

Classic Poetry Series

# Thomas Chatterton

## - poems -

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# Thomas Chatterton(1752 - 1770)

Thomas Chatterton was born in Bristol on November 20, 1752 and is generally regarded as the first Romantic poet in English.

Throughout his early childhood Chatterton showed no signs of talent. He was regarded as little better than an idiot until he was about six and a half years old, because he would learn nothing, refused to play with other children, and spent most of his time brooding in silence. He was expelled from his first school as a dullard.

It appears that he underwent a considerable transformation in his seventh year. The story goes that one day he found his mother tearing up for waste paper some old music folios which had been brought home from the church some years previously by his father for use as sewing-patterns, bookbindings and the like. According to his mother, Thomas 'fell in love' with the illuminated capitals and, his interest once aroused, his mother soon taught him to read with the aid of the manuscript. If the story can be trusted, it illustrates vividly both Chatterton's instinctive delight in medieval art and the philistinism of his surroundings. His reading progressed from the old folios to a black-letter Bible and then to any books he could obtain.

In August 1760 he began attending Golston's Hospital, a Bristol charity-school which formed probably the worst intellectual environment he could have had. This Dickensian personage had left behind him a school run like a prison, where the pupils were tonsured like monks and suspected leanings towards religious non-conformity were punishable by expulsion. Chatterton's behaviour there seems to have alternated between delinquency and sullenness and the school proved to be the first of a series of disastrously stultifying milieux which certainly contributed to Chatterton's tragedy.

When he was ten, he began to write poetry. At first he produced religious verses, but he soon developed a satirical vein. The first glimpses of Chatterton as a literary forger began to appear soon after.

In 1767, when he was nearly fifteen, Chatterton left school and was apprenticed to John Lambert, an attorney. It was his first step into the business world, an environment which he found almost as oppressive as Golston's Hospital. Bristol at this time was an overcrowded, bustling industrial city crammed into a set of streets and buildings which had changed little since the middle ages. It was, in fact, one of the places where the modern world was coming into existence.

Chatterton was not proving a satisfactory apprentice. Set to the drudgery of copying legal precedents, he whiled away the time in drawing and writing poetry. He still read enormously. He was sulky and sardonic, and began to associate in his spare time with a group of young apprentices who, like him, were bored by their work and did their best to enliven the evenings with drinking and chasing girls.

His literary work went ahead quickly. In 1768 a local magazine accepted from him 'medieval' documents relating to a matter of local history - these were of course forgeries. Soon he was selling a series of 'medieval' poems and documents, which he claimed to have found amongst old papers in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff. Among the poems sold was the manuscript of his masterpiece, *AElla*.

Chatterton was not entirely content being a poet and turned to being a forger for several reasons. He felt alienated in society and held resentment towards society, and especially towards figures of authority. Naturally sensitive and suspicious, he was also extraordinarily intelligent, perhaps even a genius, and yet he was placed in a series of environments which offered little understanding or encouragement. On a few well-documented occasions Chatterton admitted that he had written the poems, however no-one would believe him. He was not regarded as sufficiently intelligent. This above all must have confirmed him in his resolution to play merely the discoverer and editor of a medieval poet, and not to claim the authorship for himself.

Furthermore Chatterton believed a poem which would be accepted and sincerely acclaimed as a specimen of medieval verse would be cruelly ridiculed as the work of a living poet; or so he probably assumed. And with some of the disinterest of the true artist, Chatterton sacrificed his own fame and attributed most of the poems he wrote in 1768 and 1769, many of which touch on greatness, to a fictitious Bristolian priest of the 15th century, Sir Thomas Rowley.

Unfortunately Chatterton, herald of the new poetic era, clung to some of the habits of the old. He seems to have wanted a patron; and in his innocence, it occurred to him that Walpole, author of *Otranto*, was the very man. Walpole was sent samples of Rowley's poetry but this aroused suspicion and the documents were returned.

In 1769 Chatterton decided that he must leave the attorney's office and turn professional. But he was still bound by his indentures to Lambert, and there was no easy way to obtain release. He became increasingly depressed and frequently

talked of suicide. His religious beliefs had partly fallen away and after one suicide-threat he managed to coerce Lambert to cancel his indentures.

Free at last, Chatterton, now seventeen, set out for London at the end of April 1770. He visited the editors of several magazines and seems to have written and published a great deal of satirical verse and prose in the first few months. But payments were small and irregular and the work exhausting. In June he moved to cheaper lodgings where he need not be seen in his exhaustion and poverty by anyone who knew him. He was entirely alone, and could not bring himself to return to Bristol a failure. He was half-starved, and there is evidence to suggest that his sufferings were aggravated by a dose of gonorrhoea. On August 24, 1770, proud to the end, he poisoned himself by drinking arsenic in water.

The room was broken open the next day. Chatterton's body lay on the bed, severely convulsed. The floor was littered with fragments of manuscript. The inquest, the records of which have been lost, presumably returned the plain verdict of suicide, so that Chatterton's body was buried in an unmarked grave.

# A Hymn For Christmas Day

Almighty Framer of the Skies!  
O let our pure devotion rise,  
Like Incense in thy Sight!  
Wrapt in impenetrable Shade  
The Texture of our Souls were made  
Till thy Command gave light.  
The Sun of Glory gleam'd the Ray,  
Refin'd the Darkness into Day,  
And bid the Vapours fly;  
Impell'd by his eternal Love  
He left his Palaces above  
To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,  
When God appeared in mortal clay,  
The mark of worldly scorn;  
When the Archangel's heavenly Lays,  
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise  
And hail'd Salvation's Morn!

A Humble Form the Godhead wore,  
The Pains of Poverty he bore,  
To gaudy Pomp unknown;  
Tho' in a human walk he trod  
Still was the Man Almighty God  
In Glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears  
The Torments of this Vale of tears;  
Nor bade his Vengeance rise;  
He saw the Creatures he had made,  
Revile his Power, his Peace invade;  
He saw with Mercy's Eyes.

How shall we celebrate his Name,  
Who groan'd beneath a Life of shame  
In all Afflictions tried!  
The Soul is raptured to concieve

A Truth, which Being must believe,  
The God Eternal died.

My Soul exert thy Powers, adore,  
Upon Devotion's plumage sar  
To celebrate the Day;  
The God from whom Creation sprung  
Shall animate my grateful Tongue;  
From him I'll catch the Lay!

Thomas Chatterton

# A New Song

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way  
My notions and actions run far.  
How can my ideas do other but stray,  
Deprived of their ruling North-Star?

A blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,  
I chatter and spoil the dull air;  
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,  
When discord's the voice of my fair?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,  
If Hardind was girlish and cold,  
If never an ogle was got from Miss Grimes,  
If Flavia was blasted and old;

I chose without liking, and left without pain,  
Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh;  
I scorned, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,  
And paint them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd and I burn'd,  
I died to obtain the bright queen;  
But when I beheld my epistle return'd,  
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

She's damnable ugly, my Vanity cried,  
You lie, says my Conscience, you lie;  
Resolving to follow the dictates of Pride,  
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,  
And shine in her natural charms,  
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,  
And permit me to use my own arms.

Thomas Chatterton

# Ælla, A Tragical Interlude - Act I

## SCENE I.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne  
Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,  
Mee, happeless mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,  
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynn myschaunces chayne.  
Ah! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre?  
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene ?  
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?--  
Butte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,  
Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene,  
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne made redde,  
Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnenn clothe ywreene ,  
Syke woulde thie spryte uponn thie vysage spreadde.  
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and harte  
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee from hys moste parte.  
And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere?  
Ytt cannotte, muste nott, naie, ytt shalle not bee.  
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,  
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll slea.  
Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,  
To slea mieself, mie love, & eke mie doughtie friende.

## SCENE II.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,  
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,  
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane should blede,  
Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte;  
Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,  
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed mie softer soule;  
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe  
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,  
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,  
Whan hallie preest, the lechermanne of the soule,  
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede vowe:  
Nowe hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate;

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate .

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbände, syke a joie ys myne;  
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,  
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,  
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;  
Inne sothe, I have butte meeded oute thie faie;  
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente,  
As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,  
And on the grasse her lemes of sylver sente,  
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,  
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.  
Ofte have I scene thee atte the none-daie feaste,  
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for want of pheeres,  
Awhylst thie merrymen dydde laughe and jeaste,  
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares,  
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,  
Alest a daynous looke to thee be sente,  
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,  
Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente ;  
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,  
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe,  
Thie gentleness doth corven them so grete,  
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;  
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate ;  
Butte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,  
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee,  
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,  
On smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.  
I amm Loves borro'r, and canne never paie,  
Botte be hys borrower styll, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes soe small;  
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;  
For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,  
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.  
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wyll spere,  
Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;  
Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;  
A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

This gentle wordis doe thie volunde kenne  
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

SCENE III.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde!  
Oft maie the moon, yn sylver sheenyng lyghte,  
Inn varied chaunges varied blessynges shedde,  
Besprengyng far abrode mischaunces nyghte;  
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so bryghte,  
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace,  
Wythe selynesse, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,  
Wyth everych chaungyng mone new joies encrease!  
I, as a token of mie love to speak,  
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we'll drenche youre ale soe stronge,  
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.  
Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr swayne;  
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe  
From the floures of yellowe hue;  
Tourne thee, Alyce, back again.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre, I wyll goe  
Softlie tryppyng o'ere the mees,  
Lych the sylver-footed doe,  
Seekeyng shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss growne daisey'd banke,  
Pereyng ynne the streme belowe;  
Here we'll sytte, yn dewie danke;  
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,  
Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,  
Inne the swotie monthe of Maie,

Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,  
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,  
The chelandree, greie morn larke,  
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,  
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,  
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene  
Pied daisies, kyng-coppes swote;  
Alle we see, bie non bee seene,  
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche.  
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.  
Leave me swythe, or I'lle alatche.  
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokyng brionie  
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;  
Rounde the oake the greene ivie  
Florryshcethe and lyveth aie.  
Lette us seate us bie thys tree,  
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;  
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;  
Nature made all thynges bie payres.

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;  
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe:

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste be ywrynde,  
Tylle syr preeste make on of two.  
Tempte me ne to the foule thyng;  
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;  
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe synge,  
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie our ladie her yborne,  
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,

I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,  
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe  
Wee attenes , thos honde yn honde,  
Unto divinstre goe,  
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte  
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;  
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,  
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,  
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;  
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;  
Wee ynn godenesse wylle be greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;  
And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;  
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde , wee have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,  
As well as owre choughe-voices wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynges,  
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FIRST MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynges flourettes blashes atte the lyghte;  
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;  
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,  
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys brought.  
The evenynges commes, and brynges the dewe alonge,  
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;

Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;  
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;  
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,  
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styлле.  
SECOND MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,  
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;  
Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.  
Go, take a wyfe unto thie armes, and see  
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.  
THIRD MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brente doe appere,  
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,  
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfyllle the yere,  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;  
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;  
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;  
Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,  
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde,  
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,  
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;  
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,  
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth some care.  
SECOND MYNSTRELLE

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde;  
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free;  
Dherre ys a somewhatte evere yn the mynde,  
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;  
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,  
Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne fayre.  
Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves, botte manne,  
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;  
Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,  
Yrwoghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;  
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete  
The milkyngness of kynde, and make hemselves complete.  
Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres  
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,  
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,  
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;  
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,

Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovyngge marryage lyfe.  
Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.  
As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttyngge,  
As from the sones hete she harried,  
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyttyngge,  
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!  
Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,  
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,  
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.  
Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,  
Tho' twas at my liebe to mynde spynnyngge,  
I styлле wanted somethyngge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,  
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnyngge.  
Eche mornyngge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,  
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachyngge,  
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachyngge.  
Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
And nothyngge unto mee was nedeingge,  
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeingge.  
Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,  
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyngge,  
Shee putte uppe her knyttyngge, and to hym wente shee;  
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyngge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynnn untoe the feaste;  
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;  
There swotelie syngge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;  
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;  
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych woe.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondryngge onn our coaste;  
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,  
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;  
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:  
Thie dogges alleynne can tame thys ragyngge bulle.  
Haste swythyne, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,  
And Wedecestertes rolle of dome bee fulle.

Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,  
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.  
ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon.  
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!  
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,  
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!  
BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,  
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,  
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.  
ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hungred guestes to eate?  
O mie upswalyng harte, whatt wordes can saie  
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?  
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,  
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.  
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente  
As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?  
Moste we ale holde yn chace the shade content,  
And for a bodykin a swarthe obteyne?  
O whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie sowle?  
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?  
CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.  
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.  
Thann, loverde, lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede  
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;  
Gyff thos we lett the matter lethlen laie,  
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncete, getteth fote.  
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,  
And all the sabbataners goe aboute.  
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse  
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.  
ÆELLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;  
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;  
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,  
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.  
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,

Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?  
Ne could the queede, and ale the myghte of Helle,  
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke a geare.  
Yet I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte  
To act wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde;  
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;  
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde;  
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.  
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;  
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;  
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wylle drayne,  
Gyff drierie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.  
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;  
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;  
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear  
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,  
And thake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?  
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?  
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?  
Thou prycest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.  
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
Hang pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy morthie.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,  
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,  
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,  
Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.  
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all  
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,  
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?  
Receyve attenes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?  
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

ÆLLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;  
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares;  
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower,  
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure  
Thie bledeynge cuntrye, whych for hastie dede  
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede.  
BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!  
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.  
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste command  
Under the sygnette of oure lorde the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande?  
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyngel!  
Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double styngel,  
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blyngel .  
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.  
Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,  
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the friende.  
Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;  
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;  
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,  
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe;  
I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,  
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,  
Telle mie Brystowans to bedyghte yn stele;  
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,  
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe; O mie agroted harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie cuntrye waites mie marche; I muste awaie;  
Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte  
Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.  
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie  
Moe torturyngel peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and, wayte the daie,  
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.  
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie  
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.  
BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev  
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.  
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,  
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.  
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;  
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.  
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,  
Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.  
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,  
Wydhoue an ounde of teares and breaste wyth syghes ytorne.  
ÆLLA.

This mynde ys now thie selfe; why wylte thou bee  
All blanch; al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,  
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,  
Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave behynde?  
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;  
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.  
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

CELMONDE.

The Bristowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge  
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe flynge.  
ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie,  
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.

Ælla, for honnoure, flies awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie.

I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.  
He's gon, he's gone, alass! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,  
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,  
Whych farre abrode ynne gentle ayre do flie,  
Meetyng from distaunce the enjoyous fyghte,  
Albeytte efte thou taken thie hie flyghte  
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,  
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte;  
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ;  
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
Depycte wythe skyledd honde uponn thie wyde aumere.  
I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,  
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;  
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,  
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.  
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.  
Dothe warre begynne? theres Celmonde yn the place.  
Bone whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.  
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.  
I see onnumbered joies around mee ryse;  
Blake stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.  
O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?  
Hallie the robber and the bordelyer,  
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,  
And nothyng does thie myckle gastness fere.  
Faygne would I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.  
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;  
Whyllest mie soulg'h's forwyned, thou art the gare;  
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;  
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,  
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.  
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,  
A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreame;  
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made  
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;  
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,  
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblyng waies,  
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be breme,

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.  
O thou, whatteer thie name,  
Or Zabalus or Queed,  
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,  
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

Thomas Chatterton

# Ælla, A Tragical Interlude - Act II

## SCENE I

MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIE PREESTE, wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.  
MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,  
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.  
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;  
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE syngeth.

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre  
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,  
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,  
The mone yn bloddie gytelles hylte,  
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde  
Everyche barriere to the wynde;  
Whanne the oundyng waves dystreste,  
Storven to be overest,  
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,  
Swolteryng wole natyons down;  
Sendyng dethe, on plagues astrodde,  
Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde;  
To mee send your heste dyvyne,  
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,  
Thatt I maie now undevyse  
All the actyonnes of th'emprize.

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;  
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menn be slayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.  
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,  
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte,  
Have Magnus pressyng wroghte hys foemen loaste.  
As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,  
The dyngeyng ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,  
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,  
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.  
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,  
Mie lethalle speere, alych a levyn-mylted oke.  
Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;

Forr there shall meynte of mytte menn be slayne.

MAGNUS.

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Full meynte a champyones breaste received mie spear.

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,

Mie lethalle speere, alych a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

This wordes are greate, full of hyghe sound, and eeke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;

The cocke saiethe drefte , yett armed ys he alleyne.

Certis this wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynte of woe, who eke canne fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn this honde,

Lette blowes this actyons speeke, and bie this corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,

And myckle famed for this handie dede.

Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,

Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.

Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,

Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,

Wythe corses I investyng everich mede,

And thou aston, and wondryng at mie myghte.

Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,

Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte

Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.

Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;

Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.

I'll prove mie courage onne the burlid greene;

Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,

Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.  
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,  
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.  
MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte  
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.  
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,  
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie  
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,  
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;  
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,  
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.  
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage;  
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.  
HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art  
That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,  
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.  
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness  
To thee and recreandes ) thondered on the playne,  
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!  
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.  
A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,  
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.  
MAGNUS.

Eternalie plagues devour thie baned tyngue!  
Myriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!  
Maiest thou fele all the peynes of age whylst ynge,  
Unmanned, uneyned, excludod aie the lyghte,  
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;  
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,  
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere;  
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,  
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes devoure.  
Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue  
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.  
HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge,  
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;  
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,

Bane onne, tulle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.  
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,  
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele .  
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;  
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.  
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

MAGNUS.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!  
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!  
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.  
Unlydgemente traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?  
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,  
Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to sletre felle;  
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.  
Now; bie the goddes yatte reule the Dccyanne state,  
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,  
The sede of malyce and recendize al.  
Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes;  
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proose canst calle.  
Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,  
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,  
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee fall;  
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde  
I Hurra amme miesel, & aie wylle bee,  
As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne your contekions chiefs; for, as I stode  
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,  
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,  
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,  
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,  
Seemyng as tho' theie styng as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraine.

Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons prepare  
Ne doubtynghe, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.  
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde? ys ytte for feare?  
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,  
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?  
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;  
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,  
I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,  
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne  
The armie ys. Disorder throughe oure hoaste  
Is fleynghe, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;  
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? & soe neare?

Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne .  
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,  
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.  
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturme,  
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle burne,  
Telleynghe 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;  
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle bee,  
Mie harte I wylle upryse, & inne the battelle slea.

SCENE II.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE near WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,  
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynghe browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere  
 Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,  
 Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;  
 Mie blodde emboilen, wythe masterie elate,  
 Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,  
 Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,  
 And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate  
 As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde weale.  
 Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,  
 Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redyng here.  
 There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,  
 Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,  
 And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.  
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;  
 Oure sonnes lie storven ynne theyre smethynge gore;  
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,  
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.  
 Yet menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,  
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.  
 Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;  
 These roynerrres of oure hallie houses slea;  
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame.  
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.  
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,  
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levyn-bronde,  
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,  
 Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.  
 Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,  
 Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.  
 Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,  
 And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,  
 Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes hygher,  
 Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.  
 As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,  
 Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynyng streme,  
 Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe stronde,  
 Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,  
 Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
 And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the champion crowne.  
 Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,  
 To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;

Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre,  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyre:  
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure ire,  
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,  
the lambe & shepsterr nere the brire,  
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;  
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,  
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns slayne.  
Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlance sheene,  
Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,  
Lyche fallyngge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee sleene,  
loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.  
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,  
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;  
To commyngge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,  
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte.  
Yourselfses, youre chyltren, & youre fellowes crie,  
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or die.  
I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle saie;  
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer place;  
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie;  
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.  
'Tweste shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space;  
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne;  
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,  
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.  
Thus I enrone mie anlance; goe thou shethe;  
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;  
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;  
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,  
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;  
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;  
Go, & sytte crowned on corsen of the slayne;  
Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;  
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes  
 Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.  
 Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes,  
 Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.  
 Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem downe to helle;  
 Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the starres;  
 The barrowes brastyng wythe the sleene schall swelle,  
 Brynnyng to commynge tymes our famous warres;  
 Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
 Sheenynge abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.  
 Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall saie,  
 Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,  
 Echone wylle wysse hee hanne seene the daie,  
 And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;  
 Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;  
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;  
 Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,  
 Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.  
 Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes sounde,  
 The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge grounde.  
 Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

### SCENE III.

DANES flynge, neare WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys sleene;  
 The Saxonnnes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;  
 Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;  
 Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace bledde,  
 And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?  
 See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are spreade,  
 Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.  
 Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete;  
 Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle marke the goeynge of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,  
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,  
 Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyryng battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.  
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,

Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;  
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,  
Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobbiyng yield yer breathe;  
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
Bee deathe-doomed captvyves taene, or yn the battle slayne.  
HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,  
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,  
Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.  
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,  
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,  
To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe,  
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.  
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne ;  
Lette alle the Dacyannes swythe untoe oure banner joyne.  
Throw hamlettes wee wylle spreng sadde dethe & dole,  
Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves thereynne;  
Goddess! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.  
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.  
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;  
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

#### SCENE IV.

CELMONDE, near WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,  
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,  
Makeyng oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,  
Ybereyng thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.  
Bryghte sonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,  
From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne,  
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,  
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.  
The dauncyng streakes bedecked heavennes playne,  
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemryng eie,  
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure steyne,  
Sheenyng upon the borne whyche stondest bie;  
The souldyers stode uponne the hillis syde,  
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.  
Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;  
Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte,  
Hys eyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyre;

Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;  
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;  
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayse & rennome swelles;  
 Lyche slowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge streme,  
 Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol armie seme.  
 Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,  
 Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesome tare,  
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,  
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryngue,  
 Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;  
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.  
 The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd ryngue;  
 Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee;  
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flyngue;  
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;  
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,  
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,  
 Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,  
 Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;  
 Ælla, thou arte -- botte staie, mie tyngue; saie nee;  
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styll greater hee wylle bee.  
 Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.  
 Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;  
 Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;  
 Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.  
 Chief Magnus sought hys waie, &, shame to telle!  
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere  
 Uponne the flyyngue Dacyannes schoulder felle,  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,  
 He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.  
 Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,  
 Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys fledde;  
 Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.  
 After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;

Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnnes flewe;  
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;  
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;  
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,  
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne fledde.  
The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie.  
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes flie;  
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylie daie,  
Pressynge behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.  
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;  
Ælla commaundes 'heie thoulde the sleetre staie,  
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.  
The fyghtynge beyng done, I came awaie,  
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.  
Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,  
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde,  
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneyng lyghte yn course,  
Leaveyng the gyttelles of the merke behynde.  
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.  
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.  
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde,  
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;  
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;  
Quycke dyghte mie best of stedes, and bryng hymm heere -- awaie!  
CELMONDE.

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toun  
He waytethe, tulle hys woundes be broghte to ethe.  
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,  
Makynge the victore yn hys vyctorie blethe?  
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,  
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee to deathe;  
Botte -- Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe  
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;  
Botte thanne rennome æterne - ytte ys botte ayre;  
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvyng there.  
Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre  
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe,  
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,

And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
Were blodde, & morthur, masterie, and warre;  
Thie I wylie holde to now, & hede ne moe  
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,  
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shall be torne.

Thomas Chatterton

# Ælla, A Tragical Interlude - Act Iii

SCENE I.

BRISTOWE.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;  
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyngge botte weere .  
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure selynesse destroie,  
Floddyngge the face wythe woe, and brynne teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied reste.  
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere,  
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste:  
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;  
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere awaie.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
O! droppe the blynne teare wythe mee,  
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
Lycke a reyneynge ryver bee;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.  
Blacke hys cryne as the wynter nyghte,  
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,  
Rodde hys face as the morning lyghte,  
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.  
Swote hys tynge as the throstles note,  
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,  
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.  
Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wyngge,  
In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.  
 See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.  
 Here, uponne mie true loves grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
 Al the celness of a mayde.  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,  
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.  
 Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
 Heere mie boddie stylee schalle bee.  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.  
 Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,  
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.  
 My love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.  
 Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,  
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.  
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.  
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.  
 BIRTHA.  
 Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;  
 Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

SCENE II.

ÆLLA, atte WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!  
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;  
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,  
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her syghte.  
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;  
Swefte as mie wyshe, & as mie love ys, stronge.  
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,  
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.  
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie  
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!  
Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!  
Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, & blesse;  
On tyme encaledede yanne bie the same thyng warmd,  
Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less.  
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse;  
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?  
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,  
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.  
O heavens! I I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,  
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne.

SCENE III.

CELMONDE, atte BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are styll;  
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyght makes gleme;  
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fyll,  
Wythe oughant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreame;  
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme;  
Now maie mie love be sated ynn yttes treate;  
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streame,  
Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.  
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe here.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and styllle maie use  
The behylte blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydyngge thenne have I to feare?  
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.  
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;  
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?  
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulders spryngge.

CELMONDE.

Mit stede wydhoute wylle deftlie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;  
Sweftlie caparisons for rydyngge bryngge;  
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyne ploome.  
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the styngge,  
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,  
Thou wouldste see playne thieself the gare to bee;  
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten mee.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;  
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;  
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;  
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.  
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,  
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;  
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;  
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.  
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,  
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,

Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,  
Erthe wythe the ayre enchased dyd contende,  
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd slee,  
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde slee;  
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,  
Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng everyche tree,  
And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streme,  
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,  
Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

SCENE III.

A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,  
Bewreckeyng on oure foemene oure ylle warre;  
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,  
Spreddyng our ugsomme rennome to afarre.  
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,  
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;  
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,  
Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie dree.  
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
Eftsoones we will retourne, & vanquished bee ne moere.  
The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;  
Note queedes hemselves culde stonde so harde a fraie;  
Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,  
The Dacyannes, sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,  
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;  
Ynn spyte of foemane, I moste saie hys myghte;  
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle paie,  
Brynnyng, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;  
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes, destroye;--  
Oure armoures -- wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie.  
Whene swefte-sote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;  
Brastyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,  
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;  
Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourettes rende,  
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,  
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,  
Besprengyng alle abrode sadde warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;  
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

SCENE IV.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.  
Howe sable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!  
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,  
Ne ys att nyghtys flemyng hue dysmayde;  
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;  
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;  
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.  
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BERTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,  
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore , dothe sheene,  
Wych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;  
See! howe the brauncyng trees doe here entwyne,  
Makeyng thys bower so pleasyng to the syghte;  
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt stondes,  
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or also mie thoughtes  
Perchance maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?  
Am I betraste ? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,  
Botte geven some onn Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage out;  
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.  
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.  
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,  
There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!  
I wretched bee, beyond the hele of fate,  
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.  
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,  
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyspleasaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
Radher thanne heere syche deslavitie sedde.  
Swythyne flie from mee, and ne further saie;  
Radher thanne heere thie love, I woulde bee dead.  
Yee seynctes! and shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,  
And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thyng?  
Lett mee be gone -- alle curses onne thie hedde!  
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message bryng!  
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!  
Or welkyn and her starres will take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,  
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;  
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryng as stele;  
The merkye seosonne wylle your blosches hylte .

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.  
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylle.  
Untoe mie wysche bee kinde, and nete also hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,

Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder heare.  
Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

HURRA.

Ah! thatt's a wommanne cries.

I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theree?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;

Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie stryng anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,  
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,  
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;  
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn eterne nyghte;--  
To her be kynde.

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.

Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harbour soule despyte,

Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

Mie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,

From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans, heere.  
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.  
Thorowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,  
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,  
Forlagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;  
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;  
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;  
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,  
Ælla the gare dheie sed, & wysched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee styлле.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;  
Whanne wee are spent, he soundethe the forloyne;  
The captives chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,  
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;  
Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?  
You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian field,  
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddyng shielde.  
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn field dyd bee,  
Hee oathed you to bee styлле, & strayte dydd sette you free.  
Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?  
Bicaus hee syghteth for hys countryes gare?  
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,  
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?  
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,  
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,  
Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be gone?  
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;  
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!  
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges bee!  
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,  
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & lea.  
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede bie the;  
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;  
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!

Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!  
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,  
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie.  
HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene;  
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;  
The seynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the green;  
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie;  
Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;  
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;  
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,  
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;  
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,  
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe mee.

Thomas Chatterton

# Ælla, A Tragical Interlude - Act Iv

SCENE I.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte  
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;  
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,  
Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.  
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.  
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,  
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;  
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.  
Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle door;  
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of ware nemore.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee  
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is --

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA

Gone --

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.

Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lychy prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,  
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,  
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne --

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse alleyne .

As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,  
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;  
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere  
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her aniewheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lvest, foul hagge! thou lvest; thou art her ayde  
To chere her louste; -- botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,  
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee soe; I see,  
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;  
Itte moste bee soe -- oh! how ytte wracketh mee!  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;  
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;  
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.

Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.

As to mie chamber I dydde betide mie waie,  
To Birtha onne hys name and place addreste;  
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste  
I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made--

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;  
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wyllle  
Fallen mine mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla styllle.  
Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte;  
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce wynde,  
Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;  
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.  
Mie hommeur yette somme drybplet joie maie fynde,  
To the Danes woundes I wyllle another yeve;  
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,  
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe live;  
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,  
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englund's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be styllle; stythe lette the chyrches ryngie mie knelle.  
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde  
Of thys mie Bristowe castle, wyll doe welle.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.  
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!  
Botte ah! shee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? Whatte merits yis leathalle knelle?  
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?  
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and well!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.

This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,  
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unsprytet mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!  
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.  
Thys damoysselle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burlled swayne;  
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,  
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.  
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;  
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;  
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNYKE.

Yee nobyle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.

Whatte faultes could Birtha have, whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.

Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;

I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.

Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,

Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,

To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;

I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,

Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;

The Danes --

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die content. --

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde.

COERNYKE.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyyng toe!

Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.  
Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe?  
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?  
Ælla, the rennome was thie onlie gayne;  
For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste.  
Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,  
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;  
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,  
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge of thee.  
The Ende.

Thomas Chatterton

## Ælla, A Tragical Interlude - Entroductionne

Somme cherisaunei 'tys to gentle mynde,  
Whan heie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne ,  
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,  
And theyre good deedes doe on the earthe remayne;  
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne everych steyne,  
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,  
Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,  
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,  
Who made whole troupes of Dacyan men to blede,  
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seel'd hys eyne for aie,  
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
To sale what he, as clergyond , can kenne,  
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

Thomas Chatterton

# Ælla, A Tragical Interlude (Excerpt)

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE...

The boddyng flouettes blashes atte the lyghte;  
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;  
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,  
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe to whestlyng dynne ys broughte.

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;  
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;  
Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;  
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;  
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,  
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge DE MYNSTRELLE

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,  
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;  
Ynn Womman alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
As Instruments of joie were made the kynde.  
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see  
Wynter and brownie hylles wyll have a charme for E MYNSTRELLE

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brente doe appere,  
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lefe,  
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfyllle the yere,  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;  
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;  
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, ruddy as even skie,  
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;  
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,  
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;  
Thann, bee the even foule or even fayre,  
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme care....MYNSTRELLES

## SONGE

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
O! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,  
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
Lycke a reynyng ryver bee;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Black hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,  
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,  
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,  
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,  
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
In the briered delle belowe;  
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys death-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
Heere mie boddie styлле schall bee.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,  
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,  
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.  
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.  
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

Thomas Chatterton

# An Excelente Balade Of Charitie: As Wroten Bie The Gode Pri

In Virgynë the sweltrie sun gan sheene,  
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;  
The apple rodded from its palie greene,  
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;  
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;  
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
And eke the grounde was dighte in its moste defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,  
When from the sea arist in drear arraie  
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,  
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
Hiltring attenens the sunnis fetive face,  
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,  
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,  
A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide.  
Pore in his newe, ungentle in his weede,  
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,  
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie?  
He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;  
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!  
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!  
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.  
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,  
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;  
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;  
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;  
The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall,  
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;  
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;  
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound  
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,  
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;  
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;  
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;  
His chapournette was drented with the reine,  
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;  
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,  
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;  
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:  
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,  
For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

"An almes, sir prieste!" the droppyng pilgrim saide,  
"O! let me waite within your covente dore,  
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;  
Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;  
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;  
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche."

"Varlet," replyd the Abbatte, "cease your dinne;  
This is no season almes and prayers to give;  
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;  
None touch mie rynges who not in honour live."  
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,  
And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde;  
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;  
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;  
A Limitoure he was of order seene;  
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

"An almes, sir priest!" the droppyng pilgrim sayde,  
"For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake."  
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,  
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;  
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.  
"Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;  
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

"But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,  
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;  
Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde."  
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.  
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,  
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power.

Thomas Chatterton

## Apostate Will

In days of old, when Wesley's power  
Gathered new strength by every hour;  
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,  
Resolved his bargain should be made;  
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,  
And puts on grave and solemn airs;  
Then thus the pious man addressed.  
Good sir, I think your doctrine best;  
Your servant will a Wesley be,  
Therefore the principles teach me.  
The preacher then instructions gave.  
How he in this world should behave;  
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,  
Says every word's the word of God,  
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,  
How blessed is the sect! he cries;  
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,  
Shall make me from this sect retreat.  
He then his circumstances declared,  
How hardly with him matters fared,  
Begg'd him next morning for to make  
A small collection for his sake.  
The preacher said, Do not repine,  
The whole collection shall be thine.  
With looks demure and cringing bows,  
About his business strait he goes.  
His outward acts were grave and prim,  
The methodist appear'd in him.  
But, be his outward what it will,  
His heart was an apostate's still.  
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,  
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;  
He was a preacher, and what not,  
As long as money could be got;  
He'd oft profess, with holy fire.  
The labourer's worthy of his hire.  
It happen'd once upon a time,  
When all his works were in their prime,  
A noble place appear'd in view;

Then \_\_\_\_\_ to the methodists, adieu.  
A methodist no more he'll be,  
The protestants serve best for he.  
Then to the curate strait he ran,  
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:  
I was a methodist, tis true;  
With penitence I turn to you.  
O that it were your bounteous will  
That I the vacant place might fill!  
With justice I'd myself acquit,  
Do every thing that's right and fit.  
The curate straitway gave consent--  
To take the place he quickly went.  
Accordingly he took the place,  
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

Thomas Chatterton

# Battle Of Hastings - I

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to tell;  
HOW manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte  
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,  
Al sleyne in Hastyns feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude,  
Han anie fructuous entendement,  
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,  
Before Duke Wylyyam's knyghts han hither went;  
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,  
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,  
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.  
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,  
From out of hearynge quicklie now deparle;  
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre  
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.  
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,  
And scond your mansion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,  
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,  
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.  
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,  
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,  
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,  
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;  
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,  
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrold turnynge to hys leegemen spake;  
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;  
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.  
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe  
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.  
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,  
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wylllyam to his knyghtes did saie;  
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;  
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,  
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.  
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;  
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;  
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;  
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.  
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;  
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;  
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,  
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,  
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;  
The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;  
The purpel blonde came goushyng to the ground;  
And at Duke Wylllyam's feet he tumbled deade:  
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wylllyams payne;  
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;  
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.  
Duke Wylllyam sawe hys freende sleyne piteouslie,  
Hys lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,  
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:  
O! in Duke Wylllyam's harte it raysde a flame,  
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,  
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,  
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
Han by his soundyng arrowe-lede bene sleyne.

Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,  
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;  
But nowe his destind howre did aryve,  
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste.  
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,  
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,  
That in his tender guttes it entered,  
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,  
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede  
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,  
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,  
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,  
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.  
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,  
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,  
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;  
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,  
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,  
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,  
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.  
The Normans stode aloof; nor hede the same,  
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,  
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;  
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,  
And hytt the horse of Tosselyn on the knee.  
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;  
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;  
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,  
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow.  
Upon his helme foe surious was the stroke,  
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,  
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,

But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,  
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.  
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,  
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,  
But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,  
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.  
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,  
Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke.

And now the battail closde on everych syde,  
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;  
They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,  
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.  
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,  
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;  
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,  
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;  
And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,  
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,  
Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefarre,  
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,  
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;  
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte  
Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;  
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,  
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.  
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
Not for hymself, but those he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,  
Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;  
In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,  
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;  
And thence unto the place where he was borne,  
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,  
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,  
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;  
And now with sovrayn Wylyyam he came,  
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set  
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;  
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,  
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.  
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe  
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,  
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;  
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,  
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,  
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde  
Wyth mickle myght lent from de Tracy's bowe,  
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,  
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;  
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,  
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,  
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,  
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.  
So have I seen a roche o'er others hang;  
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange  
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,  
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
And in the battel he much goode han done;  
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,  
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;  
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward  
True as a shadow to a substant thyng,

So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,  
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,  
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.  
And then retreated for to garde his kynge,  
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;  
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;  
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,  
Eftsoons wyth stnokynge crymson blond was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
Maugre hys helm, he splete his hede in twayne.  
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,  
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;  
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,  
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;  
And like a useless weede amonge the haie  
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,  
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;  
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,  
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwyn too,  
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,  
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,  
Rode after hym, his bodie for to garde;  
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,  
Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge speres.

As when some ryver with the season raynes  
White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,  
Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,  
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;  
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes.  
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,  
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,

Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;  
So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,  
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;  
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,  
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.  
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded,  
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;  
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;  
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe slew.  
So was the hope of all the issue gone,  
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,  
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;  
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?  
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.  
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said;  
I am a cunnyng Erle, and that can tell;  
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,  
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,  
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,  
It be the fate of no such trustie freende!

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;  
He turned aboute and vilely souden flie;  
But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,  
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.  
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,  
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,  
But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear  
Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.  
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,  
Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote  
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;  
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!  
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.  
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore

Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;  
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,  
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;  
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,  
It's fallen boddie tells you how it stode.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,  
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,  
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,  
So Edelward amaine upon him slewe.  
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;  
And was demasing howe to take his life,  
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde  
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;  
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,  
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe  
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;  
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,  
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.  
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,  
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;  
And both together then did take their reste,  
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;  
And both together soughte the unknown shore,  
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,  
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,  
Cut offe his arm; and made the bloude to flie,  
His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;  
And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,  
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;  
Mean while the other erlies on the playne  
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,  
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;  
Where Druids, auncient preests, did ryghtes ordaine,

And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;  
Where auncient Bards dyd their verses synge  
Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,  
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,  
Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,  
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renom'd than before,  
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)  
The Saxons steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,  
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.  
Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouche of the pile,  
And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;  
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle  
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;  
O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,  
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,  
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;  
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree  
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine.  
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,  
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;  
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylling launce,  
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede.  
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude  
Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,  
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;  
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.  
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,  
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;  
But better han it bin to lett alone,  
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;  
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,  
Rays'd furyous doyns in his noble mynde.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,

Advauced next before the erlie's syghte;  
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.  
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drew;  
The Erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;  
And at eche other vengouslie they flewe,  
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;  
Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,  
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,  
Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;  
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,  
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.  
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe  
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;  
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,  
And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee.  
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;  
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke  
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;  
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,  
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;  
A puddie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;  
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;  
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,  
To live a second time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,  
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;  
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;  
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,  
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;  
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.  
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,  
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire  
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;  
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,  
But I will be revenged for the same.  
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,  
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;  
Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,  
Shall serve the choughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.  
Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,  
Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,  
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I seel  
But now I must do somethyng more than sighe;  
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.  
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;  
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;  
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,  
And out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe.  
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,  
White rushe the burstyng waves, and roar along the weir.

The Erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,  
And with the other he his launce besped;  
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.  
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;  
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,  
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,  
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,  
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.  
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,  
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse  
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;  
And now eletten on another horse,  
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,  
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;  
But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.

Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,  
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;  
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,  
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;  
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;  
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,  
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,  
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,  
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;  
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.  
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;  
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;  
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
And after it a crymson streme of bloude.  
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,  
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie,

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,  
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.  
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,  
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;  
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,  
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,  
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.  
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;  
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslond,  
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.  
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,  
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;

And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,  
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;  
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame  
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,  
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;  
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;  
And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.  
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,  
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;  
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,  
The arrow peerced into his noble harte.  
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
Fall to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
Who love of hym han from his country gone,  
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.  
As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,  
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,  
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;  
For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;  
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,  
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.  
His garb sufficient were to move affryghte;  
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;  
A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws.  
So Hercules, 'tis sunge, much like to him,  
Upon his sholder wore a lyon's skin.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore  
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;  
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;  
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.

They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,  
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;  
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;  
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.  
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,  
In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,  
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts waie;  
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,  
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.  
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,  
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;  
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,  
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;  
As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde  
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,  
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;  
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,  
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde  
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,  
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;  
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;  
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie  
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,  
And full a score engaged in the fraie.  
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,  
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;  
And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,  
His visage was turned round unto his backe.  
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,  
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,  
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte.

Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God woote.  
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,  
And from their sockets started out his eyes;  
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge  
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.  
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came  
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;  
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.  
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,  
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;  
And Egwald dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,  
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss.  
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,  
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;  
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,  
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.  
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,  
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,  
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,  
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead.  
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,  
A captvy villeyyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,  
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;  
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two.  
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak --

Thomas Chatterton

## Battle Of Hastings - Ii

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,  
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,  
Teach me, fayre Saincte! hy passynge worthe to pryze,  
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,  
Leadyng a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,  
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,  
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;  
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,  
The sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde.  
With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;  
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spreadde;  
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!  
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!  
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde;  
Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme;  
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,  
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.  
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,  
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied.  
Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde;  
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,  
And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;  
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.  
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,  
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,  
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,  
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.  
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,  
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.  
Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,  
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,  
When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce  
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.  
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd;  
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell  
Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burlid hyde;  
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;  
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,

Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.  
A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,  
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;  
Thoughe Gyrthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,  
Not once theie stooode abashd, or thoghte to flie.  
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;  
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,  
That makes a vallis wheresoe're it lie;  
Fierce as a ryver burstyng from the borne;  
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,  
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.  
Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;  
Let none edraw his arcublaster bowe.  
Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,  
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.  
The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye so  
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?  
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,  
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;  
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe  
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe.  
Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;  
In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;  
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
And now the news was to Duke William brought,  
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;  
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,  
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.  
Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde  
A friend to everie manne that treads on English ground.  
Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,  
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;  
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr last,  
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.  
He started back; and was wyth shame astownd;  
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;  
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd sound,  
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!  
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?  
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.  
As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,  
 Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,  
 That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,  
 He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,  
 Gripes faste hys burl'd croke, and sore adradde  
 Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,  
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;  
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,  
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the skies.  
 Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;  
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-spear shine;  
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;  
 Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,  
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;  
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;  
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde.  
 Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!  
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede  
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,  
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?  
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondryng at the deede.  
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.  
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!  
 He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
 Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.  
 Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.  
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,  
 Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
 And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.  
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;  
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;  
 And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,  
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande  
 And let the Londoners and Suffers plie  
 Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.  
 He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,  
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,

With twa redubbed fhuir the alans run;  
 So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;  
 Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;  
 To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,  
 And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;  
 Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,  
 And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.  
 Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
 This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of daie.  
 Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,  
 From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chasd,  
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,  
 Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;  
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.  
 Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kyng Harold ride,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
 Brave Harold lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
 And can thie say be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
 Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;  
 And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kyng,  
 Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?  
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.  
 When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,  
 I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.  
 Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kyng Harold cryd;  
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?  
 I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.  
 Gyrthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.  
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe;  
 By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.  
 Do not, quod Harold, Gyrthe, mystell them so,  
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
 Quod Gyrthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?  
 Quod Harold; great the foe, so is the glorie grete.  
 And now Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,  
 And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.  
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,  
 Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,  
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,

Theyr asenglave acrossse theyr horses ty'd,  
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,  
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.  
When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,  
Prepare thyselse wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie.  
Telle hym from me one of these three to take;  
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.  
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande,  
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;  
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand  
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.  
He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,  
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte.  
A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,  
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,  
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,  
Under this motte, he conquers or he dies.  
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes,  
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,  
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze  
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.  
To evry Erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,  
And cries a guerre and slughornes shake the vaulted heaven,  
As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,  
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human syghte,  
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,  
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,  
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of lyght;  
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,  
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;  
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,  
And awfulie shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,  
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr course.  
So did the men of war at once advaunce,  
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;  
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,  
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.  
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,  
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;  
Eche shootyng spere yreaden for the fyghte,

More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd;  
With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,  
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.  
And slow the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,  
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:  
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes  
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:  
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,  
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie.  
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome raye.  
Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic raysd  
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;  
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,  
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro the ayre.  
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;  
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;  
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
Peercyng quite thro, before it dyd allaie;  
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne;  
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.  
This Willyam saw, and soundyng Rowlandes songe  
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,  
From out of mortals syght fhot up the floe;  
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe  
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde;  
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;  
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,  
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysyng in the aire.  
As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie  
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,  
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
Is that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie.  
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,  
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;  
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;  
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:  
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,

And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle.  
 Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burnyng in his breste;  
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,  
 Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele;  
 He sente the avengyng floe into the ayre,  
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche repayre.  
 And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,  
 Hurd from the Englysh handes by force aderne,  
 Whyzz dreare along; and songes of terror synges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.  
 Hurd by such strength along the ayre theie burne,  
 Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;  
 Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,  
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude;  
 Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,  
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.  
 Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;  
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;  
 The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande  
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;  
 Itte whyzzd a ghasstlie dynne in Normannes ear,  
 Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
 He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte;  
 Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!  
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.  
 Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,  
 Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,  
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,  
 Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd allaie,  
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;  
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;  
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,  
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.  
 Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,

He drewe his swerde, his left hande helde a speere,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;  
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,  
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,  
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;  
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seiur de Roe,  
 And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.  
 But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,  
 And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,  
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate  
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.  
 As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,  
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,  
 The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe  
 Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;  
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,  
 He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.  
 O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee  
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;  
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did slee,  
 Not Haroldes self did for more praises call  
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?  
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;  
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,  
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte.  
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,  
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.  
 First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;  
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;  
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce  
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;  
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;  
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;  
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde.  
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,  
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd glem with the sun's rysing ray.  
 Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate  
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!  
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,

Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.  
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge  
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;  
 Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,  
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;  
 Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,  
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.  
 For, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore  
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;  
 Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld After la goure,  
 How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?  
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,  
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,  
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,  
 It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;  
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,  
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.  
 Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,  
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,  
 His soule and bloude came roushyng from the wounde;  
 He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.  
 It can no be I should behight the rest,  
 That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,  
 Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,  
 How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;  
 As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,  
 So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand.  
 As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles  
 Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,  
 Bespreng destructione oer the woodes and delles;  
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;  
 So foughte the Bristowe menne; ne one crevent,  
 Ne onne abashd entoughten for to flee;  
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,  
 And like theyr leaders every man did slee;  
 In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled  
 The Bristowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.  
 Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe increasd the slayne;  
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,  
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;  
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne,

O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,  
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;  
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,  
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.  
 Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire  
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,  
 Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,  
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;  
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,  
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;  
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,  
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;  
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
 His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleeddes.  
 He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;  
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,  
 Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;  
 As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,  
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,  
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
 Such majestie was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.  
 White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,  
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,  
 Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,  
 Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,  
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.  
 Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,  
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell  
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.  
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame  
 Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,  
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,

So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;  
Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look  
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.  
Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode  
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;  
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
Where saintes and soules departed masses synge;  
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng  
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;  
Sweet as the voice of thraslarkes in the Spring,  
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;  
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;  
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.  
Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,  
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.  
As skylful mynemenne by the stonnes above  
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind  
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.  
What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,  
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,  
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame  
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?  
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe  
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,  
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;  
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he delte.  
As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes  
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,  
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;  
As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie,  
And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,  
Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,  
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;  
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,

With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe.  
 So manie, with such force, and with such ease,  
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;  
 Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude lease,  
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng slayne.  
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;  
 He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;  
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,  
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;  
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,  
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.  
 Next thro the ayre he lent his javlyn feerce,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.  
 But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte,  
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the blowe.  
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.  
 Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,  
 Advaucyd forward to provoke the darte,  
 When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere  
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.  
 He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,  
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;  
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,  
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;  
 Deep thro hys hatchmcnts wente the pointed floe;  
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.  
 Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,  
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,  
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,  
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.  
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,  
 Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,  
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,  
 He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelde  
 The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie syghte!  
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte.  
 Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,

A man well skilld in swerde and soundynge stryng,  
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,  
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,  
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flyng  
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,  
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie.  
Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,  
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;  
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;  
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,  
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;  
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,  
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,  
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

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Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,  
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,  
The hungrie traveller upon his waie  
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,  
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,  
The curlyng force of smoke he sees in vayne,  
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde  
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,  
Whylste rattlyng thonder forrey oer his hedde,  
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.  
A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,  
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,  
It ne could be the worke of human handes,  
It ne was reared up bie menne of daie.  
Here did the Brutons adoration paye  
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,  
Dightynge hys altarre with greette fyres in Maie,  
Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,  
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,  
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,  
 That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,  
 And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.  
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,  
 Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,  
 A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,  
 In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;  
 Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.  
 So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe hande  
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,  
 The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande  
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;  
 Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,  
 And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;  
 From place to place on either hand he slees,  
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronned floude  
 Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,  
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.  
 Byghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne  
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,  
 Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.  
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne  
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
 The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne.  
 And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;  
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,  
 In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.  
 Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,  
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte  
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,  
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,  
 Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,  
 To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;  
 There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre  
 Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.  
 Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,  
 Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,

Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte,  
 Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie glide,  
 Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,  
 Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme  
 Wyth such greeete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,  
 Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,  
 Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
 That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.  
 Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;  
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,  
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;  
 Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyрте of lere,  
 In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;  
 Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
 And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.  
 Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,  
 On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,  
 Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,  
 Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;  
 Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,  
 Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,  
 Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,  
 And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;  
 So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
 Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.  
 Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente  
 A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes syde;  
 Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente  
 Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;  
 He tournyd back; and dyd not there abyde;  
 With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,  
 Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,  
 To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;  
 So olyphautes, in kingdomme of the sunne,  
 When once provok'd doth threwe theyr owne troopes runne.  
 Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,  
 Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,  
 Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,  
 As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,

Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,  
 The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;  
 Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize  
 Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,  
 Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte  
 Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.  
 As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,  
 When yt is cale and blustryng wyndes do blowe,  
 Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,  
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,  
 He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,  
 Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,  
 Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sandes belowe  
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,  
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne  
 In peecies hee the morthering thief doth chyne.  
 So Alfoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;  
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;  
 Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,  
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.  
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,  
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?  
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,  
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?  
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.  
 Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde  
 Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,  
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,  
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne.  
 So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will slee,  
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;  
 And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,  
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;  
 Thus stode Campynon, greeete but hertlesse knyghte,  
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.  
 Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,  
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,  
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
 Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;  
 Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;  
 Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;

Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;  
Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,  
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.  
Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle  
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;  
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;  
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;  
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,  
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;  
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,  
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;  
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle  
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.  
He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;  
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,  
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,  
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;  
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

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Bled, gron'd, and dyed; the Normanne knyghtes astound  
To see the bawsin champion preste upon the grounde.  
As when the hygra of the Severne roars,  
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,  
The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,  
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;  
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;  
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,  
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,  
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;  
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,  
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.  
A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,  
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte  
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,  
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;  
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,  
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,  
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte  
Hee closd hys roollyng and dymseyghted eyne.

Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
Bie various causes sunkwn to the dead.  
But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,  
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,  
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente  
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;  
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie  
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;  
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,  
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,  
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,  
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

Thomas Chatterton

# Bristowe Tragedie: Or The Dethe Of Syr Charles Badwin

THE featherd songster chaunticleer  
Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
And tolde the earlie villager  
The commynge of the morne.  
Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes  
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;  
And herde the raven's crokyng throte  
Proclayme the fated daie.  
'Thou'rt ryght,' quod hee, 'for, by the Godde  
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!  
CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twain,  
To-daie shall surelie die.  
Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale  
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;  
'Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie  
'Hee leaves thys mortall state.'  
Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd low;  
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;  
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,  
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.  
Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,  
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,  
For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.  
'O goode Syr CHARLES!' sayd CANTERLONE,  
'Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.'  
'Speke boldlie, manne,' sayd brave Syr CHARLES,  
'Whatte says thie traytor kynge?'  
'I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne  
Does fromme the welkinn flye,  
Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,  
Thatt thou thalt surelie die.'  
'Wee all must die, quod brave Syr CHARLES;  
'Of thatte I'm not affearde;  
'Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?  
'Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd.  
'Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,

'I'de sooner die to-daie  
 'Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,  
 'Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie.'  
 Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,  
 To telle the maior straitte  
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyngess  
 For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.  
 Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge,  
 And felle down onne hys knee;  
 'I'm come,' quod hee, 'unto your grace  
 'To move your clemencye.'  
 Thenne quod the kynge, 'Youre tale speke out,  
 'You have been much oure friende;  
 'Whatever youre request may bee,  
 'Wee wylle to ytte attende.'  
 'My nobile leige! alle my request  
 'Ys for a nobile knyghte,  
 'Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,  
 'He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte.  
 'Hee has a spouse and children twaine,  
 'Alle rewyn'd are for aie;  
 'Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett  
 'CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.'  
 'Speke nott of such a traytour vile,'  
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;  
 'Before the evening starre doth sheene,  
 'BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde.  
 'Justice does loudlie for hym calle,  
 'And hee shalle have hys meede:  
 'Speke, Maister CANYNGE! Whatte thynges else  
 'Att present doe you neede?  
 'My nobile leige!' goode CANYNGE sayde,  
 'Leave justice to our Godde,  
 'And laye the yronne rule asyde;  
 'Be thyne the olyve rodde.  
 'Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,  
 'The best were synners grete;  
 'CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes ne synne,  
 'Ynne alle thys mortall state.  
 'Lett mercie rule thyne infante reign;  
 '"Twyllle faste thye crowne fulle sure;  
 'From race to race thy familie

'Alle sov'reigns shall endure.  
 'But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou  
 'Beginne thy infante reign;  
 'Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows  
 'Wylle never long remayne.'  
 'CANYNGE, awaie! thys traytour vile  
 'Has scorn'd my power and mee;  
 'Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne  
 'Intreate my clemencye?'  
 'My nobile leige! the trulie brave  
 'Wylle val'rous actions prize,  
 'Respect a brave and nobile mynde,  
 'Altho' ynne enemies.'  
 'CANYNGE, awale! By Godde ynne Heav'n  
 'Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,  
 'I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade  
 'Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.  
 'By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,  
 'Thys sunne shall be hys laste.'  
 Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,  
 And from the presence paste.  
 Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,  
 Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,  
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,  
 And teares beganne to flowe.  
 'Wee all must die,' quod brave Syr CHARLES;  
 'Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;  
 'Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate  
 'Of all wee mortall menne.  
 'Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul  
 'Runns overr att thyne eye;  
 'Is ytte for my most welcome doome  
 'Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?  
 Quod godlie CANYNGE, 'I doe weepe,  
 'Thatt thou so soone must dye;  
 'And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;  
 "'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.'  
 'Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye  
 'From godlie fountaines sprynge;  
 'Dethe I despise, and alle the power  
 'Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.  
 'Whan through the tyrant's welcom means

'I shall resigne my lyfe,  
'The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde  
'For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.'  
'Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,  
'Thys was appointed mee;  
'Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
'Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?  
'Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooode,  
'Whan thousands dy'd arounde;  
'Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode  
'Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde.  
'How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,  
'Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
'Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,  
'And close myne eyes for aie?  
'And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,  
'Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?  
'No! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,  
'Bee alle the manne display'd.  
'Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,  
'And garde thee and thye sonne,  
'Yff 'tis hys wylle, but yff 'tis nott,  
'Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.  
'My honest friende, my faulte has beene  
'To serve Godde and mye prynce;  
'And thatt I no tyme-server am,  
'My dethe wylle soone convynce.  
'Ynne Londonne citye was I born;  
'Of parents of grete note;  
'My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
'Emblazon onne hys cote.  
'I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone  
'Where soone I hope to goe;  
'Where wee for ever shall bee blest,  
'From oute the reech of woe  
'Hee taughte mee justice and the laws  
'Wyth pitie to unite;  
'And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
'The wronge cause fromm the ryghte.  
'Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
'To feede the hungrie poore,  
'Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie

'The hungrie fromme my doore.  
 'And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe  
 'I have hys wordyes kept;  
 'And summ'd the actyonns of the daie  
 'Eche nyghte before I slept.  
 'I have a spouse, goe aske of her,  
 'Yff I defyl'd her bedde?  
 'I have a kynge, and none can laie  
 'Blacke treason onne my hedde.  
 'Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 'Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;  
 'Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd  
 'To leave thys worlde of payne?  
 'Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,  
 'I shalle ne see thye dethe;  
 'Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause  
 'Doe I resign my brethe.  
 'Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!  
 'Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;  
 'Whyle RICHARD'S sonnes exalt themselyes,  
 'Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.  
 'Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,  
 'And godlie HENRIE'S reigne,  
 'Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 'For those of bloude and peyne?  
 'Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,  
 'And mangled by a hynde,  
 'I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,  
 'Hee can ne harm my mynde;  
 'Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,  
 'Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,  
 'And ne ryche monument of brasse  
 'CHARLES BAWDIN'S name shall bear;  
 'Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
 'Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,  
 'There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde  
 'Mye name shall lyve for aie.  
 'Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne  
 'I leave thys mortall lyfe  
 'Farewell, vayne worlde, and all that's deare,  
 'Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!  
 'Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,

'As e'er the moneth of Maie;  
 'Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,  
 'Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.  
 Quod CANYGE, 'Tys a goodlie thyng  
 'To bee prepar'd to die;  
 'And from thys world of peyne and grefe  
 'To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie.'  
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,  
 And claryonnes to sounde;  
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete  
 A prauncyng onne the grounde.  
 And just before the officers,  
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,  
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.  
 'Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere  
 'Ynne quiet lett mee die;  
 'Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule  
 'Maye looke onne dethe as I.  
 'Sweet FLORENCE! why these brinie teeres?  
 'Theye washe my soule awaie,  
 'And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,  
 'Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.  
 "'Tys butt a journie I shall goe  
 'Untoe the lande of blysse;  
 'Nowe, as a proof of husbände's love,  
 'Receive thys holie kysse.'  
 Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,  
 Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,  
 'Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kyng!  
 'My herte ys welle nyghe broke.  
 'Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,  
 'Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?  
 'The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,  
 'Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.'  
 And nowe the officers came ynne  
 To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie  
 Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,  
 And thus toe her dydd saie  
 'I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;  
 'Truste thou ynne Godde above,  
 'And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

'And ynne theyre hertes hym love.  
'Teache them to runne the nobile race  
'Thatt I theyre fader runne:  
'FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take -- adieu!  
'Yee officers, leade onne.'  
Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,  
And dydd her tresses tere;  
'Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!' --  
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.  
'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,  
Shee fellen onne the floore;  
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,  
And march'd fromm oute the dore.  
Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne  
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;  
Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern  
Thanne anie ynne the strete.  
Before hym went the council-menne,  
Ynne scarlett robes and golde  
And tassils spanglyngge ynne the sunne,  
Muche glorious to beholde.  
The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next  
Appeared to the fyghte,  
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,  
Of godlie monkysh plyghte.  
Ynne diffraunt parts a godlie psaume  
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;  
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,  
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.  
Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;  
Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
From rescue of kynge HENRIES friends  
Syr CHARLES forr to defend.  
Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES;  
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,  
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,  
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde.  
Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe  
Of archers stronge and stoute,  
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
Marched ynne goodlie route.  
Seincte JAMESSES Freers marched next,

Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;  
 Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,  
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.  
 Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;  
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,  
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt.  
 And after them, a multitude  
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;  
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,  
 As hee dydd passe alonge.  
 And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,  
 O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
 Wasshe mye soule clean thys daie!  
 Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat  
 The kynge ynne myckle state,  
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge,  
 To hys most welcom fate.  
 Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
 Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,  
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,  
 And thus hys wordes declare.  
 'Thou seest me; EDWARDE! traytour vile!  
 'Expos'd to infamie;  
 'Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne  
 'I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.  
 'Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,  
 'Thou wearest nowe a crowne;  
 'And hast appoynted mee to dye,  
 'By power nott thyne owne.  
 'Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;  
 'I have beene dede 'till nowe,  
 'And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne  
 'For aie uponne my browe:  
 'Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,  
 'Shalt rule thys fickle lande,  
 'To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule  
 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:  
 'Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!  
 'Shall falle onne thye owne hedde --'  
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the sledde.  
 Kyngge EDWARDE'S soule rush'd to hys face,  
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,  
 And to hys broder GLOUCESTER  
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie.  
 'To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe  
 'Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,  
 'Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,  
 'Hee's greater thanne a kyngge!  
 'Soe lett hym die!' Duke RICHARD sayde;  
 'And maye echone oure foes  
 'Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
 'And feede the carryon crowes.  
 And nowe the horses gentlie drewe  
 Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle;  
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,  
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.  
 Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
 As uppe a gilded carre  
 Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs  
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre.  
 And to the people hee dydd saie,  
 'Beholde you see mee dye;  
 'For servynge loyally mye kyngge,  
 'Mye kyngge most rightfullie.  
 As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,  
 'Ne quiet you wylle knowe;  
 'Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,  
 'And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.  
 'You leave youre goode and lawfulle kyngge,  
 'Whenne ynne adversitye;  
 'Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,  
 'And for the true cause dye.  
 Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,  
 A pray'r to Godde dydd make,  
 Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe  
 Hys partynge soule to take.  
 Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde  
 Most seemlie onne the blocke;  
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once  
 The able heddes-manne stroke:  
 And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,

And rounde the scaffold twyne;  
And teares, enow to washe't awaie,  
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.  
The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
Ynnto foure parties cutte;  
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
Uponne a pole was putte.  
One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,  
One onne the mynster-tower,  
And one from off the castle-gate  
The crowen dydd devoure:  
The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,  
A dreery spectacle;  
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.  
Thus was the ende of BAWDIN'S fate:  
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,  
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN'S soule,  
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

Thomas Chatterton

# Chatterton's Will

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see  
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,  
Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,  
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.  
Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,  
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!  
What would he give, to hand his memory down  
To time's remotest boundary?--A Crown.  
Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,  
But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;  
Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth  
Received to venerate as Gospel truth,  
Thy friendship never could be so dear to me,  
Since all I am is opposite to thee.  
If ever obligated to thy purse,  
Rowley discharges all-- my first chief curse!  
For had I never known the antique lore,  
I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore,  
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,  
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;  
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,  
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.  
To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,  
For all the little knowledge I had here.  
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed  
When scarcely twenty in the town can read?  
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain  
The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;  
Disinterested Burgum never meant  
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.  
When wildly squand'ring ev'ry thing I got,  
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,  
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!  
Without security attempt to lend?  
No, that would be imprudent in the man;  
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.  
He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere;  
Few keep an honorary promise here.  
I thank thee, Barrett-- thy advice was right,

But 'twas ordain'd by fate that I should write.  
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,  
I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.  
Harris ere long, when reeking from the press,  
My numbers make his self-importance less,  
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,  
And drag my body to the triple way--

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be the judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which is all savoured of insanity.

Item. If after my death, which will happen tomorrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esq. and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

On the first, to be engraved in Old English characters:--

[Note that Chatterton did not speak French and this Middle French inscription was probably copied from a gravestone he had seen on his many pilgrimages to area churches. The same is true for the Latin. Interesting that he did not go to church for God, but to admire the ancient architecture and the memorial stones. --Anne]

Vous qui par ici pasesz  
Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez  
Le cors di oi ici gist  
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCX.

(You who pass by here  
Pray for the soul of Chatterton  
Here lies his body  
His soul is with Christ )

On the second tablet, in Old English characters:-

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxeris eius, qui quidem Alanus

obictx die mensis Novemb. MCCCCXV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the third tablet, in Roman characters:-

Sacred to the memory of  
Thomas Chatterton

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian-- believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power-- to that Power alone is he now answerable

On the fifth and sixth tablets, which shall front each other:-

Atchievements: viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.--And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in felo-de-se,

the said monument shall notwithstanding be erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication:- To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs. this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item: I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most want of it.

Item: From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverent Mr. Camplin senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, --likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods, unknown on her quay since Canning and Rowley! 'Tand direct is true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I also leave my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub-Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading letters on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free

thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give ; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me and to him as my executor in this case.

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself.

Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. --

Item. I leave all of my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights.

Item. I leave my mother and my sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any.

--Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

Thos. Chatterton

Thomas Chatterton

# Colin Instructed

Young Colin was as stout a boy  
As ever gave a maiden joy;  
But long in vain he told his tale  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.  
Ah why, the whining shepherd cried,  
Am I alone your smiles denied?  
I only tell in vain my tale  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

True Colin, said the laughing dame,  
You only whimper out your flame,  
Others do more than sigh their tale  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

He took the hint &c.

Thomas Chatterton

## Eclogue The First

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wound;  
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,  
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie  
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie,  
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie ,)  
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;  
Firtse Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,  
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,  
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.  
To oure grete wronges we have enheped moe,  
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe,  
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie.  
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,  
Comme heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the Dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne this woe in myne;  
O! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.  
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne ;  
Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;  
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;  
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;  
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte :  
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,  
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasyng dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees  
Mie spredynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
Mie tendre applynges , and embodyde trees,  
Mie Parker's Grange far spredynge to the syghte,  
Mie cuyen kyne , mie bullockes stringe yn fighte,  
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante,

Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,  
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.  
I am duressed unto sorrowes blowe,  
Ihanten'd to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.  
RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie untylle Dethe doe 'pere,  
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,  
Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth nere,  
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre .  
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;  
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;  
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,  
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.  
Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;  
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.  
ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.  
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn , ystorven ys;  
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;  
A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.  
Now from een logges fledden is selyness  
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,  
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse  
And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;  
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ,  
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

Thomas Chatterton

## Eclogue The Second

SPRYTES of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,  
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.  
Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme ;  
The amenused nationnes be aston ,  
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme .  
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;  
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;  
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme  
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.  
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde ,  
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.  
The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,  
Decorn wyth fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;  
Upwalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,  
Lyche gore-red estells in the eve -merk skyes;  
The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,  
Alyche talle roshes on the water syde;  
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene flyes;  
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.  
Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.  
The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,  
That Englondes brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.  
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and there,  
Onknowlachyng inne whatte place to obaie  
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;  
The mittee crosse Jerusalim ys seene;  
Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie  
In baleful dole their faces be ywreene.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.  
The bollengers and cottes , soe swyfte yn fyghte,  
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;  
Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,  
Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.  
The jynnyng shieldes doe shemre and make glare  
The dotheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;  
The reynyng foemen , thynekeynge gif to dare,

Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie theie blyn .  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.  
 Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;  
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of warre,  
 Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie gronfers dyghte  
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.  
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre  
 Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;  
 Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr  
 The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.  
 Distraughte affraie , wythe lockes of blodde-red die,  
 Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,  
 Death, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme flie,  
 Enchasyng echone champyonne war to wage.  
 Speeres bevyle speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;  
 Armoure on armoure dynn , shielde upon shielde;  
 Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,  
 Botte salleyng numbers sable all the feelde.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seynte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.  
 The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles hye;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;  
 Kyng Richarde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,  
 And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the greene;  
 Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene  
 The waylyng mone doth fade before hys sonne;  
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene  
 Doeyng syke marvels , strongers be aston .  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pieasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.  
 The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;  
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ;  
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,  
 Twyghte into lovyng armes, and feasted eft ;  
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ,  
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.  
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.  
Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea  
The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;  
Swefte as the withe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,  
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.  
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,  
Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge proove.

Thomas Chatterton

## Eclogue The Third

Wouldst thou kenn Nature in her better parte?  
Goe, serche the logges and bordels of the hynde ;  
Gyfe theye have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,  
Inne hem you see the blakied forme of kynde .  
Haveth your mind a lycheynge of a mynde?  
Woulde it kenne everich thyng as it mote bee;  
Woulde ytte here phrase of the vulgar from the hynde,  
Wythoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free,  
Gyf soe, rede thys, whych Iche dysporteynge pende,  
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commend.

MANNE

Botte whether, fayre mayde do ye goe,  
O where do ye bend yer waie?  
I wile knowe whether you goe,  
I wylle not be asseled naie.

WOMANNE

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the Delle,  
To hele hem at makeyng of haie.

MANNE

Syr Rogerre the Parsonne hav hyred mee there,  
Comme, Comme, lette us tryppe ytte awaie;  
We'lle wurch and wylle synge, and wylle drenche of stronge Beere,  
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE

Howe harde ys mie dome to wurch!  
Moke is mie woe:  
Dame Agnes whoe lies ynne the Chyrche,  
With birlette golde;  
Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,  
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE

I kenne Syr Roger from afar,  
Tryppynge over the Lea,  
Ich ask whie the loverds son  
Is moe than mee.

SIR ROGERE

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne .  
From everich beme, a seme of lyfe doe falle;  
Swythyn scille oppe the haie uponne the playne,  
Methynckes the cockse begynneth to gre talle:  
Thys ys alyche oure doome , the great, the smalle,  
Moste withe and be forwyned by Deathis darte;  
See the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle;  
Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle parte,  
The cravent , Warriour, and the wyse be blent :  
Alyche to drie awaie, with those thele did bemente .

MANNE

All-a-Boon Syr Priest, all-a-boon,  
Bye yer preesteschype nowe saye unto mee:  
Sir Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyveth harde bie,  
Whie should hee, than me  
Bee moe greate,  
Inne honnoure, knyghtehode and estate?

SIR ROGERE

Attourne thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle ;  
An answer to thie barganette here see,  
Thys welked flouertte wylle a lesou telle  
Arist , it blew , itte florished, and dyd welle,  
Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene,  
Yet with the deigned greene, yttes rennome felle,  
Eftsonnes ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,  
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,  
To crophe ytte in the bodde move somme drede honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe: the loverds ente ,  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea:  
Gyf thou has ethe , the shadowe of contente,  
Believe the trothe , theres none moe haile yan thee:  
Thou wurchest ; welle, canne thatte, a trobble bee?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee, than the roughest daie,  
Coudest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,  
Thou wuldst eftsoones see trothe, inne whatte I saie;  
Botte lette mee heere thie waie offe lyffe; and thenne  
Heare thou from mee the lyffs of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wythe the Sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I synge a Songe or twayne.

I followe the plough tayle,  
Wythe a long jubb of ale.  
Botte of the Maydens, oh!  
Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syr Preeste mote notte crie woe,  
Culde hys bull do as welle  
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes ,  
And foile the wysest feygnes.

On everych Seynctes his daie,  
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seen,  
All a footeynge it awaie,  
Wythe maydens on the greene  
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,  
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SIR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne sene a tree uponne a hylle,  
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;  
Whan fuired unwers doe the heaven fyller,  
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte:  
Whilst the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte ,

Stondeth unhurte, unquaced bie the storme;  
Syke is a picte of lyffe: the manne of myghte,  
Is tempest-chaft : hys woe greate as hys forme  
Thieself a flourette of a small accounte,  
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mount.

Thomas Chatterton

# Eclogues

Eclogue the First.

Whanne Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde,  
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,  
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,  
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie,  
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)  
And whythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;  
Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,  
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

Roberte.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,  
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.  
To oure grete wronges we have enheped moe,  
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe  
That lyff ytsel mie senses doe affraie.  
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,  
Comme heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

Raufe.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;  
O! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.  
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dynges;  
Gravots far-kend around the Errmiets cell;  
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;  
The joyous dauncynge ynn the hoastrie courte;  
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte;  
Impestering trobble onn mie dernie tale,  
Ne one kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasyng dome.

Roberte.

Oh! I could waile mie kyng-coppe-decked mees,

Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
Mie tendre applynges; and embodyde trees,  
Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,  
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte,  
Mie gone emblaunched with the comfreie plante,  
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shottyng wythe the lyghte,  
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.  
I am duressed unto sorrowes blowe,  
I hantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

Raufe.

Here I wille obaie untylle Dethe doe 'pere,  
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,  
Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth nere,  
Soe wille I, fyxed unto thys place, gre.  
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee;  
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies;  
Oh! joieous Ihys mortherer would slea,  
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.  
Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;  
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

Roberte.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.  
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn, ystorven ys;  
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;  
A lyff leche myne a borden ys ywis.  
Now from e'en logges fledden is selyness,  
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,  
Now doeth Englonde wearea a bloudie dresse  
And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;  
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,  
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

Eclogue the Second

Nygelle.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,  
Pure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

I.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,  
The amenused nationnes be aston,  
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme,  
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;  
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;  
The water slughornes ayre, and reche the skies.  
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,  
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

## II.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,  
Decorn wyth fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;  
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,  
Lyche gore-red estells in the eve merk skyes;  
The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,  
Alyche talle roshes on the water syde;  
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene flyes;  
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

## III.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,  
That Englonde's brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.  
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and there,  
Onknowlachynge inne whate place to obaie.  
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;  
The mitte crosse Jerusalem ys seene;  
Dhereof the syghte yer corragedoe affraie,  
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

## IV.

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,  
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;  
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,

Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.  
The jynyng shielde doe shemre and moke glare;  
The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted dynne;  
The reynyng foemen, thynckeyng gif to dare,  
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

V.

Now comm the warryng Sarasyns to fyghte;  
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of warre,  
Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie gronfers, dyghte,  
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.  
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre  
Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;  
Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr  
The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VI.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red die.  
Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,  
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme flie,  
Enchafyng echone champyonne war to wage.  
Speeres bevyle speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;  
Armoure on armoure dynn, shielde upon shielde;  
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,  
Botte falleynge numbers sable all the feelde.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VII.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles hye;  
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;  
Kynge Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,  
And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the greene;  
Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene;  
The waylyng mone doth fade before hys sonne;

Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene,  
Doeynge syke marvels, strongers be aston.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

#### VIII.

The fyghte ys wonne;  
Kynge Rycharde master is;  
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;  
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,  
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre;  
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,  
Twyghte into lovyng armes, and feasted eft;  
In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere,  
Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.  
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
Syke pleasures power upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea  
The upswol sayle dyd daunce before hys eyne;  
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,  
And found his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.  
Letter thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,  
Bethyncke unto hemselfes how mote the meetynge proove.

#### ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Manne, womanne, Sir Rogerre.  
Wouldst thou kenn nature in her better parte?  
Goe, serche the logges and bordels of the hynde;  
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,  
Inne hem you see the blakied forme of kynde.  
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?  
Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote bee?  
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,  
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlage free?  
Gyfsoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysportynge pende;  
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

Manne.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?  
I wille knowe whether you goe,  
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

Womanne.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,  
To hele hem at mekeynge of haie.

Manne.

Syr Roggerre, the parsone, have hyred mee there,  
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,  
We'lle wurke and we'lle syng, and weylle drenche of stronge beer  
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

Womanne.

How hard ys mie dome to wurch!  
Moke is mie woe.  
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche  
With birlette golde,  
Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,  
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

Manne.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar  
Tryppynge over the lea;  
Ich ask whie the loverds son  
Is moe than mee.

Syr Rogerre.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,  
From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle;  
Swythyn scille oppe the haie uponne the playne;  
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.  
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great the smalle,  
Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis darte.  
See! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at alle;  
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle parte.  
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,  
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente.

Manne.

All-a-boon, Syr Priest, all-a-boon.

Bye yer preestshype nowe saye unto mee;  
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,  
Whie shoulde hee than mee  
Bee more greate,  
Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

Syr Rogerre.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
Tentyflie loke around the chaper delle;  
An answeere to thie barganette here see,  
Thys welked flourette wylle a lesou telle;  
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,  
Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;  
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,  
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,  
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,  
To crophe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe;  
the loverds ente  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;  
Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,  
Believe the throthe, theres none moe haile yan thee.  
Thou wurchest; wille, cann thatte a trobble bee?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.  
Couldst thou the kivercled of soughlys see,  
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie;  
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne  
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

Manne.

I ryse wythe the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I synge a songe or twayne.  
I followe the plough-tayle,  
Wythe a longe jubb of ale.  
Botte of the maydens, oh!  
Itte lacketh notte to telle;  
Syre Preeste mote notte crie woe  
Culde hys bull do as welle.  
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes,

And foile the wysest feygnes.  
On everych Seynctes hie daie  
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,  
All a footeynge it awaie,  
Wythe maydens on the greene.  
But oh! I wyssheto be moe greate,  
In rennome, tenure, and estate.

Syr Rogerre.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,  
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;  
Whan fuired unwers doe the heaven fylle,  
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.  
Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,  
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced bie the storme;  
Syke is a picte of lyffe: the manne of myghte  
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;  
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,  
Wouldst harderfelle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste mounte.

Thomas Chatterton

# Elegy On The Death Of Mr. Phillips

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,  
No more the wonders of the view I sing;  
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,  
At her command the awful lyre I string!

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,  
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,  
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,  
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,  
The would my soul-rack'd muse attempt to paint;  
Give me a double portion of thy fire,  
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,  
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,  
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,  
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew  
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green,  
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,  
Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripen'd corn,  
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,  
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,  
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,  
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;  
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,  
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw  
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;  
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,  
And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthial star,  
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,  
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar;  
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride  
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;  
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,  
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,  
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;  
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,  
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.

His train a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,  
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,  
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,  
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;  
Pleasures he has, though horridly deform'd;  
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,  
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warm'd.

The rough October has his pleasures too;  
But I'm insensible to every joy:  
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,  
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend!  
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,  
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,  
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,  
Thy mind was honour, thy soul divine;  
With thee did every god of genius dwell,  
Thou was the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest

Was ever changing to a different hue;  
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,  
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;  
And now she soars, and now again descends;  
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,  
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,  
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;  
The rosy veil of harmony and love  
Hung on thy soul in eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread  
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,  
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,  
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,  
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,  
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,  
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade  
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,  
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,  
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,  
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill:  
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,  
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sick'ning lamp of day retires,  
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey;  
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,  
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,  
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,  
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,

And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;  
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave;  
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,  
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells  
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!  
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells  
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb!

Then would we wander through the darken'd vale,  
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,  
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,  
Hymn the Creator, and exert the muse.

But, horror to reflection! now no more  
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!  
When, doubting whether they might not adore,  
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See! see! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,  
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,  
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn  
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep  
A friend made dear by every sacred tie;  
Unknown to me be comfort peace or sleep:  
Phillips is dead- 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,  
Short were the moments of his transient peace;  
But melancholy robb'd him of those few,  
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone!  
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!  
The robe of immortality put on,  
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.



# Elinoure And Juga

ONNE Ruddeborne bank twa pynyng Maydens sate,  
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;  
Echone bementynge for her absente mate.  
Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyng speare.  
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre  
Dyde speke acroole , wythe languishment of eyne,  
Lyche roppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.  
ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,  
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;  
O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,  
Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.  
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;  
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedyng lies;  
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.  
JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke,  
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;  
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;  
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,  
Or lyche forlettenn halles of merriemente,  
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte ,  
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,  
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;  
No moe the amblyng palfrie and the horne  
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;  
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;  
Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,  
And to the pallante spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme  
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;  
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreame  
Of Selyness , whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;  
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte  
Syr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte  
Hys bledeynge claie-corde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!  
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede  
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,  
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!  
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,  
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be manged onne the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees ,  
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,  
Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde,  
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

Thomas Chatterton

# Englysh Metamorphosis

BOOKE st.

WHANNE Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves theie chacde,  
Peyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,  
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,  
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,  
Swefte as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte  
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveyng seas,  
Gerd the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets twighte  
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,  
Whole eyne dyd feerie fheene, like blue-hayred defs ,  
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched clefs.  
Soft boundeynge over swelleyng azure reles  
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;  
An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles;  
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the froste of fere.  
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;  
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;  
The shyppes sayle, boleyng wythe the kyndelie ayre,  
Ronnet to harbour from the beateyng bryne;  
Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde  
A burlid Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn honde.  
Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres , whose swerdes  
Glestred lyke gledeyng starres ynne frostie nete,  
Hayleyng theyre capytayne in chirckynge wordes  
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre sete.  
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,  
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;  
Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves sledde, as flete  
As sleayng cloudes that swymme before the fyghte;  
Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,  
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojans swaie.  
Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the myndes,  
Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breste,  
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyr kyndes,  
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.  
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest  
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente ;  
Halceld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste  
Hys wakeyng kyngdom wyth a foule intente;

As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,  
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.  
 He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,  
 Upon whose countenance rodde health was sprede;  
 Blouthing, alyche the scarlette of herr wede,  
 She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.  
 Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;  
 Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;  
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;  
 The mornynge tyng, the rose, the lillie floure,  
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyr powere.  
 The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;  
 Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie age;  
 Eft wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;  
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage ,  
 Crophe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;  
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
 Gemoted warriours to bewrecke her bedde;  
 Theie rose; ynne battle was grette Locryne sleene;  
 The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.  
 A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeyng morneyng shewed a fayre daie,  
 Her fadre Locryne, once an hallie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,  
 To where the Western mittee pyles of claie  
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;  
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;  
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch and gear;  
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate .  
 The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng skies,  
 To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ,  
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele emprize .  
 Swefte as the roareyng wyndes the gyaunte flies,  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn nyghte,  
 Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies,  
 Meeteyng the herehaughtes of morneyng lighte;  
 Tyll mooveyng to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ,  
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the tide,  
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ,  
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie,  
The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie;  
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;  
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;  
Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple founte,  
On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,  
Staieyng the rounyng course of meint a limmed rylle.  
The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,  
To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,  
Houton dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.  
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,  
Roaryng and rolleyng on yn course bysmare  
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,  
Eche syde the ryver rysyng heavenwere;  
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.  
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde  
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde .  
The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,  
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped ;  
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeyng lee,  
The roddie levynne glesterrd on hys headde:  
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;  
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne;  
Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were fed,  
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne.  
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,  
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

Thomas Chatterton

## Epitaph On Robert Canynge

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,  
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,  
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto daie,  
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.  
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;  
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;  
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;  
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,  
He'll wyngge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.

Thomas Chatterton

# February

Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,  
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;  
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,  
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.  
If in the trammels of the doleful line  
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;  
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,  
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,  
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:  
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,  
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,  
Extend the plume, and him about the stage,  
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,  
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace  
Defies the fury of the howling storm;  
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,  
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,  
Full of the majesty of city dames,  
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,  
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,  
To mortals as a highlander appears,  
And conscious of the excellence of lace,  
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares.

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,  
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,  
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,  
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,  
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen;  
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,  
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,  
Applies his wax to personal defects;  
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,  
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent kind extorts applause,  
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "how divine!"  
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,  
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now-- but what further can the muses sing?  
Now dropping particles of water fall;  
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,  
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,  
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys  
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,  
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky.  
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar;  
Come, February, lift the number high;  
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,  
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,  
With inundations wet the sabled feet,  
Whilst gouts responsive, join th'elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill,  
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;  
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,  
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away the snowy pride;  
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;

O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;  
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!  
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies;  
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loss deplore,  
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;  
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!  
What bard but decks his literary bier!  
Alas! I cannot sing-- I howl-- I cry--

Thomas Chatterton

# Goddwyn; A Tragedie

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie T. Rowleie, the Aucthoure.

GODDWYN, bie Johan de Iscamme.

ELWARDE, bie Syrr Thybbot Gorges.

ALSTAN, bie Syrr Alan de Vere.

KYNGE EDWARD; bie Mastre Wilyam Canynge.

Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynnstrells.

PROLOGUE

WHYLOMME bie pensmenne moke ungentle name  
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,  
Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;  
Unliart divinistres haveth saide,  
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche ;  
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.  
The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,  
Albeytte a clergyon trouthe wyll wrytte.  
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;  
Entyn a kyng mote bee full pleased to nyghte.  
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;  
Wee better for toe doe do champyon anie onne.

GODDWYN; A TRAGEDIE.

ACT I.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,

What foemen riseth to isrete the londe.

Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude dryncke,

And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte this agreme blyn ne aledge stonde;

Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore.

Am I betrassed , syke shulde mie burlie bronde

Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,  
Stringe , ugsomme rou as smethynge armyes seeme;  
Yett efte , I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,  
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme .  
What tydynges from the kynge?

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,  
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.  
What tydynges withe the foulke ?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap , stylle toe the kynge  
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.  
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynges?  
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.  
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie prayde.  
Moste we those calke awaie the lyve-longe howre?  
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne ,  
Unburled , undelievre , unespryte ?  
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of peyne,  
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fyttē.  
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;  
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,  
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies.  
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope lies.  
Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe .  
Whylste Edwardē to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse ,  
Shulde anie of thie sonnes sele aughte of ethe ?  
Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;  
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe.  
Thou arte all preeste, & notheynge of the kynge.  
Thou arte all Norman, nothyngē of mie blodde.  
Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge;

Servynge thie leegefolcke thou arte servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes  
The dailie contekes of the londe ascende,  
The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, & bondemennes cries  
Acheke the mokie aire & heaven astende  
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende  
Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee;  
Lyche a battently low , mie swerde shalle brende ;  
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem slea .  
Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle defayte  
Aboune the hyghe empryze , & rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster --

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.  
Albeytte , dyd shee speeke her foemen fayre,  
I wulde dequace her comlie semlykeene ,  
And foulde mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir blyn .

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere ,  
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes & cause unkend ,  
Beheste it to be lete ; so twylle appeare,  
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.  
The gule-steyncte brygandyne , the adventayle  
The feerie anlace brede shal make mie gare prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt,  
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,  
Here liethe Normans coupyng her bie lotte,  
Caltysnyng everich native plante to gre  
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous wulde hem slee ;  
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme ;  
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee,  
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.  
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie ragefulle ire,  
And Goddis anlace wielde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne;

Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded rule the untentyff reaulme;

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne

So to yelde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Nor anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boutte ytte strayte;

Bete mee to slea mieself, ytte shalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte ,

Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,

Whatte agrames braunce out from the general tree;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron

Drented of alle yts swolynges owndes shalle bee;

Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse.

Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle the knyghtes,

Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede

As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes

The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;

Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest blede,

Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,

Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede

Who dare on kynges for to bewreke yiere woes;

Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,

Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,

The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all;

The moe wee gayne, the gare wylle prosper beste,

Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
And alle attenes the spreddyng kyngedomme bynde.  
No crouched champyone wythe an harte moe feygne  
Dyd yssue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,  
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.  
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!  
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;  
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe.  
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,  
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?  
GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,  
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.  
Thie geason wronges bee reyne ynto theyre pryde;  
Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.  
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,  
Tys fulle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;  
Sycke shalle mie fhuiryne on the Normans flie,  
And alle theyre mittee  
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,  
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal calle.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HIS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde , whie so manie Normannes here?  
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.  
These browded straungers alwaie doe appere,  
Theie parte yor trone , and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde.  
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;  
Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre me gronde;  
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

QUEENE.

Mancas you have yn store, and to them parte;  
Youre leege-folcke make moke dole , you have theyr worthe asterte .

KYNGE.

I heste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.

Hallie dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele ,  
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;  
No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele.  
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;  
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;  
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele  
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.  
QUEENE.  
I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were  
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

SCENE II.

KYNGE AND SIR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente .

The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere;

The laste receivure ys eftesoones dispente

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke

Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thynges;

He raysed hys honde, and smote me onne the cheke,

Saieyng, go beare thatte message to the kynges.

KYNGE.

Arace hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,

Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson sytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;

Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,

Inne strevvynges to slea hymme, ourselves wee slea;

Syke ys the doughtyness of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.

Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same

He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNGE

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.

Thou arte a Normanne, Hugh; a straunger to the launde.  
Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe bere  
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thyng,  
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ,  
Onknowlachyng gif thereunto to clyng.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge!  
O Edward; thou deservest purer leege ;  
To thee heie shulden all theire mancas bryng;  
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb forslege .  
I amme no curriedowe I lacke no wite  
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie mann; I doe thee pryze.  
Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn mie praires.  
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise ,  
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie heyres.  
So shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,  
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acqyre yer bredde.

ACT III.

CHORUS.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,  
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,  
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;  
A gorie anlace bye her honge.  
She daunced onne the heathe;  
She hearde the voice of deathe;  
Pale-eyned assryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,  
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale  
She hearde onflemed the shriekyng voice of woe,  
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.  
She shooke the burlid speere,  
On hie she jeste her sheelde,  
Her foemen all appere,  
And flizze alonge the feelde.  
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,  
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,  
Alyche twaie brendeyng gronfyres rolls hys eyes,  
Chastes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.  
She syttes upon a rock;  
She bendes before his speere,

She ryses from the shocke,  
Wioldynge her owne yn ayre.  
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,  
Wytte scillye wymped gies ytte to hys crowne,  
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys gon,  
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.  
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld , arist  
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,  
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynyng fyste --

Thomas Chatterton

## Heccar And Gaira

Where the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,  
Urging his thunders thro' the echoing cave;  
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,  
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;  
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,  
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;  
Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,  
In all the burning torments of the day;  
Their bloody jav'lins reeked one living steam,  
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;  
Heccar the Chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,  
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,  
Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,  
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;  
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,  
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,  
Where brooding tempests bowl along the sky,  
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

Heccar.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chace,  
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race;  
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,  
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.  
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain  
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

Gaira.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,  
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.  
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,  
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.  
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,  
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart;  
But now my ling'ring feet revenge denies,  
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

Heccar.

When Gaira the united armies broke,

Death wing'd the arrow; death impell'd the stroke.  
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand  
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.  
Search the brown desert, and the glossy green;  
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.  
The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,  
Once animated, dared the force in fight.  
The children of the wave, whose pallid face,  
Views the faint sun display a languid face,  
From the red fury of thy justice fled,  
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.  
Fear with a sickened silver ting'd their hue;  
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

Gaira.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,  
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.  
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,  
What distant region holds thee from my arms?  
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,  
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,  
Majestic as the many colour'd snake,  
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake;  
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,  
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;  
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,  
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the western sky,  
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;  
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,  
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind  
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came;  
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;  
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart  
Pierced his rough armour, but escaped his heart;  
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,  
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;  
He fell, he died-- spent in the fiery toil,  
I strip'd his carcase of the furry spoil,  
And as the varied spangles met my eye,  
On this, I cried, shall my loved Cawna lie.

The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;  
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;  
In the deep valley and mossy plain,  
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,  
The pallid shadows of the azure waves  
Had made my Cawna, and my children slaves.  
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,  
The gods had given me to the demon's power.  
The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,  
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.  
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,  
Struck horror and distraction in my mind,  
There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,  
In common slavery drags the hated chain.  
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?  
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?  
In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dyed  
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;  
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead  
And tinge the lily of their features red.

Heccar.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry  
Roughly salute my ear, enraged I'll fly;  
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart  
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;  
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,  
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

Thomas Chatterton

## Narva And Mored

Recite the loves of Narva and Mored  
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.  
High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,  
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:  
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,  
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,  
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,  
And rides upon the pinions of the wind;  
Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round  
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground,  
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly  
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,  
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,  
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;  
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far;  
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.  
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,  
Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles;  
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,  
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:  
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,  
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.  
Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,  
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:  
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,  
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;  
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;  
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.  
Swift as the boundings of the youthful row,  
They course around, and lengthen as they go.  
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,  
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;  
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,  
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,  
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend  
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,  
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,  
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;  
The flying terrors of the war advance,

And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.  
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,  
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.  
So when the splendor of the dying day  
Darts the red lustre of the watery way;  
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,  
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,  
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave  
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,  
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,  
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost;  
Where the artificer in realms below,  
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;  
From the young palm tree spins the useful twine,  
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.  
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,  
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:  
From burning heat to freezing torments go,  
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.  
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,  
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:  
'Till spent with exercise they spread around  
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.  
The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,  
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

#### Priestess

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;  
Far from the lustre of the morning star;  
Far from the pleasure of the holy morn;  
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn:  
Now rests the souls of Narva and Mored,  
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.  
Dear are their memories to us, and long,  
Long shall their attributes be known in song.  
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r.  
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.  
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,  
And open all the prisons of the grave.  
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,  
And living but to serve his God alone,

Narva was beauteous as the opening day  
When on the spangling waves the sunbeams play,  
When the mackaw, ascending to the sky,  
Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.  
Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat;  
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,  
Completely beauteous as a summer's sun,  
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.  
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,  
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;  
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed  
Liv'd the still sweeter flower, the young Mored;  
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;  
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.  
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,  
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,  
She saw and loved! and Narva too forgot  
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.  
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,  
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.  
Existence was a torment! O my breast!  
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!  
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,  
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;  
And falling murmured to the powers above,  
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

Thomas Chatterton

# On Happiennesse

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?  
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,  
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?  
All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,  
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,  
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;  
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

Thomas Chatterton

# On The Last Epiphany (Or Christ Coming To Judgment)

Behold! just coming from above,  
The judge, with majesty and love!  
The sky divides, and rolls away,  
T'admit him through the realms of day!  
The sun, astonished, hides its face,  
The moon and stars with wonder gaze  
At Jesu's bright superior rays!  
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,  
And shake the earth and briny shore;  
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,  
And pierceth through the sea and land;  
The dead in each now hear the voice,  
The sinners fear and saints rejoice;  
For now the awful hour is come,  
When every tenant of the tomb  
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

Thomas Chatterton

## On The Same (Oure Ladies Chyrche)

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,  
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.  
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,  
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.  
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,  
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,  
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,  
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.  
Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,  
The pride of Brystowe and the Westernne lande,  
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,  
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.  
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,  
That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,  
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,  
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.  
Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;  
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;  
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle,  
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;  
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;  
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

Thomas Chatterton

# Onn John A Dalbenie

Johne makes a jarre 'bout  
Lancaster and Yorke.  
Bee stille gode manne,  
and learne to mynde thie worke.

Thomas Chatterton

## Onn Oure Ladies Chyrche

AS onn a hylle one eve sittyng,  
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyng,  
The counyng handieworke so fyne,  
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;  
Quod I; some counyng fairie hande  
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;  
Full well I wote so fine a syghte  
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.  
Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachyng;  
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng.  
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canyng hight,  
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;  
And eke another in the Towe,  
Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun.  
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given  
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.  
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,  
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.  
Quod I; I doubt; that can ne bee;  
I have ne gotten markes three.  
Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes soe;  
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

Thomas Chatterton

## Picture Of Autumn

When autumn, bleak and sun-burnt, do appear,  
With his gold hand gilting the falling leaf,  
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,  
Bearing upon his back the riped sheaf;  
When all the hills with woody seed are white,  
When leving fires, and lemes, do meet from far the sight:  
When the fair apple, ruddy as even sky,  
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground.  
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,  
Do dance in air and call the eyne around;  
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,  
Methinks my hearte's joy is stained with some care.

Thomas Chatterton

# Sly Dick

Sharp was the frost, the wind was high  
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky  
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,  
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,  
Had laid him down to take his rest  
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.  
'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite  
A native of the blackest night,  
Portending mischief to devise  
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;  
Then straight descends the infernal sprite,  
And in his chamber does alight;  
In visions he before him stands,  
And his attention he commands.  
Thus spake the sprite-- hearken my friend,  
And to my counsels now attend.  
Within the garret's spacious dome  
There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,  
Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,  
Which I suppose will do for you,  
First from the cloth take thou a purse,  
For thee it will not be the worse,  
A noble purse rewards thy pains,  
A purse to hold thy filching gains;  
Then for the stockings let them reeve  
And not a scrap behind thee leave,  
Five bundles for a penny sell  
And pence to thee will come pell mell;  
See it be done with speed and care  
Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.  
When in the morn with thoughts erect  
Sly Dick did on his dreams reflect,  
Why faith, thinks he, 'tis something too,  
It might-- perhaps-- it might be true,  
I'll go and see-- away he hies,  
And to the garret quick he flies,  
Enters the room, cuts up the clothes  
And after that reeves up the hose;  
Then of the cloth he purses made,

Purses to hold his filching trade.

Thomas Chatterton





# Songe To Aella, Lorde Of The Castel Of Brystowe Ynne Daies Of Yore

To JOHNE LADGATE.

WELL thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes be soe,  
Thatt thou & I a bowtynge matche must have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyng of oulde friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.  
Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,  
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,  
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.  
Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,  
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

## SONG

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.  
Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde hue  
Lyche kyng-cuppes brastyng wythe the morning due,  
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,  
Upponne the lethale daie,  
Sprede farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;  
Than dyddst thou furiose stande,  
And bie thie valyante hande  
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.  
Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,  
Downe to the depthe of helle  
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;  
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,  
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,  
And actedd deeds full quent.  
Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)  
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,  
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,  
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,  
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;  
Orr seest the hatchedd stede,  
Ypraunceyng e o'er the mede,  
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;  
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde  
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie ground;  
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;  
Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;  
Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;  
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;  
Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,  
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,  
Yllle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Accounte Of W. Canynges Feast

THOROWE the halle the belle han sounde;  
Byelecocyte doe the Grave beseeme;  
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,  
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.  
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste  
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.  
Syke keene theie ate; the minitreles plaie,  
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;  
Heie styll the gwestes ha ne to saie,  
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.  
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,  
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

Thomas Chatterton

## The Advice

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,  
The hours begin another year  
As rapidly to fly;  
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in grey  
Those auburn tresses fade away  
So youth and beauty die.  
Tho' now the captivating throng  
Adore with flattery and song,  
And all before you bow;  
Whilst unattentive to the strain,  
You hear the humble muse complain,  
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,  
In opposition to the nine,  
Still violates your name;  
Tho' tales of passion meanly told,  
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,  
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom and dancing fire,  
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,  
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced;  
To keep one lover's flame alive,  
Requires the genius of a Clive,  
With Walpole's mental taste.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,  
Tho' beyond simile you're fair,  
Free, affable, serene;  
Yet still one attribute divine  
Should in your composition shine--  
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall,  
'Tis empty admiration all,  
'Tis all that you require;  
How momentary are their chains!  
Like you, how unsincere the strains

Of those who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,  
And let the eye of censure see  
Maria can be true;  
No more for fools or empty beaux,  
Heav'n's representatives disclose,  
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,  
To him resign your swelling charms,  
And meet his gen'rous breast;  
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,  
His muse with tattr'd fragments graced,  
Shall read your cares to rest.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Churchwarden And The Apparition: A Fable

The night was cold, the wind was high,  
And stars bespangled all the sky;  
Churchwarden Joe had laid him down,  
And slept secure on bed of down;  
But still the pleasing hope of gain,  
That never left his active brain,  
Exposed the churchyard to his view,  
That seat of treasure wholly new.  
"Pull down that cross," he quickly cried,  
The mason instantly complied:  
When lo! behold, the golden prize  
Appears—joy sparkles in his eyes.  
The door now creaks, the window shakes,  
With sudden fear he starts and wakes;  
Quaking and pale, in eager haste  
His haggard eyes around he cast;  
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,  
That instant rose, and thus began:  
"Weak wretch—to think to blind my eyes!  
Hypocrisy's a thin disguise;  
Your humble mien and fawning tongue  
Have oft deceived the old and young.  
On this side now, and now on that,  
The very emblem of the bat:  
Whatever part you take, we know  
'Tis only interest makes it so,  
And though with sacred zeal you burn,  
Religion's only for your turn;  
I'm Conscience called!" Joe greatly feared;  
The lightning flashed—it disappeared.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Copernican System

The Sun revolving on his axis turns,  
And with creative fire intensely burns;  
Impell'd by forcive air, our Earth supreme,  
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.  
First Mercury completes his transient year,  
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;  
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,  
The early harbinger of night and day;  
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,  
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;  
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,  
Trailing her silver glories through the night:  
On the Earth's orbit see the various signs,  
Mark where the Sun our year completing shines;  
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;  
Next glaring watry thro' the Bull he moves;  
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;  
Now burning thro' the Crab he takes his way;  
The Lion flaming bears the solar power;  
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry show'r,  
Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,  
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;  
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;  
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;  
Now in the Wat'rer his faint beams appear,  
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.  
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays  
A strong reflection of primoeval rays;  
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,  
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams,  
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,  
He tours majestic thro' the spacious height:  
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,  
And five attendant Luminaries drags,  
Investing with a double ring his pace,  
He circles thro' immensity of space.  
These are thy wondrous works, first source of Good!  
Now more admir'd in being understood.



# The Death Of Nicou

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide  
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;  
And circling all the horrid mountain round,  
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;  
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;  
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell;  
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,  
It crumbles mountains down and shakes the world.  
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,  
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;  
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,  
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies;  
Then lost and conquered by superior force,  
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid coursel  
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jas'mines bloom,  
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;  
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,  
The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;  
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,  
And wanton with their shadows in the stream;  
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,  
Where in the days of old a god appear'd;  
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,  
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.  
He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,  
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;  
Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!  
This day the sun is rising in the east;  
The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,  
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.  
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,  
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.  
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,  
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment brake;  
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,  
They take their way through Tiber's wat'ry swamp.  
On Tiber's banks, close ranked, a warring train,  
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain;  
So when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,

We view the wide expansion of the deep;  
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,  
The quick declension of the circling globe;  
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,  
Blended at once with water and with skies;  
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,  
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.  
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,  
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn;  
When the soft earth at his appearance fled;  
And rising billows play'd around his head;  
When a strong tempest rising from the main,  
Dashed the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.  
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,  
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;  
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,  
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.  
Nicou, descended from the god of war,  
Who lived coeval with the morning star;  
Narada was his name; who cannot tell  
How all the world through great Narada fell!  
Vichon, the god who ruled above the skies,  
Look'd, on Narada, but with envious eyes;  
The warrior dared him, ridiculed his might,  
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.  
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,  
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;  
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,  
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;  
Bid a loud tempe roar beneath the ground;  
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.  
The waters still ascending fierce and high,  
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky;  
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,  
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.  
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,  
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.  
The god astonish'd dropt; hurl'd from the shore,  
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.

Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms compel.  
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.

From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;  
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.  
Who led th'embattled archers to the field,  
And more a thunderbolt upon his shield;  
That shield his glorious father died to gain,  
When the white warriors fled along the plain,  
When the full sails could not provoke the flood,  
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.  
Slow at the end of his robust array,  
The mighty warrior pensive took his way;  
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,  
Once the companion of his youthful breast.  
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,  
Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.  
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;  
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.  
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,  
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:  
They sought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's son,  
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,  
Saw Nica, sister to the Mountain king,  
Drest beautiful, with all the flow'rs of spring;  
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;  
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;  
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace  
To every glossy feature of her face.  
Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight.  
Friendship and honor, sunk to Vicat's right;  
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,  
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.  
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,  
Like a fair alow, in its morning pride.  
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,  
And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.  
He drew his army forth: Oh, need I tell!  
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell;  
His breathless army mantled all the plain;  
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.  
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,  
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart;  
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,  
I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Gouler's Requiem

Mie boolie entes, adiewe: ne more the syghte  
Of guilden merke shalle mete mie joieous eyne;  
Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte,  
Shalle fylle mie hande wythe weighte to speke ytte fyne;  
Ne moe, ne moe, alas, I calle you myne;  
Whyder must you, ah! whydder moste I goe?  
I kenne not either! Oh mie emmers dygne,  
To parte wythe you wyll wurche me myckle woe.  
I must begon, butte where I dare nott telle,  
O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.  
Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,  
A shade of theves eache streacke of lyghte dyd seeme;  
Whan yn the Heaven full half hys course was ronne,  
Eche styrrynge nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;  
Thie Losse, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame;  
For thee, O goulde, I did the lawe ycrase,  
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame;  
Ynn thee I all mie joie and goode dyd place;  
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede muste goe.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Methodist

Says Tom to Jack, 'tis very odd,  
These representatives of God,  
In color, way of life and evil,  
Should be so very like the devil.  
Jack, understand, was one of those,  
Who mould religion in the rose,  
A red hot methodist; his face  
Was full of puritanic grace,  
His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,  
Declared a late regeneration;  
Among the daughters long renown'd,  
For standing upon holy ground;  
Never in carnal battle beat,  
Tho' sometimes forced to a retreat.  
But C\_\_\_\_\_t, hero as he is,  
Knight of incomparable phiz,  
When pliant Doxy seems to yield,  
Courageously forsakes the field.  
Jack, or to write more gravely, John,  
Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;  
Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;  
Hymns which would sanctify the throat;  
But some indeed composed so oddly,  
You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Resignation

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the pow'r of human skill,--  
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?  
Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
Shake off the melancholy chain.  
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,  
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my sun reveals.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Romance Of The Knight

The pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,  
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,  
The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,  
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold,  
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,  
Meeting from every hill the ravished sight.  
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,  
Hanging regardant o'er its watery bed;  
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,  
Of size uncommon, and no common breed.  
His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,  
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.  
To seek for glory and renown he goes  
To scatter death among his trembling foes;  
Unnerved by fear, they trembled at his stroke;  
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale,  
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,  
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,  
Where trees intertwining arch the azure sky,  
Thither the fate-marked champion bent his way,  
By purling streams to lose the heat of day;  
A sudden cry assaults his listening ear,  
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.-  
The cry re-echoes; with his bounding steed  
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.  
The arching trees above obscured the light,  
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.  
And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry  
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh;  
Through the thick brake th'astonished champion sees  
A weeping damsel bending on her knees:  
A ruffian knight would force her to the ground,  
But still some small resisting strength she found.  
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use,  
The pleasure which they die for will refuse.)  
The champion thus: 'Desist, discourteous knight,

Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might?  
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies,  
'Begone! whoever dares my fury dies!'  
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,  
'I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too.'

Like two fierce mountain-boars enraged they fly,  
The prancing steeds make Echo rend the sky,  
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight,  
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian knight.  
The victor, sadly pleased, accosts the dame,  
'I will convey you hence to whence you came.'  
With look of gratitude the fair replied-  
'Content; I in your virtue may confide.  
But,' said the fair, as mournful she surveyed  
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,  
'May all thy sins from heaven forgiveness find!  
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind!'

Thomas Chatterton

# The Storie Of William Canynge

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,  
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,  
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,  
At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to he sped,  
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;  
Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes  
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,  
And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,  
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,  
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.  
These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte  
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,  
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle fought;  
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,  
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.  
Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte  
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,  
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,  
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;  
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.  
Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,  
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?  
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie  
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie  
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.  
Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,  
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste.  
Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe  
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.  
Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde  
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,  
Whan from the dystaunt streeme arose a mayde,

Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;  
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,  
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.  
 Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,  
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,  
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;  
 Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,  
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.  
 The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre  
 What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde,  
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre  
 Dyd showe lyke browne streemes sowlyng the white tyde,  
 Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,  
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.  
 Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,  
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;  
 Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;  
 But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte  
 Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,  
 Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrewed.  
 But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;  
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee brought;  
 Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete;  
 I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,  
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.  
 Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace  
 Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;  
 For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,  
 False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste.  
 Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,  
 Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.  
 Shee sayd; mie manner of appereyng here  
 Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;  
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere,  
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.  
 Full manie champyons and menne of lore,  
 Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name,  
 But there's a Canyng, to encrease the store,

A Canynge, who sall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne  
 What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.  
 As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,  
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,  
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,  
 So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;  
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.  
 Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,  
 And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
 And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;  
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,  
 I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.  
 In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie,  
 In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;  
 He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.  
 As wise as anie of the eldermenne,  
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.  
 As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,  
 So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;  
 Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,  
 Greete yn hys council for the daies he bore.  
 All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,  
 Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.  
 Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,  
 And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,  
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyse,  
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.  
 Hee then was yothe of cornelie semelikeede,  
 And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.  
 He had a fader, (Jesus rest hys soule!)  
 Who loved money, as hys charie joie;  
 slee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)  
 Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;  
 What then could Canynge wissen as a parte  
 To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?  
 But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,  
 And hoardes of sylver roused yn the ent,  
 Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,

To change of troulie love was theyr content;  
Theie lyy'd togeder yn a house adygne,  
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.  
But soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,  
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,  
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.  
Hee gave a chauntrye to redeeme theyre soules;  
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,  
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.  
Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;  
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,  
And sleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe  
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.  
Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,  
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)  
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;  
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see  
Repayre to Radcleeve, and contented bee.  
I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule  
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;  
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;  
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.  
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;  
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

Thomas Chatterton

# The Tournament. An Interlude

HERAWDE

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;  
The courserrs lysse about the mensuredd fielde;  
The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;  
Quayntyssed fons depictedd onn eche sheelde.  
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ,  
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell orr bear;  
Wythe straunge depyctures , Nature maie nott yeelde,  
Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,  
Yett yatte  
Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.  
of her joies,  
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres around;  
Wythe advantayle & borne I meynte emploie,  
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.  
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;  
Soe the neshe flowerr grees ynne the woodeland shade.  
The woride bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;  
Wydhoue unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.  
As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,  
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

Herawde , bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.  
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.  
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,  
Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie syghte.  
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.  
I lacke a Guid , a Wyllyamm to entylte.  
To reine anente a fele embodiedd knyghte,  
Ytt getts ne rennome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;  
I lyche nott unthylle thus to wielde the speare.

HERAWDE

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE

Ah! swythenn mie shielde & tyltyng launce bee bounde .  
Eftsoones beheste mie Squyerr to the warre.

HERAWDE

This valourous actes woulde meinte of menne astounde;  
Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;  
Anenst all menne thou berest to the grounde,  
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte .

As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke eche knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO  
FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR  
JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES,  
AND SERVYTOURS .

KYNGE

The barganette ; yee mynstrelles tune the stryngge,  
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's thorne,  
The manne whole myghte delievretie  
oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelide aborne  
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.  
Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted denne,  
Lett thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thyngge bott menne.  
Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;  
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies  
Loude dynns the arrowe yn the wolfynn's eare;  
Hee ryseth, battent roares, he panctes, hee dyes.  
Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,  
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn slea.  
Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;  
The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wyngge;  
The lordynge toade ynn all hys passes bides;  
The berten neders att hymm darte the styngge;  
Styll, slylle, hee passes onn, hys stede astrodde,  
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde.  
The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,  
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
Att commyng dynn doth rayse hymselfe distraughte ,  
He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.  
Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,  
Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thyngge botte menn.  
Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;  
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlyngge thonderr stronge;  
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth sendes.

Goe, slea the lyonn yan hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.  
Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;  
The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie.  
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie,  
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones doth die.  
Forlagen atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,  
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.  
Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynge hys bowe alyne  
The stagge ys ouch'd wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs  
Arounde their heulmes their greene verte doe entwyne;  
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerr.  
Forlagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beastes bee,  
Feeste thee upponne their fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn slee.  
KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie ; who wylle fyrtse affraie ?

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette onn mie gaberdyne.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull challenge, knyghtes & champyonns dygne ,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne sounde.

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tyltters joyne!

Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,

Onne he hathe quacedd assayle hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe

Before I doe departe the lissedd fielde,

Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe .

Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE

Comme onne, & sitte thie tylte-launce ethe ,

Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe.

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe ;  
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe .

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.

Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.

Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede

Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie ;

Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,

Thenn I schalle bee a foemane forr thie spere.

Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,

De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tend ; I doe thee fie ,

Lyche forreyng levynn , schalle mie tylte-launce flie.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd eyne,

I have borne downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne begynne, and wrynn thie shappe orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.

Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tulle hee doth see

A tyltyng forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous heie

Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie .

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee be; and homblie doe wee clayme

The rennome ynn thys Tourneie forr to tylte;

Dherbie to proove fromm cravents owre goode name,

Bewrynnynge thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,

Bee you fulle wylyng forr to yeve hemm fraie?

overthrowne. overthrowne.

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde  
Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente ,  
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld,  
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee stente ,  
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.  
Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.  
Albeytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente ,  
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val advance.  
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,  
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.  
Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,  
Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall fall  
Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out speere,  
There schalle aryse a hallie chyrches wall;  
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,  
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.  
And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,  
Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde  
Straungerr, bee boune ; I champyonn you to warre.  
Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm farre.

KYNGE.

The Mornyng Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;  
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments synge;  
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente ;  
To Kyng of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente,  
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;  
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente ;  
Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte.  
Comm; mynstrelles, sound the stryngge, goe onn eche syde,  
Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde.

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quickenn'd gore,  
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppyng hedde,  
Dydd the merke woode of ethe and rest explore,  
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,  
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,  
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,  
Fromm hys vysage washedd the bloud;

Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne.  
Wythe syke an eyne thee swotelie hymm dydd view,  
Dydd soe ycorvenn everrie shape to joie,  
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,  
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.  
All delyghtsomme and contente,  
Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,  
Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ,  
Lyche the merk-plante doe entwyne.  
So; gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,  
Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place herr to fynde,  
Thys rule yspende , and ynn thie mynde retayne;  
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.

Thomas Chatterton