majestie.

VIII. 4. 'Or aventure to go on yce. After VIII. is

Sen that the help in thy handis,
And on thy fyt thi weifair standis,
And on thy heid the liberté
Of all trew liegis in thy landis;
Think on thy ryal majestie.

IX. 3. Delete *ay*.

*82. Larges of this new yeir day. H. 151. MS. 220. MS. wants st. I. V. IX. X.

VII. 3, 4. *nevir sing nor fay—yow fund.*

*83. No tressour without glaidnes. H. 54. MS. 221.

I. 2. *vale. M.—not world, as H.*

II. 6. For lang in dolour the dayis may nocht endure.

MS. reads in this order. St. V. IV. III.

IV. 6. *thy. M. the. III. 1. petie. M. peis. 3. humil. M. meik. 4. honour. M. plesfour.*

84. *A very dull exhortation to piety in octave stanzas, beginning p. 222.*

Sad and solitaire sittand myn allone.

and ending p. 223. with it's burden, which it carries very awkwardly,

Ane blissit end, and sauf my saull fra syn.

85. 'In baill be blyth. P. p. 202.

*86. Advice to spend anes awin gudes. H. 56. MS. 225. *burden of MS. is.*

Man spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

Read

Read III. II.—II. 3. of the. M. of it the. VI. 2. nowdir. M. nor. 3. mirrinais. M. mirrey face. Read X. IX.

IX. 3. thy. M. the.

87. KING HART. P. p. 1.

88. Agais sklanderous toungis. P. p. 156. With this poem the MS. begins to be cloffer written, so as to have about 46 lines in a page, whereas before it has not above 36. MS. p. 257.

89. 'The thochts of men. P. p. 212.

*90. Discretioun in asking MS. p. 259, in giffing 260, in taking 261. here they all form one Poem. Lord Hailes has with much propriety published them as three.

Asking I. 3. 4. And be thair cause—And be thair nane. II. 2. drene M. rane. 3 ay. M. on. III. 3. as braids. M. and breidis. 4 reward he. M. his guerdon. V. 3. Be fulish opportunité. 4. serve. M. suffys. VI. 3. Now speche but diligence we see. Reads VIII. IX. VII.—IX. 2. Sumtyme the maister will reward it. MS. is worse than Ban.

Giving. VI. 3. vyce. M. want. VIII. 3. And wald nocht pay auld fervands fee. XI. 1. gud kewis. M. thewis. 3. Sum gifs to knaifs authorité.

XII. 3, 4. The peple to teche and our-se
That has na wit thamfelfe to gyde.

St. II. and VII. are wanting.

Taking. Read V. VII. VI. Bannatyne wants two stanzas, After III.

Sum merchands takkis vulesum win,
Quhilk maks their paks oft-tymes full thin;
Be thair successioun ye may se
That ill-won geir riches not kin. In taking &c.

After. VI.

Stude I na mair aw of man nor God,
Than suld I tak bayth evin and od,
Ane end of all thing that I see,
Sic justice is not wourth ane clod. In taking, &c.

*91. A ballad against love. R. I. 123.

92. A satire on women's waste of money: it is printed in this collection from a perfect copy in the 4to. MS. and is by Sir Richard Maitland.

93. 'Of Liddisdail: also by Sir R. M. and printed here from a better copy in the 4to.

94. *A pious declamation on the bad effects of the civil wars of Scotland, by Sir R. M. but not worth transcription. It begins p. 267.*

O leving lord that maid baytb bevin and bell.

and ends p. 268.

Or thai posses the joy that God provydis.

95. *A long complaint on the same subject by the same. The beginning is the only part that deserves copying. p. 268.*

At mornng, in ane garding grene,

I went alone to tak the air;

Qubar mony plesand treis war sene,

And syndrie kynd of flouris fair.

Qubon: I aid walk and gang,

Thir fair flouris amang.

Into my mind thair come [with] cair

Ane thing that maid my bairt richt fair,

That lefit bes our lang.

It is in the stanza of The murning maiden; and enas p. 271.

That thai be laid in clay.

96. *A long and very dull address to the beers of Scotland, recommending concord among themselves, and advising them not to bring in the English: and the Queen's friends not to call on French aid in the civil commotions. It begins p. 271.*

Ye nobils all that suld this cuntrie gyde.

and ends p. 273.

May on this land be sene. Qd R. Maitland.

97. *A sleepy dissertation in verse on Avarice, beginning p. 274.*

Grit pane it is now to behald and se.

and ending p. 275.

In all your works remember ye may do.

This sail is trew and surar nor the Bas

Radix malorum est cupiditas. Qd R. Maitland.

98. *Another*

98. *Another dull piece against Avarice, beginning p. 275.*

It is ane mortall pane to beir and se.

and ending p. 276.

That we may leif into fraternale luif. Qd R. Maitland.

99. *A declamation on the miseries of Scotland, under one of the Regents in the minority of James VI. beginning p. 277.*

O Lord our syn bes done thé tene.

and ending p. 278.

Tbair leving win without oppressioun.

Quod Richarde Maitland of L.

100. *A pious and pitiful performance, beginning p. 278.*

Qubane I beve done consider.

and ending p. 280.

In bis eternal ghoir. Qd Richard Maitland.

101. *Another leaden lump of godliness, beg. p. 280.*

Ground ye ay on gudnes.

and ending same page.

And syne it obey. Qd Richard Maitland.

102. *Another psalm! It begins p. 281.*

Mair mischevous and wickit world.

and ends same page.

And this mischevous tyme.

103. *' Sum of the poyets. P. p. 316.*

104. *A pious little rime worth no notice.*

105. *Yet another psalm to be said or sung.*

106. *Exhortation to the Scotish lords to make peace, beginning p. 283.*

My lordis all sen abstinence is tane.

and ending p. 284.

All trow liegis to leif withouttin feir. Qd R. Maitland.

107. *' Thoch that this world. P. p. 318.*

108. *' It is grit pitie. P. p. 321.*

109. *A piece against treasoun, not worth transcription.*
It begins p. 287.

Treasoun is the maist schameful thing.

and ends p. 288.

Of God the mortal skurge. Qd R. M. of Leth.

110. 'Sumtyme to court. P. p. 324.

111. *A religious little piece written between prayer and sleep as would seem.* It begins p. 289.

Pass tyme with godlie companie.

and ends same page.

Jesu our lord. Qd R. Maitland of Lethingtoun.

*112. Dunbar's Dirige to king James IV. R. II. 41.

l. 8. ane Apostle. M. this epistell.

Lectio I. l. 1. The fader, the sone, the haly gaist.

Latin part. Regiam Edinburgi. M. Requiem Edinburgi.

l. 6. animas. M. animas et corpora.

8. Vinentium. M. viventium.

Colophon. Dunbaris dirige to the king,
Bydand our lang in Stirling.

There are other slight variations. James IV. used to turn monk at Stirling. See Mr. Spottiswood's *Religious houses*.

113. 'This warldlie joy. P. p. 243.

114. 'He that has no will to wirk. P. p. 204.

115. *A small pious piece of no merit, beginning p. 292.*

Leif luif my luif, nor langir I it lyk.

and ending p. 293.

And know in hell thair is eternall pane. qd Kennedy.

116. *A short silly prophecy, that every thing will be well in Scotland in 1581.*

Except the filibe of sin put it away.

117. *A very poor religious song, beginning p. 293.*

Meiknes with mesour.

and ending p. 294.

Full of askis and vermeyne.

118. *Seventeen proverbial lines worth no notice.*

119. *A paltry piece in praise of women.* Non defensoribus istis. *It begins* p. 294.

Of women now this I say for me.

and ends p. 295.

Service and luif abuis all utber thing.

The point of it is that Christ had a woman for mother, but no man for father. It is subscribed, quod Dunbar in prays of woman; but I dare say he is innocent of it.

*120. *To the king, by Dunbar.* H. 64. MS. 295.

I. 2. I. M. is. II. 4. brek out. M. mout. III. 1. Forfett. M. Foryet. 2. mittane. M. myttell. 3. dese of—peitrikkis. 4. unkynd. M. undynd. IV. 1. prettie M. pairtie. V. 3. at cheif. M. bot greif. VII. 3. Rauf Coilyearis kynd. 4. nor conqueis can. X. 4. biddis. M. leidis. XIII. 2. call'd Dandely. XIV. 3. tant. M. cairt. XV. 2. delete bund. XVII. 1. As faule into purgatorie. 3. So is myselfe ye may beleif.

*121. *A very poor production against tale-bearing.*

Fals tatlars now growis up full rank.

ending

That thai to sic gif no haillie credence.

Quod Mr. Robert Henderson. H. 126.

122. *Seven lines on life, ascribed to Dunbar, but beneath notice.*

*123. *The Abbey Walk.* H. 105. Bannatyne is best.

I. 4. into. M. in all. 6. upon. M. on. 7. Off. M. In.

III. 7. richt patiently. M. with patience.

VI. 3. Cums nowdir throw tortoun nor chance.

VII. 2. wilful. M. woful. 3. warlds. M. wardlie.

5, 6, 7. Remember him that on the tre

For thi feik gustit bittir gall;

Quhilk raisis the law, and humlis the hie.

At the end Finis. Authore incerto.

*124. *A poem to the king on the vices of court, and the virtues which ought to succeed them. It is not worth copying & begins,*

This

This byndir mycht neirby the bour of nyne.

and ends

Befair that king quibilk bure the crown of thorne.

Qd Williame Stewart to the king.

*125. 'O gallands all. R. II. 197.

126. 'Still undir the levis grene. P. p. 205.

*127. 'Ane ageit man. R. I. 115. qd Mr. Waltir Kennedy.

A thing that no man wol his thankes helde.

Chaucer Wife of Bath's Prol.

128. 'Quho thinks he hes sufficiency. Dunb. P. p. 122.

*129. 'This I propone. P. p. 211.

*130. 'In secreit place. R. II. 18. Qd Dunbar.

*131. On hap at court. H. 163. MS. 311.

III. 2. clethis. M. gown. -IV. 3. fyis. M. fyis. 4. that M. thoch. VI. 2. never did. M. did not. X. 2. fellow. M. feirful. At the end Qd Stewarte: there is no name in Ban.

132. Duplicate of the piece on deming, also in p. 168. H. 62. other variations are.

IV. 2. plesand men. V. 2. that cumis me rycht. M. eftir my mycht. VII. 3. speik. M. mute. VIII. 5. Sum wald. M. Wald sumtyme. The additional stanza is also here.

*133. Tidings fra the seffion. H. 40. MS. 314.

III. 2. envy. M. anger. 3. him. M. sum. IV. 2. superexpendit. M. superspendit. 4. after *partialitie* insert *sum*. V. 3. concludit. M. continarit. VI. 4. kervis throattis—cuttis purfis. 5. fanis. M. favis. VIII. 1. he. M. het. 3. hait. M. proude.

134. Duplicate of 'I feik aboute. P. p. 124. See N^o 4.

135. Duplicate of N^o 6.

136. Duplicate of N^o 7.

*137. On tailours and foutars, Dunb. R. I. 253. and it has here this colophon 'Qd Dunbar quhane he drank to the dekynniss for amends to the bodeis of thair craftis.'

138. Duplicate of N^o 9. with this signature; 'Qd Dunbar at Oxinfurde.'

139. 'Into thir dirk. P. p. 125.

*140. Erdlie

- *140. Erdlie joy returns in pane. H. 87. MS. 319.
 I. 3. upplane. M. out plane. II. 3. return. M. re-
 vert.
 III. 3. flouring. M. flourit.
 IV. 3. Coverit with flouris laid for a traine.
 141. ' Sweit rois of vertew. P. p. 89.
 142. ' Suppois the courte. P. p. 133. Quyntene Schaw.
 143. ' *A ballad of Dunbar, but worth nothing, beg. p. 323.*
My bartis tresure and sweit assured fo.
It is all one cry to his mistrefs for mercy, and closes p. 323.
And syne fair weill my bartis ladie deir.
Qd Dunbar quhane he list to feyne.
- *144. Of Deming. H. 60. MS. 323.
 I. 4. my maneris will dispys.
 II. 3. Yon man out of his mind is he. V. 1. delete *als.*
 V. 3. Evil gydit is yon man perdie. VI. 4. reward
 M. guerdon.
- VIII. 1. How suld my gyding be devyfit.
 IX. 1, 2. Sen all is jugit bayth gude and ill,
 And no man's toung I may had still.
 IX. 5. The gracious God mote govern me.
 This stanza is after III.
 Be I liberal, gentil, and kynd,
 Tho I it tak of nobil frynd,
 Yit will thai fay, bayth he and she,
 Yon man is lyk out of his mynd.
 Lord God how fall I governe me.
- *145. Thir ladeis fair. R. I. 206.
 II. 4. delete *fae.* III. 4. are. M. is. IV. 2. into pley.
 V. 5. but suspicioun. 7. full remissioun.
 VI. 7. Sic can devyse and none supprys.
146. *A poor satire on women (who can write a good one?)*
beginning p. 325.
The beistlie lust, the furious appetys.
and ending p. 326.
Qubilk suld caus men from subtil bures dissevir.
147. *Seven pious lines by Dunbar, of no moment.*
 148. *Five pious stanzas.*

lie. VI. 1. droun. M. droupe. VII. 1. warlds. M. warldlie. VIII. 2. never. M. no.

158. *A silly jingling piece, shewing the vanity of man, who is but earth, building upon earth; priding himself in gold which is but earth, &c. It begins p. 338.*

Eyrd upon eird wonderfullie is wrocht.

and ends same page.

That eird upon eird to blys may be brocht. Qd. Marfar.

There are several pieces of same kind in MSS. of old English poetry. See Bib. Harl. 1671, &c. In the same library N^o 2253, is another of same kind, beginning,

Erthe too of erthe erthe wyth wote.

It is only one stanza; and another piece of one stanza preceding it, both are put by Mr. Wanley, in the Catalogue, as part of a French song on Sir Simon de Montfort, which they follow: but such mistakes frequently arise from the crouded manner of old MSS.

159. 'Tak a wobster. Reliques of Anc. Engl. P. II. 119.

160. 'The wårdraipper. P. p. 90.

161. 'O gracious princes. P. p. 92.

162. 'Schir John Sinclair. P. p. 94.

163. 'Lang heff I maed. P. p. 97.

164. 'Madame your men. P. p. 99.

165. *A very long and poor piece, intituled, A Ballad Consolatoire to Sir Richard Maitland of Leithingtoun, knycht. It begins p. 343.*

Tobie most trew in many trubillis tryit.

and ends p. 348.

Your gray beid fall with gladnes ga to grave.

166. *Some very bad Latin verses.*

167. 'Up hairt. P. p. 235.

168. *A pious poem of no value.*

169. 'Sair is the recent murmur. P. p. 335.

170. 'This world sa fals is. P. p. 339.

171. 'All women ar guid. P. p. 244.

172. Ane Admonitioun to my lord of Mar. P. p. 160.

173. 'To yow my lordis. P. p. 181.

174. 'Cefe haint:' a pious piece by Arbutnot.
 175. 'Our foverane lord. F. p. 34.
 176. Two epitaphs on Sir Richard Maitland. P. p.
 350, 351.

Of these 47 have been printed (but only two, Nos 49, 159, from this MS.) 5 are duplicates; and of the remaining 124, only 72 deserved publication.

SECTION II. *The Quarto Manuscript.*

The Quarto Maitland MS. consists of 138 leaves; the pages not being marked, but the folios. It is written by Miss Mary Maitland, third daughter of Sir Richard. This appears from her name being inscribed twice on the page where the title ought to have stood; once in Italian capitals *MARIE MAITLAND*, 1586; and again in Roman letter Marie Maitland, 1586; as also from a poem by her (see N^o 84.), in which the length of her toil in transcribing this MS. is mentioned. It is exquisitely written in a great variety of the finest hands, and most of it as legible as the largest print; and were in perfect order, had not the foolish bookbinder damped it in binding, so that each page has given a faint impresson on the other, which very much hurts the beauty of the MS. It is bound and ornamented like the Folio; as, indeed, are all Mr. Pepys's books and manuscripts.

The poems with this mark †, are duplicates of the same pieces in the Folio.

1. Ane sonet to the Authour [Sir R. M.] P. p. 349.
- †2. 'Sum wyfis. Folio N^o 92.
- †3. 'Of Liddisdaill. Fol. N^o 93.
- †4. F. N^o 16—†5. N^o 22—†6. N^o 17—†7. N^o 19.
8. 'In this new yeir. P. p. 293.
- †9. N^o 20—†10. N^o 18—†11. N^o 15—†12. N^o 23.
- †13. N^o 32—†14. N^o 25.
15. *On Good Friday, not worth notice.*
- †6. *A pious poem on trouble and patience.*

†17. N^o 94—†18. N^o 95—†19. N^o 107—†20. N^o 108—
 †21. N^o 109—†22. N^o 110.—†23. N^o 111—†24. N^o 96—
 †25. N^o 27—†26. N^o 18—†27. Pious lines by Sir R.
 M. formerly omitted.—†28. Others—†29. Yet others—†30.
 Others—†31. N^o 29—†32. Pious lines.

33. *Some dull stanzas on the civil war.*

Hitherto all are of Sir Richard Maitland.

34. 'Quha dewlie wald decerne. P. p. 148.

35. 'He that luifis. P. p. 148.

†36. 'Cefe hairt. Qd Arbuthnot. N^o 174.

37. 'Sen that eyne. P. p. 214.

38. *A long and very insipid amatory poem to a lady, without sense, spirit, or poetry. If it inclined the poet's mistress to pity, it must have been pity to his poetry. It begins f. 5. v. 53.*

Sen Fortoun hes now renderit me subject.

and ends f. 55.

I me commend unto your nobil grace.

39. *A long piece, intituled, 'Ane Ballad to be sung with the tuine of Luifer come to luifeiris dore.'*

Some of the stanzas are decent.

It semes to me, quhen ye resort
 Amang thir ladyis schein,
 Ye have the countenance and port
 Of Diana the quein,
 Quhen with the nymphis scho dois sport,
 Amang the leifis grein.
 Have pitie I yow pray.

It semes to me, quhan ye repair
 Amang thir ladyis quhyte,
 Ye ar as in ane gardein fair
 Ane lillie of delyte;
 Ane roise maist plesand and preclair;
 Ane janet-flour perfyte.
 Have pitie I yow pray.

* * *

Your goldin hair, lyk Phœbus schein
 Quhaire'er ye go dois glance.
 Your gudlie face, your colour clein,
 Your cumlie countenance,
 Your plesand-twincling cristall ein
 Dois cast me in ane trance.
 Have pitie I yow pray.

Your smyland seimlie mouth is suet
 Lyk rosis redolent;
 With vermel lips of balme repleit;
 Your tong most eloquent.
 Your teith lyk yvore baine poleit,
 Or perle of orient.
 Have pitie I yow pray.

†40. N° 30—†41. N° 31—†42. N° 88—†43. N° 172.

44. *A piece of no value, by Arbuthnot, beginning*

Gif it be trew that storeis dois rehers.

†45. N° 165.

46. 'Up hairt. P. p. 235. Fol. MS. N° 167.

47. 'Declair ye bankis of Helicon. - P. p. 237.

41. *A song of friendship from one lady to another of sufficient insipidity, beginning f. v. 78.*

As Phœbus in his spheris hicht,

and ending f. v. 79.

In perfyte amitie for ever.

49. *A pious piece upon the want of proper administration of justice in Scotland. It begins f. 80.*

Lord God how lang will this law last.

and ends f. 81. 'Quhatever thay be.

†50. N° 169.—†51. N° 170.—†52. Piety. †53. More.

†54. N° 103—55. Piety. 56. Yet more.—†57. N° 96—

†58. N° 175.

59. 'Quho list to mark. P. p. 219.

60. 'Yow that do wryte. P. p. 223.

61. 'Quhat faithful hairt. P. p. 228.

62. 'Ye hevins abone. P. p. 168.

63. 'Luifars leif. P. p. 165.

64. 'With ficing. P. p. 245.

65. 'Is thaire on erthe. P. p. 171.

66. Sonet by James VI. P. p. 177.

67. 'Virgil his village. P. p. 253.

68. 'Intill ane morning. P. p. 260. † 69. N° 173.

70. 'My ladyis pulchritud. P. p. 263.

71. 'Gif faithfulness. P. p. 265.

72. *Ane prayer of no merit.*

73. *In prais of ane gentilwoman*: very poor.
It begins f. v. 118. 'To praise that perfyte is,' and ends
f. 119. 'Quhat farther wald I have.'

74. *Of ane unthankfull freind*. Very dull. It begins
f. 119. 'Unto a freind I proffer'd once good will,' and
ends f. v. 119. 'I vow, I sweir, in hairt that it fall rest.'

75. *To his freind*, beginning f. v. 119.

O michtie Jove that rewlis all.

Ending f. v. 120.

For all of richt I sould enduir.

76. *In prais of ane gilt bybill*. 8 lines.

77. *Ane freindlye letter to his freind*: not worth transcrip-
tion: it begins f. v. 120.

The piteous plaint of heavie hairt.

Ends f. v. 121. 'Bot to have chosin richt.

78. *To ane angrie freinde*. Begins f. 122.

The lyon for hir tendir whelpes dois roir.

Ends same page,

Sall end the lyfe or ellis againe restoir.

79. *To his freind*. Begins f. 122.

The beaten barke with boistrous blastis,

Ends f. 123. 'I cair it not a pryne.

80. *Ane prayer*. f. 123.

81. *To ane unthankful freind*. Dull. Begins f. 124.

Ane new fairweill ane straunge gudnicht.

Ends f. 125. 'Than think his lance wes deirlic bought.
It is in fact to a faithless mistress.

Nor of reproche na aw.

is the last line of a kind of *envoy* annex to it.

82. *In prais of ane buik send to his freind*.

Begins f. v. 125.

This buik who taikis in hand to reid.

Ends same page. 'But sentence to attein.'

83. *To yourself*. [Miss Maitland] P. p. 267.

84. *A prayer to Diana, that the writer may end this wor-
thelie.* By Miss Maitland, no doubt that she might end this
MS. well.

85. *A maxim or two in couplets.*

86. The reids in the loch. P. p. 270.

87. 'As absence. P. p. 268.

†88 and †89. Epitaphs on Sir R. M. Folio MS. N^o 176.

90. Third epitaph on the same. P. p. 352.

91. A luid. P. p. 353.

92, 93, 94, 95. The four visions in praise of Lord
Thirlstane. P. p. 354.

96. *A poem in octave stanzas, on the death of Sir Richard
Maitland and his lady, not worth transcription.*

Of these 96 pieces, 42 are in the Folio: and of the 54
remaining, 28 only were worth publishing.

ARTICLE II.

*A list of the Poems, in the Bannatyne MS. presented by John
third Earl of Hyndford, to the Advocates Library at Edin-
burgh, in 1772.*

The first draft of this list being furnished by a friend not
versed in such matters, it appears that a few pieces have
been omitted, owing to their coherence to preceding ones;
as, indeed, in all old MSS. the whole must be read, in fe-
veral instances, before one can say where a new piece be-
gins. These omissions can only be where the [breaks] are;
and it is hoped the reader will pardon them, as they are by
no means numerous.

The poems in Roman character are in print, those in
Italic are not. Pieces marked * are also in the Maitland
Folio: those marked † are English.

*This MS. has also been disarranged, as the Reader will find
afterwards; but the following is it's present order.*

1. *Quen goldin Phebus movit fra the ram.*

H h 4 Qd Ballentyne. p. 1.
2. Con-

2. *Conception of Chryst.* p. 6.
3. *Birth of Chryst.* p. 7.
4. *Paraphrase of Psalm I.* p. 8.
- *5. *To thee O merciful Saviour Jesus.* p. 9.
6. *I synnit in dis-saving thoughts I lye.* qd Dunbar, p. 11.
7. *O most hich and eternal king.* p. 12.
8. *O Chryste qui lux es et dies.* p. 13.
9. *O bicht of hicht and licht of licht most cleir.* p. 14.
10. *Eternal king that sits in bewin so bie.* p. 15.
11. *Spair me, gud lord, and mak me clene.* p. 15.
12. *Cum Haly spreit most superne.* p. 16.
13. *The sones of men be mirry and glaid.* p. 17.
14. *Ye that contreit be and confest.* p. 18.
15. *Chryst crounit king and conqueror.* p. 18.
16. *O eterne God of power infnyt.* p. 20.
17. *The song of the virgin Mary, callit Magnificat anima mea Deum.* p. 22.
18. *Furth throw ane forest as I fund.* p. 25.
- *19. *O creatures great.* Qd Lidgate monk of Berry. 27.
- †20. *Quhylome in Greece that nobil regioun.* Qd Chau-
cer. p. 29.
- *21. *Allone as I went up and doune.* H. 105.
Qd Mr. Robert Henryfoun. p. 30.
22. *O mortal man behald tak tent to me.* Same, p. 31.
- H. 134.
23. *Job was maist richteous in writ we find.* p. 33.
24. *Doun by a rever as I reid.* p. 34.
25. *Considder man all is bot vanitie.* p. 36.
26. *Letters of gold written I fand.* Qd W. Broun.
p. 37.
27. *At matyne hour in myddis of the nycht.* Kennedy.
p. 40. H. 189.
28. *Walkin alone amanges thir levis grene.* p. 41.
29. *Quhen fair Flora the goddes of the flouris.* p. 44.
- H. 131.
- *30. *Of everye asking follows nocht.* p. 45. H. 46.
31. *Devorit with dreim, devising in my slumber.* Dun-
bar. p. 47. H. 42.
32. *Peccavi Pater. Miserere mei.* R. Montgomery. 49.
33. *Lyk as the ** with care ouircome.* 52. R. Mont-
gomery.

*34. 'In

- *34. ' In vice most vicious he excells. Dunbar. p. 53.
R. II. 209.
35. ' Thay quho to conqueir all the erthe presume.
quod Wil^m. Alexander of Menstrie. 54. (His works)
36. The song of the Redquare, fought 7 July, 1576.
P. 55. R. II. 224.
37. ' *Ye reverend redars thir workis revolving richt.* p. 59.
P. 61. *A repetition of N^o 1.*
38. ' *Quhen silver Diane full of bemis bricht.* [Virtue
and Vice, Pref. to Boyce.]
Quod Maister John Ballenden, p. 67.
39. The Prolog of the X buke of Virgil, be Gawin
Douglas, 77.
40. ' God be his word his work began. p. 83.
Qd Sir Rich. Maitland of Lethingtoun, knt. R. I. 161.
41. ' *Of all gude creatures of God's creating* p. 89.
42. ' *To thee O merciful Saviour Jesus.* Dunbar. p. 94.
(N^o 5.)
43. ' *O most heich, and eternal king.* Qd Norvall. 99.
(N^o 7.)
44. ' *Christe qui lux es et dies.* 101. (N^o 8.)
[Here seems a defect in the pages.]
45. ' *Now glaideth every lyfis creature.* 113.
46. ' *Rorate, cœli desuper.* Dunbar. 113. H. 83.
47. ' *Jerusalem * * for joy.* 114.
48. ' *Hail Goddis sone of mychtis maist.* 115.
49. ' *O ye that are bocht with Chryss's blude.* 117.
50. ' *Omnipotent fader, sone, and haly gaist.* 120.
51. ' *The sterne is risin of our redemptioun.* 120.
52. ' *My woful hairt me ffoundis throw the vanis.* 121.
53. ' *Compassion * * and mighty founder.* 126.
54. ' *Thow that hes beine obedient.* 127.
55. ' *Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.* 128.
56. ' *Done is a battle on the dragoun black.* Dunbar.
129. H. 85.
57. ' *O man, remember, and preint into thy thocht.* Stuart.
130.
58. ' *To the potent blisful trinitie.* 133.
' *Quhen be divine deliberation.* dupl. 138.
59. ' *O lord my God on quhome I do depend.* 141.

60. Prolog of buke IX of Virgil, in commendation of
Virtue, p. 149, by Gawin Douglas.
61. 'Memento homo quod cinis es.' Dunbar, p. 153.
H. 94.
62. 'O mortal man remember nycht and day. 155. qd
Lichtoun.
63. 'Of lentrone in the first morning. Dunb. 156. H. 87.
[Another break in the pages.]
64. 'Withia ane garth under a reid roseir. Henderson,
173. H. 107
65. 'O sinful man into this mortal sie. Pat. Johnston.
174. H. 139
66. 'Son thro vertew * * dignitie. 178.
- *67. 'Ane morlandis man of uplandis mak. Dunb. 179.
H. 40.
- *68. 'To speik of gifts or almouise deids. Dunb. 184.
H. 48.
- *69. 'After geving I speik of taking. Dunb. 186. H. 51.
- *70. 'Musing allane this hinder nicht. Dunb. 188. H. 62.
71. 'Sons hes bene ay exilit out of sicht. 189. H. 142.
- *72. 'Fredome, honour, and nobilnes. 190. H. 168.
73. 'My mynd quhilk I compassand cast. 191. H. 161.
- *74. 'How sould I rewl me or quhat wyis. Dunb. 192.
H. 60.
75. 'Foure * * what may an evil token. 194.
76. 'Beware quhom to thy counsaile thouw disclos. Dunb.
198.
77. 'Man of maist fragilitie. 200.
78. 'In bitternefs of saul call unto mynde 202.
79. 'Moving in mynd of money * * thing 203.
80. 'Four things are general of the wind. 206.
81. 'For helthe of body * * weil thy beid. 207.
82. Documenta. (Pious) 209.
83. 'O wratchit man full of iniquitie. 214.
84. 'Me mervellis of this grit confusioun. 217.
85. 'The lordis has chosene a chiftane marvellus. 218.
- *86. 'Thingis in kynd desyris thingis lyke. 219.
87. 'All righteous thing the quhilk dois now proceed. 220.
88. 'Oftymes is better bald nor lene. 221.
89. 'This warld is all bot fenyeit fair. 222. H. 184.
90. 'I saw ane robe riche quhat bew. 224.

- *116. ' In secreit place this hynder nicht. Clerk, 268.
R. II. 18.
- *117. ' Devine power of michtis maist. Rowl. 270.
118. ' *Quhy sould not Allane honorit be.* 275. qd Allan Wat-
son.
- *119. ' I that in heill wes and glaidnes. Dunbar, 277.
H. 74.
- *120. ' Of februarye the fyftene nycht. Dunb. 279. H. 27.
- *121. ' Betwix twell houris and ellevin. Dunb. 284. R.
I. 253.
122. ' I mak it kend he that will spend. J. Blythe, 285.
H. 182.
123. ' Sanct Salvator send silver sorrow. Dunb. 286.
H. 68.
124. ' * * lords I fall you tell. 287. H. 110.
- *125. ' How Dunbar was desired to be a freir. 289. H. 25.
- *126. ' This hindir nycht in Dunfermling. Dunb. 291.
R. I. 200
- *127. ' As yung Aurora with cristal haile. Dunb. 293.
H. 19.
128. ' Hiry, hary, hubbilschow. 296. H. 173.
129. ' In Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man. Mofat.
300.
130. ' *The richt remeid of love.* Al. Scott. 303.
131. ' A ballat on Margaret Fleming. Sempil. 305. R.
I. 67.
132. ' The defence of Sandilands. 307. Sempil. R.
I. 71.
133. ' Of collours clein quha lykes to weir. Sempil, 310.
R. I. 176.
134. ' *Be chance but every this * * day.* 313.
- *135. ' Ye lusty ladyis luke. Scot. 316.
136. ' The grit debait and turnament. Scot. 319. R. II.
175.
- *137. ' Thus I prepone in my carping 322. P.
- *138. ' This nycht in sleip I was agast. Dunb. 325. H. 31.
- *139. ' Lucina schyuing in silence of the nicht. Dunb.
326. H. 23.
140. ' *All to lufe and not to feinye.* 328.
- *141. ' *Mony may mak ryme and luke to no reffoun* 329.
142. ' *My guddaime was ane gay wife bot seche was rycht*
geud. 331.
- *143.

A P P E N D I X. 477

- *143. ' Man for thy life is ay in weir. Dunb. 332. *H.* 36.
 144. ' *In Tiberius tyme the trow imperour.* 333.
 145. ' * * *airlie on ash-wednesday.* 334. Dunb.
 146. ' Robeyn's Jok came to wow our Jenny. 334. *H.*
 158.
 *147. ' O gallandis all I cry and call. Balnavis, 336. *R.*
 II. 197.
 148. Flyting betwix the foutar and tailyour. 339. *R.*
 I. 115.
 149. *My practyses of medecyne.* Ro. Henderfon, 343.
 150. ' * * *of Lyntoun be the ramis horn.* 345.
 151. ' *I met my lady weil arrayit.* 346.
 152. ' *I saw me that this hindir nycht.* 347.

What was the original arrangement of the MS. I cannot explain, not having seen it; but the following pieces begin after the above, and at page 146 of the old marking of the pages.

153. ' *Thair is no story that I of heir.* 146.
 154. ' *It that I gif I haif; It that I len I craif,* 147. *R.*
 I. 107.
 *155. *The flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.* 147. *R.*
 II. 47.
 *156. ' *I maister Andro Kennedie* 154. *H.* 35.
 157. ' *I yeid the gait was never gane.* Scott. 155.
 158. ' *The nyne * * of knavis.* 157.
 †159. *Epygrames of Mr. Haywood.* 159. (*Works*)
 160. ' *Be mirry brethrene ane and all.* Kennedie. 160.
 H. 178.
 †161. ' *A big brucht man, &c.* Haywood, 161. (*Works*)
 162. ' *It is my purpos to descryve.* Lindfay, 162. *H.*
 170.
 163. ' *God and St. Peter was gangand be the way.* 162.
Quod Montgomrie.
 164. ' *Richt famous pepil ye sall understand.* 164.
Quod Sir David Lindfay.
 165. ' *The fader, founder of faith and felicitie.* Same, 165.
Another break in the MS.
 166. ' *O holy hand fetterit in sanctitye* 221.

[LUVE SANGS to N^o 223, being LVI.]

167. ' *Be ye an luvver think ye not ye fuld.* 212.
 168. ' *Love preyses bot comparison.* Scott, 213. *H.* 192.
 169. ' *O wald my gude lady lufe me best.* Henrison, 214.
 170. ' *Was not gud king Solomon.* 214.
 171. ' *For to declair the hie magnificence.* Steuart, 215.
 R. I. 237.
 172. ' *My bart is lost only for lufe of one.* 217.
 173. ' *Quhan I think on my lady deir.* 217.
 174. ' *The bewty of hir amorous ene.* 217.
 175. ' *Quhen Flora had ourfret the fryth.* 218. *H.* 191.
 176. ' *To yow that is the harbour of my haint.* 218.
 177. ' *Maist * * roseir gracious and resplendent.* Stuart,
 219.
 178. ' *Fresche fraerant flour of bewty soverane* 219.
 179. ' *O maistres myn till yow I * ** 220.
 180. ' *Into my haint emprentit was so far.* 220.
 181. ' *Of every joy most joyful joy it is.* 221.
 182. ' *Now in this mirthful time of May.* 221.
 183. ' *My haint is thrall begane me fre.* 221.
 184. ' *My commendatiouns with humilitie.* 223.
 185. ' *My sorouful pane and wo for to complene* 224.
 186. ' *O Cupid king quhame to fall I complene* 224.
 187. ' *Fairweil my haint; fairweil bayth freynd and fo* 225.
 188. ' *Allace * * grund of wo.* 225.
 189. ' *In May on a morning I movit me on* 225.
 190. ' *My woful ward complene I may richt soir.* 227.
 191. ' *Flour of all fairheids gif I fall * ** 227.
 192. ' *O maistres myld haif mynd on me* 227.
 193. ' *Haif haint in haintye haint of haintis baile.* 228.
 194. ' *Weil my ladye that I luif.* 230.
 195. ' *Gif no lufe is, O God, what will I do.* Chaucer, 230.
 196. ' *As Phebus bricht in spheir meridiene.* Bannatyne,
 230.
 197. ' *Lait lait on sleip as I was laid.* Same, 232.
 198. ' *My treuth is plicht unto my lufe benyng.* Selby, 232.
 199. ' *Lanterne of lufe and lady fair of bew.* Steil, 235.
 200. ' *Hence haint with hir that * ** Scott, 235.
 201. ' *Considder haint my trew interest suppois I am not*
eloquent. 235.
 202. ' *Quha is perfyte to put in writ.* Scott, 236.
 203. ' *Absent*

203. ' *Absent I am richt soir againes my will.* Steil, 237.
 204. ' *Only to yow in erd that I lufe best.* Scott, 237.
 205. ' *My dullit cors dois hairtlie recommend.* 238.
 206. ' *O lusty of yowib bening and bricht.* 238.
 207. ' *My hairt reposes and the rest.* 239.
 208. ' *Bricht as the glafs.* Scott, 239.
 209. ' *I marvel at ther vane fantasik men.* 239.
 210. ' *Up golfing hairt thy rakis rais and loup.* Scott, 242.
 211. ' *Qubair luve is kind it comfort bes.* 243.
 212. ' *Gif langour makis men licht.* Stewart, 244. H.
 220.
 213. ' *How suld my body * * the double dolour I endure.*
 Scott, 244.
 214. ' *That ever I luvit alace thairfore.* Scott, 246.
 215. ' *So fremit is my fortoun and my weil.* 246.
 216. ' *Oppressit hairt undone in dolor and distrefs.* Scott,
 246.
 217. ' *Leif luve, and let me leif allone.* Scott, 247.
 218. ' *Tho I in grit distrefs suld be into despair.* Scott, 247.
 219. ' *Qubart art thow safe for till allow.* 248.
 220. ' *Lamenting soir.* 248.
 221. ' *Into the nycht.* 249.
 222. ' *The more I luve and serf at all my mycht.* 249.
 Ballads entiteld REMEDIS OF LUYE TO N^o 242,
 being XIX.
 223. ' *So pray to me as ye think cause quby.* 250.
 224. ' *I am as I am and so will I be.* 250.
 225. ' *Langour to luve, alace.* Scott, 251.
 226. ' *Favour is sawt in luvis law.* Scott, 251.
 227. ' *Thir letrune dayis ar luvely lang.* Stewart, 252.
 228. ' *Returne the hamewart hairt agane.* Scott, 252.
 H. 204.
 229. ' *Quben ye wer plesit to pleis me hartfully.* 253.
 Quod Montgomery.
 230. ' *I muse and mervellis in my mynd.* Scott, 254.
 H. 207.
 231. ' *Faine wald I luve but qubair abowt.* Clerk, 255.
 232. ' *In June the month of joy and game* Scott, 255.
 233. ' *Thair is not ane wenche that I see.* 256.
 234. ' *To luve unluft it is ane paine.* Scott, 256. H.
 206.
 235. ' *My*

235. ' *My hart is guyt and no delyte
' I haif of ladeis fair.* 257.
 236. ' *In all this world as man may wit.* 257.
 †237. Epegramis agains women. Quod Chaucer, 258.
 238. ' Brethrene be wyis I reid yow weil. John Moffat,
 260. H. 187.
 239. ' *My luvve was fals and full of flattery.* Wedderburn,
 260.
 *240. ' *Thir ladyis fair that makis repair.* Dunbar, 261.
 R. I. 206.
 *241. ' *The use of court richt weil I knaw.* 262. R. I.
 209.

BALLADS AGAINS EVIL WOMEN, to N^o 270,
 being XXVIII.

- *242. ' *The beistly luvve, the furious appetyt.* 262.
 †243. ' * * * proves and eik humilitie. Chaucer, 263.
 †244. ' *O wicket women wilfull and variable.* Chauceir,
 263.
 245. ' *Thankit be God and his appoffals twelf.* 264.
 246. ' *Lord God my hairt is in distrefs.* 264.
 247. ' *Luvve that is bet can no skill.* Stewart, 265.
 248. ' *Quhen that the women has dominationn.* 266.
 249. ' *Quhen Phæbus into the west ryis at morrow.* 267.
 *250. ' *Ane augit man twyce fourty yeirs.* 268. R. I.
 115.
 251. ' *Allace so sobir is the nicht* 269.
 †252. ' *Cupeid unto quhois commandement.* Chaufeir,
 269.
 [Another break.]
 †253. ' *All they that list of women evil to speik.* Chaucer,
 275.
 254. ' *Ladeis bewar that plesand ar.* Scot. 277.
 255. ' *For to declair the hie magnificens.* Stewart, 277.
 R. I. 237.
 256. ' *Thir billis are * * in special.* 278.
 257. ' *Now of avomen this I say for me.* Dunbar, 279.
 258. ' *I think thir men ar very fals and vane.* 279.
 Quod Wedderburn.

259. ' *Fra*

259. ' *Fra raige of youth.* 280.
 260. ' *Quba wald behald of luve the chance.* Dunbar,
 281.
 261. ' *Leif luve my luve no langar thow it like.* 281.
 †262. ' *Quhat meneth this, quhat is this winder.* Chaucer,
 281.
 263. ' *In May as that Aurora did upspring.* Dunbar,
 283. *H.* 89.
 264. ' *Norw * * aige qubair yowth has bene.* Dunbar,
 285.
 265. ' *Quba lykis to luve or that * * pruve* Scott, 286.
 266. ' *Lo quhat it is to luve.* Scott, 286. *H.* 211.
 267. ' *Pausing of luve qubat lyf it leide.* Scot, 287.
 268. ' *O man transformit and unnatural.* Wedderburn,
 288.
 269. ' *Ye blindit luvaris luke.* Scott, 289.
 270. Prolog of Virgil, Buke IV. by Douglas, 291.

Follow FABLES OF ESOP AND OTHERS. [by Henryson.]

271. *Prolog. The bie prudence, &c.*
 272. *The boulate* 302.
 273. *The fox and cok.* 311.
 274. *The fox and wolf.* 313.
 275. *The fox tried before the lyon.* 314.
 276. *Orpheus and Euridice.* 318.
 277. *The bludy serk.* 325.
 278. *The cock and jewel.* 327.
 279. *The mouse and paddock.* 329.
 280. *The twa myce.* 332. *R. I.* 144.
 281. *The dog, scheip, and wolf.* 334. *H.* 109.
 282. *The wolf and the lamb.* 337. *H.* 116.
 283. *The lyon and mouse.* 339. *R. I.* 185. [Number
 XII.]
 284. *THE THISTLE AND ROSE.* Dunbar, 343.
 *285. *THE GOLDIN TERGE.* Dunbar, 345.
 *286. *THE FREIRS OF BERWIK.* 349.

' As it befell and happint into deid.

Perhaps imperfect, as consisting only of six pages, whereas it fills sixteen of the Maitland folio; but even the fragment deserved publication, better than the godly or dull stuff published from this manuscript.

287. 'Go sweit lynet I will not take yow. 355.

288. 'Amangs the monsters that we find. 355.

289. 'Slumbring as I lay within my bed. 357.

290. 'Zuben * * most radoutit and bie.

[Another break.]

291. 'Robene sat on gude grene hill. Henryson, 365.
H. 98.

292. 'Thow martial buke pas to the nobil prince.

John Kennedy, page 367.

But in fact the pages of the whole amount to about 550.

Of these poems Lord Hailes has published, in an accurate and proper manner, 75; and in Ramsay's Evergreen are given 33 others, tho with no accuracy. The whole pieces yet printed from this MS. amount only to 108; and, if I am not much mistaken, about 50 more might yet bear publication, as at least superior in merit to one half of those already in print. Ramsay tells us, he intended two other volumes; and if Lord Hailes would give us a Second Volume to his Ancient Scottish Poems from this MS. Edin. 1770, he might republish from the MS. such pieces in the Evergreen as deserve it, and were omitted in his volume; and at same time give about 50 new poems, which, together, would compose a volume equal in size to his former.

There are 12 English poems, only altered to the Scottish orthography. I doubt if any one of these, ascribed to Chaucer, be in the common editions of his works; but he was lord of the manor of poetry for a long time, and all stray-cattle went to him. Those given to Lidgate, Haywood, and Wither, are known. Pieces, common to this and the Maitland folio, amount to 55: to identify this number, the reader must look at the account of the Maitland folio, for this list has omissions. There are no poems common to this MS. and the Maitland quarto.

The Fables of Henryson differ from the MS. of them in the Harleian Library. That MS. wants *The boulate; Orpheus and Euridice; the biudy serk.* And the Bannatyne MS. wants *The preiching of the swallow; the wolf, fox, and cadgear; the fox that begylit the wolf; the wolf and the wedder.*

 A R T I C L E III.

Restoration of some passages in the LIFE OF WALLACE.

See List of Scottish Poets.

IN two places the Author has disfigured his book sadly, by giving large stanzas instead of couplets, in which the rest is composed. There is doubt, however, if the work was not originally entirely in couplets, but altered by the whim of some riming transcriber, who was fond of stanzas; for it is certain, that the two parts in stanzas are much inferior to the others, and great blemishes in the poem. I have taken the trouble to make the following alterations of these passages, which I should wish to see adopted in any future edition. The whole lines, save one or two, are in the original, but some lines are transposed; some rimes altered; and some lines and sleepy stanzas quite thrown out. The spelling of the edition, 1576, 4to. is retained, and these passages will also serve as a specimen of that excellent edition.

B O O K E III.

Barrellit herring and watter thai him gaif,
 Quhair he wes set into that ugly caif:
 Sic fud for him was febill to commend.
 Than said he thus, ' O God me now defend !
 ' Our few Southersoun unto the deith I drew ;
 ' And that I rew indeed and verry trew.
 ' O waryit sword, of temper never traitt,
 ' Thy fruschand blaid in presoun sone me caist !

I i 2

' And

‘ And Inglifmen our lytel harmis hes tane,
 ‘ My gude father and brother that haif flane.
 ‘ All worthy Scottis almichty God yow leid!
 ‘ Sen I no moir in worfchip may yow speid.
 ‘ Adew Wallace, umquhyle was fark and flure!
 ‘ Thow man on neid in prefoun now indure.
 ‘ Thy worthy kyn thé may nevir behold:
 ‘ Thy mother, quho thé thocht worthiar than gold,
 ‘ That evir fcho bure thé is in furious pane.
 ‘ Ladyis, myld and mure, weipis and maks mane.’

What fuld I mair of Wallace’ torment tell?
 The painis he tuik into that prefoun fell,
 Had fae him moild, he was in deidly foun,
 When chargit wes the javellour to gang doun,
 And to judgment bring him, to thoil the law.
 Said the javellour, ‘ He hes payit that he aw.’
 Quhen thay prefumit he fuld be verray deid,
 Thay gart fervandis-ouir the wall, but pleid,
 In a draff midding his deid body caif.
 But his nurice auld, that to him paft
 (His firft nurice of the new toun of Air)
 Scho purcheit leif away with him to fair.
 Into greit ire thay grantit hir to go.
 Scho tuik him up, withouttin wordis mo,
 And in ane cart unlyklic thay him threw,
 Atour the watter thay than him drew
 To hir awin houfe, withouttin ony let.
 Scho warmit watter, and all hir fervandis fet
 To wefche his body quill all filth was gane.
 To fee him yit have lyf thay war wounder fane.
 His hart wes wicht, and flikkerit to and fro;
 And his tua ene at laft he keft up alfo.
 His foster mother him luifit ouir the laif,
 Gat mylk to warme, his lyf gif fcho nicht faif:
 With all hir cuir grit kyndoes couth him kyth;
 And in this wyfe comfortit him full fwyth:
 Hir dochtir had ane knaif of twelf oulkis auld,
 Hir pap to Wallace’ mouth fcho gart hir hauld;
 The womanis mylk comfortit him full fone,
 Syne in ane bed thay brocht him to ly doun;
 In thair chalmer they keipit him that tyde,
 Scho gart graith up ane buird in the hous fyde,
 With tapeftrie claitis, honourit with grit flicht a
 In prefence ay fcho weipit under ficht;

And

And gart the voce, baith far and wyde, be spred
Ouir all the land, that Wallace wicht wes ded.

Thomas Rymour withoutin fail was than
With the minister quhilk was ane worthy man;
He usit oft to that religious place,
The pepill demit of mekill wit he was.
Thair man that day had in the mercat bene,
Of Wallace knew this cairfull cace sa kene.
His maister speirit what tythings that he hard?
The man answerit that, in priffoun bar'd,
Wallace was deid, as he the treuth weill knew,
Seand his corce quhan ouir the wall thay threw.
The maister said, with hart hevy as leid,
'Wa wourth us all, if wicht Wallace be deid;'
Thomas answerit, 'Thir tythings ar nocht meit:
'And thay be suith I neir mair breid fall eit.'
Ane woman syne of the new town of Air
Came to the Minister, fra he wes thair,
And tauld that Wallace in his nurice house
Lay deid, &c.

Throw out the insipid stanza end of same chapter,
All worthy men that hes gude wit to wail, &c.

BOOK VI.

Whan passit was the octavis of Februar,
And part of Marche the last moneth of Ver*,
The sign of Somer, with his sueit sesoun,
Be that Wallace fra Dundaf maid him boun.
His leif he tuik, and to Kilbank can fair;
Than Saxonis kend that Wallace levand wair.
Into Apryle, quhen cleithit is, but wene,
The woddis in thair worthie wedis of grene;
Quhen Nympheus is decoring his bour
With flouris bricht fulfillit of sweit odour:

* *Ver* is here Islandic, not Latin, for *Spring*. See JONÆ
GRAM. *Ifl.*

Canetts*, are in trace as thay war went to gang
 To glaid the huntaris with thair mery fang.
 In this fame tyme to him approchit new
 Luif's pane, I spak of eir; quhilk to persew,
 To Lanerk toun but hindrance can he fare;
 And a gude quhyle Wallace remanit thair
 In hir presence, of quham I spak befoir,
 Tho Inglisemen war grevit with him foir.
 The fyre of luif him reulit at sic wyse
 He wald nocht think of danger for to ryse:
 He lykit weill with that gudely to be;
 But quhyllis he wald out of hir presence fle.
 'Quhat is lufe, he said, bot greit mischance?
 'I will nocht change my worschip for plesance,
 'In weir I think my time to occupy,
 'Yet hir to lufe I will nocht let forthy.
 'Mair syne I fall desyre my worschip to reserf,
 'In feir of weir, quhadder I leif or sterf.'
 Quhat suld I say? Wallace was planely fet
 To lufe hir best, thinkand his will to get:
 And so befell be concord, on ane tyde,
 That band was maid with graith witnes besyde;
 And thus began the flynting of his stryfe;
 Myne authour sayis scho was his weddit wyfe.
 Now leif in peax; now leif in gude concord;
 For scho bechance hes baith hir luif and lord.
 He thankis Luif, that did him sa avance
 In merines, and play, and hail plesance:
 Sen he, at will, may lap her in his armis;
 And leve a quhyle war's jeopardous harmis.
 Scho thankit God of hir bauld paramour;
 For in his tyme he was of knichts the flour.
 Fortoun him schawd hir figurit donbil face;
 In presoun now him fet, and now in grace;

* Dogs. 'And take *kenettes* and ratches with you, and serche
 out all the forrestes with houndes and hornes, as kyng Edwarde
 with the Lang-shanks did.' Hardyng's Chronicle, in advice to
 Edward IV. how to invade Scotland. MS. Harl. 661. A curious
 map and itinerary of Scotland are given us by this author.

Whan this was said, this wedow fra her suoune
 Start up on fute; and on her *kennettis* cryde
How, Back, Bewie, Barwie broun, &c.

Bot quhen he saw the *kennets* cum on raw.

Henryson's Fables,

Ib.

Now

Now at uneis, now at unrest, and rufe:
 Now weil; at will weildand his plesand lufe.
 The verray treuth I can nocht graithly tell
 How lang thay levit sa, ere it befell
 Ane chylde was chevit thir twa luifaris betweene,
 Quhilk was ane gudlie madin, bricht and schene.
 Sa farther furth, become tyme of hir age,
 Ane Squyar Schaw gat hir in maryage.
 This uther maid weddit ane squyar wicht
 Of Bahols' blude; quha's airs succedit richt
 To Lamintoun, and uther landis gude:
 But hereof now my sentence I conclude.
 Richt gudely men come of this lady ying.
 Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring:
 He micht nocht ceis, grit curage sa him bair,
 Sutheroun to slay: for dreid he wald nocht spair.
 And thay oft fyfe feill causes to him wrocht,
 That nevir in world out of his mynd was brocht.
 Heirot as now farther I speik na mair;
 Bot to my purpois schortly will I fair.
 Twelf hundreth yeir, thairto nyntie and sevin,
 Fra Christ, &c.

BOKE IX.

A line is omitted in the beginning of Wallace's letter to the French king:

O royall roy and richteous crounit king,
 [Quhom God grant lang in hapines to ring.]

A silly stanza, by way of *Finis*, to the XIIth and last book, ought also to be omitted.

ARTICLE IV.

A long ballad against the Scottish; written upon the execution of Sir Simon Fraser, 1306. From a manuscript of that time; Harl. Lib. 2253. f. v. 59.

1. LYSTNETH, lordyngs; a new song ichulle bigynne
Of the traytours of Scotlond, that take beth wyth gynne;
Mon that loveth falsueffe, and nule never blyme. (1)
Sore may him drede the lyf that he is ynne
Ich understonde.
Selde wes he glad, That nevir nes asad
Of nythe and of onde*.
2. That ysugge² by this Scottes, that bueth nou to drawe;
The hevedes o Londone brugge, whofo con ykpawe.
He wenden had buene kynges, ant feiden so in fawe:
Betere hem were han ybe barouns, ant libbe in Godes lawe
With love.
Who se hateth soth and ryht, Lutel he douteth Godes myht,
The heye kyng above.
3. To warny all the gentlemen that bueth in Scotlonde,
The WALEIS wes to drawe, fetthe he wes anhonge;
Al quic behevede; ys boweles ybrend.
The hevede to Londone brug wes send
To abyde.
After SIMOND FRYSEL yes traytour ant fykel;
Ant yaid (3) ful wyde.
4. Sire Edward oure kyng, that full ys of pieté,
The WALEIS' quarters sende to is oune contré.
On four half to honge; huere myroure to be,
Theropon to thenche (4), that mopye myhten se,
Ant drede,
Why nolden he bewar Of (5) the bataile of Donbar.
Hou evele hem con spede?

(1) cease. * Nythe and onde is used by Rob. de Brunne; nythe is malice; onde is fury; the last occurs in Chaucer. (2) I say. (3) went. (4) think. (5) that is by.

5. Bysshops, ant barouns, come to the kyng's pes,
 Afe men that weren fals, fykel, and les*.
 Othes hue (3) him sworen, in frude (4) ther he wes, ||
 To buen him holde, ant trewe for alles cuanne's res
 Thrye (5).
 That hue no shulden ayeyn him go: So hue were temed † tho;
 Weht halt hit to lye †?
6. To the kyng Edward hue fasten huere fay.
 Fals wes here foreward so forst is in May, (6)
 That sonne from the fouthward wypeth away.
 Moni proud Scot therof mene may
 To yere.
 Nes never Scotlonde, with dunt of monnes honde,
 Alling (7) abohte so duere.
7. The bisshop of Glascou, ychot he was ylaht: (8)
 The bisshop of Seint Andrey, bothe he bethe ycaht:
 The abbot of Seon with the kyng nis nout saht. (9)
 Al here purpos ycome he; to waht
 Furth ryhte.
 Hue wer unwis, When hue thohte pris
 Ayeyn huere kyng to fyhte.
8. Theurh counfail of thes bisshops, ynemned before,
 Sire ROBERT THE BAUVYS furst king wes ycore. (10)
 He mai everich day ys fon him se before;
 Yef he mowen him hente ichot he beth forlore,
Sauntz fayle.
 Sohte for te fugge (11); Duere he shal abugge
 That he bigon bataille.
9. Hue that him crownede proude wer, ant bolde;
 Hue maden kyng of some so hue ner ne sholde:
 Hue setten on ys hevede a croone of rede golde;
 And taken him a kyne yerde (12) so me kyng tholde
 To deme.
 Tho he wes fet in see Lutel gode cuthe he
 Kynrich to yeme.

* Treacherous. (3) they. (4) place. (5) for all kin's race
three? for all their kin to the third generation. † teme is issue
 but qu. (6) false was their promise as frost in May. (7) alto-
 gether Rob. Glouc. (8) left. (9) was not fought. (10) perhaps
yeorwen, cut out. (11) sooth for to say. (12) scepter a kingdom;
 † See st. 26.

10. *Nou kyng Habbe* in the mures yongeth ;
 For te come to toun nont him ne longeth.
 The barouns of Engelond, myhte hue him grype
 He him wolde techen on Englysh to pype
 Thourh streynthe.
 Ne be he ner so stout, Yet he beth yfoht out,
 O brede ant o leynthe (1).
11. Sire Edward of Carnarvon, Jesu him fave ant see !
 Sire Emer de Valence, gentil knyht ant free,
 Habbeth ysoure huere oht (2) that, *par la grace Des*,
 Hee wolleth ous delyvren of that false contree,
 Yef hue conne.
 Muche hath Scotlond forlore, Whet alest, whet byfore (3);
 Ant lutel pris wonne.
12. *Nou ichulle fonge* ther ich er let*,
 Ant tellen ou (4) of FRISEL, ase ich ou byhet.
 In the batayle of Kyrkenclyf Fryfel wes ytake ;
 (Ys continance abatede eny boft to make,)
 Bifide Strivelyn.
 Knyhtes, and fweynes; Fremmen, ant theynes;
 Monye with him.
13. So hue weren bifet on everie behalve :
 Somme slaye wer ; ant some dreynte hemselve.
 Sire John of Lyndfeye nolde nont abyde ;
 He wod into the water, his feren him byfyde,
 To adrenche.
 Whi nolden hue biwar, Ther nis non ayeyn star ? (4)
 Why nolden hy hem bythenche ?
14. This wes byfore Sent Bartholomeu's masse, (5)
 That Fryfel wes ytake, (wer hit more other lasse.)
 To Sire Thomas of Multon, gentil baroun, ant fre ;
 Ant to Sir Johne Jose ; bytake (7) tho wes he
 To honde.
 He wes yfetered weel, Bothe with yrn, and with steel,
 To bringin of Scotlond.

(1) far and wide. (2) oath. (3) what last, what before,
 * Now I shall take up where I left oft before. (4) you. (5) none
 can act against his star ? (6) 24 August 1306. (7) yielded.

15. Son therafter the tydyng to the kyng com.
 He him sende to London, with mony armed grom :
 He com yn at Newegate, I tell yt on a plyht ;
 A garland of leves on ys hede ydyht
 Of grene.
 For he shulde ben yknowe, Bothe of heghe ant of lowe,
 (For traytour) ylkene.
16. Yfetered were ys legges under his horfe' wombe :
 Both with yrn, and with stel, mankled wer ys honde.
 A gerland of pervenke ⁽¹⁾ fet on ys heved.
 Muche was the properer ⁽²⁾ that him wes byreved
 In londe.
 So God me amende, Lutel he wende,
 So be broht in honde.
17. Sire Herbert of Morham, feyr knyht, ant bolde,
 For the love of FRYSEL ys lyf wes yfold :
 A wajour he made (so hit wes ytold)
 Ys hevede to smhyte, yef [men] him broht in hold,
 Wat so betyde.
 Sory wes he thenne, Tho he myhte him kenne,
 Thourh the toun ryde.
18. Thenne feyd ys feyer a word anon ryht ;
 ' Sire, we beth dede ne lyf, peth hit no wyht.'
 (Thomas de Boys the fey, or wes to nome)
 ' Nou ychot one wajour turneth ous to gome,
 ' So ybate.'
 Y do ou to wyte Here heved wes of smyte
 Byfore the tour gate.
19. This wes on cure levedy ⁽³⁾ even, forsothe ych understonde,
 The Justices seten for the knyhtes of Scotlonde.
 Sire Thomas of Multon, an handy knyght, ant wys ;
 Ant Sire Rauf of Sondwych, that muckel is told in prys,
 Ant Sire John Abel.
 Mo y mihte by tale, Both of grete, and of smale,
 Ye knowen fuythe wel.
- (1) periwinkle. (2) property. (3) If nativity of the Virgin,
 8 Sept. if Conception, 8 Dec. but probably *Lady-day* eve, or 24
 March 1306-7.

20. Thenne said the Justice, that gentil is, ant fre;
 For the SIMON FRYSEL, the kyng's traytour has thou be;
 In watere, ant in lond, that manne myhten se.
 "What sayst thou thareto? How wolt thou quyit thé?
 "Do I w."
 So shul he him wiste; Néde waren truste;
 For to segge Nay (1).
21. Ther he wes ydemed so be londe's lawe:
 For that he wes lordswyk (2), furst he wes to drawe:
 Upon a retheres hude * furth he wes ytuht.
 Sumwhile in ys'tyme he wes a modi knyht
 In huerte.
 Wicketnesse ant sione, Hit ys lutel wiinne
 That maketh the body finerte.
22. For all ys gret poer yet he wes ylaht.
 Falsoes ant swykdom all hit geth to naht.
 So he wes in Scotlonde lutel wes ys soht 3
 Of the hard jugement, that him wes bysoht
 In fhoude.
 He wes somesyth forswore To the king ther bifore;
 And that him broht to grounde.
23. With feteres, ant with gynes, ichot he wes to drawe
 From the tour of London, that moni myhte knawe,
 (In a curtel (4) of burel (5), a felkethe wyse;
 Ant a garland on ys heved, of the newe guyse;)
 Thurch Cheepe.
 Moni man of Engeland, For to se SYMOND,
 Thedewarde con lepe.
24. So he cam to galewis; furste he wes anhong;
 All quic behevede; thah him thohte long.
 Sethe he wes yopened; ys boweles ybrénd.
 The heved to London brugge wes fend
 To fhoude.
 So ich ever mote thé (6), Sumwhile wehde he
 That lutel to fhoude.

(1) He knew him so foul that he must need great confidence to say Nay. It seems he boldly allowed the charge; and, if it were guilt, pleaded guilty. (2) lordly. * *hide*, but qu. (3) little did he believe; *soht* is probably *sooth*. (4) kirtle, gown. (5) *burel* is *ruffic*; here coarse country cloth: or in a peasant's gown. (6) *the* is *thrive*.

25. He (1) rideth thourh the cité, as y telle may,
 Wyth gomen, ant wyth folke, that wes hend play :
 To Londone brugge he nome (2) the way.
 Moni wes the wyve's chil that theron laketh a day ;
 Ant feid, ' Alas !
 ' That he wes ibore, Ant so viliche sorlore ;
 ' So feir man afe hé was !'
26. Nou stont the heved above the tubrugge,
 Faste bi WALEIS', soth for to fugge.
 After focour of Scotlond long he mowe pryce,
 Ant efter help of Fraunce. Wet haht hit to lye? (3)
 Ich wene,
 Beter him wer in Scotlond, With is ax in ys hond,
 To pleyen o the grene.
27. Ant the body hongeth at the galewes faste,
 With yrnene claspes long to laste.
 For to wyte (4) wel the body ; ant Scottysh to gaste ;
 Foure and tuenti ther beoth to fethe (5), at laste
 By nyhte,
 Yef eny wer so hardi The body to remuy,
 Also to dyhte. (6)
28. Wer Sire ROBERT THE BRUYS ycome to this londe ;
 And the Erl of Asselles (7), that hardi is an honde ;
 Alle the other pourdale (8), forsothe ich underlonde,
 Mihten be full blyth, ant thonke Gode's sonde
 With ryhte.
 Thenne myhte uch mon Both riden ant gon
 In pes, withoute vyhte. (9)
29. The traytours of Scotlond token hem to rede
 The barouns of Englund to bryng to dede.
 Charles of France, (so moni mon told,)
 With myht, and with streynth, hem helpe wold
 His thonkes.
 A ! prot (10) Scot, for thi strife,
 Hang up thi heichet and thi knyf,
 Whil him lasteth the lyfe
 With the Long Shonkes.
- (1) they rode thro the city, bearing the head aloft. (2) took.
 (3) what availed it to lye? See ft. 5. (4) wait, guard. (5) see.
 (6) to bury? (7) who was ho? (8) poor folks. (9) blame. (10)
 proud.

ARTICLE V.

Scraps concerning old Scottish songs.

A fragment of a Scottish song, written on the battle of Banacburn, 1314, is preserved.

Madinis of England foir may ye murne
 Foir your lemmons ye haif loft at Banacburn
 With Hevaloch !
 What ! Weind the kyng of England
 So fone to haif wone all Scotlande ?
 With Rummiloch !

Barbour, who wrote in 1375, tells us, that the battle in Eskdale, between Sir John Sowles, the Scottish governor of that county, who, with 50 men, defeated Sir Andrew Herklay, an English knight, leading 300, and took him prisoner, was sung in his time:

Foir quha fa liketh thay may heir
 Yung wemen, qhan thay will play,
 Sing it amang thame everilk day.

James I. in his *Peblis to the Play*, written about 1430, presents us with the first Scottish ballad preserved. In it is mentioned.

Ane hie ruf fang
Thair fure ane man to the bolt.

and another song,

Thair fall be mirth at our meeting yit.

Gawin Douglas, in his *Virgil*, 1513, mentions

*The schip salis over the salt fome
 Will bring thir merchands, and my leman home.*

and

*I will be blyith and licht;
 My bart is lent apoun sa gudly wicht.*

and another;

I come bidder to wouu.

as also,

The jolly day now dawis.

Sir James Inglis, in 1548, gives us a list of thirty-five Scotch songs, republished in *Select Scotch Ballads*, Vol. II. N^o 2. is first printed in this volume; and is quite different from the English song, beginning with same words, and there mentioned. N^o 7. is the King's Note mentioned by Chaucer.

And after that he sang the Kinges Note.

Milleres Tale.

William is a silly addition. N^o 9, is published by Lord Hailes. N^o 13, *Broom, broom on hill* is mentioned by Langham, *Letter from Killingworth, London, 1575, 870.* N^o 20. is on the Duke of Albany and Monsieur De la Batie his deputy.

In the *Specimen of a Book called ane compendious booke of godlie songs*, &c. Edin. 1765, 12^{mo}. these godly songs are written to the tunes of *profane* ballads, common in 1597, when the publication appeared. From it we therefore learn the stanza of the several songs imitated.

Tell me now, and in what wise,
How that I suld my lufe forga.
Baith day and night ane thousand sife
Tbir Tyrans waikens me with wa.

The words in Italic do not belong to the profane song.

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day.
Jesus our king is gane an hunting
Quha likes to speed they may.

This last is mentioned by Henryson in his *Fabils*.

The cadgear sung *Huntis up; up upon by.*

Again to the *Specimen*.

The wind blawis cald; furious, and bald;
This lang and mony day.
But Cbrist's mercie we mon all die;
Or keep the cald wind away.

Another:

Hay! now the day dawis;
Now Cbrist on us cawis;
Now welth on our wawis
Appeiris anone.

*Now the word of God rings,
 Wbilk is king of all kings.
 Now Christis flock sings
 The night is neere gone.*

This last seems the song mentioned by Gawin Douglas,

Hey trix trim go trix under the grene wode tree,
 is another air there preserved; as is that of the last song.

In a volume, in the Pepysian Library, bound up with Blind Harry's Wallace, Edin. 1673, 12^{mo}, is The Battle of Glenlivet, a Scottish Tragic Ballad, not now known, printed 1681, 12^{mo}. It was fought 1596, between the Earls of Hunlie and Errol, and the Earl of Argyle. The ballad is far from being ill-written, tho rather long. In the same volume, printed on the side of one sheet, is The Challenge of Robert III. of Scotland to Henry IV. of England, beginning,

During the reign of the Roy Robert.

See Article I. N^o 41. Here is also The Hunting of Chevy Chace in black letter, in the Scottish way of reading the altered stanzas: It is *To the tune of the Yle of Kyle*. In the same volume is 'The wind hath blawn my plaid awa: Or a Discourse betwixt a young maid and the Elphin Knight,' *black letter*, printed, I suppose, about 1670; it begins,

The Elphin knight sits on yon hill:
 Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba.
 He blows his horn both lowd and shril:
 The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

The burden in the second line runs thro the second of every stanza but the last, which is,

My plaid awa, my plaid awa:
 And ore the hill and far awa;
 And far awa. To-morrow
 My plaid shall not be blawn awa.

It is silly sooth.

In the Five vast Volumes, Folio, of English Ballads, begun to be collected by Mr. Selden, and finished by Mr. Pepys, are several of last century to Scottish tunes, as *Logan water*, *Bessie Bell*, *Bonny grey eyed morn*, *Cold and Raw*, (Queen Mary II's favorite). *Deil tak the wars*, is printed in one sheet, 1696, and styled 'Ane excellent new Scotch song, being lately fung in a new play, called *A Wife for any Man*.' *Bonny grey-eyed morn*, to a new tune, appears 1697. *I cannot come every day to wooe*, occurs in a Medley before 1700. *The Lord of Lorn*, Vol. I. p. 495, seems a Scottish ballad: but is very silly.

Of the old Scottish ballads, published in this century, *Adam o Gordon*, as now read, is different from *Edom of Gordon*, an ancient Scottish Poem never before printed. Glasgow, by the Foulis, 1755, 4to. Dr. Percy supplied the alterations from his MS. of ancient Poems. The two stanzas, in which the lady fires a pistol, are not in the original, and had far better be omitted: but, in return, the other alterations are much for the better. These two stanzas of the Glasgow original edition deserve insertion in future: the reader will excuse a small addition to the stanza immediately preceding, and that following them, for they cannot otherwise be introduced; the additions are in Italic,

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he nicht drie.
Fou ferce and bludie was the fecht;
For aiber skorn'd to flee.

But mony war the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grein.
Of fifty men that Adam brocht
There wer but five gaid hene.

For mony wer the mudie men
That deit prefer'd to shame.
And mony wer the fair ladeis
Lay lemanles at hame.

But whan that lord wi Gordon met
Nane lang sic ire nicht beir;
And sune in his foul hartis bluid
He has wreken his lady deir.

K k

Ouo

One or two trifling remarks shall also be here offered on some English songs. Those of the time of Edward I. and II. are pleasing, as the reader may judge from some published by Mr. Warton; particularly *Blow, northern wynd*; and *Bytuene Merst and Averil*. But, after this, English song seems gradually to have declined in merit (those of Chaucer himself being very poor), till the time of Henry VII. when it arrived at the utmost perfection of dulness. To be convinced of this, the reader need only look at Smith's *Songs in score before 1500*; and as the MS. chiefly used by Smith is now before me, by the favour of Mr. Jackson, its present possessor, I shall give two specimens of the very best pieces in it.

Aa! my herte I knowe yow well;
 Ye thynk for to discomfort me.
 Nay, nay; nay, nay: I warne the well
 Tho that all this, yet in vaine be,
 Sum other grace may cum perde,
 Or els I think to be content
 With my desyre, tyll I be spent.
 Wherefor my hart let be, let be.

Another is,

Complayne I may wherevyr I go;
 Syth I have done my besy payne.
 To love her best and no mo,
 And she me takyth in gret disdayne,
 I wifs yet will I not me complayne,
 Tyll that I can tyll her prefens:
 Lest cause in me be found of offens.

The music of the English songs, which is all scored in this very curious and valuable MS. appears at that time to have consisted wholly in *harmony*; while that of the Scottish Songs always was, and is, *melody*. *The Nut-Brown Maid*, written in the time of Henry VIII, about 1520, is the first English song worth notice, after those in the reigns of Edward I. and II. In turning over Mr. Pepys's Collection, I observed that the Ballad of *Luther and the Pope* is the the only one in the whole volumes printed before 1600. Some very small notes of passages, in that collection, that
 struck

struck me, may amuse the reader. In the Shepherd and King, printed about 1620, the Shepherd says to Alfred,
 Of *whig* and *whey* we have great store.

We have been told that *whig* is a Scottish word.

Almost all the songs have Second Parts, in order to cover both sides of the sheet of paper; the second parts being inferior, spoil most of the pieces. In an old ballad, 1615, on the burning of the town of Windham, we find a passage parallel to one in Macbeth;

And must at all no other burial have,
 But crows and ravens maws to make his grave.

In a ballad, *A fool's bolt soon shot*, the fool is drawn with a cock's head on his cap, whence *coxcomb*. There is a very fine old song, deserving republication, *To drive the cold winter away*. Shakspeare puns on *cheter*: an old song says, 'The *cheter* will dine at the sign of the chequer.' And another speaks of a *cheater* pleading povertie: the word means some office in the *exchequer*; a *checker*, perhaps, or comparer of accompts. Hyde Park must have been the fashionable mall so early as the beginning of the Seventeenth century; for a song of that time says of Hyde Park,

What thruch your ladies
 All of the land,
 Come riding hither
 Forth of the Strand.

ARTICLE VI.

The Legend of Saint SERF.

From WINTON's *Chronicles*. Cotton Library, Nero, D. XI.
transcribed about 1410.

Book V. chapter 29.

FYVE hundyr, fyve and sexty yer,
Eftyr the byrthe of our Lorde deyr;
Quhen Justyne the kyng¹ was emperour,
And ellëvyn yer that honour.
The nynde yer fra this Brude² was kyng
And tike the Peychts in governing.
Garnak Makdownah³ next hym fyne
Was kyng; and foundit Abyrnethyne
In Strathern, in that ryde,
Intil honour of Sanct Bride.
The fyrsttyme may be notyt her,
Convertyt quhen the Peychts wer.
Next of the Peychts regnyt then
The kyng Kynel Makluthren⁴.
Eftyr that his dayis war don,
Kyng was Nattan, Fodis son⁵.
Brude, Golarge, and Clargan⁶;
Next eftyr this Nattan⁷;
Ilkan til other in thar lyve
Twenty yer war succeffive.
Garnat Mac Donald⁸, and Durst⁹ his brother;
Brude Bilis¹⁰ son befor other
Kynge war intil Scotlande
Attour the Peychts than regnand.
Of Icolmkyll than
Abbot was Sanct Adoman.

¹ Young. *Kings Lib. MS.* ² Brude fil. Melchon: *Regist. S. And.* ap. Innes. ³ Garnat fil. Domnach ib. ⁴ Kinel fil. Luthren. ⁵ Neetan fil. Fotel. ⁶ Brude, Telarg, and Telargan. ⁷ This differs from the *Reg. S. And.* ⁸ Garnat fil. Domnak. ⁹ Draust. ¹⁰ Brude fil. Bile.

Quhen this thrid John * was dede,
 Sanct SERF sevy n yer helde that stede.
 He was of lif a haly man :
 The kyng's son of Canaan †.
 His fader's landes, of heritage,
 Fel til hym be cleyr lynage,
 And lauchful leil, befor al other,
 That gaf he till his yongar brother.
 All swylk cumbyr he forsuyk :
 And til haly lif hym tuke.
 God sende hym a fuet angelle
 To giff hym comfort and confell.
 And wyth the angel alsa fast
 Fyrst to Alexandyre he past.
 Tyl Constantynopile syne he come :
 And to the Cyte (fra thine) of Rome.
 Thar than vakyt the Popis se :
 And chosyn syne til it was he.
 Than governyt he that sevy n yere ‡.
 And, quhen thai al ourpassit wer,
 The angel that his ledar was
 Syne hym behufit fra Rome to passe :
 For God ordanyt nocht that he
 Langar in that lande suld be ;
 Than, on a selemnyt day,
 Or he begouthe to tak his way,
 He made a predicacion,
 And a solempne fair sermon,
 To the Romanys, that he gert cal
 Befor hym ; and thar at thaim all
 His leif he tuk, but mar delay :
 With thar bleffing he past his way.
 And with the angel apon chaunse
 Fra theyne, throw the realme of Fraunse ;
 Straucht to the see departande,
 Fra Fraunse, the kynrik of Inglande.
 Schippen thar he gat reddy ;
 Withe hym a hundyr in company.
 In the schippis he made entré :
 Syne tuk up sayl and helde the se.

* Pope John III. died 571. † Serf, being asked who was his
 father, may have answered the kyng of Canaan, meaning God.
 Hence the fable. He seems to have been of Italy. ‡ a fable.

Withe wynde at wil and furth he past,
 In Forthe quhil thai come at the last.
 And arryvit at *Inch Keyth*,
 The ile betwix *Kyngorne* and *Leith*.
 Of *Icolmkyll* the abbot than,
 Sanct *Adaman* that holy man,
 Come til hym ; and thar fermly
 Mad spirituale bande of company.
 And tretit hym to cum in *Fyff*,
 The tyme til dryf our of his liff.
 Than til *Disart* he his menyie,
 Of that confail, furth sende he.
 Syne at *Kynneil* he come to lande :
 Thar our the watyr he kest his wande,
 That suddandly grew in a tre,
 And bare of appillis gret plenté.
 And that stede eftyr ay
Morglas was callit mony day.
 Syne our the watyr, of purpose,
 Of *Fortbe* he passit til *Culrosse*.
 Thar he begouthe to rede a grounde,
 Quhar that he thought a kyrk to founde.
Brude, *Dargard's* son, in Scotlande
 Kyng our the *Peychts* than regnande,
 Was movit in gret crewelté
 Agane Sanct *SERF*, and his menyie.
 He sende felon men forthi,
 To fla thaim aldon, but mercy.
 Bot this kyng ourrakyn was
 Suddandly with gret seiknes :
 And at the prayer specyale
 Of Sanct *SERF* he was made hail.
 The kyng than fel fra that purposse ;
 And gaf til Sanct *SERF* al *Culrosse* ;
 With alkyn profits all frely.
 Syne til his prayers devotly
 Hym he commendit, and his state ;
 And put away alkyn debate :
 And ressavit with honesté
 Sanct *SERF* thar, and his menyie.
 Thar fyrst Sanct *SERF* tuk his resset
 To lif on that at he mycht get.

And.

And thar he broucht up Sanct Mongow *,
 That syne was bischope of *Glasgu.*
 Syne fra *Culross:* he passit evyn
 To the *Ynche of Loucblevyn.*
 The kyng *Brude,* of devocion,
 Mad til Sanct SERF donacion
 Of that *Ynche:* and he dwelt thar
 Til sevyn yer ourpassit war.
 In *Tulybotby* ane il sprite
 A cristyn man, that tyme, taryit.
 Of that spyr it he was than
 Delyverit throw that haly man.
 In *Tulycultry* til a wif
 Twa sonys he rayfit fra ded to lyf.

This holy man had a ram,
 That he had fed up of a lam:
 And oysit hym til folow ay,
 Quherevir he passit in his way.
 A theyf this schepe in *Achren* stal;
 And et hym up in pecis smalle.
 Quhen Sanct SERF his ram had myst,
 Quha that it stal was few that wist:
 On presumpcion nevirtheles
 He that it stal arefyt was.
 And til Sanct SERF syne was he broucht.
 That scheipe he said that he stal noucht:
 And tharfor for to swer ane athe,
 He said that he walde nocht be laythe.
 Bot sone he worthit rede for schayme;
 The scheipe thar bletyt in his wayme!
 Swa was he tayneyt schamfully;
 And at Sanct SERF askyt mercy.

In dubbyng of devocion,
 And prayer, he flew a fel dragon.
 Quhar he was slayn that plasse was ay
The Diagonys den callyt to this day.

Quhil Sanct SERF, intil a stede,
 Lay estyr matynys in his bede;
 The devil come, in foulle intent
 For til fande hym with argument.

* See the very curious *Life of Munghu, or Kentigern,* by *Jocelin,* written about 1180. MS. Cot. Lib.

And said " Sanct SERF, be thi werk,
 " I ken thow art a conmande clerk."
 Sanct SERF said, ' Gif I swa be ;
 ' Foulle vretche quhat is that for thé ?'
 The devil said, " This question
 " I ask in our colacion.
 " Sa quhar was God, witt ye oucht,
 " Befor that hevyn and erde was wroucht ?"
 Sanct SERF said, ' In hymself stedles
 ' Hys Godheide hamprede nevir wes.'
 The devil than askyt, " Quhat cause he hade
 " To mak the creaturs that he made ?"
 To that Sanct SERF ansuerde thar,
 ' Of creaturs made he was makar.
 ' A makar tnycht he nevir be,
 ' Bot gif creaturs made had he.'
 The devil askyt hym, " Qwhy God of noucht
 " His werks al ful gud had wroucht ?"
 Sanct SERF ansuerde, ' That Goddis wil
 ' Was nevir to mak his werks ill.
 ' And als invyus he had beyn feyn ;
 ' Gif noucht bot he ful gud had beyn.'
 Sanct SERF the devil askyt than
 " Quhar made God Adam the fyrst man ?"
 ' In Ebron Adam formyt was.'
 Sanct SERF said, ' And til hym Sathanas
 " Quhar was he eft that, for his vice,
 " He was put out of Paradyse ?"
 Sanct SERF said, ' Quhar he was made.'
 The devil askyt, " How lang he bade
 " In Paradyse, eftir his syn."
 ' Sevyn hours,' SERF said, ' he bad tharin.'
 " Quhan was Eve made ?" said Sathanas.
 ' In paradyse,' SERF said, ' scho was.'
 And at Sanct SERF the devil askyt than,
 " Qwhi God let Adam, the fyrst man,
 " And Eve synn in paradyse ?"
 Sanct SERF said, ' That monywyse.
 ' For God wift and understude
 ' Thairof suld cum ful mekyl gude.
 ' For Crist take flesche, mankynde to wyn,
 ' That was to payne put for thar syn.'

The devil askyt, " Quhy mycht not be
 " Al mankynde delyverit fre,
 " Be thaim self, set God had nocht
 " Thaim with his preciouſe paſſion boucht."
 Sanct SERF ſaid, " Thaj fell nocht in
 " Be tharſelf into thar ſyn.
 " Bot be the fals ſuggeſtion
 " Of the devil, thar fa fellorn.
 " For that he cheyfit to be born
 " To ſauf mankynde, that was forlorn."
 The devil askyt at hym than,
 " Quhi walde noucht God mak a new man,
 " Mankynde for to delyver fre?"
 Sanct SERF ſaid, " That ſulde nocht be.
 " It ſuffycit weil that mankynde
 " Anys ſulde cum of Adamys ſtrynde."
 The devil askyt " Quhy that ye,
 " Men, ar quyt delyverit fre,
 " Throw Criſt's paſſion preciouſe boucht.
 " And we devils ſwa ar noucht."
 Sanct SERF ſaid, " For that ye
 " Fel throw your awyn iniquytè.
 " And throw ourſelf we nevir fel;
 " Bot throw your fellow fals confell.
 " And for the devillis was noucht wroucht
 " Of brukyl kynde, ye walde noucht
 " Withe ruthe of hart forthynk your ſyn,
 " That throw yourſelf ye war fallyn in.
 " Tharfor Criſtis paſſion
 " Suld noucht be your redempcion."
 Than ſawe the devil that he couth noucht,
 Withe all the wilis that he wroucht,
 Ourcum Sanct SERF: he ſaid than
 He kende hym for a wyſe man.
 Forthi thar he gaf hym quhit,
 For he wan at hym na profyt.
 Sanct SERF ſaid " Thow wretche ga
 " Fra this ſtede; and noye na ma.
 " Into this ſtede, I bid ye."
 Suddandy thine paſſit he:
 Fra that ſtede he heide his waye;
 And nevir was ſeyn thar to this daye.
 Eſtyr al this Sanct SERF paſt
 Weſt onto *Culroſſe* alſa faſt.

And

And be his state that he knew
 That til his endyng ner he drew ;
 This wretchit warlde he forfuyk ;
 His sacraments thar al he tuk,
 Withe schrift. and ful contricion.
 He yalde, withe gude devocion,
 His cors till halowit sepulture :
 And his faulle to the Creatur.
Brude, Dargardson ;¹ deyt than :
 And his brother, *Schir Naetan* ,²
 Was owr the Peychts kyng regnande
 Intil the kynrik of Scotlande.
Garnoch Mak Ferach ³ ; and *Oengus* ⁴ then ;
Fergus Fynnys son ; ⁴ syne *Naetan* ; ⁵
Oengus Frundson ; ⁶ syne *Alpyne* ; ⁷
Brude, Mak Tengus ⁸ , regnyt syne.
 Eftyr that al thir regoyt thus
Alpyne rase Mak Tenegus. ⁹ *

* MS. K. L. adds ' *Druft Mak Talarge nest thame than.*
 ' *Eftyr thare kyng was Talargan.*'

¹ *Brude fil. Derili. Reg. S. And.* ² *Nestan.* ³ *Garnath fil. Ferath.* ⁴ *Oengusa fil. Fergus.* ⁵ *Nestan fil. Deril.* ⁶ *Oengusa fil. Brude.* ⁷ *Alpin fil. Feret.* ⁸ *Brude fil. Tenegus.*
 * This chronicle differs from the others.

The Reigns of Duncan and of Macbeth.

FROM THE SAME.

Book VI. c. 17.

*Queen kyng Dunkan in Scotlande,
Malcolmys fadyr, was regnande.*

A Thowfande wyntyre, and Thretty,
 And Four, bypassit fulllely
 Estyr the blest nativité,
 That was the mater of our gle,
 Malcolme, the kyng of Scotlande dede,
 His douchter' son, intil his stede,
 Dunkan be nayme, intil Scotlande,
 Sex wyntir ful was kyng regnande.
 He gat tua sonnys of lauchful bede.
 Yit nevirtheles, in his youtheide,
 As he past apon a day,
 Intil huntynge hym to play,
 With honest cowrt and company,
 On his gamyn al thouchty.
 The stable, and the setis set;
 Hymself with bow, and breslet*;
 Fra slak til hil, our holme and hicht,
 He travalit al day, quhil the nycht
 Hym partit fra his company.
 Than was he wil of herbery,
 Yit nevirtheles, swa waverand wil,
 He hapnyt to cum to the myl
 Of Fortewyat the myller,
 That hym reffavit, on gud maner,
 Til met, and drynk, and til herbery;
 And servit hym richt curtasly.
 This myllar had a douchtyr fayr,
 That to the kyng had oft repayr.

* Werstete Kings Lib. MS.

That

That til her fadyr displeysit noucht ;
 To be relevit for that he thought.
 Of that repayr bathe he and scho,
 His wil the bettyr was tharto :
 Sa scho broucht hym a preffande,
 That scho trowit til hym pleyfande.
 Hir, and hir prefande, thankfully
 He reffavit, and curtasly.
 And thar he cheysit that woman
 To be fra thine his luffit leman.
 That ilk nycht, that the kyng
 Tok with the myller this restyng,
 Into bede withe hir he lay,
 And gat on hir a fon or day.
 That was *Malcolm of Scotlande**,
 Tharefter crownyt kyng regnande.

This woman he walde haf til mycht
 Putt, and als to gret hycht ;
 Bot *Makbetb Fynlak*, his fyftyf' son,
 That purposse lettyt to be don.
 And othar gret purposse als :
 For til his Eme he was ful fals,
 That broucht hym up richt tendyrly,
 And relevit hym heily.
 He murthbrift hym in *Elgyne*.
 His kynrik he usurpit syne.
 Of this matter ar thir verse
 In layne wryttyn to rehers ;
Rex ille genuit Duncanum nomine natum,
Qui senis annis Rex erat Albanie.
A Fynlake natus percussit eum Macabeda :
Vulnere letali rex apud Elgyne obit.

Thus this kyng Duncan dede ;
 His leman was wil of gud rede.
 Bot scho a batward, estyr that,
 Til hir spoufit husbande gat :
 And of lande, in heritage,
 A peyse til hyr and hir lynage,
 Estyr that mony a day
The Batwardis Lande it callit thai.

* It is no wonder that our antiquaries, who are as careful of the breed of our kings as any jocky can be of the breed of his cattle, have past this story of Winton's in religious silence.

Syne, be gradacion,
 And lynyal succession,
 Fra that myllar descendande
 Dame *Maulde* the Emprice, quhil liffande,
 Was bot in the ferde degre,
 The stok noucht reknyt for to be.
 Yit fra that myllar descendande,
 Kyngis come that war regnande
 In Scotlande, and Inghland, successyve,
 As we can rekkyn in our lyve.
 Fra *Malcom* that our kyng quhilum was
 And *Henry*: (quhen that Sanct *Thomas*
 Was martyrit, he was kyng regnande
 Into the kynrik of *Inghlande*.)
 And yit, for to rekkyn mar
 Discendande evyn fra this mylnar:
Malcome our kyng had doughters twa.
 Of *Maulde*, the eldest, come all tha
 That fyne war kyngis in *Inghlande*.
 Of *Mary*, the yongar, discendande
 (That of *Boyloyn* Countaffe
 Honorabil intil hir days was)
 Be lynyale succession,
 Come mony a famouse fayr * person
Clement the secunde †, Pape of Rome,
 Be lyne of that lady come.
 Swa it was that, be that lyne,
 The Pope *Bennet* † was cufyne
 Til *Robert* our Secunde kyng.
 That *Scotland* had in governing,
 Contemporane quhen that he
 In Avynyone helde the Pape's se.
 Swa Pape and kyngis, cumyn war,
 As ye haf herde, of this myllar.
 (ch. 18 *This chapter sal tel the tyde*
Quhen slayn was Edmunde Irnsyde.
 nothing to Scottish History.)

* Gret K. L. MS. † sevynd. ib. *Clement* II. installed about 1042; *Clement* VII. in 1378. The later is right. The Royal Lib. MS. is by far the best in the world: but the other was followed in these extracts because the oldest by about ten years, or more.

† *Clement*. ib. and right again: for there was no *Benedict* contemporary to *Robert* II. Only one Pope is spoken of.

ch. 19. *Quhen that Makbeth Fynlaw rase
And regnand into Scotlande was.*

IN this tyme, as ye herde me tel,
Of tressoun that in *Englande* fel:
In *Scotlande* ner the lyk case
Be *Makbeth Fynlak* practykyt was.
Quhen he murtherist his awyn eme,
Be hap that he had in a dreyme,
That he saw quhen he was ying,
In houfe duellande with the kyng;
That fayrly tretyt hym and weil,
In al that langit hym ilka deyl.
For he was his systyr' son;
His yernyng al he gett be don.
A nycht he thought, in his dremyng,
That sittande he was beside the kyng,
At a fet at huntynge swa,
Intil his leisch had grewhunds twa.
He thought, quhil he was sa fyttande,
He saw thre women cum by gangande;
And tha women than thought he
Thre Werd Systyris most lyk to be*.
The Fyrst he herd say, gangande by,
Lo yonder the Thayne of Crumbachy! †
The Tother woman said agayn,
Of Murray yonder I se the Thayn!
The Thrid than said, *I se the kyng!*
All this he herde in his dremyng,
That sittand he wes besyd the kyng.
Sone eftir this, in his youthad,
Of thir Thayndomes he Thayne was made.
Syne neyst he thocht to be kyng
Fra *Dunkanys* days had tane endyng.
The fantasy thus of this dreyme
Movit hym mast to sla his eme:
As he did alfurthe in deide,
As befor ye herde me rede.
And Dame *Grewok* § his Emys wif
Tuk; and lede with hir his lif.

* Behold the very fountain-head of this famous story. Fordun knew nothing of it. Boyce altered Winton.

† Crumbachty K. L. MS. § Gruok. ib. *Gruoch filia Bodbes* Chart. of Dunferm.

And helde hir bath his wif and queyn ;
 As befor than scho had beyn
 Till his eme queyn liffande,
 Quhen he was kyng, with crowne regnande.
 For litil in honour than had he
 The greis of affynyte.

Althus, quhen his eyne was dede,
 He succedit in his stede.
 And, fevynteyn wyntirs ful regnande,
 As kyng he was than in *Scotlande*.
 All his tyme was gret plentè,
 Habundande bathe on lande and se*.
 He was in justice richt lauchful :
 And til his legis al awfullie.
 Quhen Pape was Leo the *tende* † in Rome,
 As pilgryme to the court he come.
 And in his almes he few silver
 Til al pur folk that had myster.
 In al tyme oyfit he to wyrk
 Profetabilly for haly kyrk.

Bot, as we fynde befum *Storys*,
 Gattyn he was on ferly wise.
 His mudyre to woddis made repayr,
 For the delyte of hayllum ayr.
 Swa scho past, apon a day,
 Til a wode hir for to play :
 Scho met, of case, with a fayr man ;
 Nevir ane so fayr, as scho thocht than,
 Before than had scho seyne with sycht ;
 Of bewté pleyfande, and of hicht :
 Proportyonyt weil in al mesour
 Of lym, and lith, and † fayr figour.
 In swyik aqwyntance sa thai fel,
 That, shortly tharof for to tel,
 Thar in thar gamyn and thar play
 That person be that woman lay,
 On hir that tyme a son he gat :
 This *Makbethe* ; that estyr that
 Grew til thir statis, and this hicht ;
 To this gret powar and this mycht ;
 As befor ye haf herde sayde.
 Fra this person with hir had playide,

* Fe. K. L. MS,

† So both MSS. read *Nynt*, 1049.

‡ a. K. L. MS.

And had the journé with hir don,
 That he had gattyn on hir a son:
 (And he the devil was that hym gat)
 And bade hir nocht be fleyit for that.
 Bot said that hir son suld be
 A man of gret state, and bountè.
 And na man sulde be born of wif
 Of powar to reif hym his lif*.
 And of that deid into tokenyng,
 He gaf his leman thar a ryng;
 And bad hir scho sulde keipe it weil,
 And halde for his luf that jowele.
 Estyr that oft oysit he
 Til cum til hyr in privitie;
 And taulde hir mony thyngs to fal:
 Set trowyt noucht thai sulde be al.
 At hir tyme scho was lichtar;
 And that son that he gat scho bar.
Makbeth Fynlak was callit his nayme,
 That grew as ye herde to gret fayme.
 This was *Makbethis* ofspryng,
 That hym estyr made our kyng;
 As of that sum story sayis.
 Set of his get fel other wayis;
 And to be gattyn kyndly
 As other men ar generally.
 And, quhen he fyrst to ryse began,
 His emys sonnys twa lauchful than
 For dout out of the kyndrik fiede.
Malcome (nocht gattyn of ful † bede)
 The thrid part of the lande alsua,
 As banyft with his brether twa,
 Til *Sanct Edwarde* in *Englande*
 That that tyme thar was kyng regnande.
 He thaim reffavit thankfully;
 And trectyt thaim richt curtasly.
 And he (in Scotlande than as kyng),
 This *Makbeth*, made gret feryng.
 And set hym than, in his power,
 A gret housc for to mak of wer

* Another part of the noted fable. Winton's story is the most coherent.

† lauchfule K. L. MS.

Apon the hicht of *Dunfynane*.
 Tymbyr thartil thai drew, and stane,
 Of *Fif*, and of *Angus*, he
 Gert mony oxyn gaderit be.
 Sa on a day, in thar travale,
 A yok of oxyn *Makbethe* saw sayl:
 Than sperit *Makbethe* quha thaim aucht,
 The yok that failyeid in that draucht.
 Thai anfuerte til *Makbethe* agayn,
 And said *Makduf*, of *Fife* the Thayn,
 That ilk yok of oxyn aucht,
 That he saw failye into draucht.
 Than spak *Makbethe* dispytuflly,
 And to the Thayne said angrely,
 'Lyk al wretchyn in his skyn,
 'His awyn nek he sulde put thar in
 'The yok, and ger hym drauchts draw:
 'Noucht doweande al his kynys aw.'
 Fra the Thayn *Makbethe* herde spek,
 That he walde put in yok his nek;
 Of al his thought he made na sang.
 Bot privaly out of the thrang
 Withe flycht he gat: and the spenser
 A laiff gaf hym til his supeyr.
 And alsa son as he mycht se
 His tyme, and his oportunyte,
 Out of the court he past, and ran;
 And that lof bar he with hym than.
 Til the watty of *Ern* that brede
 He gaf the batwart hym to lede;
 And on the foucht* half hym set
 But delay or ony let.
 That passage callit was estyr than
 Long tyme *Portnebrayan* †;
 And sum saide *Porte de payne* ‡,
 The *hawyn of brede* that sulde be
 Callit into propyrté.
 Our the watty than was he set,
 But danger, or but ony let.
 At *Dunfynane Makbethe* that nycht,
 Als son as his suppar was dicht,

* South. Batward is *boatman*. † *Portnebrayan* K. L. MS.

‡ This line wanting K. L. MS. margin says *Aran brede*.

And his marschael hym to the hal
 Fecht; than, among thaim all,
 Away the Thayne of *Fif* was myft:
 And na man quhar he was than wift.
 Yit a knycht at that supper,
 That til *Makbet* was sitande ner.
 Said til hym it was his part
 For til wit son quethirwart
 The Thayne of *Fif* that tyme past:
 For he a wise man was of cast;
 And in his dedis was richt wily.
 Til *Makbet* he said forthi
 For na cost that he sulde spar,
 Son to wit quhar *Makduff* war.
 This hely movit *Makbet* in deide
 Agane *Makduff* for to procede.

This *Makduff* nevirtheles,
 That set besouche the wattyre wes
 Of *Ern*, than past on intil *Fif*
 Til *Kennauchy**, quhar than his wif
 Duelt in a house made of defens,
 And bad hir withe gret diligens
 Kep that house. And, gif the kyng
 Thidder come, and made biding,
 Thar ony fellony to do,
 He gaf hir bidding than that scho
 Sulde halde *Makbet* in fayr treté,
 A bote quhile scho sulde fayllandé se,
 Fra northe to the souche passande.
 And, fra scho saw that bate sayllandé,
 Than tel *Makbet* the Thayn was thar
 Of *Fif*; and til *Dunfynane* fayr
 To *Makbet*. For the Thayn
 Of *Fif* thought, or he come agayn,
 Til *Kennauchy* † than for to bryng
 Hayme with hym a lauchful kyng.

Til *Kennauchy* *Makbet* come son,
 And fellony gret thar walde haf don;
 Bot this lady, withe fayr treté
 His purpose lettyt done to be.
 And son, fra scho the fayl up saw,
 Than til *Makbet*, withe litil aw,

* *Kennauchy* K. L. MS. † *Kennauchy*. *ib.*

Scho said, "*Makbethe* luk up, and se,
 " Undyr yon sayl forsuythe is he,
 " The Thayn of *Fif*, that thou soucht.
 " Trow ye weil, and dowt ye noucht,
 " Giff evir ye sal se hym agayn,
 " He sal ye set into gret payn.
 " Sen ye walde haf put his nek
 " Intil the yok. Now wil I spek
 " With thé na mar. Fayr on thi way;
 " Qhether evil or weil hapyn as may."

The passage syne was commonly
 In *Scotlande* callit *The Erlis Fery* *.
 Of that Fery for to knaw
 Bath the statue and the law,
 A bate fulde be on ilka syde
 For to wayte, and tak the tyde,
 To mak thaim fraucht, that walde be
 Fra lande to lande beyonde that se.
 Fra that the fouche bate war seyn,
 The lands undyr sayl betwyn,
 Fra the fouche as than-passande,
 Towart the northe the trade haldande,
 The North bat fulde be reddy made,
 Towart the fouche to halde the traide.
 And thar fulde nane pay no mar
 Than four pennys for that fayr,
 Quha evir for his fraucht walde be
 For cause frauchit our that se.

This *Makduf* than, alsa fast,
 In *Englande* apon condyte past.
 Thar *Dunkany's* sonys thre he fande,
 That war as banyst of *Scotlande*,
 Quhen *Makbethe Fynlak* thar fadyr slew;
 And al the kynrik til hym drew.
Sanct Edward, kyng of *Englande* than,
 (That was of lif a haly man)
 That tretit thir barnys honestly,
 Refavit *Makduff* richt curtasly,
 Quhen he come til his presens;
 And made hym honor and reverens.
 As efferit til the kyng
 He taulde the cause of his cummyng;
 The kyng than herde hym sobyrlly;
 And anfuerte hym al gudlely.

* On the firth of Forth, near Ely in Fife.

And said his wil, and his delyte,
 Was to se for the profyte
 Of tha barnys : and his wil
 Was ther honor to fulfil.
 He confalyte this *Makduff* forthi
 To trete tha barnys curtasly.
 And, quhilk of thaim walde with hym ga,
 He fulde in al thaim sickyr ma,
 At thai walde thaim redy mak
 For thar fadyr dede to tak
 Revengeance; or walde thar heritage
 That to thaim fel be rycht lynage.
 He walde thaim help; in al thar richt,
 Withe gret suppowale, fors, and mycht.
 Schortly to say the lauchful twa
 Brether forsuik with hym to ga;
 For dowl he put thaim in that perel;
 That thar fadyr sufferyt quhil.

Malcom. the thride, (to say schortly)

Makduff confalyt richt thraly;
 Set he was nocht of lauchful bede,
 As in this buk ye haf herde rede.
Makduff hym tretit, nevirtheles,
 To be of stark hart, and stoutnes.
 And namly to tak our hande
 To ber the crowne than of *Scotlande*.
 And bad hym tharof haf na dreide:
 For kyng he fulde be maide in deide:
 And that traytour he fulde sla
 That banyft hym and his brether twa.
 Than *Malcolme* said ' I haf ferly
 ' That ye faynde me, sa thraly,
 ' Of *Scotlande* to tak the crowne,
 ' Quhil ye ken my cond cion.'
 Forsoythe he said, Thar was nane than
 Swa licherous a liffand man
 As he was : and for that thyng
 He dowttyt to be made a kyng.
 A kyngs lif, he said, fulde be
 Ay lede intil gret honeste.
 Forthi he couthe not weil be kyng,
 He said, that oysfet swylk liffing.
Makduff than said til hym agayn
 At that excufacion was in vayn.

For

For gif he oysfit that indeide,
 Of women he fulde haf na neyde
 For of his awyn lande sulde he
 Fayr women haf in gret plentè
 Gif he had conscyens of that plycht
 Maide * to God as he best mycht.
 Than *Maicolme* said ' Thar is mar
 ' That lets me with the to fayr.
 ' That is that I am fa brynnande
 ' In covatyse that al *Scotlande*
 ' Owr litil is to my person.
 ' I fet noucht tharby a button.'
Makduff said, " Cum on with me.
 " In riches thow sal habundande be.
 " Trow weil the kynrik of *Scotlande*
 " In riches is now habundande."
 " Yit mor," *Malcom* said agayn
 Til *Makduff* of *Fif* the Thayn,
 ' The thrid vice makys me let
 ' Mi purpose on this thying to set.
 ' I am fa fals, that na man may
 ' Trow a worde that ever I say.'
 " Ha! Ha! freynde I leif the thar,"
Makduff said. " I wil no mar,
 " I wil na langar carpe with thé,
 " Na of this mater haf treté.
 " Sen thow can nowther halde na fay
 " That stedfaste trowithe walde, or gudfay.
 " He at is man of swylk kynde
 " Cumbyn is bot of the *devillis* frynde,
 " That can nouter do na fay
 " That langs to trouythe, and to gud fay.
 " God of the devil said in a quhyle,
 " (As I haf herde reide in the evangile)
 " He is, he said, a lear fals;
 " Swylk is of hym the fadyr als.
 " Her now my leif I tak at thé;
 " And giff up al our treté.
 " I cownctyt nocht the tother twa
 " Vicis the valew of a fra.
 " Bot his thryft he hafe faulde al out
 " Quham falsheide haldis undyr lout."

* Mende K. L. MS.

Til *Makduf* of *Fif* the *Thayne*
 This *Malcom* anſuerde than agayn;
 ' I wil, I wil,' he ſaid, ' with thé
 ' Paſſe and pruf how it wil be
 ' I ſal be leil, and ſtedfaſt ay,
 ' And halde til ilka man gud fay,
 ' And a les in thé I trow.
 ' Forthi my purpoſe hail is now
 ' For my fader's dede to ta
 ' Revengens; and that traytour ſla
 ' That has my fadyr befor ſlayne;
 ' Or I ſal de into the payne.'
 To the kyng than alſa faſt
 To tak his leiſ this *Malcom* paſt;
Makduff with hym, hande in hande,
 This kyng *Edwarde* of *Englande*
 Gaſ tham his leiſ and his gud wil:
 And gret ſuppowal heycht thaim til;
 And help to wyn his heritage.
 On this thai tuk than thar wayage.
 And this kyng than of *Englande*
 Bade the Lorde of *Northumbyrlande*
 Schir *Edwarde* * to ryſe, with al his mycht,
 In *Malcolmys* helpe to wyn his richt.
 Than, withe thaim of *Northumbyrlande*,
 This *Malcome* entryt in *Scotlande*.
 And paſt ovr *Fortbe* down ſtraucht to *Tay*:
 Up thar wattyre the hie waye
 To the *Brynnane*, togedyr haille.
 Thar thai bade, and tuk conſaile.
 Sen thai herde that *Makberbe* ay
 In fanton fretis had gret fay;
 And trowit had in ſic fantaſy.
 Be that he trowit ſtedfaſtly
 Nevir diſcomfyt for to be,
 Quhil with his eyne he fulde ſe
 The wode be broucht of *Brynnane*
 Til the hil of *Dunſynhane*.
 Of that wode thar ilka man
 Intil his hande a buſk tuk than;
 Of al his oft was na man fre
 Than in his hande a buſk bur he.

* Schir *Suard* K. L. MS.

Til *Dunfynane* than alsa fast
 Agaynys this *Makbethe* thai past.
 For thai thought with swylyk a wyle
 This *Makbethe* for to begyle:
 Swa for to cum in privaté
 On hym, or he fulde wyttrede be.
 Of this quhen he had feyn the sicht,
 He was richt wa; and tuk the flicht.
The sittande wode thai call it ay,
 Thar lang tyme estyrhendé that day.
 Owr the Mounth thai chaff hym than
 Til the wode of *Lunfanan*.
 This *Macduf* was than mast fel;
 And on that chaffe mast crewel.
 Bot a knycht, that in that chaffe
 Til this *Makbethe* than nerrast was;
Makbethe turnyt hym agayn
 And said "Lurdan, thow preks in vayne.
 "For thow may nocht be he, I trow,
 "That til dede sal sla me now.
 "That man is noucht born of wif
 "Of powar to reff me my lif."
 The knycht said, "I was nevir born;
 "Bot of my modyr wayme was schorn.
 "Now sal thi tressoun her tak ende,
 "And til thi fadyr I sal the sende.
 Thus *Makbethe* slew thai than
 Into the wode of *Lunfanan*.
 And his hevide thai straik of thar:
 And that with thaim fra thine thai bar
 Til *Kynkardyn*, quhar the kyng,
 Til thare gan come, made bidyng.
 Of that slauchtyr ar thir vers,
 In latyne wrytten, to rehers.
Rex Metabeda decem Scocie septemque fit annis:
In cujus regno fertile tempus erat.*

* K. L. MS. adds.

*Hunc in Lunfanan truncavit morte crudeli
 Duncanis natus, nomine Malcolmus.*

These elegiac verses on our kings, to be found in many authoré,
 as *Fordun*, *Chr. de Mailros*, &c. were written under Alexander III.
 See Innes.

G L O S S A R Y.

* * * A general Glossary of the Scottish language, being Ruddiman's learned Glossary to Douglas's Virgil, with additions, the editor proposes to give in one small volume, to prevent the necessity of a repetition of Glossaries to any future editions of our authors. Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, with a few additions, would serve the like purpose for all our old English writers. Both would be highly useful; as, were such extant in separate volumes, future editors would only need to expound those few words, which did not occur in the General Glossaries.

The most remarkable orthographic distinctions in the Scottish, are the *qu*, like the Roman *qu* in *qui*, &c. anciently so pronounced in *quban*, &c. tho now softened to the *w* consonant *; and in MSS. old editions, &c. the *z* or *y* consonant, most foolishly in late editions put *z*; tho that letter, in the old editions, be carefully distinguished from the other; the *y* consonant being always put *z*, the *z* thus *Z*.

Nothing has hurt the true pronunciation so much as this stupid blunder, which is even yet retained by ignorant editors.

* This *qu*, unknown to the old English, is of itself a clear proof of the Gothic origin of our language: the *u* of Ulphila being in power *qu*, or *ev*, as the learned well know.

Difference

Difference of spelling is not attended to in this Glossary, as the reader need only pronounce the word to discover the meaning. Words marked *N*, are explained in the notes.

If the reader wishes to learn the Scottish tongue, he is referred to the introductory part of Mr. Ruddiman's Glossary; Douglas's Virgil, 1710, *Folio*, where it appears, not being uncommon here in England.

A.

Abayd, *abaf. d.*, amazed.
 A per se, *unique in perfection.*
 Adred, *in dread.*
 Ago, *gone*
 Airt, *point of the compass quarter.*
 Aittis, *oats.*
 Alkin, *all kind.*
 Allowit, *praised.*
 Almorie, *cupboard.*
 Als, *also, as.*
 Amour, *love.*
 Amouris, *amorous.*
 Arc, *a large chest for keeping meal.*
 Afters, *stars.*
 Attour, *over.*
 Atryft, *at appointment?*
 Aumes, *alms.*
 Aver, *a poor horse, or other beast of burden.*
 Awin, *own.*

B.

Bailful, *sorrowful.*
 Bakmen, *attendants?*

Ban, *curse: hence bans of marriage.*
 Band, *bond, bonds.*
 Bane, *death, mortiferum.*
Pr. Parv.
 Bangeifter, bangster, banster, *flustering rogue,*
 Bang, *a severe blow.*
 Bargane, *conflict.*
 Barmekin, *rampart.*
 Barnheid, *childhood.*
 Barrat, *contention.*
 Barrit, *barred, striped.*
 Batie-bum, *simpleton.*
 Bedein, *quickly.*
 Befowlit, *befooled.*
 Begaik, *beguile.*
 Begouth, *began.*
 Behuif, *behooved.*
 Beild, *57, abode (of spite).*
 Beir, *noise.*
 Beit, *stir.*
 Bek, *courtesy, bew.*
 Beld, *bald.*
 Ben, *the inner room.*
 Bene, *bean.*
 Benefeis, *benefices.*
 Bent, *field.*

Bern,

- Bern, *person.*
 Befid, *burst with a buzzing noise like bottled beer.*
 Betrafit, *betrayed.*
 Betteis, *baties? stupid fellows?*
 Beuch, *bough.*
 Bewis, *boughs: also, beauties.*
 Bewrie, *reveal.*
 Beyrd, *laid on a beir.*
 Birs, *bruise.*
 Bland, *brand, sword?*
 Bleir, *dim.*
 Bleit, *bashful.*
 Blenkand, *oggling.*
 Blent, *blinked, glanced.*
 Blinnis, *ceases.*
 Blinnyng, *62, burning?*
 Blok, *contrivance.*
 Blythfular, *blyther.*
 Bodwarde, *bodwait, tidings.*
 Bolyn, &c. *See N.*
 Bony, *pretty.*
 Boffis, *bottles.*
 Botand, *also.*
 Botkin, *small knife, dagger.*
 Bowdin, *swelled.*
 Bown, *ready.*
 Bour, *chamber.*
 Bour-bourding, *jesting in a lady's room.*
 Bourd, *jest.*
 Bowfum, *buxom, yielding, obedient.*
 Brank, *prance.*
 Brankand, *prancing, gay.*
 Branit, *browned (from browns of the legs.)*
 Bray, *small ascent.*
 Breifit, *bruised.*
 Brent, *perhaps strait; thus brent-brow is still high upright, forehead.*
 Breis, *bristles.*
 Brig, *bridge.*
 Brikand, *breaking.*
 Broddit, *spurred.*
 Brosters, *brewers.*
 Broudris, *embroidered.*
 Brouk, *enjoy.*
 Brount, *brunt of battle.*
 Browdin, *embroidered. Fond: Forbes.*
 Brudermaist, *most brotherly.*
 Brukil, *brittle.*
 Brutis, *reports.*
 Brym, *fierce.*
 Bubbis, *blasts.*
 Buige, *budge, move about.*
 Buik, *baked.*
 Buirlic, *burly, bold.*
 Buist, *busk.*
 Bumbart, *silly creature.*
 Burde, *board, table.*
 Burdown, *a big staff.*
 Burrit, *gathered together as burs?*
 Burrowstoun, *a burrow-town.*
 Burgeoun, *bud. see N.*
 Buskit, *dressed.*
 But, *the outer room.*

Bute,

Bute, *advantage.*
Byll, *reckoning.*

C.

Caballein, *from caballus Lat. because the Castalian fountain was struck out by the hoof of Pegasus.*

Cabald, *reined.*

Caff, *chaff.*

Calyecot, *Calcutta.*

Camok, *bent, crooked; Camy. Gaw. Doug.*

Camroch, *cambric.*

Capil, *poor horse.*

Carkats, *necklaces.*

Carlis, *clowns.*

Carpand, *talking. See N.*

Cast, *contrivance, trick.*

Catherens, *robbers, Rosses F. Sh.*

Cauld, *cold.*

Chaffis, *jaws.*

Chalmarer, *chamberlain.*

Chalmer-glew, *mirth in chamber.*

Chare, *ajar.*

Charis, *cherish.*

Cheild, *fellow, man.*

Cheis, *chuse.*

Chenyies, *chains.*

Cher, Charie, *formal.*

Chowis, *fixes *?*

Chuf, *clown.*

Chymmis, *horses.*

Chymour, *a cymar, a light gown.*

Clarty, *dirty.*

Clatter, *chatter.*

Claw, *scratch.*

Clek, *catch.*

Cleikit, *caught.*

Cleuchs, *cliffs.*

Clippis, *eclipse.*

Clippit, *called: embraced.*

Clois, *inclosure.*

Cloutit, *patched.*

Coft, *bought.*

Combuir, *burn.*

Condign, *condign, worthy.*

Contempil, *contemplate.*

Communing, *conversation.*

Conand, *covenant.*

Conquys, *acquire.*

Covanis, *guests?*

Coulpit, *seized on.*

Couth, *could.*

Cowit, *short and spare haired.*

Cowt, *colt, brute.*

Craig, *neck.*

Crak, *boast, talk.*

Crappe, *creeped.*

Crawdoun, *coward.*

Croynd, *bellowed.*

Crukit, *crooked.*

Cuddy-rung, *a cudgel.*

Cummar, *encumber.*

* To *chave*, to adhere to, cleave to. Gl. Robert of Brunne.

- Cummers, commeres, *gossips.*
 Cun, know. See N.
 Cunyng, rabbit: hence
 Cunningham, a country of
 rabbits.
 Cure, charge.
- D.
- Da, doe.
 Daa, jackdaw.
 Dail, dealing.
 Dams, pisses.
 Daue, listless,
 Dawte, kindness.
 Dawtie, dearness, love.
 Decoir, decorate.
 Dees, goddess, deesse, Fr.
 Deir, hurt.
 Deis, raised seat, place of
 honour. See N.
 Delyverness, readiness.
 Demane, abuse.
 Denk, saucy.
 Denude, naked, bare.
 Deray, tumult.
 Derne, secret.
 Detane, dozen?
 Devoir, duty.
 Dicht, decked.
 Digest, expert.
 Ding, worthy, digne, Fr.
 Ding, verb to beat.
 Dirdum, uproar.
 Dispence, provision.
 Divyr, bankrupt.
 Lollyne, buried.
- Donkit, moistened.
 Lour, obstinate.
 Docht, could.
 Dotit, stupid, doting.
 Dowis, doves.
 Drie, endure.
 Droup, lost in weakness.
 Drublie, troubled (sky, wa-
 ter, &c.)
 Duir, door.
 Dulcour, sweetness.
 Dule, grief.
 Dynt, blow.
- E.
- E, eye.
 Lffeir, appearance.
 Eild, old age.
 Eik, add, increase.
 Eith, easy.
 Entres, entry.
 Erde, earth.
 Eyndil, suspect, be jealous.
- F.
- Faikit, failed.
 Fairheed, beauty, fairness.
 Fald, p. 7. read fale, fail.
 318. fold of cattle.
 Fakles, innocent.
 Fang, seize.
 Fant, faint.
 Faris, fairs.
 Farlie, wonder.
 Farne, fared.
 Farrand, faring.
- Fastrenis,

Fastrenis-evin, *Asb-Wed-*
ne/day-ewe?
 Fayis, *foes.*
 Feid, *enmity.*
 Feir, *dress; also companion.*
 Feirit, *affaid.*
 Feirfit, *fairfit, stuffed.*
 Feld, *fielded.*
 Ferliful, *wonderful.*
 Feys, *foes.*
 Fert, *fared.*
 Flame, *singe.*
 Flate, *scolded.*
 Flane, *arrow.*
 Flemit, *banished.*
 Fleyit, *affraia.*
 Fleume, *phlegm.*
 Floucht, *flight, flutter.*
 Flureft, *flourished, in bloom.*
 Flyde, *flutter.*
 Fon, *be fond.*
 Fonnerit *fondled.*
 Ferleitit, *abandoned.*
 Forchaift, *overchased.*
 Forfochtin, *exhausted with*
fighting.
 Forky, *forcy, strong.*
 Forgit, *formed.*
 Fors, *care.*
 Fortraivalit, *over-toiled.*
 Fostel, *vessel.*
 Found, *depart *.*
 Forouttin, *without.*
 Forthy, *therefore.*
 Forfair, *decay.*

Frakar, *nimble.*
 Franit, *enquired, questioned.*
 Fre, *gentle. See N.*
 Freik, *fellow.*
 Fremmit, *strange.*
 Frost. *See N.*
 Fruftar, *frustrate.*
 Fulyeit, *foiled.*
 Fulhardenes, *foolhardines.*
 Fund, *go, depart.*
 Fure, *fared.*
 Furrit, *furred.*

G.

Ganand, *useful. See N.*
 Ganest, *finest.*
 Gaynis, *properties.*
 Gangaris, *feet? See N.*
 Gangarel, *a child beginning*
to walk. Ros.
 Garris, *causes.*
 Garitour, *watch. See N.*
 Gartens, *garters.*
 Garth, *garden.*
 Gate, *way.*
 Gayis, *goes.*
 Geil-pockis, *jelly-bags.*
 Geir, *cash, accoutrements.*
 Gentrice, *gentility.*
 Gers, *grass.*
 Glaid, *glided along.*
 Gladderit, *collected.*
 Glaikes, *reflection of the sun*
from a mirror; hence a de-
ceitful light, &c.

* Out of Dundaf he and his four couth found. Henry.

- Glade, *kite*.
 Glaumer, *deception of sight*.
 Glar, *dirty*.
 Gleid, *fire*.
 Gleimis, *glances*.
 Glew, *v. (p. 27.) makemerry*.
 Glifint, *looked with waver-
ing eyelids, as newly
awakened*.
 Glourand, *flaring*.
 Gludder, *chat*.
 Glydis, *old horses*. Forbes.
 Goif, *frenzy*.
 Governance, *morals*.
 Gouketlie, *foolishly*.
 Grane, *groan*.
 Grasles, *graceless?*
 Grayth, *dress, prepare*.
 Gre, *degree*.
 Grit, *great*.
 Grom, *person*.
 Gustis, *tastes*.
 Guttaris *gutters*.
 Gy, *guide*.
 Gymp, *slender, genteel*.
 Gyne, *engine*.
 Gyrnand, *grinning*.
- H.
- Habilyement, *habit*.
 Hace, *hoarse*.
 Hachard, *cougher*.
 Hacshe, *ach*.
 Hail, *whole*.
 Hailfit, *bailed, saluted*.
 Haint, *spared*.
 Hair, *high: haar, altus, Ill.*
 Hait, *bot*.
- Hald, *bold, possession*.
 Halie, *boy*.
 Hals, *throat*.
 Handwarp, *Antwerp?*
 Hathit, *bated*.
 Hautand, *haughty, loud*.
 Haw, *pale*. Forbes.
 Hecht, *promised*.
 Heill, *health*.
 Heildit, *bid*.
 Heiris, *masters*. her, Ill.
 Heifit, *raised up*.
 Hemene, *Hymen God of
marriage*.
 Hermit, *harkened*.
 Herreit, *despoiled*.
 Hewmlie, *I suppose should be
haleumlie, wholly. See
Rosses F. S.*
 Heynd, *45, person*.
 Heyndness, *Mildness*.
 Heve, *lift up*.
 Hewin, *52, have*.
 Hewit, *hewed, of good
colour, perhaps hevit held up*.
 Hicht: *On hicht, haughtily*.
 Hie Appert, *High Depart-
ment*.
 Hie. *In hie, in haste*.
 Hint, *caught*.
 Hirn, *a corner. See N.*
 Ho! *an interjection of ceasing:
thus of harmis ho! have
done with pain*.
 Hochis, *haughis*.
 Hoisting, *319, (from host)
warlike*.
 Hostellaris, *innkeepers*.
 Hostit,

Hofsit, *coughed.*

Houffit, *huvit, remained.*

Houk, *hollow, dig.*

Houris, *75, even-bell.*

Hoy, *boot.*

Hune, *delay.*

Hure master, *whore master.*

Husband, *a farmer.*

Coloni et husbandi *is common old law Latin in Scotland.*

Hutit, *booted.*

Hyne, *hence.*

I.

Jak, *habergeon, coat of mail.*

Jakmen, *soldiers.*

Jawis, *dashing waves.*

Jeme, *gem?*

Ilk, *this, each.*

Indil, *suspect.*

Inlaik, *fail. in lake of age.*

Pitscotie (defect.)

Innis, *inn; house, habitation.*

Inficht, *furniture.*

Inthrang, *thrust into.*

Jois, *rejoice.*

Jonk, *read jouk, bend the body.*

Ithinglie, *continually.*

Joyis, *enjoys.*

Irk, *am weary.*

K.

Keik, *look.*

Kemmit, *combed.*

Ken, *know.*

Kervin, *carved.*

Kest, *cast.*

Kirnels, *battlements. See N.*

Kirtil, *close gown. See N.*

Kist, *chest.*

Kittil, *ticklish.*

Knaip, *knave, little boy.*

Knappis, *tassels? hence knapsack, a sack fastened with strings and tassels.*

Knottis, *flower-plots.*

Kouris, *crouches.*

Krisp, *cambric.*

Krynd, *wrinkled.*

Kudling, *embracing.*

Kuyft, *cast.*

Kurches. *Kerchef is a head-cover: and is so properly used p. 45, &c. we say neck-kerchefs, hand-kerchefs, by a solecism of nonsense.*

Kynrik, *kingdom.*

Kythis, *appears.*

L.

Laif, *remainder.*

Laits, *laiks, gestures*.*

Lakt, *wanted.*

Landwart, *country.*

* For his light laytes and his wantones.

Tales of Priests of Peblis. Tale II. near the end.

- L git, *belonged*.
 Langtum, *tiresom*.
 Large, 272, *liberal*.
 Laud, *fame, praise*.
 Lafors, *pastures*. *laeywe*
Angl. Sax. lesours in Doug-
las's Virgil.
 Laythlie, *lothsome*.
 Lecam, *body*. See *N. licami*,
Isl. corpus.
 Leefing, *lessening*.
 Leid, *person*.
 Leif, *good will: leifer;*
lever with better will.
 Leifsum, *lawful*.
 Leig, *league*.
 Leining, *lye*.
 Lenmand, *lemon, lover,*
mistress.
 Lene, *incline, grant*.
 Lentrune, *Lent-time*.
 Lering, *learning*.
 Lesings, *lies*.
 Lest, *approved, liked, agree-*
able.
 Lib, *castrate*.
 Lichour, *lecher*.
 Lichroun, *lechery*.
 Lichliet, *dispised*.
 Liel, leil, *loyal*.
 Lidderly, *sluggishly*.
 Lierit, *taught*.
 Lig, *lye*.
 Lilelie, *livelyly or loyally*.
 Ling, *pace, move hastily*.
 Lisum, *lawful, decent*.
 Lith, *listen*.
 Lippining, *dependence*.
 Lob, *castrated? (libbed)*.
 Loch, *lake*.
 Loppin, *leaped*.
 Lofengeris, *flattering hyars*.
 Loundit, *beaten*.
 Loutit, *stooped*.
 Luffis, *Love's*.
 Luge, *house*.
 Luid, *mournful poem*. See *N.*
 Lurdans, *baughty coxcombs*.
 Lustheid, *amiableness*.
 Luftie, *amiable: deliciosus*.
Pr. Parv.
 Lymmars, *scoundrels*. *It is*
now female.
 Lyre, *flesh, skin*.

 M.
 Mackar, *poet: the word*
maker is common in this
sense in the English writers
from the time of H. VIII.
to that of Elizabeth.
 Made, *written poetry*.
 Mahoun, *Mahomet, abu-*
sevely, the devil.
 Maik, *match, comrade*.
 Mail, *rent*.
 Makdome, *make, shapes*.
 Maling, *farm*.
 Maling, *maligne, evil deed*.
 Mane, *man, must*.
 Main, *breid of mane*.
See N.
 Malheureux, *unhappy, Fr.*
mallewrus, Douglas.
 Mang, *be stupified, p. 7.*
become frantic. *Rofs.*
 Mangit, *stupid*.
 Manluetud, *mildness*.
 Marrow,

Marrow, *match, wife.*
 Meikle, *much.*
 Meis, *meat.*
 Meisfit, *measured.*
 Mell, *meddle, have ado with.*
 Menis, *moans, pities; also shows.*
 Menfit, *tried.*
 Mer, *blunder, mar.*
 Mervale, *wonder.*
 Messoun, *lap-dog.*
 Migarnes, *meagerness,*
 Miskuke, *miscook.*
 Misteris, *necessities. Pitscotie uses mister, as a verb to need. Hence perhaps is mistery a trade.*

Mo, *moan, also more.*
 Mocht, *might.*
 Mollat, *bit (of a bridle)*
 Morgeouns, *odd motions.*
 Morfellis on the mow, *blows on the mouth?*
 Moryis, *morrice-dance.*
 Moy, *mild,*
 Mullis, *muilis, embroidered slippers, mules, Fr.*
 Mustarde-stone, *see N.*
 Mydeild, *mid-age.*
 Myn, *less, minor, lat.*

N.

Ne, *not.*
 Neif, *hand.*
 New-gate, *Novelty.*
 Nild, *outwitted?*
 Nill, *will not,*

Nocht, *not, nothing.*
 Nolt, *oxen.*
 Nyce, *foolish.*

O.

Oftsysis, *often-times. So in Launsal manylyth.*
 Ost, *host.*
 Ourfleit, *overflow.*
 Ourharl, *overcome.*
 Our-rycht, *across.*
 Oursyle, *cover over, conceal.*
 Outhorne, *watches horn?*
 Overthort, *atwart.*
 Owks, *weeks.*

P.

Pace, *easter.*
 Pak, *fortune, possession.*
 Pallat, *317, break your pallat, cut your throat.*
 Pan, *agree.*
 Pand, *pawn.*
 Panse, *think.*
 Papingay, *papingo, parrot.*
 Parage, *value.*
 Pasments, *laces. Fr.*
 Pauchty, *naughty, paw-tricks.*
 Pawne, *peacock: paon, Fr.*
 Pay, *pain, trouble.*
 Pedder, *pedlar.*
 Pelf, *wealth.*
 Pens, *think.*
 Perald, *parald, appareled, drest.*
 Peregal, *equal.*

M m

Perfurneis,

- Perfurneis, *furnish.*
 Peronal, *young girl.*
 Perqueir, *by book.*
 Perthar, *perter.*
 Pertrikis, *partridges.*
 Phane, *vane.*
 Planeist, *replenished.*
 Plat, *flat.*
 Pleid, *debate, conversation.*
 Plenis, *plains, complains.*
 Plet, *interwoven.*
 Pluchit, *plucked as a fowl.*
 Plycht, *case, mischance.*
 Pockis, *bags.*
 Pomells, *little apples, or
gloves: pummil of a sword.*
 Pourit, *destitute.*
 Pow, *pull.*
 Practiks, *arts (of magic.)*
 Preik, *prick their horses with
their spurs: spur.*
 Preis, *excite.*
 Pres, *pressed sail, stretched.*
 Prene, *pin.*
 Previt, *proved.*
 Prochene, *Fr. neighbour.*
 Proper, *very.*
 Prowde, *190. prude? But
prude is baply from prudi,
Goth. modestus.*
 Prunyeis, *prunes the feathers.*
 Pryfit, *valued, prized.*
 Pulchritud, *beauty.*
 Put, *thrust.*
 Pykis, *prickly branches.*
- Q.
- Queiris, *choirs.*
- Quhaten, *what kind of.*
 Quhill, *till.*
 Quhilk, *which, who.*
 Quhilum, *formerly.*
 Quhynniss, *whyn-stones are
hard paving stones: gra-
nite.*
 Quin, *con.*
- R.
- Raddour, *probably timidity.*
 rad, *affraid, Gl. to D.*
 V. Reddour, *in Chaucer,
is sternness.*
 Ragment, *discourse.*
 Raikit, *revelled, also ramblsd.*
 Raip, *rope.*
 Rair, *roar.*
 Raithly, *quickly.*
 Rak, *stretch.*
 Raking, *see N.*
 Rangat, *tumult.*
 Ranklit, *cankered.*
 Rappit, *knocked.*
 Raichit, *burst.*
 Raucht, *reached.*
 Rax, *reach.*
 Rayd, *affraid.*
 Rebalds, *rascals.*
 Red, *neat: p. 282. rid-
dance.*
 Regrattours, *Engrossers and
Forestallers.*
 Reif, *robbery.*
 Reik, *reach, our-reik, have
power.*
 Reil, *roll, either on or off.*
 Reird,

- Shuif, *shaved*.
 Sibnes, *kindred*.
 Sic, *such*.
 Siny, *finew*.
 Skant, *scarce*.
 Skeych, *shy*. Skeifur, *Isl.*
 Skill, *a return*. *see N.*
 Slidder, *183 slyer*.
 Sloggis, *blasts*, *see N.*
 Slok, *quench*.
 Smaik, *small*; smæcka, *diminui*, *Ihre*.
 Smattis, *small beer*.
 Smolat: smola, *mica*, *pars rei minima*. *Ihre*.
 Smore, *smother*.
 Snyte, *blow the nose*.
 Soddis, *a poor saddle of cloth stuffed with straw*.
 Soke, *slacken*.
 Soinyie, *word of war*.
 Sornars, *swindlers*.
 Soust, *stewed*.
 South, *fouch*, *whispering noise*.
 Soveranis, *difference of degree*.
 Sowpit, *soaked*; *steeped*.
 Spald, *shoulder*, *arm*.
 Speir, *ask*.
 Spens, *larder*.
 Spill, *spoil*.
 Spray, *bush*.
 Spulyeit, *despoiled*.
 Spyce, *degree*, *quantity*.
 Spunk, *spark*.
 Stakit; *weil stakit*, *bad plenty of stacks of corn*.
 Stakker, *stagger*.
 Stalwart, *stout*.
 Stang, *sting*.
 Stankis, *ditches*.
 Stark, *stout*.
 Staviss, *thrusts*.
 Stay, *steep*, *lofty*.
 Steik, *stab*.
 Stemit, *esteemed*.
 Stent, *tax*.
 Stentit, *extended*.
 Steven, *found*.
 Stockarit, *staggered*.
 Stoip, *stoup*, *a tin measure*.
 Stouth, *theft*.
 Strek, *strait*.
 Stryind, *race*, *sex*.
 Sturt, *am troubled*.
 Sturtsumnes, *crossness*.
 Stokkit, *in the stocks*.
 Stound, *blow*.
 Stouris, *conflicts*.
 Stowan, *stolen*.
 Streinyie, *prison*, *constrainment*.
 Strekand, *stretching*, *stalking*.
 Stunneist, *astonished*.
 Sture, *strong*.
 Sua, *so*.
 Suakit, *dashed*.
 Suerd, *sword*.
 Sueir, *unwilling*.
 Suelting, *suffocating*.
 Sunyeis, *sonyeis*, *excuses*.
 Sugarat, *sugared*, *sweet*.
 Sukert,

Sukert, *sugared, sweet.*
 Superexpendit, *over-exhausted.*
 Suffy, *care; soucy, Fr.*
 Sute, *attendance.*
 Suth, *truth.*
 Suave, *sweet.*
 Swane, *swain, country-clown.*
 Swerf, *fainting-fit.*
 Swyre, *hill.*
 Swyth, *instantly.*
 Swaird, *turf.*
 Syle, *deceive, circumvent.*
 Sypher, *cypher.*
 Sythens, *henceforth, tho.*
 Syte, *sorrow.*

T.

Ta, *take.*
 Tangs, *tongs.*
 Tapeis, *tapestry, and carpets.*
 Targe, *target.*
 Tary, *vexation.*
 Tasteis, *tassels.*
 Tein, *sorrow.*
 Tenewaryat, *lost in sorrow.*
 Temit, *emptied.*
 Terne, *fierce.*
 Teynd, *tythe.*
 Thewis, *qualities, dispositions.*
 Thir, *these.*
 Thirlit, *bound.*
 Thole, *suffer.*
 Thra, *forward.*
 Thral, *prison, captivity.*
 Thring, *fasten, thrust.*

Thude, *knock.*
 Train, *snare.*
 Traist, *trusty, true.*
 Tram, *pole.*
 Tramp, *tread.*
 Tratlin, *prattling.*
 Trewis, *truce.*
 Trist, p. 37. *thrust; or perhaps traist, appointment, bargain.*
 Trowand, *trusting, believing.*
 Tuil, *toil, trouble.*
 Tume, *empty.*
 Turse, *to bundle up. See N.*
 Tufche, *belt. See N.*
 Tutemowit. *See N.*
 Twyn, *part.*
 Tyke, *cur.*
 Tynfal, *loss.*
 Tynt, *lost.*
 Tyte, *quickly.*

U.

Underly, *by under, endure.*
 Unfulyeit, *unfoiled.*
 Unkorth, *uncouth.*
 Updaw, *dawn up.*
 Upwith, *issue.*
 Ure, *practise, toil.*
 Uiche, *issue.*

V.

Vakandis, *vacant.*
 Velvous, *velvet.*
 Verament, *truly.*
 Vinquus, *vanquish.*
 M m 3 Vitupour,

- Vitupour, *contempt; vituperium, Lat.*
 Voky, *See N.*
 Voltis, *vaults.*
 Voud, *wood, wild, mad.*
 Vrak, *wreck, go to wreck, be ruined.*
- W.
- Wail, *chuse.*
 Waindis, *fears.*
 Wainweird, *misfortune.*
 Waist-gude, *Waste-goods.*
 Wait, *know.*
 Waithman, *hunter's.*
 Waith, *wandering. In Henry's Wallace it seems to mean accoutrements.*
 Wallidrag, *outcast.*
 Wallowit, *withered.*
 Wald, *would.*
 Waltir-cail *I believe is meal, cabbage, potatoes, carrots, &c. beat up with butter.*
 Wambe, *belly.*
 Wandrethe, *misfortune.*
 Wane, *dwelling.*
 Wanhap, *misfortune: wan is un, a negative.*
 Wanis, *walls.*
 Wanlucks, *misfortunes.*
 Wanthrif, *want of thrift.*
 Wardour, *division. See N.*
 Wardlines, *worldliness.*
 Warfion, *reward.*
 Warpit, *turned.*
 Warit, *bestowed.*
- Waryand, *curfing.*
 Wafilage, *wassalage, attendance of vassals, and fig. honour.*
 Wauchit, *guzzled.*
 Waw, *wave.*
 Wawis, 279, *woes; 332, walls.*
 Weid, *wood, mad.*
 Weild, *enjoy.*
 Wein, *imagine, think.*
 Weird, *destiny.*
 Wend, *go.*
 Wesche, *wash.*
 Wicht, *person; also strong.*
 Willing, *willow.*
 Wilfum, *solitary.*
 Wirk, *work.*
 Wis, *understand.*
 Wiskit, *dashed.*
 Wob, *web.*
 Wodfet, *mortgage.*
 Wotlinkis, *wenches?*
 Woun, *v. dwell. p. 6. complain.*
 Woune, *s. dwelling, possession.*
 Wounder, *wondrous.*
 Wourde, *waxed.*
 Wow, *wool.*
 Wrak, 197, *wealth.*
 Wrik, *wreak, revenge.*
 Wryit, *wriibed.*
 Wylicots, *under-petticoats.*
 Wyne, *wyn, win, dwell.*
 Wyfk; *with a wyfk, quickly.*
 Wysar,

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81.	On the malyce of poetis.	316

81 On

Wyfar, *visor*.
Wyte, *blame*.

Y.

Yaip, *eager*.
Yairn, *desire eagerly*.
Yemit, *keeped*.
Yet, *gate*.
Ying, *young*.

Yoid, *went*.
Yoldin, *yielded*.
Yoir, yair, *ready*.
Youde, *went, departed*.
Youl, yule, *Christmas: originally the Gothic Pagan feast of Yule or Iul*.
Youtheid, *youth-hood, youth*.
Ythand, *diligent*.

Passages not understood.

In the *Anc. Sc. Poems*, Edin. 1770, is a list of *passages not understood*, some of which may be explained. *Thrub ryfs* is *thrub the ryfs* (App. Art. I.); that is, *thro the bushes*. *Allovin* is *allowed*: *be sic sewin* occurs in this collection, and is a mere explitive for *by a great deal*. *Blasing breastis* is *breasts blasing in armour*, Sir D. Lindsay, 97, has *golden breasts*. *Trulis* and *tutivillars* are modestly put in that place, both being well explained in the notes. *Descending from millars* is literal and easy. *In prattik for supple* is *by a trick to get supply in return*. *Brek out* is quite literal: *feathers breaking out* is surely an easy phrase. *Denger me derene* is *power over-aw me, terrify me*; *to be in anis danger* is *to be in his power*. *Tarrowis* is *hesitates*; *one tarrowis at his meat*; seems not to like it, *tarry's* to take it; Ramsay uses this word in his *Gentle shepherd*. *To hear news in Norway* is evidently put for *a report spread far and wide*: they should hear of it in Norway. *Grows in glafs* is *turns to glafs*. *Found* is *go*. *Beill, beild of Albion* is *possession*: The Scots were anciently confined to Albany, poetically called Albion. The next is a personal stroke.

Of *Words not understood* there, *Bribour* is *thief*; (Glos. to Ch. by Tyrwhitt). *Derene* is *terrify* by a common figure from *deir* to *kurt*. *Found* is *go*. *Hair* (misprinted *Fair*) is *high, haar, altus Isl.* *Hickes*: *holi* is *bill*. *Laitis*, are *gestures*; *lait Isl.* *gestus*. *Plycht* is *injury*, literally *sad case*; a man is in a *sad plight*: see *King Hart*. *Rois* seems of the same family with *rouste* of a fowl; *ease*. *Slewth* is *sloth*. *Tarrow* is *hesitate, tarry*. But to the dark passages here.

I. p. 5. β. VI. 'fuld grayth them so agast.'

II. St. XII. p. 7.

III. *The brig*: St. XIII. p. 7.

IV 97c

- IV. *The four last lines of st. XLI. p. 16.*
 V. 'Scho bisselie as fortravalit scho was. *St. XLV. p. 18.*
 VI. 'Scho roundis than an epistil intill eyre. *p. 72. l. 2.*
 VII. 'And of his band he maïd a bred: *p. 95. l. penult.*
 VIII. *The strange names. p. 109.*
 IX. 'Brane to byk.' *p. 112. lin. antepenult.*
 X. 'That on their conscience rounne and rude,
 'May turn aucht opin, and ane wane.
p. 116. l. penult.
 Bot over waine and quheil in wil he get.
Priests of Peblis (speaking of a bad bishop.)
 XI. 'Ar fraydant at the man,
 'Quhil thay bring him our stayis. *p. 188. l. 7-8.*
Fraydant may be quarrelsome, from fray: stay, a steep place.
 XII. 'For heirschip of horsmeit. *p. 198. l. 2.*
 XIII. 'brief: the bill.' *p. 209. l. penult: brief, see also p. 129. l. 4. and p. 59.*
 XIV. 'Gif trespas be so greit ane sin
 'As disobediencie dois deserve. *p. 221. l. 13, 14.*

Words not understood.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| Abayd, p. 115. | Crokkis, 99. |
| Allstrene, p. 112. <i>ancient?</i> | D. |
| Alryne, 255. | Deve, 41. |
| | Dogonis, 61. |
| | Dynarit 45. (*). |
| | E |
| B. | Elduring, 49. |
| Banchis, 57. | F. |
| Bask, 136. | Farfy, 49. |
| Bervie, 315. | Favellis, 5. |
| Befweik 52. | Feschov, 49. |
| Bichman, 56 *. | Fipillis, 49. |
| Biggit, 11. | Fitchand, 7. (3) |
| Blonks, 10. <i>see ap. I. where</i> | Flyrds, 102. |
| <i>it is put for banks.</i> | Flyrit, 49. |
| Boks, 112. | Forbeit, 58. |
| Brathit, 12. | Forfurne, 29. |
| Bre, 11. | Fraydant, 188. |
| Breif, 59, 209. | Fre, 134. |
| Bunift, 75. | Fuge, 31. |
| | Fure, 47. (4) |
| | Fute syd, 90. |
| | |
| C. | |
| Carybald, 48. | |
| Cheitres, 48. | |
| Chevin, 353. (1) | |
| Chewal, 48. | |
| Clevis, 116. | |
| Courlaslie, 57. | |

* Perhaps from *biche*, Fr. a deer. Falstaff calls himself a fat deer when he has the horns on. *Bichman* will thus be *deer man*, *horned man*, *cuckold*.

1 Chevir, *sortir d'une affaire*. Glos. du Rom. de la Rose.

2 Dyna, *culcito*: *dyning*, *agitatio maris*. Ihre.

3 Fittja, *colligare*. Ihre.

4 Fur, *promptus*. Lye Dict.

	T.		Walit, 9.
Thraif, 117.			Walroun, 48.
Tous, 58. (9)			Waltir, 60.
Trew, 49.			Wistel, 63.
Trudge, 39.			Wobat, 48.
			Wolterit, 162.
	V.		Woyne, 164.
Virrok, 110. (10)			
		Y.	
	W	Yaid, 112, 184.	<i>A jade;</i>
Wail, 34.			<i>a poor mare?</i>

⁹ Perhaps the meaning of the passage is, 'I allowed him to be a blockhead in doing all labour for me.'

¹⁰ Warok, jumentum.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page iii. l. penult; for Land, read Laud.

vi. l. 9. The date is 1586, see p. 467, and the reasoning here is incorrect; for it is most likely that the name and date were put after the MS. was completed.

xxvii. l. 22. Casar distinguishes the Cimbri from the Belgæ; yet the later may have been originally Cimbri, tho in his time the foes of their progenitors. Such events are common in history.

xxx. l. 1. No attention is paid to what are called *camp*s of Agricola by Scottish antiquaries. Are the camps of Agricola marked with a great A? How else can they be known from those of Lollius Urbicus, or of Theodosius; nay even from Pictish fortifications? For in Scandinavia, the native country of the Picts, such square fortifications are found, tho the Romans never were there. See *Suecia Antiqua et Hodierna* (all prints), 3 vol. 4to. Holmiæ 1702.

xxxi. l. last, add, See the MSS. of them in the Cotton and other Libraries. The text of Beda is vitiated, bearing 409. The other authors lived at great distance of time, and may be refuted.

xxxiv. l. 17. The Islandic writers call the Britons *Brets*, and Wales *Bretland*. See the *Orkneyinga Saga*, Hafn. 1780, 4to, &c.

xxxix. The tribes north of Clyde and Forth were Pictish tribes, save the Cantæ and Carnabii, who, as Richard says, came from South Britain. The Pictish kingdom was long confined to the isles, as may be shewn.

xlii. l. 2. for fixt his, read fix this.

liii. l. 23. read, as is evident from the proofs before brought that they were Goths, and &c.—Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the twelfth century, calls the Picts *Gothicam gentem*.

lv. l. 12. for Robert read Richard.

lxxix. There are no memorials of Barbour at Aberdeen; but, as Archdeacon, he was also parson of Rayne, a place near Inverury, about 20 miles N. W. of Aberdeen, where perhaps his tomb may exist. A copy of his Poem, *Edin.*

1616, 8vo, is in the Bodleian library. Another was in the Harleian.

xc. Henry's Wallace was made English by William Hamilton of Bangour, and printed at Glasgow, 1724, 8vo.

xcix. end. Henryson also wrote *The Testament of Cresseid*, printed among Chaucer's works. In the Museum is *The Testament of Cresseid compylit be Mr. Robert Henrysone, Sculemaister in Dunfermling. Imprintit at Edinburgh be Henrie Charteris, 1593, 4to.* It is quite Scottish even in Chaucer's works.

c. The *Priests of Peblis* are quoted in *The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, fol. 101.*

civ. l. 12. Since this was printed, the editor has seen this pretended Copenhagen edition, 1552, in the Archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. It bears *Imprintit at the command and expensis of Doctor Nachabeus, In Copmanbowin*, which is no more Copenhagen than it is Constantinople, being a mere *nom de guerre*. Nor is there any date at all; save at the end of the Monarchies, where stands '*Quod Lindfaye, 1552.*' A passage in the IV. book, altered in all editions, also shews the Monarchies to have been finished in

'Ane thousand, Fyve hundreth, Thre and Fyftie.'

This edition was printed after the Paris edition 1558, as is evident from cautions against that edition, both at the beginning and end of the book. Its date is clearly 1560, or 1561; and it is assuredly the London edition mentioned in that of 1568. It contains four other works of Lindfay beside the Monarchies; namely, 1, 2, 3, 5. I wish Lindfay's death were certified from the Herald office in Scotland: it is suspected he was living when this edition was printed.

cv. l. last. This edition the editor has perused in the Museum.

cvi. The celebrated *Complaynt of Scotland* the editor has discovered in the Museum; but wanting the title, and two leaves 39 and 137. It is in very small duodecimo, of 148 leaves, when complete; in white letter, a little larger than this. Being a most curious piece, well written, and fraught with great learning, the editor means to republish it, as the only classic work in old Scottish prose. If any person will send him a *fac simile* of the title page, and a literal transcript of the two leaves above mentioned, it will be a great favour.

This

This book was NOT written by Sir James Inglis, as Dr. Mackenzie, an author stupid beyond imagination, says; and, in which strange error he is followed by all our writers! The title bears that it was written by *Wedderburn*, and was printed in 1549. See Ames and the Cat. of Lord Oxford's books; where the name occurs *Wedderburn*, the W being put V thro all the book, owing to the types being brought from France, and having no W. It is a pity we have no *Typographical Antiquities of Scotland* on the plan of Ames. *Wedderburn* is not mentioned by Mackenzie at all, and it is much to be wished that some information about him might be recovered. For the reader's satisfaction the list of Tales and Dances, mentioned by him, is here given.

TALES from *Wedderburn's Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, 12mo. f. v. 50.

' Sum was in prose, and sum was in verse: sum war stories and sum war flet taylis. Thir war the namis of them as after follows:

' *The Tailis of Cantirberrye. Robert le diabil, Duc of Normandie. The Tayl of the wolf of the warldis end. Ferrand Erl of Flandris that mareit the devyl. The tayl of the reyde Eytyn with the thre heydis. The Tayl qubow Persius savit Andromada fra the cruel monster. The Propheisie of Merlyne. The tayl of the gigantes that eit quyk men. "On fut by Forth as I culd found." WALLACE. THE BRUCE. Ypomedon. The tail of the thre futtit dog of Norro-way. The tayl qubow Hercules seu the serpent Hydra that had vii heydis. The tail qubow the kyng of Estmureland mareit the kyngis dochtir of Westmureland. Skail Gillenderfon the kyngis sone of Skellye. The tayl of the Four Sonnis of Aymon. The tail of the brig of the Mantribil. The tail of Syr Euan Arthour's knyght. Rauf collyear*. The Seige of Millan. Gauen ana Gollogras. Lancelot du Lac. "Arthur knyght, He raid on nycht With gyltin spur and candil lycht." The tail of Floremond of Albanye that seu the dragon be the see. The tail of Sir Waltir the bald Lestye. The tail of the Pure Tynt. Claryades and Maliades. Arthour of litil Bertagnye. Robene Hude and litil Jone. The Mervellis of Mandrivel. The tayl of the yong Tamlene, and of the bald Braband. The ryng of the Roy Robert. Syr Egeir and Syr Gryme. Bevis of Southamtoun. The Goldin Targe. The Paleis of Honour.*

* Printed at Edinb. by Lekprevik, 1572, 4to. Ames.

‘The tayl qubow Acleon was transformit in ane hart, and
 ‘syne slane be his auen doggis. The tayl of Pirramus and
 ‘Tesbe. The tail of the amours of Leander and Hero. The
 ‘tail qubow Jupiter transformit his deir love Yo in ane cow.
 ‘The tail qubow that Jason wan the goldin fleice. Opheus kyng
 ‘of Portingale. The tayl of the goldin appil. The tail of the
 ‘thre Weird Systirs. The tayl qubow that Dedatus maid the
 ‘laborynth to keip the monster Minotaurus. The tail qubow
 ‘kyng Midas gat tua asse luggis on his hede because of his
 ‘avereis.’

DANCES. fol. 52. ‘Al Crislyn Mennis Dance. The North of
 ‘Scotland. Huntis up. The Comout Entray. Lang plat fut
 ‘of Gariau. Robene Hude. Thom of Lyn. Freris al.
 ‘Ennyrnes. The Loch of Slene. The gossesps dance. Lewis
 ‘grene. Makky. The Speyde. The flail. The lammes
 ‘wynde. Soutra. Cum kyttil me naykyt wantounly. Schayk
 ‘leg. Fat befor gossesp. Rank at the rute. Bag, lap, and
 ‘al. Johne Ermistrangis dance. The Alman baye. The
 ‘bace of Voragon. Dangeir. The beye. The dede dance.
 ‘The dance of Kylryne. The wod and the wal. Schaik a
 ‘trot.’

cxxxi. 19, 20. This ballad on Helen and Kirkonel lee, is
 evidently that upon Fleming and the fair Helen of Kirkonel,
 in Galloway, mentioned by Mr. Pennant, Vol. II.

Page 153. l. 22 for glorifitie, read gloriositie.

389. l. 24 for this volume, read this work.

406. l. 33, &c. It is since discovered, that to strike a
 spirit was, so late as last century, thought no absurdity, but
 a trial if it were really spiritual. Bishop Corbet in his witty
Iter Boreale, or Journey from Oxford to Newark-on-Trent,
 written about 1620, meeting a lone man in Leicester forest,
 one of his companions says,

‘Tis Robin or some spirit walks about;

‘Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to air;

‘Cross yourselves thrice, and strike him.’ p. 17. ed. 1672.

432. The last Fragment is of a tale given in prose among
Peetes Merie Tales, printed about 1570. The conclusion is,
 that the man, finding his wife talk too much, applies to his
 adviser (a devil), to stop her tongue; but he answers, that
 not all the devils could do that, tho any one could make a
 woman speak.